

BANNER LIGHT.



VOL. XIX.

{85.00 PER YEAR;}
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1866.

{SINGLE COPIES,}
Eight Cents.

NO. 5.

Original Poetry.

THE MUSIC OF FALLING WATERS.

At the close of her discourse on Sunday evening, Jan. 28th, 1866, Mrs. Cofa Daniels, under the inspiration of a spirit whose earthly name was "Charlie," but who is known in the land of souls as "Sparkling Waters," gave the following Poem, entitled "The Music of Falling Waters," dedicated to his mother, Mrs. George W. Smith:

When the dewdrop gleameth
On the Lily's snowy breast,
And its sun-bright chalice
To the Rose's lip is prest—
Then you know the angels
Pearly tears of love have shed,
For you see the dewdrops
Gleaming where their footsteps tread.
Silvery, spray-like dewdrops,
Shining, gem-like dewdrops,
Where the angels tread.

When you hear the showers
On the vernal meadows fall,
Making sweetest music—
Each dewdrop is an angel's call;
Hear the gentle patter
Of the raindrops' shining feet,
Treading down the daisies
And blue violets sweet—
Sweetest, brightest raindrops,
Musical, rare raindrops,
On the violets sweet:

And you hear a clatter,
Like a fleet and silver hoof
Of some snow-white reindeer,
On a shelving homestead roof,
Hear the soft tinkling
Of those shilling, globe-like bells,
Which your loved ones scatter
From the hidden cells
Of the fairy raindrops,
Of the joyous raindrops,
With their golden bells.

When the bright and sparkling stream
Flashes like a poet's dream,
Laughing, murmuring on its way,
Sporting, leaping every day—
What it means I cannot tell,
But its sound I know full well;
And I know it mirrors there
The Narcissus, bright and fair,
Gazing on its perfectness,
Dying of rare loveliness—
Perfect stream, shining stream,
Singing like a poet's dream.

And it heareth on its bosom
Fallen leaf or broken blossom,
Murmurs of shady dells,
Echoes of the wood-nymph's cells;
And its music ever sings
Of those hidden crystal springs
Where it rises, as a soul
Springing from its Heavenly goal;
And I know the stream and spirit,
Both the love of God inherit—
Sunbright stream, soul-like stream,
Bearing heavenly leaves and blossoms.

When some deep and mighty river
Seeks the ocean's breast forever,
With its silent, pulseless flow,
Like a life-tide full of woe;
Or with swift and sweeping current,
Rages in the mountain torrent—
'Tis like thoughts of giant minds,
Which an earthly body binds,
But which rushes, when 'tis free,
To the soul's Eternity—
Silent river, rushing river,
Seeking God's great heart forever.

When Niagara's voice of thunder
Thrills the rocky caves with wonder,
Like an anthem, or a chorus,
Sung by all the heavens o'er us,
So the voice of praise is heard,
In an endless, deepening word,
Saying, I endure forever,
Time can still my voice, oh, never!
As my waters seek the sea,
Praising, singing ceaselessly,
So seek ye Eternity!

But I love the sparkling fountains,
Which flow from the golden mountains
Of the spirit-land;
Streams that dance with ceaseless pleasure,
Keeping time to each glad measure
Of an unseen band;

Waters which each new-born spirit
Drinks until it may inherit
Everlasting life;
And in which angels baptize you,
Till no sorrow can surprise you,
And no thought of strife.

Therefore, when the clouds are o'er you,
We shall light the way before you,
With the smiles of Love;
And each bitter flood of sorrow
Change to golden streams to-morrow,
In realms above.

All the tears you shed in anguish,
When your souls in darkness languish,
We will change to gems;
And in crowns of love will weave them,
That your spirits may receive them,
Lasting Diadems.

The influence of woman, either for good or evil, on the heart and mind of man is omnipotent. Vain are the struggles to resist it. In misfortune it tempers the energies; in prosperity it adds a grace to them.

Original Essays.

THE WAY OF THE ANCIENT WORD.

NUMBER FOUR.

BY G. D. P.

In earlier Jewry it was not heresy to turn to Orion, Rempman or Saturn, the Star of your God, who in later days excited the jealousy of the Jehovah of hosts. But this was before the revision of the Word by the finger of God. When Deb was with the Stars in their highways—when they warred against Siccra, and the Lord fought from heaven, there were great expectations that every man should catch a "damself or two." When Adonis was "our Lord" in *Thamus*, and infected Zion's daughters, he was the Sun of June and the "consuming fire," and may physiologically fetch a compass to Thomas Epiphymus. The feast to Jehovah, when the "gold was cast into the fire and there came out this calf" was for the precious things of the Sun by his Sign in old *Taurus*, the Bull of the Zodiac and phallic symbol of creative power.

Says W. A. Wright, in *Dict. Mazzaloth*, the planets, or the Zodiacal Signs, received, next to the Sun and Moon, their share of the popular adoration; and the history of idolatry among the Hebrews shows at all times an intimate connection between the significance of the heavenly bodies, and the superstition which watched the clouds for signs, and used divinations and enchantments. It was but a step from such culture of the sidereal powers to the worship of God and Meni, Babylonian Divinities, Symbols of Venus or the Moon as the Goddess of luck or fortune.

Sacred trees, as well as stars, were Jacob's daughters among other things impregnate, though Dinah would seem the Moon in her flirtations when she went out to see the daughters of the land, and was flanked by Shechem, the Son of Hamor. "A glimpse of star worship may be seen in the name of the city *Cheest*, the Semitic *Orion*," while in *Rahab* we may trace "the glittering fragments of the sea-snake trailing across the Northern sky." May not the Goat worship of Mendes be akin to the scapegoat of Israel—the Azeal—both God and Devil with his Sign in Capricorn on the Southern arch, and thus as an archangel to contend with Michael for the body of Moses, while the glittering sea-snake "cast out of his mouth water as a flood after the woman, and the earth helped her by swallowing up the flood which the dragon cast out of his mouth."

Geil, Venus or Antares are identical with God and Baal in masculine and feminine aspect in the *HE-SIE* of the Lord, whether in the compounds of Bosheth or of Baal—*Ishbosheth* or *Eshbath*, &c. The priesthoods who engineered the secret things which belonged to God, would not let down to the common mind the heaven of heavens, "lest the people break through unto the Lord, and many of them perish." "And let the priests, also, which come near to the Lord, sanctify themselves, lest the Lord break forth upon them"—"which things the angels desire to look into," but "did not see it." True, Peter saw a sheet let down from heaven, and John in vision saw many things "promiscuous"—but there was so much up and down, and to and fro among the Sons of God, that inextinguishable laughter rent the sky to behold the manifold manifestations of the little joker, as all the old theologues, religious or mystics had their life in the Word made flesh, in familiar spirits, and in the starry hosts.

The meaning of *Adonis*, or "Our Lord," is secret, hidden, burning, and may thus fetch a compass to *Thamus* Epiphymus. God was heat, love, and a consuming fire—a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race in his going forth from the end of the heaven and his circuit unto the ends of it, and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof. "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul—the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple"—but revealed only to the initiated. *Thamus*, or "our Lord," was the darling of the Syrian damsel, no less was David and his Key with Zion's daughters, and both had their angels standing in the Sun.

Says Calmet, "Those learned men who have most studied profane antiquity in its relation to Scripture, think they can trace out in *Tannuz* the patriarchs *Ham*, *Joseph* and *Moses*;" *Ham* in the *Tannuz* of Egypt, *Joseph* in *Adonis*, a symbol of the Sun, as well as *Apis* and *Osiris*—the Egyptian *Apis* represented the patriarch *Joseph*, *Adonis* or *Thamus*, and altogether forming a very pretty *Mosaic* work for "our Lord"—theology in *Cursed* be *Canaan* of the banner on the outer wall of *Dartmouth* College, and also making a very nice preparation for the way of "our Lord" in the cup of plantation bitters, known as the "sum of all villanies."

The stars being rulers, "Jehovah shall visit the host of the height." *Isaiah* spoke in the *Spirit*, yet, says Huxtable, "the vision, even in its most heightened form, still adapted itself more or less to the previous mental condition of the Seer." Thus, on Orthodox authority is God's Word bounded by the Landmarks of the Seer, even though the outpouring was in double mouthful of the *Spirit*, and in cloven tongues, Huxtable himself bearing witness that "the *Spirit* of prophecy in the Word is more or less desultory, while *Hitzig* finds the prophetic plane within the plane of a rather dimly lighted horizon. Hence, "Prophecies were bounded like other men by the horizon of their own age; they borrowed the object of their soothsaying from their present; and excited by the relations of their present; they spoke of their contemporaries, of what affected other people's minds or their own, occupying themselves only with that future whose rewards or punishments were likely to reach their contemporaries," &c. And so too of *Jeremiah*—"Men claiming themselves to be prophets had their 'Word of Je-

hovah' to set against his." Even the true prophet did not confess that Jehovah had deceived him—"not shrinking from what seems grotesque and trivial, sometimes veiling its meaning in allusions more or less dark and enigmatical." As might be expected in one who lived in the last days of the kingdom, I had therefore the works of the earlier prophets to look back upon, we—(E. H. Plumptre)—find in him reminiscences and reproductions of what they had written, which indicate the way in which his own spirit was educated. Along with these, there is the tendency, natural to one who speaks out of the fullness of his heart, to reproduce himself—to repeat in nearly the same words, the great truths on which his own heart rested, and to which he was seeking to lend others. Still more startling in his use of a kind of cypher, concealing, except from the initiated, the meaning of his productions.

We do not think that modern Spiritualism has proved itself very profoundly infallible in prophecy—but Orthodox itself, being Judge, as above, the new is quite equal to the old, and God's Word of old time is not in preeminence of light, save where distance lends enchantment to the view, and beholds the Word in "cypher," taking the furthest way round as the nearest way home. It must be confessed that Mr. Plumptre plumps the Word severely on the flank, and when other learned professors and dictionary makers, as per Smith, find many of the ancient double mouthfuls of the spirit so wrought in a play upon words, that the same Word was only the same puns in a different corner, it is indeed "startling," and no wonder that Colenso stumbled in his literal survey. *Jerah*, the moon, the coast of the moon, the low land of the moon, and the mountain of the moon, gives us the game of hide and go seek in "Jehovah-jrah—Jehovah will see," "having," says Wright, "the play upon words in the form of a popular proverb."

The same "play upon words" embraces other Biblical emblems of the Lord and his ten thousand salutes, whether the earth or the heavens were bearing rule. One of the Hebrew standards of Egyptian device had the symbol of the Lord in the serpent, and thus Satan, or Typhon, was transformed into an angel of light. The Word, in serpentine, could also come in a hiss, as per *Isaiah*. "The Lord will lift up an ensign to the nations from far, and will also unto them from the end of the earth." "The Lord shall hiss for the fly that is in the uttermost part of the rivers of Egypt, and for the bee that is in the land of Assyria," and if much people were bitten, he could lead them in the Brazen Serpent. To hiss for the fly was equivalent to "Baathzebub, the God of flies," but besides hissing for the fly of Egypt and the Assyrian bee, there was to be some stirring up of the hornets, as per *Moses*; so that with the hissing and the buzzing, "the Lord thy God is among you, a mighty God and terrible." Dehorah being by interpretation "bee," we may see how she added to the terrors of the Lord when she came up to his help against the mighty. It may have been that Jael was a twin "bee," and stung Siccra in the temple, while the parable would supply the nail and its driver. That both Jael and Dehorah had "stings in their tails," as potent as St. John scorpions, or Gothic pallinippers, which stung Adam and Eve out of the garden of Eden, appears in the spitting process of the one, and the stinging psalm of the other on "needle-work," and the planning of "a damself or two for every man."

With serpents hissing, flies buzzing, hornets trumpeting, and bees stinging, no wonder that "Siddonia Virgins" paid their vows and songs to "our Lord," the bland *Adonis*. "The play upon words" in Hebrew metamorphosis affords a very curious development of the Word in "ring-struck, spotted and gray." Says Calmet, "Some are of opinion that it was the devil who contended with Jacob; others that it was the second person of the Trinity, and there were those who thought with the prophet Hosea, that it was an angel. Some believe that Jacob continued lame all the rest of his life; others, that he was cured very soon after, as they translate that he arrived safe and sound on the other side of the Jordan." Verily, father Calmet allows considerable scope of receiving the Word without being heretical, as it is equally Orthodox to account the spirit who hamstrung Jacob to be the Devil, the second person of the Trinity, or an angel. Calmet belongs to the Romish branch of the Infallible Church, but what Protestant of his day could blow a psalm through the nose of more liberal dimensions? The Church is broader to-day, because of the larger vision of Spiritualism, which has ventilated it, and which permits you to see the Lord in the cherubimic *Perseus*, old *Boots*, the *Serpent*, or in any other "chief of the ways of God."

There is much discussion among modern seekers of the Lord, whether the name be of an Eloistic or of a Jehovistic character; and the question appears to be of vast importance, because upon the decision rests the salvation or damnation of the human race, for there is no other name given under heaven whereby to be saved, but the one whose right adjustment of the letters give no uncertain sound. *Moses* appears to have received it from old *Shaddai*, and it was whispered in the ear of *Samuel*; but the name is taken altogether in vain, if lacking one jot or tittle of the combination; hence its vast range in the way of God to "open sesame." *Joe-ho-vaw-he*—*Jave*, *Jaho*, *Joan*, *Jave*, *Javeh*, *Jeha*, *Jahouh* and *Jabe*, &c., all significant in the *Jehovah*, *Jove*, or *Jah*. *Jah* may furnish the "be Jabbars" of the Irish oath, equivalent to the Arabian *Wallah*, "by God," or "as Jehovah liveth."

There is a great deal of hard swearing in the Bible, and curing in the most potent name whereby a man could be damned, reminding one of the Quaker who "never swore but by the good yes and may"—

"And never make mention of God's holy name, By God, say the Parson, then you're much to blame!"

and "called it w' Scripture." The curings and blessings in "Holy Writ" were so close akin as to be within hailing distance of each other on the mountains of Ebal and Gerizim, besides the blasphemies which the Lord heard from Mt. Seir, as per *Ezekiel*. "Whosoever curseth his Gods (*Elohim*), shall bear the punishment of his sin, and he that blasphemeth the name of the Lord shall surely be put to death." The fiery old Christian father Tertullian, declared the use of the razor to be "blasphemy against the face." Well, we decided more than a quarter of a century ago that it was a damnable heresy to shave, and were among the first to put such blasphemy out of the land—being sustained by God's Word, as well as by the natural law, a record of which may be found in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal of those days.

"The Heathens had certain names of their Gods which they did not venture to pronounce. The name of *Romulus* was written in the public records like that of *Jehovah* among the Jews, with the four consonants which compose it." Thus the ineffable names were among the Secrets which belong to God, and hidden from the foundations of the world, lest they should be invoked away by rival nations. The tutelary "JEALOUS" of old *Jewry*, would seem to have been sung in praises of "cypher."

"Oh, no, we never mention him, His name is never heard." Who speaks against the cypher, blasphemes against the Word. "And let all the congregation stone him." "And the children of Israel did as the Lord commanded *Moses*." In this case the blasphemer was of the tribe of Dan, who, in Sign, was a serpent by the way to bite the heel so as to fling the rider.

Each standard was sealed with an emblem of the Lord, and to blaspheme the Flag, was the same as to blaspheme him who was wrought from the pattern on the Mount. The "Israelitish woman's son" appears to have had secession privileges against the Serpent Symbol, probably from the recollection of the part he took against his grandmother Eve, or of some shortcoming as a healer in brass. One of the twelve standards of the exodite children, or wandering Jews, was "the star spangled banner," with the additions of the human headed Sun and Moon, who could stand still on Mt. Gibson and in the valley of Aijalon, in, perhaps, *Isaac*, the strong *Ass*, who couched beneath two burdens, the Northern and Southern Hemispheres. We have heard of a Narragansett Hercules who carried a burden of four live sheep at once upon his shoulders, and that he made no more ado than *Samson* with his hair on in carrying off the gates and posts of Gaza, and setting them upon Hebron hill, or hill of the Lord. Nor does it appear that the Narragansett, *Isaac*, or the strong *Ass*, couched beneath the burdens of the live timber which could furnish Symbols for the Ram of the Golden Fleece, and the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.

May not the Orthodox Calmet exhibit a little Christian prejudice when he declares that "No nation ever more abundant in impostors than that of the Hebrews. This volatile, inconstant and superstitious people were almost always the dupe of such as had a mind to impose upon them, particularly in matters of religion. They could not endure that others should be in any reputation for learning." Thus we may see how trustworthy God's Word may be when such a people had the engineering of it. Claiming for themselves, exclusively, to be in possession of the key of knowledge, and that their Rock was not the Rock of the Heathen, their own was oracular with a "Thus saith the Lord," though sometimes appropriated from the knowledge of other nations.

Says Calmet, "*Kirjath Sepher*, or the city of Books or Letters, was so called long before *Moses* appeared in the world, which proves that there were books before this Legislator, and that he was not the oldest writer that ever was, as the fathers have asserted." This somewhat shortens the finger of God in the Hebrew Word by them of old time, but whatever of truth and goodness is in the Bible, is of life, yesterday, to-day and forever, though its chronology may limps much as *Jacob* when hamstringing by the angel. True, the Word may not be quite infallible to literal apprehension as set forth in dark speeches, cyphers and enigmas, in parabolic measures of astro-physiological mysteries, yet there are beautiful heart-experiences bubbling up to the imagery of spiritualized nature. It was among the chief of the ways of God that the Hebrew palm singers should sing their songs in double mouthfuls of the spirit, which only the initiated could understand, having the key of knowledge of the kingdom of heaven. To open the mouth in a parable—to utter dark sayings of old with the harp, fetching a compass to the God dwelling in darkness as long as the Sun and Moon endure, was a "double mouthful" in the aspect of the Lord, understood by those who had the key of the precious fruits by the Sun, and the precious putting forth of the Moon. No wonder, in the double shuffle of the Word, and in its kaleidoscope appearing, that Job should be secretly enticed to kiss his hand in adieu to the Sun, and to the moon as a nightwalker in the brightness of the Lord. This could be only lawfully done in the congregation of the Lord, and not in view of the dogs and scorpions without, who "set their mouth against the heavens, and their tongue walked through the earth." "When thou awakest thou wilt despise their image." "A brutish man knoweth not, neither doth a fool understand this"—but only the initiated in "the sum of the matters" of the whack-row-de-dow. "They have said in their heart, We see not our signs, no more any prophet." "Oh, Lord, the foolish people have blasphemed thy name." "Thou hast prepared the light of the Sun." "In the hand of the Lord is a cup, and the wine is red." In the Freemasonry of the Word a brutish man knoweth not, neither doth a fool understand this double mouthful of the spirit, for

when "he awakened as one out of sleep" from the cup of old red, "full of mixtures he was like a mighty man that shouteth by reason of wine."

