

BANNER LIGHT.



VOL. XXI.

{85.00 PER YEAR;
In Advance}

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1867.

{SINGLE COPIES;
Eight Cents}

NO. 1.

Literary Department.

PICTURES OF REAL LIFE IN NEW YORK.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light, by Mrs. A. B. Porter.

CHAPTER I.

The Homestead and Shop—Leaving Home.
Aunt Betsey, or, to speak more respectfully, Mrs. Horner, lived in Acuteville, Vermont—in common parlance, "Outney"—and in that busy little place, under the shadow of the mountain, the traveler will find her house, a large white building, with green blinds. There is a "lean-to," or long wing, upon the back, containing the back kitchen, wash-room, cheese pantry, and wood shed. There is a yard in front, in which are three maple trees, two lilac bushes, a white rose, and a sweet briar. There is a flower garden on one side of the house, an orchard beyond that, while the kitchen garden is entered by the shed door, and one long row of bean poles only can be seen from the street.

There is an air of comfort and plenty about the establishment, and in the heat of summer it is delightfully shady and cool; but I like it best in early autumn, in the bright, sunny October days, when the door of the large hall stands open, and Rover lies on the warm stone door step, and looks up and wags his tail if a visitor approaches, but never barks, unless it be a peddler with his pack.

Then the apples are ripe on the trees; the pears are golden and luscious; and the yellow pumpkins are ready to join the cream and eggs in the pantry.

Wherever Aunt Betsey is, there is to be found physical comfort and good cheer. Josiah Horner, her husband, is a blacksmith by profession, and by practice too, as the bright fire in the village smithy can testify, where he is generally found, surrounded by two or three swarthy figures in leather aprons, wielding the heavy hammer, or fitting the shoe to some farmer's horse that stands by the door.

Mr. Horner, like most other mechanics in New England, had found ways and means to turn an honest penny besides his own legitimate calling. I say "calling," for if ever a minister was called to preach, St. Horner was called to be a blacksmith. "I tell you," said he to me one evening, as I stopped at the door of the shop to enjoy the brightness of the fire and mark the stalwart figures of the workmen, brought out in bold relief by the fire at the forge, while the back part of the shop lay in deep shadow—"I tell you, Miss Anna, there is nothing in this world that sets a man thinking like working in iron. Did you ever see it in large masses, as it is dug from the mines? No? Well, there it is, as rough and impure as the minister says we all are by nature, but fire purifies it. The hottest fire I know in this world is that in which they smelt iron ore. While the ore is in the furnace, the workmen make long, narrow beds in sand, with little dikes at certain distances. At a signal from the head workman, the melted iron is let in, and it flows into the beds prepared for it, with a color so bright that it dazzles your eyes to look at it. There's nothing so obstinate or so yielding as iron. The horseshoe that hangs yonder may be made to take the shape of the prettiest lily in your garden, or become a needle so fine that my clumsy fingers could not handle it, or a part of an anchor, that will hold fast a ship of war in a tempest. Men love gold, Miss Anna; but God's better gift to man was iron. I can't begin to tell its use. Just be thinking of it as you are walking home; we weave our cloth by iron, we print our papers by it, we cook our food and send our news by its aid. I think our minister might preach more than one sermon upon iron, and find his texts in the Bible, too. It is a good thing to have a trade that sets you thinking. I like my business, for it makes the body strong, and gives you something to think about."

As might be supposed, Mr. Horner had been successful in his business, made so not merely by his daily labor, but by various inventions, such as a new horse rake, and a patent horseshoe. He was one of the richest men in "Outney," but he still followed his calling, and prided himself upon the skillful manner in which he could shoe a horse or fire a wheel. A most worthy couple were Deacon Horner and his wife. I am sorry to say that they had no son to inherit their name. Their only child was a daughter, a fair, delicate girl, to whom nature gave the dark curly hair of her father, but made an improvement by omitting the broad mouth, and giving, instead, a dainty little mouth and full red lips, that seemed made only for kissing.

They lost a son in infancy. Not long after his death, Aunt Betsey was reading in the paper an account of a Home in New York for little wanderers. Her heart was moved to adopt one, and a child named James Hope was sent. He was a bright active boy, and soon gained the love of the family. They forgot his origin, and treated him with the kindness and affection which they would have given to their own. He was sent for some years to the village Academy, and then entered the shop for awhile; but he became restless and tired of country life. He longed for the city, and his wish was indulged. He entered a wholesale store, where his promptness and good conduct soon gained him the good will of his employers. Aunt Betsey was very proud of her boy, and looked forward with great pleasure to the August vacation, which he always passed at home. When the railroad was completed, he came also to Thanksgiving, and then his powers of digestion were taxed to the utmost to satisfy Aunt Betsey, who would fain have him make amends in one week for all the deficiencies of the six months of previous city life.

But one year he was taken sick only a few days before the annual Thanksgiving. The fall trade had been unusually large, and he had worked day and night, giving himself little rest or sleep, saying, "Our busy season will soon be over, and then I will give myself a good rest in the dear old home."

But the time for his departure came and found him tossing in the delirium of a fever that threatened to baffle the skill of the physician. His employers were alarmed, and telegraphed to Mrs. Horner to come on immediately. Now Aunt Betsey had never received a telegram before, and her alarm was great. Thanking and all its attendant cares were forgotten.

In less than an hour's time she was at the depot, waiting impatiently for the train, which was behind time. Uncle Sil was by her side, with the big carpet bag, in which were flannels and herbs, jellies and old linen, and other little comforts for the invalid.

"Now, Betsey," said her husband, "do you think you can manage alone when you get to the city? It is a bad place for women at night."

"Never fear for me. I can take care of myself. Don't I look like a respectable woman?" She wore a plain black merino dress, a cloth cloak, well-preserved, though not of the latest fashion; her bonnet was a brown straw, trimmed with broad brown ribbon, with a plain ruche around the face.

Her own gray hair, plainly parted, was visible. As she had plenty of it, she did not wish to be at the trouble of wearing other people's hair; and as for flowers, she fancied they made her look older from contrast. Such was Aunt Betsey, looking what she was—a plain, substantial, good-hearted country woman, albeit unused to city life.

"I have not been to the city," she said to the minister's wife, who came into the depot to inquire for James. "For twenty years; and then I boarded at Mrs. Barnes's, next door to Buroche's Hotel. I well remember the great stone lions in a door way near by. It was very pleasant and quiet, and I should like to go there again. It was a first-class boarding house. You know it must have been, Sil, or Captain John would not have taken me there."

And the minister's wife stopped talking, and heaved a sigh, as if there was a sad memory connected with that visit.

But the minister's wife smiled. She was from New York, and understood well the changes which twenty years had made.

"If James gets better, as I trust he will, you must go down to the Battery, and see if you would like boarding down there as well as you did twenty years ago."

"Why, things have not changed very much in 'Outney in that time. I bought my parlor carpet then, and it's just as good as new now."

"The train is coming!" said Uncle Sil. "Now, Betsey, remember if James is not any better telegraph at once, and I'll come on to-morrow."

When Aunt Betsey was seated in the cars, her mind ran for awhile on home affairs. She wondered if Nellie would turn the hams in the brine, or remember that the hens must have fresh meat, or make the Deacon's coffee just as he liked it.

Then her mind turned to James. How often, in the peopled solitude of the crowded cars, or the city thoroughfare, our hearts are filled with our own grief, and we fancy that upon ourselves alone is laid the burden of sorrow. A common mistake. Perhaps the seatmate in his silence is brooding over trouble which, if revealed, would make our own like the small dust of the balance.

CHAPTER II.

Aunt Betsey's Interview with the Policeman.

MRS. HORNER'S LETTER TO HER HUSBAND.

MY DEAR SILAS—I told you I would write as soon as I arrived in the city, and now, while my poor sick boy is asleep, I will try and do so.

I ought to have arrived at seven o'clock last evening, but the cars run off the track near Troy, and detained us two hours, and then the train met with an accident crossing a bridge, and five passengers were killed. We saw them removing one of the poor, mangled bodies, as we passed the place. (Do, pa, insure your life before you ever step foot upon a railroad again; and they tell me there is a society to insure in case of accidents. I shall attend to that before I return.) Well, you see, owing to these troubles we did not reach the city till two o'clock in the morning.

The cars were cold, and I thought I would go and warm myself by the stove. As I went forward I saw a very old man near the fire, looking feeble and tired; he appeared to be falling out of his seat, and unable to help himself. His cap had dropped from his head, and I saw that his hair was white as silver. I was going to ask him if he was sick, when a stout looking man of fifty came and said, "I'll raise you up, Mr. Cory," and then he lifted him and set him down again, just as Nellie used to her big doll. Then he put the cap on his head, and asked him if he would take a little of his medicine. The old man nodded, and then drank a few swallows from a bottle. This revived him, and he looked round at me and asked, "Are you travelling with your husband?"

I told him no, and asked him if he was ill. He said he was very tired, and I gave him some of my tea. The man who was with him told me that in ten days the old gentleman would be a hundred. Only think of it, Sil! I sat and looked at him, and thought how many events had happened in his life. Born in November, 1760, he has seen two terrible wars, and wonderful changes. He was very tired, and I wondered that his friends had not placed him in a sleeping car, where he could be more comfortable. Every few minutes he would slide out of his seat, and then his friend would come and set him up. Perhaps it was wicked in me, but I could not help thinking of the old man that Molly read about in one of Mr. Dickens's stories—Mr. Smallwood, that

used to slide down in that way, and have his cushion shaken, and be placed back in his seat just like this helpless old man.

"Pretty hard for the old gentleman!" said a stout, middle-aged man on the seat with me.

"I am so sorry for him," I said, "that I don't know how to sit still and do nothing to make him more comfortable."

"He'll be all tucked out before we get to New York. We're four hours behind time."

"Oh dear! I'm so sorry. I've a sick boy in New York, and I'm telegraphed to come to him, and I know he'll be worrying; and it's so bad for folks that have fevers to be troubled."

"How old is your son?"

"He's not my son, but he's just as near and dear. He's lived with me now to ten years, and he don't know any other father and mother than Mr. Horner and myself. He is now going on twenty."

"It has been a bad time for fevers this season, and the city ain't a good place for boys, anyhow. I have just been on West to buy a farm, where I can raise my three boys. I am a policeman, or rather was for five years, till I give it up last summer."

I looked at him a little scared like, because I had never spoken to a policeman in my life; but he seemed such a nice sort of a man, and then again I said to myself, "He'll know a rogue, and perhaps I'm safer by him than I should be anywhere else." So we had quite a chat about bringing up boys, and he was right sensible in his notions. He knows all the wickedness of the city, and all the dangers which young men have to encounter. I know our Jim is a good boy, and can be trusted.

Pretty soon a man came along with a string of checks in his hand, and asked if I had any baggage. I had no notion of telling him what was none of his business to know, when the policeman said:

"It is all right, ma'am. Give him your check, and the number where you are going to stop, and he'll deliver your trunk to you to-morrow morning."

"And what do you ask," I said, "for that?"

"Half a dollar, ma'am."

"That's cheap enough," I said, and took out my purse.

"No," said the policeman, "wait till you get your trunk, and then pay."

It was two o'clock in the morning when we got to the city, and we found no carriages at the depot. The policeman said:

"Never mind, ma'am; if you are going into Sixth Avenue, it is only a short walk from here, and I will go with you, if you wish."

I thanked him, and I was more pleased than he thought, because I felt so strange and desolate at that time of night.

As we turned round the corner of Twenty-Seventh street, we saw a bright light in a basement room, and my companion said:

"You must be very hungry. Will you come in here and have some oysters?"

Now I was very hungry, for I had given all my doughnuts and cheese to a poor Irish woman with two little children in the cars, before we ran off the track; and here it was two o'clock in the morning, and I had eaten nothing since noon. But I could not help laughing to myself as I thought of Aunt Betsey Horner, member of the 'Outney church, "in good and regular standing," at two o'clock in the morning taking an oyster stew in a refreshment saloon with a perfect stranger, a New York policeman! So I said, "No, I thank you, sir," and pretty soon we found the number where Jim boards. But here was another difficulty. We rung and rung, but nobody came to answer the bell. I knew it was the place, for I had my boy's letter, and I showed it to the policeman, who read the directions by the light of the street lamp. He rung, and then I rung, and we heard the noise of the bell, loud enough to wake old Deacon Beck, if he were there. I tell you, Sil, I never felt so curious in all my life as I did standing by that door. First the policeman would ring, and then I'd take a spell. Every once in a while he would say, "You had better go in and take some oysters," but I thanked him, and said no, for whenever he'd mention it, I'd just think how the folks would stare at me the next time I went to meeting at home. Maybe they'd turn me out of the church, and that would almost break your heart, Sil, would it? But I was so cold and hungry and tired, that it was a great temptation. I felt sorry to keep the policeman waiting, and I thought I would go to a hotel; but I knew poor Jim was in that house, and I began to be afraid that he was dead. This thought made me very desperate, and I gave the bell one hard pull, and waited a minute, when we heard a sound as of some one coming down stairs, and the next instant the key turned in the lock, and, Sil, what do you think? There stood our poor Jim, pale as a corpse and thin as a shadow, wrapped in a large shawl.

"Oh, Aunt Betsey, I am so glad to see you!" And he tottered, and would have fallen, but I put my arms right round him.

The policeman saw how it was, and he stepped in and helped him up stairs, up, up to the fourth story.

"Isn't there any body in the house to open the door for a sick man?" he asked.

"Our landlord is not a very good-natured man," he said, "and will not open the door at night."

"He's a brute," said the policeman, and he was going to say something else, but he looked at me and stopped.

You see, Jim expected me for certain, and he would not have any body stay with him that night, because he felt as if he wanted me to take care of him just as I used to do when he was a little boy. He heard the bell, but he was so sick he dared not venture down those long stairs.

The policeman was very kind, and offered to do anything for me. Then he gave me his name and number, and said if he could be of any service to

me while Jim was sick, to send for him. Now, Sil, when you read in the newspapers about the New York policemen, you must remember that there are some good, kind men among 'em, though some of the papers say very hard things of them.

Poor Jim was very faint and sick for a long time, and I was afraid the exertion of going to the door would put him back dreadfully. He was n't easy till I had made myself a cup of tea, which I did over a little gas stove—the drollest way of cooking that ever I heard of. Then I sponged him over in warm water, and rubbed him gently till he said, "I shall get well, Aunt Betsey, now you have come," and the tears stood in his eyes, and he choked as if he could n't say all he felt. Poor boy! How much he has needed me. It isn't pleasant for a young fellow to be sick in this great city, away from friends.

He has fallen asleep, and as I sit by him and look at his thin, pale face, I can't help thinking of my sister Lottie. I suppose it is because I used, to take care of her when she was a little girl, and I remember that her eye-lashes were long and dark, and looked like a long black silk fringe when she slept, and Jim's eye-lashes remind me so much of her's as I sit and watch him. It is strange that I should be thinking of her here in New York, when we never speak of her at home.

I shall write to you every day till Jim is better. Now, Nellie, you must take good care of the house. Be sure and turn the cheeses, and do n't forget to give the hens some fresh meat. Stay at home evenings with your father, and read the newspaper to him if he asks you.

CHAPTER III.

Seeking Lodgings.

AUNT BETSEY'S SECOND LETTER.

MY DEAR HUSBAND—I know how anxious you are at home about Jim, and so I try to write to you; but I would rather do a washing than write a letter. Jim says that when he gets better he will do all the writing for me.

