

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XIV.

{ \$2.50 PER YEAR }
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1864.

{ SINGLE COPIES, }
Five Cents.

NO. 25.

A NARRATIVE OF SOME OF THE EXPERIENCES IN THE INNER LIFE OF ARTHUR BUCKMINSTER FULLER, Late Chaplain of the 16th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.
634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHAPTER V. HUMAN LIFE—A VISION.

SECTION I.

Some time since the author of *Pilgrim's Progress* visited the writer and presented several pictures; they were not very clear and distinct; there was some difficulty in his attempts to explain them. I have noticed frequently that when any spirit was giving a series of communications, it was difficult for another, especially one not accustomed to communicating, to give anything. My rule is always to leave these matters to be settled by the intelligences on the other side.

A few days after my friend Fuller came, and said, "I met John Bunyan in the spheres, and, among other things, I related to him the happy meetings I had had with you. He desired to visit you, and he was pleased with the interview he had with you, and now he and I have come to give you in this chapter a picture illustrating human life in some of its phases."

Soon there was presented a wide spread vision. I saw before me a great multitude of people near the shore of a vast ocean, which extended far out beyond the reach of my vision. These people appeared to be moving in all directions, though, as I watched them closely, I perceived there was a tendency in all of them to move in one direction along the shore.

There were to be seen in that vast multitude persons out of all nations, kindreds, tongues and peoples; and as I have ever loved to study human characters, I feasted on the vision, and saw that not only had every nation its peculiarities of character, as expressed in its forms and customs, and modes of life and action, but each individual was peculiar, and in some points stood alone in that vast multitude; and as I was thus deeply absorbed, my attention was drawn to a venerable looking old man with strongly marked points of character. He was walking along the shore, carrying a large basket nearly filled with shells, which he had picked up on the strand—pebbles, dirt and gems, all mingled together without any order or arrangement. The load was quite heavy for him to carry, yet I saw him still picking up here a shell and there a pebble, mostly selecting them with care and from some real or supposed value, though I perceived that at times, in the past, he had gathered up handfuls of dirt, sand and shells, and thrown them into his basket promiscuously, thus rapidly increasing his load without adding much to its value. Sometimes he would walk out into the ocean, and dipping his basket into the water, would thus wash out some of the contents; but in doing this the basket became more or less soiled. I followed this man as he walked along the shore, and I saw that at times he would still gather up handfuls of dirt and useless things, which not only added to his burden, but covered up many of the precious stones which he had gathered. His desire for accumulation would at times overcome his judgment.

Thus slowly onward he moved, groaning under his burden, though he knew why he had to bear it, and regretted the course which had given him such a load; yet he still pursued a similar one, and I saw many persons who were admiring him, and saying, "Oh, what a great man!" He felt how much hypocrisy and delusion there was in all this fulsome praise, and he knew that great powers, when thus abused and misused, brought still greater condemnation. I followed him thus a long distance, and saw him at times filled with deep regret and a strong desire to empty his basket, wash it clean, and return to the starting-point and travel over his journey and gather only pure and precious gems; but it was impossible for him to do this.

Onward he went reluctantly, but still onward; the present was hard and toilsome, the future was gloomy and without a charm. He journeyed on till he came to a narrow strip of land on which only one person could walk. He entered on this pathway just as the curtains of night were drawn over the scene, and the sky was overhung with dark clouds, an irresistible impulse forced him onward, and he rushed forward, not knowing whither he was going. Soon, however, the narrow strip of land disappeared, and into a dark and fearful river he plunged, its waves flowing over him; still onward he moved, clutching his basket with a deathlike grasp. I saw two bright beings lead him thus through the waters, though he perceived them not. At length, after a fearful struggle, he landed on the other shore, dreary and alone; for though loved ones were there, he knew them not; he had no power by which to perceive them; and there on that shore he emptied his basket and sought to cast away all that was useless and impure, and gather out the good and the useful.

There I left him, and soon the vision of the shore, the ocean, and the myriad hosts, was before me again. My attention was now drawn to a youth of fair and beautiful form; his countenance was radiant with hope and love. He, too, had his basket—a small one—which was as clear as crystal, and so transparent that all its contents were visible; in it were many beautiful gems which sparkled and sent forth rays of light. I noticed that although his basket appeared very clean, he was frequently holding it out into the water, so as to remove any little dust or impurity that might settle upon it. I could see that by careful habit he had acquired a very clear and perfect power of vision, which frequently enabled him to discover beautiful gems which had been passed by unnoticed by others. He found so many that he was constantly giving them away to those who could appreciate them. He walked joyfully along, the birds caroled their notes around him, and flowers bloomed on his pathway and shed their fragrance over all. No heavy burdens made him repine; onward through life's sunny paths he trod with hope and joy, casting their beautiful rays upon all who were

In the sphere of his influence. It seemed but a little while till he, too, came to the narrow passage where he must "tread the wine-press alone." He arrived here just as the setting sun had gilded the western horizon:

"And the hazy clouds,
Pale relics of a recent storm,
Had drawn their thin, grey shadows
Unto the sky,
And curtailed it in beauty."

The waters on each side of his path sent up their white spray, and it was wafted over that path, and with a firm and unfaltering step he trod its narrow way, while angels cheered him on, and he recognized the voices of loved ones who had gone before him to that blissful shore. Soon the land sank away from beneath his feet, and he stepped forth upon the waters of what has been called the Dark River, and, supported by two beautiful forms, he walked on these waves, and the light of the angel band shimmered around him, and all was calm and beautiful. Soon he stood upon the bright strand amid hosts of loved ones who waited to welcome him "home."

Thus have we given you two pictures of humanity: one in which goodness and virtue were negative, and second to false ambition and intellectual power, and another in which the love of the beautiful, the pure and divine is positive to all other things. The shore on which you saw the multitude was Time. The ocean whose waves are ever beating and surging against that shore is Eternity. The basket represents that in which man accumulates his treasures in his passage through time. The gems are truths. The shells are the coverings of truths that other men, in former times, have had, and which are often very beautiful, but have no life in them. The sand and dirt represent present realities not worthy of being carried with us; out of their places they become cumberous and painful to carry. The narrow strip of land lying between the sea of Time and the ocean of Eternity, is Disease; the dark river is Death, and the other shore is the Better Land.

SECTION II.

When next the picture was presented, the person who attracted me was a noble looking young man, who had a nice basket pretty well filled, mostly with valuable gems. He always had a number of persons around him; and as I examined him closely, I perceived a great number of fine lines emanating from him, and persons were holding these lines and being drawn along by him. Sometimes there were so many of these that he could not advance, and was liable to be drawn back. As I looked still more closely, I saw that there were many of these lines emanating from him that were held by invisible beings, who were thus drawing him forward. These cords were quite elastic, and sometimes the multitude around him overpowered the others; but as he exerted his power, he could generally move onward; and when he could not, on account of the large number that were drawing him back, I heard a voice say to him, "Clasp some of the cords," and then, taking a small pair of scissors, he cut these, and thus moved on. He seemed very glad to have the power to throw out these cords, and to help others, and when he did not attempt to help too many, it was an advantage to him. The power that drew him worked better when he had just enough to hold him firmly, and there was a balance between the two. When this man came to the narrow pathway, the cords attached to the earthly ones became very elastic; the others grew stronger, and he was drawn along rapidly and passed over the river without any difficulty; and those who remained felt that the cords were still there, and reached across the river to the other land, and thus was a class of cords made to reach from an invisible being to the dwellers of earth and draw them onward and upward.

