

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 6.

THE HEART'S ANGEL.

BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

A little angel lost its way,
And wandered out of Heaven;
Two mortals took it in, and said:
"Behold what God has given!"

The angel missed the Eden-flowers;
The earth looked cold and drear;
They wrapped it closer in their love,
And held it still more dear.

But, like the Peri—out of Heaven
All other life seemed vain—
'T was plain to see its little soul
Kept struggling back again.

And so one morning when the flowers
Were opening to the sun,
The angels found and took it home—
Their little wandering one.

They wept, poor mortals, when they missed
The angel from their home,
But ever after heard a voice
From Heaven, that whispered, "Come!"

And has not every human soul
Some white-robed angel given,
A moment seen and then withdrawn,
To lure it on to Heaven?

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

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

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

AUNT ZERA'S STORIES.

Have you learned to love Aunt Zera? Have her thoughts won your hearts, and as you listened to her words have you ever wished to see her? Perhaps some of you have forgotten the description I gave of her—of her little dainty figure; of her auburn curls, of her becoming costume, and of her bright, sweet smile, that made her face radiant and youthful.

"How sweet she looked in her little dotted muslin in the summer, and how warm the room seemed in winter, when her claret merino spread its folds on the brown carpet! Was it the dress or the warm heart? * * * She was not like anybody else—this dear aunt, so much younger than her brothers and sisters, who had children that looked as old as she.

But there is something so sweet in the loving title of aunt, that no wonder many loved to call her by it, and they were very sure that she would not be afraid of seeming old by having the title applied to her. She grew old? No, never. Every day she grew younger; you could see that she did by the love that increased, so that her smile seemed to be like the going up of the sun—every minute reaching further and further with its light."

This was no imaginary picture. In my mind I had the thought of a beloved friend, who held a place in my heart so sweet and tender that I did not know of any words to tell of it. Very poor was the description I gave; but I always thought I could make the words she spoke represent a little of the pure, unselfish, brave-hearted friend.

Two weeks ago, I saw that dear frame, silent and still. Embosomed in lovely flowers, with her little hands clasped as she used to do when she had a glad surprise to tell one of, she lay like a sweet, fair child. Her body was thus to be borne in its beauty to its last resting place.

This dear friend was Sara E. Payson. Her name is familiar to many of you, and perhaps some of you do not know that she has found a home with the angels.

But why do I wish to tell you of anything so sad? It is not the sadness that so many of us must feel that I wish to repeat or to dwell upon, for those of us who miss her cannot yet help the sadness that comes from loss of her dear presence among us. But it is of a beautiful, cheerful life that I wish to tell you—a life consecrated to goodness and love, and that carried with it ever a gladness as of spring time.

These soft spring days seem like her life, and it was beautiful that she should die just as the earth—whose beauty she so loved—was kindling itself into freshness, and preparing to put on its garments of loveliness. For just so was her life the preparation for the blossoming time of her spirit in its true home in heaven.

That life began in a quiet country village, and it was full of gladness and love. She loved every beautiful thing. The little flowers seemed close to her heart, and the sunshine was almost a part of herself. The river had a music just suited to her, and the birds were as friends to her.

Very early she showed a remarkable tenderness and pity for anything in trouble. A little insect found a friend in her, and no animal could ever want a good thing that she could bestow. Her home was in a lovely spot on the banks of a fine river, and shadowed about by protecting hills.

It was in her free life here, with the beautiful things about her and her few companions, that she became as it were united to all the beautiful things of the world, for she took the love of things into her young heart, and she never could mistake what was good and beautiful afterwards. She loved to turn back to the sunny days of her childhood, because she had nothing to remember but love and goodness.

When I first knew her she was still like a glad, happy child. It was a joy to be near her. If you have seen, on a cloudy day, the sun break forth, and the earth, that was before dark and gloomy, become transformed into glowing beauty, then

you can think what her presence was. She shed abroad her life without knowing it, and because that spiritual life was full of love and goodness it made others blessed.

How many sweet pictures are laid up in my memory of those happy days. In sunny summer afternoons we would sit in her room, that overlooked the Contocook river, and watch the rippling waters, and the uplifted palms of the sumach, and wonder and dream, until a merry laugh of hers would bring us back again to our work. She had then perfect faith in the presence of spirits about her, and as the western light stole into that pleasant chamber, it seemed as if the words of Longfellow were realized, and the beloved forms were with us, inspiring our hopes, and giving us a little foretaste of heaven.

Into every act of her life came those thoughts of heaven, and of spiritual things. Her mother's memory was held most sacred, and she longed to ever feel near to her and to do her angelic bidding. She had such a sense of the spirit within each human form, that she never thought whether one was rich or poor, but only of the soul that was in them. How tenderly did she speak to little children. I remember some in humble life that she petted and caressed; never thinking whether they lived in a home that was attractive as she went on her visit to them, but only of their sweet innocence, and their need of love, and some refining influence. I believe she would have taken every one she knew to a home of beauty if it had been possible.

I have never seen lovely flowers since I knew her, without a thought of her, so much a part of herself did they seem. She moved among them in the garden as if she found sweet companionship with them. The sweet wild flowers of the woods were touched by her fingers with a gentleness as if they were holy things. There was the same refined manner in the wildwood as in the parlor with her.

She loved people for what they were, and never because they were in high position. For many years she was surrounded with beautiful things, and came constantly in contact with people of wealth and position. But she measured all people by their real merit, and never lost in the least her simplicity of manner. She had a large charity, and yet if persons did a real wrong, she could not respect them, no matter how they stood in the world.

One incident of her life—of which I might give many—I must tell you of. It was a dreary day in winter. The wind was chilly, and the sky leaden. We were in the city together. She had been out, and came running back with her lightest step. "I have an old woman down stairs that I could not let go from me," she said. "Why! she has no garments on to keep her from the cold, only the thinnest of dresses, and yet I have nothing suitable, but this pretty blue sack. I dare say she will pawn it for whiskey, but she must have it. I can't let her go so, poor thing." And the pretty blue merino sack was given to the poor beggar. And now what sort of a garment will her spirit put on in place of that one? Will it not be radiant with the angels' blessings?

It was thus that I ever found her, with a glad, sunny heart like a summer's day, yet as strong in the right and unyielding in principle as one of the mountains about her home. And what I have said about her I am sure all who knew her would say, and much more.

Her first object in life was to do something to bless the world, something that would bring a gladness to sad hearts or rest and strength to tired bodies. But her purposes were often thwarted by a duty that to her was binding, the care of an invalid sister, already old, and with a mind that could give little comfort to others. But she always studied and read, and brought to herself all the beautiful thoughts of others that it was possible to bring.

She invented a most ingenious apparatus, for giving with little trouble or expense steam-baths, and received a most commendatory letter from the Scientific American in relation to it, but she never went further in placing it before the public, because everybody wanted to make money out of it, and that was not her purpose, but to give comfort to those who could not obtain so simple a luxury as a thorough steam-bath.

But the work she loved best was done for children. Her stories were published in the Herald of Progress, and it was a great delight to her to write them, and to feel the influence they might have over children. I trust that they will some day be published in book form, as this was always her intention.

She was also greatly interested in the Children's Lyceum, and selected the colors for the badges, and arranged them with great care. I am sure that many of you will be glad to feel that her true and noble hands have worked on the little emblem that signifies your place in the group. She would walk for hours and enter those innumerable in order to get precisely the shade she wished to represent the group. I used to say, "Do not tire yourself so for a little thing like that." She would reply, "Oh, they are so much more beautiful to be just right."

With the great object of blessing the world she began the study of medicine, desiring to be a physician to children. She was so earnest in her studies and so loved them, that there was no task in all she did. I used to picture her in the future as carrying courage and hope to many an anxious mother, and I could see in fancy the sparkle of the little eyes that would love to be cured by so gentle a hand as hers.

But an incurable disease was already upon her, and when her friends first knew she was ill, she was too weak to write to them or to talk much to them. Her sufferings for four weeks were very great, and when I at last touched her hand, I could feel how hard it is for the body to give up the spirit.

But I wish to tell you of her faith and trust.

She talked of the spirit's home with a joyful gladness. She wanted to go, and yet she desired most to live, for "Oh," she said, "there is so much to do for the world."

What a golden thread of life my hand seemed to be holding as I touched her's then. All her beautiful childhood was there; all the sunny days of her youth; the thousands of loving deeds, the holy aspirations, the earnest efforts, and joining to those was all her future hopes and assurances of blessedness in heaven. It was indeed like standing by the gate of heaven, yet with the sad sense that we might not follow as she entered.

"Wherever I am I shall never be far from you," she said. "My boat touches the shore, but the angels do not yet take it in," she whispered.

She said one of her greatest delights in the spirit-world would be the care of the little pet girl that she loved so dearly, and who had been an angel for three years. So natural and real was the spirit home to her that she talked of it as of a place she had chosen to reside in.

And thus for a few days more, in the midst of fearful bodily struggles, her spirit triumphantly rejoiced, and then she fell asleep to the things of this world for a little while. Her frail and delicate body was borne by those who loved her, covered by rare flowers, to a resting place that she had chosen under a weeping larch at the end of an avenue of pines.

There was not a sound to break the stillness of that first entire rest of her body; but now the birds are merrily singing close by, perhaps building their nests over her head. It is just as she would have it—the whole world is glad in the spring-time, and so is she in the spring-time of her spirit. Her life is not ended even here, for already that love her began to feel that her promise is fulfilled, and that "she has come again" to be about her Father's work; to bless those that she longed to bless here; to give faith to those that doubt, and courage to those who are fearful.

The way to heaven is a more beautiful way since she entered it. The ways of the world have something nobler in them than ever before. The world is a better world for the life she lived in; heaven is a nearer place and dearer since she entered it.

Ah, if we can but live as good and true a life, and gain as blessed a home as she, we shall be glad for all the moments given us, and for all the struggles we may have to make. The most beautiful lesson of her life is the cheerful gladness that she shed abroad everywhere; and all along her path of life will come back the holy influence of her spirit, like a divine light shed upon the earth.

ZULE, THE LITTLE STREET-SINGER.

BY SARA E. PAYSON.

On a beautiful sea-island, where it is perpetual summer, where birds of gay plumage sing in the orange-groves, and the air is laden with the odor of flowers and spices, lived a little girl whose name was Zule.

Zule was not quite ten years old when her father left their island home, and embarked with her in a great ship, which, he said, was going to America.

It grieved Zule to leave the pretty vine-clad cottage which had always been her home, and to console her, her father gave her permission to take her pet pigeon, Tekle.

When they had been some days at sea, they were overtaken by a great storm, that beat the ship hither and thither, as if it were a toy.

The noise of the wind and waves terrified Zule very much at first, but her father told her no real harm but she could come to any one. "If the vessel should be wrecked, my child," he said, "and our bodies are drowned, our spirits will soon awaken in a world where there are no storms. You remember, do you not, what I told you of the angels who watch over us, and who are ever ready to come, if we need them?"

Zule felt no more fear, and when at last the ship went down, and all on board were swept beneath the billows, Zule, clinging to her father's neck, still trusted the angels. As her father had said, they came, a great number, to bear their loved ones home, but Zule was not taken by them, because as day broke a huge wave bore her to a vessel which was passing not far off, and the captain seeing her ordered a boat to be put out for her rescue. Thus Zule was separated from her father, who ascended with the angels.

At first she could not be comforted that they had not taken her also—it was so dreary to be left alone in the world wide.

As Zule sat weeping, suddenly Tekle perched himself on her shoulder. She could not believe that her eyes saw truly, until Tekle put his bill to her lips to be fed.

"Poor birdie! you are wet and hungry. I will ask one of the kind sailors to give you some bread. How did you know where to find me after the storm? If my father had not let me bring you, I should be all alone now. I have nobody to love me but you, dear Tekle. You will never leave me, will you?"

Tekle assured his little mistress, by cooing, that he would be faithful to her through every fortune. Zule learned that the vessel which had rescued her was bound for the same country as that in which her father had taken passage.

There were many emigrants on board, and Zule's loneliness excited their pity.

kept as near the harpist as she could for the crowd.

Her secluded island life had made her very timid, and when the street children gathered round to hear her sing, it would have been hard to tell which heart beat the fastest, her's or Tekle's.

When night fell, the old man took Zule to a place of shelter—a wretched place enough—but where other poor wanderers like themselves were glad to rest their weary bodies. These persons were, most of them, ignorant and vicious, and their quarrels terrified Zule so much, she cried until she fell asleep. But in her dreams her wanderings were all forgotten. Again she was in her beautiful island home, playing beneath the orange trees. Tekle flew from branch to branch among the bright tropical birds, looking down at her with his soft eyes, trusting that his mistress would not let any bird of gayer plumage take his place in her heart; and more than once the presence of the innocent child, smiling in her sleep, checked a rising oath.

When the sun was up, Zule went forth again with the old harpist, with Tekle hidden under one arm, for fear of the street children, whose curiosity about him might cause him to fly away.

But as Zule was looking in at a toy-window, where everything was new and wonderful to her, a boy came behind, and catching at Tekle's tail, tried to steal him. In his fright poor Tekle flew to the top of the highest roof. In vain Zule called and beckoned to him. He was so busy smoothing his ruffled feathers that he did not see her, and the harpist having finished his tune, Zule was forced to follow him, or be lost.

Who can imagine the grief of Zule at being parted from Tekle, the only thing left on earth that she loved! Her sobs afflicted the kind old harpist so much that he bought her a doll with the little money he had collected during the morning. But what was the lifeless image compared to Tekle's warm breast? When she sang her voice was full of tears, and made her auditors weep.

"Poor dear!" said a motherly woman. "Who knows but the old man is cruel to her!" And she slipped an orange into Zule's hand. The odor of the fruit but the more vividly made her realize the loss of her pigeon.

"Ah, Tekle and I," she cried, "will neither of us see our beautiful island again!"

Zule was a good, sensible little girl. When she remembered how much the old harpist had done to make her happy, and saw how her grief troubled him, she resolved to make the best of Tekle's flight.

"Something much worse might have happened," she said to herself. "I had rather have him safe on the roof than carried off by the wicked boy. Perhaps he will find some other doves, and they will be sure to love him, for nobody can help loving Tekle."

Zule always spoke of birds as if they were persons, because they had been her companions.

"Now I will help the old man as much as I can. Papa used to tell me if I did what was right I was certain to be happy, whatever happened."

Then Zule tried to smile, and the old man looked much pleased.

As the weather grew colder, the harpist bought Zule a little red blanket and gay-colored hood. Then he called her his red bird, and looked very proud.

"He does everything for me, and I can do nothing for him but sing," thought Zule. "How the cold makes him shiver, and how stiff his fingers get when he plays!"

One morning when Zule awoke and went to where the old harpist lay, he was unable to speak to her, and he looked so white that she roused all the sleepers near with her cries for help.

"He'll never need a bed here again," they said, as they signified to Zule that the old man was dead.

At first Zule wept bitterly at the loss of her friend and protector, but her cheerful, brave spirit tried to look on the bright side.

"He was so old, and it's so cold here, he must be glad to be where it is warm and beautiful, like my home. I'll try to be glad, too."

Zule never thought of the land of spirits without a remembrance of her island home, for it was the most beautiful place her mind could conceive.

An organ-grinder, who had seen Zule with the harpist, met her wandering alone, and asked her if she would go with him if he would teach her to play a tambourine; but Zule shook her head, and ran away from him as fast as she could. A while after, an Italian boy, who played the guitar, and who had but one leg, accosted her, and inquired if she were not the little girl he had seen with the old harpist, and if she would join company with him.