When St. John, the Hierocypist, or Revelator, spake of the mark of the beast, and the cypher of his name in 666, it was on the wise of the old astrologers or Wise men from the East, who regarded the Book of heaven as *legi in tabula celi* on which the initiated discovered what was to come, and saw into mysteries that were ineffable. They saw certain images in heaven, so wrought as to constitute the Cherubim and Seraphim, and the Lamb's Wife in *Andromeda* leaning upon the bosom of *Aries*, the Ram of God who took away the sins of the world at the Easter equinox. Says Calmet, "The Jewish masters have their alphabet in heaven, and maintain that they find there the elements and characters of their language."

Postellus says, "Perhaps I may pass for an impostor if I affirm that I have read in the heavens, in Hebrew characters, whereof Ezra left the Key, whatsoever there is in nature; nevertheless God and his Son are my witnesses that I do not lie." But why should we doubt Postellus? When *Moses* saw the copy on the Mount written with the finger of God, and Daniel declares that "the heavens do rule," as he saw in "visions of his head upon his bed," to say nothing of *Ezekiel's* trundle-bed on wheels when St. John took his nap on the Lord's day, and saw the heavens rolled together as a scroll, with Michael and the Devil fighting for the body of *Moses*. Hence we may see how much more infallible is God's Word to old *Jewry*, with the Key of Ezra, than was the same Word when revealed to *Trojan* or to *Tyrian*—how much more readily the words of the heavenly chambers responded to the Key of David, than when the same Key is applied by the profane hands of the Heathen—how wheel within wheel is holiness to the Lord, in the grooving of *Jewry*, though they cross each other's orbit in *Saltillo*, in *Tao*, and in several other crosses, as they were led up from Egypt by the Star of direction and pillar of fire by night, where the law of the Lord was perfect, as per *testes*, testimony or witnesses, without which no one could enter into the congregation of the Lord, as per *Deuteronomy*, as in the Freemasonry of Abraham and Jacob, who, with hand under the thigh, swore by the phallic *Jehovah*.

Much of the Mosaic Word is parallel to that of *Bacchus*, *Isachus* or *Isaac*, symbolic of laughter, or the jolly God, as manifest in the ripened vintage of summer, or the latter day upon the earth, where the blood of the grape was drunk in the Father's Kingdom, as it flowed in the feast of *Tabernacles*, to the Lord, whose tabernacle was in the Sun, as per *psalmist*, with a blow up in the new Moon. The *Bacchanal* feasts were sometimes overshadowed with the spirit of "wine which cheereth the heart of God and man;" hence, when "the Lord awakened, as one out of sleep, he was like a mighty man that shouteth by reason of wine." *Moses*, too, would appear to have been in his cups or "double mouthful of the spirit," when he directs the children of Israel to spend their money "for whatsoever thy soul lusteth after, for oxen, sheep, swine, and strong drink, or for whatsoever thy soul desireth; and thou shalt eat there before the Lord."

Bacchus is said to have passed rivers dry shod, having first struck them with his Rod, and that the same Rod crawled along when it was thrown upon the ground, that it produced water out of a rock by striking it, and this was followed with the additions of milk and honey, as in the symbolic physiology, or *HE-SIE* of the Lord. He is sometimes represented with horns, as was *Moses*, and his *Ass* spoke to him as did *Balaam's*. Calmet thinks that the story of *Bacchus* is so like the "sacred history" that it must have been copied therefrom. But this is always the last shift of the church dealers in old clothes to cover their nakedness. Besides, Calmet has already stated that there was a city of books, long before the time of *Moses*, who has no claim of being among the oldest writers, nor does it matter whether his vestry or wardrobe was of the greater antiquity, so long as identical with the cloth manufactured by the Heathen. It is only the groundlings who are so besotted as to suppose that the odor of sanctity can only appertain to the cloth, by holding fast to the skins which the Lord God sewed for Adam and Eve, as a more seamless coat than any other "goodly Babylonish garment."

The Christian fathers suppose that it was "by astrology that the Magi found out the birth of the Messiah, and a treatise in St. Austin's name assures us that some writers believe that the Holy Ghost appeared to the Magi in the form of a Star, as he afterwards appeared in the form of a Dove." But may it not have been a device of Satan to transform himself into a star or angel of light, as per *Pavil*? The Church has never been wanting in evil spirits; as a defence, even though one and the same light was shining into their darkness. Of the Holy Ghost Star, St. Ignatius, in his epistle to the Ephesians, says it "exceeded all the other Stars in brightness, and that the Sun and Moon, in some sense, might be said to be in its retinue; and that the whole world were in amazement at the appearance of this new light." Thus we may see how one star may differ from another in glory, as per Paul, as manifest in the God "newly up."

Verily, the ancient Word did not stand upon the order of its coming, but was ever ready to manifest in any of the various ways, by single or by double mouthfuls of the Spirit. According to *Josephus*, "the Pharisees held that the souls of good men might easily return into another body, after the death of that which they had forsaken, and that the souls of wicked men sometimes do the same—enter into the bodies of living men, whom they possess and torment." Some spirits, according to Philo, "always retain a great abhorrence of matter, and dread to be again plunged into bodies." The test of a good spirit was joy in the holy ghost, and a sunny face in a jolly religion, with an *Isaacal* shout of laughter ringing

through all the sons of God, while to be possessed of an evil spirit was to present a pretty considerable blueness of visage, as when an evil spirit from God sat upon Saul.

When Michael—the likeness of God—was a chief leader-up, or Lord of the heavenly hosts in the Hebrew astro-theology, and fought in midheaven with the devil for the body of Moses, as per St. Jude, it may have been on the question as to whether Moses should be constellated in the summer-land, or go with his scapegoat *Capricornus* to the winter solstice. For the upper sphere, Michael was *pro*, and the devil was *con*. Moses himself declares that "no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." There was an ancient work that maintained the "assumption of Moses," and as Enoch and Elijah were translated hotted and spurred to be among the heavenly hosts, it may have been that Moses made tracks in the wake of old Noah, till he reached the vault of old *Major Ura*, going in by the key of the caudal extremity; and thus even unto this day may be seen the sepulchre of Moses, who lies as snug as a bug in a rug in the basin of the Bear.

As our telescopic vision is the first to make this discovery, we shall expect to be duly catalogued among the astronomical savans. Do you put in a demurrer that the Lord buried him "over against Beth-peor"—or house of the opening—we grant you; for changing the name the thing is the same, in the whirligig of the correspondences. Thus as per Jeremiah, "Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that they shall no more say, The Lord liveth, which brought up the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt; but the Lord liveth, which brought up and which led the seed of the house of Israel out of the north country, and from all countries whither I had driven them; and they shall dwell in their own land." In this we may see how the Lord, as the "BEAR-DRIVER," led the seed of the house of Israel out of the north country, and so trundled Moses in the regions round about the pole as to make it difficult to fix the exact spot of his burial. But as in open vision we have discovered the sepulchre of Moses, or gathering to his fathers, hereafter let the Bear and his basin of seven stars be called the SEPULCHRE OF MOSES, saith the Lord.

Of course Moses has a correspondent burial in esoteric physiology "over against Beth-peor," which is to be taken *sub rosa*; but as the time of signs is not yet, we shall continue with the stars. The ancients called the diamond cluster in the head of the Dolphin "Joh's Collar," and it must be confessed that this collar is in a wonderful state of preservation, quite as much as the Sepulchre of Moses, even unto this day, as may be seen by looking at its quarter in the heavens. We rejoice that Job has such bright and comfortable quarters in the skies, after having made his bed in hell. We trust that his seven sons and three daughters were also nothing lacking to read their title clear to mansions in the skies. We intend soon to pay our debts to *Jemima's* handsome as the day—"to whom we are somewhat partial, as she appears to be the same as Venus, Diana, or the Queen of Sheba. *Kia*—"Superdies, Angle," and *Keren-happuch*—"horn of beauty," may also be counted into the calendar of saints. "And in all the land were no women found so fair as the daughters of Job." If any one should find it difficult to make choice either of *Kia*, or *Keren-happuch*, he may do as one Thomas Bolin, a Scotchman born, take one for beauty and the other for kin.

Says Burritt, in his *Class Book of Astronomy*, "Many of the elements and fables of Heathen Mythology are so blended with the inspired writings, that they must needs be studied more or less in order to have a more proper understanding of numerous passages, both in the Old and New Testament." See Smith's *Biblical and Mythological Dictionary*, Dunlap's "Vestiges" and "Sole-Mysteries," and the learned *Calmet* in his *Dictionary* informs us that "the religion of the Jews was full of mysteries. Whatever happened to them, whatever they put in practice, all that was commanded or forbidden them, was figurative, according to St. Paul. Their sacrifices, their priesthood, their purifications, their refraining from certain sorts of food, included mysteries."

The *Argo Navis*, or Noah's Ark, besides sailing in the circuit of the heavens, also fetched a compass on earth as it was in heaven. It was Noah's Boat, or "Brigantine," and sailed among the Cilixides or Isles of the sea. It was sometimes single-masted, and sometimes two in the double mouthfuls of the Spirit, or HE-SHE of the Lord. It sometimes spread studding-sails, which were arched across the mercy seat in the wings of the symbolical woman, where the Dove and Crow were apt in their voices of God—the one the light of the harem, the other croaked the fatal entrance of him who had not on the wedding garments, nor was one with the altar upon which he would sacrifice, and hence found not great delectation in the *morris diabol*. Sometimes the Boat of Noah fetched a compass by the Red Sea, and brought gold from Ophir, a place so difficult to find by our geographical liberals, who will yet expend a great deal of stupid learning in further researches for the same; but when they search for *Ophir* in the key of David, they will find it not far from *Ophiteia*, or the "Golden Serpent," one of the Eden family of snakes, as *Nehuta* was a Jerusalem daughter, and *Nehutan* was the Brazen Serpent worshipped in Jewry.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

NUMBER SIX.

BY F. T. LANE.

A Western correspondent in the *Banner* of April 7th, states that I have disposed of the question, Can spirits pass through material substances? by quoting A. J. Davis as authority. This statement is grossly erroneous, as the reader will at once see by referring to my article in the *Banner* of Feb. 17th. In that article I stated in these words, that "mediumistic testimony, either *pro* or *con*, must be corroborated by natural law." I then proceeded to cite the evidence of natural law, and upon that evidence based my conclusions. By reference, the reader will at once see that my critic's inference on the question of authority is wholly unwarrantable.

My critic's inference concerning the term, "non-compos-mentis," is also erroneous. Supposing I should say, that it is in the power of any person, *compos-mentis*, to decide that spirits communicate. It does not follow that I charge the anti-Spiritualists as being of unsound mind. The skeptic may be as sound in mind as the Spiritualist, for his skepticism may arise from education, surroundings, &c. So with persons who believe that spirits can pass through walls, their belief is not caused by any unsoundness of mind, but from other causes.

My critic calls on me to "point out a single manifestation by spirits through the sciences of the day." My reply is, that every motion of the Universe is *mathematical*, consequently all manifestations, spiritual or material, are in strict accordance with natural law. My critic says,

"Pray tell us what the natural sciences, coming under the cognizance of the external senses, have to do with spiritual laws or spiritual manifestations?"

We find an answer in his own statement of experiments. He says,

"We once held a medium's hands firmly in ours, and was at the time 'compos-mentis,' and while thus holding her hands, a six-inch iron ring, made of three-eighths iron wire, was instantly put on our arm. Here, matter passed through matter in some way, and yet the 'senses' could not detect the displacement of matter, either of the arm or ring."

You learned through your senses, did you not, that the ring was on your arm? You also determined by your senses, that you did not unclasp the medium's hands during the performance, hence, you see that the testimony of the senses was really the basis of your conclusion. I raise the question whether you did not err in judgment; and it is competent for me to determine the matter by comparing your *sensuous* testimony with *sensuous* or material laws. The senses, like other attributes, are fallible, but natural laws are infallible. Therefore, when there is a conflict between sensuous testimony and a natural law, the testimony, and not the law, should be impeached. I therefore conclude that your testimony is in fact erroneous.

Your second experiment is worthy of consideration in another respect. You say, "After the room had been closed with great care, even to the stoppage of the chimney flue, a spirit was asked to go into the street and bring in some pieces of stones in a moment a number of broken pieces of stone were thrown upon the floor."

Now, if the stones were brought into the room in accordance with material laws, why was there not a permanent displacement of particles in the wall? If the stones were brought in under the spiritual law, what becomes of your hypothesis that there is one law for spirit, and a different law for matter? You say,

"We once saw a small bell put under a glass vase, and saw that bell ring, and yet no hand was visible."

Supposing a juggler should go through with the same performance? Would you consider it bonafide? Would you not have said, "My senses have deceived me, for the performance could not be genuine, without contravening the natural laws." *Mortals* can and do deceive the senses, and may not spirits? Mark, we do not say that the bell performance was a trick, but we do say that the act, in any case, was in accordance with natural law.

You say that according to Bro. Lane, the spirit was under the vase, but when I make such a statement, you will please write me down, "non-compos-mentis."

In the fourth case, I will grant that the drummer-boy returned and awoke his sister, but it by no means follows that he was personally in the room. Natural science shows that matter is the medium of numberless forces or influences. You can send your thoughts, but not your body by telegraph; so, a spirit may send its thoughts or influences through matter, but not the organism producing those thoughts. The drummer-boy may have presented himself, psychologically. The psychological subject is, for example, "willed" to see Daniel Webster, but no one familiar with the science would infer therefrom that the veritable Daniel was personally present.

Your fifth case, that of Jesus at the sepulchre, is not substantiated by any living witness. Your other cases which I have considered, cover the same ground, and granting the correctness of the record, I should dispose of this case in the same way.

When, as a witness, you report spirit manifestations without using your senses, then you can justly claim that "Natural Sciences, coming under cognizance of the external senses," have nothing to do with Spiritual manifestations.

You say, "Will Bro. Lane please set us all right, that we too, may be 'compos-mentis,' by telling us how spirits get into and out of the brain of man, as well as into and out of a closed room?"

If my telling you that will make you *compos-mentis*, you must remain "non-compos," for spirits do not and cannot get into the brain, or into a closed room; only their influences can do that. The reasons therefor have been previously given. You will also find them in the article you have reviewed.

Written for the Banner of Light.

WISDOM, STRENGTH AND BEAUTY.

BY C. H. BRADLEY.

There's wisdom in the sunlight's power,
And in the towering pine;
There's much to learn in every hour,
To make our eyes sublime;

There's strength in ocean's steady roll,
And in the driving wind;
There's much to do, would we unfold
Our natural powers of mind;

There's beauty in the babbling brook,
And in the humble flower,
There's much to see, would we but look
To him who giveth power.

Mortals! wisdom, strength and beauty
Are the lights that lead us on,
In the paths that point to duty,
To the goal that must be won.

Atkinson Depot, N. H., 1866.

MUSIC FOR THE USE OF CHILDREN'S LYCEUMS.

The following letter from Bro. Gleason, of Philadelphia, will be read with interest. He has been exceedingly industrious during the past six months in accumulating and arranging the music so much wanted by the different Lyceums. And now he offers the products of his labor at the bare cost in money, asking nothing for the time and talent he has thus appropriated; therefore, our friends everywhere will not only thank Bro. Gleason, but will at once avail themselves of this opportunity to obtain suitable music:

I am now ready to furnish the Lyceums with the music for all the songs in the New Manual, arranged for four voices; also, two marches and two polkas for the gymnastics, making thirty-four tunes, all of which I send to any Lyceum for the cost of copying, viz. \$2.50, which is not quite seven and a half cents per tune. Six of these tunes have never been published, as they were composed expressly for our Lyceum by Mr. Shelling; five of them are suitable for exhibitions, and have been used by us for that purpose.

Mr. Dyott has received several letters from the musical directors of different Lyceums, inquiring where they could get the music for the songs in the Manual, and as there was nothing of the kind published, I concluded to take this method of furnishing them. Consequently, I have devoted considerable time during the last six months in selecting the best arrangements of the proper tunes I could find, and when I could not purchase the tune I wanted arranged as a chorus, I had them arranged at my own expense, and now we have a good collection for our own Lyceum, or for any other fellow institution that desires a copy.

Geo. D. GLEASON, *Asst. Librarian*, Philadelphia, Pa., March 18, 1866.

Attention to one's outward appearance is one of the first elements of politeness. Want of cleanliness, slovenly or dilapidated attire, is an affront to the persons we approach. Anything like dirtiness—the very word offends—is utterly unpardonable and inadmissible. Men, naturally the noblest of animals, has necessarily the greatest need of personal neatness. Most of the nations of antiquity bathed daily, or oftener. Abominations were, and still are in many countries, a religious practice.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,
ADDRESS, CARE OF BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON.

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

PATIENCE PETTIGREW, AND HER NEPHEW WILL.

Patience Pettigrew was an old maid. By that it is not meant that she was an old lady that had never been married, because there are many such that ought not to be called old maids, for they have large, loving hearts, and are so gentle in their natures that they seem as if made to be mothers to all the little children that need to be loved, and to hear kind words, and to have nice bits of gingerbread and fresh crullers.

But Patience had no such loving heart, and if there was anything that she disliked it was a child. If one ventured within her yard to look at her nice bunch of African marginals, she put both hands up and fixed her cap, and took off her spectacles, and went to her front door, and said, "Go right away; this is no place for you. March! Quickstep! There, now, do n't show your face here again!"

And it was not very likely that any child would be brave enough to venture many times to take a look at her African marginals.