When I gazed upon the picture again, I beheld a man clothed in an armor of the strongest metal, impenetrable to almost everything. He was a fierce looking man, and repelled every one from him. He had few associates, and marched mostly alone, priding himself on the invulnerability of his armor and his isolation, which he falsely called independence. He had but little enjoyment, and seemed determined not to increase this by sharing it with others. He stepped along with firm strides, and every one seemed disposed to get out of his way. I felt but little interest in following him, and yet I was to see him through his journey. When he arrived at the narrow pathway, he folded his arms in disdain, and, with a curse upon his lips, turned sullenly away from those around him, and closing his eyes, rushed blindly into what he supposed and hoped was to be an eternal sleep of oblivion. I followed him to the other shore, and it was sad to see how dark and lonely was his condition.

When next the vision returned, I saw a number of little children, who were carried along in the arms of others, and these came to the narrow pathway where they were still very young; and as they came here they were taken from the arms of those who had brought them, and carried over the river, and they did not recognize the change. They could see their friends who had brought them up the pathway, and the new home over the river was very pleasant to them, and here they had their little baskets filled by kind and loving friends, who had brought over gems enough for themselves and to spare; for I noticed that all who were here found it necessary to have gems from the other land before they could start on their journey; and when from any cause they had not brought them, they were obliged either to return and get them, or depend upon others who had brought them. And I saw some of these little children carried back and placed where they could gather gems out of the baskets of their parents and friends on earth, and where these realized this fact, and invited the little ones to come and get all they could, it was much easier for them to do this.

I mentioned seeing cords passing off from one man, now I saw them everywhere, between the persons who were walking on the beach, and also coming to all these from the invisibles. Every one was led, more or less, by these, though few were fully conscious either of the source or extent of the influence. I noticed that the most sensitive persons were surrounded by a fine network of these lines, which made them very impressive, and under proper conditions easily controlled. Those who were sufficiently developed to perceive this fully, were very happy. They became

conscious of the invisible sources from whence the lines came, and sought to prepare themselves to receive all the influences they could from them. In this class were to be found the true extremes of suffering and of happiness, for it is a law that, in proportion to the perfection of development and sensitiveness, will be the power to experience pain or pleasure. There were many other incidents of character that I noticed which I cannot stop to narrate here.

When I looked again to the shore, my attention was drawn to the multitude. I saw a hill that I had not noticed before, a short distance from the sea. The shore was low, and there were quicksands, so that the people could not walk there without great difficulty, and the mass turned to go over this hill, which I learned was called Temptation. Over the top of it there was a narrow pathway, quite rough, but one could walk safely by taking great care how and where they stepped. I noticed that those who did so grew stronger by the exercise it required. Just along each side of this path the hill was very steep and slippery, and many persons had a desire to walk on these parts, and there were many who were constantly trying to get others here; and I saw many persons slip down the sides, and roll against bushes and rocky places, and thus they were severely bruised. Sometimes they would catch there, and at others they would roll on, striking other objects, until some one would lie directly in their path, and they would come up against them, and their career would be arrested. Stunned and bruised and sore, they would endeavor to climb up the hill again, and to do this they were forced to lay hold of the bushes and rocks that had bruised them as they descended. Clinging to these they were enabled to climb up, and when they came up in this manner, they were both stronger and wiser.

Many, as soon as they got up, would try to walk on the side of the hill, and would often roll down without profiting by their experience and suffering. I noticed a very singular scene at this time. A man who had rolled down the hill nearly to the bottom, in a fit of rage seized another and threw him out into the ocean of eternity. As the world calls it, he committed murder. Those around him who were about as far down the hillside as he was, became very much excited, and determined to punish him. Instead of letting him climb up the hill as well as he could, they caught him and bound him, and having an old maxim after this wise, "Whoso plungeth a man into the ocean of eternity before he reaches the River of Death naturally, shall himself be plunged into the same ocean."

The meaning of this law was not understood by any of the people, and in their ignorance they built up a high framework, and after talking very kindly to the man, and persuading him that he could be saved if he would only believe certain things, which neither he nor they could understand, soon he became reconciled to his fate, which I perceived was to sit upon a kind of a spring trap, and a man sneaked up and touched the spring, and it threw him up into the air, and away out into the ocean, and he fell into the deep waters just about where he had thrown his victim; and I saw them both struggling together, and began to perceive the meaning of the old maxim, "Whoso plungeth a man into the ocean of eternity, shall himself be cast in." They were struggling, and seeking to help each other; and it was a long and fearful struggle to reach the land, which was so easily approached by those who came up properly along the narrow pathway and over the River of Death.

As I contemplated this scene, I perceived, as I had often done before, that after anything was once discovered, we could see it occurring almost everywhere. Now I could see, as I looked along the shore, that in many places there were persons plunging others into the ocean of eternity prematurely; by various means—ill treatment, oppression, unkindness—leading them into paths of error. Many very sensitive persons were thrown in by becoming the victims of jealousy, falsehood and slander, which poisoned the atmosphere around them. Many a one threw this poisoned atmosphere around their victims, and exulted in the punishment they thought they were heaping on others, when lo! they were only preparing suffering for themselves; for the old maxim that I have referred to was not left for society to fulfill—indeed, could not be fulfilled by any one outside of the individual who acted thus, and these persons were making the very beds in which they themselves must lie, and the more terrible they made it, the deeper and more poignant would be their own sufferings, when they came, as they inevitably must, to realize it.

I saw that men were not only to be judged by their fruits, but that it is an inevitable law that as a man thinketh, so he is. I could see that it was merely the outworking and expression of their own conditions that led persons thus to charge innocent persons with acts which they themselves were guilty of; so low and venomous were some, that they sought out the most sensitive persons, as these would not be able to resist them, and on these they poured out the vials of their wrath, and even exulted over their sufferings. But fearful indeed was the torment these were preparing for themselves for no sooner had their victims been thrown into the ocean of eternity, or even made to suffer while on earth, than these began to realize something of this torment. I saw them struggling to reach as far out into the ocean as they could, to endeavor to aid the injured ones; and in many cases their own lives were shortened, and they, too, were compelled to go into this ocean just where they had thrown their victims, and though the innocent victim had been aided in their journey by the kind and loving ones around them, the slanderer found terrible retribution, and was compelled to struggle long and fearfully in the tempestuous waves, until their measure of suffering was over, and by their condition of penitence the injured one could be drawn to visit them in love and forgiveness, which could only be done as they came into a state of true penitence, after a consciousness of their condition.