Zule felt very sorry for him because he was a cripple. His gentle voice also won her, and she readily assented. But when it grew dark, the little boy, having no place to which to take her, bought her a loaf of bread, and saying regretfully, "We may not meet again," bade her good-by.

Zule looked after him as his figure retreated in the darkness. It grew dark and desolate in her heart, too, for why was it that as soon as it began to throb with love for any object, the object was taken from her? As she leaned wearily against an iron railing inclosing a church, the warden unlocked the gate, and entering, left it without turning the key. Without thinking what she wished or intended, Zule followed, and sat down within the porch. Before her returned sleep overcame her, and it was so dark he passed without noticing that a little girl lay sleeping, with only a stone step for a pillow.

The sun was shining brightly when Zule awoke, and she crept out of her nook to warm herself in its rays; for she was quite benumbed with cold.

The gate was fast locked, the railing too high to climb, and Zule found that she had made herself a prisoner. She was wishing the warden would come and set her free, when a dove lighted on her shoulder.

"Tekle! Tekle! my precious, beautiful bird, where did you come from? and how did you know that I was imprisoned? You know everything, Tekle! There never was such another pigeon in the world!"

Zule put a piece of bread between her lips, holding Tekle on the back of her hand, just as he had been accustomed to take his food from her. This attracted so many persons, particularly children, who were passing, that soon Zule had a row of spectators around the railing. The children offered fruits and nuts to see if the dove would eat them, and thus supplied Zule with food enough for the day.

"Am I not glad now to be locked in where nobody can get at Tekle?—and it's only a little while since I was wishing to get out!"

Toward night the warden came again. The mystery was as great to him as to any one else how the strange little girl and her dove came to be locked inside the gate. In vain he asked an explanation of Zule. Her few broken words of English only perplexed him the more, and the sight of the dove on her shoulder excited fears in his superstitious mind that it was a forewarning of something which was to happen to him. So he crossed himself as he led her out of the gate, and closing it carefully, crossed himself again, asking the Virgin to protect him.

"What's the matter?" inquired a policeman, whose beat led him that way.

"It's a child, with a dove, that's threatening me, or the holy Church. May the Blessed Mother defend us!"

Zule looked up very pitifully for sympathy, sheltering Tekle meanwhile under her blanket.

"You look like a good child," said the policeman, "but you'll have to go to the lock-up to-night. It's too late to do anything else with you."

Zule did not understand what he was talking about, and still looked, with her confiding eyes, into his face.

"She is a day older than my little Janie was when she died. I wish she would n't look at me so; it seems as if she was Janie herself, and I was carrying her off to the station. But to-morrow, maybe, I'll be able to do better by her."

He bade Zule a kindly good-night as he left her in the care of the turnkey, and from the grated window she watched him disappear in the darkness, as she had watched the lame boy the evening before.

"No real harm can come to anybody," she repeated, "but sin, and then, I've got Tekle. How grateful I ought to be for that! Last night I had not anybody in the world, I thought."

Still great tears, one by one, flowed down her cheeks, as she looked through the grated window.

"It's good they did n't put me in here for stealing, and it's better to stay here than in the street, for it's so cold to-night, I might be frozen to death before morning."

Thus, in every way she could, the philosophical little Zule tried to reconcile herself to her situation.

She divided what remained of the bread with Tekle, and her heavy eyelids were beginning to close upon the darkness without and within, when the policeman appeared again; and taking her up in his arms, carried her away. For some reason she did not feel in the least alarmed. Hundreds of lights flashed from happy homes as they passed along, and Zule's heart was filled with hope. In a little while they stopped before a humble dwelling, the door of which was opened by a smiling woman.

"What's that you've got, John?"

"It's a child from the station, wife. I tried to leave her there, but something that sounded just like our Janie's voice kept saying: 'She'll be cold there, dear pa. There's no fire there to warm her body, or love to warm her heart.' I heard it over and over again, till I had to fetch her."

"Where do you think, John, she found this pigeon, that knows her so well? She must have a home somewhere."

The good man said they had better keep her until some one came to claim her, and they fed and washed her, and then put her in their little Janie's bed.

The next day, and the next, and for many days, the policeman and his wife expected some one would come to claim the little raven-haired child; but no one came, and every night she slept in Janie's bed.

One night the good man heard something which sounded like Janie's voice, and it said: "Dear pa, can't she sleep in my bed always? and can't you and ma give her a home in your hearts?"

After that they did not want any one to claim their child, and Zule always slept in Janie's bed.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

BY CARL SPENCER.

Somebody watches and waits for you—
Thinks of you daily and dreams at night!
Well may the sky of your life be blue,
Your hope of the future bright!
Over the land and the waters far,
Somebody's wondering where you are,
Praying his love may be like a star
Lighting you home to somebody!

Ah! I wonder if ever for me
Somebody's heart will grow heavy or light?
Ah! I wonder if I may be
A star to shine in somebody's night?
Will somebody ever call me "dear!"
And say, "My darling! you need not fear,
You need not tremble, for I am here—
And you're all the world to somebody!"
—[Harper's Weekly.]

PRESERVING POLISHED STEEL FROM RUST.—
A correspondent says that nothing is equal to pure paraffine for preserving the polished surface of iron and steel from oxydation. The paraffine should be warmed, rubbed on, and then wiped off with a woolen rag. It will not change color, whether bright or blue, and will protect the surface better than any varnish.

MASSACHUSETTS SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.

REPORT OF THE AGENT.

BOSTON, April 8, 1867.

This Association has recently finished its second month of public labor. The first engagement of its Agent ended April 1st. Much difficulty and delay have been experienced, and the results of effort may appear unimportant. Still, taking into account the circumstances of inexperience, of severe weather, and the nature of the work, no cause for discouragement exists.

The first public work was done in the city of New Bedford. More promising fields could have been selected, perhaps, but it was thought the extremity of the State would furnish a proper starting point for a movement destined to embrace all its territory. Previous to taking the field, the Agent of the Association published in the BANNER of Light a call requesting those who desired the services of a medium to be ready to furnish halls for his use, to respond, no general reply was made, and the pioneer of the organization commenced his work disadvantageously in consequence. Applications for speaking were refused from places which already supported regular meetings, as their demands were beyond the missionary action proposed. The first Sunday was the occasion of two lectures in Music Hall, New Bedford, and letters were forwarded to many of the adjoining towns—Fall River, Acushnet, Westport, Rockport, and Wareham.

On Monday evening a lecture was given in the hall of the Stoughton Centre Lyceum, and a good audience attended the first lecture, while the last was given before a crowded house. The Lyceum at this place was opened under the most discouraging circumstances, but it now numbers over seventy members, and is making good progress. On Saturday I enjoyed a pleasant ride back to East Stoughton with Bro. Dimes, but here it deteriorated again at the door of Bro. Ingraham, than the snow began to fall, notwithstanding which, however, a pleasant audience gathered in the hall as before, to listen to my talk in prose and verse.

During the night of Saturday, March 16th, the elements had it all their own way, and Sunday morning dawned white and cold. A thick mantle of snow covered the ground, or whirled about before the wind toward the gray sky, which stealthily brook down more and more the sky's occult wealth. At the hall door a shivering crowd gathered to await the coming of the priest who was to perform mass upon St. Patrick's morning, but no priest came through the snow to officiate. But that which in a priest is common prudence, in a lecturer would be neglect of duty, and an imposition upon the public. So we considered our engagement at South Hanover, fifteen miles off, and after a hearty breakfast, began and bagged, in charge of Bro. Ingraham, packed snugly into the cutter. Not a word was said until we were within the snow knee deep, and yet the slight cutting to the ground, rasping along in a manner to make a nervous person's blood run cold, and provoke the most saintly of equine motive power. All the while the wind and sleet roared and stung, until at times horse and driver, as well as passenger, were blinded with their fury. Struggling along to East Abington, a few moments gave us a look at the pleasant face and home of Bro. Shaw, but we had only time for a few hurried words of conversation, and then the storm increased as the sun approached the meridian. So slowly along we went, now "stuck fast" for a moment in some rapidly growing "bank," or scraping over a wind-swept "bare spot." Contrary to our hopes the storm did not "break at noon." At about 2 P. M. we reached the home of John Puffer, now too soon for horse or man. However, we were in time for the lecture, if the hall had been opened; but as the storm had increased instead of ceasing, we had not been expected, and Bro. Puffer laughed heartily when we reached amid the snow and ice with which I was incumbered, the "Speaker."

All day long the storm continued, and Monday morning came "white as a ghost" (of the orthodox type), and gloriously clear, but with roads blocked up far and near, while the riotous wind labored fast and hard at the construction of fantastic snowy castles, built up only to be demolished and whirled in powdery clouds over the glistening landscape. It was the 18th of March, and King Winter held his scepter with a firm and steady hand, and kept his power in now and glory! The whole country was blockaded, and all idea of labor had to be given up until travel could be resumed.

The Executive Committee meeting at Boston called for another journey there. The meeting was held on Wednesday, March 20th, and returning to North Hanson on Thursday, a small number gathered in Unity Hall, wading through the snow and water, or riding in some cases for half a dozen miles. Deep interest was manifested, and the lecture delivered, followed by a provision, and the separation of the assembly at a late hour.

On Saturday morning Bro. Julius Jocelyn conveyed me to East Marshfield, winding along over the hills, through mud and snow, facing a chilling, damp east wind, which grew worse and worse until the moaning sea came in view, looking cold and gray, tossing in the wind. We were welcomed, and our first thoughts were not of spiritual things!

Sunday, March 24th, we spoke three times, but to rather small audiences, the roads being very bad and the weather threatening. Meetings were held in the Town House, in the centre of the town, and in the afternoon and evening in Bro. Rogers's new hall. Carriages came over the terrible roads from neighboring towns, coming and going for one lecture, not daring to stay after dark, as the roads were too bad. The people are hungry for the truth. Will Spiritualists see that they have it given them?

Monday evening was devoted to a lecture in Rogers's Hall again, and the speaker was still deep with mud and snow, with water from an all-day rain, but a good-sized party gathered and listened.

Tuesday evening a meeting was convened in South Marshfield, near the old home of Daniel Webster. The gathering took place in the hall of the Agricultural Society, which was well filled, and through the audience contained many young people and children, the most perfect order was maintained and the deepest interest manifested. The subject for the poem at the close of the lecture was, as given by the committee, "Daniel Webster," whose life, character and death some were called to mind and fully discussed.

Considerably jaded by travel, exposure and labor, Wednesday had been set aside as a "Sabbath"; but at the request of friends in Scituate, the idea of rest had been relinquished, and notice given of a meeting in Assisippi Hall. Our staunch, sensible and radical friend, Avery Rogers, conveyed me to Scituate and the home of another Rogers. In the evening, a packed audience was in attendance, and the speaker came away "with a heavy heart." The stage next morning waited me away to Hingham, where I took the train for Boston, having an engagement for a course of lectures in Dorchester.

Thursday evening, in the new and pretty Union Hall, built by our good friend Thos. Payson, at Upham's Corner, for spiritual purposes, a small handful came to hear. The number was greater on Friday and Saturday. Sunday afternoon gave good attendance, and at night the house was crowded.

So closed the labors of March. Within the last two months I have given thirty-six lectures, of which but ten were given in February. But little money has been secured, because I have been too busy to solicit it; but an interest has been created by the labor done, which incites to still more earnest work.

I wish to acknowledge the following sums: From a friend, New Bedford, \$5.00; Charles D. Gay, \$1.00; by Music Hall collection, \$12.75; J. B. Benson, Middleboro, \$1.00; E. B. Dorn, do, \$5.00; J. B. Davis, do, \$1.00; J. B. Dorn, do, \$1.00; J. C. Leach, do, \$1.00; William Washburn, do, \$1.00; Harriet Washburn, do, \$1.00; and from hosts of friends cheering words and friendship's best offerings, sympathy and appreciation.

Spiritualists of the State, the appeal is made to you. With your cooperation a glorious career of usefulness is before me. Will you second the earnest band who form the Association? Do not prejudice against all forms of organization; do not be misled by those who misunderstand the motive which rules the movement. Our first want is statistics, the names of places where halls can be had, and whom to address. Then means are required; not much, in proportion to the work proposed, but enough, with practical management, to send our agents and mediums through all the State, and to keep before the people the great facts of our glorious Spiritualism.

THE PHANTOM.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

(Seldom do we ever meet with poetry so full of thought, love, tender sympathy and rational feeling, as the following lines, by Mr. Taylor. It was written many years ago—yet even on the occasion of the first visit to his home, near Kenesaw, after the death of his wife.—Ed.)

Again I sit within the mansion,
In the old familiar seat;
And shado and sunshine chase each other
O'er the carpet at my feet.

But the sweet brjar's arms have nestled upwards,
In the summer days that past,
And the willow trails its branches lower
Than when I saw them last.

They strive to aut the sunshine wholly
From out the heated room;
To fill the house, that once was joyful,
With silence and with gloom.

And many kind remembered faces
Within that doorway come—
Voices that wake the sweeter music
Of one that now is gone.

They sing in tones as glad as ever,
The songs she loved to hear;
They braid the rose in summer garlands,
Whose flowers to her were dear.

And still her footsteps in the passage,
Her blushes at the door,
Her timid words of maiden welcome
Come back to me once more.

And all forgetful of my sorrow,
Unmindful of my pain,
I think she has but newly left me,
And soon will come again.

She stays without, perhaps a moment,
To dress her dark brown hair;
I hear the rustle of her garments—
Her light step on the stair.

Oh, fluttering heart, control thy tumult,
Lest eyes profane should see
My cheeks betray the rush of rapture
Her coming brings to me.

She tarrys long, but lo! a whisper
Beyond the open door,
And gliding through the quiet sunshine
A shadow on the floor.

Ah! 't is the whispering pine that calls me,
The vine whose shadow strays;
And my patient heart must still await her,
Nor chide her long delays.

And my heart grows sick with weary waiting,
As many a time before;
Her foot is ever at the threshold,
Yet never passes o'er.

Correspondence in Brief.

RUFUS FAY, CLINTON, KANSAS.—The churches here oppose Spiritualism, and are using all their influence against it, but to no effect.

ISAAC HOAG, RENSELAERVILLE.—I send enclosed three dollars, and for it please direct the BANNER to a mother and a widow. She is less able to pay for it than I am.

B. F. BRISSELL, Ballston Spa, N. Y., says: The cause of Spiritualism is slowly but steadily progressing in this place and vicinity. As yet we have only occasionally been favored with a lecture on our glorious philosophy; but we hope the time is not far distant when the bread of life from the angelic world will be dispensed here through media of home development, as we already have several mediums for spirit communications.

Mrs. MARY B. SANBORN, Phillips, Mo., says: Before our investigation and reception of the soul science called Spiritualism, how dark seemed the record called the Christian Bible! and what light has since dawned, through the inspirations to us, through others and our own organization! It is but five years since I became deeply interested in the soul science; and yet, in that short time, I have become a medium for seeing, hearing oral communications, writing by impressions, &c.

ANDREW UNDERHILL, Rahway, N. J., writes: The little State of New Jersey has done much the two years past in the revolution of its national politics, and its number of Children's Sunday Lyceums, and the city of Rahway is the most church-bound place I know of anywhere. It contains about six thousand inhabitants, and I believe the Spiritual Philosophy is working secretly in the minds of the masses, but they are so afraid of Madam Grundy they dare not whisper it in public. I have been living here now about two years, and we have not had one spiritual lecture during that time. We invite lecturers to pay us a visit.