Patience lived in a fine large house that belonged to her father, but she kept it closed, all except the little sitting-room, and there she sat and pieced up bed-quilts, and read Watts's Hymns, and planned how she should keep the dogs from coming into her back yard, and the neighbors' hens from even peeping through her fence; for it seemed as if she loved no living thing. People used to say they wondered why she did not build a canopy over her house to keep away the birds and bees.

Patience had a dear, sweet, loving sister, that she once loved with all her heart; but that loving sister chose to marry a good, noble, but poor young man named William Green, and this did not suit Patience, who grew afterwards sorer and more selfish every year, so that when that dear sister died, she said, "One could expect nothing else! If she had stayed at home she might have been alive and well, like myself." And this sister left a baby, a bright, laughing, healthy boy; but Patience said of it, "Pshaw! the little brat had better have died, too. Who'll take care of it?"

Sure enough, who could be a mother to the dear fellow, and such a mother as he had known, who kissed him every time he laughed, and ten times when he cried, and hugged him tightly when the cold winds blow, and sang sweet songs to him all through the stormy days, so that his little life seemed made of sunshine and love?

But when Will's father died, too, then people talked so much about the neglect of Patience and her selfishness, that she grew ashamed, and at last said, "Well, I suppose I must have the child here." And so he came, and she saw in his eyes the sweet look of his mother, and heard in his voice her kindly tone. But Patience did not open her heart to take him in, for all that. She kissed him coldly on his cheek when he arrived, and in five minutes after, as he stood looking out of her little sitting-room window, thinking about an old grey cat that put its nose through the fence, but seemed to know better than to venture further, she sharply reproved him for patting his fingers on the window glass.

"Now don't you know better than that? It was only yesterday I washed them all clean! You'd better remember that I don't like to have boys put their fingers on the window glass."

"Oh, yes, Aunt Patience," said Will, briskly; "but isn't that a jolly cat? Why don't it come in, though? Puss, puss, come; we are good friends."

"Hush, hush, Will; you will remember that I do n't allow cats in my yard. They do n't do any good."

"Yes, Aunt Patience; but what are cats made for, if not for boys to play with? But hurrall! there's an old hen—cut-out-cut-ca-da-cut! Is this yours, Aunt Patience? It's on your fence."

"Mine? Goodness! no. You will remember that I don't allow hens in my yard. Shew! shew!" she cried, and spat her hands from the open door.

And Will learned by the evening of his first day with Aunt Patience, that nothing living was allowed to enter her yard except grown up men and women. But he had a merry, happy heart, and had no disposition to quarrel with his aunt; therefore he kept up a social chat with her, and succeeded in making her smile once. For her face had become so sour by her selfish life, that she had almost forgotten how to laugh.

The next morning Will was up as soon as it was light, and raised gladsome echoes through the house by his merry voice. And it seemed as if every cat, hen and duck in the neighborhood knew they had a friend in the old square house by the blue grove; for hens were scratching in fresh earth under the windows where the marginals were planted, and ducks were quacking by the wooded shore, and a gray cat was sunning itself on the door sill, when Patience Pettigrew came down stairs.

"Dear me!" said she, "what have you been doing, Will? Did n't I tell you to remember that—"

"Oh, yes, Aunt Patience, I did remember; but you did n't tell the cats and ducks to remember, and so they came, and a real good time we have had. Now look, Aunt Patience; see that old fellow lift his foot. Isn't it as good as the picture in the comic almanac of the—"

"Oh, Will, do n't mention such books. I want you to remember that no such books are to be spoken of here."

"Yes, Aunt Patience; but is n't this a cute cat? See its grizzly back!"

"Scat!" said Patience; and puss was gone. Breakfast was over, and Patience had read her chapter in the Bible and one of Watts's hymns, and drew down her face longer than ever, and gave deep sighs; and Will listened and nestled, and looked at a robin feeding its young in the lilac bush by the window. She had hardly finished her last sigh, when Will exclaimed:

"I say, why don't you remember not to let robins build their nests in your lilacs, I wonder? Are robins better than hens?"

"I had n't noticed that there was a bird there at all. It must be a quiet fellow. But oh, dear! the chimney swallows! They've built again in my parlor chimney! I wish you'd remember that I do n't allow swallows to build in my chimneys."

"Oh, yes, Aunt Patience," said Will, "I'll remember; but I guess they will, for all that. Did not you read that two swallows sold for a fourpence, and God knew all about it?"

"That was sparrows, Will—a very different bird

from a chimney swallow. Why, chimney swallows build in the chimneys, and then a heavy rain comes and the nests fall, and the young ones are either killed or forsaken, and they make me a great deal of trouble."

"Well, I'm glad it was n't swallows that God cared for, if they make such a fuss as that," said Will, "and don't know enough to build a nest strong enough for their young ones."

"Oh," said Patience, doubtfully, "I did n't say God did n't care for chimney swallows! I presume Noah took them into the ark, and so we should remember—"

"Whose chimney did they build in when he let them out?" asked Will.

"Do n't ask such questions, Will; it is not proper. I wish you to remember that it is not at all proper to ask questions."

"Oh, yes, Aunt Patience; but if I don't, how shall I ever know how much you know?"

In ten minutes from that time Will was on the high-bench in the barn, and Patience was calling to him to remember that she did not allow boys on the beams of her barn. Then he went into an apple tree and peeped into a robin's nest, and Patience was after him, wishing him to remember that she did not allow boys to climb her trees. She next discovered him on the top of the woodshed.

"Dear, dear! can't you keep still a moment? I wish you to remember that I do not allow boys to climb my shed!"

Before night of the second day Will found that his Aunt Patience did not allow boys to have what he called fun.

The third day was very little better, for Will was requested to remember that she could not allow boys to play ball in the street near her house, and that little girls must not be looking toward her gate, as if they wished every moment to come in. Will's happy, smiling face changed hour by hour to a serious, anxious one; for he was wondering about Aunt Patience, and the new, strange life he had begun. He had readily yielded to all her wishes, and given up one pleasure after another, because he was a good-natured boy, and had always been accustomed to do as others wished.

But after a while his spirit began to cease wondering about Aunt Patience, and a feeling sprang up within him of real dislike. He began to hate the sound of her voice, and the turn of her nose, and the glance of her eye, and even the ribbons on her cap became like so many rebel banners to rouse up his ill feeling.

Here was a boy of ten years old, naturally good and kind, taking a position of direct opposition to a woman quite selfish and unfeeling, but who yet once had a heart sweet and tender. If Will had been older, perhaps he would have thought that he could put up with the whims of a "lone, lone woman," and try to remember that she had had a sorrowful life, with no one to love.

But Will was not a man, and did not try to reason about ill-natured people, and the causes that made them so. The doubt was, whether his love would be strong enough to open the little half-formed buds of affection that had never grown in Patience Pettigrew's breast, but were just like the little dwarfed bushes that grow on high mountains.

It is said that wheat has been made to grow that was found in a mummy case, and which had lain shut up hundreds, and perhaps thousands of years. There was a little germ of life there, and nothing had destroyed it; so when everything was right, and the gentle moisture softened the husk, and the warm sunlight sent its electric fire into the heart of the seed, it became a green plant, and bore fruit that could bless the world. Just like that seed were the little germs of life in Patience's heart. They wanted the gentle rain of goodness, and the warmth of love, to make them spring up into kindness, and gentleness, and good will, that should bless the world.

After Will had been with his aunt two weeks, his first thought in the morning, was, "What can I do to please Aunt Patience, to-day?" The last at night when he went to bed, was, "I hate Aunt Patience."

How long matters might have gone on from bad to worse, one cannot tell, if a change had not come to Will's life. There are blessed beings that men call angels, who look with tender eyes of love into the hearts of all children, and long to make them open like the beautiful buds of spring, that shall bear fragrant blossoms and delicious fruit. These blessed beings, some call spirits; but whether we call them angels or spirits, their labor is the same.

Such a blessed being was about Will, and watching him in love, and saw that it was necessary that some change should come to his life, or else he would become a very disagreeable, and perhaps bad boy. Angels have to work as best they can; and it is very doubtful if any one had power enough to change at once Patience Pettigrew's sour, selfish heart. Perhaps she had, too, a loving angel that wished to turn her life into a better, brighter path. We shall see.

Patience had determined that her wood, all sawed and split, should be nicely piled in the shed; and although Will had offered to do it, she was very sure that he would not do it well, and so she determined to hire a man. She set out one fine morning in search of one, but ill luck she thought she had. One was engaged; one was sick; one did not care to work for her, and she became quite vexed and weary. But sometimes that which we call ill luck, is the very best of luck.

The day was very warm, and Patience's face grew very red, and her temper very sour, as she walked toward Solomon Rives's little unpainted house, just out of the village. A loud knock brought Solomon to the door.

"Well, Solomon, I wonder you ain't out, or sick, or something of the sort; everybody's gone when a body wants them," said Patience.

"But I am not, you see," answered Solomon. "I felt a kind of prompting to stay at home. We old fellows call it feeling a thing in our bones; but I reckon it's just the same sort of a feeling as Moses had when the Lord spoke to him."

"Well, I'm glad you're at home, at any rate," said Patience, "for I must have my wood got in this week, at any rate."

"Now, Miss Pettigrew, you do n't say you have lived so long and do n't know that it's no use to say you must have a thing done, at any rate. Why, perhaps the Lord do n't intend that you shall have it done this week or next."

"I guess I haven't lived so much longer than some other folks that call themselves young," said Patience, tossing her head and smoothing her hair. "And as to saying the Lord cares when my wood is piled, I think that is nothing less than blasphemy."

"Now I reckon that the Lord, that knows every sparrow that falls, cares just as much for you and I, and our affairs. But we won't have a quarrel. I feel quite sure that something or somebody intended that I should go and get in your wood, Miss Pettigrew, though I do n't see yet what it's for."

A bargain was soon made, and the next Monday was agreed on as the day when Solomon should begin Miss Pettigrew's work.

[To be continued in our next.]

TALKS WITH MY YOUNG FRIENDS.

THE SPRING SNOW.

NUMBER ONE.

Is it not beautiful to watch the soft flakes falling like stars from the grey sky? Or like the downy feathers of a dove? And how fair the earth looks with its white veil! It seems like a bride putting on her snowy covering. The noble poet, Bryant, has written about the Snow Shower, and the snowflakes falling into the lake made him think of those that had closed their eyes to earth, falling asleep in death; but the sunlight after the shower turned the eye heavenward, where the spirit dwells, and he forgot, in the thought of heaven, the grave and what seemed so gloomy.

The fancies we have about the commonest things we see, often reveal what we are. I wish I could know all the thoughts of the children that have looked on this snow shower. I presume some have thought of frosted cake and sugar; and some of the green grass that would spring up when the sun came out; and some have sighed that it snowed, because they could not be out of doors; and perhaps some have looked up, and through the white shower, had some pleasant thought of heaven, as Bryant, the poet, had. I wish you could look on the noble face of that man, because I believe you would all love him, and feel sure that what a man writes itself on his face.

He has so kindly a look, and so modest a manner, that you forget that he is a great man, and are only sure that you would like to speak to him and call him your friend. I am very sure that he would have a kind word for every boy that looked up into his face with a truthful, manly look; and a smile for every girl that showed the loveliness in her eye. And if I were a great poet I should rather be admired for such traits than for all the fine things I had written.

But talking about poets is not talking about the snow. Have you not all been very sure that although the snow was falling, giving a wintry look to everything, that after the storm would come the bright sun? Now that is having faith. You are sure there is a wise power that brings the seasons, with all their changes. Do you not think that there is just as wise a power that will bring goodness and beauty to our lives if we only trust it?

Children do not often have great troubles, but sometimes sorrows come to little hearts, that are hard to bear. I think of one little lame girl that I knew, who seemed to have so much faith that she made everybody happy by her own gladness, although she suffered, and was deprived of many pleasures. I am thinking of a little girl that is a cripple, but to whom has come a beautiful gift of writing, like the summer, after the winter of her trials.

If any who read this are ill, and think that their trials are great, will they not have faith enough to look at the bright and beautiful that is about them, and be sure that better days are coming sometime, just as the summer will come after these cold days, and the green grass after the snow?

Perhaps some of you are poor in this world's good things, and it is a trial to you that you cannot do as other children do, and have a plenty of books, and clothes, and whatever you think is best. But remember this: Out of the homes of the poor have come some of the noblest men and women that have ever lived, thus proving that the summer of the spirit does not depend upon riches or fine garments, but comes from a disposition to do the best and noblest that you can, whether you are rich or poor.

LOVE M. WILLIS.

Spiritualism in Milwaukee.

Permit me to say through the columns of the *Banner*, that Spiritualism in the far West is gaining ground. Of course you have learned ere this that I have settled in Milwaukee as the regular pastor of the First Spiritual Society. The thing opens well, prospects are flattering. Spiritualism is coming into notice, inasmuch that secular daily papers sometimes devote a whole column to a dissertation on the Children's Progressive Lyceum. Well they may, for certainly there is nothing in Milwaukee more worthy the attention of journalists than our Progressive Lyceum. I believe it is generally conceded that we have the *Banner* Lyceum. Yesterday more than a hundred pair of little hands were clapping, and feet marching to the music of a harmonium, violin and flute. All enjoyed it. Little speakers—some of them not more than four years old—would get up before that great audience of spectators, and "speak their piece," and give their opinions on the various questions before the Lyceum with all the gravity—and some of them nearly the eloquence—of a statesman.

I cannot close this department of my letter without giving honor to whom honor is due. It was through the indefatigable labor of our worthy friend, F. L. Wadsworth, that we now enjoy the splendid Lyceum of which I have been speaking.

Our Spiritual Society is increasing in numbers and popularity. Our present commodious hall will—I judge from present indications—be too small to seat our congregations; and as for the Lyceum, I see no other way to get along with it than to put an admission fee at the door to keep spectators out, otherwise our hall will soon be so crowded that the Lyceum cannot work.

Now mediums are being developed here. Perhaps I ought not to say that, for the persons on whom I have my mind—Bro. Thomas Freeman and Bro. John Daniels—have long been healing mediums; but their mediumship has taken a second growth—they have been baptized afresh with the Holy Ghost. The invisibles will force both of these men from their present occupations, and send them out to "cause the blind to see, the deaf to hear, and the lame man to leap as an hart."

My Monthly Clarion has been removed to the corner of East Water and Huron streets in Milwaukee, and will hereafter be issued regularly from that place. The discussion of the Pleading Inspiration and Superhuman Origin of the Bible, which commences in the next number and goes through twelve numbers, will be very interesting to all who are interested on either side of the question.

The *Banner* is regarded in its true light in this place. It is taken by many, and loved by all. The truths it bears on its pages from week to week are welcomed by an eager set of readers. Truths adapted to the natural wants of man must ever find a place in the hearts of those who have not been spoiled by old theological notions.

Hoping, Mr. Editor, that your sphere of usefulness will never be smaller, I subscribe myself,

Yours truly, MOSES HULL.

Milwaukee, Wis., April 2, 1866.

A little shaver asked his father, the other day, if he "knew when beef was highest?" "Daddy could not tell. 'Well, I can; it was when the cow jumped over the moon.'"

Spiritual Phenomena.

W. T. Church in St. Louis.

Spiritualism is rapidly advancing in the West. It is not only gaining a permanent foothold in our large cities, but is spreading throughout the whole country. Spiritual Societies and Progressive Lyceums are springing up here and there, and the best minds of almost every town and neighborhood are either positive believers in the Spiritual philosophy or favorable to it. And perhaps there is no one doing more at the present to demonstrate the Spiritual intercourse in the West, than W. T. Church, of Chicago. However, as regards mediumship, it is difficult to form a proper estimate of that phase of it which is the most valuable to the world. I believe there is a Divine Wisdom regulating this matter; and therefore all mediums, whatever their gifts may be, are necessary to establish the Kingdom of Heaven among men. All work together for good. And having suffered as much as I have up to the time of my conversion to Spiritualism, and having enjoyed so much happiness and freedom since, I thank my God and the dear angels daily for all phases of mediumship, and for all spiritual manifestations, whether high or low. But as regards W. T. Church, the manifestations which occur in his presence are certainly of the most remarkable character, and absolutely demonstrative of the spiritual intercourse. They not only hit the nail on the head, but drive it through and clinch so securely that no materialistic jugglery or philosophy can displace it. Now as these manifestations destroy death, rend the veil of material darkness from the top to the bottom, and open up a glorious immortality for universal humanity, I ask permission to make a fair and honest statement of what I have seen and know. I first met Bro. Church in Springfield, Ill., on the 28th of last August, at which time I became a Spiritualist. Antecedent to this, for a number of years, I had been favorable to a free Gospel, and loved most ardently the general principles of the Harmonical Philosophy. Also I had hoped and prayed that Spiritualism might prove to be true. But little did I think that Spiritualists were holding a direct personal intercourse with the loved ones gone before! In fact, the bane of my life had been doubts in regard to a future state. True, at times I believed, but doubted more. I could not by reason grasp the idea of immortality. Nor could I get rid of the thought. And the result was instability of mind and purpose. I was vacillating. I had no centre, nor was I really a man. I do not think I was as far out of the way as St. Paul before his conversion, nevertheless I was really nothing only so far as my guardian angels held me up, and pressed me forward.

On the 28th of last August I was in Springfield, Ill., and was induced to attend two sances, at the house of W. T. Church. I went there a perfect skeptic as to the manifestations I was told would occur. But now for the facts:

A circle was formed after the usual manner, and although the condition of darkness was necessary, I was satisfied that no deception could be used. In fact, there was no possible chance for imposition. After the circle was thus formed, we sat in silence for a few moments, when lo! a man in the character of an Indian, came bounding into the room, and passed round the circle speaking to each one in order, approaching me as the last. He placed his hand upon my head, saying, "Do you wish to put your fingers in the prints of the nails, and thrust your hand into the spear hole?" I made no reply. He next slapped me upon the shoulders, saying, "Do you think your Redeemer now liveth?" I replied, "It seems so;" and when I perceived it was an angel, I stooped and bowed myself. Now I was a Spiritualist. I then asked, saying, "Brother Nimwauke, (his name had been told me) are any of my spirit-friends present?" He answered, "Your father, sister, and two little boys." I had a father, sister, and two little boys, whom I had mourned as dead. Next, I asked, "What kind of a country have you where you live?" He answered, "A country in which little children never freeze to death." My eldest child had perished with cold, under circumstances the most heart-rending. I now put many questions, which were all answered to my entire satisfaction.