I learned now that it is only as mankind really understand and appreciate the laws of life, and are enabled by obedience to these to live out their full period on earth, that they can cross directly into the Better Land.

At another time I saw a great number of persons riding in wagons and carriages. These got along quite comfortably for a time, having a smooth road and easy time. After a while I perceived that this road led

away from the shore, and it began to be very rocky and rough, so much so that at times the wagons would be turned over by the unevenness of the road. After a time this became impassable, and every one was obliged to abandon their wagons and the animals which had drawn them thus far.

In many places along the road there were steep bluffs, so high that it was impossible for any one to climb them without aid, and there were persons who constructed ladders and placed them up against these, and thus enabled the people to walk up. These ladders were the churches and institutions of learning; and it seemed as if these barriers were placed in the way in order to make men help each other, and the instruction and aid which great and good men could give were required here.

I noticed that many persons were so much pleased with these ladders that they would stay about them, and endeavor to satisfy themselves by going up and down them. Others desired to pull the ladders up, and carry them on their journey; but in neither case could they succeed. And this is the condition of vast numbers to-day in the churches. They know that these ladders have helped them up one hill, and as they expect to meet with others in their journey, it seems wise to attempt to carry these. But the true wisdom is to leave these for those who are to come after you; and have faith that as there was power given in this emergency to build a ladder adapted to the case, so will there be in all; and when this was the case, as I saw it in the vision, they could travel on rapidly, and were very happy.

SECTION III.

"Now," said my guides, "thou hast seen humanity in some of its conditions, we will conclude our present labors by giving thee a more interior and spiritual view of mankind, which will illustrate their conditions still further. Come with us now, and turn into the deep, interior realms of thy being, and there wait until the vision opens."

Soon again I saw the multitude, the shore and the ocean, which had now become a familiar scene; it seemed more beautiful than it ever had before, it was an illuminated picture; a soft, mellow light shone out from every being and object—a light which was peculiar to each. When I looked at mankind, I lost sight of the external and I saw in and through them. The vision was so grand, that for a time it overwhelmed me; it was deeper and more penetrating than anything I had ever seen before. The inner lives of all things, and the very thoughts of men, were clear and plain to me. I saw gold, men and silver men, copper and brass men, and pewter men, iron men, and men in whose souls granite rock was piled up until they were completely covered, and it seemed there was nothing but granite rock there. There were men in whom this rocky nature had been broken down so that it formed soil, in which flowers were growing, which shed a fragrance and aroma around them. First I saw these in classes, and then I was led to look at individuals. I turned to the gold men and saw that there were various kinds—some had very pure gold, and these drew pure gold from the things around them and they had the control of this and distributed it among those around them, not being desirous to hoard it up. There were other gold men who had very impure metal; it was mixed with baser metals. I noticed a singular difference among these; they all attracted gold toward themselves, but in some cases it dropped off at once; they could neither hold it themselves nor give it to others. There were others of this class who drew large quantities of gold to themselves, and entwined this around themselves in such a manner that it remained there in vast masses, which were not very useful either to themselves or to others.

The silver men were also of various characters; some were very substantial men, attracting gold and silver, and holding it so firmly as to use it wisely. There was considerable mixture, but not so much as amongst the gold men, partly, at least, because they had not the same opportunity. Some of these silver men were among the most useful men that I saw.

Next I looked at the copper and brass men, and there was a great variety among these; some very useful men—men who were willing to pass for just what they were worth; there were others who were engaged in polishing up their brass, and trying to make it appear like pure gold; some of these gathered gold, but the brass seemed always to be mixed up with it.

Then I looked at the pewter men; they were exceedingly soft, and could be bent in any direction; these twisted and turned in many ways. They gathered gold and mixed it with their pewter; these men were exceedingly dependent upon their surroundings. Sometimes, under good influences, they were very useful; at other times, and under other influences, they were not very reliable; they had no firmness or stability of principle in them.

Turning from these, I looked upon the iron men, and among them I found a great variety of character—some not very desirable, for iron, which represents firmness and stability, may be so combined as not to form the most beautiful character. The tyrant and the oppressor have this element in them, in combination with the lower faculties; but when the iron entered largely into the composition of the man who is grounded upon the eternal principles of right and truth, the character becomes strong and beautiful, and among the iron men were the rulers of the people—those who marked out the destinies of nations, and swayed empires for good or for evil. Let no man despise the iron element in his character—it gathers, and holds, and distributes.

The next that came before me were the granite men. This differed from the iron element, and yet it was hard and enduring; it was the primitive condition of the race—the barbaric state, which still exists in all communities, and toward which there is a strong tendency. I found very few of these even among the most rude and barbarous nations, in whom the rock remained unchanged; I saw that in almost every heart the warmth of love and the fire of affection had splintered off a soft, rude and primitive though it might be, still such that some flower of love and affection could bloom there.

My thoughts now centered upon a man in whom this rocky nature had long since crumbled into dust, and the flowers of affection, one by one, for ages had

sent forth their fragrance, and given up their forms to mingle with the dust. And the animal kingdom, in all its varied forms, had lived in, and roamed through the heart, and left their influences of strength there; and having been brought into subjection to the higher nature of man, so that he had dominion over all the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and over every living thing. Here the gold and silver and other metals occupied their appropriate places, and performed the mission to which they were appointed in the Divine Economy.

This man never soiled his garments, or turned aside from the path of rectitude; he walked calmly and peacefully upon the tranquil waters of the ocean of eternity, as they loved the shores of Time, and thus was he prepared to ford the River of Death confidently and trustfully. As I looked on him, I saw that in each of the human faculties there were degrees of perception and refinement, and that each man had his standard, and it was impossible for another to attempt to live by this. Thus, in the perception of truth, persons have very different ideas, for these were only partially revealed. Inspiration, like the sunshine and the dew, falls silently but surely upon all—upon the rose and the fragrant flower, whose breath of sweetness perfumes the air and spreads life and health-giving influences around it; and upon the weeds and the baneful upas tree that pour out poison and death around them, as well as upon the bleak and barren rock that remains unchanged for ages.

The same divine inspiration falls upon the gross and sensual man whose faculties are only awakened upon a low and groveling plane, and upon the man whose faculties are all attuned to harmony and melody, and impels each in its peculiar course; and he who is so ignorant as to condemn the inspiration in the one case, would also blot out the sunshine and the dew in the other. Make then your conditions right, and these inspirations will ever bring peace and happiness; sow the seeds of discord, and it will fan the flames so that sorrow and suffering must follow. You see the great king of day in the outward, fixed in his position; his rays are ever poured forth in equal and unvarying streams—clouds may envelope the earth and intercept these—its position, which is ever changing, may be such as to produce variety, when comparatively little heat is received; so is divine inspiration ever flowing in continued and unvarying streams. But the soul makes its conditions by changing its relative position. An inspired writer has said: "The winter is past, the rain is over, the flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

I saw that some were in this condition, and the inspiration came to them with power. There were others whose bright surfaces reflected much of the light away, and the rock men declared boldly that "inspiration had ceased;" for what was it to them, that the sun poured its rays upon the rock, day after day, and the dews descended night after night, and the showers, which had accumulated as the clouds gathered together their influences for a time, fell for countless ages—still the rock was, apparently, unmoved; there was no growth nor life nor beauty there, and it seemed as if there had been no inspiration. No one should condemn the rock for its denial of inspiration; this ever was and ever will be measured, like the sunshine, by the condition of the recipient.