EDEN CURTIS, Lake Shelle, Murray Co., Minn., in remitting subscription for the BANNER, says their new settlement consists of forty persons. Their nearest post-office is seventy miles distant. Eight families comprise the little village of free and independent thinkers. Mr. O.'s family numbers eight, all grown up but two, and all are Spiritualists. They are a majority of the settlers. Unmolested by the bigotry and false teachings of old theology, they are truly blessed. Two of the family are being developed as mediums, and circles have been held regularly for months. Thus the spirit-world is providing a way to free those who are honestly seeking for the true bread of life through the Spiritual Philosophy.

W. A. W., Hampshire, Ill., writes as follows: Mrs. Fannie T. Young, of your city, has recently favored us with two courses of lectures, seven in all, bringing much comfort to the few believers in this community in Spiritualism. Her lectures were well attended, and it is to be hoped they will be productive of much good in the future. In connection with this would bear testimony to Mrs. Young's mediumship, and her power as a developer. I speak from personal knowledge, as she has developed a medium in my own family with very fine results. In this particular alone I think she will do a great work. She is an amiable lady, and it is a real pleasure to be associated with her. As a laborer in the great field of Spiritual Philosophy, she has but few superiors.

N. H. PREWITT, M. D., writing from West Tennessee, remitting subscription price for the BANNER, says: A copy of your paper was handed me some time ago by my friend James G. Simpson, at Memphis. Under the Message Department, I find several communications from the spirit-world, all of which correspond with messages we are now getting through a medium in this section of the country. The copy I have is of January 19th, 1867. Lieut. Merrill's communication is one of them. I am now, I freely confess, a firm believer in the actual communication of departed spirits with mortals. We put our hands on the table and call for departed spirits—they do come and answer many questions accurately. We want more light—send us light—BANNER OF LIGHT.

E. T. S., HANNAHAL, Mo.—Doubt and Faith.—In doubt we are drifting, drifting on tide and time, through life, o'er earth, on onward to a future that is mysterious and uncertain. Gone all the fond hopes and delusive aspirations of youth; sunken, vanished all the pride, dignity and ambition of man. The past is a desolate waste, with but a soft, hazy stream, and a limpid brook, not a verdant oasis to please the eye or inspire emotions of pleasure amidst the pains of memory.

Life—what boon is it to him who doubts? Doubt shrinks from the embrace of death, the best friend of faith. Doubt is vain philosophy, vain theology; from earth it springs, to earth returns again—dust of the past, and no hope of the future. Faith is the mother of hope, the fair, the beautiful, the kind, the cheering friend of the poor, the weak and the oppressed. It is the charm of life, the mother of misfortune, star of intelligence, light of the soul, luminary of the heart's best and noblest affections. It is the inspiration of the ignorant, protector of innocence, genius of patience, and the victor of happiness.

J. S. J., AURORA, NEVADA.—I desire to express my appreciation of the able, fearless and consistent manner in which the BANNER OF LIGHT presents to the world the beautiful living truths of the new Gospel of Truth, and to thank you in the name of one humble individual for the same.

Ours is a six year old village, located upon the Eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains at an altitude of near eight thousand feet above the

sea, about three hundred miles from San Francisco, and surrounded and supported by silver mines. There is no one here beside myself who is a publicly professed and outspoken believer in the new and grand Spiritual Philosophy; but my tongue is kept wagging on all proper occasions, in defence and elucidation of the truth, as I see it, with the aid of the new and great lights before me, and the result is that many are found to exclaim, as did Felix of old, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian" (of the right kind). One of my most potent aids in proving the truths of spirit intercourse have been the tests procured through the mediumship of that remarkable man, James V. Mansfield, of New York City, having had within a few months past various and most undeniably proofs that disembodied spirits can be reached and conversed with with the greatest facility and fidelity through his mediumship. There may be others of equally good powers, but him only have I tried, and "I know whereof I speak."

Mrs. F. A. LOGAN writes: A way from the din of city life, I have myself peregrinating among the hills and dales in the inland towns and villages of New York State, talking to the people, in halls, court houses and churches, on equal rights, temperance, dress reform, and of our heaven-born Progressive Lyceum; weaving into the warp and woof the fact of one common brotherhood; that all are the children of one Father-God and one Mother-Nature; that ante-natal tendencies, hereditary bias and surrounding influences have made us what we are; and instead of blaming the transgressor of the law, we should labor to remove all causes of wrong by supplying ignorance with knowledge, hatred with love, selfishness and unkindness with deeds of benevolence; throwing the mantle of charity over all the follies of earth's unprogressed children; teaching that none are the especial favorites of the Almighty because they happened to have been born under more favorable circumstances for the unfolding of the sublime and venerable faculties. Neither is the millionaire to be adored or worshipped because of his large estate of accumulated wealth. In short, all should be treated kindly, however high or low in the scale of being, knowing that time will develop changes which shall result in the elevation of all.

Unitarians, Universalists and the mass of minds listen with rapt attention, and bid me God-speed. I cherish a soul full of gratitude to all the dear friends who have aided me in my winter labors, and pray that the sunshine of summer and the aroma of delicious flowers may waft their aspirations heavenward, to be met with angelic responses from the evergreen fields of the Summer-Land. Please address me at Station D, care of Walter Hyde, New York City.

O. I. C., SOUTH SCRAPER.—"Spiritualism has come into the world without invitation, and has come to stay," so says Andrew T. Foss. I rejoice that it is so. Spiritualism, in the full acceptance of the word, is not sectarian. It does not isolate the true believer from the rest of mankind, but on the contrary, it fraternizes him. By it we are taught the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; that Nature is the mother of all; hence, all are brethren. The true, intelligent Spiritualist will not quarrel, in any degree, his brother man, but will cherish him as a brother by every means in his power to elevate him. The true Spiritualist is not a bigot or a fanatic, for by Spiritualism we are taught that we possess three-fold natures, each requiring development; therefore if we neglect to unfold the spiritual in our endeavor to develop the physical, or to cultivate the intellectual faculties of our being, we are not in a harmonious condition; hence, we are taught that if we would be true men and women we must obey all the laws of our being. The true Spiritualist seeks no reward or revelation because it is not, but accepts all of the truth that accords with his reason and intuition, and is ever ready to receive new revelations in his upward course. It is said by many that Spiritualists are not believers in the Bible. This, in their opinion, is enough to condemn them. As a believer, I say this is not true; for we believe the Bible to be a valuable record of the past, and much therein contained to be highly inspiring; Spiritualism explains much that is contained in the Bible that before its advent was mysterious. We carefully study the records and revelations of the past, accepting all that is in accordance with our reason. Let not the unbeliever feel justified who condemns the revelations of the present without investigation. For we know that spirit forces are operating around and about us, that our fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, and the little buds of promise which were gathered from the parent stem, return into us clothed in more beautiful vesture. This sublime faith has sustained us amid the trying scenes, dashed hopes, and bitter disappointments of life, and to us it has been glad tidings of great joy.

R. M. WOSNER, M. D., writing from Augusta, Ga., March 31st, says: Through your excellent BANNER I desire to send my many Northern friends and kindlings from this far off Southern land of sunshine and flowers. This is a beautiful climate, realized more perceptibly by my having left Northern Illinois (on the 27th of February) enclined in snow and ice. At Louisville I saw the first green grass of the season. Much rain had fallen through Tennessee. In Chattanooga saw nice gardens, vegetables growing, and beautiful flowers. From Atlanta it is almost one continued peach orchard, and the trees were in full bloom, and other flowers were in abundance. The 26th of March was a very beautiful day, and as I gazed about in admiration of the scene, I wondered within myself whether this could not have been the ancient Garden of Eden we read of, for everything seemed to be a spontaneity, yet the soil is poor, and will not at all compare favorably with Illinois, and many of the inhabitants are actually in want of food to sustain life. I am told by credible persons that a family composed of a mother and three little ones actually starved to death about two weeks since, in Edgelyville District, South Carolina, about seventeen miles from here.

I have just received an excellent letter to-day at the Baptist Church in Augusta. As we left the church, and the people were wending their way to their carriages and along the walks, I could but think, if the embroidery, laces, ribbons, flowers, plumes and costly apparel had been dispensed with, they would have means to feed their starving poor. But this is the order of the day—extravagance and folly on the one hand, and want and famine on the other. Yet I find the Southern people friendly and hospitable. In Georgia and South Carolina. Among this number is Henry J. Osborne, of Augusta, who is battling bigotry and superstition by putting forth his lively sheet, "The Impending Epoch." It is truly heart-cheering to know that rays of light are penetrating this darkened gloom. Bro. Osborne stands alone, like an oak on the prairie. Brothers and sisters, North and West, give him your sympathy and aid, for he is doing a glorious work for humanity; and may the angel-world cheer and assist him in his noble undertakings for the advancement of liberal principles.

LEWIS S. DEZENBROFF, HUNTINGTON, L. I., under date of April 8th, says: The Rev. S. C. Hayford, formerly pastor of the Universalist Church in this village, gave a free lecture here last week on the "Theology of Nature, and the Theology of Tradition"; and considering the prejudice and bigotry and ignorance in regard to Spiritualism which exists here, his lecture in point of numbers was remarkably successful. After comparing the teachings of tradition and the teachings of Nature, and showing up the folly and blindness of the religious world in clinging to the errors of the past, and rejecting the truths of the present, he was controlled by a spirit of truth after delivering most beautiful addresses on the subject of spiritual communion, was followed by two others, both of whom discussed most eloquently on the condition of the country at the present time, and the probable events of the future. The Orthodox believed that this village belonged exclusively to themselves, and that no ray of divine light would ever be able to penetrate the spiritual darkness in which the people are shrouded; that the coming here of Mr. Hayford was but the effect of some evil spirit. They thought that they are not as secure as they supposed, and the people are ready to be shown "a better way." I do not believe there is a better opening for Spiritualism in the country than here. I am convinced that Spiritualism would prosper here, wonderfully, if some earnest worker would come and set the ball in motion.

Huntington may well be called the Village of Churches, for here are six, and the building of another is in contemplation. In the last few years the different denominations here have made many improvements in their churches for the purpose of pleasing the Lord. The first Presbyterians have a new organ, whose music is doubtless very consoiling to a poor sick family who live in the shadow of the church, and who are suffering for the necessities of life. The Episcopalians, Methodists, second Presbyterians have already erected new churches. The Universalists, Roman Catholics and Africans are contemplating the same. The different Protestant sects here have been greatly alarmed at the idea of having a Catholic church in their midst; but now that Spiritualism has appeared, they will all unite for a common defence.

I earnestly beseech mediums and lecturers, both trace and normal, to come here where the seed sown will produce an hundred fold.

Written for the Banner of Light.
PASSED AWAY.
BY KATE J. DOYD.

Our darling Nellie
Hath passed away,
Like a bird of promise
With the sun's first ray;
Her voice no longer fills
The air, with the musical
Trill of an infant prayer,
For our darling Nellie,
Hath passed away!

Passed away like a sun-sick
Flower, at the close of day,
In the twilight hour.
But a memory sweet in heart
Is born, as pure and fresh
As a bright spring morn,
For our darling Nellie
Hath passed from strife,
To the Summer-land,
Where hope is rife!

Annual Report of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, Charlestown. READ AT THE "LEADERS' MEETING," MARCH 11. The Lyceum was organized September 30th, 1865, through the influence and energy of A. H. Richardson, our Comforter from the first to the present. Mr. Richardson's absence has been marked but three Sabbaths since its organization, and then necessarily so. That he has labored for us, both faithfully and devotedly, none can doubt, and that his heart has been in the progressive work his punctual compliance with his duty proves.

We have had two Assistant Conductors, three Guardians and two Assistant Guardians, Mrs. May, the present Guardian, is highly esteemed among us; and is who would be termed the "right person in the right place."

Since the anniversary of its organization, four Officers and the same number of Leaders have resigned, feeling unable to serve longer in their capacities. Others were duly installed in their places.

Some of the Leaders that were in the Lyceum at first are still with us, but teach in different Groups. An Adult Group was formed in the center, with Mr. O'Brien as Teacher, who attends much the interest of the school. Two hundred and fifty children have been members in our Lyceum. At present our number is more than full, and the average attendance is seventy-six.

Since the last report our brother, Mr. Atkins, has passed on to the "Higher Life." It was an esteemed member in the Lyceum, and a co-laborer in our progressive work.

We have been visited from time to time by many able lecturers—Mr. Conley, for instance, addressed us upon one occasion on the subject, "Heaven and Hell." His remarks were decidedly interesting; in fact, Mr. Conley brings such sound logic to bear upon the minds of his audiences that he cannot fail to be appreciated if understood. On another occasion we were visited by Mr. Green, a representative from the Spiritualists of England, with a letter of kindly greeting. His words and manner of delivery inspired us with a feeling of confidence in his sincerity, and we were happy indeed to greet our brother from the East.

From Festivals held in this hall, and collections taken up from Sabbath to Sabbath, a sufficient sum has been realized to purchase library books and defray all expenses, and the balance has been carried over to the Treasury. An estimation has been made of property belonging to the Lyceum, which we find to be six hundred and ninety-one dollars. We now have twenty-eight dollars and twenty-nine cents in the Treasury.

The Lyceum has passed through many a severe struggle, but so more than all new friends; and while we are thankful for the present flourishing condition of our school, we are also thankful for past experience, for with suffering comes progression.

The Officers and Leaders, I think, feel their responsible position, and endeavor to do the best of their ability. They are unfolding the germs of immortality, and preparing these little ones for the position they must some day occupy, as children no longer, but men and women, engaged their part in life's changing drama. I know that the impressions left upon the infantile mind must follow them through life; and you, without that foolish prejudice which chains the mind of so many, can teach them the principles of truth, and not confine them to any creed or ceremony. Yours is a noble mission, and will meet with a rich reward.

A. M. PERHAM,
Assistant Guardian.
Charlestown, Mass., April 7, 1867.

The Cause in New York State. I herewith send a copy of an excellent letter from our worthy brother, J. M. Chaplin, of Hartland, Niagara Co., N. Y., giving utterance to his views of the proposed meeting of mediums to be held at Batavia, Friday, April 26th, afternoon and evening.

Brother Chaplin was among the very first in Western New York who embraced the light of the New Dispensation, and became a medium for its dissemination, and has done as much or more than any other one to keep up regular meetings at Johnson's Creek, and to advance the interest of Spiritualism in Niagara County.

The interest in favor of the meeting is becoming general, and a large attendance of mediums is expected. Two and seven o'clock P. M. are the hours of meeting, at Elliott Hall. The meetings of the Genesee Association of Spiritualists, Saturday afternoon and evening, and Sunday, April 27 and 28, are expected to be seasons of great interest. J. W. SEAYER,
Byron, N. Y., April 7, 1867.

LETTER OF BRO. CHAPLIN. Your letter of the 29th March is this moment received, and I hasten to reply. My soul is filled with joy unspeakable in prospect that our glorious cause is to receive a new impulse; that it is to be aroused from its slumbering condition, and put on its new garments of immortality. I am happy to learn that there is to be a meeting of all the mediums in our Association. May they come, one and all, and the bright spirits from beyond the river will be with them, and fill their souls with angel music from the immortal sphere.

I have looked anxiously for many years for something of this kind to happen. Thank heaven, it is at last proposed, and may it go forward and yield fruit an hundred fold—may it be the commencement of a new era in Spiritualism. There are thousands of anxious, yearning souls ready to receive these glorious truths which must be done principally through our mediums. The phenomena of Spiritualism should be kept constant before the people. Then let us have a Pentecostal day, and not only one, but many. Let them be appointed from place to place, so that all may feel an interest in them, and great good will be the result.