I told you in my last that the landlord here would not open the door when I came, and I see that he is one of those cross-grained creatures that will never open doors in this life to make the way easier for others. His name is O'Toole, and he has a wife, two children, and a dog. His wife is a poor, pale, meek-souled woman; who dares not say that her soul is her own, and who would be kind to others if her husband would permit. When Jim was taken sick, she came up to his room and offered to do anything in her power for him, but her husband told her that he could not have sick boarders in the house, and that Jim's friends must take him home; but one day a gentleman called and inquired for Jim, and said he would send some one to take care of him. Then O'Toole became very obsequious, for this gentleman is one of the partners in the store, and is a very noble-hearted as well as a rich man. So Jim was permitted to stay; but it is not pleasant here, for O'Toole is cross to his wife, and scolds his children so much that they run away from him whenever he comes in sight, while his dog receives all the caresses and kind words. Jim's room is noisy and dark, and the house is neither clean nor sweet. It has a smell of old soup and boiled cabbage. I am afraid it will be a long time before Jim will get well in such a place. I worried about it a great deal, and at last one day I said to the doctor:

"If I had this boy in my great south chamber at 'Outney, I think he'd get better."

The doctor is a nice old gentleman with white hair, and a gold-headed cane, and he always calls me madam. He carries a gold snuff-box, and takes a pinch of snuff after he has asked his first questions about Jim. When I told him this, he took a pinch of snuff, then he smiled, and said:

"I wish, Mrs. Horner, that all my patients had a large airy room. I think I should be successful in healing more. But why not have a better place for your boy?"

"Can I, doctor? Will it do to move him?"

"I would risk a removal sooner than remaining here. The fever is a slow, intermittent. There would be no danger in removing him on such a fine day as this. If you could find two furnished rooms, where the air is better, and the house still and sweeter, I will risk the removal of the patient."

When he went away, Jim seemed so much pleased at the idea of getting out from this place, stifled air, that I pondered in my own mind how it could be brought about. John Hall came in just then. He is the friend who took care of Jim awhile before I came. He offered to find some rooms for me, but I felt just as if I preferred to see them myself. Well, as Jim was pretty comfortable that day, John said he would go and bring Jane Hooper, who knew all about the city; and would go with me, while he stayed with Jim. This plan pleased me, and while John went for the lady, I made myself ready. Very soon Miss Hooper came, holding in her hand a New York Herald.

"I have marked," she said, "a number of advertisements such as I think will answer our purpose, and there are a few in this vicinity."

It was new business to me, and I was guided by her entirely. She took out her pencil and marked one that ran thus:

"An elegant suite of rooms, completely furnished, No. 23 B. street."

That was the nearest, and we hastened there. We found the rooms on the fourth floor, the windows of the front one opening on the noisy street, and those of the back room upon a stable and a dismal row of rickety buildings, one of which seemed to be a dyeing establishment. The price charged was fifty dollars a week. Just think of that, Sil! The same that we ask Miss Betsey a year for the little cottage and an acre of ground!

I came down, and went to the next one on the list:

"To RENT—Two nicely furnished rooms in

St. Stephen's Place, at a moderate rent if taken immediately."

We rung at the door of the house. A queer looking old man answered the bell. His clothes were shabby and ill-fitting, his eyes were black and sharp, and the halls looked dingy and smelled just like O'Toole's. "Boarding house smell," Miss Hooper said.

The old man led us up to the second story, into two unpapered rooms, with soiled carpets and old furniture. On the beds were red and white patchwork quilts. I whispered to Miss Hooper that we must n't waste time here, but she asked the old Jew—for such he was—his price per week for boarding and rooms. "In consideration of the locality," he thought thirty dollars per week would be about right. Why, Sil! I'd sooner board at old Miller's, whose little girl, without any hands, used to pluck currants and berries for supper with her toes.

We came out, and went on to a large, nice house, on which was a notice, "Two furnished rooms to let."

"I think these may suit," said my companion. "It is a pleasant part of the city, and the house looks well on the outside."

I did n't reply, but I noticed that the door steps were unswep, and the door itself was very dirty, especially round the knobs of the door-bell and handle—rather a bad sign, I thought.

The door was opened by a slovenly looking maid, who waited upon us into a large, cold, dark parlor. Now the air was very cold without, and when we came to sit down in this damp, cold room, I felt just as if I should catch the rheumatism at once. But I forgot all about it in a minute, for on the wall, just opposite the half-open shutter, and so that the only light in the room fell upon it, was a picture that looked so much like our Lottie, that I got up and opened the window shutter a little wider, that I might see it better. For all that the room, Sil, it was so like my dear little sister that I loved so much and lost so young, that I could n't keep the tears from coming. It was a picture of her head and neck only, but she seemed floating in a cloud. There were her curls—those golden, sunny curls that everybody praised—and her long eyelashes, and the red lips, that used to love to kiss me. Oh Sil! it was so like her that I forgot where I was, and what I had come there for, when Miss Hooper said to me:

"Will you go up stairs to see the rooms?"

I turned round, and saw an old lady, older than myself, with very gray hair, all frizzled in two great bunches on each side of her face, and over these a head-dress of net and fringe and black and white beads. She wore a black dress, with three flounces on it, and I was sorry to see that it was ragged round the skirt, and that she had not brushed off the flour since she left the kitchen. She was so fine that I thought of my plain merino and straw bonnet and supposed of course she would not like me for a boarder. But she was very polite, and when I told her what I wished, I thought she was eager to have us come. We went up a dark staircase to a large front room. She apologized that the beds were not made—her servants were very lazy.

"You'll not find a nicer room in New York than this," she said; "here in this very room, and on that bed, General Eaton died; and General Washington once visited here. This room," opening the door into an adjoining chamber, "was occupied all last winter by the French Consul. See how he wore the carpet before the mirror—he attended so many balls and parties. I told my daughter that it was worth a great deal to have a gentleman who could talk French in the family."

I could n't say much, because she talked so fast, and whenever she stopped Miss Hooper would ask a question, and that set the lady talking again. I looked at the room, and thought if I could take up the carpet and shake it, and wash the bed clothes and windows, and clean the grate, and purify the room of the tobacco smoke, it would make a nice home for Jim, because the street was quiet and the room airy.

"What is your price?" asked Miss Hooper.

"Twenty dollars a week."

I was surprised at this, because others asked so much more; but I let Miss Hooper do the business.

"I hope you will conclude to come, ma'am," she said, turning to me. "I should n't ask any references, because, you see, I've lived in New York a great many years, and I know what people are at first sight. Your face is reference enough."

"Well, I ain't got much beauty to speak of," I said; "never had when I was a girl. All the beauty of the family went to one sister; but every body knows Aunt Betsey Horner in 'Outney, and 'Uncle Sil,' my husband, always pays as he goes."

"I hope you'll conclude to come here."

"If we do, we'll let you know this afternoon," said Miss Hooper. "You said you had lived in New York from your childhood. You must have seen great changes here."

"I reckon I have. Why, we lived in Prince street when I was a girl, and I remember when there were scarcely any houses above Eighth street."

"I have heard my uncle say that when he came here, in 1830, the streets in this part of the city were not laid out."

"No indeed, they were not," was the reply.

We came back to the parlor. It was cold and dark still, but the light from the one open shutter shone on the picture, and I could not resist the wish to look at it again.

"You like that picture, ma'am? It is the portrait of an English lady, painted by Sulley. It belonged to a gentleman who boarded here a little while, and then went to Europe. He told me not to let it be taken away by any one till he returned. There is an old man comes here once a week to look at it. He is the queerest looking mortal I have ever seen, and he brought me fifty gold dollars once, and offered them to me if I would sell him the picture, but I didn't dare to do it, for fear I should get into trouble."

I thought to myself that I would give fifty dol-

lars if I could have bought the picture and carried it right away. Isn't it strange that an English girl, way over the water, should look so much like Lottie?

"When we got out into the street, Miss Hooper laughed heartily, till I asked her what amused her so much.

"Why, Mrs. Horner, what year did Washington die?"

"In 1799. That is what the almanacs say."

"And the almanacs are right; but don't you know General Washington visited in this house once?"

"But you say, and the lady said just before we came out, that the street was not laid out in 1830."

"Just so. General Washington was sleeping in his tomb at Mount Vernon when the first brick of that house was molded, and poor General Eaton died before the street was laid out."

"I've heard tell that there was awful wickedness in New York, but I never could have believed that a respectable woman would tell lies."

"I do n't know how respectable she is," said Miss Hooper.

"I stopped right in the street, and looked at my companion.

"But you told her we would decide this afternoon. You certainly do n't suppose I would take my boy to board with a lady who was n't perfectly respectable?"

"I got rid of her importunity in the best way," was the reply.

"I said nothing, but all the time I had a hankering after that picture. I was afraid Jim would miss me, so I told Miss Hooper we would go home and stay a little while with him, and come out again. She proposed we should ride in the horse-cars, and as I was very tired, and we could ride all the way to the door for six cents, I assented. I thought two men who stood near the doorway were very rude in jostling me and pushing me toward a beautifully dressed lady; but there is such a crowd in the city that I suppose it is difficult to be polite at all times. As soon as I was seated I put my hand in my pocket to take out my purse, because I wanted to pay for Miss Hooper before she had time to do it for herself, when, to my great surprise, there was no pocket-book there! I knew I had it when I got into the cars, because I felt in my pocket to see if it was safe. I whispered to my friend and told her my trouble.

"And you know you had it when you came into the car?" she asked.

"To be sure," I said. I had it just as I stepped on the platform."

Miss Hooper went forward and said a few words in a low tone to the conductor. The next moment a policeman was walking through the car and looking very closely at every passenger. At last he stopped before the elegantly dressed lady against whom I had been pushed, and, laying his hand upon her shoulder, said, "I've found you at last!" Then he snatched off that beautiful bonnet, and with it came a false front of hair and some curls, and the pretended lady proved to be a man. The policeman threw the long dress and hoops right over his head, and we saw that he wore pantaloons and coat under them. The passengers were as much frightened as amused. I was glad enough to see my pocket-book again, brought out by the policeman from some of the numerous pockets in the dress that I had been admiring so much. The conductor then stopped the car, and calling another policeman, they walked off with the pretended lady between them, her long dress trailing in the mud. Oh, St. I'm n't it awful to see so much wickedness? I can't go out without my pocket-book, and I am afraid to go with it.

Jim was glad to see me when I came in, and laughed heartily at my adventure. "You'll see strange things in this city," he said. Then we had a cup of tea and a lunch, and I started again to find lodgings. I was rather discouraged, and willing to take up with any rooms that were neat and admitted light and air. After trying a number and not finding ourselves suited, we came to a nice-looking block with "Dr. Binot" on one of the doors. The paper said, "Two large, nicely furnished rooms on first floor."

In answer to our ring a very spruce-looking little man came to the door. He had white skin and pink cheeks and nice little side-whiskers, and a pretty blue silk cravat tied under his collar, and seemed so much like a boy-doll that I wanted to put him in my bag to carry him to Cutney. He waited upon us with a bow and a smile that showed his white teeth; and I noticed, when he opened the inside door, that his hands were very small and white, and that on one of his fingers was a ring big enough for old Goliath. We entered a large back sitting-room, into which the sun was shining brightly, and where a young man sat, with a cigar in his mouth, before an open coal fire. The doctor opened the folding-doors and showed us a large, front room, with a nice carpet upon it and lace curtains to the windows. The young man threw away his cigar and then did most all the talking. He said he was very sorry to leave these rooms, they were so pleasant; but he should be under the necessity of doing so if the doctor, who rented them, should give them up.

"Is there a bath-room with hot and cold water?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, a very nice one, on the second story."

The bed was covered with a white spread, and in the corner of the room was a marble table, and on the other side a nice writing desk. But what pleased me most was the sunny aspect and the bathing-room, which, they assured me, was warmed and supplied with hot and cold water. I proposed to give my decision on the morrow, after learning the price, which was eighteen dollars per week, without board. It seemed a great sum to me, but the young man, who anticipated any reply from the doctor, told me that it was impossible to find such rooms for any less; that if I would have the rooms I must secure them then, as there was great demand for furnished apartments; that if I would pay in advance he would take some less, and give me possession of the rooms that day. I thought of Jim, in those dark, close rooms-of O'Toole, with his loud voice and his noisy dog-of the crying children, and, worse than all, the smell of old soup and cabbage.

Now you remember, St., how kind you were in giving me so much more money than I needed—I had five hundred dollars in a pocket in my silk quilt, where I knew no pickpocket could find it; so I took it out and handed the little doctor three hundred, and he made out a writing, which was duly signed and witnessed. Now, St., don't you ever say again that women can't do business as well as men. I looked over the writing, through my new spectacles, to see that it was all right, and then I signed it and the doctor signed, and the young man put his name down as witness. I forgot to say that while I sat by the fire talking with the gentlemen, Miss Hooper went out to do some errands, and when she returned I had the business all done, much to her surprise.

"The rooms are nice," she said, "and I think you will be pleased with them."

"I am, home very much pleased. I know it will be a great deal of money, but if Jim only gets well, it will be well spent. Poor boy! He needed Aunt Betty to take care of him, and he

is so grateful and patient that I like to wait upon him. He is so happy to-night that it does my heart good to see him. I sat right down after supper to write to you, because I shall be so busy to-morrow in the new rooms, and cannot write again till we are all settled.

It is very late now, and the house is still. I am thinking of the beautiful picture of the English lady, so like our poor Lottie, and I can't help a feeling of sadness that I shall never see it again.

Good-night, dear St., and tell Nellie to do the best she can, and not work too hard. Miss Nancy will come and help her about the washing and churning. If we have company, tell her not to put them in the great spare chamber, where nobody has slept this winter. One good minister, as I read in the papers yesterday, died from being put in a great, cold parlor chamber that had n't been used for months. I wonder anybody can be so thoughtless. Now you know we have a great many ministers come to visit us, and if they come while I am away, tell Nellie to have a fire made in the south room, and see that the sheets are well aired. Your loving wife,

BETSEY HONNER.

[To be continued.]

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE N. WILLIS.

Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 39, Station D, New York City.

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

[Original.]

AUNT ZERA'S STORIES.

NUMBER SEVENTEEN.

Aristides.

"Isn't it good that mamma is well again?" said Grace; "and now we can have our nice sit-downs and talks, and not be all the time afraid that something dreadful will happen."

"Yes, very good," said Will; "but—"

"What a doleful sigh," said Kate; "I should think that was a queer way of showing you were glad."

"I know why he sighs," said Grace.

"How very wise some people are," said Will, whistling, as if he did not care for anything.

"Well, I know, Will," said Kate, "that you almost wish mamma had n't got well so quick, because we did n't have old Doctor Tweezers, but had the new doctor that believes in magnetism and baths, and tells about dreams, and do n't think much of pills and hitters."

"Well," said Will, bristling himself up, "everybody knows that these new-fashioned notions are not good for anything; and then to think that our neighbors should all know that Dr. Frisbee came here, for everybody called him a quack."

"Aunt Zera came in and sat herself down in the low rocking chair, and rocking back and forth with short wavy motions, she seemed to be saying: "So ho, my boy; there's the rub, is it?" though she did n't say a word. But Will seemed to understand her thought, and said:

"Well, Aunt Zera, isn't it a pity that folks should be always thinking that they have found out something wonderfully new, as if all the past was good for nothing?"

"If you mean Dr. Frisbee," said Aunt Zera, "I must say that he is the most old-fashioned doctor I know. He takes advantage of what he has seen, and also of what he has read."

"But to hear him talk about revelations and dreams!" said Will.

"Oh that is altogether old-fashioned, as I can quickly assure you."

"Well, auntie, I do believe you know almost everything, but I'd rather not hear about the doctors. Dr. Frisbee tired me half to death talking about them."