I have said there were vague and indefinite ideas in the minds of all. It is the mission of spirits, whose inspiration is the most universal and important to man, to illuminate the soul so that these undefined truths shall be clearly before it.

Most truths come first to man in a vague and uncertain form, and remain so until some spirit, either directly or through the mediumship of another, presents them in bold, clear, and unmistakable characters, so that they become living realities, and as such, give stability of character to those who receive them; and of all classes that I saw, there were none who were more firmly established in their views of truth and right, than those Spiritualists who had thus become recipients of the divine influx from the spirits who were in the higher spheres.

These were the men in the gardens, of whose hearts the rock had crumbled into soil, and the flowers of affection were growing. They not only felt this beautiful inspiration producing warmth of love and affection, but they perceived the source from whence it came.

FROM ELLEN, IN SPIRIT-LAND.

BY S. B. BRACH.

O, how serene and brightly fair!
What fragrance fills the summer air!
How bloom the trees and spangled flowers!
And pass in peace the holy hours!
The tints of morning's clearest dawn,
Are in the sky above us drawn;
The most melodious lay of birds,
Through all the listening air is heard;
The silvery, radiant streamlets glide,
Like tears adown the cheek of bride;
The hills rise softly, gently fall
In mossy banks—enamelled all
With flower-gems fit to grace a bower
Where fairest forms meet for an hour.
And O, like nothing here below,
The songs of spirits as they go
From joy to joy, in that bright home
O, would that thou mightst hither come,
And not alone in dreams—but be
In this fair world a spirit free.

The connection between the visible and invisible worlds is one of the greatest of all questions. Man stands on the verge of two worlds, and must ever, therefore, be deeply interested in their bearing and connection with each other; and I believe it is only a lapse into a grosser and more material state of being that can annihilate that interest. Often at that time, I heard it said, "we can no longer think of shadows, we have now too many realities to occupy us;" but at the end of sixty-five years, all those from whose lips I heard the sentiment have learned that it is the invisible world which constitutes the only reality, and that those pressing interests which they once conceived of as vivid realities, have proved to be the passing shadows.—M. A. Schimpfennick.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BABY BIRDIE.

BY E. A. F.

Three years old, my Birdie, darling!
In the spirit-world to-day;
Very sad was mamma, darling!
When her baby went away.

Very dark the empty cradle,
With no little baby face;
Mamma's heart went with her darling,
And a grave was in its place.

Mamma tried to find her darling
Somewhere up among the stars—
Tried to see her Baby Birdie
Looking through the golden bars.

Very dim was mamma's vision—
She could n't see the spirit-ekies;
And her tears rained on the daisies,
Where her little Birdie lies.

Mamma heard an angel whisper,
"Baby Birdie's here with me,
In the children's kingdom,
Beautiful as when with thee.

All day long, among the flowers,
Baby Birdie, with the blest,
Twines a wreath for mamma's comfort—
Tries to give her spirit rest."

Mamma heard the angels whisper,
Telling of her baby's art;
Till it grew to spirit knowledge—
Faith's dear cross within her heart.

Mamma sees her Baby Birdie's
Love-lit eyes and golden hair,
Happy in her spirit-Eden,
Grown more beautiful and fair.

Bend thy spirit, baby, darling!
Sometimes downward to the earth;
Twine a wreath for bows parental—
Bless the love that gave thee birth.

Children's Department.

EDITED BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

ADDRESS 146 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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

ENVY AND DISCONTENT;

OR,

FINE FEATHERS CANNOT MAKE A FINE BIRD."

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

Peggie's New Dress.

A gay and free life did little Peggie Dean live in the pretty cottage by the stream. Her merry heart found joy in the sunshine and in the gleaming waters, in the fresh grass and fair flowers, in the singing birds and whispering winds. She knew where the earliest arbutus blossomed, and where the latest gentian looked up with its blue eye to heaven. She could find the scarlet leaves of the seedling maple when the early frost came, and knew where the walnut trees bore the largest crops of nuts.

Peggie, too, had many sweet joys within her cottage home, for she had a darling brother, Tim, a fat, chubby fellow, just beginning to walk and talk, and a loving mother, and a good father. What more could a little girl desire, who had a cheerful, loving spirit? Peggie had felt herself to be just the happiest child that the sun shone on, for she was never idle, but always found some pleasant occupation for her busy hands. She could tend Tim, and lead him gently, and bring him bright blossoms; and she could sweep and dust for her mother, and fill the vases with flowers; she could go over the fields to the village, and do errands for her father; and stormy days she had a book to read or a little sewing to do.

Peggie knew no real sorrow or care, for her heart had its sunshine, which made everything seem bright about her. Her mother made comfortable garments for her, and she always looked neat and clean in her calico and gingham dresses. She dressed quite as well as the other girls who lived in the cottages about her, and as her hair was soft and curly, every one thought her a pretty girl; some of the cottagers calling her Sunny-face, because of her glad smile and pleasant countenance.

Peggie was going to the village one day, to do an errand for her father. She had gathered a handful of azaleas in the forest, and was thinking why some of them had such fair white blossoms, while others were of such a rosy beautiful hue, when she came upon the main road, and met a carriage passing. The ladies within called to the driver to stop, and asked Peggie about the beautiful blossoms she had gathered. She begged them to take them all, for she knew the place where they grew as nowhere else in the country, and she could easily gather more. They inquired her name and drove on.

A few days after the same carriage stopped at the door of the cottage, and the ladies inquired for Peggie, and brought her an invitation to visit them at their house, and said if she could bring some more azaleas, they should be most thankful. So it was arranged that Peggie should go the next morning, before the sun was up far enough to wilt the flowers. What a glad time she had gathering them; how beautiful they looked, standing in their fair garments, and sending their sweet perfume through the forests.

When she reached the fine mansion on the hill that she had often wondered about, as she saw it gleaming with lights in the evening, or standing so white and solemn in the sunlight, the wonders that met her eye filled her with pleasure; and more than all was she delighted with a little girl about her own age, who was dressed in garments so fine that Peggie could not help saying:

"Oh, you beautiful grown-up doll; may I kiss you?"

The little girl laughed, and they were ready for their frolic. Peggie taught her many fine plays, such as the children in the cottages played together, and Alice—for that was the little girl's name—showed her her play-house, and games, and books. It was a pleasant day for both of them, and when the sun was going down, both were very weary, and Peggie was thankful to go home and seek her little bed.