I am determined to be with you, if possible, and enjoy the Heavenly Feast. Yours in the knowledge of the truth,
J. M. CHAPLIN.
Hartland, N. Y., April 2, 1867.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1867.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR. LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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

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

Woman Suffrage.

This subject is being agitated in Kansas perhaps more effectively than in any other State. It has made visible headway in Maine and Massachusetts, in the Legislatures, but has so far failed to find expression on the Statute books. In Wisconsin, a joint resolution was introduced into the Assembly by Hon. J. T. Dow, on the 20th of March, for amending the Constitution so as to give the right of suffrage to women, and he supported the resolution in a long and able speech, covering the whole subject. We should be glad to publish it entire if our columns were longer and more numerous. Mr. Dow discussed the question from its practical as well as its theoretical side, and demonstrated to the Assembly that it was but common sense and common justice that women should exercise the elective franchise. Many of the illustrations with which he enforced his arguments were so apt as to be irresistible. After concluding his argument, the resolution passed the Assembly by a vote of sixty-three to twenty-two, nearly three to one, without another word. But on subsequent reconsideration of it, while nineteen members were absent, the resolution was defeated by the very close vote of forty to forty-one. It was a victory in one branch of the Wisconsin Legislature, at any rate, which we trust will be followed up until it is completed and made a reality.

This subject is one which the female sex are themselves agitating in every way possible, and to decided advantage. As no power is strong enough to hold out always against reason, so the persistent presentation of the argument by woman herself is bound to win the cause for her at last. Simply sneering at her claims won't do. There comes a time when people are impatient of sneers and jeers, and insist on seeing what is the reason of them. Instinct teaches us that where the weapon of ridicule is perseveringly employed, it is pretty plain that there is something about it that fears the application of reason; and hence reasonable people in its train that the whole matter shall come out in its true proportions. It is so with the case of Woman Suffrage. This is a subject that will wear out ridicule by-and-by, and will have to be addressed in a more serious strain of thought and discussion.

As for woman's being intelligent enough to vote, we think the answer to that impertinent suggestion would be that if she is capable of accumulating and managing property so as to pay taxes on it, she is capable of casting the ballot. In judging of fitness for public office, she is any day the equal of man, if not his superior. Of the two sexes, the female is by far the first in point of perception. How many male voters are induced to give their votes for one party and another by the offer of liquor. Women would not be likely to be influenced in that way. As for bringing them in any way, the thing would not be attempted. Instead of being themselves degraded by contact with the coarser part of creation who are permitted to throw to the polls, their presence would notably elevate the character of the whole proceedings. If our purest men could to-day control the managements of town and ward elections, what a marvelous change would come over the conduct of all who participate in the business. And if women may come up and freely give their ballots, the influence will be more elevating and improving still.

Since the above was in type, we observe that the Legislature of Wisconsin has taken up the subject anew, and reversed the vote by which it was reconsidered and killed. It has voted to amend the Constitution so as to give the franchise to women. Both Houses approved. Thus does Wisconsin put herself at the head of this great liberal movement, to be followed, we trust, by every other State in the Union. It is time the chains of custom were broken. The adoption of so broad a principle as this would at once elevate the character of our politics, and raise woman to at least a level with the ruder sex who owe to her their civilization.

Tyranny under the Law.

Personal liberty bills are needed for other classes than the Southern blacks. Our Northern white women are clamoring for them to protect themselves from the tyranny of unfeeling and selfish husbands. It has been the custom for a good many years, when a man wanted for some personal reason to put his wife away from him, to shut her up in a private insane retreat. This he could do with impunity, as the law stood, there being no safeguard thrown around her on which she could pretend to rely. A heartless domestic tyrant could, and in most of the States can now, clap his wife into one of these "retreats" without being troubled by anybody. It is only necessary for him to make an arrangement with the keeper of the same, who advertises for all cases of insanity for private treatment, and the thing is done. Of course he would take care not to outrage the public sense of decency by openly doing what would not be generally tolerated, and the likelihood is, in such cases, that it never will be done.

Mrs. Packard of Illinois has been one of the unfortunate sufferers after this fashion. She has been subjected to wrongful imprisonment at the hands of another, on the cruel representation of being non compos mentis, when nobody who knew her ever suspected any trouble of the sort. No one can tell how acute must be the sufferings of a person thus restrained of her liberty. While enduring it, however, with such patience as she might, she formed a resolution to find a remedy for such a flagrant wrong as soon as she should regain her liberty. And she has been as good as her word; when a resolute woman sets out to do a thing, it is generally performed if it be within the limits of possibility. Mrs. Packard laid the story of her personal wrongs and a full account of her complaints before the Legislature of Illinois, and by dint of perseverance has succeeded in getting an act placed on the statute book which forever makes such inhuman practices impossible.

If she shall have saved but a single human being from similar suffering, she will not have worked in vain.

Under the provisions of the new act of Illinois, all the inmates of every insane asylum in the State, public or private, who have been incarcerated without the verdict of a jury that they are insane, are now entitled to a jury trial; and unless this trial is granted them within sixty days from the 5th of last March, they are discharged, and can never be incarcerated again without the verdict of a jury that they are insane. No one can be detained in such asylums after sixty days, who has not been declared insane by a jury. This law at once opens the doors of all who are at present languishing in these prisons—for such they are—and prohibits the use of them for any questionable purpose hereafter.

This is so plainly a step demanded by the very instincts of our common humanity, that it is remarkable that it has not been taken before. Now let the people of all the other States agitate the subject until these infamous practices are made impossible to our civilization. It is a relic of barbarism, this suffering certain interested parties to incarcerate others whom they desire to get out of their way, on a plea of insanity. It too often does lead to the insanity which is wickedly charged. All honor to the resolute and indefatigable woman who, single handed, has accomplished so much for the cause of humanity.

Spirit Communion.

When the mind has become tired and fretted by the surroundings of everyday life, and the associations of persons with whom we are more or less brought in daily contact, how refreshing and consoling is it to retire to some quiet place, and give ourselves up to thought and reflection. There, in the quietude and solitude of repose and freedom from the cares of busy life, we can listen to the angel voices as they come floating on the air, with their sweet and soothing melodies, giving us glimpses of spirit-life, and pouring into our heart the balm of consolation, and at the same time by their gentle influence urging us on in the faithful performance of all those life duties which tend to the elevation of humanity. At such times our hearts gather in new truths, and we receive, as it were, a new baptism. Our soul goes out from the material and takes hold on the spiritual and ethereal, and we can almost see the form, and feel the touch of those loved ones who have gone before and entered the gates of the New Jerusalem. Around us at such times are the fitting forms of our spirit friends, influencing and guiding for future good. The white robed ones are ever present, knocking at our hearts, asking for an admission, that they may come in and make manifest their presence.

No suppliant clergyman or mitred priest can ever bring that comfort and quiet to the harassed sons and daughters of earth that is brought by the unseen visitors from the spheres supernal. No form of religion has ever yet demonstrated to man the future state of human existence so plainly as has the return of disembodied spirits. While many are slow to believe, and will not investigate or give their attention to this phase of human experience, there is a power at work in many an unseen way, which, like the rippling mountain rivulet, is gaining strength at every point, and soon will cause the blind to see, the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak; even of the goodness and beauty of spirit communion. To those who have tasted the fullness of this joy and belief, no words of encouragement are needed; but to those who are yet outside and beyond the confirmation of this truth, we would say, investigate, and open wide the doors of your hearts and let the angel of light come in. Let the voice of some sainted mother, or the pleadings of the partner of thy youthful days, or it may be the prattle of thy lisping infant child, come near and give thee that proof and assurance of a life beyond the grave that shall satisfy thy soul and make glad the future of life.—P.

Liberality at Harvard.

The subjoined correspondence will explain itself. Considering the sums of money which have been donated by generous men to Harvard College, one would think that institution might offer something like a chance for females who desire a medical education to avail themselves of the advantages of the one now in operation. The reader will not fail to note the studiously calm, not to say cool manner in which the very proper application of the two young ladies in question is responded to by the President of the College. The least he could say on the subject would have been that he would gladly accommodate them if he had authority, and that he hoped suitable provision would be made for such applicants by some generously inclined individual, at a not distant day. Read the correspondence, and see what is still wanting to bring Harvard College up to the standard of true liberalty.

MARCH 11, 1867. Gentlemen—Finding it impossible to obtain elsewhere in New England a thorough competent medical education, we hereby request permission to enter the Harvard Medical School on the same terms and under the same conditions as other students, there being, as we understand, no university statute to the contrary. On applying for tickets for the course we were informed by the Dean of the Medical Faculty that he and his confidants were unable to grant them to us in consequence of some previous action taken by the Corporation, to whom now, therefore, we make request to remove any such existing disability. In full faith in the words recently spoken, with reference to the University of Harvard—"American colleges are not cloisters for the education of a few persons, but seats of learning whose hospitable doors should be always open to every seeker after knowledge," we place our petition in your hands and subscribe ourselves, Your obedient servants, SUSAN DIMOCK, and JESSIE BLAKE.

To the President and Fellows of the University of Harvard.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, April 8, 1867. My Dear Madam—After consultation with the Faculty of the Medical College, the Corporation direct me to inform you and Miss Dimock that there is no provision for the education of women in any department of this university.

Neither the Corporation nor the Faculty wish to express any opinion as to the right or expediency of the medical education of women, but simply to state the fact that in our school no provision for that purpose has been made, or is at present contemplated. Very respectfully yours, THOMAS HILL, Miss S. Jex Blake.

A New Medium.

Our readers will remember the account we published a few weeks ago, of some strange physical manifestations which took place in a respectable family in Williamsport, Pa., where an audible spirit voice was heard, &c. We are informed by F. H. Smith, of Mauch Chunk, Pa., that the young lady medium through whom the manifestations were given, has become more fully developed, and is now willing to sit for the public, provided a respectable and responsible person will engage her services. Her name is Rebecca Owens. Further information can be obtained by addressing D. F. Groff, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Miss Lizzie Doten's Lectures.

On Sunday afternoon, April 14th, Mercantile Hall was crowded by an audience drawn together to listen to the discussion by two spirits, through Miss Doten, of the question, "Are the wicked punished after death for the evil deeds done in the body?" The debate was kept up with much earnestness for an hour, each spirit occupying fifteen minutes at a time.

Previous to the speaking the choir sang with fine effect Dr. Ordway's new spiritual song, entitled, "Come, darling, come to the spirit-land."

At the close of the discussion the speaker announced that a change of influence would take place, when a sweet and gentle spirit known by the pet name "Birdie," (Anna Cora, daughter of Mr. L. B. Wilson), would give an original poem, dedicated to her father and mother. This same spirit, some time ago, through the same medium, gave a very pretty poetic gem entitled "Birdie's Spirit-Song," which many of our readers will remember.

This loving and dearly beloved child has been in the spirit-world eight and a half years, but there is no loosening of the strong tie of true affection existing between the parents and their loved one. It is a glorious consolation to know that they will be again reunited in the spirit-world. Anna Cora would now be twenty-one years of age had she remained in earth-life.

Having succeeded in obtaining control of the medium, "Birdie" delivered the following touchingly beautiful and exquisite poem:

"BIRDIE'S" RETURN.

The spring-time has come with its buds and its flowers, And its warm sunny hours, And the birds in their gladness so merrily sing, For they never forget to return in the Spring.

The same blessed spirit who taught them to stay Through the winter away, And then seek their homes of the summer before, Has aided your "Birdie" to greet you once more.

'Tis the spring-time of Hope, and a summer is near Which your spirits will cheer; And "Birdie," your "Birdie," has something to do In teaching the children of earth to be true.

Oh the beautiful angels, with love in their eyes, Dwell not in the skies; For Heaven is not beauty, and music, and rest, But 'tis loving our duty, and doing our best.

So, your "Birdie" has flown from the beautiful band, In the bright "Summer-Land," To warble her songs to the weary in heart, And to bear in love's burdens and duties her part.

I will gather sweet roses and lilies so fair, From the fields of the air, And will lay them on pillows of sickness and pain, That the weary may rest and find comfort again.

I will watch o'er the slumbers of children at night, And will strengthen their sight To see the fair faces of cherubs above, Who learn of the angels sweet lessons of love.

Dear father! dear mother! my spirit is glad, Then cease to be sad, And rather rejoice, that your "Birdie" is true To the work that the angels have called her to do.

I leave you sweet blossoms of beauty and light, Though hidden from sight, Yet their fragrance shall teach you I do not forget; That "Birdie" still loves you and comes to you yet.

The Little Wanderers' Home.

The Superintendent of the above named institution denies the correctness of the statements in regard to Mrs. Hoyt's children, which we copied from the Haverhill Publisher into our last week's paper. It is strange that the statement was not earlier contradicted. We waited two weeks before calling attention to it, hoping that it might prove false. The matter did not engage the serious attention of the managers, it seems, until copied into our paper. Their silence led us to believe the accusations were true, thus making it our duty to help rectify a wrong. We feel a great interest in all such humanitarian institutions as this "Little Wanderers' Home," and shall, as in the past, do all we can to aid them when properly conducted. We sincerely hope that the statements in regard to the mismanagement of the Home will prove to be entirely false. We shall take an early opportunity to visit the Home and see for ourselves how matters stand, and report our observations. The public are very naturally sensitive in regard to an institution having charge of so many little helpless children, and desire that they should be as well cared for as they are led to expect. This affair may prove a benefit to the Home, as we hope it will, for it is just the institution needed in our city, and is capable of doing an incalculable amount of good to the homeless little ones, as it already has done.

The Radical.

I noticed in the BANNER of April 20th, that the subject of one of Miss Doten's recent lectures, at Mercantile Hall, was "The Radical, a monthly magazine devoted to religion." I did not have the pleasure of listening to that lecture, but it seems to me that the theme is worthy of the consideration of Spiritualists. For one, I am very much interested in this Radical Magazine, and propose to make a brief criticism. These radical brethren are somewhat of a puzzle to me. They appear to be splendid fellows, on stills. So far as their adaptation to the common mind is concerned, they are among the clouds; on the other hand, the great mass of Spiritualists represent the other extreme and are fairly rolling on the earth, hugging altogether too much the mere phenomena. If the radical brethren would dismount the stills, and the Spiritualists would rise and stand erect, it seems to me that then there could be a most happy, practical union of their forces. The Radicals are like "revivalists," infatuated with the "spirit." How persons of their insight and spiritual attainments can be unconscious of the presence and aid of the angel world, is to me a complete puzzle.

If they acknowledged angel ministrations, but affirmed that any physical sign or manifestation was to them in their state of mind superfluous, I could readily understand and indorse their position. I close with the following query: Can spirits produce physical manifestations without transcending their normal condition, as denizens of the spirit-world?—F. T. L.

New Music.

Henry Tolman & Co., 291 Washington street, have just issued George W. Birdsey's song of "Praise to God," set to the music of the celebrated American Hymn by M. Keller.

Dr. J. R. Newton in Boston.

We are glad to be able to announce to the afflicted that Dr. J. R. Newton, the celebrated healer, has taken rooms at No. 20 Boylston street, near the new Masonic Temple, where he will treat the sick, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of each week, from 9 A. M. till 5 o'clock P. M. The poor are invited "without money and without price."

Dr. Newton has been practicing in Salem since the 23d of last month. He commenced his labors by giving a very interesting discourse on the philosophy of healing, which was listened to with close attention. He then began to put his theory into practice by asking all in the audience who were suffering from acute pain to stand up, assuring them that he would cure them without touch, and he kept his word to the general satisfaction of all. During the doctor's stay in Salem, he was successful in curing a large number of cases. Mr. A. C. Robinson, of Salem, a respectable gentleman of well-known integrity, vouches for the following cases, most of which were treated under his own observation. We mention these cases as encouragement to others similarly afflicted.