"Very well; I would rather tell you about a distinguished orator."

"Oh auntie," said Grace, "I would rather hear about some one that knew all about dreams and—"

"Pshaw!" said Will; "the orator, if you please."

"I was going to tell you about Aristides. He was a distinguished orator of Greece, who lived in the year 117."

"Oh I remember," said Will, "of hearing Stephen tell about him; he was called the Just, because he wanted to do exactly right by everybody; and I remember the story that Stephen read about him, how he was to be banished if there were votes enough against him, and one man voted against him, just because he was tired of hearing him called the Just."

"That is indeed an interesting history," said Aunt Zera; "but that is not the Aristides I was intending to tell you of. There are five ancient distinguished men by the name of Aristides; one was a distinguished painter, and one was an Athenian philosopher. But Aristides, the Orator, had some peculiarities that perhaps Will may be interested in."

"I hope he was not a believer in dreams, and had too much sense to talk about positive and negative forces," said Will, giving himself a lift in his chair, and shrugging his shoulders till Kate was ready to laugh.

"Aristides was a great student, and like most of the scholars of his time, he traveled to gain more knowledge. Everywhere he went he became a great favorite, and was so popular with the people, that they erected statues to his honor. One is still preserved in the Vatican. He was a great admirer of Plato and Demosthenes, and studied their writings carefully. There are fifty-four declamations of his that have been handed down to us."

"Only think," said Will; "discourses seventeen hundred years old. I would n't ask greater honor for anything I might say."

"But what are these discourses about?" asked Grace; "I should think it would be worth something to hear that."

"If they had n't any sense," said Kate, "I do n't see any great honor in their being preserved so long."

"They are quite remarkable, and very interesting to me," said Aunt Zera; "that is, the portions that I have read, for they were on the same subjects that Dr. Frisbee talked upon."

"Whew!" said Will, "you are joking, Aunt Zera."

"Not at all. Aristides got sick, and he wished to get well. The Greeks believed that there was a god who cared for the different attributes of men."

"What do you mean?" said Kate.

"Why, there was a god of love, who had charge of all love affairs and marriages, and a goddess of beauty, who had power to make people lovely in person, and a god of strength, and a god of medicine, and so on. Esculapius was the god of healing, and it was to him that Aristides thought his mind pray. The god appeared to him like a spirit. He says he felt the arrival of it, and was

as if dreaming when half awake. The spirit then gave various orders. He heard a voice speaking to him, telling him how much medicine to take and when to bathe."

"Oh auntie, if it was any one but you telling these things, I should run away and not listen," said Will.

"Let us remember," said Aunt Zera, "that Aristides was a very distinguished man of his day, as you can but believe when you remember the honors bestowed on him, and he seemed to think that the greatest honor that he had ever received was communion with the spirit-world. Let me find one passage for you and read. He says, 'I had been ill for ten years, when a spirit approached and addressed me thus: "After suffering for ten years, I returned, on the advice of Esculapius, to the spot where my sickness arose, and there I was cured." Aristides took these words of the spirit as a hint, and determined to go to Escop, where his sickness commenced. After three or four days he was cured."

He also declared that the spirit of Sophocles, who was a celebrated poet who lived five hundred years before, often stood by his bedside. He also talked with the spirits of Demosthenes and Plato.

In those days temples were erected that were devoted entirely to the healing of the sick. There were a great many of these temples, some built on mountains for the sake of pure air, some near mineral springs, some in light groves.

Aristides went to reside in one of these temples, and I would like to tell you something of them, if you do not feel sleepy over my story."

"Go on," said Will, "if you please; and if I take a little nap it will be in honor of the god Somnus, and not because I wish to be impolite to you."

"Well, our orator, Aristides, on approaching the temple, was obliged to promise to obey all the rules of the temple. He was obliged to fast for twenty-four hours, and not drink any wine for three days before.

In the ante-room of the temple were paintings and tablets representing and relating the wonderful cures that had been performed. These he read with great care, and then prayers were offered, and songs sung. In some of the temples they had instruments and musicians prepared to charm the invalid who had come to be cured.

By this time Aristides was prepared for a bath, which was followed by a rubbing from another person. The next process was the burning of herbs, in which the body was well smoked. Rubbing followed this, and then he was prepared for the great and sacred occasion which was to be the answer to all his prayers. It was the sacred sleep. This took place in silent, darkened chambers. In this sacred sleep, the god of healing and spirits appeared and gave instruction as to the remedies that were to be used.

Aristides says that it was a sweet poetic sleep, and that the rules of life were given in poetry."

"Why, auntie, was n't Dr. Frisbee talking about just such an institution?" said Grace.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Will; "I'll warrant he had been reading about these old Grecian temples, and thought he should be considered very wise if he tried to establish something of the kind."

"I asked him, and he said he knew nothing about these temples; he only proposed something of the kind for the sake of the good that he knew he could do.

If a person recovered in these temples, he gave a valuable present to the priests of the temple, and a history of the cure was written out. Sometimes these cures were engraven on metal plates."

"But, auntie, did Aristides dream any funny dreams, such as Dr. Frisbee told about, that had to be interpreted?" said Grace.

"Yes, he had many very singular dreams, and had to send for a servant of the temples to interpret them. But I do not think you will be interested in hearing just how the spirits told him to take a warm bath or a cold bath, or a particular medicine. I wanted you to know about this man that you might know some of the customs of the ancient time in which he lived. Aristides was no doubt an excellent clairvoyant and medium."

"Oh, auntie," said Will, "I do believe if he was all that, he must have been a very different man from what you at first represented him."

"To prove to you his influence, let me relate a little incident of his life. The beautiful city of Smyrna had been destroyed by an earthquake."

"Where is Smyrna?" asked Kate.

"It is now called Ismir, in Turkey, but the western nations still call it Smyrna."

"And they raise fine grapes there for raisins. I suppose, since the old play says, 'Malaga raisins are very fine raisins, but Smyrna raisins are very much better.'"

Well, this city had been destroyed, and Aristides felt much grieved that it should be in ruins. Perhaps he loved the city better than others because it was said to have been the birthplace of the great poet, Homer. Sure it is, he celebrated its condition in a discourse somewhat like a letter to the Emperor. Marcus Aurelius was then Emperor, and he was so moved by the picture of the ruined city, and affected by the arguments that Aristides used so powerfully, that he determined to rebuild the city, and he gave orders that it should be immediately done. So you see his peculiarities, as Will calls his visions and dreams, did not destroy his power or influence. I suppose they increased it, for he delighted in telling of his communion with the spirit-world.

I cannot tell you when this orator died, or much more of his history; but he seems to have been more fortunate than many of the distinguished men of his times, since he was not banished from his native country."

"How I wish I could go to Greece, and see all these famous places," said Grace. "I wonder if people now know more than other nations, and have temples and build statues."

"The history of Greece is a sad history, and it bears now but little likeness to its former greatness, for it has been ruled by tyrants and devastated by wars; but it is now struggling again for freedom, and I hope it will yet be one of the great free nations of Europe. Its great men have made it forever famous. It was the great centre of learning."

"Is that why people call Boston the Athens of America, because they think it is the centre of learning?" asked Will.

"Yes, and because it has so many literary men residing in and near it. I suppose in fifteen hundred years from this time children will be trying to learn about Phillips, Garrison, Everett, Emerson, just as we have been trying to find the facts of the lives of Demosthenes, Pythagoras, Aristides."

"Oh, auntie," said Will, "I do want to be great; I want to do something that will make my name beloved and respected; but I never shall, for I am all the time afraid that I shan't do just as other folks have done, and be laughed at."

"It is half overcoming a weakness to see it. Do you not see that all men have been great because of an idea that was to them sufficiently great and absorbing to live and die for? If you can get such an idea, no matter what people think of you, the world will finally call you one of its heroes."

"Even if it be believing in dreams?" asked Grace.

"Yes; I should n't wonder if Dr. Frisbee should finally be a famous man, because he is not ashamed of an idea he has in his head."

"Let me see," said Kate, rubbing her head. "I have an idea, and that is that I'm going to build a dam across the brook to-morrow, and get the wheel fixed, and try and see if I can't have my factory going by night."

There was a hearty laugh all around.

"And I have an idea that you'll have rheumatism and fever, and then we'll have to have another visitation from Dr. Positive pole; so please do n't, do n't! I'll build this dam, and you shall direct how, for I learned last week that you and Grace were ten times quicker than I at planning. And that makes me think, auntie, I'll have for my idea that woman is to be the planner, man the executor."

"That means, don't it," said Kate, "that we must stay in and let you have all the fun doing things. I'll fight that idea. Come, Grace, let us run to the barn and get father's old wheel, and have it stop to the brook before Will can get time to stop us."

"Farewell, Aristides," said Will; "who can dream of orators and greatness with two wild girls bound for a frolic? Come to think of it, Aunt Zera, I believe I like to have a good romp better than study, and a good time with the girls better than trying to be great."

"Have a good time, and let the greatness come in as naturally as strength and vigor comes to the oak," said Aunt Zera, as she put her hands on Will's cheeks and held him a moment to look into his glowing eyes.

[Original.]

THE ORANGE.

This is the season when oranges are most abundant here, and almost all little children in the city have as many as is healthy, for friend sends to friend this pretty yellow fruit, while the vendors stand at the corners of the streets, offering them at so low a price that almost all can afford to buy at least one for the pet boy or girl.

It is a delicious and healthy fruit. If eaten in the morning before breakfast, it wards off many diseases that are apt to attack us in the spring. Oranges are mostly imported to this country. The Havana oranges are very sweet, and earliest in the market. A large quantity come from Spain, from Seville, and these are very fine. The island of Malta furnishes oranges of a very sweet flavor.

It is a very beautiful tree. It has a smooth bark, and evergreen shining leaves. In countries where it grows in greatest perfection the flowers, buds, and green and ripe fruit may be seen on the tree at the same time. Its flowers are delicious in their perfume, and when the tree is in bloom it makes the air deliciously fragrant.

We do not get the fruit here in its perfection, for in order to transport it so far it has to be taken from the tree in quite a green state, otherwise it would spoil in a very short time. The tree is very long-lived and very productive. A tree that is a hundred years old will be covered with fruit year after year, and present as thrifty and vigorous an appearance as if it were a young tree.

Like the apple, the orange may be kept fresh for a long time; its thick, oily rind helps preserve it, and it may be sent to all parts of the world, at almost any season of the year. A fragrant oil is distilled from the blossoms, which is much admired as a perfume. The blossoms themselves, on account of their snowy purity and sweet odor, are much used to adorn brides. Even the wood of the tree is fragrant, and tons of toothpicks are made from it and sent to all parts of the world.

Oranges are raised in some parts of our own country. In Florida there is a species that grows wild and has a very pleasant flavor. They may be raised in hothouses, and even in one's own parlor. It loves a tropical climate, and seems to have been most wisely adapted to refresh and strengthen those who live under the debilitating influences of such regions. Its juice is most refreshing to the sick, and it may well be regarded as one of Nature's most beneficent gifts to man.

Smitton on Human Immortality.

We have received from London a pamphlet of some sixty pages, entitled "Human Immortality and Kindred Topics, viewed in connection with Modern Spiritualism and its Philosophy, by William Smitton; London, J. Burns, Progressive Library, 1 Wellington Road, Camberwell, S." Of the author we know little, since this is his first introduction to us. The publisher, Mr. Burns, has rendered good service to Spiritualism by his generous and indefatigable efforts in the promulgation of the truth, and we hope that our friends in England will remember him when they have occasion to order any work bearing upon the great subject in behalf of which he has done so much.

The best commendation of Mr. Smitton's work would be to quote from it passages, illustrative of the style, and showing that he is a profound and original thinker; and of such passages there are many. Contributions like his are valuable because they are not a mere reiteration of the thoughts of others. His little pamphlet, while it sums up all that is most essential in the history and developments of modern Spiritualism, is especially interesting because of the philosophical insight which he manifests in his deductions and conclusions. In all of these we do not profess to concur, but we may admire the ability and candor with which they are expressed. From the 30th, 31st, 32d and 33d pages we quote the following—not as an example of the philosophical portions, but as embodying facts encouraging to Spiritualists:

We are Spiritualists on two grounds—1st, The cogency of its testimony; and 2d, The rationality and sublimity, the breadth and depth, of its philosophy. The latter, to us, was far more convincing as a proof of its origin than the former. The phenomena of Spiritualism are nothing more than the outposts of the citadel; they are but the vestibule of an unmeasured and immeasurable temple.

In giving our adhesion to the cause and truth of modern Spiritualism, we are only the humble followers of a host of men distinguished in the walks of Science and Literature. Not a few of the brightest intellects in England and America, and on the continent of Europe, after many years of careful investigation, have publicly testified to its truth, and written in its defence. A man certainly is neither a fanatic nor a lunatic—he is neither unwise nor unlearned, when he joins the ranks of the noble army that marches on to victory.

We may enumerate a few of the more prominent names. In America, the seat of the movement, there are the Hon. Judge Edmonds of New York; the Hon. James O'Connell of Cincinnati; the late Professor Hare of Philadelphia; Professor Britton of Boston (New York); who has written largely on the subject; the late Governor Tallmadge of Woodbury; Rev. Dr. Ferguson of Tennessee; a friend of the present President; and last, though not least, the late President Lincoln, the father of the country, was almost, if not altogether, a Spiritualist. In England, we have of late the Hon. Archbishop of Dublin, the learned Dr. Whately; Professor De Morgan, of London; and many others.

We are not positive of this name.

The London University, considered one of the greatest of living mathematicians, and Mrs. De Morgan; the redoubtable William and Mary Howitt, who stand high in the literary world, and are almost household English names; Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Hall, both well-known in the world of letters; Doctors Holtzorn and medical science; while the statesman and member of Ashburner, famous as physician; William Makepeace Thackeray, editor of the "Cornhill Magazine," and a distinguished literary; is believed to have been a Spiritualist. Robert Chambers, one of the heads of the large publishing house, "W. & R. Chambers," and himself an able and learned writer, is also believed to be a Spiritualist. Baron Teichenbach of Germany, famous for his researches in Animal Magnetism, and Allan Kardec of Paris, the leader of a distinct school of Spiritualists, are many of the more prominent Continental names. The Court of the Tuilleries, and the Court of the Tuilleries, are, it is well known, a part of the world of letters. And we hope we may be pardoned for alluding to the rumor—ill or well founded we know not—that the amiable royal lady who presides at the British Court, and reigns over these realms—a woman, we are convinced, of the finest sensibilities—is inclined to look favorably upon the spiritual movement. Need we wonder at this when we think of her intense, deathless love for the lost Albert!

Many of the middle, and not a few of the upper classes in England are believers in the movement; while in America, its adherents may be numbered by millions of every grade in the social scale, and every order of intellect, and of all the Estates.

With such formidable array of testimony in favor of the present return of departed spirits, and their ability to communicate with mortals, we may with all safety, and in accordance with every principle of sound reason, accept the theory of man's future existence as demonstrated fact, and hang thereon our belief in this immortality, which we think may also be proved from a consideration of the nature of the soul; but on this we do not now intend to enter, save to remark that we hold it to be an epitome of eternal principles, being itself, therefore, eternal or at least immortal.

Immortality! Who shall tell, far less comprehend, the infinitely great and glorious truths locked up in the word? Neither men nor angels. Can it be that even now we are the heirs, nay more, the recipients of a life that shall never die? Does the vigor of an eternal youth already sit enthroned in the soul? Yes; man is immortal. Is any knowledge, either in heaven or on earth; is any discovery in Science or Art, however profound and useful; are any distinctions—the chaplets of poets, the laurels of warriorhood, the honors of statesmen, the caduceus of kings all combined—comparable to this? Shall we turn from our notice that which demonstrates it? Ah! no. It is dear to our heart.