The next morning early, she awoke and began to dress herself; for the first time in her life, her gingham dress looked quite shabby to her.

"Oh, if I had a dress like Alice's how happy I should be. I wonder why I have not. I am tired to death of this stripe and plaid."

So saying, she took down a clean calico, but this satisfied her no better; they all looked dull and plain to her. On going down she met Tim, who crowed as usual when he saw Peggie; but Peggie was thinking of her frock, and of her wish, and pushed poor Tim away. She had no pleasant word for her father or mother, but said, sharply:

"Why don't we have as nice things as Alice's mother?"

"Well," said Mrs. Dean, "the best reason I can give you, is this; we live in the lot that kind Providence designed for us, and Mrs. Brown lives in hers. What ails her lot would not suit ours. But both of us have one Father who does not care for what we wear but only whether we do right; and if we, in our cottage, are good and faithful children, we shall be just as dear to that Father as if we lived in a stately mansion and were surrounded by fine things."

Peggie felt that this must be true, and she forgot for a time her foolish wish, and began again her happy life of usefulness. There soon came other invitations for her, for her happy heart brought gladness to the fine home of Alice, and she wished for the time to come for Peggie's visits, more than she wished for her toys or her beautiful garments. Peggie could climb the trees in the garden and fasten the rope for the swing, and put a board through the fence for the game of "see-saw," and could hunt hens' nests in the large barn, and find the beautiful moss on the rocks; in fact, Peggie could do very many things that Alice had never seen a little girl do, for she was not afraid of her dresses, which she always took good care not to tear or soil.

But these visits, pleasant as they were to Peggie, made her more and more discontented with her own things in the pretty cottage. Nothing seemed to please her; she was always telling what Alice had, and especially how she dressed, and wishing she could have one like Alice's. In vain her mother told her that it was not her clothes that pleased Alice or her mother, but her cheerfulness and pleasant heart; she was sure they would all like her a great deal better if she had on a silk dress; a blue one, with white quilled ribbon. She thought so much about this that she did not care for much else, but neglected her books and her little brother, and did not come to play with the children in the cottages.

One day what was her delight at seeing hanging in her room a dress just like the one she had so much admired—that belonged to Alice—a blue silk tulle dress with white quilled ribbon around the neck and sleeves. "Oh, mother," she said, "how beautiful this is! Now every one will love and admire me. How good you were to get it, and may I wear it to-day up to Alice's?"

"Yes, Peggie, you are to wear it just when you choose. It is yours alone; and to gain it for you, your father and I have given up our journey to see Aunt Mary. You thought that a dress could change you, and we wanted you to try and see if it would; for if dresses really make people happier, we think they ought to have them. You see we have both tried it, and found out that happiness consists in being content with one's lot and doing right in it; but you haven't found out that, and now you can have a good opportunity of seeing what it is that makes people blest and happy."

Peggie thought this sounded very much like one of Parson Thomas's sermons, and yet she saw by the tear in her mother's eye, that she was very much in earnest. She, however, was in too great a hurry to put on her blue dress, to stop even to kiss away the tear as she used to do.

It was fitted very carefully, and really was a sweet dress; and as Peggie shook out her soft, brown curls, she was a sweet child to look upon. "Oh," thought she, "how much better Alice will love me now!" She could not go through the beautiful forest with her delicate dress on, for fear she would tear it, so she took the dusty road. The sun was hot and the way seemed very long; she was already tired when she saw Alice on the porch, waiting for her. Alice looked surprised at first, to see Peggie so differently clothed; but as it was Peggie she cared for, and not the dresses she had on—for she had enough of them herself—she did not give much attention to her garments.

"Come, Peggie, I've been waiting for you all the morning, and mamma expected you to bring her a bunch of flowers from the woods, and I wanted you to fix the swing—I don't know what ails it, come."

"Oh! I am tired," said Peggie; "let us sit here. It is so warm down in the garden."

"But I wanted you to help me find the nest of Brownie. I know she has one."

"I can't," said Peggie. "I'd rather not. I want to sit down and play with your dolls."

Alice agreed; but both soon grew tired. They went to the garden, but Peggie seemed to care for nothing but her dress; she tucked it up, and brushed it down she fixed the sleeves, and smoothed the plaits, and when Alice wanted her to jump or run, she seemed unwilling.

Finally Alice grew quite vexed, and said to her mother, "Peggie is a hateful girl. I don't like her any better than any other girl, now. She won't do anything. I've a mind to go and leave her; she just sits down or stands up, and seems to be thinking of something else—I am sure I don't know what, unless it is her new dress. I don't care for dresses; I want a good play, or a laugh, or a jump."

"Well," said Mrs. Brown, "perhaps Peggie thought you did, because you always have better clothes than her. I will go and talk with her."

"So you could n't find any flowers this morning, and I had to go to the garden to fill my vases?"

"No, I thought I would n't walk through the woods, it was so lonesome that way." This was Peggie's first deception, and it made her face very scarlet. She was ashamed to say that she had taken the road because of her new dress.

"You don't feel like playing to-day, and Alice is very much disappointed."

"No, I am tired; I like to sit down."

This was deception the second. She was ashamed to say that she was thinking too much of her looks to enjoy her play. "Well, perhaps you had better go home to-day, and come again when you feel better."

This was the first time Peggie had ever been sent home, and she felt quite angry. She snatched her bonnet from the chair, and went out without saying a word of farewell. She felt ashamed of it afterwards, and thought to go back, but she heard these words: "I do not wish you to play with so ill-mannered a child. I really thought Peggie a nice girl, and one that I could always trust you with, but I fear she is quite spoiled, like most of your playmates."

Peggie ran down the hill as fast as her feet could carry her, and was soon in the forest, for she had determined not to go by the road and have all the children ask her why she came home so early. She was so angry at what had occurred that she took no care of her movements, and soon caught her dress on the branch of a fallen tree and tore it. This made her cry, and then she felt ashamed to go home, for what could she tell her mother of her visit? She sat down on a bunch of dried leaves, and, being really wearied, fell asleep.

When she awoke, a storm had arisen and it was already dark in the woods. She could not tell which way to turn. She wandered about for a time, but every time she moved she felt the delicate tissue catch on the twigs and knew that it was half torn off her; finally, finding her efforts to keep the path were of no avail, she sat down and cried piteously. She was not afraid of the darkness or the storm, for her mother had taught her that there was nothing to fear in either; but she felt really cold and hungry, and as the rain drops began to fall, she was wetted through, for her dress was a poor protection. Finally she began to think, instead of crying, and wondered what had caused all her trouble.

"I do believe," said she to herself, "it is my new dress, for that made me disagreeable to Alice, and rude to Mrs. Brown, and ashamed to go home. I wish I had been satisfied with my pretty new calico; that I should not have been so afraid of, and that was strong

and would not tear so easily. I'll tell mother that what she said is true, that 'fine feathers do n't make fine birds.'"