Mr. Isaac Pray, of Salem, was so afflicted with lameness in the hip joint and leg, as to disable him from walking up stairs the usual way for seven years, was cured in one treatment, before an audience of six hundred persons.

Mr. Nathaniel Ham, of North Beverly, had a very lame knee, badly swollen; walked with a crutch; was cured in two treatments. Mr. Samuel Church, of Salem, troubled with nervousness and extreme difficulty in breathing; cured in two treatments.

Mrs. Nancy J. Fowler, Margin street, Salem, came to Lyceum Hall, Sunday, March 24th, with lameness, and was cured immediately, before the audience, running back to her seat with the agility of a child, showering gratitude and blessings upon the doctor for his noble gift of healing.

Mrs. Judson Chace, Harbor street, Salem, for nine weeks had been suffering from hip complaint and an abscess, during which time she could not walk; was brought to the Essex House in a coach, March 31st, requiring two persons to carry her in their arms; in thirty minutes she walked back to the coach without assistance, perfectly cured. One of the most eminent physicians of the place had been treating her case, but could not effect a cure.

Mrs. David Porter, of South Danvers, had suffered from tumor of three years' standing. With two operations was entirely cured.

Mrs. James Estes, of South Danvers, had running scrofula sores upon one limb, and was entirely cured in forty-eight hours from the time of treatment.

Miss Matthews, 8 Ash street, Salem, had lost the use of her voice for six years; was perfectly restored with two treatments.

Ella Mander, daughter of Henry Mander, of South Danvers, had lost her voice for thirteen months; was perfectly cured with one treatment.

Mrs. Chipman, 42 Essex street, Salem, had also lost her voice for one year; was cured with one treatment.

Alice M. Ward, daughter of Mr. Nathaniel M. Ward, of Haverhill, Mass., had stiff fingers on one hand and could not use them for two years; cured with one treatment.

Elizabeth Graves, of Marblehead, was lame and walked with crutches; cured by a glove being presented to the doctor by her son. April 15th she appeared in Lyceum Hall and gave testimony to the above.

Willie Yeaw, of Northboro', had a white swelling on the knee; was cured with one treatment.

Jesse L. Yeaw, of Lynn, was afflicted with humor in one eye, from the effects of which he had lost his sight. The sight was restored and he perfectly cured with two treatments.

As many people are always ready to cry out, "Oh, the cures won't remain permanent!" Mr. Robinson cites the following case, to which he is knowing. It is sufficient for the present, though many others could be given:

Mr. John Brimblecomb, of Lynn, five years ago carried his daughter to Dr. Newton, who was then in Boston, to be treated for spinal curvature, with which she was afflicted and very much deformed. The doctor saw her twice, and said if his directions were followed implicitly she would be well again. She was restored to health, and remains cured to this day. She visited Lyceum Hall, April 8th, as a witness of the wonderful healing powers of Dr. Newton.

The above cited cases represent only a small portion of the cures effected by Dr. Newton while in Salem, but they are sufficient to illustrate the fact that theory and practice, or faith and works, can go hand in hand; thus making it possible to obey the injunction of Christ, to "go into the world and heal the sick," thereby demonstrating one of the beauties of the religion of Spiritualism.

Meeting of Spiritualists during Anniversary Week.

It has been suggested by several prominent, influential, and what is better, disinterested parties, that the Spiritualists of Massachusetts hold an Independent Mass Meeting in Boston, during anniversary week. Why not? For many years the various religious and reform societies have regularly held yearly meetings during the last week in May; and this per consequence, brings an unusual addition of occasional visitors and strangers to the city, many of whom doubtless come only at that time. Why cannot Spiritualists, as a body, contribute toward and take advantage of such occasions, and convene together for their own good generally and the good of others particularly?

There are probably many throughout the State who have a pleasant word, a hopeful sign, a suggestive thought, or an encouraging message to deliver, who would gladly avail themselves of this golden opportunity to compare notes with those living in different localities; to clasp long separated yet friendly hands; to give and take of adapted personal atmospheres; to mingle with congenial magnetisms; to feel the fresh glow of social intercourse; to strengthen and get strengthened; to inspire and get inspired to the mutual benefit of all.

Numerous are the reasons, each of which seems sufficient to warrant our having a grand meeting in May. Shall we have one? If so, let some public spirited man or woman—or both—take the initiative, and make the proper arrangements.—G. A. B.

Dr. Willis in Providence.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis has been lecturing in Providence, R. I., during this month, with excellent success. The audiences were large, and fully appreciated the rich feast of spiritual food offered them. His discourse on "The Philosophy of Revivals" was most fitting and timely, as there is a great effort-making among the credulous to get up revivals.

The Boston Independent can be had at retail at 344 Broadway, New York.

Personal.

Dean Clark is lecturing in Maine. His address is Camden.

Gen. Wm. L. Burtt has been confirmed by the U. S. Senate as postmaster of Boston.

Rev. Dr. Huntington, of this city, favors the establishment of an order of deaconesses.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has been chosen as one of the Republican candidates for election as delegate to the Constitutional Convention in the Second Senatorial District, Brooklyn.

Herbert Spencer has completed the second volume of his "Principles of Biology."

Rev. Dr. Thomas Worcester, who recently resigned the pastorate of the Swedenborgian Church in this city, has been its pastor since 1818.

Count Guicciardini, an illustrious Florentine nobleman, has left the Roman Catholic church and joined the Plymouth brethren. He has opened meetings in his palace, where he and the countess hold forth every evening to crowded audiences.

A. T. Stewart's new house, corner of Fifth avenue and 34th streets, New York, will be the finest private dwelling in America. The cost is two million dollars. Marble and iron are the principal materials, and the architecture is rich in Corinthian decorations.

The Pope has written a letter to the municipality of Toledo, Ohio, thanking them for an offer of refuge, should a revolution compel him to leave Rome.

Henry Ward Beecher, it is said, will not go on the excursion to the Holy Land, the pew-holders in his church, it appears, having objected to his contemplated long absence.

Maj. George L. Stearns, a wealthy merchant of this city, died in New York recently. He was a well known public spirited philanthropist. He published *The Right Way*, which had a very large gratuitous circulation during the war.

The dramatic critic of Wilkes' Spirit of the Times says of Ira Aldridge, the celebrated colored actor: "His wife is a Swedish baroness, and his residence is a splendid mansion in the suburbs of London, near the Crystal Palace, and he owns not only the house he occupies, but five villas of equal proportions. There is not a more successful man alive than Chevalier Ira Aldridge, K. S., thirty years ago Wallack's body servant."

A. A. Wheelock is engaged to speak for the society of Spiritualists at Sturgis, Mich., during May.

Captain Anderson, of the Great Eastern steamship, was at one time a type-setter on a Scotch newspaper.

Chas. A. Andrus is lecturing and healing this month in Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dr. E. C. Dunn is to speak and heal in Galesburg, Ill., during May.

N. Frank White is engaged to lecture in Battle Creek, Mich., through the month of May.

Major Z. K. Pangborn, of the Jersey City Times, formerly of the "Boston Bee," is to be associated with Charles A. Dana in his new paper to be printed in New York.

Miss Burdett Counts is immensely wealthy, being the only surviving member of that name in the prosperous banking firm of Counts & Co. Her antiquity (which makes the idea of marriage in her case ridiculous), may be inferred from the fact that she was an elderly woman when the Duke of Wellington courted her over thirty years ago, and her wealth may be guessed by her lavish charities, for in that respect she has been for many years the peer of George Peabody himself.

New Publications.

Sim Stetson's "Temperance Lecture, with Modern Improvements," is a thoughtful and stirring little pamphlet and the theme which, at one time and another, and in one way and another, engages the attention of every person. The author goes to the root of the whole matter. He would employ the zeal in a good cause to the highest advantage, by making it ally itself with varied knowledge. And the kinds and extent of knowledge that are of primary service in this noble work, he outlines in a few graphic suggestions. "Sim Stetson" is a true temperance reformer. His ideas on the subject are eminently spiritual and practical. All who are interested in temperance reformation should read his little pamphlet, which has been published in neat form by J. E. Farwell & Co., and may be found for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT Bookstore.

FACTS ABOUT PEAT as an article of Fuel. By T. H. Leavitt. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is a timely publication on a subject which is exciting wide public attention, and will therefore command many readers. It tells us the whole story about peat, where it is to be found, how it is to be prepared, the uses to which it is put, and the utilization of coal dust with peat for producing excellent fuel at a low cost, and especially adapted for steam service. All the points of the subject, so far as developed and substantiated, will be found by the reader on these pages. The illustration is a picture of Leavitt's Peat Condensing and Molding Mill.

A. Williams & Co. have for sale "Nina Balatka; the story of a Maiden of Prague," republished from Littell's Living Age—a sprightly story, illustrating the differences that existed once on a time between the Jews and the Christians of the continental city of Prague. It will repay perusal.

Miss Mary E. Currier's Seances.

Our readers are too familiar with the phase of physical manifestations witnessed at the musical seances of Miss Currier, held at her father's house in Haverhill, to need a detailed account at this time of what we recently witnessed. In company with several others we visited one of her seances, and were highly gratified to fully realize the truth of all the statements we had heard of her wonderful powers as a medium. We can indorse entire the account Dr. F. L. H. Willis published in our paper in regard to these seances a short time ago. When the medium became entranced, the spirit spoke to us quite familiarly, calling us by name. On questioning her as to how she knew us, she replied that she was the *Mayflower* who used to control Mrs. Anne Lord Chamberlain when holding circles. She then gave us many test facts going to prove she was the spirit she purported to be. No one can witness these manifestations without being fully impressed with their genuineness.—W. V.

The Harris Brothers lottery swindle, located in this city, has come to grief. There were three counts against each of them. On the first they were each sentenced to pay a fine of \$3000, on the second \$4000, and on the third \$1000, making \$7000 each, and a total of \$14,000. They were also ordered to pay all the costs. There is a similar institution "down east," which should be attended to by the authorities. It is high time this description of knavery was put an end to.

Much in a Few Sentences

Hon. George Thompson, of England, while addressing the Peace Convention recently held in Providence, R. I., said: "The friends of peace are not opposed to government, but believe in the most thorough self-government. Most everywhere we are struggling against governments, because they are unjust and oppressive. He had no respect for any government, only as it is founded in justice. The late war grew out of foul injustice toward the African. The war power of the country has been pledged to put down any insurrection looking to the emancipation of the slave. You never will have in this country a government which will be beyond or above the morals of the people. A candidate will be converted and become a fit candidate for heaven, by the ministrations of the clergy; then government chokes the pious man to death upon the gallows. If Satan himself could behold Baptists, Presbyterians and other Christians killing and torturing each other, he might say, 'Behold how Christians love each other!' Earl Russell, in the British Parliament, a few years since, declared that the wars of England, which had cost her \$4,000,000,000, were wholly unnecessary. You cannot depend much upon the clergy; they cannot act independent. War is slavery's twin brother."

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The report of the missionary agent sent out by the Massachusetts Association of Spiritualists, will be found in another column. It shows that the efforts of the Association will not be lost; that the people are willing and anxious to have the truths of Spiritualism presented to them. Now that Mrs. Horton is also engaged in the same field, in another direction, we doubt not great good will result from this associative effort to disseminate the truths of our soul-sustaining philosophy.

We acknowledge the receipt of three dollars from T. S., Philadelphia, for the suffering Carder family, in Waynesville, Ohio, and have forwarded the same.

The Louisville, Ky., Orthodox "Philobusters" are stark mad, because they could not find a mare's nest in Church's sermons, and so they have ground out a poem on the subject. When men are ashamed of their acts, they defend themselves, if at all, over aliases. Go hide your diminished heads, ye bigoted ones! The truth will shine, in spite of your libels; and Spiritualism will live when you are "food for worms."

The Salem Gazette predicts that "the Spiritualists will soon become a distinct and recognized denomination of Christians."

Flour at twenty and twenty-two dollars per barrel causes poor people to open their eyes. These were once California quotations, but now that State actually sends flour to New York.

THE POPE A BANKRUPT.—The Catholic Bishop of Philadelphia has issued an address to his flock, recounting the urgent pecuniary embarrassments of the Pope, and says he has been "deprived of the nerves and sinews of government" by the Italian King, until he is now "hopelessly bankrupt." He therefore directs that on Sunday the priests shall appeal to their congregations and take up collections for the Pope, who is pressingly in need of cash.

Female teachers are in such demand in California that "none others need apply."

An Irish gentleman thus accounts for the fact of his countrymen making so many bulls: "I cannot tell, if it is not the effect of climate. I fancy, if an Englishman was born in Ireland he would make just as many."

The Home Journal is responsible for the following: "People generally do not know that some ladies wear false lips, made of pink India-rubber, which are attached to thin lips in a manner which defies detection, and which give a pretty pouting appearance to the mouth. There is a way to test lips which may appear doubtful, but many ladies might object to the operation, unless it were performed by very near relatives."

What lady paints comic ones? Carrie K. Ture.

Dr. P. B. Randolph's new work on Clairvoyance, and how to produce it, is in press. The descriptive circular is ready, and may be had for ten cents and a stamp. Address, Boston, Mass.

The widow of a son of the late Rev. John Pierpont was recently buried at Newton Corner, after a funeral service conducted according to the peculiar doctrines of Spiritualism. Miss Cora Huntington, a trance medium, delivered an address of considerable length, in which she described the condition of immediate and eternal happiness in which she saw the spirit of the departed, and transmitted to the audience her promise to remain with her friends for their guidance and assistance through life. The spirit of Rev. Mr. Pierpont also appeared and thanked all those who had performed offices of kindness and sympathy to his daughter in her last days.—The Universalist.

United Germany, as Bismarck proposes to have it, will contain forty millions of inhabitants.

A report on the Spring fashions says there is less change in gentlemen's pants this year than there was last.

A young lady asked a gentleman the meaning of the word "surrogate," and he explained it to her as "a gate through which parties go to get married." "Then I imagine," said the lady, "that it is a corruption of the word sorrow gate." "You are right," said he, "as woman is an abbreviation of woe to man."

It was stated at the Rontagners' Association meeting in New York on Friday evening, April 12th, that Mr. Astor owns real estate valued at \$65,000,000, and that he never sells property, but with the interest of his wealth continually buys more.

"Caitlen," in one of his letters from Paris to the Journal, says: "There is no land in which women are so respected and honored as in America. A woman in high life on this side of the Atlantic is treated with marked courtesy, but women, as a class, are drudges and nothing else. Gentleman puff away at their cigars in the cars, without deference to the presence of a lady, no matter how well dressed or well behaved. No Frenchman resigns his seat to a woman. He will bow very low and do everything for Lady So-and-So, but for a woman whom he may meet in public—never!"

The Watchman and Reflector (Baptist) suggests that "church members will do well occasionally to look at themselves with the eyes of men outside the church."

The evidence of a case now on trial at New York, showed that a coffee manufacturing firm in that city used black lead, sand and rockstone to give gloss and weight to their production.

SCULPTOR'S MARBLE AT HOME.—The Boston Journal says that the object which has induced our artists to go abroad, is the superiority of the foreign marble. In the western part of Massachusetts a quarry of marble has recently been opened, which for whiteness and quality is said to be unsurpassed. Workmen in Boston speak of it as quite equal to foreign marble for purposes of sculpture.