Man immortal! Proclaim it, oh heavens! Shout it forth, oh earth! Write it in characters of supernatural light, large as the King of Day, across the blue vault of night! Sing it out, ye choirs of heaven's minstrelsy, until all the listening stars that crowd the highway of infinitude take up the strain, and its reverberations are heard from planet to sun, from sun to system, and from system to universe!

Written for the Banner of Light.

CHARITY.

BY BELLE BUSH.

There is a maid, of gentle mien,
Who walks the earth, though oft unseen,
With cloudless brow and thoughtful serene.

She hath a home, this maiden fair,
Remote from all the scenes of care,
And heavenly guests attend her there.

Yet oft she leaves her home, to stray
In many a dark and dubious way,
Where human hopes, like flowers, decay.

She seeks the haunts of grief and care,
Dispels the clouds of dark despair,
Or hangs the bow of promise there.

Her name is Charity; and long
Her virtues have been praised in song;
Yet much that bards have said is wrong.

Some paint her with extended palms,
To all the poor dispensing aims,
And bearing gifts of healing balms.

Some only see in her a friend
To bid them in some selfish end—
To cheer, to counsel or commend.

To me she is a maiden fair,
Who decks the earth with jewels rare,
And scatters sunshine everywhere.

She never looks with pride or scorn
On any soul; the most forlorn,
The darkest and the lowliest born,

Is held by her above all scorn,
And sphered in Love's eternal morn,
Shines forth a star to glory born.

In her we see the generous mind
That good in every heart can find,
That suffers long, yet still is kind.

If chide she must, she chides in love,
And all her looks and actions prove
The depth and fervor of that love—

A love that, pitying our distress,
Looks up, and cries with tenderness,
"Forgive, dear Lord, this helplessness;

Forgive, and let thy blessings rest
On every struggling human breast,
Till Peace becomes each spirit's guest."

Thus Charity, the maiden fair,
Breathes of the earth her holy prayer,
And sunshine tracks her everywhere.

Spiritualism introduced into Le Sueur.

Allow me to introduce Le Sueur to the readers of the BANNER. It is a small town, and, like all whiteites, we are somewhat puffed up with an idea of our own importance. We have the usual assortment of religious wares kept in all enlightened places, and the vendors thereof have been exceedingly active in their efforts to get as much of the same as possible, and, no doubt, with prophetic vision, that are long they would be a druggin the market. The Baptists set the ball rolling, and converted several

Original Essays.

THE NATURAL EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS, AND ITS CORRELATION TO PHYSICAL FORCES.

BY DYER D. LUM.

For years it has been an admitted principle of Natural Philosophy that no particle of matter can be destroyed or annihilated; but it is only in recent times that the indestructibility of Forces has in like manner been demonstrated and admitted as an unquestioned principle.

We propose to take up the question of consciousness and examine its connection with these various manifestations of force.

In considering the various manifestations of consciousness and their derivation, we must first seek to analyze it and ascertain in what it consists and what limits are assigned to its manifestations in organic nature.

To this point—the correlation of forces in organic and inorganic nature, and the identity of the essential features of life from the lowest to the highest form in nature—we are led by the light of Science; but here, on the very threshold of consciousness, she pauses and fears to tread.

We will take the most common manifestation of intelligence—choice, desire, and its antagonistic expression, aversion, repulsion—and see whether they will lead us. When we see an animal make the same manifestation of choice or aversion under the same circumstances as in the human it is the expression of intelligence, we are told it is instinct.

Nature in her great Stone Book and in every form of life testifies to the gradual growth of the human race from a lower condition. We also see evidence of this in the study of language. Language is the result of growth—of accumulated experiences.

Heat is convertible into other modes of force, yet owing to conditions it is enabled to retain its identity as heat, yet we know that heat does not exist as an entity, as a totality.

So the comparison of these various degrees of development and the power requisite to transform them into an equivalent mode of force leads us to the conception of this Higher Law.

The Individualization of Consciousness is the natural sequence of its Development.

Or, in other words—

graduations that we are again puzzled where to locate the first manifestation of consciousness. Where in the animal kingdom shall we locate the first crude manifestation of like and dislike? Scientific research can designate no member of the animal kingdom but what the form next lower in the scale of nature possesses the same principle though in a lesser degree, and in thus trying to locate its limits we run over into the vegetable kingdom, as there exists no boundary line between them.

Thus a strict philosophical analysis shows us that from human intelligence down, through "instinct," "force of nature," or vegetable growth, even to chemical affinity there is but the manifestation of the same Force in different degrees owing to the external conditions and refinement of substance.

Are we then to conclude that intelligence is an attribute of Matter? by no means; we cannot so conclude. The stream cannot rise above its fountain, and in man we find this intelligence acquiring a permanency that elevates it above all known manifestations of matter, though never distinct from matter in a greater or lesser degree of refinement.

In this great primordial Force we have the Infinite, the I AM; the only Existence. All else is but the manifestation of this force, its petrified forms. These manifestations we may study and search out, but can never arise to the knowledge of this Absolute Force.

I know that it may be objected that Consciousness is persistent and never again becomes converted into other modes of force. If so, what becomes of it on the dissolution of the vegetable, the death of the animal? By the Law of the Persistence of Force it must still continue to exist, and as it does not retain its identity, we conclude that on the dissolution of the outward form, the removal of the controlling conditions, it ceases to be intelligence and becomes converted into a correlative form of force.

Therefore we are led by strict scientific inductions to conclude that intelligence is but the manifestation of Force and cannot exist as a totality—as a distinct entity—a reservoir from which we derive it, for it is an effect of Force, and like its correlatives, Motion, Gravity, Heat, &c., is but a manifestation of this Absolute Force.

Heat is convertible into other modes of force, yet owing to conditions it is enabled to retain its identity as heat, yet we know that heat does not exist as an entity, as a totality.

So the comparison of these various degrees of development and the power requisite to transform them into an equivalent mode of force leads us to the conception of this Higher Law.

The Individualization of Consciousness is the natural sequence of its Development.

Or, in other words—

The Development of Consciousness is the expression of its power of retention.

On this Law we base our philosophic belief in the continued existence of human intelligence. By this Law we must needs look for a greater retention of Identity in man than in the dog or the horse.

not a higher development.

But, it will be urged, this conflicts with the dogma of man's immortality. We grant it, for the endless existence of human intelligence is a subject that science cannot handle—it transcends the finite limits of experience, and we must rest satisfied with his "continued existence" as taught by Nature.

If man is an outgrowth from the lower forms of life, his evolution has been slow and gradual. At what degree of intelligence shall we locate the first possessor of the immortal spark? We cannot assert that the child possessed an immortality denied to the parent, for this is not conformable with creation by Law.

Through this Law we arise to a conviction of our continued identity after the death of the physical form, yet we cannot search out the nature of this Force, but only see it through its varied manifestations as Motion, Gravity, Heat, Light, Electricity, Chemical affinity, Vegetable force, Animal Instinct, Human Intelligence and Spirit-existence and conclude that "the difference between them arises from the diverse combination and disposition of identical forces, and not from any primary diversity."

TOO FAST, AND TOO AVARICIOUS.

We American people are fearfully overworked. There is a rush of physical life, to the death of intellectual and spiritual progress.

Before the time arrives when our sons are fitted to leave their schools, all the influences of pure time are urging them to hasten out into the world, and commence their career of money making.

Thus is the burden assumed at the very entrance into life, which must press on with increasing weight through all its weary length, shutting out the possibility of culture, concentrating all of life in the sole pursuit of the almighty dollar.

In social life, the evil is equally great. The ladies find their time crowded with the cares of an elaborate system of housekeeping, of visiting without the aim of improvement, and often without that of enjoyment even, and to these the added duties of dressing, shopping and sewing, leave them little time for higher pursuits.

They grow hard and unlovely with the pressure of these frivolous labors, and sink into that physical old age which is so pitiful when unrelieved by that glorious development of spirit which bestows upon its possessor immortal youth—"those truths which find us young, and always keep us so."

How have these faded faces missed that high inheritance! those brows wrinkled with petty cares, those lips of hard unlovely lines, those eyes vacant of the light of noble truths!

A simpler standard of living, one which can be obtained without the costly sacrifices which we are now paying to the external, can alone remedy these evils—simple houses, simple appointments, high aims, and a life of culture, and man blessed by tender love to humanity.

Spiritualism recognizes the superiority of the interior life; should it not make provision for its culture? It notes the shortcomings of the Christian churches; should it not arouse them by high examples? Is it doing so? NEW CHURCH.

San Lorenzo, Cal.

Rockford, Ill.

I find in the 6th chapter of Mark, 4th and 5th verses, these words: "Jesus said unto them, a prophet is not without honor, but in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own house. And he could there do no mighty work, save that he laid his hand upon a few sick folk, and healed them."

This passage of Scripture seems to be more applicable to the time in which it was written than the present; for there are many even in our midst who do not offer hands in a "few sick folk," but as and describe spirits, speak in unknown tongues, prophesy of the future, speak to large audiences, the spirits giving them utterance, &c.

Dr. E. C. Dunn, our respected fellow townsman, a able expounder of our beautiful philosophy, a healer of the sick, and discerner of spirits, accepted an invitation from the society of Spiritualists in this city, to lecture for them in Wood's Hall, each Sunday during the month of February.

Spiritual Phenomena.

The Remarkable Case in Brooklyn.

Such as refuse to look into cases of trances when duly presented to their attention by Spiritualists, are sometimes compelled to do it when authenticated by their physician. Only give such cases the title of "orthodox" and "regular," and the over sharp optics of prejudiced blind men are as quick to see what is to be seen as anybody else.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., as we are informed in detail by the Daily Eagle newspaper of that city, there lies a young lady who has been without nourishment for the term of seven weeks, but is attacked by spasms of frightful intensity, and afterwards remains in a state of perfect rigidity, during the continuance of which she is in a trance condition. Since the 6th of August last, her senses have every one been taken from her. She neither sees, smells, tastes, hears, or touches. She lies, while in the trance, mostly with her head placed in her right hand, and her limbs drawn up and fearfully contorted.

She was a very diligent child at her studies, and is believed to have overworked her brain and entire nervous system at school. She applied herself so intensely as to make it necessary to take her out entirely, her health suddenly breaking down. She took to horseback riding to restore the vigor of her system, and unluckily received a hard fall from her horse. Then in the act of getting out of a street railroad car, she caught by her hoops and was thrown to the ground, and afterwards dragged a distance, by which the injuries she received fearfully aggravated her previous ones.

Her eyes close, the ears are dead to sound, the muscles cease to act, respiration is hardly perceptible, and once or twice a state of ecstasy, indicative of mental unsteadiness, has resulted. These seasons last for four days to two hours each. When in this condition, she is powerfully clairvoyant in her faculties. She can tell the time by several watches variously set to deceive her, read unopened letters, decipher the contents of a slate, and repeats what "Mrs. Grundy says," by serving up the gossip of the neighborhood.

On a recent occasion, she fell into a deep trance while sitting in a chair, her head fell back, the limbs straightened out, the hands were clenched in a gripe which no power could break, and a cold condition of the body prevailed. Thus she remained—a living corpse—the incarnation of vitalized death—for several days, when the muscular rigidity ceased, except in her right arm and lower limbs. During all this time she could neither hear, see, feel, taste nor smell; all the avenues to life and communication were cut off. To test this, the flesh was perforated with pins, knives were used and the most powerful blisters applied to the cuticle, but without the least visible effect.

At first, a homeopathic physician was summoned to the case, but his remedies proving inefficient, hydropathic treatment followed, and she was nearly washed into her grave. Next an allopathy, or "regular," physician was called, who began by administering food and nourishment by forcing the same under the cuticle by enemata, and for the first time in seven weeks, the tracheal muscles of the patient relaxed slightly, and her physician, by forcing the pliable extension of a throat syringe by the obstructed point, was enabled to inject a little soup and milk punch into the stomach.

The name of the physician is S. Fleet Speer, a gentleman of large practice and wide repute in Brooklyn, and, though no believer in Spiritualism, obliged from the force of circumstances to keep quiet on the statement of his patient's powers of clairvoyance while in the trance state. He thinks now that he may be able to get the nervous forces under control, and is laboring with assiduity for that purpose.

At times she has been able temporarily to talk a little through her clenched teeth. To effect communication at other times she had invented an alphabet, and by the few motions left to her left hand is enabled to indicate on a pillow or book, her condition to her attendants.

Her sufferings are usually severe, and during the spasms her pain appears intense. The approach of a spasm is indicated by her head slowly moving from side to side, which is soon succeeded by a very rapid motion of the head in the same manner, the oscillations being so rapid as to be counted only with much difficulty.

For months she has eaten in all two spoonfuls of punch, two of wine, two small bits of cracker, and a small portion of banana, although she has been sustained by food introduced into the system by the pores and under the skin. She rarely perspires, and is not particularly susceptible to cold, but complains somewhat of heat. She can tell the time of day on a watch by passing her hand over the crystal, also across her room, which is always kept dark. She reads letters which are unopened, and writes out their contents correctly. Can tell the coming of a thunder storm hours in advance. Has told the City Hall fire bell would ring five minutes before an alarm was actually given.

At one time she announced to an attendant that her doctor had been or soon would be robbed, and the next day a person stole a very valuable set of instruments from his reception office.

She will tell the colors of worsted held behind her head, and by her crocheting in colors shows that she must enjoy the sight known as clairvoyance.

A Woman for Consul.

The following correspondence will be read with interest. The right of competent women to hold positions of honor and trust is about to be tested. We shall look with interest for the decision of the executive branches of our Government.

Mr. EDISON—Dear Sir: I wish to put you in possession of some facts which will undoubtedly not only interest the readers of your journal, but may of practical benefit. On the principle of giving honor to whom honor is due, the Executive Department of this nation deserve much credit.

The Secretary of State ordered the application filed, and offered me the first opening in Great Britain. It was after this that the question of negro and woman suffrage was discussed in Congress, at which time it was decided that women should be excluded and the negro invested with the right of suffrage! Whereupon I gave the Secretary of State, in writing, my views and wish on the subject, which I transcribe and send with this for publication.

The initiative then being taken, I have the promise from the President that my nomination for a consulship shall be sent in to the Senate for confirmation.

Some men in high position who have heretofore fallen in with the popular idea of woman stepping out of her sphere in holding office, &c., have come to admit the palpable inconsistency so recently manifested in our National Congress, and the justice of the desire to test the magnanimity of that body of men; therefore highly approve of the spirit of the letter alluded to.

Some of my personal friends may be glad to know of my prospects. And I hope the Ship of State will not sink lower because woman is taken on board! Yours very truly, FRANCES LORD BOND.

Washington, D. C., March 4, 1867.

HON. WM. H. SEWARD—Dear Sir: As I am deprived the privilege of a personal interview—unless hereafter you choose to grant it—I take this method to transmit to you for due consideration a scheme or plan I have, which I think will severely test the radical portion of Congress, in regard to their apparent desire for justice and human elevation, as ostensibly manifested in the recent decision of that body on the question of negro suffrage in the District of Columbia.

As you are aware, it was then and there urged that woman's capacities and intelligence should entitle her to at least equal privileges with the negro. And the staunchest champions of the doctrine of negro suffrage practically ignored the idea of woman standing on an equality with the descendants of Ham in the race for freedom, and have virtually placed ignorance and degradation in advance of reason and intellect. And all this

before they enter, details the actions of her friends in New York and elsewhere.