In the next place, a lady came into the circle, speaking in a voice inexpressibly sweet, and uttering words of the profoundest wisdom. She came to me most affectionately, placed her hand upon my head, and in a speech of some twenty minutes, ordained me a minister of the Gospel. She is popularly known as Miss Fleetwood, and is an angel of light and purity, higher than whom I have never conceived. And she made an impression upon my soul that will last while the ages of eternity roll.

Next came a most fascinating and sweet spirit who they call "Little Swiss." She speaks in a low whisper, and plays upon an accordion. All who make her acquaintance love her dearly for the mildness and purity of her character, and the heavenly sweetness of her music. At this time I received many more demonstrations of the truth of Spiritualism, which space forbids me to mention in this letter.

I now direct attention to what I have just seen and heard in St. Louis. Here the circle consisted of about sixty persons, among whom was the French Consul. They were seated around the room compactly, and a small cord was put through the buttonhole of each gentleman's coat, passing in front of each lady, thus extending entirely around the circle, and securely fastened with a seal at the place of beginning. Besides this, the whole circle joined hands. Bro. Church was secured as follows: A strip of cloth was tied firmly around the ankles by means of a small cord, knotted, waxed and stamped with a seal. The two ends of the cloth were now tucked to the floor, the heads of the tucks waxed and stamped with a seal, and the edge of the strips waxed to the floor. The hands of the medium are securely tied behind him with a small cord. Every one in the room being thus fastened, the lights are extinguished and there is complete darkness!

And now we hear the voices of thousands of skeptical Bible Christians asking, "Why this darkness? why do not spirits come in the light?" In reply to these questions I will not, at this time, attempt to give a philosophical answer, although I am certain there is one. However, I shall hold myself responsible to give one, as soon as the Bible Christians answer me, philosophically, the following Bible questions: Why did the angel wrestle with Jacob during the night, and depart at the break of day? Why did he not wrestle with him in the daytime? Why did the angels approach Mary and Joseph in the night? When Christ was born, why did the angels go to the shepherds and announce it by night? Why did they not go into Jerusalem and announce it to all in broad daylight? Why did Christ walk upon the water at the fourth watch of the night? Would it not have been more satisfactory in the daytime? Why were the angels seen in the sepulchre of Jesus while it was yet dark? Why did the angels let St. Peter out of prison at night?

These, and many more, are Bible facts. Why did they occur? But here I observe, that in Ancient, as in Modern Spiritualism, spirits or angels were sometimes seen in the light. Nevertheless, the experiences and facts of all ages are that spirits can usually manifest themselves more powerfully in the dark than in the light. When they appear to mortals they wrap the mantle of darkness around them. But to return: The circle in St. Louis was formed as I have described; and now let me give the principal manifestations that occurred:

First, Nimwauke came into the room, walking heavily upon the floor, and introduced himself by speaking to Bro. Church first, and then to all in the circle, urging upon them to be calm, passive and harmonious. Now, a beautiful song, entitled the Summer-Land, was sung, and we all seemed to be, of one accord, in one place. God and his angels were there. But there was no time to build tabernacles; for the skeptics must be convinced and become willing in the day of God's power.

These tests were given: An old man was there, whose skepticism was deep rooted, and who, I was told, had said that Spiritualism was a humbug, and that he could never be made to believe it. Now, for some reason, Nimwauke selected this man (whose name and residence I was requested to withhold from the public,) as a proper person to be converted to the truth of Spiritualism. Accordingly he approached him and entered into a familiar conversation in regard to his own family, the old man resisting the spirit all he could; yet he received the following tests:

Nimwauke said, (addressing him firmly,) "Your Aunt Katie who drowned herself is present." The circle asked, "Is that true?" With some hesitation he answered, "Yes; I had an Aunt Katie, who drowned herself."

Again the spirit said, "Your little Ellen that died with the measles is here." The old gentleman now became somewhat excited and wanted to go home, but confessed that he had had a little daughter Ellen, who had died of measles.

Next, the spirit said, "Your Uncle Edward is here, and wishes to know if you remember the little pocket knife you gave him the last time you saw him in the city of Washington?" This was a most remarkable test to all present, as the old man, now almost persuaded to be a Spiritualist, emphatically stated that he had an Uncle Edward, who was dead, and that the last time he saw him was in the city of Washington, at which place, on the corner of a certain street, he gave him a small pocket-knife!

But here comes another test; The spirit said, "Your uncle is present, who killed himself?" This was enough. The old man was convinced. After the circle closed, his heart was subdued, and with his mouth he made confession of the truth of Spiritualism.

These tests being given, which, as each was acknowledged to be true, brought forth shouts of gratitude and applause from those present, Miss Fleetwood came into the circle, and stated that they would produce the spirit lights if all remained quiet and harmonious. And now came also Little Swiss, with her sweet whispering voice, passing round the circle, and breathing her divine influence upon those present. A gentleman of St. Louis had that day brought her a new accordion, and now she was to play upon it for the first time. On receiving it, she kissed the donor and thanked him, and then advanced to the centre of the hall, and also kissed Nimwauke, which was pleasantly reciprocated. Little Swiss now favored the audience with some of the finest strains of music to which I ever listened. She would take her accordion and fly around the room, filling it with waves of music almost divine.

Next came the illuminations. These consisted of lights, shining as silver, darting upward, and passing about the room. These lights are about the brightness of the sun, and are doubtless the same as those described by Paul at his conversion, and by Peter when he was released from prison. They are very beautiful, and suggestive of much thought to the inquiring mind. There is no darkness in the kingdom of God; and when this kingdom is fully established in the earth, it will dispel the darkness thereof, and give us the light of heaven. Thus Spiritualism is that light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. It is not our Christ coming in the clouds, but in the midst of the sun! And now that this great central truth of the universe has in our age been so born upon the earth as to unite Science and Religion by the Harmonical Philosophy, we hear the triumphant voices of millions of men commingling with the voices of a vast multitude of the heavenly hosts, saying, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men."

These illuminations, together with a few sentences uttered by Miss Fleetwood, concluded the sances. Now all these manifestations took place under circumstances precluding all possibility of jugglery, collusion or deception. They did not consist of tying up the medium and untying him, although done by spirits; nor are they like the manifestations of any other medium that I have ever seen, heard of, or read of. That spirits have appeared many times in past ages, as also since the advent of modern Spiritualism, is not to be doubted by any Spiritualist; but if, since the world began, they have appeared personally or materialized in the presence of any medium, shaking hands with men, making speeches, moving physical bodies, playing upon musical instruments, and talking familiarly with all, plainly and continuously from night to night, week to week, and year to year, ever and anon showing themselves as in broad daylight, I am ignorant of it. However, I do not say that these things never occurred before, but I do say they are occurring now.

As an illustration of the demonstrative character of these manifestations, let me present an example, the facts of which I received from the witness himself.

Last week a gentleman from Baltimore visited St. Louis on business, whose name I am not permitted to make public. He was a determined skeptic, so much so that he would not attend Bro. Church's public sances. But on learning that spirits sometimes appeared in the private room of the medium, he went to him and asked the privilege of occupying the same room with him over night. His request was granted; and what I now state I heard from his own lips, and confirmed by Bro. Church himself. They retired to bed, and the light being extinguished, the room was perfectly dark, the door being shut and locked. Now came the manifestations. First, the lights of silver brightness darted about over their heads. Next, a hand was placed upon the gentleman's forehead, and he asked, "Who is this?" The spirit answered, "I am Malissa Gosselman Borgus." This was the maiden name of his dear departed wife! It was enough. His heart was touched, his love quickened, and his soul filled with a deep sense of gratitude. He wept for joy. Now there was an accordion in Bro. Church's valise, it being looked, with the key in the hole. This valise was unlocked, the accordion

taken out, and played upon with exquisite sweetness, filling the room with strains of music as heavenly as it was divine. Thus our brother from Baltimore was made a Spiritualist, and thus he was serenaded by the angels. I received this from his own mouth.

In conclusion, permit me to say that these signs from heaven, together with much thought and reading, have made me a Spiritualist. My journey out of darkness into light was long and hard. Hitherto I have suffered much, but now I am free and happy. True, I entered the kingdom at the eleventh hour, but the Lord of the vineyard hath given me the penny.

I know that Spiritualism is true, and I know that the Holy Spirit and the dear angels are with me, and my soul is at rest.

Nor am I idle. I am working every day. And I thank God that my life has been spared to see and hear these things, and that I am permitted to cast my little mite into the treasury of the Lord, and be a soldier in the great final war between truth and error.

Let me further add, Mr. Editor, that your Banner of Light waves no less gloriously in the West, since the commencement of our own dear and brave-hearted Religio-Philosophical Journal. If the sun rises in the East, it surely sets in the West; and all is well.

Yours truly, A. J. FISHBACK.

The Banner of Light and the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Notwithstanding the laudable and commendable efforts of the proprietors, publishers and editors and correspondents of the above genuine spiritual publications, to keep them out of the mire of rivalry, there are some persons, and those of some pretensions, too, who persistently seek to elevate each to the disparagement of the other. This I know to be the case, for it has come under my own personal observation, and I have been credibly informed, frequently, of such facts by other persons. Indeed, I have learned, even, of speakers and lecturers doing this sort of ugly work.

Now this should not be. The world is quite large enough—this broad and extended country is quite big enough—the field of Spiritualism, heaven and the world knows, embraces enough—the millions of Spiritualists are sufficiently numerous for the existence and maintenance of these two newspapers, in prosperous and flourishing condition, and many others besides. And these many others are bound soon to be radiating the light of the blessed spiritual sun, dependent upon us, for

"No pent-up lives contrain our powers,
The whole, boundless sphere is ours!"

In this city of Cincinnati there are now three secular newspapers interested in the cause of Spiritualism; two issued weekly—one on Saturday and the other on Sunday—and one daily, "National Union," which, every Sunday, devotes a column or two, as a Spiritual Department, to the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism developing among us. The editors of these newspapers are all known to me, and all are most favorably inclined to the new religion based upon positive facts and genuine inductions and deductions therefrom. How long will it be, think you, before these papers will come out strongly in favor of Spiritualism? How long will it be before they will be recognized as earnest workers in raising and building up the beautiful temple of spirit-land upon earth. Why, they are assisting us now, and one of them is certainly laboring in the vineyard. Besides, we, of Cincinnati have talked long and well of establishing ourselves, a newspaper in Cincinnati, entirely devoted to the cause of Spiritualism. And where there is so much smoke, you know, there must be some fire. So you of the East and of the Northwest, you of Boston and Chicago, you of the Banner of Light and the Religio-Philosophical Journal, had better look to your laurels. We will one day be publishing a Cincinnati "Union" Banner and Journal, which will merge, and perhaps submerge, you both.

Shakespeare was not impartial in saying, "Woman, thy name is frailty!"—he should have embraced man. The plantation darkey shows himself a better observer and a more comprehensive philosopher; when he says that "white man am berry unarrin." Humanity is weak, frail, and sometimes hopelessly uncertain, so that we cannot tell and do not know our friends. Many of us might well exclaim, with Sir John, "Save us from our friends!" I think the Banner and the Journal sometimes might even wish the Lord to deliver them from their friends, for some of them, in their frailty and littleness, seem by their conduct, to deem it necessary to build up the one by tearing down the other; when the true action in reference to both, for their respective sakes, is to lend all the aid possible to each and both, and thus contribute to the support, success and elevation of each and both.

I announce it here, as a fact beyond peradventure, that the Banner and Journal must, of necessity, stand or fall together. There is not the least danger, there is not the least apprehension of danger, that either of them will ever fall, so long as they are so well conducted as they now are. They are both excellent "mediums" for the spirits in the earthly form and out of it, and they both teach, inculcate and disseminate the genuine sentiments and affections of love, and the real and true principles of wisdom. The Banner of Light is the elder brother, to be sure, but we have no respect of primogeniture. Nevertheless, we should respect the Banners as such, and welcome, too, with open hearts and hands, the other brother, now, come in all beauty and comeliness among us; and we should be quite prepared, too, to extend a cordial welcome and pronounce a God-speed to all others who may and will come hereafter.

As to my own position as a Spiritualist and as a man, in reference to these two glorious spiritual newspapers, I am glad, right glad that both are in existence; and I shall certainly do all I can to keep them prosperous and flourishing. There is one thing I never have done, and shall never do. I have not, and I shall not, by word or deed, disparage the one to encourage the other; or encourage the one to the disparagement of the other. But I shall endeavor to mete out to each and both their full deserts, and give them all praise where praise is due; and "set down naught in malice," in any manner, shape or form.

Every Spiritualist and every lover of Spiritualism should do this, for the good of the cause, for the good of the newspapers, and for the good of themselves. Nay, more than this, every Spiritualist, and all who feel an interest in the cause of Spiritualism, should work with their might to sustain the paper of the East and the paper of the West. Though representing different districts of country, in location merely, they are for all, and should be in all.

When any person approaches me for information as to what he should read, to be made acquainted with the truths and facts of Spiritualism, I say to him, "Subscribe for, and take the Journal and Banner, and you will get as much standard and current knowledge as you would or could wish." I always mention both papers, and let the person of inquiry take which he chooses, if he

thinks he can only take one. Of course, those who are in especial pecuniary interest of one or the other papers, as agents, or otherwise, should command for choice their own paper. Nobody finds fault with that. But even they should not disparage or detract from the merits of the other. They should not be detractors, maligners, or falsifiers.

Above all, speakers, lecturers, writers and mediums should not descend so low as to decry either the Journal or Banner, to attempt to build up the one or the other. It is not the way to build up the one or the other. What is said in detraction or depreciation of one or the other, is always conveyed to the especial friends of the one or the other, and thus the very object of the detraction and depreciation is defeated. These sort of curses will invariably come home to roost, and no good will be accomplished by them in behalf of any object. And besides, there are those who can

"hear their detractions,"
And can put them to mending."

And, by these very detractions, their success will be made more complete and certain; so that the object must be inevitably defeated—that of building up one by the destruction of another.

Let us, then, all unite in doing all we can in giving both of our great newspaper mediums of love and wisdom, of the West and of the East, life and living. And if others present themselves to us, let us say to them also, "Live and let live." The world is big enough for all. Go on prospering, and blessings on you.

We can accomplish no good for any purpose in the field of Spiritualism, by slander, calumny and detraction. And men and women in position should be exceedingly careful to avoid all such baseness. They should certainly be above it. If they do descend to it, they but hurt themselves, and do no purpose or object any good. By decrying others, they but decry themselves; and the cause they thus plead for, is only injured by their conduct.

We do the Banner and the Journal much hurt and harm, in trying to aid the one by detraction and disparage of the other. We may rest assured that either of them can

"no trophy raise
From other men's detraction or disparage;
Which asked such souls as these to act it forth."

A. G. W. CARTER.

Cincinnati, O., March 30, 1866.

Biographical.

How to Live and how to Die.

Nothing but the absolute force of the ever-present has kept me from fulfilling the pledge of my own soul, long ere this, to prepare for the Banner of Light, and other journals perhaps, a brief history of the life and death of one of the truest of the true and bravest of the brave who have laid themselves like men—I had almost said like Gods—upon the altar of their country, in maintenance of the principle of Human Rights and the Divinity of universal Brotherhood.

Charles Palmer was born in Chicago—one of the earliest natives. When the war commenced he was about twenty-one, and he afterwards came all the way from Washington to cast his vote for Abraham Lincoln, for president the second term. He was a ready thinker, prompt in decision and action, but of few words. In childhood he was remarkable for being alone, and yet was possessed of the strongest and most lasting social powers. He was a great reader. In the choice of books he loved history, and used to dwell much with the philosophers of the ages long gone. He was a reasoner, and passed rapidly from effect back to cause, never satisfied without a reason why. Naturally he would have early embraced the sublime teachings and phenomena of spirit-life, but there stood across his path that great opposing element which obscured his vision, and hid, by prejudice, the very elements for his soul created.

In my own library were the works of A. J. Davis, but were by Charles unread, and for years there was only a thin curtain between his soul and the truth he so much longed to know. At about sixteen he went to Iowa on a visit to some relatives and friends, one of whom had bought of me "Nature's Divine Revelations," when moving from Illinois. Boarding with this friend, while Charles kept the school in his district, he found him to be a Spiritualist. He read, and was captivated with this first of Davis' beautiful olive leaves which have so blessed the race, and which have dried up the waters of ignorance which had so long flooded mankind. He had not read far before he wrote me he had "found his religion." Davis had been to him an angel indeed of light divine. I can never think of my first, firsthand boy without babbling praise to A. J. Davis from my heart's deepest well-spring.

Just after the war broke out, Charles H. Foster, one of the best test musicians of the world, was at Chicago, stopping with H. M. Higgins, the largest music dealer of the Northwest. I called to see him there, and satisfied myself of his powers, so truly wonderful. Up to this time Charles had seen no spiritual phenomena, yet such was his mental constitution, reading Davis was enough. He "saw" the "other side." He demanded, "Heaven was on her throne, and phenomena, to him, were of secondary importance. He would have drank the "hemlock" rather than have yielded up his everlasting life. Nevertheless, few or none of us, perhaps, have so far transcended the tangible and the outer life, and what the evidence evidences which, in concluding, make the task of reason an easier one.

I determined at once, on the moment of seeing Foster, to bring every member of my family from the country and let them see him. Coming with them to Chicago, he stopped at the house of a friend and went for Foster. He came, of course, a stranger to all but me, and had never seen me but once before. It would be a most interesting recital, doubtless, for any reader, were I to give, verbatim, what there transpired. Suffice it to say, not one of all present failed at that gathering but was as fully satisfied in his or her own mind as Thomas was when he exclaimed, "My Lord and my God!" From that hour Charles was an investigator on every occasion possible. He had then and thereafter an anchor to his soul sure and steadfast.