IS HE A MEDIUM?—The Boston Daily Advertiser of Saturday says: "One of the best of our extempore preachers affirms that he sometimes in his best hours loses all conscious hold upon his mind and speech, and while perfectly sure that all is going on well in his brain, it seems to him that somebody is talking up there; and he catches himself wondering who under the sun that fellow is who is driving on at such a rate."

We notice mention made in our exchanges of great preparations being made for the observance of the forty-eighth anniversary of the introduction of Odd-Fellowship into this country. It is to be a day of thanksgiving, and occurs on Friday, 26th instant. In this city the festival will take place in Faneuil Hall in the evening.

The female sculptors of this country take the highest rank among artists in Rome.

A subscriber who has paid yearly postage on a newspaper, need not pay a second time at another office to which he has ordered the publisher to send the paper to him. He should, however, exhibit a receipt for the postage to the Postmaster.

The Roman Catholics are making strenuous efforts to gain China and the East. There are five hundred European priests scattered throughout the Chinese empire, nine in Corea and twenty in Manchuria. They began their work in the face of danger and of death, and are at the present time pressing forward with increased zeal and prosperity. Generation after generation of these men live and die in China, that they may win the empire to the papal church, and their work goes on from century to century.

Thackeray says: "Only women thoroughly know the insolence of women toward one another."

In 1680 two Dutch travelers visited Harvard College, and calling at a house they wrote: "We found there eight or ten young fellows, sitting around, smoking tobacco, with the smoke of which the room was so full that you could hardly see; and the whole house smelt so strong of it that when I was going up stairs I said, this is certainly a tavern." There has been very little change since then.

A GOOD RECORD.—The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, charging only the usual rates, has paid on deceased members exceeding five million dollars (\$5,125,425), and declared in dividends to the living over six million. With assets, well secured, of over twelve million dollars, and an annual income exceeding four millions, it has just declared its twentieth annual dividend, being fifty per cent. This Company allows no commission to officers; all its directors attend its meetings and serve on its committees. It takes no unusual hazards, and has never lost a dollar of its investments. It grants accommodation loans on its policies, and for twenty years has made annual dividends, and paid them when due. It has offices in our principal cities, and should have an agency in every town in New England.

The Oswego, N. Y., Times and the Commercial Advertiser speak in very candid and complimentary terms of the late exhibition there of the Children's Progressive Lyceum.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT is the able organ of the Spiritualists. We read it with much interest and gladly welcome it as an exchange. We do not approve of all the ideas of Spiritualists, but we believe them to be seekers after truth, and as such, bid them God speed. No candid person can read the BANNER OF LIGHT without finding much to encourage and elevate man; to lift him from the slough of materialism, to the highway of universal progress.—Household Messenger, London Review, N. Y.

A middle-aged man, named Myron S. Sanford, the son of a Massachusetts clergyman, committed suicide, April 5th, in Chicago, by taking laudanum.

It is important that young people acquire in early life the habit of correct speaking and writing, and to abandon as early as possible any use of slang words and phrases. The longer they live, the more difficult the acquirement of correct language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim, if neglected, is very properly doomed to talk slang for life.

A young lady from Ohio, attending the college for young women at Pittsburg, has been unusually popular among her teachers and classmates, on account of her marked proficiency and good conduct; but on lately coming back to school, after vacation, she was denied admission because of the microscopic discovery that "she is one thirty-second part Ethiopian!"

A Generous Donation.

Dr. Calvin Hall, of Willimantic, Conn., has generously placed in our hands the sum of one thousand dollars to aid in circulating the BANNER OF LIGHT in families where it does not now go, by defraying half its yearly subscription price for persons who cannot pay the full price (\$3.00).

Therefore, to all such who will remit to us \$1.50, with evidence of their inability to pay more, we will send the BANNER OF LIGHT for one year.

Our good brother Hall feasts upon the rich fruits of Spiritualism, and is desirous to help others to a like blessing.

We have scarcely a subscriber who does not know of some one or more who are deserving of the above generous offer, and we hope they will find pleasure in assisting such to avail themselves of this offer at once, as the amount is limited.

Write plainly the name, town, county and State, and address letters to WM. WHITE & CO., BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.

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 Banney, Esq., 50 Federal street, Boston; or to her, 8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Our Office in New York.

No. 54 Broadway has been newly fitted up and neatly arranged, and will be kept open for the reception of customers and visitors, every day—except Sunday—from six A. M. to eight P. M. Every Spiritualist visiting the city, is invited and expected to call and see Warren Chase and the BANNER BOOKSTORE, where information of all kinds appertaining to our work will be collected, and distributed. Do not forget the place; nearly opposite Barnum's Museum, up stairs.

New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE, 544 BROADWAY, (Opposite the American Museum.)

WARREN CHASE, LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT.

New Books—Popular Medicines.

Reconstruction. By Hon. J. W. Edmonds. Everybody who reads, hears or discusses politics should have a copy of this book. It is the last fifty cents has gone for tobacco. Correlation of Forces—by Mrs. W. Work of deep thought and much merit, published in London, is on our counter, and can be had for \$1.15, and postage, 18 cents. Howitt's History of the Super-natural, two volumes, \$2.00, postage 4 cents, is a work of great value to the student of spiritual literature. We have found a few copies of Ellen Palmer's Principles of Nature—a valuable work long out of print. Those who want a copy must send 50 cents soon. We are collecting all the valuable works for those who read our philosophy, and trust we shall continue to have the patronage of the public, through the mail and express lines, and assure our friends they shall be promptly and faithfully served in the book trade. Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, Dr. H. B. Rorer's Preparation of Dodd's Nerve and the Neuro-pathic Balm all continue to bring words of approbation to our office. There is certainly virtue in the Powders and Nerve, for we have tried them, the first by proxy and the second by person.

Religious Reconstruction.

While so many of the people of this country are engaged in reconstructing the union of the States into a UNITED STATES national government, and while the European governments are reconstructing and rearranging their earthly forms of government, the spirit-world and some in this are busy preparing for a religious reconstruction, or we might more properly say, digging out the old rotten foundations, and removing the decayed and useless fragments of the creeds and sects of Christendom. There is a vast amount of old rubbish and debris washed by Christian currents from the broken fragments of the Jewish superstition. There are very few solid timbers or sound stones in the Christian creeds, that can go into the reconstruction of religion. The church, like the southern slavery and the laws that sustained it, has to be nearly all removed to make way for NATURE and REASON, which will hereafter be the chief corner stones of the new religion. Science with her facts, philosophy with its deductions, will supply the mind with the food on which it can grow and develop. Fables which have heretofore fed the marvellous and made up a large part of the religion of Christianity, will lose their sacredness. Christ will become human; God be found incarnate in the whole human race; creation without beginning or ending; salvation for all by their own efforts; devotion without ceremonies, or forms, or priests, to direct it, consisting in works, not words; harmony, fraternity and love, the three degrees of wisdom, in attaining which we attain to heaven within, and at death gain its society also. Many of our Christian brethren are trying to reconstruct with their false doctrines in the new, as the rebels and slaveholders are trying to save their laws and social system, and incorporate them into the new Union. Both will be failures, for both are unfitted for the new and reconstructed unions. There is certainly as much need of religious as of political reconstruction in our country, and both are really going on. The careless, speculative, idle curiosity-hunter may not see the blind guides walking into the ditch may not see it—but it is going on, nevertheless.

The Spread of Spiritualism.

From every direction comes cheering news of the progress of our cause. The authorities at Washington order the prosecution of the Edlys to be dropped—sensible course. The Catholic clergy assembled at Baltimore admit the decline of Protestantism and the rapid growth of Spiritualism, and acknowledge that we already outnumber both Protestants and Catholics in this country. They are good authority—so let it be. Legislatures and courts are granting all we ask—of incorporation and grants of privilege to carry on our work, and are heeding our voices on reforms, for they know we are a power in this country—too strong, we trust, to let the enemy steal a march on us and put his belief in our National Constitution. Suppose we should ask to have a clause inserted declaring that we believe, as a nation, that spirits communicate to mortals; would it not be ridiculous? Certainly it would; but not more so than what the clergy ask to have inserted.

Weekly our paper goes from this office to Australia, South America, and the West Indies; to all parts of our globe where civilization goes, goes also Spiritualism. It is already world-wide, and our nation its centre. We are making its literature, its history, and certainly ought to be laying now its foundations in a system of education without having it filtered through the fingers of the clergy. As yet we have no schools except the heaven-born and heaven-blessed institution of the Children's Progressive Lyceums, for which the calls increase; and it is to be hoped that those who are able will not let the present opportunity slip of securing the services of Mr. and Mrs. Davis. Academies and colleges will arise out of them, if not started otherwise; but we think it is about time for the Spiritualists to have old Harvard.

Praying Machines.

A friend sends us a scrap out from some paper, describing a praying machine that runs by a crank turned by a water-wheel. It is an Oriental contrivance, said to be still used in some parts of Asia. It would be a great saving of time for some of the living machines in this country, that run by wind and give out little else than sound without sense. It might not be a great loss to fix one up to run out the lessons in the Episcopal prayer-book. It would save reading them over so many times. Probably God has heard them so often he knows them all; and a machine might be made to rap them out in telegraphic characters, and, if centrally located, could be so arranged as to run them out to every Episcopal Church in the city at the same time and very accurately. But there are some kinds of prayers that could not be said or sung by any kind of machinery, although they are always set to music—the music of the heart. Such are the prayers that feed the hungry, clothe the naked, minister to the sick, and relieve the sufferings of fellow beings. Such prayers are the only ones God answers, and they do not run by wind or waterwheels, are not in books or words, but in good deeds.

Aid the Suffering.

Belle W. Stoddard, of Chardon, Ohio—of whom we have several times written brief notices for the BANNER in years past, and which notices have been the means of awakening a sympathy in the hearts of a few friends, whose generous contributions have relieved him and his aged mother several times, and brought thanks from the hearts that words could not express—writes us a pitiful letter, which we would gladly place before all who have or would send small sums to his relief. It will be remembered that he has been afflicted with epileptic fits since a child, and never could work or study or earn anything. His mother is an aged widow, and unable to support him. The spirits have educated him, and made quite a good medium of him, but he is so situated he cannot

get any pecuniary advantage from it, as he cannot travel or leave home. It has never been a lot to see more heartfelt gratitude than these sufferers express to those who send small sums to their relief, and all who can spare even a dime will find the sum returned with interest in its next life. Will not those who are able send him a little scrip and charge it to the Lord, and be blessed?

Meetings in New York.

Hon. J. W. Edmonds lectured at Dodworth's Hall Sunday evening, April 14th. We were unfortunately, as usual, in having an engagement to speak in Jersey City, and lost the treat which a crowded audience enjoyed, as we learn, very much. Hope the Judge will speak and write often enough to kill the lion that are started occasionally by his recitation or abandonment of the cause. It is a terrible eyesore to our opponents to have men of such talents and influence in our ranks, while they feign to despise us.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend, we learn, is drawing crowded houses and winning laurels by her discourses at Ebbitt Hall this month. She is so well known and always so good, it seems superfluous to write words of commendation on her or her discourses.

Both halls and societies in this city have been successful this winter and spring in selecting good speakers and drawing good audiences. Certainly the cause is brightening up in New York and vicinity. The Brooklyn society is prospering, and in Jersey City we have had very fine audiences and a promise of more.

Movements of Mediums and Lecturers.

Charles H. Foster is in the city, and can be found for a short time by calling at our office, 544 Broadway, New York.

S. C. Hayford dropped into our office on his way to New England. We trust he has found a warm welcome and encouragement in the East. He has the elements, disposition and will to do a good work and be a very useful laborer among us. Hope the friends will see to it that he does not have to seek other employment to get a support for his family.

Our young friend, A. C. Woodruff, of Buffalo, is also on the course, and heading westward. Would be glad to say a good word for him to all who can hear us.

An Example to be Followed.

Sanford B. Swan, of Norwich, Conn., who is sometimes called crazy by those who are a little cracked themselves, recently called at our office and selected and purchased an excellent library from our shelves, which he has for use and to sell at his home in Norwich. Many of our friends who do not consider themselves mentally erratic, would do well to follow his example, and invest, as he has, over sixty dollars in the best works on our shelves. We have now a fine assortment to select from, and are thankful to the many friends who are patronizing us. Shall try to deserve the patronage, and keep a full assortment of all the best works on the glorious truths of spirit-life and intercourse.

"A Peep into Sacred Tradition," by Rev. Orrin Abbott.

This little work contains the gist of a former work by the same author, entitled "Adam's Fall Refuted by Earth's Rocky Records," and also some of the sharpest and most pointed criticisms and comparisons of passages of Scripture. It is utterly unanswerable, except by the acknowledgment of the fallibility and self-contradictions of the Bible. Everybody who has a friend that believes the Bible to be the word of God, should get a copy of this book for that friend. Sold here. Price fifty cents.

Radical Peace.

The first Anniversary of the Universal Peace Society will be held in Masonic Hall, 13th street, between 31 and 4th Avenues, New York City, on Wednesday and Thursday, May 8th and 9th, at 10 A. M., and 7 1/2 P. M., of each day.

The experiment of six thousand years to establish peace by deadly force has failed, and the record is written in blood. Millions of lives have been sacrificed and treasures beyond computation have been wasted. Believing that legalized man-killing is inexpedient, inhuman, unchristian and barbarous, it is not hard to try some better plan? And, convinced that the cause of war, as well as war itself, must surrender to justice, love and truth as the conditions of radical peace, we invite to these meetings all persons, irrespective of sex, color, race or faith; and from such as cannot attend we solicit any word, counsel or aid that interest or ability shall impose. Many prominent speakers will be present, and all interested in the reform may have a hearing.

On behalf of the Society, ALFRED H. LOVIE, Philadelphia, Pres. MISS LAURA BLYVEN, Providence, Rec. Sec. LYMAN S. RICHARDS, Boston, Cor. Sec. Indorsed by Lucetta Mott, Henry M. Lane, Henry T. Child, M. D., George W. Taylor, Philadelphia; P. E. Farnsworth, Fred. L. H. Willis, M. D., Hon. Vincent Kenyon, New York City; Henry C. Wright, Mass.; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Vt.; James M. Peabody, Mich.; J. G. Fish, N. J.; Elizabeth B. Chace, Lovt K. Joslin, I. I.; Hon. George Thompson, of England, and many others.

Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles.

Friend, Chicago, Ill. \$3.00 Mrs. Vezie, Boston, Mass. \$2.00 A. A. Hill, New Haven, Conn. \$1.75 Friend, New York City \$1.75 Fred Curtis, New Britain, Conn. \$1.25 Panny Crosby, West Roxbury, Mass. \$1.00

Donations to Aid the Poor.

James J. Ward, Mexico, Ind. \$5.00

Donations to the Jackson Fund.

To aid the poor and aged parents of the late Geo. M. Jackson. Friend, Baltimore, Md. \$2.00

Business Matters.

COUSIN BENJA'S POEMS, just issued in book form. Price \$1.50. For sale at this office.

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

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

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

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

SOME HUNDREDS OF BACHELLER'S PATENT SPIRIT SUPPORTER are now worn, and the inventor has yet to learn of a single instance of its not giving the utmost satisfaction. Dry and fancy goods stores have it. Manufacturer, 10 ARCH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

The reception which DR. TURNER'S TIC-DOULOUREUX OR UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL has met with is truly extraordinary. By its use hundreds who were incapacitated for business have been entirely cured of Neuralgia, Nerve-Ache and Nervousness. Apothecaries have it. Principal Depot, 120 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS. Price \$1 per package; by mail, two postage stamps extra.