At one time she announced to an attendant that her doctor had been or soon would be robbed, and the next day a person stole a very valuable set of instruments from his reception office.

She will tell the colors of worsted held behind her head, and by her crocheting in colors shows that she must enjoy the sight known as clairvoyance.

Without pretending to give anything like an opinion, much less like advice, in this case, we should omit to do our nearest duty if we did not say that cases of this character are sent to baffle the skill of the old school theorists in medicine, and direct their attention to the new methods of spirit healing which are proving themselves on all sides by such frequent and powerful testimony.

It is insisted by those who claim to know, that this young lady is obsessed, and that the evil spirits can be made to quit the tenement they have forcibly taken possession of, and afford immediate relief and peace to the sufferer, if spirits of another sort are allowed to enter. But disbelief prevents it; and it is no doubt for the sake of breaking down the barriers of this disbelief that we have the report of so apparently strange an experience. But the law is a plain one, and if it be read and interpreted, may be obeyed. Call in the spirits that are ready and able to relieve this poor girl, and restore her at once to a normal condition. That would be done now, were it not for the obstinate blindness of those who surround her. Her physician of course will not at present hear to it. Yet even he can neither explain nor cure that clairvoyant power which is so actively developed in his patient while in one of her trance conditions, supervening upon his spasms. We think that all these cases are given to prepare the public mind and the medical profession for the necessity of abandoning exploded theories and resorting to spirit power for cures.

On a recent occasion, she fell into a deep trance while sitting in a chair, her head fell back, the limbs straightened out, the hands were clenched in a gripe which no power could break, and a cold condition of the body prevailed. Thus she remained—a living corpse—the incarnation of vitalized death—for several days, when the muscular rigidity ceased, except in her right arm and lower limbs. During all this time she could neither hear, see, feel, taste nor smell; all the avenues to life and communication were cut off. To test this, the flesh was perforated with pins, knives were used and the most powerful blisters applied to the cuticle, but without the least visible effect.

At first, a homeopathic physician was summoned to the case, but his remedies proving inefficient, hydropathic treatment followed, and she was nearly washed into her grave. Next an allopathy, or "regular," physician was called, who began by administering food and nourishment by forcing the same under the cuticle by enemata, and for the first time in seven weeks, the tracheal muscles of the patient relaxed slightly, and her physician, by forcing the pliable extension of a throat syringe by the obstructed point, was enabled to inject a little soup and milk punch into the stomach.

The name of the physician is S. Fleet Speer, a gentleman of large practice and wide repute in Brooklyn, and, though no believer in Spiritualism, obliged from the force of circumstances to keep quiet on the statement of his patient's powers of clairvoyance while in the trance state. He thinks now that he may be able to get the nervous forces under control, and is laboring with assiduity for that purpose.

At times she has been able temporarily to talk a little through her clenched teeth. To effect communication at other times she had invented an alphabet, and by the few motions left to her left hand is enabled to indicate on a pillow or book, her condition to her attendants.

Her sufferings are usually severe, and during the spasms her pain appears intense. The approach of a spasm is indicated by her head slowly moving from side to side, which is soon succeeded by a very rapid motion of the head in the same manner, the oscillations being so rapid as to be counted only with much difficulty.

For months she has eaten in all two spoonfuls of punch, two of wine, two small bits of cracker, and a small portion of banana, although she has been sustained by food introduced into the system by the pores and under the skin. She rarely perspires, and is not particularly susceptible to cold, but complains somewhat of heat. She can tell the time of day on a watch by passing her hand over the crystal, also across her room, which is always kept dark. She reads letters which are unopened, and writes out their contents correctly. Can tell the coming of a thunder storm hours in advance. Has told the City Hall fire bell would ring five minutes before an alarm was actually given.

At one time she announced to an attendant that her doctor had been or soon would be robbed, and the next day a person stole a very valuable set of instruments from his reception office.

She will tell the colors of worsted held behind her head, and by her crocheting in colors shows that she must enjoy the sight known as clairvoyance.

Without pretending to give anything like an opinion, much less like advice, in this case, we should omit to do our nearest duty if we did not say that cases of this character are sent to baffle the skill of the old school theorists in medicine, and direct their attention to the new methods of spirit healing which are proving themselves on all sides by such frequent and powerful testimony.

It is insisted by those who claim to know, that this young lady is obsessed, and that the evil spirits can be made to quit the tenement they have forcibly taken possession of, and afford immediate relief and peace to the sufferer, if spirits of another sort are allowed to enter. But disbelief prevents it; and it is no doubt for the sake of breaking down the barriers of this disbelief that we have the report of so apparently strange an experience. But the law is a plain one, and if it be read and interpreted, may be obeyed. Call in the spirits that are ready and able to relieve this poor girl, and restore her at once to a normal condition. That would be done now, were it not for the obstinate blindness of those who surround her. Her physician of course will not at present hear to it. Yet even he can neither explain nor cure that clairvoyant power which is so actively developed in his patient while in one of her trance conditions, supervening upon his spasms. We think that all these cases are given to prepare the public mind and the medical profession for the necessity of abandoning exploded theories and resorting to spirit power for cures.

On a recent occasion, she fell into a deep trance while sitting in a chair, her head fell back, the limbs straightened out, the hands were clenched in a gripe which no power could break, and a cold condition of the body prevailed. Thus she remained—a living corpse—the incarnation of vitalized death—for several days, when the muscular rigidity ceased, except in her right arm and lower limbs. During all this time she could neither hear, see, feel, taste nor smell; all the avenues to life and communication were cut off. To test this, the flesh was perforated with pins, knives were used and the most powerful blisters applied to the cuticle, but without the least visible effect.

At first, a homeopathic physician was summoned to the case, but his remedies proving inefficient, hydropathic treatment followed, and she was nearly washed into her grave. Next an allopathy, or "regular," physician was called, who began by administering food and nourishment by forcing the same under the cuticle by enemata, and for the first time in seven weeks, the tracheal muscles of the patient relaxed slightly, and her physician, by forcing the pliable extension of a throat syringe by the obstructed point, was enabled to inject a little soup and milk punch into the stomach.

The name of the physician is S. Fleet Speer, a gentleman of large practice and wide repute in Brooklyn, and, though no believer in Spiritualism, obliged from the force of circumstances to keep quiet on the statement of his patient's powers of clairvoyance while in the trance state. He thinks now that he may be able to get the nervous forces under control, and is laboring with assiduity for that purpose.

New Publications.

THE AMERICAN CONFLICT. Vol. II. By Horace Greeley. Hartford: O. D. Case & Co.

The publishers of this comprehensive, thorough, elegant, and truly philosophical account of the Rebellion, have just issued the second and last volume. It exhausts the subject, which is saying an immense deal for a book whose scope and purpose are so vastly extended.

So large and rapid a sale of a historical work demonstrates the liveliness of the popular feeling in relation to its great theme, and the universal desire to possess the account written by so able, painstaking and vigorous a writer.

Such a work demands far more space to treat of its character and contents than it is in our power to bestow. We can only speak, with all the emphasis which language has, of its freshness, fullness, vigor of treatment, nervousness and force of style, and thoroughness of discussion.

THE RADICAL for March. A glance at the following list of contents will show that this is a brilliant number: The Church of the Spirit, C. A. Bartol; Cheer, from an unpublished poem; Ecco Homo, George Howison; Form apart from Substance, C. K. Whipple; Dare and Know, Geo. S. Burleigh; The Natural and the Spiritual, Samuel Longfellow; Washington, John Wales; An Ordination, Editor; The Nature and Object of a Church, J. Vila Blake; What the People Read, S. C. Beach; The Radical, Editor.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW for March is a capital number. Published by J. W. Orr, 96 Nassau street, New York.

THE UNWELCOME CHILD, by Henry C. Wright, has reached its fifth thousand. Bela Marsh is the publisher.

Discussion on Spiritualism.

A correspondent informs us that the Lyceum at Georgetown, R. I., has lately finished a discussion of the Resolve: "That Spiritualism is founded on truth." The speakers in the affirmative were Mr. Edward F. Steere, who has long been known as a fearless and uncompromising advocate of the new truth, being himself impressively mediumistic to a degree which has furnished some very convincing tests, and Mr. E. W. Ross, an earnest and deliberate inquirer for the wisdom which is unshackled from the bigotry and prejudice of the dark ages; and, in the negative, Rev. C. H. Handy, the minister for the only church in the village, and Mr. H. S. Fenner, the general superintendent of the manufacturing establishment in the place.

For the pleasure and benefit of many in the audience whose sympathies for the affirmative were newly awakened, the philosophy of Spiritualism was somewhat explained, and so much of its rationale brought into the clear light, that there is no doubt but many of the listeners will be led steadily on in further inquiry and investigation.

The negative could, as usual, only attempt to refute and explain away the alleged facts, the strongest weapons, which they very freely used, being ridicule and condemnation of the real or presumed follies and imperfections of Spiritualists as a proof that the fundamental fact of modern spirit intercourse was a delusion.

The minister, in attempting to disprove the phenomena of spirit manifestations, referred to the Bible for spiritual communications, to that effect—a witness denying his own identity! The follies and imperfections of the Bible were pretty fully and plainly exposed, to the satisfaction of some, but much to the amazement of others. But it was not therefore inferred that the old Book contained no grand and valuable truths.

Let a man stand upright, and he is sure to have the whole earth at his feet.

New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE, 244 BROADWAY, (Opposite the American Museum.)

WARREN CHASE, LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT.

Whatver else our clerical brethren may lack, they must surely be credited with perseverance, even under discouraging circumstances. A few fanatics at first conceived and nursed the idea of putting God and Christianity into the National Constitution, so that outsiders might know we were a Christian nation, having discovered, no doubt, that there was no other evidence sufficient to prove it.

To a liberal-minded person, this movement of the clergy to begin in our country the union of Church and State, when all over the world the movements are in an opposite direction, looks ridiculous; and they will no doubt find it so before they get an amendment of this character added to the Constitution of our country, even by act of Congress.

Such a work demands far more space to treat of its character and contents than it is in our power to bestow. We can only speak, with all the emphasis which language has, of its freshness, fullness, vigor of treatment, nervousness and force of style, and thoroughness of discussion.

Dr. J. G. Atwood, at No. 1 St. Mark's Place, is still as successful as ever in healing the sick. He does not make much noise, but he began his labors in Lockport, N. Y., among the very first of healers by spirit aid, and has never lost his power, but has added a scientific education to his practice.

W. P. Anderson is giving sittings for pictures for a few weeks at reduced rates. Test mediums are in good demand here. Foster is looked for with impatience.

Mrs. L. F. Hyde, so favorably known in Boston as a medium, is giving good satisfaction here. Many good reports reach our office from those who have received tests through her.

We also hear good words spoken in favor of Mrs. Simons as a clairvoyant medium.

Spiritualism in Newark, N. J.

We had the pleasure of addressing two excellent audiences in Newark, on Sunday, the 3d inst., and a still more gratifying feature of the visit was to witness the monthly convention of groups and exercises of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, which, although so recently organized, is certainly one of the most promising we have visited in the country.

Jersey City, N. J.

Joseph Dixon, one of the strong minded men of the age, and a wealthy and influential citizen of Jersey City, has built a hall near his elegant residence, and holds meetings every Sunday, and has a Lyceum, a good library, music, and a large laboratory, by the use of which he gives scientific lectures as well as spiritual. We had a good visit, and attentive audience there, March 10th. More such men are needed.

News in Brief.

New York news is, dull times for business; rents going up; wages going down, and prices playing see-saw with gold over the currency as a pivot; terrible scolding by tenants and landlords. It will be all commotion till May, then quiet.

Dr. Persons in New Orleans.

This gentleman, whose remarkable healing powers we have often witnessed, seems, by the New Orleans papers and notices of cures reported for them, to be doing a great business in that city. He expects to spend the summer in New England.

Spiritual Discovery in Chemical and Medical Science.

The valuable properties of Tar in the treatment of lung diseases, coughs, and all impurities of the blood, have been long known to the medical profession. The balsamic aroma of pine trees is always grateful to the sufferer from weak and ulcerated lungs, and employment or residence in a pine country has been often known to cure persons who were threatened with death by consumption. The full value of this great natural restorative, has, however, never been practically obtained, in any form of administration, owing to the fact that a perfect solvent of tar could not be found, by which all of its properties might be brought into condition to be taken up by the blood.

This was true until the year 1852. Up to that time no solution of it had been administered, owing to the fact that a perfect solvent of tar could not be found, by which all of its properties might be brought into condition to be taken up by the blood.

It was a Dutchman who said a pig had no ears marks except a short tail; and it was a British magistrate who, being told by a vagabond that he was not married, responded, "That's a good thing for your wife."

statement of a method for making a perfect solution of Tar, and one that should retain all its valuable properties for medicinal use. The Doctor was at first skeptical upon the subject, and needed a second appeal to his attention before he thought best to test the truth of the statement.

This is not the place for an enumeration of its properties, neither is this article intended for an advertisement. In due time undoubtedly such notice will appear—but it is proper to notice this discovery, as a valuable contribution made by the spirit-world to the means of alleviating human suffering and prolonging life in the body.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

If a bee stings you, will you go to the hive and destroy it? Would not a thousand come upon you? If you receive a trifling injury, do you go about the streets proclaiming it, and be anxious to avenge it. Let it drop. It is wisdom to say little respecting the injuries you may receive.

We are prepared to supply customers with the new books of the Gem series, edited by Epes Sargent, author of "Peculiar." The two works now issued are "The Emerald" and "The Sapphire." Each volume is made up of the choicest literature of the day, which will prove excellent reading.

The Children's Lyceum, of Charlestown, will hold a Social Lecture, to aid the funds of the Lyceum, in the City Hall, on Tuesday evening, March 19th, (instead of Mechanics' Hall, as previously announced). Dancing will commence at an early hour. Refreshments can be obtained in the hall.

We have for sale the new work, in pamphlet form, of Henry Lacroix, of Montreal, Canada, entitled "The Man of Faith: Abridged views of Modern Miracles, (Manifestations), and Social Intercourse." The author says the work is the production of conscious inspiration, and we have no doubt of the truthfulness of his statement.

Dr. Charles Main has removed his office to 230 Harrison Avenue, opposite Davis street, where he will be most happy to meet his numerous friends and customers.

A Chicago woman who visited her husband's office and discovered long hairs in his hair-brush, has sued for a divorce.

A certain farmer, (a pillar of the church,) had a fine field of wheat, which, being a little late, was threatened with an early frost. In the emergency he went into his closet and wrestled in prayer with the Lord for its preservation. In his prayer he stated the facts fully, and how the wheat would be affected by the frost, and wound up his petition in these words, "Not, Lord, that I would dictate, but merely recommend and advise."

In the English House of Commons recently, an explanation was asked of the items which induced the government to ask for an appropriation of £110,000 to meet the expenses of the Paris exhibition. It was strongly intimated that the French Government was imposing expenses which had heretofore been borne by the nation holding the exhibition.

DOT. Dot is at the window. Peeping through the pane; And the summer flowers Hear the morning hours Tinkled by the silver beads of rain. Dot a moment lingers, Looking at the sky; Then her baby feet Over the carpet creep; On her cheeks the rosy dimples lie. Dot beside her mother, Takes her quiet place; Ah, the sun must be Naughty, to kiss me— How he splashes when they wash his face!"

Thirty years ago, the sterile plains of Texas—"the great desert of the Southwest"—belonged to Mexico. To-day Texas is doing more trade with the world at large than is the republic of Mexico, with its eight million of inhabitants.