Just then she heard voices shouting, and she answered with a loud call, and soon had her hand safely in her father's, who treated her very gently, and wrapped her in a warm shawl, and carried her to the cottage.

She had been missed, and sent for, and at last found. Her mother did not reproach her, but merely said, laughing, "Where's your new dress, my child?" "I left most of it in the woods for the birds to build their nests of. I did not like it, mamma, and no one else loved me for it; but Mrs. Brown said she loved me for my happy and kind heart. I am content to wear my old dresses, that are as good as the other girls wear, for I have had the saddest day I ever knew."

Peggie never forgot this lesson, but understood ever afterwards the old proverb, "fine feathers cannot make a fine bird," nor fine dresses a fine girl; but only a heart that is happy and loving.

When next she went to visit Alice Brown—it was a long time afterwards—she went as Peggie Dean, the happy cottage girl, and carried with her the sunshine of her glad heart. She did not go until she had been sent for many times, for she could not forget her folly, and thought others must remember it. Alice was only too glad to see her old friend Peggie, whom she loved for her own dear sake, and not for her garments.

CITY CRIS.

I hear loud cries ring through the street,
The air is full of noisy sound;
Here's one that asks you for "soap fat,"
This bell would tell of "scissors ground."

And others cry, "new glass I'll set;"
"Buy oranges and lemons fine;"
"Old rags, old rags; we'll give you cash;"
"Ho! we will make your boots to shine."

"Come buy, come buy, here's apples here;"
"Your old umbrellas I can mend;"
"Pure milk from Orange County, ho!"
"Old boots I'll buy; who'll vend, who'll vend?"

And now the shrieking life is heard
Of some poor traveler up and down;
And grinding organ, shrill and clear,
And song of wanderers through the town.

I hear the noisy cart, "midst all,
And tinkling bell of constant car;
The children playing on the walk,
And voices strange, the near and far.

Amid these bustling sounds and jars,
Above the noise and din of all,
One sweet, glad song I hear with joy,
And catch its rise and liquid fall.

It is a tiny bird that sings,
And makes the heart feel fresh and gay;
It minds not rude sounds or strange,
But sings its merry, happy lay.

Oh, pretty bird! thou tell'st to me
A lesson I have need to hear,
That a sweet word can touch the heart,
And give it thought of love and cheer.

E'en 'midst the wildest, rudest rush
Of busy, bustling, care-full life,
A gentle word will reach above
The roughest contest, wildest strife,

And find some waiting ear to catch
The glad outpouring of its tone,
And bring a merry, sweet and pure,
In place of some dear joy that's gone.

Enigma.

I am composed of 10 letters:
My 8, 9, 15 is a denomination of weight.
My 16, 6, 2, 8 is a small insect.
My 7, 11, 15 is a kind of liquor.
My 3, 5, 10 is what we all should avoid.
My 13, 2, 8 is a large vessel.
My 12, 12, 9, 6 is very useful.
My 1, 11, 7 is worn by some people.
My 4, 2, 8 is an article of apparel.
My whole is the name of a noted author.

HILL, N. H.

OTHELLO.

Answer to your "Word-Puzzle," Mr. Banner:
As Spring time advances,
Warm weather will follow,
Then all may have chance
To see a live "SWALLOW."

AUNT B.

Here is "one more of the same sort":
S D G R N O B S

Educational Opportunity Free.

Some time ago, on introducing the educational branch of my movement, for "Universal Unity and Brotherhood," (through the columns of the Herald of Progress), the call resulted in many valuable offers of territory and much interesting correspondence with various parties. From among these, one party has remained vitally interested in the vital principles that were requisite to any degree of success, and has persevered in the right direction to good results.

The matron of this Institution writes me recently that they have engaged a teacher "who is deeply interested in the work, and will give his entire energies to the enterprise," and have now arranged to have a summer school, in addition to the course of winter instruction which they have for sometime sustained.

This family have three hundred and sixty-five acres of the best land in the State of New York, in the most beautiful section of that beautiful State. The women are not ashamed of out-door labor, and a large portion of their extensive domain has been of late appropriated to flax. They have now added a flax-brake, etc., to their establishment, and propose four hours' schooling, added to other exercises and labor on the flax, so as to make tuition, as far as practicable, free—making, as the worthy matron writes me, "all our work out of doors, or in the house, as well as in the school-room, one continued school, where they shall work together, play and talk and study together," etc.

Not having, as yet, the appropriate and necessary arrangements warranting a more general call and advertisement, the matron desires me to say that they have room for ten or twelve more at their board, and any persons desirous of availing themselves (or their scholars) of this opportunity, will receive a reply and directions and other information, by addressing "Home Educational Institute," Pekin, Niagara Co., N. Y. Athol Depot, Mass. D. J. MANDELL.

[Herald of Progress and Rising Tide are requested to copy the above.]

The position of an editor is not to be envied, the reader will say at once, on perusing the following extract from one of our exchanges:

"An editor must possess the constitution of a horse, obstinacy of a mule, independence of a wood-sawyer, pertinacity of a dun, endurance of a beggar, and entire resignation to the most confounded of all earthly tread mills."

The Pot Pre.—All learned textologists and chemists appear to have forgotten the important fact that if a pot pie is made without a hole in the crust to let out certain emanations from the meat, coffee, vomiting, and other symptoms of slight poisoning will occur. I have known two instances of large parties being affected in this manner from eating pot pies that had no hole in them.—Lancet.

Original Essays.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM—NO. 16.

BY G. B. F.

From the fifth to the fifteenth century of Christianity serpents held a prominent part in the popular religions of the West, but their first recorded significance is found in the constellated heavens of the old Chaldeans. Thence one made a shy at the Garden of Eden, another made his abode in the brazen *Ophiucus* of Moses, while *Draco* fought against Michael in the Revelation of St. John. In connection with the ancient astronomy was to be found the Kingdom on earth as it is in heaven, in a system of parallels or correspondences throughout all Nature, but most significantly is the Word to be traced through

"The trunk and limbs of the man,
Shared, on the allegorical plan,
By the passions that mark humanity."

The Sky-Word was but the counterpart of that which had its manifestation to the scope of vision measured by humanity. The Word was in rocks, on mountains and in valleys, clothed with the many-tinted flora, incarnated in flesh, and one with the stars in lesser and greater glory. The physical, the moral and the spiritual domain were sought for the Word, which was not confined to the pasteboard barriers of a book, however well that may have recorded the researches and traditions of the elders. True, the priest would turn to his own use what the philosopher had discovered, and claim God's name against the people when the Lord had not spoken.

But passing a moment the Word, Sky-Word and on earth, through the "Trunk and Limbs of a Man," how shall we account for that Word, or manifestation of the spirit, by the Stone of Memnon, the colossal statue, which at the rising of the Sun hailed the new day by voice, attested by many devotees, and even skepticism, at the shrine. Might not this voice be equal to those Biblical voices, or airy utterances, which syllable men's names, or to Uriah, Thumim and Teraphim? In Jewry, as among the Gentiles, there was much belief that certain Stones were media for the manifestation of the spirit. We have already given at large the references upon the electric conditions which may be receptive to the action of transmundane life.