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, ENGL. KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

Bad Breath is often one of the attendants of a disordered stomach, and may be speedily obviated by the use of Coar's STOMACHIC CURE. By removing the cause the effect is removed. Our druggists all sell it.

CEDAR CAMPHOR Use it early and you gain money while you sleep, for you save by destroying swarms yet unborn. C. G. is sold by all druggists. HARRIS & CHAPMAN, Boston.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

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

NEW MUSIC.

Come, Darling, come to the Spirit-Land. Song and chorus. Poetry and music by John P. Ordway, M. D. "I'm in the spirit-land, my child, happy in thinking of you; I'm with you now in spirit, darling, and will be with you when you die." Angela watching; Angela singing. Come, darling, come to the spirit-land; Flowers of the field we have each one. Come, darling, come to the spirit-land. Price 35 cents; postage free. For sale at this office.

Praise to God.

Written by George W. Hinckley, to the music of the celebrated American Hymn by M. Keller. Price 35 cents; postage free. For sale at this office.

INVALIDS' HOME AND COLLEGE OF HEALTH.

Spring and Summer Season for Invalids and Students. DR. URIAH CLARK'S large, finely furnished, beautifully located Institute. Seven miles from Boston, for all kinds of invalids, for students to learn to practice without medicine, and a few select courses. See circular, with an English and French list of names, terms, etc. HENRY WOOD, MASS. April 27.

THE MAIDEN IN THE SPIRIT-LAND.

THIS great picture, with copyright, is now on sale. By exhibiting the same and selling copies \$25,000 could easily be made in one year's time. Single copies, with explanations, sent to all addresses in the United States, each for 10 cents. Address, SOPHIA EURENEFELS, Chicago, Ill. 7th April 27.

ORPHAN AND GOOD WASHING SOAP.

COSTS less than four cents a pound. Can be made in less than one hour. Send fifty cents to JAMES K. DEARIE, North Portland, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y. April 27.

SUPERIOR Natural Clairvoyant will answer

Q.uestions on business, health, etc. Enclose hair, photograph or to EDWARD MASTON, 65 West 30th Street, Hoboken, N. J. 3rd April 27.

WANTED.—Any person having copies of "The

Arcaea of Christianity," or "Wisdom of Angels," by T. L. Harris, that they are willing to sell, will please address Box 171 Station A, New York Post Office, mailing price April 27.—4w

MRS. H. S. SEYMOUR, Business and Test

Medium. No. 1 Carroll Place, corner Blocker and Laurens streets, third floor, New York. Hours from 2 to 6 and from 7 to 9 P. M. Circles Tuesday and Thursday evenings. April 27.

BELVIDERE SEMINARY,

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL for young ladies. Will commence its Spring Term on Monday, April 22, 1867. This school is pleasantly located on a hillside, overlooking the beautiful town of Belvidere, and commanding a fine view of the surrounding country for several miles. So healthful a school could be found nowhere else. The buildings, which are built in the "Italian Villa" style, are pleasant and commodious, and well supplied with all the necessary apparatus for teaching.

It is the intention of the Principals of the School to make every department comfortable and pleasant for their pupils, and to give the most careful and judicious instruction in every branch of learning throughout the entire term. The Boarding Department will be under the supervision of competent persons, and everything needful will be done to make the pupils happy.

No sectarian or party spirit will be introduced into the school, but every pupil will be received and treated in accordance with the strict principles of justice and equity of conscience. It will only be required of each pupil to conduct herself in a lady-like manner and attend faithfully to her studies.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION WILL BE PAID TO THE

HEALTH OF EACH PUPIL, and systematic exercises will constitute a part of each day's duty during the Fall and Winter Terms. A teacher having charge of the Gymnastic Department will give lessons in the new system as taught by Dr. Bro. Lewis, of Boston.

A GRAMMATIC CLASS will be formed at the commencement of the Fall Term, and all desiring to enter it this year should signify the same to the Principals, on making application for admission. It is desirable that every pupil be present at the opening of the school, and all applications for admission should be made as early as possible. For Circulars, containing further particulars, address, MISSES BUSH, April 6.—2mt Belvidere, Warren Co., N. J.

ORIENT SPRINGS HOUSE,

AMHERST, MASS.

THIS celebrated House has been newly furnished and repaired, and will be opened for guests on May 1st, by C. C. HENNING, M. D., assisted by gentlemen who understand the art of a first-class house. Connected with this delightful place are the well known and justly celebrated MIXERAL SPRINGS, which have given health to so many, after all other means have failed. It is situated on the Faculty of Amherst College as near as is possible to the town of Amherst. The managers intend to have it the public's favorite summer home. The beauty of the surrounding scenery, the commanding prospect of the mountains and health-giving waters are not equalled in this country. For further particulars send for Circular. April 20.—4w WILLIARD C. LANE, MASSACHUSETTS.

AGENTS WANTED!

THE COMPLETE HERALD; OR, THE PEOPLE THEIR OWN PHYSICIANS BY THE USE OF HERBAL REMEDIES, is the title of one of the best family medical books that ever been offered to the public. The rapid sale of this book, and the large commission allowed, enables a good agent to make an average of \$20 to \$30 per day. For full particulars, apply to the author and publisher, DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 19 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J. 2nd April 20.

"THE PEN AND PENCIL."

A NEW ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. Every purchaser of this paper will be presented with a ticket giving an equal chance of getting a Cash prize varying from \$100 to \$1,000. The first number will be published on Monday, April 22, by S. J. BAYLOR, 100 N. 2nd Street, New York. April 20.—4w

AMES'S Celebrated Portable and Stationary

"STEAM" ENGINES. All sizes, and superior to all others. Write for Circular. April 20.—6w H. M. AMES, Oswego, N. Y.

WANTED—AGENTS—\$75 to \$200 per month.

Everywhere, male and female, to introduce throughout the United States the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY REMEDY, a medicinal book that will sell itself, here, far, near, and abroad, and embrace in a most superior manner. Price only \$18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay \$1,000 for any machine that will

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, while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond...

The Circle Room. Our Free Circles are held at No. 123 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 private questions sent to our Free Circles for answer by the invisibles, are duly attended to, and will be published.

Invocation.

Our Father, who art here and everywhere, we would hallow thee and all that thou hast made, looking upon all thy creations as perfect and very good.

Oh our Father, thou Spirit of Everlasting Truth, we thank thee for the gift of life, and for all the manifestations of life. We thank thee for the sunshine; for showers; for day and for night; for the seasons; for flowers; for religion; for art; for science; for all that thou hast made, oh Father, we most fervently thank thee.

Father, thou hast led us through many dark ways, yet we can trust thee, for thou art wise and good and altogether holy. Thou dost shed the sunshine of thy love everywhere; and thou dost enfold all thy children in thy loving arms.

Unto thee, oh Father and Mother of all life, we would ever return thanks; ever utter praises; ever sing songs of joy for all that thou hast given us, all that we have, for all that thou wilt bestow upon us, Amen. March 19.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are ready, Mr. Chairman, to consider your queries.

Q.—By Abner Brosius, of Elk View, Penn.: Do spirits erect public buildings, as men do on the earth-sphere? and if so, do friends and relations, and those that have an attraction for each other, group together and live in these large edifices, or do they live in separate families, like those of what?

A.—Whatever the soul needs in the spirit-land, that it has. It is not bound by such barriers as exist in earth-life. There are no exorbitant landlords there, none who would extort more from you than you are able to give or ought to give, for each one recognizes not the law of might, but the law of right. And if they are not disposed to obey the law of right, they are forced to do so by the promptings of their own inner, better natures. Yes, souls do group together in the spirit-world, for life unfolds best bygregation. Man, either as a disembodied or embodied spirit, would be very poorly off alone.

Q.—Can man sin while yielding obedience to the claims of Nature?

A.—There are as many ways of defining sin as there are different minds to define it. To the strict Presbyterian it would be a great sin to perform certain kinds of labor upon the Sabbath day; but to certain Spiritualists it would be no sin at all. It is always well to obey every known law of Nature. But it is better that you are always sure not to pervert Nature's laws, not to be misled by them, not to believe that a call of a perverted law is a call of a legitimate law. You are all living false lives here. In the internal you are not, but in the external you are paying allegiance to certain gods that will never bring you any blessings. The god of Gold and Silver cannot bless you. The god of Fashion can only curse you. These, with many others, are the false gods spoken of by ancient prophets. In order to know when you are sinning, know yourselves first; clearly understand the demands of your inner natures. Ever seek to answer those demands, using all attributes of life, but abusing none.

Q.—By D. Wood, of South Berwick, Me.: Will the spirit of John Pierpont, or some one else, inform us which is best adapted to progression in spirit-life, the minister and his followers, or the rumseller and his followers?

A.—In many respects, they stand on the same plane, for they are both standing upon false platforms, that will sooner or later give way under their feet. In some respects the rumseller is in advance of the minister, and vice versa. Many rumsellers have very good internal natures, and when once you remove the circumstances, the scaffolding of their outer life, they are ready to step out in a broad field of progress, and will progress rapidly. They have not bound themselves so rigidly with the chains of bigotry and so themselves, that it will be hard for them to unbind themselves after they have entered the spirit-land. For as religion is supposed to be, and is indeed a part of man's inner nature, so everything that grows out of religion is very near to the spirit, and they are very apt to carry a large part of it to the spirit-land, sometimes all of

it. Therefore, you see, the bigot takes all his bonds with him, and does not get through with them until he has passed through fire in the spirit-world—the fire of disappointment, of spiritual unrest, which, when that has burned bright enough, has burned out, he is ready, like Peter, to step out of his bonds and walk the waves, even though he has little faith.

Q.—Will you give us a full explanation of the doctrine of re-incarnation, which you stated yesterday to be positively true?

A.—I am at present giving a practical illustration of it, which is better than all theory. March 19.

Catharine Crossgrove.

My name was Catharine Crossgrove, sir. I died, sir, on a street called Stillman street, seventeen, most eighteen years ago. [In Boston?] Yes. I left a little one I called Lucy—Lucy Ann. She was two and a half years old. The city, I believe, took charge of her after my death. She was adopted by two persons. The first person that adopted her was named Brown; and Mrs. Brown is with me. She died about a year after taking in the child, and her husband could not take care of Lucy after his wife's death, she was given to a person named Jones. I am very anxious to let her know who her mother is, and I've been kindly assisted here.

I was a seamstress here, did sewing to take care of my child and myself. [Do you know where this Jones family are living?] They are here somewhere in the city, but I can't see places distinctly. I am certain they are in this city, because they are not far—not a great distance from where I am; should say it was west from here.

I am anxious to teach my child, for she has attracted me to her, to know who her mother is, for she sometimes feels that her own mother lives; but Mrs. Jones and some of the family have told her no, that she never had any other mother than her present one. So I wish to go to her and tell her all about it, all about it.

Her father was drowned shortly after she was born. I want to tell her all about it. She has got relatives upon her father's side in England. I want to tell her, so she can write to them, for they are good people, and would be glad to know of her. The people called her Lucy Ann Jones. [Do you know Mr. Jones's given name?] I don't.

I think my child has some idea of these things, for I find this in her mind: "If I've got a mother anywhere, if she is in the spirit-world, if others can come, I wish she would come." So I think she must know something about it, and I hope to get to her in that way.

She is troubled, greatly troubled about herself. She doesn't know where she has come from. I want to tell her all about her antecedents. She ought to know them. She has nothing to be ashamed of. I want her to know that I was very, very poor. I had nothing to leave her, nothing at all. March 19.

Jason Wilson.

You will be kind enough to say, through your paper, that Jason Wilson will communicate with his brother Hazen and family, if they will sit around a table for seven successive evenings, when they are easy and comfortable, not disturbed at all. Good-by. March 19.

David McCann.

Well, sir, I don't know as I could talk to my folks, sir, once in seven times seven nights, but I'd try it, anyhow.

I'm David McCann, sir, and I used to live here in Boston. The last place I lived in, sir, was in Broad street. And I went to the war, I suppose, like a fool, because I did go, and I got killed. And I want to say, sir, that all I come here to-day for is to tell me brother not to go to Ireland. He's got—well, he's got the freedom of Ireland in his head all the time, and he'd better stay here and see how things are coming out. Oh they are making such a furor! I'd like to know what good your war did? It freed the niggers, and that's all it done. And in my opinion the quarrel now between Ireland and the Crown would result very much the same way; for the rich in Ireland—ah, they had got enough of freedom in their souls to do anything. If they'd got freedom, they'd not be doing the way they are now. I don't want him to go, not until he sees how things are coming out. This fighting for nothing, and get payed by seeing our enemies kindly cared for, is poor business. There's Jeff Davis down there having a good time; and he's having it at the expense of the blood of millions. Ah yes, that's very good. I'm not feeling very good, just right in coming back here and seeing how well that man is being treated. I was thinking it all over, you know, as I was in the hospital. I was thinking if the North were victorious, what would be done with the big leaders of the rebellion; would you hang them, or feed them on plum pudding and turkey? Yes, sir, and it's the plum pudding and turkey they're getting now, instead of the hanging.

I don't want Jim to go to Ireland. That's what I'm here for to-day. [He'd better take your advice.] That's so. He'll be a fool to go after my telling him this, because I can see, because I know what's going on better than he does. Will you tell him what I say? [Yes.] You publish all that comes? [Yes, sir.] It makes no difference who folks are, I suppose; you'd receive Jeff Davis were he to come here? [We should make him welcome.] I wouldn't if I had my say here; no, sir; if I had n't a shillalah I'd have something else. I'd stand guard here for the next twenty years, before I'd let him speak here. He'll fare hard on the other side, and he won't have so much as a Court Martial there. Oh the boys, you see, are feeling rough toward him on our side. [Why do you wish to have him with you in the spirit-world, when you dislike him?] To haze him like as he deserves! Yes, sir; and there's a proper good chance for it there. Oh I tell you there is.

Well, sir, if I can't do what I hope to this time, I'll come again; how's that? [Come, if you please.]

And if I've got a word to say about Andy Johnson, it's this: He's the biggest fool that ever sat in the Presidential chair. Oh he's so; it's no use to stand up for such a man as he is because the President is your cousin. No, sir; he's a fool, a confounded fool. But there are more fools than himself. Oh they're a set of knaves, fools and blackguards in Washington. I wish I could go there. I'd be like Christ when he entered the temple. Faith, I wouldn't leave so much as a table standing. I'd burn the buildings, I'd drive out the inhabitants, then if I had the power I'd sink the place. Faith, I would, for I thought to have been done long ago, in order to bring the seat of Government here where there's decent people. [Do n't you feel rather hard against them?] I feel just right—as I ought to.

Well, sir, good-by to you, till I come round again. Remember that all I come here for is for Jim not to go to Ireland. I was in my thirtieth year. [What company were you in?] I was in the 10th Massachusetts Company, O. [We ask these facts in order that

your brother may identify you.] Oh yes! I did n't think about that. I was thinking of the big things I had in me head all the while. Good-by to you. March 19.

Lieut. Samuel Gilbreth.

How do you do, Mr. White? [You seem to have the advantage of me.] My name is Gilbreth, First Lieutenant of the First Company of Sharpshooters, attached to the 20th regiment. And I'm back here to see what I can do toward making acquaintance with my friends, through your paper. I was here once before, but was rather unsuccessful; and my comrade, Mr. Berry—William, you know him?—rather suggested the idea that I should come again. [You are better fitted to make a clear statement now.]

Well, I have n't much to say here, only that I'd like my friends to—some of my friends, or some one of them, to send a letter to Mr. Mansfield, or rather to me, that I may answer it by him. And if I'm not successful in giving them unmistakable evidence of my spiritual personality, I'll back down, that's all.