Bill came into the house the other day, and asked eagerly, "Where does Charly begin?" "At home," replied Tom, in the words of the proverb. "Not a bit of it," rejoined Bill; "it begins at sea (C)."

George Peabody is to return to London in May to remain three years, when he will come back and make his permanent residence at Salem.

AS GOOD AS AN IRISH BULL.—At a prayer meeting in New Hampshire, a worthy layman spoke of a poor boy whose father was a drunkard and whose mother was a widow.

AN EIGHT HOUR LAW IN ILLINOIS.—The Governor of Illinois has signed the bill making eight hours a legal day's work in the State, in absence of contracts to the contrary. It goes into effect immediately.

Great complaint is made of the rules adopted at the Paris Exhibition. It is stated that exhibitors who accepted the invitation to contribute, find they are charged for expenses which they anticipated would be met by the French Government. The Saturday Review suggests that exhibitors will be obliged to carry their own spoons and forks.

Female preachers are increasing in England. There are now six in the field.

Sixty years ago there was hardly a craft larger than an Indian canoe on the great lakes. In 1841, the lake trade amounted to \$30,000,000; in 1845, to \$300,000,000; in 1851, to \$350,000,000; and it bids fair in 1871 to reach the enormous sum of \$1,000,000,000.

It was a Dutchman who said a pig had no ears marks except a short tail; and it was a British magistrate who, being told by a vagabond that he was not married, responded, "That's a good thing for your wife."

THE INCOME TAX.—The Internal Revenue Bureau has issued instructions to the Assessors throughout the country to begin immediately the assessments of the income tax. The time of assessments is changed from May to March, and the uniform rate of five per cent. is fixed on all incomes, with one thousand dollars exempt.

INTERESTING TO TOBACCO USERS AND LIQUOR DRINKERS.—The amount of revenue derived from cigars the past year was \$3,474,438, and from tobacco in various forms, nearly 12,000,000. Distilled liquors paid a revenue of \$29,108,578—probably not more than one-half of what was due, owing to the extent of frauds among manufacturers, some of whom have been brought up to the "bar" for their deserts.

A new opera house in Paris is to cost four millions of dollars.

We would invite attention to the prospectus of that ably conducted and neatly printed paper, the BANNER OF LIGHT, which will be found in another column of this issue. It is perhaps unequalled in point of ability, and breathes a spirit which must claim our respect if not our admiration.—Experiment, Norwalk, Ohio.

A correspondent, J. W. Mollere, of Lafayette, Ind., inquires of us the address of Dr. J. K. Bailey, the psychometrist. We do not know. If this meets his eye, will he inform us or the party named above?

TERRIBLE CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA.—The Detroit (Mich.) papers tell the following fearful story: "A little daughter of Mr. Alfred Woodruff, of the town of Greenfield, Mich., was bitten some time ago by a dog, but no symptoms of hydrophobia were at first shown. At length the poison, which, acting as a subcutaneous injection, permeated every tissue of the system, broke out in a severe form, causing the most intense suffering. A consultation was had by physicians, who decided that, as the sufferer could not possibly survive, every consideration of humanity demanded that her sufferings be ended by some means, in accordance with which, during a severe paroxysm, the child was smothered to death."

The aim of an honest man's life is not the happiness which serves only himself, but the virtue which is useful to others.

The Massachusetts Legislature is considering the question of reducing the hours of labor in manufacturing corporations.

On a grave-stone in the cemetery at Pittsfield, Mass., is carved the representation of two men fishing, and beneath appears the following lines: "I fished a fishing, as the picture shows, And left the world with all its sins and woes. To another region I took my flight In Co. with angels awaiting Christ."

"Your purse, Tom," said an indulgent father to his spendthrift son, "reminds me of a thunder-cloud." "How so, father?" "Because it's always lightning."

Mrs. P. A. Hannford has resigned to supply the pulpit of the First Universalist church in Hingham for the coming year.

The Southern relief fund raised in this city thus far reaches over \$30,000.

A lad, on delivering his milk in a neighboring city, was asked why the milk was so warm. "I don't know," he replied, with much simplicity, "unless they put warm water into it, instead of cold."

A New Work on Spiritualism.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge will be glad to receive any well-attested facts, phenomena, mediumistic experiences, or other records connected with the history of American Spiritualism, to complete her projected work on this subject. Any such contributions will be carried by Mrs. Hardinge to Europe, where her work will be written; but those who may be willing to lend her printed matter or MSS. for reference, or extracts, can receive them back within two years from the present date. Mrs. Hardinge starts for Europe in July. Those who are willing, therefore, to aid in this matter, will please send in their contributions as soon as possible. Address, after February, care of Thomas Ranney, Esq., 50 Federal street, Boston; p to then, 8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

"Christ and the People."

The "CHRIST AND THE PEOPLE" of Dr. Child is a true and clear linking of the great moral philosophy, so beautifully illustrated in the life, works and maxims of the great moral propounder who first opened the seals of the present era. In reading this fine work, all Christians, not influenced by party feelings and obsolete prejudices, will confess that it is pure gospel, less the straw which makes up that book so voluminous; it is the spirit of that book made clear and refined. Men without the shackles of creed about their individual natures, from the summit of the mount of wisdom will hail this work as a fit companion to accompany those who ascend the steep sides and craggy avenues of mental life. It is the breviary of thinkers who simplify the teachings of truth in the moral shape and form. HENRY LACROIX.

Marietta, O.

Thomas Vincent, writing from Marietta, Ohio, under date of March 7th, says:

"We have had with us a young lady by the name of Maria L. Thring, just entering the field as a lecturer, and by the way, she is a beautiful speaker. Last week E. V. Wilson paid us a flying visit, and delivered three lectures with telling effect. Why do not more laborers come this way? We want a good physical medium; and I think it would be the means of doing a great deal of good. Spiritualists number but few in this place, but Bro. Wilson has opened the eyes of the people, and now if we could keep up the interest awakened, we could soon organize a good society."

To Correspondents.

H. C. P., GEORGETOWN.—The letter was placed upon the table in our City Room, as you requested. The answer given was, "Will come soon," which fact carries conviction to our mind that your friend is in the spirit-world, although you have, you say, no evidence that such is the case. Perhaps it would be well for you to visit our Free Circle, and place a letter in person upon the table.

DONATIONS IN AID OF OUR PUBLIC FREE CIRCLES.

R. Ellis, \$1.00; Mrs. M. A. Cogswell, Belmont, Wis., .25; J. W. Hostwick, Collierville, N. Y., .25; Mrs. C. Stone, Kappa, Ill., .50; W. C. Fowler, Rockville, Conn., .50; J. H. Smith, Twin Mound, Kan., .50; Joseph Mills, Eagleville, Cal., .50; Anna Waring, Washington, Ga., .50.

The Eddy Persecution Fund.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following additional sums, to help defray the expenses of the trial of the Eddy mediums: Bowtell Brown, Woodworth, W. H., \$1.00; Joseph Cram, Hampton Falls, N. H., .25; Adgie Hilde, Ballston Spa, N. Y., .50; Mrs. C. Fowler, Rockville, Conn., .50; J. B. Hunter, for the Vineyard, N. Y., Society of Spiritualists, .75; Mr. J. Forsyth, of Buffalo, acknowledges the receipt, from D. Pease, Floyd, N. Y., of \$5.00. Further donations solicited.

Donations to Fund to Send Banner Free to the Poor.

Mrs. M. A. Pray, Ogdenburg, N. Y., \$1.00.

Donations to Bread Fund.

L. B. B., \$1.00; A. B. Osgood, North La Crosse, Wis., .50; John C. Osgood, St. Louis, Mo., .50; F. L. S. Fracker, Berca, O., .50.

To the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association.

The members of this Committee are hereby respectfully notified to attend a meeting of the Committee, to be held in the Circle Room of the BANNER OF LIGHT, Wednesday, March 20th, at half past two P. M. A full and prompt attendance is requested, as business of importance will engage their attention. GEORGE A. BACON, Cor. Sec.

Business Matters.

COURT BONA'S POEMS, just issued in book form. Price \$1.50. For sale at this office. Price 30 cents.

THE RADICAL for March is for sale at this office. Price 30 cents.

DR. URIAH CLARK'S LARGE, NEW INSTITUTE FOR INVALIDS AND LUNGEES, GREENWOOD, MASS., near Boston. Send for Circular.

JAMES V. MANFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

MISS M. K. CARBINE, Medium, will answer Sealed Letters. Terms, \$2.00, four 3-cent stamps. Address, 248 Plano street, Newark, N. J.

AGENT WANTED.—A good, reliable agent wanted by a prominent lecturer. Address, G. H., this office.

DR. L. K. COONLEY, healing medium. Will examine by letter or look of hair from persons at a distance. Address, Vineland, N. J.

We should not suffer from a Cough, which a few doses of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL will cure. Time, comfort, health, are all saved by it.

THE DEEPLY-ROOTED violence of the pain of NEURALGIA succumbs to the genial influence of DR. TURNER'S TIC-DOULOUREUX OR UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL. This disease cannot exist if the patient will faithfully take this medicine according to the printed directions. Apothecaries have it. Principal depot, 120 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Special Notices.

This Paper is mailed to Subscribers and sold by Periodical Dealers every Monday Morning, six days in advance of date.

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

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWERS, for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, Mass. June 15.

That Hacking Cough must be a source of great trouble, and will certainly produce fatal results if not attended to. Just enough of Cox's COUGH BALM to wet the throat, taken once an hour, will cure it in a very short time, and only costs 35 or 40 cents.

Such curative and healing power as is contained in Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powers, has never before been known in the entire history of medicine. See Certificates of Cures and advertisement in another column.

Remember that Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powers are the Greatest Family Medicine of the Age. See Certificates of Cures and advertisement in another column.

The most liberal terms, and also the sole agency of entire counties, for the sale of Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powers, given to Druggists, and to Agents, male and female. See Certificates of Cures and advertisement in another column.

Physicians of all schools of medicine, use Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powers. See Certificates of Cures and advertisement in another column.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

Letter Postage required on books sent by mail to the following Territories: Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah.

SARGENT'S GEM SERIES.

No. 1--THE EMERALD.

No. 2--THE SAPPHIRE.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT, Author of "Peculiar," &c.

Price per volume, in cloth, \$1.25; in paper covers, .75.

For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, 158 Washington street, Boston; also at our BRANCH OFFICE, 54 Broadway, New York. Copies sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of the price.

The purpose of the Gem Series is to bring together in a form for preservation the best of such uncollected pieces, stories, poems, &c., as have taken a very high rank as specimens of literary art, but which, to the readers of the present day, are quite inaccessible. The plan includes original translations from celebrated French and German writers; the EMERALD containing three of these; and the SAPPHIRE, the most lyrical of the name of Mr. EPES SARGENT as editor of this Series, is a guarantee that the work of selection will be well done.

The EMERALD and the SAPPHIRE are now being formed two cheap and beautiful volumes, filled with the richest and most sparkling matter.

The SAPPHIRE, amid a great variety of lighter matter, contains the whole of that wonderful treatise, so full of bright guesses and interesting deductions, entitled "The Stars and the Earth"—a treatise with which every Spiritualist will be edified and delighted.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS. The New York Times says: "The Gem Series is a collection of graphic and entertaining, but brilliant essays and poems, such as are worthy of a place in every good family library. The EMERALD is a volume of 270 pages, filled with most admirable matter, such as never can be seen elsewhere. The plan includes original translations from celebrated French and German writers; the EMERALD containing three of these; and the SAPPHIRE, the most lyrical of the name of Mr. EPES SARGENT as editor of this Series, is a guarantee that the work of selection will be well done. The EMERALD and the SAPPHIRE are now being formed two cheap and beautiful volumes, filled with the richest and most sparkling matter.

The Boston Transcript says: "The EMERALD is literally overflowing with good things, and contains some of the best of the best of the present day. It is a volume of 270 pages, filled with most admirable matter, such as never can be seen elsewhere. The plan includes original translations from celebrated French and German writers; the EMERALD containing three of these; and the SAPPHIRE, the most lyrical of the name of Mr. EPES SARGENT as editor of this Series, is a guarantee that the work of selection will be well done. The EMERALD and the SAPPHIRE are now being formed two cheap and beautiful volumes, filled with the richest and most sparkling matter.

WANTED, 1000 CANVASSERS, To sell by subscription the great, rapid-selling Book, WOMAN'S WORK IN THE CIVIL WAR. A Record of Heroism, Patriotism and Patriotism.

THE acknowledged Standard Work, prepared under the direction and approval of the United States Sanitary, the Western Sanitary, and the Christian Commissions, by Dr. L. P. BUCKNER, the eminent Historian, author of "History of the Civil War," "Life and Times of Abraham Lincoln," "Our Great Captains," "The Camp, the Battle-field, and the Hospital," &c., &c. Assisted by Major M. M. HARRIS, with an introduction by HENRY W. HILLIARD, D. D., President of the U. S. Sanitary Commission. It contains Two Hundred Biographical Sketches, (going about One Hundred and Sixty more than in any similar work,) with more illustrations and nearly fifty per cent. more reading matter, together with brief notices of Four Hundred others; while a just tribute is paid to the thousands of names who, during the war, were heroically killed, sacrificing time, wealth and health—often life—to give aid and relief to our brave and suffering soldiers. Needs of our Territory, and of our Country, are nearly met by sale. Apply personally or address, R. L. CURRIAN, Publisher, 48 Winter street, Boston, Mass. Mar. 23.

DR. MILLER'S HEPATIC POWDERS. A CLAIRVOYANTLY DISCOVERED SPECIFIC FOR THE A certain cure of all Liver Derangements. Worth their weight in gold to remove biliousness. Sent by mail, full directions, and a list of our Agents, in every State, Territory, &c. Address, DR. LEO MILLEB, Box 228, Chicago, Ill. Mar. 23.

"STAR SPANGLED BANNER."—A large 8 page illustrated paper, cheap and funniest paper out. Price of this fact and fancy. Only 50 cents a volume year, and a gift free to every subscriber, worth from 10 cents to \$25. Send 50 cents for a year, or a specimen sent for 10 cents. Address, STAR SPANGLED BANNER, Hinesdale, N. Y. Mar. 23.

MINNESOTA FARM FOR SALE.—116 acres in Carter Co. timber, arable and meadow land, and some location; excellent neighborhood. Will sell for \$2000; half on time, or 10 per cent. off for all cash. Address, D. S. FRACKER, Berca, O. Mar. 23.

Message Department.

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

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

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

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 153 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (upstairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS.

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

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

Invocation.

Our Father, and our Mother too, thou wondrous Spirit who hath rocked us in the cradle of thine Eternity through all the past, now that we have attained mature age through the experiences of life, we would come to an understanding with thee, casting under our feet all vain aspirations concerning thy whereabouts.

And yet, oh Spirit of Universes, oh Soul of Souls, oh Life of Eternity, we do not understand thee.

We pray, oh most earnestly, that thou wilt send thine angels of wisdom to enlighten us, to sweep away all our ignorance, to give us an understanding concerning thee.

Oh, our Father, though we cannot understand thee, we will trust thee with that faith which is within our being, feeling that it will lead us safe into the Kingdom of Everlasting Peace.

Feb. 26.

Questions and Answers.

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

Q.—By Samuel Gray, of Albany: If God is Nature, and Nature's laws are unchangeable, what is the object of prayer?

ANS.—Those who understand prayer best, do not expect that prayer will alter any law. It simply facilitates the action of law.

Q.—By Mrs. Caroline Thompson: Can the spirit of an infant progress, so as to be able to communicate at your circles?

A.—Since the infant possesses a distinct individualized life, it has come under the law of progression as an individuality.