In a few days he enlisted for the war in the Twelfth Regiment Illinois Volunteers. He fully comprehended his mission, and, strapping on his knapsack, went to fight for liberty to all mankind. He saw God in man—every man; color nor birthplace nor circumstance in the least clouding his vision. First under Fremont, then under Grant, he stood in the front rank of battle; took part in the desperate fight of Fort Donelson, and fell badly wounded at Shiloh, on the second day of the battle of Pittsburgh Landing.

On the first day of this battle he had been left in charge, at the river, of regimental stores. Our forces were driven back, and came flying for safety under the shadow of our gunboats. Charles felt that every fighting man was needed. Placing a trusty negro in charge of his stores, he seized his musket and rushed on to the fight. Forgetting danger, he stayed in the front, in close view of the rebels, who were now advancing with rapid musket firing. The balls flew thick and fast, but so excited was Charles that he held his place and kept on firing until his regiment, with one single man, besides himself, excepted, had fallen back to a considerable distance. Still the rebels advanced, and Charles, with his German comrade, finding the regiment all gone, began through the woods a zigzag retreat, hoping thereby to reach the regiment in safety; but hardly had he started when a fatal misstep, passed through his right leg, the ball splitting as it struck the main bone and passed out on the other side, shattering both bones badly. The blood poured out, and, in less than one minute, filled his boot. The German boy saw how it was, and felt Charles must bleed to death in a moment unless he staunched the wound.

Just before the battle this noble fellow had

bought for three dollars a new silk cravat. Heating but for a second, as if he thought of its cost had flitted across his vision, he pulled the cravat from his neck in a twinkling, and in a moment more the blood was stopped by tying tightly above the wound. On, on, the rebels were coming, and yet the distance back to the regiment was considerable. The German became a crutch for Charles, and they moved back a few steps, when he became faint, and felt he was dying. "Save yourself," said Charles to the German; "I must die!"

He fainted, and fell down. The boy's cravat had, however, proven his savior, and he woke to consciousness again. Rebel bullets still flying thickly around him, Charles crawled behind a large standing tree, which for the moment kindly sheltered him from their fire. He soon discovered that cannon balls were coming from another quarter, and striking within a few feet of him, between him and his regiment, yet some distance in the rear of where he lay. Watching the intervals between the cannon balls, now plowing the ground so close to him, he rolled a few rods toward his regiment and got behind a large log, where he lay quite secure from the rebel fire. Here he was found by an old acquaintance from another regiment, who, with the help of others, bore him to a safe place.

That day victory perched upon our banners, and Charles was ready and satisfied to welcome life or death. He was ever after glad that he left the stores in charge of another, and that he had helped to turn the tide of that most desperate battle of our favor.

He was beloved and honored by every soldier and officer of his company, and was chosen sergeant before the battle at Donelson. He was recommended for a commission before being wounded, and had he remained in the service, would have been an officer of his company.

He was speedily removed to Camp Deunkon, near Cincinnati, where he remained until fall, before being able to be carried home, where he was taken, as the only chance of saving his life. Two long years of careful nursing only revealed his wound to be incurable, and he submitted to an operation by Daniel Brahnam, M. D., of Rush Medical College, Chicago, requiring over an hour to perform.

For four months he never moved from his bed, but the wound healed favorably, and we hoped that sometime he might be able to walk again without help. In May following, I went with him to Washington, and obtained for him a clerkship in the Ordnance Bureau.

Just before the operation at the College, he was joined in marriage with Miss Winter, a young lady who had long been Charles's betrothed, and who, with her mother, had been faithful and constant as the angels, all through the years of suffering. She soon went to him at Washington. He and she jointly continued the investigation of Spiritualism. They attended all lectures given there, and were almost constant attendants of the church of Dr. Channing, whose words of love and beauty enchanted them.

Time wore away, and he laid aside his crutches and used only a cane in walking. In Washington, and especially among his associates in the Bureau, he won universal esteem, and made many close and valued friends. His wound had healed, or quite healed; but simultaneously came tuberculous affection of the lungs, and his physicians soon discovered that only the seat of the wound had changed, and that death had marked him for a commission in the higher spheres. He was obliged to quit the office, and take his bed. The hot weather of August and September hastened his departure. Twice he seemed to have won his triumph, and was by his bedside, arriving the last time only twelve hours before he crossed the threshold to the summer-land.

I intended to part from my loved and loving child, my heart-strings ached for that young wife with whom he had lived so happily, and who was nearly to be the mother of his child. He was just dawdling into a beautiful and noble manhood, and had corresponding aspirations for the present life. All these made us cling to him, and ask, if possible, that this cup might pass, and he be spared a longer term of life with us here on earth. But we could not save him; yet our grief was made less poignant to see him so entirely ready, and with hands already joined to those loved ones who had gone before and now stood with arms outstretched to bid him welcome to a mansion in the skies.

I have stood round the deathbed of the good, and have witnessed these parting scenes, but never before have I seen one die like Charles. He had risen above the most elevated peak in the great mountain of faith. His was knowledge, not faith. He knew that, though dying, he was not going to higher and immortal life. He had not a shadow of doubt. For six hours he wrestled with the Death Angel; possessing, to the latest breath, his fullest consciousness, and with spiritual vision opened, he stood on the confines of two worlds, looking at those standing on both sides the line, and holding sweet intercourse with each. Keeping up the line of communion with us at his bedside, his soul, self-poised, occupied an eminence from which he could look down and witness the dissolution of his own body, telling us, as he passed along, the sensations, the pains, the struggles and the bliss of dying. He seemed to have passed the bounds of time, and asked of us what he could not seem to measure, "How long is this process of dying?"

At last he came to a river—a deep, broad and beautiful river—the opposite side of which from his approach was the "Evergreen Shore" of which the poets and the muses have sung so long. A boat was in waiting, and loving spirits manned the oars. Charles stepped in, and, wreathed with a smile of beauty, he sailed smoothly along, till, nearing the other shore, he saw his mother standing before him with outstretched arms, waiting to clasp her favorite child. Then, bidding us adieu, he turned to print the last kiss on the cheek of his sorrowing wife, and his spirit was across the line.

Triumphantly he departed one answered the question so often and so happily asked, "What good has Spiritualism ever done?" It has robbed death of its sting, and given us true victory over the grave. It has brought life and immortality to light; banished an Orthodox hell, and revealed to us trusty pilots all along the pathway to the Summer-land. It says to the widow and the orphan child, "Be of good cheer, your husband and father is not dead, but living." It has drawn aside the veil of the temple and shown us, not only that we are spirits, but that spirits from the spheres beyond may and do hold tangible, delightful, sweetest intercourse with the dear ones left behind. As I stood with loving gaze around the death couch of Charles, I felt that there was no dark valley, no shadow even, of death. All was lighted up, and radiant with knowledge. It seemed more like a gleam starting on some distant journey, with a full understanding as to where he was going, what his mission was; and that we knew the telegraph and mail lines were all in working order, with the best of operators at every station all along his route. Oh, what a blessing to know how to die.

SETH PAINE.

Chicago, Ill., March, 1866.

A Lecturer.

For the last three years I have been endeavoring to let the light shine through my organism for the benefit of those who were desirous of seeking the truth, and in consequence of business it has prevented me from extending my labors beyond the narrow limits of Salem, my place of residence. Having been discharged from employment in consequence of my faith in this beautiful religion of ours, I feel constrained to appeal to the friends of our cause for a share of their patronage when they are making selections for speakers. And I would here return my sincere thanks to the friends in Salem, Gloucester and Charlestown, for the patronage I have received from them. I have never held it to be incompatible with the medium qualifications which I possessed to toil with my hands for support. But when, through bigotry and prejudice, I am discharged from labor, what must I do? I appeal to the friends of our cause for support.

A. C. ROBINSON.

15 Hathorne street, Salem, Mass.

Men should not think too much of themselves, and yet a man should always be careful not to forget himself.

Correspondence in Brief.

Letter from Chelsea.

DEAR BANNER—As your well-filled and well-selected column of LIGHT comes to us weekly, freighted with blessed assurances of life beyond this mortal sphere, and evidence of the reality and recognition of the dear departed when we pass over the river and unto our destined abode with you, that reformers may know upon what round of the ladder of human progress the good people of Chelsea stand, and with what success the expounders of the great humanitarian philosophy of the nineteenth century have met with in our midst. Facts are stubborn things, and error and superstition fly before the onward march of progress. Many of our worthy people have even had the moral courage to say openly, that they really believed that they had the right to reason on these subjects, a privilege which, by the way, our good theological friends, in their enthusiasm to revive God's work in the Church, deny in full, thus sacrificing to priest and priestcraft, the only distinguishing feature from the brute creation, and thanks be to God that reason is making them free. Brother Wheeler, that good, honest, whole-souled worker, who calls things by their right names, and does not dress up truth in gaudy colors to please anybody, has been laboring with us for the past two or three weeks, and we do not think it has ever been our lot to listen to such deep, convincing arguments, and clear and searching logic. He is an hundred pounder, and has the misivies of a natural, common sense philosophy thundering against the theological dogmas of the past and present. God bless our brother, and may kind, loving angels help him to stand the storms of opposition here below, and welcome him to a high and heavenly sphere above, when called to go.

Our Lyceum is in a very flourishing condition, under the care of our brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Dodge, who are earnest workers in the cause, and never faint by the wayside. We number some one hundred and fifty children, and are still on the increase. These little ones in our midst are doing much toward a proper regeneration of mankind, and teaching us that man must work out his own salvation, not with fear and trembling, but by a proper understanding of the laws of his being, and the blending of all his powers for the common good of all humanity.

May your banner extend its folds all over the earth, and send a rainbow flag of truth to every poor, benighted, creed-bound heathen in existence, that they may break in that freedom wherewith reason and common sense maketh free.

Chelsea, April 11, 1866. J. H. CHANDON.

A Banner Spirit-Messenger.

I sent from the Banner a message from a Dr. J. H. Smith, who was taken prisoner, and afterwards treated kindly and released by Gen. Ould. I sent it to him, and you have here his reply. The "inaccuracies" he speaks of are of little moment. Circumstances might vary the usual routine and leave no impression upon the mind.

Baltimore, Md. F. H. SMITH.

F. H. SMITH, Esq., Sir—Your note of the 17th ult. has been received. I have no especial recollection of the incident mentioned in the article. I only know that whenever I heard of boys being taken prisoners, I ordered their immediate release. In one or two instances I had interviews with such, but what transpired, or what was the conversation, I cannot at this distance of time precisely narrate. The general scope of any such conversation would be very apt to be such as is represented.

In one or two minor particulars, there is certainly some inaccuracy. If the interview took place at the prison, it is not probable that I wrote a paper. In such a case I would simply have given an order to the prison officials, to send the party off when the next detachment of prisoners was sent by flag of truce. Moreover, if he saw me at the prison, it was either in pursuance of a request of mine, or in consequence of the act of some official bringing him before me to state his case, or it might have been in the course of my passing through the same.

I thank the boy, he be spirit or flesh, for his kind expressions. The great Father of spirits knows well, and to him I leave the arbitrament, whether in any act of mine during the whole unhappy conflict, I was moved by malice or uncharitableness.

Respectfully your obedient servant,
Richmond, Va., March 12, 1866. RO. OULD.

Sacramento, Cal.

Spiritualism has lately begun to occupy quite a prominent place in the public mind in this city. Mrs. C. M. Stowe has lectured for us a number of times, to large audiences; the public appeared to be well pleased with her lectures. Mrs. Ada H. Faye has also lectured with us twice, and has been the first about five hundred persons were present; the second about three hundred persons present; and not one incorrect answer was given during the evening. We expect her here soon again. We are waiting patiently for Mrs. Laura Cupp. Although San Francisco is not exactly the "hubb of the universe," she has the eye of the Golden Gate; yet she cannot keep all the lecturers forever.

After a summer's vacation, our Lyceum has again been put in good working order, with the best of encouragement, increasing in interest and numbers every evening. It is now under the management of H. Bowser and Miss Brewster. The children numbered eighty-three last Sunday. The attendance of friends and visitors is large, who, after the Lyceum is opened, repair to another room for conference meeting. They are well attended, and speakers are plenty. The Spiritualists are doing a good work here.

Feb. 22, 1866. L. ARMSTRONG.

Keep the Lecturers at Work.

Allow me to say a few words through the Banner in regard to a young man who, though not universally known as a spiritual lecturer, bids fair to become one of the best speakers in our ranks. I refer to DEAN CLARK, of this town, formerly of Rutland, whom it has been my good fortune to hear on several occasions, when he gave very able and inspiring addresses, which were replete with sound logic and earnest expression, and with that soul-clouthing that thrills the listening truth-seeker.

Mr. Clark, under influence, speaks several languages fluently, which in his normal state he is unacquainted with. I take especial pleasure in stating that from a thorough acquaintance of several years, I know him to be a man of irreproachable character; and I cordially commend him to those of our friends who desire the service of an able and worthy speaker.

Brandon, Vt., March 20, 1865. MILO O. MOTT.

To the Spiritualists of Rhode Island and Connecticut.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS—At the Convention recently held in Putnam, Conn., the undersigned was chosen as Agent to travel through your respective States, to promote the general interests of our common cause. To most fully accomplish this work will require a cordial cooperation of the friends, not merely in pecuniary support, but most especially in looking out places for lecturing, and a willing for the agents to visit them. I shall be most happy to hear from all parts of the field, and will thank the friends if they will select some one to every town to communicate to me the general condition of Spiritualism in their locality. This will enable me to adjust my efforts in the most efficient manner. Especially would I like to become acquainted with local speakers who can devote some time to speaking, though not able to enter the general field. Friends and brethren, send in your counsel and suggestions.

Address me at Hamburg, Conn. J. S. LOVELAND.

Note from Judge Carter.

Some kind friend (perhaps you, Mr. Editor), has placed my name in the Speaker's Register, in your column this week, under the name of "JUDGE A. G. W. CARTER, of Cincinnati, O., will answer calls to lecture on the Spiritual Philosophy."

I would have to say, that I am not "regularly" in the field as a "lecturer," and do not desire to be, at present, for my professional business has so grown, that I cannot find time to be taken up in that; and besides, I am bound to take the political platform, which I may do.

At the present time, unfortunately, occasion and leisure are wanting, if once in a while an willing to

do some good in the spiritual lecturing field. And if your notice only means that, I am satisfied.

Yours truly, A. G. W. CARTER.
Cincinnati, O., April 11, 1866.

Poor Green and the Pronoun "I."
Gov. Bullock, in his decision denouncing and commanding the execution of Green, the Malden murderer, uses the pronoun *I* forty-three times; also the words "my," "me" and "myself" many times.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1866.

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

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see eighth page. All mail matter must be sent to our Central Office, Boston, Mass.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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

Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit-communication and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous divine inspiration in man; it aims through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to the true religion as at one with the highest philosophy. (London Spiritual Magazine.)

Our Conduct With the Indians.

Once in about so often, a debate will spring up in Congress, and be spread around the country through the newspapers, concerning the treatment measured out to the Indians by the Government. There have been agents enough sent out among them, if that is of any special consequence, and the rule has been for these agents to fleece the red men and their families in every possible manner, and feather their own nests at the cost of these Government dependents and pensioners. Quite recently there has come to us from the far West a report of the killing of about a couple of dozen Indians, nine of whom were women and children. It has been the rule with us to defraud the poor Indian of his birthright, and then to load our guns and pursue him with the design of securing his extermination.

Some of the tribes, handful as they are at the best, have been so harassed and reduced by us as to be kept nearly all the time in a condition of beggary. A warrior chieftain recently came into one of our forts, and said he and his people were starving—that they wanted for food. It is no recommendation of our system or our humanity, that we have pushed to the wall, and cruelly hold them there, the men from whom we originally got these lands, which we now hold with such satisfied pride, and transmit from one generation to another with such boastfulness of our riches. The Indians were born noblemen. They owned the soil they trod. We came and drove them from it. Our numbers multiplied faster than they could match them with their own prowess, and they were crowded off. Each year they were pushed further and further away toward the Rocky Mountains, and then to the Pacific. It is conceded by philosophic historians that this passage in our career as a people stands irrevocably to the national discredit and disgrace. The very least we could seem to do to retrieve the wrong is, to take care of the failing remnant that still remain.

We have already alluded, in a previous issue of the Banner, to the preparations making by Government to protect the large body of emigrants that is expected to move across the plains of the West during the coming season. The precautionary measures adopted by Lieutenant-General Grant are considered to be complete. All this means that there is a settled state of war between ourselves and the Indians, owing to causes which no intelligent person, possessed of the real facts of the case, would say could not have been made to operate with equal strength in our favor. We have been greedy and selfish in our conduct toward the Indians; had we always treated them as Penn did, paying them fairly for what we got from them, and refusing to take, under the force of any temptation, what was not our own, there is hardly room to base a suspicion on, that we should have known any of the troubles which have perplexed and disgraced us.

In casting our eyes back over the history of this business, it cannot but occur to every mind at all disposed to reflection, how much better, and how much more just, it would have been for this national Government of ours to have so dealt with these tribes of Indians from the start as to secure their friendly offices and establish permanently their affection for us. But in place of this, we are hunting them out of existence, year by year, keeping an army everywhere on their trail. Having taken away their lands, we are now driving them with powder and ball toward the sunset. Is conduct like this the highest token of our civilized state? Are we the equals even of the savages, while forgetful of pledges which they would have freely hazarded their lives to keep? Perhaps it is too late for us to alter our course now, but we may be very sure Nemesis travels like a shadow close behind us. It certainly is a poor endorsement of the wisdom and justice of our policy, that to the very last man of their number they resist the violence we have visited upon them, and that we cannot subdue them except by extermination.

The Uses of Hanging.

Now that the wretched Edward W. Green has been hanged by the neck according to law until he is dead, and there is nothing left on which that law is at liberty to revenge itself, people may discuss the propriety of hanging with a little less tendency to the indulgence of personal sympathy. We believe, for ourselves, that hanging is the very worst use a man can be put to. Society feels its revengeful impulses gratified, but society is really inhibited by the occurrence. And inasmuch as that is the effect, of course the way is prepared for a new crop of criminals and capital crimes. We cannot practice violence, even under the name of law, without directly inculcating lawlessness; and so we may go on and punish without any effect to the last.