I was attracted pretty strongly back to earth to-day for this reason: I suppose that there's some slight disturbance—I'm not able to ascertain what it is—very near where they saw fit to deposit the body, house, I used to live in. I don't understand the law, but it attracted me back so thoroughly that, finding myself in the atmosphere of earth, I thought I would take advantage of it by coming round. Mr. Berry has recommended me to see what I could do. I remember the place—Point of Rocks Cemetery. There's where I was deposited for safe keeping. Good afternoon. March 19.

Annie Doyle.

My throat feels bad. [It felt bad before you left, did n't it?] Yes, sir, that's what I died for.

My name was Annie Doyle, and I want to come to my mother; yes, and my father, too. He used to make melodious, and I suspect he does now. And they don't know I can come back. I tried to come Christmas night, so they'd think I was Santa Claus, but I could n't.

I'm most nine years old now. I should be most nine years old if I was here. I was seven when I died—little over seven. I'm dead now. I died in Concord, I did. [Massachusetts?] No, sir, in New Hampshire. I did live there. I lived there when I died—I do n't live there now.

I want you to tell mother I live with Aunt Annie now; and I ain't sick when I go away from here. But I feel bad here. Aunt Annie said I should. I had an awful sore throat. That's what I died with.

And I don't you tell mother that Uncle Joe is here, too. He was killed at Bull Run, and he's here long side of me. But he do n't like to—be do n't like to be a woman to come, he says. So he do n't come. I guess he will sometime, though. [Tell him it's only a different kind of uniform.] He is always laughing at everything; he is. "He do n't—he do n't see it," he says. Mother's got his watch. I know she'd like to talk with him. But he'll come, you tell her, pretty soon.

I guess I'll go now. I do n't like to stay. [Is Uncle Joe your mother's brother?] Yes, he's my mother's brother. His name is Carpenter—Joe Carpenter. Oh dear me, I do n't like to be choking. I guess I'll go. You put my letter in the office, will you? Good-afternoon. March 19.

Invocation.

Our Father, thy holy presence beams in through the darkness of the world of Nature; and as these falling rain-drops are messengers to release the earth from the bondage of winter, so may these spirits of the departed who have gathered here, be also messengers to release these souls in mortal from the bondage of religious winter, causing the early spring flowers of a new faith to put forth their tender petals, rejoicing in a warmer sunshine than can be found in churches or creeds. May every soul present realize its obligations to every other soul. And may the bonds of unity be no longer fetters, but chains of love, encircling the brotherhood of man, and realizing the fatherhood of God. May all sick and sorrowing souls be remembered by the well and rejoicing. And may thy kingdom come, and thy will be done on earth even as it is done in heaven. And may the golden rule, as taught by Confucius and practiced by our Jesus, be the holy law of every man's life, lifting him above all differences of religion, bearing him beyond the wild conflicts of Time, and giving him to realize the grandeur, vastness and perfectness of Eternity. For thine is all kingdoms, to thee belongeth all souls, and in thy loving embrace every soul finds perfect protection. Amen. March 25.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—By J. F. Snipes, of Richmond, Va.: Please explain the passage of Scripture found in Colossians, 2d chapter, 18th verse: "Let no man beguile you of your reward * * * in a worshiping of angels."

A.—It is hardly possible to determine precisely what our brother of other days did mean when he uttered these words, if indeed he did utter them. But they doubtless have a specific reference to things belonging to his time and the people to whom they were spoken. They can have no possible reference to you of this day, to any others than those who were his acquaintances and friends.

Q.—By the same: Please explain also the passage in II Timothy, 3d chapter, 16th and 17th verses: "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect."

A.—The passage explains itself. It is very true that all Scripture, as such, comes by direct inspiration, or in other words, comes through the soul-life of the individual, comes through the internal, not from the external. The Scripture of things to me is the soul of things, the inner life of things. And if we are to understand the language of the Scripture of Nature, of the soul, of heaven and hell, we are to become acquainted with its inner life.

Q.—By B. L. Fetherolf, of Tamaqua, Penn.: Is the control of a medium by a spirit identical with the mesmerist influence thrown upon one person by another in this world?

A.—I do not deem it to be identical, although it is in many respects similar to it. There are a great many different kinds of control. Sometimes the subject is simply psychologized; that is, made to speak or act according to the positive will of the spirit controlling, but, at the same time, possesses all its own senses clear. Sometimes the subjects are under positive obsession or possession—so the terms are synonymous—and then the consciousness of the subject, seems to retire into what we may call its inner sanctuary; and at other times it wanders away and takes cognizance of things transpiring in other places. At other times the subject is put into a deep trance-like condition; and then under such circumstances, the foreign spirit, has most perfect control. For when the spirit, the conscious part of the subject,

is away from the body, there is always more or less disturbance of the animal forces, because of the absence of that conscious life. But when it is entranced and overcome by the controlling spirit, and still remains part of the machine, then there is life most perfect harmony between the machine and the foreign spirit having control.

Q.—By J. Foster, of Lowell, Mass.: Will the spirits please answer the following question, asked by the ancient skeptic: "Pyrrho, the ancient skeptic, after having exhausted his brain in trying to understand it, at length declared he did not know which was the real human life—the sleeping or the waking. 'Do we,' he asked, 'dream during the night what we have experienced during the day? Or do we during the day dream about what we have experienced during the night?'"

A.—All life I believe to be in the absolute real, perfectly so, whether sleeping or waking. There are some disembodied spirits, if I may judge from their conversation, who are disposed to look upon their earth-life as their dream-life. They will tell you of dreams, that they dreamed thus-and-so. If you ask, Was it in the night time? was your body in repose? the answer is, No, I was about my regular business; but after all it was a dream. But you judge of all things by comparison; and in the spirit-world things appear so much more distinct, definite, so much more clearly positive, that, comparing what you have passed through by that, it is not strange that some should think it a dream.

CHAIRMAN—I have a question directed to Rev. Mr. Channing. Shall I read it?

A.—Well, perhaps my dear good brother Channing would rather answer it himself. In all probability, if it is directed to him, he would prefer to answer it. I presume he will be in control to-morrow, and no doubt would be very glad to consider it. Good-day. March 25.

Professor Edgar C. Dayton.

I have received, in my spirit-home, a query as coming from some good friend on earth, who seems to be in the dark concerning some things that I may have said and may not have said—I do not now remember. But at any rate he calls earnestly for me to come to this place, and clear up, if possible, certain things that I said when here.

He says, in the note which he penned to me, and placed in his pocket for me to peer into and answer, something like this: "I understand that Professor Dayton, who purports to be the presiding spirit of one Thomas Gales Forester, has very positively defended, supported, in his way, the use of tobacco by spirits in the body. Now, if Professor Dayton does indeed stand on such a platform, will he inform us? and what are his reasons for standing where he does regarding that point? and what are his reasons for defending what seems to me a very bad battle-ground?"

I believe that is the exact language contained in my friend's note. Now for my answer.

Well, now, I am not sure that I am a defender of the use of tobacco. But I do say, and I have said—I cannot tell how many times, but I am inclined to think several times—that the judicious use of tobacco by some persons, and under some conditions, was not at all injurious. I say so now; but I also say, where there is one that is capable of judiciously using that weed, there are ten thousand who are largely capable of abusing it. Considering this want of knowledge upon the part of the majority, I certainly would be one to cast my vote against its use. All those stimulants that are used by our mortals, which have the effect to produce a pleasant sensation and for a time draw you away from your earthly trials, you are apt to make too large use of. Instead of allowing them to be your servants, you make them your masters. This is wrong. Therefore I would preach against their use. But I do not retract what I have said, what he has declared I have said quite a number of times, concerning the weed tobacco. If I am able to judge of this good friend aright, he is inclined to take the extreme side of everything. If there is any extreme side he is sure to be found there. It's either all tobacco, or none at all; all whiskey, or none at all; all love, or no love at all; all hate, or no hate. He is never found standing between the two.

I contend, as I always did, that everything that exists has an existence by virtue of divine will; therefore it is for good; and if you are wise you will learn its use. And when you have found out, don't abuse it, but use it right. There are poisons growing all over the land. Who shall declare they have not as good a right to exist as man has? Surely no one; for the God of Nature has determined according to the characteristics of their life. And if human intelligence will only seek to analyze all the forms of life by which it finds itself surrounded, you will very soon learn the use of all things on the earth, under the earth, in the water, and in the air.

Because you are ignorant, you are sick; mentally, morally and physically. You die daily. You live in living tombs, because of your ignorance. Instead of striving to give yourselves spiritual knowledge, nine-tenths of you will educate yourselves to know how to buy and sell a horse, or a cow. And so with regard to your rearing of your children. You take especial pains with all your domestic animals, but with that which contains a living, thinking soul, you take no thought of it whatever, supposing that the God who takes care of the universe—who has placed a God within your own soul—will take care of it.

Now then, I would recommend our good friend, who stands on the extreme side of things, to turn his attention to the investigation of all the natural sciences—all, I say—and see if he can't find some good in them, as well as all evil.

I'm done. Edgar C. Dayton. Good day to you. March 25.

Patrik Harnasey.

This is Boston, I take it? [Yes, sir.] Well, sir, I have an old mother here, a wife and child, and sisters. They are not knowing just how I died, and they're not knowing whether I was paid or no. When I was taken prisoner, I had the money on me.

I got the advice of a very good priest in the spirit-world, and he told me I'd better come and tell the folks about myself.

I am, sir, from the 5th Massachusetts Company B; that is as sure as you live; and the name of me used to be—I not had any name, not been called any name since I went out—but here it was Patrik Harnasey; and I died at Danville. Ah, the cursedest place in all the world. Yes, sir, I was wounded. I'd not been taken there at all—oh, sir, I wouldn't have been taken prisoner, but I was wounded, and that made bad work for me. I got gobbled up first thing. Well, I want to let the folks know I had a pretty hard time of it there, and that we were paid off just two days before I was taken prisoner. And it's not a cent I had in five minutes after I fell into the clutches of the rebels, sir. So my folks will not expect it, you know. They are trying to get it from Government, you know, and it's not to be had, because I had it.

And then, sir, I want in some way one of these bottles, so I can go back to them; want a medium, so I can talk, and tell them how I died, and about the money.

Father Riley is in the spirit-world, and he's not ever talked this way. And he knows a great deal about it; and he tells me that the Catholics that are on the other side have the chance to come back, of upsetting things entirely. You see, they know they can come back, and it's making a great stir there. I mean Father Riley. The folks know him—Oliver Riley. Oh the folks know him very well. He's been dead about sixteen years. And he has a great company about him all the time asking him questions. He's very willing to answer them, because he knows he done wrong when he was here. He said he knew he did n't do right when here. He felt it was not right to do just so—take money from the poor to build costly churches. He did n't like it at all, but because all the rest did it, he was obliged to, for if he did n't, they'd all be down on him, you see; and he said it was pretty hard to step out from the clergy and take a different course from what they did.

But ah, he's suffering pretty bad for it now. He's suffering for all the mistakes he made in the body. Oh the Lord! I would n't be the Pope of Rome, if I was here, for all the wealth of the world, nor a Bishop, nor a Priest, either. No, I would n't be anything of the kind, because when you get to the spirit-world and find no Catholic religion, then where are you? If you have n't done pretty nigh right when here, where are you? Upset.

I was a Catholic here, and I did n't always do right myself. I tried to do just about right, but there were so many things to lead you astray! Oh, I'm not going to say I did just right myself here, for I did n't. But then it's all over now. I am going to do the best I can, anyway.

[Where did you leave your family?] I left them in South Boston, in what—I suppose you do n't know what is called Dublin? [We've heard of it.]

Father Riley says there ain't a single one of us comes back what was in the Church, but what the priests get their message; and when their folks come to them and ask what it means, they say like this: "I have a revelation from God, and he says from my patron saint I received such a message," but he do n't say at all that Pat Harnasey came to this place and sent a letter to his folks. Ah, that's very good. I do n't care how it gets to them, how it goes, so long as it goes. But I like to have everybody do about right.

Oh the clergy know a great deal better than the people do. It's like this: because they are educated, while the people are ignorant. Now the clergy keep them in darkness, because the people are more than they, and if they were to educate the people, they would soon rise and put them down under their feet.

Oh, Father Riley says the Pope is going to stand on his head. [What does he mean by that?] Oh, I suppose get upset. Well, it's all right; I never could see the justice of having one man get all the good things of the world, and the rest none. If he's going to get upset, I hope he'll get all right again on our side. [We'd like to have him come here.] What! the Pope? You'd like to have him come here? [Yes.] Oh, well, I suppose he will when he gets to the spirit-world. Then he'll learn where heaven is: that it's to be found in something else besides the honors of this world. Oh, he'd sooner be Pat Harnasey; yes, I tell you I've heard 'em talk in the spirit-world, and they say the folks what gets the good things in this world gets the dish turned up on the other side. Yes, sir, it's not a lie I'm telling you at all. Every other Irishman that comes back here will tell you the same thing.

Well, sir, I suppose the old woman and all the rest will say I've turned Protestant. It's not so; I have not turned anything at all. I only see things in their right light.

[To the Chairman.] I'm much obliged to you, sir. Don't forget me company and regiment. Good-day to you, sir. March 25.

Blanche Williams.

I am seeking for my father, sir; yes, sir. [Where did you leave him?] He left me, not I him. [How long since?] I never saw him but twice in my life, and I was twenty-one years old when I died.

My mother tells me he was a native of Massachusetts, and he resides part of the time in Massachusetts, and part of the time in New York, having business in the two States. His name, sir, was Thomas Edgerly Williams—Thomas E. Williams, called.

I have been in the spirit-world four years. I died in our Jackson Hospital in Louisiana. I was taken of the fever with which many of the soldiers were down, and I died there. I had not seen my mother for several years, but she is with me in the spirit-world.

I come here to seek out my father, and to tell him that I—yes, I am his daughter Blanche—and my mother, Jeannette, both come, asking to talk with him. They say he is of liberal thought. I heard so when I was at school. I used to hear of him occasionally, but I could not live with him, I could not see him, or speak with him. I knew his money paid for my tuition, but I would rather have had his love and his fatherly protection than his money. I come here to tell him so.

Many of us were detailed to enter the hospital to take care of the sick. But I am here, and alive, and I want to find my father. I'm sure I can, because a great, good, just God, who looks with love alike upon all, has sent me here, and I know I shall find him. [Where were you at school?] I was at one time in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; then again I was in Baltimore. [Where were you when you died?] Do you remember? Yes, at the Jackson Hospital, in Louisiana.

I don't think he heard of me after the breaking out of the rebellion; I don't know. At all events I did not from him. All money were remitted to Mr. Thomas, a Mr. Thomas, of Montgomery, Alabama; and from him I suppose I received all I had during my school days. March 25.

Johnnie Joice.

How do you do, mister? Thought I'd come to see if you'd heard or done anything about me. [I've not been able to learn that the gentleman has yet returned from Europe. Do you know if he has?] No, sir, I believe he has n't. [I've not seen the other party to speak with him, either.] Well, I want to say here, sir—if you have n't any objection—that I really do hope that they won't call me across the water to make a communication there in Europe, for I shan't go; and Belle won't go. I have been directed to come here and to stay here, and to give all my messages here that relate to that, and go nowhere else. And it only disturbs me to have them call me to any other place. I shan't compromise with anybody, because I do n't believe in it. My teachers and guides on the other side say that I've got a very important part to play in this business; and if I have, I think I shall try to perform my part well. [Have you any particular communication to make?] No, sir; only that just as soon as you