Q.—By Mrs. Caroline Thompson: Can the spirit of an infant progress, so as to be able to communicate at your circles?

A.—Since the infant possesses a distinct individualized life, it has come under the law of progression as an individuality.

CHAIRMAN.—In the Spiritual Republic newspaper of Jan. 12th, I find extracts from a letter written to that journal favoring the publication of spirit messages in the BANNER.

The following extract from a letter of S. W. Eels, is evidently the promptings of a benevolent heart. It is meant as a plea for us to open the columns of the Spiritual Republic for the spirits to be heard.

Now I desire to ascertain whether the critic's remarks are correct, or otherwise. Will the intelligence now in control of the medium inform us?

Israel Frothingham.

dictates of my sympathetic nature, I should not be here to-day. But although I have listened to the voice of that nature, yet I have also listened to the demands of justice.

It is but a short time ago since I was living on the earth, surrounded by my family, friends, and in no expectation of the dark scenes that have followed since then.

When the question of secession was brought up, I was with my family in Charleston, South Carolina. For my own part, I was never quite sure as to what was best.

A few days ago I was present when my sons were talking the matter over, and one of them said, "I wish I could know what father would think of it."

I can tell them. My sons believe that slavery had an existence by virtue of the Constitution of the United States.

Well, now, let us look at that matter from its starting point. The framers of the Constitution of the United States believed that there was a tacit understanding between all the States and Territories, that slavery should soon be swept from American soil.

Well, my sons, your forefathers made a mistake. They see it now; but they did not think on earth.

Considering the circumstances attending the forming of the Constitution, it is not strange that slavery continued so long with you.

By-and-by these men who are making money at the expense of the heart of the Government will be called to the spirit-world.

If you want to talk with me face to face, or as much so as is possible for you to do, then find me some good medium, and I'll talk with you further, more in detail upon this subject.

But do not go to war against your American Government. Do not fight it. Though it is not perfect in all its proportions, yet it is the best on earth.

If you want to talk with me face to face, or as much so as is possible for you to do, then find me some good medium, and I'll talk with you further, more in detail upon this subject.

Feb. 26.

Richard J. Seleson.

I am somewhat embarrassed, sir, by coming here, for several reasons. But the most prominent one of all is that I suddenly find myself in the presence of people with whom I was at war a few years ago.

I'm not here to discourse upon the right or wrong of the course I took.

I suppose it is your custom to receive all facts that those coming are able to give concerning themselves.

I have heard in my spirit-home the call of my mother and sister. They are desolate. Their condition is changed. They have heard vague rumors concerning the return of departed spirits.

With regard to my sister, I will say, have no fear with regard to your health; it will be better there than where you now are.

are. Then the door will be closed, and there will be no opening for you. You had better go; go, by all means.

(To the Chairman).—I am deeply grateful to you, sir, for the way you have opened for our return.

Holloa, mister. I'm Johnnie Tattle; yes, sir; I'm from New Jersey. [What town?] Jersey City.

I want Aunt Mary to know I come. She said maybe I could come. I know how she thought I could come back, because Uncle William could come back.

And I want to know, mister, if I can go to Jersey City. [We can't let you take the medium there. Perhaps you may find some other medium.]

And tell her my face feels just as it did; burns like fire now. I guess it ain't all inside now; guess it's outside.

Well, you'll put it in the paper, and if ever— [Will your aunt get it?] Oh yes; she takes them. And if ever I get a chance to do anything for you, I will. [When you come again the fever won't trouble you so.]

Caroline Ritchie.

(Shaking hands with the chairman.) Oh, I am determined that John shall know I live—I am determined he shall.

Tell John I live, as much as he does. And tell him I've got ample evidence, if he'll only give me the opportunity of coming to him, to prove that I'm living.

I am here, sure. [We are glad to meet you here.] I'm glad to come.

Uriah Ritchie.

I am here, sure. [We are glad to meet you here.] I'm glad to come.

I've been told by those who understand these things, the very best thing for me to do is to come back here first, and add my testimony to the thousands who return here.

John's wife wants him to know there's a life after death. She's determined to convince him of that fact. I hope she will.

(To the Chairman).—I am, sir, Israel Frothingham. I was seventy-three years old.

I am somewhat embarrassed, sir, by coming here, for several reasons. But the most prominent one of all is that I suddenly find myself in the presence of people with whom I was at war a few years ago.

Richard J. Seleson.

I am somewhat embarrassed, sir, by coming here, for several reasons. But the most prominent one of all is that I suddenly find myself in the presence of people with whom I was at war a few years ago.

I'm not here to discourse upon the right or wrong of the course I took.

I suppose it is your custom to receive all facts that those coming are able to give concerning themselves.

I have heard in my spirit-home the call of my mother and sister. They are desolate. Their condition is changed. They have heard vague rumors concerning the return of departed spirits.

With regard to my sister, I will say, have no fear with regard to your health; it will be better there than where you now are.

Well, I shall get out of it by-and-by. We think when we get on the other side, if we are annihilated, we shall be unconsciously sorrow; and if we ain't, as the Christians tell us, we shall get away from earthly troubles.

Séance opened by Theodore Parker; closed by Thomas Campbell.

Invocation.

Oh thou whose kingdom hath neither beginning nor ending, thou whose voice Eternity hath ever listened to, thou who art the God of nations and souls, hear thou our prayers, and answer thou our petitions, so that we may be conscious that thou hast heard them.

Thou Spirit whose Infinite Love is everywhere manifested, whose Infinite Power none can deny, whose presence the soul in its interior life perpetually recognizes, thou God of all things, hear our prayers.

Oh, loving Father, thou who art dealing with us, though we cannot understand thee, stretch forth thy strong arms and in fold us, so we can come into more conscious communion with thy most holy being.

Great Spirit of this age, we feel thou art walking the earth in majesty and power. We feel thou art calling to every soul, saying, "My child, come nearer unto me."

Questions and Answers.

QUES.—Is it necessary that persons should be born with a particular faculty or function, to enable them to become what are technically called developed mediums?

ANS.—Those specialities in human life that are recognized as mediums between the seen and unseen worlds, from infancy to mature age, are such by virtue of their finely or sensitively attuned nervous systems.

Q.—Will the intelligence please to inform us if we civilized people or inhabitants have a more perfect comprehension of God than the native Indians?

A.—By no means; and many of you have not half as perfect a comprehension of God as the Indian has.

Q.—By P. W. Poulson, of San Francisco, Cal.: Is the fundamental law of homeopathy—"Stimula similibus curantur"—recognized in the spirit-world, as evident as an axiom in geometry, as certain as gravitation and the rotation of the earth?

A.—We recognize a great fundamental truth in the system of homeopathy. And we recognize, also, the fact that it may be made the agent of great good to human life.

Q.—By the same: When spirits are united in the second sphere in harmonious marriage, will they in each sphere be fathers and mothers to children born upon the same plane of development, the same as on earth?

A.—A perfect spirit, or fully developed soul, becomes in itself male and female. One is imperfect without the other.

SPRIT.—We propose to answer a query which we have received from a correspondent in New York. The correspondent says: "I have been a Spiritualist for many years."

And our answer is, "No, you have not been correctly informed." It is the fashion of many Spiritualists to make secessions of those familiar spirits who visit them, either to counsel them or to gain counsel of them from time to time.

instead of being so willing to charge them upon somebody else. Rather be willing to father and mother them yourselves.

Your consciences, which are the mirrors between the great God of the external world and the God of your own being, will always reflect the images of your thoughts for you, and you will know when you are even thinking wrong.

And oh, ye Spiritualists, ye who believe you hold communion with angels, we charge you, in the name of that vast spirit-world, that ye cease to cast your sins upon the shoulders of those who return communing with you from that unseen world.

Then if you do grasp the hand of one who would lead you astray from duty, oh then say in the face of all the world, it was myself who made the mistake.

Great Spirit of this age, we feel thou art walking the earth in majesty and power. We feel thou art calling to every soul, saying, "My child, come nearer unto me."

Theodore Williams.

The doctrine of overcoming evil with good, sometimes to me is a fine thing, when you have plenty of good to fight with; when you have n't plenty to back you up with, then it is n't so fine.

I am Theodore Williams, of was. I suppose I hail from Pennsylvania—from Clarksville, Pennsylvania.

It's rather strange that I should happen to come just as I did, to hear a sort of sermon on overcoming evil with good.

I suppose what made me feel that way, was because I'd been told all along through life that it was n't any good to die with any hard feelings toward others; and then there were some people that it used to seem to me as though I never could forgive 'em, and I can't now.

That's the very first thing I thought of when I got out of the body. I'd become minus one leg before I died.

I was engaged in the manufacture of whiskey part of the time when here; a bad business, no matter however well followed.

I'm here in pursuance of an old theme. It's this: Jacob Rhodes; and he's one of the folks I never could get any sort of forgiveness for when here.

And a word, also, to that chaplain—his name, I think, is Corlies—who was with me at death. I'd say to you, "Parson, I'm here, safe and sound; all as good as new; and I'm in search of that forgiveness you said I didn't have when I was living in the body."

And I'll try to show you some of the new things concerning life: one of them is, that you don't have to wait till the resurrection to get up.

Good-day, sir, and a good and happy passage.

Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT: J. M. FRESLES, EDITOR.

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and transact all other business connected with this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT.

The last three Sundays of this month we speak to the society of Progressive Spiritualists worshipping in Ebbitt Hall, New York.

The Spiritualism of the Bible.

Beautiful are Bibles. They are true. We believe in them. The Old and New Testaments of Jews and Christians are very precious to our soul.

We believe in oranges, too. We imbibe, we partake of them, and bless all tropical lands. Oh, how rich and delicious their yellow juices!

The Christian Bible being a collection of books, written in different ages of the world, with style of thought and imagery peculiar to the Oriental nations of the past, is susceptible of various interpretations.

The Bible is principally valuable to us for its Spiritualism. To this end we read, John vi: 63—"It is the spirit that quickeneth."

Take the method of the "laying on of hands." See Mark, xvi: 18—"And they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

See the following Scriptural passages: "And there came two angels to Sodom at even, and Lot, seeing them, rose up to meet them."

"And the Lord appeared unto him in the plains. And he lifted up his eyes and looked, and lo! three men stood beside him; and when he saw them, he ran to meet them from the tent-door, and bowed himself toward the ground."

"And the angel of the Lord found her (Hagar) by a fountain of water in the wilderness, and said, 'Whence comest thou?'"

"And Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him. And he said, 'I have slept in a journey, and I have dreamed, and I have seen.'"

The Lord descended from heaven and rolled back the stone from the door. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow.

"And behold, there talked with him two men, which were Moses and Elias." "And there arose a great cry, and the scribes strove, saying, we find no evil in this man; but if a spirit or an angel hath spoken to him, let us not fight against God."

Carefully note in the above quotations, that the terms "angels," "angels from heaven," "angels of the Lord," "men in shining garments," "men in long white garments," "men of God," "men," "the man Gabriel," "thy fellow-servant," &c., are used interchangeably, and thus necessarily signify the same spiritual beings.

The preceding Scriptural passages, with numerous others, declare in the most positive manner possible, that an "angel" touched Elijah, under a juniper tree; that the "man Gabriel" touched the prophet Daniel; that Samuel, in spirit-life, "perceived" and held converse with Saul; that a "spirit" passed before Job's face, and he heard the voice; that a "spirit" or angel spoke to Paul; that such rolled the stone away from the tomb, opened the iron gate, and unloosed Peter's chains; that an "angel" conversed with John on Patmos, that proved to be his "fellow-servant;" and that the two men, Moses and Elias, long in spirit-life, appeared and "talked" with Jesus on the Mount, in the presence of Peter, James and John.

Spiritualism bears much the same relation to the New Testament, that the New Testament to the Old Testament. The outer is the physical form, then the spiritual anatomy, and then, last and innermost, the spirit, the divine principle, or God in man.

The popular Churchianity of this age has lost these signs. Christians have not, and do not even profess to have the "gifts"; and because they have become worldly, selfish, sordid, proud, fashionable and aristocratic, caring more for the "cause" than the truth; more for the sect than the spirit of progress; more for show than the substance; the chaff than the wheat; the fleece than the flock; have they departed from the "faith once delivered to the saints." And Paul seems to have referred to the priests and churchmen of these times when he said, I Timothy, iv: 1-2—"Now the spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, (faith in ministering angels), giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils."

While seeking and cherishing all inspired truths—while admiring the good and the sainted of all ages, and while loving the beautiful precepts and principles that dropped like glittering pearls from the Nazarene's lips, and streamed so mildly, tenderly through the apostle John's life—we nevertheless respectfully invite churchmen to bury the form, the corpse of that thing they miscall Christianity.

Conductors of Lyceums.

Permit us to whisper a secret in your ears—the secret of success relative to Progressive Lyceums: It all centers in the word work. Work on week-day evenings. When you accepted the position of Conductors you virtually said, "We'll throw our whole souls into the movement, and sparing neither time nor toil, we'll fasten its prosperity to the very pulser of our inmost life."

face of a criticising audience, just before the lecture. The Philadelphia friends understand this. Accordingly Bro. M. B. Dyott opens his hospitable home two or three times each week for the practice of a certain number of groups.

Mr. Dyott and his estimable lady consider this no task, but really a pleasure. A consciousness of well-doing ever brings its own reward. These various groups, thus trained and drilled on week-day evenings, do themselves and the institution justice on Sundays. Everything is systematic, dignified, orderly. It ought to be thus in every place—might, with proper means and energy. Witnessing the workings of the Philadelphia Lyceum, though not translated, we felt ourselves very near the gate of Heaven.

Girard College.

Through the kindness of Dr. H. T. Child in securing a permit, we were allowed to visit this Institution, so precious to all philanthropists, because consecrated to the education of orphans. The structure is of marble, and truly magnificent; costing, so we were informed, two million of dollars. The thirty-four pillars cost thirty thousand dollars each—too much, certainly, to put into speechless masonry.

Being no "ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister of any sect whatsoever, shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in the said College; nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the purposes of the said college."

Attending at the close of the school-hour in the chapel, we considered the spirit of the Girard will more thoroughly set at defiance than it necessarily need be, by permitting the clergy of the more liberal denominations to enter the building. To wit: President Smith read a portion of the Scriptures, repeated the Lord's prayer, another offered a short vocal prayer, the children kneeling, and then they sang an old fashioned Orthodox hymn, from the American Sunday School Collection. This certainly savors of theologian teaching, and must exert a sectarian influence.

"I desire most earnestly that I may not be buried in any church or church-yard, or within a mile of any Presbyterian or Anabaptist meeting-house; for since I have resided in this country, I have kept so much bad company when living, that I do not choose to continue it when dead."

General Lee evidently had very little respect for either the theological dogmas or practices of the denominations above mentioned. Though professedly they were evangelical, yet knowing them as neighbors and citizens, he placed no very high estimate upon either their morals or excellencies of character. As an infidel his standard was higher.

Had Gen. Lee, Ethan Allen, Rush, Jefferson, Franklin and other eminent patriots and thinkers of the past lived under the brighter rays that gladden this century, they would have been Spiritualists, accepting its broad principles as constituting the only platform on which science and religion—reason and religion—can naturally harmonize.

A. E. Newton and his Work.

The soul innately loyal to truth, naturally responds to the heroic and the noble in all the departments of life. There are two kinds of heroes, God's and the world's. Among the latter were the Hannibals, the Cæsars, the Napoleons; these, by the drawing of their swords, caused nations to tremble. The memory of them, however, will ultimately fade into oblivion; only the good is immortal. But the heroic for humanity, the great mental and moral teachers of the world, will live in holiest memories through all the unrolling ages.