Cultivating Charity.

The Unitarian journals and pulpits of Boston have of late been advocating the practice of a larger measure of charity, one toward another. A timely suggestion. It is never out of place, but just now it is especially pertinent. A great many hard things pass from mouth to mouth, and are uttered in the pulpit, and by the religious press, which would better remain unsaid. Opinions and views change, too, making what seems true and impressive to-day false and foolish to-morrow. Dogmatism is always in the way, in the search after truth. It is just as well to utter what we utter with margin enough left for the opposite opinions. If we are really right, we have all the more room for exercising charity.

The Ellis Girl Medium.

For the last two weeks, Laura V. Ellis—a miss only thirteen years of age—has been holding public seances, for physical manifestations, at 188 Washington street, Boston. Each evening competent committees were appointed by the audiences to scrutinize the tying and so forth, and on each occasion they reported that they were perfectly satisfied that the manifestations were not produced by the medium; generally adding that it must be some power outside the medium which they could not see or comprehend. The verdict of the audiences have always been unanimous that the manifestations were genuine, without the slightest attempt at deception on the part of the medium, or her father, who accompanies her.

Several correspondents have asked us "If we were sure the medium did not loosen the knots with her fingers and slip her hand from the bandages, they being tied loosely for that purpose, and perform all that is done?" To any one who has attended her seances, this query sounds ridiculous, because it is so self-evident such could not be the case. Her hands are tied before the audience, and by or under the supervision of the committee, with strong strips of new cotton cloth, the square knots made as hard as can well be drawn. The committee are invariably invited to untie them, and generally give it up as a bad job. Then another strip is tied around the knots and sewed through and through, making it impossible to loosen them without breaking the thread. After the medium enters the cabinet, frequently not more than two or three seconds elapse before the manifestations commence, and on instantly opening the cabinet door and examining the knots, all are found secure and unchanged.

By the exercise of a little common sense and a reasonable amount of fairness, in investigations of this kind, the skeptic will readily correct many of his false theories and learn a truth that will be of value to him in future.

Miss Ellis will hold seances in Washington Hall, Charlestown square, during the present week. By his advertisement in another column, it will be seen that Mr. Ellis will contract to accommodate those of our citizens who so desire, with seances at their residences.

Good Test of Spirit Return.

At a private sitting, on Monday forenoon, April 2d, with Mr. C. H. Crowell, one of the publishers of this paper, who is an excellent trance medium, a spirit possessed himself of Mr. C.'s physical organization, and said, "It is true! It is true!" meaning that a spirit has the power to return after its natural death, and commune with earth's people. The spirit appeared to be in great distress, and said, "I feel terribly—I cannot remain longer in the form of the medium. My name is Albert Cummings. I died in this city, on Saturday, March 31st."

Neither the medium nor ourselves had any knowledge of the death of Mr. Cummings previous to the information given at our circle. This fact we stated at our hotel, in the presence of several rank skeptics. "Here," we observed, "is a capital opportunity to test the truth of Spiritualism." "Yes," replied an infidel friend of ours, and he examined a morning paper to ascertain if such a death was therein chronicled. Not finding any such record, he remarked, "It would be a good test, pretty convincing, I admit, if true." The same afternoon we read the following in the last edition of the Boston Daily Herald, which was the first material evidence we had of the demise of Mr. Cummings:

Died, in this city, March 31st, Mr. Albert Cummings, youngest son of the late Gilbert Cummings, aged 37 years and 6 months.

Funeral from his late residence, 830 Washington street, on Tuesday, April 3, at 2 o'clock. Relatives and friends are invited to attend.

Here was proof positive of the accuracy of the message given through the instrumentality of Mr. Crowell.

We have since learned that the deceased was a skeptic while living in the form, which accounts for the remark, "It is true! It is true!"

Unseen Forces.

Which of us has discovered the secret but resistless current that pours its incessant tides through our being, and gives direction and tendency to everything we propose and perform? That current is styled temperament by many, and we may as well concede the explanation so far as it goes. The power of temperament within us is too great to be withstood. We may rouse up on a sudden impulse from time to time, resolved to bring an active Will into the foreground, that shall keep all other powers subordinate; but even the most obdurate and resolute will succumb to temperament at times when its fibres become relaxed and it is overcome with languor and lassitude, and then the unseen forces are felt in all their power.

We simply cannot resist that combination of talent and tendency, of faculty and fibre, with which our natures were originally endowed. If we make the attempt, we block the only road that is open to our success and happiness. It is important that the native tendency within us be left to do its work and have its way. We may train it, discipline it, supply it with aids and adjuncts—but thwart it we cannot. These unseen powers are the ones that control us and shape our destinies. When they are left out of account, we propose to reckon without including our only reliable resources.

Reducing the Taxes.

The Ways and Means Committee, in the national House of Representatives have reported for a reduction of our burden of taxes in many respects. The country holds the tidings with delight. It is essential, at the start, that we go as lightly-handled as possible, so as to meet the interest on our public debt promptly, and thus sustain the national credit. After a little time, we may begin to make our calculations for paying off the face of our obligations. The more lightly we are taxed now, and the more equally the burdens are distributed, the sooner our present resources will multiply their productive power, making the task of carrying the debt comparatively easy one. We must be very careful not to kill the goose that lays the golden egg. That is all.

Lysander S. Richards.

The Quincy Patriot, of April 7th, contains very complimentary allusions to Mr. Lysander S. Richards, who has long been a resident of that place, but who has now taken up his abode in this city. It also published a series of resolutions passed by the Adams Literary Association, of which he was one of the oldest members. Mr. R. has been very active in carrying on the Spiritual meetings in that place, and inaugurated the Children's Lyceum, which is now in successful operation.

Meetings at the Melodeon.

Rev. A. T. Foss will address the Society of Spiritualists in the Melodeon, in this city, next Sunday, afternoon and evening.

A BEAUTIFUL INDIAN POEM.

The following original poem, portraying a singular Indian custom in true poetic style, was given by Mrs. J. H. Conant, at the close of an address by Mrs. Gordon, in the Melodeon, in this city, Sunday evening, March 11th, and repeated again, by general request, on the evening of the 25th, to one of the largest audiences ever gathered in that spacious hall.

The harmonious condition which existed between the invisibles and the medium and her immediate friends, enabled the spirit to obtain as perfect and complete control, probably, as it ever had of its own form while in earth-life.

The poem was composed in spirit-life, and delivered by Metoka, a remarkably intelligent Indian squaw, mother of Winona, the subject of the poem, and wife of the sachem Wānandago, whose hunting-grounds, over two hundred years ago, included the territory on which the city of Boston is built, and his wigwam was at the brow of the hill where the State House now stands.

The chairman read a brief legend, furnished by an Indian spirit, which explains the custom that often doomed the fairest daughters of the red man to a cruel fate, as follows:

"The white man has customs; so has the Indian. What the Indian thinks right, the white man thinks wrong. What the white man thinks right, the Indian thinks wrong."

Many moons ago, where the white man now hunts his game the Indian hunted his. Your big books will tell you that.

When any two or more tribes were at war, the weaker, after two suns' fasting, would come together in council, led by a sachem, to see what the Great Spirit would tell them to do with their young squaws, (for it was the custom of the conquering tribe to make slaves of all the young squaws, killing the old, who should fall into their hands.) At the rising of the sun, after the council had been held all night, it was the custom to call the fairest squaw of the tribe and give her the right to choose between death at the hands of her nearest kin, or the risk of being captured and enslaved by the conquering tribe. Her decision was believed to be the voice of the Great Spirit, from which there was no appeal.

WINONA, the subject of the simple poem which follows this introductory, was the firstborn of the house of Wānandago, who was at the time sachem of the tribe. (The word sachem, with the Indian, means prophet, or spiritual leader.) The hunting-grounds of this tribe were here, where your many wigwams now stand; and the wigwam of the sachem was at the brow of the hill where your great wigwam of council now stands.

When the white man came from over the water, he hunted the Indian's game, and gave him no return. He planted his corn on the sacred mounds of the Indian, and shed no tears—but he gave him his fire-water! And so the Indian grew hard against the white man, and he determined to make war with him. It was then the Great Spirit spoke to Winona, and the arrow of Wānandago sent her to the land of sunshine and clear water, where Metoka, the fair squaw of Wānandago, had gone at the coming of Winona.

Then Metoka, in clear tones, poured forth in sweet, musical cadences the story of

THE INDIAN MAIDEN WINONA.

In the sunlight, in the starlight,
In the moon of long ago—
Ere the virgin soil of Shawmut
Quivered 'neath the white man's plow;

Ere the great lakes and the rivers
Listened to the white man's song;
Ere the Father of all Waters
Bore them in his strong arms on;

On, from distant lands and wigwams,
Where the sun from slumber comes,
Where the warriors hear the warwhoop
In the voices of the drums,

Lived Winona—child of Nature!
Fiercest, beauteous, dark browed maid,
At whose coming fair Metoka
Where the flowers bloom was laid.

Grew Winona, strong and beauteous,
Fairer than the flowers of spring;
And the echo of her sweet voice
Made the hills and valleys ring.

Did the red deer pass her wigwam!
Soon it quivered on the plain—
For the arrow of Winona
Never left its bow in vain!

Sixteen times the snow had fallen,
Sixteen times the sun grew dim,
Since the warriors and the maidens
Sung Metoka's funeral hymn.

Then the strange voice of the white man
Rang through all our hunting-grounds;
And their swift feet never faltered,
When they neared our sacred mounds!

All our game their long guns hunted,
Quickly making it their own,
Heeding not the maiden's sighing,
Fearing not the warrior's frown!

Then the voice of Wānandago
Fell in accents soft and low,
Asking, would the fair Winona
To the land of sunlight go?

Quick the answer came, like shadows,
Filling all his soul with night—
"I will go, oh mighty sachem,
Where the sky is always bright;

Where our hunting-grounds are greater;
Where the water's always clear;
Where the spirits of our fathers
Chant the red man's hymn of cheer!"

Soon the warriors and the maidens
Sing again their funeral song!
For the spirit of Winona
To the land of light was born!

But to-night shagbushes to greet you,
Comes in meekness, comes in love;
And with gentle hands would lead you
To that land of light above;

Where no white man robs the Indian;
Where no more the sun grows dim;
Where the warriors and the maidens
Chant no more their funeral hymn;

In that land where stars are brighter,
Where the moonbeams softly fall,
And the great Manitou's blessing,
Like the sunlight's over all.

There the Indian holds his council,
And his thoughts grow great and strong—
As the angels teach forgiveness
For the white man's fearful wrong.

Here his tomahawk and arrows
Rest beneath your wigwams grand;
There his soul drinks in the wisdom
Of the glorious spirit-land.

Fare you well, ye palefaced mortals,
Till in council you shall stand;
Face to face with fair Winona,
In the Indians' Morning-Land.

This was the most perfect manifestation of spirit control ever witnessed in public. The audience listened to the poem with the profoundest attention.

The Cholera has Come.

The fact need not be disguised; the cholera has reached our shores from across the Atlantic. The steamship England, Capt. Grace, which left Liverpool on the 28th of March via Queenstown, arrived at Halifax, N. S., on the 8th inst., with cholera on board. She had twelve hundred and two passengers, and a crew of one hundred. The captain states that on Tuesday, the 21st inst., the first case occurred on board. Since that time one hundred and sixty more have taken the disease, fifty cases of which have proved fatal.

The authorities of Halifax ordered the vessel away, but owing to the rapid spread of the disease, and her engineers being sick, it was found impossible for her to get out of port, and she remained below the light-house. Part of the passengers were put on board the Hospital ship. Shanties were erected on the bench for the sick. The passengers were mostly German and Irish emigrants. The captain thinks the disease was brought on board by the Germans.

People cannot begin too soon to reform their imprudent modes of living. Sanitary measures should be strictly enforced. It is much easier to prevent the spread of a pestilence by not allowing it to obtain a foothold, than it is to fight it after it has.

Personal.

We stated in the Banner of the 7th, that Mr. James, the excellent trance medium, of the Chicago Artesian well notoriety, who was then traveling with us, would return home in two weeks from that time; but he thinks now he shall remain here for a longer period, for the very good reason that, having found so many warm friends among the Eastern people, he finds it hard to sever the ties which bind him to them.

GEORGE H. ANDREWS, the well known and popular comedian, closed his earthly engagement in New York last week, and passed behind the curtain, to engage in scenes on a broader scale in the more active life of the hereafter.

J. E. TILTON, an enterprising publisher and bookseller in this city, just in the prime of earth-life, closed his mortal career last week; to enter upon the realities of life eternal.

Modern Thievery.

The rogues are certainly getting the better of us. The million and a half robbery in New York excites more wonder in its discovery than its commission. It looks as if a platoon of professional detectives had their fingers in the scrape. To rob a bank is now said to be the only way to become at once rich and respectable. There is a profession spirit, a sort of *clan* among the thieves and robbers, which is thought to hold the business of burglary up in the esteem of many, and promises to secure its classification among reputable callings, if not among the fine arts. The eagerness to get back stolen money lays the owners open to the charge of compounding felony.

Eight Hours for a Day.

A number of State legislatures are moving in this matter of fixing eight hours as the limit of a day's work, and in some of the States it will be at once entered on with the sanction of the law as a serious experiment. We hope it may succeed, and prove satisfactory to the employers and the laboring class. More time and opportunities are certainly needed by workmen for mental improvement and elevating social enjoyment. Eight hours for a full day's work gives it to them. It is virtually raising their wages. Of course this will raise prices. But it is expected that the proportion between all will be kept up. The covering will be just as broad as it is long.

Trouble about the Fisheries.

Government has ordered a fleet of fifteen vessels of war to sail, and be ready to sail at a moment's notice, for the fishing grounds. If the British Government proceed to do likewise, of course such a thing as a collision is not among the impossibilities. We shall not relinquish what we have always claimed as our rights, and what were publicly recognized as such in the treaty of peace with Great Britain, in 1783. The disputes since have sprung from combined assumption and wrong interpretation. We hardly believe England wants to fight the question now, but the firm attitude of our Government will operate strongly for peace.

A Good Worker.

In a private note to us from J. G. Fish, he says: "In the last month I have traveled two thousand miles, lectured eleven times, and debated sixteen evenings, and received two hundred and eighty dollars."

That is about the largest amount of labor ever performed by a lecturer. We are sorry Bro. Fish is for a time to retire from the field. He has entered upon the duty of Principal of the Excelsior Normal Institute, at Carversville, Pa., a position he is well qualified to fill.

Church, the Medium.

We publish in this number a very interesting description of the extraordinary physical manifestations witnessed at seances held by W. T. Church, in St. Louis, to which we invite the attention of our readers. The article is from the pen of A. J. Fishback, who puts some very pertinent questions to "skeptical Bible Christians" who ask "why these things are not done in the light," and holds himself responsible for an answer as soon as they will answer his questions. We tender our thanks to Mr. Fishback for his letter, and shall be pleased to hear from him again.

A Gross Libel.

The Grundy Co. Herald, published in Morris, Illinois, contains a gross libel upon Benjamin Todd, Esq., which, if the *amende honorable* is not made at once, we understand a suit for libel will be instituted by Mr. Todd. A more vituperative and vindictive article upon any individual never appeared in a public print than the one referred to.

London Spiritual Magazine.

We have received the April number of this very ably conducted monthly. It contains, as usual, an interesting digest of spiritual matters in the Old World.

Father Balou (a spirit) made a most impressive prayer at our private circle, on Thursday morning last, in behalf of Green. We wish those in favor of capital punishment could have heard it.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Judge Carter's remarks—which may be found in another column—were fully endorsed, and commend to the careful attention and serious consideration of our readers. It is indeed true that all blackings in our ranks cease, and that the spiritual papers now in existence be simply sustained. If our grand philosophy is worth living for—and dying for, if need be—then, in Heaven's name, support fully its organs.

Dr. the poet says, "A man convinced against his will, is of the same opinion still." Now, providing you are not one of that sort, we will convince you of the ability of spirits to return and commune with their earth-friends. This thing is a "fixed fact" to millions of Spiritualists, and will become generally known and endorsed by the whole civilized world ere many years elapse.

One of the captions in this week's *Crisis* is, "A Cry for Light." Yes, there is indeed a great cry for light—the BANNER OF LIGHT! We will promptly send the *Light* to any address upon the receipt of three dollars by mail. It is considered by all its readers the smartest and best looking weekly paper in the United States. It contains a great variety of original matter upon subjects of the utmost importance to mankind. Circulate the *Light*!

D. D. HOSE gave another lecture on "Modern Spiritualism" at the Marylebone Institution, London, March 28th.

A distinguished London author recently disengaged himself as a vagrant, and applied at one of the poor-houses, called work-houses, in that city, for lodging. He went for the purpose of actual observation, to see how the poor fared in those institutions. The result was horrible. He describes his experience in a sketch that brings disgrace upon the civilization of the country that tolerates such practices as he saw, heard and suffered.

The more our ladies practice walking, the more graceful they become in their movements. These ladies acquire the best carriage who do not ride in one.

Iron buildings, carried to San Francisco in 1850-52, are now being taken down, and sold as old iron for more than they originally cost, and more than enough to put up new and modern-style brick buildings in their places.

A spendthrift's purse, like an uneasy thunder-cloud, is always lightning.

An English horse-jockey of the crack class receives a higher salary than any American minister or judicial officer.

"You must admit, Doctor," said a witty lady to a celebrated doctor of divinity, with whom she was arguing the question of the "equality of the sexes"—"you must admit that woman was created before man!" "Well, really, madam," said the astonished divine, "I must ask you to 'prove your case.'" "That can be easily done, sir," was not Eve the first maid?" (made.)

Fashionable young lady detaching her hair before retiring: "What dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil!"

What kind of mornings are most like vegetables? Those that turn up a little reddish.

When you get into a "sea of trouble," keep your head above the waves and you will never sink.

Charity feeds the poor, so does pride; in this they differ—Charity gives her glory to God, Pride takes her glory from man.

PROGRESS.—Chicago has built a public bath-house.

The influence of temperature on cell life is conspicuous, as each plant and each animal has a certain temperature at which it best thrives, and any deviation therefrom interferes with its nutrition and growth.