The statue of Memnon was that of the Sun, who was recognized by the ancients as the king of the celestial world. Strabo visits the statue, hears the miraculous voice, and quits the spot without further research, convinced that it is better to believe anything than to admit that Stones so disposed were capable of producing sound. A modern English traveler declares that he has heard the utterance of the vocal statue; and Salvette is obliged to confess, after all his exhaustive critical skepticism as to any transmundane agency in occult phenomena, that "as too often happens at the end of the most conscientious researches, we are constrained to acknowledge our ignorance, being neither able to deny the assumed miracle, to fix its duration, nor to give such an explanation of it as would defy all objection."

The numerous examples of miracles produced by means of the science of acoustics, authorize us to ascribe this one to the skill of the priests, who never allowed a singular fact to escape them without seizing on it and turning it to their advantage. But of what nature was their intervention here? How shall we explain a fraud, varied in certain cases to render the miracle more imposing, but generally performed in one way, in the light of the sun, in the open air, and in the midst of witnesses who presented themselves in crowds to observe its effects, and which, nevertheless, was never discovered. This, the real question, remains yet to be solved.

This is an honest confession that there are more things in heaven and earth than are admitted into the world's philosophy—more things, even, than are admitted into the world's theology, which is utterly barren in the way of progressive truth. But had the Scriptures of modern Spiritualism been searched, who can say that there may not have been found the way of life through the Stone of Memnon as through the Stone of Israel?—through Urim?—through Thumim?—through Teraphim?—greeting the Sun or the Lord in his glory?

Spiritualism furnishes a key to the ancient mysteries, as well as the symbolo-eclectic physiologies and astronomies. Edrisi relates that a caravan traversing Northern Africa was near perishing from thirst upon a barren and sandy soil, when one of the travelers, a black Berber man, taking a little of the earth up and "exorcising it, pointed out a spot where they might dig and find water. His prediction was instantly verified." Had this been ascribed to Moses as done with his rod, it would have been a miracle of the Lord, whose outstretched arm was a mystery of godliness, as when Moses found the spring in the rock by the presence of the Lord in the tamarisk or witch-hazel rod.

In all the ancient religions, the sun, when not put forth as Chief, King of Kings, or Lord of Lords, was a symbol of the same, and his phallic correspondence on earth was the same as the angel standing in the sun, and in the more extended compound of cherubim, and other personated allegories which generated the heavens and the earth. The firmamental expanse symbolized the outstretched wings of Deity in spirit, male and female, and "dove-like stately brooding on the vast abyss and made it pregnant"—thence gathering all the hosts of heaven "as a hen gathereth her chickens," anointing in the Godhead the Virgin of Israel, the immaculate producing mother, for which see Dr. Oliver's "Landmarks," Dr. Mackey's "Lexicon of Freemasonry," and Dunlap's "Vestiges" and "Mysteries."

So, too, in the cherubimic emblems of Layard, Rawlinson, and others by whom the Word is discerned after a burial of twenty-five centuries, bringing to light the winged circle with head of Man and tail of Dove, significant of the male and female principle in the Godhead, or HE-SHE of the Lord, as which the psalmist inclined his knee to a parable, discoursing to the music of the harp, that the Lord had "no pleasure in the light of a man," while "the law of the Lord is perfect. His going forth is from the end of heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it, and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof."

The Key of David opened into the chambers of heaven and of earth, and whether the psalmist sang of the trunk and limbs of humanity in esoteric allegory, where his "reins instructed him in the night," or the Lord's riding in his excellency on the sky, his "circuit" was equally on wheel within wheel. In any condition, the Lord and his sign were one. Sometimes "he sitteth in the heavens," and sometimes "he rode upon a cherub, and did fly upon the wings of the wind," as when the Sun entered the house or mansion of the constellated cherub, *Taurus*, or Bull, in the March wind of the vernal equinox, some two thousand years before *Aries*, or the Ram, by the precession of the equinoxes, came to the Passover as the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world. Hence the symbol of the Golden Calf as the representative of the Lord in the *Taurus* of the older religion where this symbol was at the equinox and Leader-up of the heavenly host; and hence in the mythological drama of the children of Israel, not yet initiated to the higher degrees in the mysteries, still supposed to be the sign of the Lord, who led out of Egypt, while Moses, or reformer, in that mystic name, "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," knew that the Lord was in *Aries*, and took the Ram as the angel of the Lord and Leader-up out of Egypt in the month *Adar*, the He-

brew of Ram, thus resolving to let the conservative fossilism of old *Taurus*, the Aps worship of Egypt, alide, and thus the Calf he transmitted into the "back-sliding helper of Israel," for not being up to time to seek its master's crib in the duo season of the vernal equinox. So "now the Lord will feed them as a Lamb in a large place," as per Hosea.

Fishes or Fishes are now the Leaders-up out of Egypt at the spring equinox, and if a new children of Israel were to be led out of Egypt, they would clamor for the old Ram, as in the days of the Ram they clamored for the Bull in the symbol of the Golden Calves, as the Leaders of the celestial hosts, or Gods, who brought them out of Egypt. We see this in the church adherence to the Lamb-symbol as the children of Israel to the Calf, for long time ago the Lord passed from the Sign of the paschal Ram into that of the Fishes; and yet the church has ever gone after the old Sign, and refuse to take on with the new. Had Moses anticipated the new Sign, and jumped to *Aries* before the Lord was fully out of old *Taurus*, there would have been some excuse for the murmuring of the children of Israel "against the Lord and against Moses," as somewhat crowding the mourners, and putting them in advance of the age. But such was not the case *Taurus* had long been an old fogie with his full day of 2160 years as a Sign of the Lord; and the children of Israel, like all other theological children, thought the old Sign from heaven better than the new, and that it was only under the old Sign that the Lord from heaven could rain upon them *leeks, garlics and onions*, instead of the manna, which dried away their soul under the later Sign of the Lamb.

Poor children! we weep and laugh by turns, for we are all—have been, or yet will be, pilgrims through the terrible wilderness of the promised land, now with the Lord in the laughing sun, and then in the cloudy day. Though Moses sang his delivering song, and Miriam joined in chorus of Mother-Goosean melodies to the sweet music of her timbrel, yet she could not charm the children, charmed she never so wisely. They knew not how to incline their ear to a parable, nor to read its dark sayings from the harp, but *boo oo oo*. "We remember the fish we did eat in Egypt freely," the clam choroid, or *alla provida*, with "the leeks, the onions, and the garlics," while "the cucumbers and the melons came into our mind. Now our soul is dried away, and we have nothing besides this manna. Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh-pots and did eat bread to the full." In vain did Miriam thump her timbrel and sing

"Hush-a-by children on the tree-top"—the children's ears were set to quite other music, to the "Il-Bivacca" in the rattling of pots and kettles, to the demands of the Word in the bowels yearning for savory dishes, and like other children, not content with the nursery bill-of-fare, they hung their harps upon the tree-top, and wept when they remembered Egypt.