The New York Branch and the Pennsylvania Branch of the American Freedman's Union Commission (of which Chief Justice Chase is President) are both under the superintendency of brother Newton. The day and night schools of these two branches number full two thousand pupils, with thirty-seven teachers. Pupils, schools, teachers, are all under his charge. About an equal number of schools and teachers for colored children are sustained by other organizations in the District, giving an aggregate of over four thousand children, with some seventy-five teachers. Many of these teachers left not only the world of fashion and frivolity, but lucrative positions in academies and seminaries, and volunteered to teach these scholars, old and young, for just a bare support. We delight to chronicle such manifestations of self-sacrifice, of doing good for the love of the good. The teachers informed us that the progress of their pupils was perfectly astonishing; never saw we better order and discipline. The neatness of the school-rooms, though cheap, with the singing, marching and spelling, in connection with the gymnastic exercises, perfectly charmed us, and we went away with grander aims and nobler thoughts of our common humanity.

Ruskin's income is about \$118,000, of which he spends about \$7600 for his own wants, and devotes the rest to charity and the promotion of art. His model lodging houses are said to be the most successful ever established in London. He has never himself seen them, being a determined avoider of all unlovely sights.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED QUANTITATIVELY EVERY WEEK.

Arranged Alphabetically.

[To be careful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur. Should any name appear in this list of a party known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is intended for Lecturers only.]

C. FANNIE ALLEN will speak in Chelsea, Mass., March 17, 18 and 19; in Mechanic's Hall, Charlestown, during April, in Hanson, May 5 and 12, and June 2 and 9; in Stoneham, May 19 and 26. Address, North Middleboro', Mass.

Mrs. N. K. ANDROSS, trance speaker, Delton, Wis. Dr. J. T. AMOS will answer calls to lecture upon Physiology and Hygiene, at the West. Address, box 300, Rochester, N. Y.

CHARLES A. ANDREWS, Flushing, Mich., will attend funerals and lecture upon reforms.

Mrs. SARAH A. BRYNNE will speak in Mechanics' Hall, Charlestown, Mass., during a course in Boston, Comm. March 23, 30, 37, 44, 51, 58, 65, 72, 79, 86, 93, 100, 107, 114, 121, 128, 135, 142, 149, 156, 163, 170, 177, 184, 191, 198, 205, 212, 219, 226, 233, 240, 247, 254, 261, 268, 275, 282, 289, 296, 303, 310, 317, 324, 331, 338, 345, 352, 359, 366, 373, 380, 387, 394, 401, 408, 415, 422, 429, 436, 443, 450, 457, 464, 471, 478, 485, 492, 499, 506, 513, 520, 527, 534, 541, 548, 555, 562, 569, 576, 583, 590, 597, 604, 611, 618, 625, 632, 639, 646, 653, 660, 667, 674, 681, 688, 695, 702, 709, 716, 723, 730, 737, 744, 751, 758, 765, 772, 779, 786, 793, 800, 807, 814, 821, 828, 835, 842, 849, 856, 863, 870, 877, 884, 891, 898, 905, 912, 919, 926, 933, 940, 947, 954, 961, 968, 975, 982, 989, 996, 1003, 1010, 1017, 1024, 1031, 1038, 1045, 1052, 1059, 1066, 1073, 1080, 1087, 1094, 1101, 1108, 1115, 1122, 1129, 1136, 1143, 1150, 1157, 1164, 1171, 1178, 1185, 1192, 1199, 1206, 1213, 1220, 1227, 1234, 1241, 1248, 1255, 1262, 1269, 1276, 1283, 1290, 1297, 1304, 1311, 1318, 1325, 1332, 1339, 1346, 1353, 1360, 1367, 1374, 1381, 1388, 1395, 1402, 1409, 1416, 1423, 1430, 1437, 1444, 1451, 1458, 1465, 1472, 1479, 1486, 1493, 1500, 1507, 1514, 1521, 1528, 1535, 1542, 1549, 1556, 1563, 1570, 1577, 1584, 1591, 1598, 1605, 1612, 1619, 1626, 1633, 1640, 1647, 1654, 1661, 1668, 1675, 1682, 1689, 1696, 1703, 1710, 1717, 1724, 1731, 1738, 1745, 1752, 1759, 1766, 1773, 1780, 1787, 1794, 1801, 1808, 1815, 1822, 1829, 1836, 1843, 1850, 1857, 1864, 1871, 1878, 1885, 1892, 1899, 1906, 1913, 1920, 1927, 1934, 1941, 1948, 1955, 1962, 1969, 1976, 1983, 1990, 1997, 2004, 2011, 2018, 2025, 2032, 2039, 2046, 2053, 2060, 2067, 2074, 2081, 2088, 2095, 2102, 2109, 2116, 2123, 2130, 2137, 2144, 2151, 2158, 2165, 2172, 2179, 2186, 2193, 2200, 2207, 2214, 2221, 2228, 2235, 2242, 2249, 2256, 2263, 2270, 2277, 2284, 2291, 2298, 2305, 2312, 2319, 2326, 2333, 2340, 2347, 2354, 2361, 2368, 2375, 2382, 2389, 2396, 2403, 2410, 2417, 2424, 2431, 2438, 2445, 2452, 2459, 2466, 2473, 2480, 2487, 2494, 2501, 2508, 2515, 2522, 2529, 2536, 2543, 2550, 2557, 2564, 2571, 2578, 2585, 2592, 2599, 2606, 2613, 2620, 2627, 2634, 2641, 2648, 2655, 2662, 2669, 2676, 2683, 2690, 2697, 2704, 2711, 2718, 2725, 2732, 2739, 2746, 2753, 2760, 2767, 2774, 2781, 2788, 2795, 2802, 2809, 2816, 2823, 2830, 2837, 2844, 2851, 2858, 2865, 2872, 2879, 2886, 2893, 2900, 2907, 2914, 2921, 2928, 2935, 2942, 2949, 2956, 2963, 2970, 2977, 2984, 2991, 2998, 3005, 3012, 3019, 3026, 3033, 3040, 3047, 3054, 3061, 3068, 3075, 3082, 3089, 3096, 3103, 3110, 3117, 3124, 3131, 3138, 3145, 3152, 3159, 3166, 3173, 3180, 3187, 3194, 3201, 3208, 3215, 3222, 3229, 3236, 3243, 3250, 3257, 3264, 3271, 3278, 3285, 3292, 3299, 3306, 3313, 3320, 3327, 3334, 3341, 3348, 3355, 3362, 3369, 3376, 3383, 3390, 3397, 3404, 3411, 3418, 3425, 3432, 3439, 3446, 3453, 3460, 3467, 3474, 3481, 3488, 3495, 3502, 3509, 3516, 3523, 3530, 3537, 3544, 3551, 3558, 3565, 3572, 3579, 3586, 3593, 3600, 3607, 3614, 3621, 3628, 3635, 3642, 3649, 3656, 3663, 3670, 3677, 3684, 3691, 3698, 3705, 3712, 3719, 3726, 3733, 3740, 3747, 3754, 3761, 3768, 3775, 3782, 3789, 3796, 3803, 3810, 3817, 3824, 3831, 3838, 3845, 3852, 3859, 3866, 3873, 3880, 3887, 3894, 3901, 3908, 3915, 3922, 3929, 3936, 3943, 3950, 3957, 3964, 3971, 3978, 3985, 3992, 4000, 4007, 4014, 4021, 4028, 4035, 4042, 4049, 4056, 4063, 4070, 4077, 4084, 4091, 4098, 4105, 4112, 4119, 4126, 4133, 4140, 4147, 4154, 4161, 4168, 4175, 4182, 4189, 4196, 4203, 4210, 4217, 4224, 4231, 4238, 4245, 4252, 4259, 4266, 4273, 4280, 4287, 4294, 4301, 4308, 4315, 4322, 4329, 4336, 4343, 4350, 4357, 4364, 4371, 4378, 4385, 4392, 4399, 4406, 4413, 4420, 4427, 4434, 4441, 4448, 4455, 4462, 4469, 4476, 4483, 4490, 4497, 4504, 4511, 4518, 4525, 4532, 4539, 4546, 4553, 4560, 4567, 4574, 4581, 4588, 4595, 4602, 4609, 4616, 4623, 4630, 4637, 4644, 4651, 4658, 4665, 4672, 4679, 4686, 4693, 4700, 4707, 4714, 4721, 4728, 4735, 4742, 4749, 4756, 4763, 4770, 4777, 4784, 4791, 4798, 4805, 4812, 4819, 4826, 4833, 4840, 4847, 4854, 4861, 4868, 4875, 4882, 4889, 4896, 4903, 4910, 4917, 4924, 4931, 4938, 4945, 4952, 4959, 4966, 4973, 4980, 4987, 4994, 5001, 5008, 5015, 5022, 5029, 5036, 5043, 5050, 5057, 5064, 5071, 5078, 5085, 5092, 5099, 5106, 5113, 5120, 5127, 5134, 5141, 5148, 5155, 5162, 5169, 5176, 5183, 5190, 5197, 5204, 5211, 5218, 5225, 5232, 5239, 5246, 5253, 5260, 5267, 5274, 5281, 5288, 5295, 5302, 5309, 5316, 5323, 5330, 5337, 5344, 5351, 5358, 5365, 5372, 5379, 5386, 5393, 5400, 5407, 5414, 5421, 5428, 5435, 5442, 5449, 5456, 5463, 5470, 5477, 5484, 5491, 5498, 5505, 5512, 5519, 5526, 5533, 5540, 5547, 5554, 5561, 5568, 5575, 5582, 5589, 5596, 5603, 5610, 5617, 5624, 5631, 5638, 5645, 5652, 5659, 5666, 5673, 5680, 5687, 5694, 5701, 5708, 5715, 5722, 5729, 5736, 5743, 5750, 5757, 5764, 5771, 5778, 5785, 5792, 5799, 5806, 5813, 5820, 5827, 5834, 5841, 5848, 5855, 5862, 5869, 5876, 5883, 5890, 5897, 5904, 5911, 5918, 5925, 5932, 5939, 5946, 5953, 5960, 5967, 5974, 5981, 5988, 5995, 6002, 6009, 6016, 6023, 6030, 6037, 6044, 6051, 6058, 6065, 6072, 6079, 6086, 6093, 6100, 6107, 6114, 6121, 6128, 6135, 6142, 6149, 6156, 6163, 6170, 6177, 6184, 6191, 6198, 6205, 6212, 6219, 6226, 6233, 6240, 6247, 6254, 6261, 6268, 6275, 6282, 6289, 6296, 6303, 6310, 6317, 6324, 6331, 6338, 6345, 6352, 6359, 6366, 6373, 6380, 6387, 6394, 6401, 6408, 6415, 6422, 6429, 6436, 6443, 6450, 6457, 6464, 6471, 6478, 6485, 6492, 6499, 6506, 6513, 6520, 6527, 6534, 6541, 6548, 6555, 6562, 6569, 6576, 6583, 6590, 6597, 6604, 6611, 6618, 6625, 6632, 6639, 6646, 6653, 6660, 6667, 6674, 6681, 6688, 6695, 6702, 6709, 6716, 6723, 6730, 6737, 6744, 6751, 6758, 6765, 6772, 6779, 6786, 6793, 6800, 6807, 6814, 6821, 6828, 6835, 6842, 6849, 6856, 6863, 6870, 6877, 6884, 6891, 6898, 6905, 6912, 6919, 6926, 6933, 6940, 6947, 6954, 6961, 6968, 6975, 6982, 6989, 6996, 7003, 7010, 7017, 7024, 7031, 7038, 7045, 7052, 7059, 7066, 7073, 7080, 7087, 7094, 7101, 7108, 7115, 7122, 7129, 7136, 7143, 7150, 7157, 7164, 7171, 7178, 7185, 7192, 7199, 7206, 7213, 7220, 7227, 7234, 7241, 7248, 7255, 7262, 7269, 7276, 7283, 7290, 7297, 7304, 7311, 7318, 7325, 7332, 7339, 7346, 7353, 7360, 7367, 7374, 7381, 7388, 7395, 7402, 7409, 7416, 7423, 7430, 7437, 7444, 7451, 7458, 7465, 7472, 7479, 7486, 7493, 7500, 7507, 7514, 7521, 7528, 7535, 7542, 7549, 7556, 7563, 7570, 7577, 7584, 7591, 7598, 7605, 7612, 7619, 7626, 7633, 7640, 7647, 7654, 7661, 7668, 7675, 7682, 7689, 7696, 7703, 7710, 7717, 7724, 7731, 7738, 7745, 7752, 7759, 7766, 7773, 7780, 7787, 7794, 7801, 7808, 7815, 7822, 7829, 7836, 7843, 7850, 7857, 7864, 7871, 7878, 7885, 7892, 7899, 7906, 7913, 7920, 7927, 7934, 7941, 7948, 7955, 7962, 7969, 7976, 7983, 7990, 7997, 8004, 8011, 8018, 8025, 8032, 8039, 8046, 8053, 8060, 8067, 8074, 8081, 8088, 8095, 8102, 8109, 8116, 8123, 8130, 8137, 8144, 8151, 8158, 8165, 8172, 8179, 8186, 8193, 8200, 8207, 8214, 8221, 8228, 8235, 8242, 8249, 8256, 8263, 8270, 8277, 8284, 8291, 8298, 8305, 8312, 8319, 8326, 8333, 8340, 8347, 8354, 8361, 8368, 8375, 8382, 8389, 8396, 8403, 8410, 8417, 8424, 8431, 8438, 8445, 8452, 8459, 8466, 8473, 8480, 8487, 8494, 8501, 8508, 8515, 8522, 8529, 8536, 8543, 8550, 8557, 8564, 8571, 8578, 8585, 8592, 8599, 8606, 8613, 8620, 8627, 8634, 8641, 8648, 8655, 8662, 8669, 8676, 8683, 8690, 8697, 8704, 8711, 8718, 8725, 8732, 8739, 8746, 8753, 8760, 8767, 8774, 8781, 8788, 8795, 8802, 8809, 8816, 8823, 8830, 8837, 8844, 8851, 8858, 8865, 8872, 8879, 8886, 8893, 8900, 8907, 8914, 8921, 8928, 8935, 8942, 8949, 8956, 8963, 8970, 8977, 8984, 8991, 8998, 9005, 9012, 9019, 9026, 9033, 9040, 9047, 9054, 9061, 9068, 9075, 9082, 9089, 9096, 9103, 9110, 9117, 9124, 9131, 9138, 9145, 9152, 9159, 9166, 9173, 9180, 9187, 9194, 9201, 9208, 9215, 9222, 9229, 9236, 9243, 9250, 9257, 9264, 9271, 9278, 9285, 9292, 9299, 9306, 9313, 9320, 9327, 9334, 9341, 9348, 9355, 9362, 9369, 9376, 9383, 9390, 9397, 9404, 9411, 9418, 9425, 9432, 9439, 9446, 9453, 9460, 9467, 9474, 9481, 9488, 9495, 9502, 9509, 9516, 9523, 9530, 9537, 9544, 9551, 9558, 9565, 9572, 9579, 9586, 9593, 9600, 9607, 9614, 9621, 9628, 9635, 9642, 9649, 9656, 9663, 9670, 9677, 9684, 9691, 9698, 9705, 9712, 9719, 9726, 9733, 9740, 9747, 9754, 9761, 9768, 9775, 9782, 9789, 9796, 9803, 9810, 9817, 9824, 9831, 9838, 9845, 9852, 9859, 9866, 9873, 9880, 9887, 9894, 9901, 9908, 9915, 9922, 9929, 9936, 9943, 9950, 9957,