S. W. MASON, Esq., formerly of the editorial corps in this city, and now proprietor and editor of the Savannah (Ga.) Herald, is meeting with remarkable success with his paper. He has just purchased the interest of the Daily Morning News, and united that paper with his—heretofore to be called "The Daily News and Herald." The paper is now nearly double its former size.

DO NOT KILL THE BIRDS.—Several gentlemen in Springfield have united in offering a reward of twenty-five dollars for the arrest of any person found killing birds contrary to law. Birds save more fruit than they destroy, by keeping the trees free from insects.

It is said that several of the wealthy colored citizens of this city, who have been refused admission to the Boston Theatre after purchasing tickets, intend to bring the matter before the Courts to ascertain what are their legal rights in this particular instance.

HOGS.—An Indianapolis bridegroom paid his marriage fee in Bologna sausages.

Be deaf to the quarrelsome, blind to the scorner, and dumb to those who are mischievously inquisitive.

A Jewish house entire has been excavated in Syria, dating two centuries before Christ. It is furnished after the Egyptian fashion, and parts of the Old Testament were found in some of its rooms.

The religious sects in Scotland number thus: Church of Scotland, 1,426,280; Free Church, 739,035; United Presbyterian Church, 391,449; Roman Catholics, 255,000; Episcopalians (English Church), 89,000; scattering, 23,040.

A French paper recently announced the death of a woman, and was forthwith visited by her husband. "Villain!" cried he, "you have killed my wife!" Editor, with dignity, "Monsieur, I am an editor, not a doctor." "That's just it," cried the bereaved husband. "You've killed her on paper, and she is alive." "If she is not dead, I congratulate you." "Congratulations! I demand damages for disappointment."

An Ohio mailman writes legibly while holding the pen in his mouth.

"Well, farmer, you told us your place was a good place for hunting; now we have tramped it for three hours and found no game." "Just so, I calculate, as a general thing, the less game there is, the more hunting you have."

The Government has been satisfied, through inquiries made of chemical experts, that protolium is explosive, and consequently it comes within the law requiring a special license for its transportation, as in the case of powder, camphene, &c.

The ice companies in this city and vicinity have consolidated into the Boston Ice Company, and double price will, of course, be charged to consumers of ice.

THE WESTERN REFORMER, is the title of a new quarterly, just started in Bloomsbury, Ind., devoted to Temperance and political reform.

HULL'S MONTHLY CLARION, published at Milwaukee, Wis., will commence in the May number a written discussion of the external and internal evidences of the superhuman origin and plenary inspiration of the Bible, between Rev. Geo. Clendenen and Rev. Moses Hull. The discussion will continue through twelve numbers, and will no doubt be very interesting, as both parties are men of talent.

As the Episcopal Convention refused to sanction a new book of prayer for more Christian laborers, their ministers are debarred from publicly praying the Lord to send them. Whereupon the Christian Era asks, "What kind of a religion is that which cannot pray for an object, though the heart is bursting for it, because there is nothing of it in the prayer book? What prayer book did Peter use when he was sinking in the water?"

A good portrait of Abraham Lincoln adorns the new fifty cent postage stamps.

The Provincetown fishermen are hesitating about refitting for the next season. They held their last season's catch of codfish over the winter, and have now one hundred thousand dollars worth of fish in store. With the repeal of the reciprocity treaty, and the probable loss of the country, they find their business seriously crippled.

A shot that hits is better than a broadside that misses.

A writer in the Christian Era, in a biographical sketch of Dr. Thomas Baldwin, says that he "lies buried in the old burial ground near Park street church, awaiting the resurrection trumpet." It seems hardly possible that such a notion of the resurrection can be seriously entertained in an enlightened community in the nineteenth century.

See card of Mrs. Jennie Waterman Danforth, in another column. She is an excellent medium.

The late Francis Jackson, of this city, left a fund in his will to be employed in creating a sentiment to put an end to American slavery. As slavery has been abolished the matter has been brought before the Supreme Court, to decide whether the heirs at law are entitled to the money, or whether it shall be appropriated to some charity connected with the negroes or their education.

London Punch says: "A Yankee baby crawls out of his cradle, takes a survey of it, invents an improvement, and applies for a patent before he is six months old."

All men can act well; few can write, paint or carve well.

A man whom Dr. Johnson once reproved for following a useless and demoralizing business, said in excuse, "You know, doctor, I must live." The brave old hero of everything mean and hateful, coolly replied, "I do not see the least necessity for that."

PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY'S new volume, which Carleton will publish in a few days, has for a comic book, the singular title of "Baked Meats of the Funeral," and proposes to stir up the dry bones of many prominent people hereabouts. Mr. Carleton will at the same time issue the strangely interesting novel by Victor Hugo, entitled Jargal, and Madame Le Ver's gossip volume, Souvenirs of Travel.

The less merit a man has, the less he applauds the merits of his superiors.

Jefferson county, Mo., raised and sold over 300,000 pounds of cotton last year, and the yield this year will exceed that amount.

"Spring still makes spring in the mind, When sixty years are told; Love wakes anew this throbbing heart, And we are never old!"

Heaven drops little fragments of itself here and there along our path, by way of assurance that heaven and love are one.

Mankind should learn temperance from the moon; the fuller she gets the smaller her horns become.

Let us go always beyond the duties marked out, and keep within the pleasures permitted.

Two hard things: First, to talk of yourself without being vain; second, to talk of others without slander.

Officers who have returned from the war to lay their laurels at the feet of the ladies, find it expedient to perfume the leaves with Phlox's "Night-Blooming Cereus." A few drops of the perfume takes off the odor of gunpowder acquired amid the smoke of battle. Sold everywhere.

The Civil Rights Bill.

The House passed the Civil Rights Bill over the President's veto, on the 9th inst., by a vote of one hundred and twenty-two to forty-one. It had previously passed the Senate, and is now a law of the land. As the clerk called the roll, Speaker Colfax took the tally list from him, and announced the result as follows:

"On the question: 'Shall this Bill pass, notwithstanding the objections of the President?' the yeas are a hundred and twenty-two, and the nays are forty-one. Two-thirds of the House having upon this reconsideration agreed to its passage, and it being certified officially that a similar majority of the Senate, in which it originated, also agreed to its passage, I do therefore, by the authority of the Constitution of the United States, declare that this Bill, entitled 'An Act to protect all persons in the United States in their Civil Rights, and furnish the means of their vindication,' has become a law."

Special Notice.

We feel compelled to urge upon our subscribers the imperative necessity of writing the name of their State plainly. Many omit the State altogether, and not a day passes that we do not receive one or more letters with an omission of either the Town, County or State, and often the writer does not even sign his own name. We can sometimes ascertain the name of the State from the Postmaster's stamp on the envelope, but not often, as in many instances the impressions are so light as not to cancel the stamp at all. The delay of our subscribers' papers is mainly attributable to their own neglect in these particulars, and we earnestly hope, for their own as well as our convenience, they will read and heed and profit by this notice.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

J. P. WHITFIELD, N. Y.—We should be pleased to adopt your suggestions, did our space permit. Were we to open columns to such discussions as you allude to, there would be in a very brief period, room in the paper for nothing else. Each subject would insist upon having his say, whether the subject matter should be worthy of insertion or otherwise. For example, we refer to the discussion between Bro. Lane, Peabody, and others, as to whether spirits pass through gross matter or not. *Am. Spirit.* I do not think it is our opinion that our friends can more profitably employ their talents in convincing the skeptical world of the highly important fact that spirits of the departed can and do communicate with mortals, than discussing such abstract questions.

H. D. NEW YORK.—Your translations will appear in our next.

W. C. STRACUS, N. Y.—\$1.50 received.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

ROSTON.—Masonic Temple, 1234 and 74th St. Spiritualist meetings every Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Admission free. Speakers engaged:—Rev. Andrew T. Fox, April 21; Rev. J. H. Miller, April 22; Rev. J. H. Miller, April 23; Rev. J. H. Miller, April 24; Rev. J. H. Miller, April 25; Rev. J. H. Miller, April 26; Rev. J. H. Miller, April 27; Rev. J. H. Miller, April 28; Rev. J. H. Miller, April 29; Rev. J. H. Miller, April 30; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 1; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 2; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 3; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 4; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 5; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 6; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 7; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 8; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 9; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 10; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 11; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 12; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 13; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 14; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 15; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 16; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 17; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 18; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 19; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 20; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 21; Rev. J. H. 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THE SPIRITUALISTS OF CHALSA hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Admission free. Speakers engaged:—Rev. J. H. Miller, April 21; Rev. J. H. Miller, April 22; Rev. J. H. Miller, April 23; Rev. J. H. Miller, April 24; Rev. J. H. Miller, April 25; Rev. J. H. Miller, April 26; Rev. J. H. Miller, April 27; Rev. J. H. Miller, April 28; Rev. J. H. Miller, April 29; Rev. J. H. Miller, April 30; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 1; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 2; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 3; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 4; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 5; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 6; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 7; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 8; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 9; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 10; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 11; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 12; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 13; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 14; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 15; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 16; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 17; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 18; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 19; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 20; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 21; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 22; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 23; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 24; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 25; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 26; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 27; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 28; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 29; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 30; Rev. J. H. Miller, May 31; Rev. J. H. Miller, June 1; Rev. J. H. Miller, June 2; Rev. J. H. Miller, June 3; Rev. J. H. Miller, June 4; Rev. J. H.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was claimed by the Spirit who spoke it, and is published, 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 those 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. 138 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.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED IN OUR NEXT.

Monday, Feb. 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Dudley Thayer of Boston, to his children; Joseph D. Green, who died in California, to his friends; Lewis, appearing man; Jane Fuller, to her brother George, in Savannah; James Fuller, to his sick daughter, Clara; Clara; Theresa Goodnow, to her father, Henry Goodnow, of New Orleans, La.

Tuesday, Feb. 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Edward Watson, seafarer on board the transport Carfax, on James River, to his mother, in Charleston, S. C.; Edw. Wm. Ingle, 1st South Carolina Cavalry, to his wife Lucy; Margaret Costello, of Lowell, Mass., to her parents.

Invocation.

Holy Spirit, in whom there is no change nor death, who giveth unto us our immortality, thou who art in sunshine and in shadow, thou who art the perfectness of all life, thou who art Father and Mother to all thy children, thou who hast seen the end from the beginning, our Father and our Mother, we praise thee; praise thee for life, for that brightest gem that giveth us pain and pleasure; that maketh up our heaven and our hell; that which is sunshine and shade, night and day, spring and summer, autumn and winter; for that which is all to us and to thee, we praise thee. Oh, God, we lay upon the sacred altar of this hour all the experiences through which we have passed. Some are like faded flowers, giving forth no fragrance. Some are like bright spring blossoms, whose fragrance fills the air. Some are like gentle showers, and they will bring forth new blossoms. All, oh Father, Spirit, we feel will be accepted of thee. Every offering thy children make will be acceptable. Every prayer that goes out from humanity reaches thee. Every aspiration thy children may utter and not utter reaches thee, for thou art as near to us as the pulsations of our own being. We breathe in thee, move in thee, we think in thee, we love and praise and adore in thee. Amen.

Jan. 30.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have questions, Mr. Chairman, we are ready to consider them.

QUEST.—By H. Parke: Will an equal measure of the Divine Spirit, poured out on the Apostles on the day of Pentecost, be poured on us mediums? Why do not Christians ask for it? and if they do, do any receive it? and if none do receive it as fully, then why not?

ANS.—Will the same power be poured out upon modern humanity, that was poured out upon the ancient apostles? That same Spirit of Infinite Truth exists to-day that existed in those days; and the same channels for manifestation exist. Why, then, may you not expect to be baptized, consciously baptized by the same power? you ask. Verily, we tell you there are many who have been baptized with this same power. It comes to you resting on childhood, upon mature age, upon old age. It comes upon the lowly, it comes in high places; it knocks at the cottage door, as well as the palace gate; it comes on the highway; it comes on the high seas; it comes everywhere. Do you know the language of this Spirit of Truth? Do you understand what it portends? No, you do not. Then seek earnestly to inform yourselves concerning it. This same Spirit of Truth, this Life that manifested itself through Jesus, centuries ago, is with you to-day, and the same baptism you are baptized with. Why not recognize it? Why not know your Lord, when he is with you? Do Christians ask for the outpouring of this Spirit? They do, but they ask that it may come within certain prescribed limits. But it is free, free as the air you breathe. It means all of freedom, all of liberty. Therefore it cannot come within the Church as it can come outside. It could not breathe so freely there. It would be like a flower in the dungeon—like for want of sunlight and air.

Q.—By W. W.: Being sensible of the sterling wisdom of the unseen intelligence that answers questions at your Circles, I have long had a strong desire to submit to its inspection a speculation of mine. I believe much of the Bible was dictated by the highest wisdom of which we have any knowledge, and that such passages as the following have a significance as yet but little dreamed of—that "Satan is the Prince and power of the air," and that "the time will come when the beasts will have lost their ferocity." This will be effected naturally; and may it not be that the evil in man causes his emanations to infect the air, and thus the water, vegetation and everything that goes to sustain all lower life, thereby creating in them their cruel natures? and that, as man shall gradually become regenerated and diffuse better magnetism, may not the lion and cockatrice be regenerated with him? and if there be any whose natures cannot bend, that such will die out, like the mastodon and others? Also, that thunder, hurricanes, &c., have the same origin? If such be the truth, how great is man's responsibility!

A.—The atoms composing your external bodies are intimately related to every other atom. It matters not where that atom has a resting-place—whether on this continent or across the seas. You are physically related to the universe of physical life. You are bound to the vegetable kingdom, to the animal and to the mineral kingdom; and you are bound to the spiritual kingdom. Now, then, this being true, all that is outside of you affects you, and is affected by you. Being related so intimately to all that exists, either in your inner or outer lives, there must be a mutual recognition between you. So, then, the plant is affected by you, and you are affected by the plant. The rolling world you are affected by, and, in turn, they are affected by you. Every thought that goes through space stops not in its course, until it has affected all minds and all matter. This is a truth not so vague but what you can comprehend it in all its truth and sublimity. It would be wrong to suppose that men were entirely to blame for all the external manifestations of Nature. No, this is not so. We do not charge this upon them; for so sure as we do, it will come back upon ourselves. Does the thunder greet your

senses; does the tornado sweep over your land; are you to blame? No, certainly not. These are strong manifestations of Nature, born, to be sure, in part of your life, but you have no control over their birth, nor of their manifestation. You are but an atom in the great universe of mind and matter. You assist in the outworking of divine and natural law, but often assist unconsciously and consciously. Turn the pages of life, leaf by leaf, and you will learn man is not to blame. True, he is to a certain extent responsible for his conscious acts—those that belong to his external consciousness. These he will be held accountable for. But all these external manifestations he will not be held accountable for.

Jan. 30.

Frances Davis.

Fully aware of the obstacles I shall be obliged to meet, and, if successful, overcome, I have taken this first step in human progress after death. Three years ago I was in the full possession of my own body, in the city of Richmond, Virginia. Circumstances, of which I do not care to speak, gradually snatched the springs of life, and so I died.

I have dear friends there and elsewhere, who I know would be glad to hear from me did they suppose I could return. But as all things have a beginning, so they must begin to learn the truth of these things, and I may as well teach them as any one else. I did not find this life after death what I had supposed I should. I had been educated in the Episcopal faith, and, as far as I could, believed in it. I was like many others who blindly submitted to believe that that was current, never thinking that I should inaugurate one for myself. Although I must say that there were times when I doubted the truth of what was told me, yet I had not the courage to say so, and still less, I had not the courage to think, and think earnestly for myself. So this life after death was to me all new and strange. I could not realize that I had passed through death, for I was conscious of the nearness of my friends. I was sometimes so near to them that I could feel their breath; so near, that their thoughts came to me like words taking the form of symbols that were equivalent to sounds. So I knew what they were thinking of much of the time, and wondered how it could be possible for me to be a dweller either in the Christian's Heaven or the Christian's Hell.

Step by step I learned the mistake I had made in life, and for a time it was hard to tear away from all that had shrouded me religiously on earth. But gradually I became loosed from it, and to-day I think I stand free.

In coming here I am glad, because I expect to bring good tidings of great joy to those who have no knowledge of the spirit's return; glad, because I can open the way to those of my kindred who are soon to come after me. A strange, wild atmosphere encircles your people and mine. There is no perfect understanding between the two. You understand the Bushman as well as you understand the dweller upon Southern soil, and vice versa. And so you have been to war with each other—so you've slain each other. But there is an Overruling Power that works out all the seeming mistakes of human life into Divine good. So we will rest satisfied, feeling that though the beginning was a dark one, the ending may be a bright one.

I would speak words of peace and comfort to those of my kindred who are now suffering because of the mistakes they have made; because they went forth in battle against the Government of the United States; conscientiously, it is true, in many things, but perhaps not in all. And therefore they feel that the blood of others is upon their hands—perhaps it is upon their garments—and they may perchance carry it with them to the other world. This makes them unhappy. It is not fear of that death, that ignominious death that is reserved for such as are traitors to their country's laws, but a certain feeling that they might have been wrong. This makes their hell, and shuts the doors of heaven upon them.

But I would say to them, there is a land where, in all have the privilege of learning of themselves, of becoming acquainted with their own being; and not only their own, but others' also. And in that land, too, there is a chance for improvement, for all to outlive their wrongs; of turning the darkest night into day. They need not fear that in that life their fate will be sealed, and a heaven be denied such as them. No, no; 'tis not so. There is an open highway over which every soul can pass, and by which all may gain heaven. No one is excluded, not even the traitor, nor even the murderer, nor even the midnight assassin whose hands are reeking with the blood of his victim. Even he can find an entrance to heaven. Oh this is a glorious knowledge; but what is better than all, is the fact that every one of you must coin out of your own being this knowledge I possess. Then you will prize it, then it will be heaven indeed. But if others seek to enforce knowledge upon you, it is of no value. You weary of it too soon.

To those dear friends who are in my Southern home now, I would say, peace be with you. The voices of the angels have come to greet you from the land of sunshine, and all the doors of heaven are open to you. Meet us, avail yourselves of the way the Great Father has given you. Seek out some subject through whom we can speak, and then your souls will be blessed, and we shall be blessed, also. I am Frances Davis, from Richmond, Virginia; age, twenty-three.

Jan. 30.

James Scanlan.

How do you do, sir? That is the finest little rebel lady that you'd meet in a day's march. Yes, sir, that is one of the sort that would help a Yankee as quick as a rebel. Oh, maybe she is changed, you know; I don't know; perhaps she won't always as she is now. Oh, but then you know, you'll give the credit for what a body is just at the time you see 'em.

Well, so here I am, what'll you do for me? Me desire is, more than anything else, to come where I can speak to me friends. I suppose I am to sink the line and wait for a bite; that is it. Me name is Scanlan, James Scanlan. I am from South Boston, not that I was born there, for I was born in Ireland, but that was my home. And I came into Boston and enlisted in the 9th Massachusetts, yes, sir, under Tom Cass, yes, sir, that's it. Now, sir, in pay for me sacrificing in battle just as smart a body as an Irishman ever had, I suppose you'll be willing to do something for me. [Certainly.]

Well, now, I have cousins there, and I have a brother and I have a sister in this city, and I have some cousins—oh, I have heaps of cousins all around the country—and I want to go back and let 'em know how I'm getting along; that's it.

I was pretty well satisfied when I went to war that I wouldn't come out again with me head. [You haven't lost it yet, have you?] Oh yes, this is a borrowed one, and I not lost me head, that was inside another head, what was outside like your own scalp there, but I want me own head I lost. [It's with your body.] Maybe it is; I was well prayed out. [Will your friends be glad to hear from you?] Oh, they will be glad to

hear from me. What the devil do I care whether they be glad or not, so I can come? Yes, sir; but it's not easy to make them believe it's me. That's the hardest nail to drive in the coffin; yes, sir; and if you're not very careful, you'll split the wood. Oh, yes, sir; I got it all down to a dot before I come; yes I had.

Now me friends are fretting, I suppose, for fear I'm lost. It's themselves that's lost, and not me; it's themselves. I am very well as I am, but would be better if I was not so near to earth; maybe it's purgatory, you know; think very likely it is. Well, if it is, I have no desire to be prayed out of it. I like it pretty well; yes, I do. There is no having to wait for what you want there; no waiting for a bit of tobacco when you can't get it. [Do you want it?] No, I don't. And then there's the whiskey, too; when you want very much to get a drink, and can't, it's bad for you; yes, sir. Oh, it's a pretty good place; but you have got to stand on your side a while longer? You'll stand there till you are as gray as a rat, for all me.

Oh, I want Mary, me sister, to come to some of these kind of folks, and let me speak to her. This one, I like her to. I got acquainted here, so I like to speak here best. I want her to come, so I can talk, and I'll tell her all about it, how I died, and that I'm living now; and all the rest of 'em, every one I know, all me cousins. Let 'em go somewhere where I can come to them. I don't care how quick they do it. I'll hold myself ready to speak to them.

Oh, the devil take the Church! I know very well the Church; not like them to listen to me. That's where one of the hard places comes, one of the plagues. I'll tell you how to get over that. Do as I used to when I wanted to do anything that was wrong; I'd do it, and get absolved afterwards. They can get absolved. That's the way to do, if they feel their conscience biting too hard. Oh, I know all about these things; I lived here; yes, sir, I lived here thirty-five years. [Not long enough to liberate your mind?] Oh, yes, sir, me mind was liberated, but I believed the priest, that what he said was from God, you know. It was like this: He was our patron saint; he stand between us; and when we want anything of him, he go to the Great Power and ask; then he send back to us whether we are forgiven or no; that's what I believe. I know you believe you should go to headquarters yourself. Faith, I believe that's the best way, after all. Then you can keep your money and use your tongue; that's it.

Well, sir, Mr. Cass helps me here. Yes, sir, Colonel Cass. He helps me here. I was thirty-five years old. Good-by.

Jan. 30.

Ada Richardson.

I am Ada Richardson; thirteen years old. I am from Troy, New York.

I come here with my mother to-day, to tell my father that we can come. My father is an infidel, and he says nothing will make him believe that we existed after death. But I told mother I was coming, and I have come; and I expect to make him believe.

It is four months ago yesterday, since I left. It is just as true that mother and I are living now and can come back and talk, as it is true that the sun shines. We don't come because we expect to convert all the world, or even because mother expects to convert him; but I do expect he will believe.

The last words I said to him were these: "Father, what makes you cry so?" And he said, "Why, Ada, I feel as if the light of all the world was going out; and if I could only go, too, I should be satisfied. I'm miserable, Ada, and so I cry."

Well, mother had gone, and I was going; and there wasn't anybody left but him. And then he did not believe there was anything more of us, and that's why he felt so terribly.

I want him to go—I want him to go to New York City, where there's—there's more of these folks than there is in Troy; and go to the first one he thinks of—look in the papers and see where they are—and that will be the one I shall impress him to go to, and I shall meet him.

Now I want him to try this just for an experiment. He was always telling mother that he was doing things just for an experiment. I want him to try this. If it don't amount to anything, it won't hurt him.

I am surely Ada, and nobody else, and I can tell him things when I get right where he is, that will make him know it; but I don't want to say them here, don't want to tell here what I will tell him sometime.

I used to tell him that I didn't think it was right to sell liquor, which he does. I haven't got anything to say about that now. I didn't come to talk about that, I came to let him know that mother and I can come.

My father's name is Josiah. You will say from Ada, to her father, Josiah Richardson, and I'll thank you.

Jan. 30.

Circle closed by Frances Longley.

Invocation.

Our Father, thy children turn to thee as flowers turn to the sunshine, some to pray, some to praise, some to murmur against the revelations of thy law. But whether they praise or pray, it makes no difference with thee. Thy love overshadows them all. As the rain and the sunshine fall alike upon the just and the unjust, so thy love falls upon all. And even the murderer feels the sunshine of thy love, and at times recognizes thine Infinite Presence. Mighty Spirit, we ask thee to remember through thy ministering angels, Victoria, of England. The shades of night are clustering around her feet and brow. Oh, let her know that thy hand is strong and thy love sufficient. Let her know that as thrones must crumble to dust, as kings and queens must change their places, so these are but foreshadowings of that which must come. Let her people drink in the inspiration of the hour, and sustain her with strong arms, steady and true, feeling in their hearts that God is walking through the land. We ask thee, also, to remember the Chief Magistrate of the several States composing the United States. Let him know what justice means, and how he should mete it to all thy children. Let him understand that art ever present. Let him know thy ministering angels are watching his every step, counting his every thought, and making record of every act of his life. Let him be strong in the way of right, and weak in the way of wrong. Let his hands be busy in doing good to all. Let him know no North, no South, no East, no West, no black, no white, but all alike. Let him be indeed thy servant, thy steward in thy house of many mansions, dealing justly with all. Father, we ask no blessing upon these children who have gathered here, for thou art with them, and that presages the blessing. Thou art folding them in the arms of thy love. No other blessing need they. Yet we ask that their inner lives may be open to receive more of thy love and truth; the inspiration of the hour that is flooding the land. Let them be conscious that thou art walking in this garden of Eden—America; that thy hand is with them, thy life is their life. Let them ever understand

their nearness to thee, and know that they are parts of thy wondrous whole. Then will they feel their own nobility, and crouch no longer in the dust of humility, fearing thee because they know thee not. And unto thee, oh Eternal Spirit, be all our praises this hour and forever. Amen.

Feb. 1.

Question and Answer.

QUEST.—By G. B.: Some time ago it was announced here by a spirit purporting to be Thomas Paine, the author of the "Age of Reason," "Common Sense," etc., that he wrote the famous Letters of Junius. Ever since their publication, the authorship of these world-wide Letters has been a strongly mooted question; and to-day it is not positively known to whose trenchant pen they are to be attributed. If Thomas Paine wrote them, it is possible for him now to give unmistakable evidence or proof of that fact? and will he please do so?

ANS.—There are many things which must remain undemonstrated to you mortals, and this may be one of them. We are informed that the spirit in question did dictate the letters referred to. But whether we have been rightly informed or not, we cannot tell. We can only form an opinion, judging from the circumstances of the case, as we form opinions concerning other subjects. You live circumstantial lives, all of you. Some of you do not know positively that such a place as London, in England, really exists. "Oh," but say you, "we do know it." Have you been there? "No." Then you do not know: you only have been told so by those who have been there. This is not knowledge; it is only belief founded upon circumstantial evidence.

Now you should weigh, and measure, and carefully criticize all the say-soes that emanate from the world that is unseen by you. This is your part of the work, and it by no means is a work that will prove useless to you, if you deal with it truthfully and justly; for every stone you turn becomes to you a gem of priceless value. All the knowledge you attain by hard and earnest labor, is of value to you. That which comes to you without labor is of little value—perhaps none at all; therefore it is the angels do not fling wide open the door that is hinged between the two worlds, and bid you enter upon spiritual scenes at once. They return, assisting you only as far forth as you need assistance.

Compare the thoughts, the inner life of this subject in question with that which is believed, positively believed to have been the inner effusions of Thomas Paine; see how much they are alike; find out whether the same spirit pervades both. If you can ascertain this to your own satisfaction, then that is enough. But you, perhaps, we may be satisfied with that which is wrong? Very true; but there will come a time when, in the process of natural revelations, you shall learn you are in the wrong, and by the natural law of progress—which takes you all in—you will leave that wrong, and take something less wrong. Step by step you progress; leap by leap the great volume is turned.

But you would know, no doubt, whether this we have told you to be true. To us it is true; to you it is not wholly true, because you are in doubt. So, then, strive to wash away your doubt by your seeking. We cannot do it for you, because it would be useless to you. You must do it for yourselves.

Feb. 1.

Joseph A. Warner.

Since what is right to one is not so to all, it's very hard to decide between right and wrong. I have been questioning the propriety of giving the name I had when here, because I am conscious it's not mine now. Presuming it to be the right of earth-life, I give it—Joseph A. Warner.

Enlisted in the 35th Massachusetts, and fell at Antietam. There are many on our side who think it a curse of the devil to entice us to his dominions, this coming here; for they say we were not very near what you call hell when we were on the earth? And is it not reasonable to suppose that the devil may lead us by some by-way down to hell?

I for one paid very little attention to what I heard of this sort, for somehow I came to the conclusion that I'd seen the worst of life, and if I was unhappy because of a wish to come back, I'd better come, for I couldn't feel that the wish was of the devil. Somehow he didn't seem so near to me as to those who were always talking about him.

I know of two boys in the 29th who say they would not come back, if they could, for anything; they wouldn't dare to; they've got so far away from hell, and mean to keep on. And I've promised that if I ever got back safe, I should report to them, and if I felt the better for it, they might think more favorably of it.

I'm rather and here to-day, because I know my folks have got the bars up, strong, too. They say there's a coming back, and so they do not mean we shall come back, anyway. But I thought I'd come, let the case turn out as it would.

I lived here twenty-seven years. I saw but little of life, to be sure, when compared with what others have seen. But I've seen enough of it since I went across, to convince me that we are all marching on, and that everybody, every soul is destined to know that the soul exists after death, and that it can come back and communicate with friends left in the body. Everybody is destined to know that, sooner or later, I believe.

I have a little sister who is living in the West with an uncle and aunt, that I've taken an especial interest in all her life. She's now fourteen years old; and somehow I'm inclined to believe she's one of these mediums. Though the folks—my uncle and aunt—think she's with the Church folks—that is to say, they're religious, don't believe in these things; and I think I've heard them say they would not believe; yet I shall try it on, as the South tried it on to the North. If I fail, as they did, so be it.

I was born in old Hartford, but came early to Massachusetts. The little one in the West was born in Massachusetts, in Springfield. Our mother has been insane for some years—yes, since the birth of little Olive; so I've nothing to send there.

I have the assurance to send to that little one and the folks she's with, that I live, that I'm watching over her, and will try, if they'll give me the opportunity, to see what I can do with what I believe she's made of.

I'm happy, and although I died outside of any religious faith, still I'm happy, I'm satisfied, I'm well off. I do not want uncle Joseph to think this is not me, and pay no attention to it. Although I'm naturally a quiet body, yet I'm persevering, and I may chance to come again. Good-day.

Feb. 1.

John Daley.

By the blessing of God and the good will of the folks that have the thing in control here, I got permission to come. I suppose I must give an account of myself, so I may be known by me friends? [Yes.] I came to this country in 1846—the fall of 1846,

In the spring of the same year me wife Hannah came to this country. There had been trouble between us, and she and her sister took themselves away and came to this country. You understand me to say she came in the spring, and I followed her in the fall.

Well, she has been the most of the time in Lowell. Her name was Hannah Daley—mine was John. She is lame; had some kind of a fall when she was a small one, and one leg is shorter than the other. I tell these things, you know, so I may make myself known.

I not seen Hannah but three or four times since she came to this country. Once I went to see her in Lowell, while she was living in a family there. As soon as she opened the door, she want to know what the devil bring me to this country. Oh, I told her the way was open to all who chose to come. Said she, "The laws of this country protect me. I don't want nothing to do with you." I told her not to trouble herself, for I want nothing to do with her.

Well, I stay in this country. I find enough work to do. I have cousins here, and some other acquaintances. I spend some time in Boston, some in New York. I was a good part of the time a fireman on one of the Mississippi boats. It maybe going on two years, perhaps it is better than that, I was fireman.

So when the war come, I have offered me very good pay to go in one of your iron-clads as fireman; so I accept the situation. I don't know it was with me, whether I was struck by a piece of shell or not—I can't tell, anyway. But I was killed very quick; I was shot out on very quick. I know it's your custom to hear what one dies by here. Something struck me, and I found myself dead, that's all. So I can't tell how it was.

Now I'm here, because I want to inform me wife Hannah that I'm dead. It's very good information, that she will like very much to know, and I'm a kind-hearted sort of chap—was here—as she not know it, I like to please her. So that's, you see, what brings me here; yes, sir, that's what brings me here. I am dead, now, that is sure; and she needn't give herself any uneasiness, not a bit. I'm very well in the spirit-land, and I suppose if she wants to know very bad about it, she can send on to the headquarters of the navy, and she'll find I was killed, as I said, and maybe she can get a little money out of it. I'd like very much to give me wife Hannah the pleasure of understanding that John Daley is dead.

You remember hearing tell about "the little cheese-box," what went out to save the two gunboats that were at war with each other. [Of Fort Monroe, was it not?] Yes; well, I was not aboard that; no, sir. Was you ever aboard the Cumberland? Well, I have been, and that's where I was, sir; yes, sir, I was there. Oh, I suppose I was killed by a shot or shell, or concussion, and I, like a sensible Irishman, didn't trouble myself to find out what killed me when I got to the spirit-land. But in coming back here, I had to be raking up the records.

Oh, I suppose Hannah will say, "He's himself, wherever he is. Well, sir, I am. If you will publish, sir, the information of me death, I suppose I do not thank you she will. So that'll come better from her than from me."

Feb. 1.

Teddy Jones.

I am Teddy Jones. I am from Nashville, Tennessee, eight years old, and I'm come to send some word home. I've been dead four months, and I want to go home. I want to go home like I do here. [Are your parents living?] Oh no; father's in the spirit-land; mother's at home. [You want your mother to get you a medium.] Yes, I do; I do want that. I don't know any of 'em, but she must find 'em, so I can come, and father, too. He was took prisoner, and he was shot, father was, 'cause he want a secession man. Yes, he was took prisoner. He was a lieutenant in the Federal—Yankee service, and he was took prisoner, and they said he was a Southern man with Northern sentiments, and so deserved to be shot; and he was. Yes, they shot him.

I hurt my finger, and got sick; that's what ailed me. I could not swallow the medicine, and so I died. [You had lockjaw.] Yes, I did, but I won't get it now. I want to go home. [What is your mother's name?] Lydia. My finger aches now. [You won't feel the pain any more.] Won't? Then I'll come again.

Feb. 1.

Amelia Thornton.

I am Amelia, daughter of Stephen A. Thornton, from Montgomery, Alabama. I was eighteen, in my nineteenth year. I died of fever, contracted, I suppose, in the hospital. Thinking my friends would be glad to hear from me, I have made every effort to come. I know they will ask why I did not come nearer home? So I shall answer, because I could not; because this seemed to be the only available place. I come here, dear father, to let you know I can come, and to ask, had after all I have struggled through in coming here, that you will not say I cannot come nearer home. There is no language by which I can describe my present surroundings. My wildest dreams have been more than realized, and yet it is not, in many respects, what I thought it would be. I had hoped for such things, but had been educated to believe differently.

I have met many of our dear friends in the spirit-world; among the rest, your younger brother, to whom I know you were sincerely attached. And he says, "The way is open, the bridge is built, and if you greet us kindly we'll cross it often."

I have no wish to live on earth again. Through my father I wish to bear much love to all my friends. Tell them to do right, love mercy, be just to all, and lay aside all their prejudices, and feel that there are good people North, as well as South. Farewell, sir.

Feb. 1.

Circle closed by E. A. Redington.

MESSAGES GIVEN AT OUR CIRCLE.

Thursday, March 23.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Samuel Jones, to friends; Samuel Brock, to friends; E. M. Robinson, to friends; Lucetta Perry, to Spiritualist friends. Monday, April 2.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Matthew Brooks, to friends; Ezekiel Thompson, to his relatives; Margaret Gorham, to friends; Teddy Garfield, to his father, Richard Garfield, of St. Louis, Mo. Tuesday, April 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Sarah Casey, to her sister and father; Cammaron; Stephen Lee, to his sister; Mr. Norcross, to his sons, Joseph and Sam'l Norcross, of Boston; Jennie Sturges, to her mother, Lucy Jane.

Monday, April 9.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Mary Lowell, of Boston, Mass.; Joseph Nelson, of the 7th Maine, to friends; in Lewiston, Me.; Gertrude Winn, to her mother, in New York; James Wiley, to his wife Mary, in the mills, at Manchester, N. H. Tuesday, April 10.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Elizabeth Harper, to her sister Josephine, and friends; Wm. Hudson, of Scarborough, Me.; Miriam Smith, to Joe Jenkins.

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