So in later days the Lord scolded the earlier flesh-pots of Jewry. "I hate, I despise your feast-days, and will not smell in your solemn assemblies. Have ye offered unto me sacrifices and offerings in the wilderness forty years, O house of Israel? but ye have borne the tabernacle of your Moloch and Chibon, your images, the Star of your God, saith the Lord, whose name is the God of hosts."

Like the children of Israel are the children of our churches, who still sit by the flesh-pots of old Jewry, as if they contained the only "pottage" from heaven, as obtained by the "original Jacob," and that if the original "seething pot" were to be supplanted by "progress from the primaries," it would be the ushering in of the crack of doom.

Says Burritt, in his "Class Book of Astronomy," "The ancients usually communicated their moral maxims, and historical events, in fable or allegory"—yet our Sunday School petrifactions and pulpit teach the "fable and allegory as the open utterance of infallible Word. This Word, in multifold parallelisms, runs the gauntlet of all the ancient Freemasonries. So Job went mourning without the Sun while God was "garlanding the heavens with the crooked serpent," and, when he thus found himself "a brother to dragons and a companion to owls," both among the constellations and the parallel Word of the initiations, he was somewhat "enticed to kiss his hand at the moon walking in brightness."

Then was "kindled the wrath of Elihu, the Buzitte, of the kindred of Ram," who so buzzed around Job that he "was ready to burst like new bottles, or as wine having no vent." It would appear that the Prince of the Power of the Air was transformed into the Lord when he "answered Job out of the whirlwind," and Job is questioned by the Master Mason, Hierophant, or Redeemer, who stands at the latter day at the end of the "six troubles," to see if Job can give the Word for laying the foundations of the earth and the heavens by square, rule, plumb and level, so that the morning stars may sing together, and all the sons of God shout for joy in the whack row-de-do; thus showing Job how to be a proficient in the Harmonical Philosophy—how to bind the sweet influences of the Zodiac—to loose the bonds of Orion—bring forth Mazzarott or Zodiak in his season—guide Arcturus with his sons, and to make the Unicorn keep step to the music of the spheres.

The angel-stone *Alelban*, says Burritt, "is of Arabic origin, and takes its name from two words which signify, He went before, or led the way—alluding to that period in the history of astronomy when this Star led up the stary hosts from the vernal equinox." Thus he was the "angel before thee to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared, for my name is in him," saith the Lord; which may have related to an earlier Word of God, from which the Moslems is a compilation, before the coming in of the Lord through the constellated passover *Aries*, or Ram, who was to be at the equinox to take away the sins of the world—the Easter symbol, instead of the sacrificial Bull. So difficult is it to get rid of the hard shell of an old religion, and take on with a new, that the children scouted the fresh lamb of the virgin spring and declared for the tough beef of old *Taurus*. Though old and grizzly, they supposed he could be transmuted into a Lamb without being born again, like some modern fossils who still cling to the resurrection of the old body. Thus the children of Israel clamored for the old Gods who had had their day—"Up, make us Gods to go before us," for, as to this Moses in the Sign of the Ram, or bell-wether of the flock, we wot not what has become of him. Let Aaron hurry up with the *Alelban*, angel of the *Jyades*, and not to be caught tripping by the precession of the equinoxes, so as to become the "back-sliding helper of Israel," and the Lord "feed them as a Lamb in a large place." Let him take the Bull by the horns before he is hamstringed by the concision, or the digging down of a wall, and proclaim the old order of Zodiacal signs as "thy Gods, O Israel, which have brought thee up out of the land of Egypt." These be the true conservative signs, wonders, and outstretched arms of the cherubim. Old *Taurus* being the cherub on whom the Lord did fly, with the wings of the wind, before Simeon and Levi "hamstringing the ox," as per *Vulgate*, or who "dugged down a wall," as per common version.

When the Ram had supplanted the Bull, or Aps of Egypt, and the Lamb was in the ascendant, then Moses himself became rather foggy and conservative by declaring against other Gods "newly up" as "devils after whom they have gone a whoring," whether they appeared as ghosts, or as Lucifer, son of the Morning. His own rapping, or spirit-tables, were claimed to be "written with the finger of God," or the Word made infallible by the "Ram of Consolation."

But "regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards, to be defiled by them; I, the Lord your God." Well, the familiar Lord of Moses taught some very good things, and some not quite so good, and not quite infallible, but sufficient unto their day was the status thereof, while their secret things, hidden from the foundation of the world, belonged to God, or the priest in his name.

Moses, or the personated official in that name, had said, "Thou shalt not revile the Gods," but when the children of Israel would go "a whoring" after the old Sign from heaven in *Taurus*, by seeking a visible church emblem of the same, "his anger waxed hot," to the breaking of the tables, the work of God, and to the grinding to powder of the symbolical Bull, mixing it with water, and making the children drink it as a peristaltic persunder to more easy digestion of the Lamb-God "newly up." True, the Lord had just "repented of an evil which he had thought to do unto this people." But this catching at the tail of old *Taurus* to hold him as the God who led out of Egypt, after the Ram had been duly ordained as the pastor of the flock, was a heinous of most enormous dimensions, and so kindled the wrath of the Lord as to make it burn to lowest hell; therefore, "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Put every man his sword by his side, and slay every man his brother." "And the Lord plucked the people, because they made the calf which Aaron made."

Our hirelings in religion, who continue to build the Jewry towers with whitened walls, who garish the Hebrew repulchres as if they alone contained the ancient Word, are fond of instructing their flocks that "with-out the morals of the Bible, as distinguished from other morals, society would tumble to pieces." But Mr. Burritt is liberal enough to admit that "we everywhere find the ancients, with all their barbarism and idolatry, entertained the belief that unblemished virtue and a meritorious life would meet their reward in the skies. Thus Virgil represents *Magnus Apollo* as bending from the sky to address the youth *Iulus*—*"Go on, spotless boy, in the paths of virtue; it is the way to the stars."*

"The Bible and its priests did not enlighten and raise the American mind above the plane of Slavery, or 'the sum of all villainies,' so there is not much room for boasting of its moral begettings; and Mr. Buckle indicates another way for the coming in of a higher civilization. The Bible has been worshiped as an idol, or fetish, but now as 'charm by charm un-winded which robed our idol,' we shall find the Hebrew *Jehd* no better than the Gentile *Jo*."

"And it is further worthy of remark," says Rawlinson, in note to Herodotus, "that the name of *Jo*, thus first brought before us in the Asiatic form, may perhaps furnish an astronomical solution for the entire fabric for as the wanderings of the Greek *Jo* have been often compared with the erratic course of the moon in the heavens, passing in succession through all the signs of the Zodiac, so we find in the ante-Semitic period there was also an identity of name, the Egyptian title of the Moon being *Yah*." As the name of the Lord was *he* or *she*, according to function, the *Yah* of Egypt was the same as *he* in Jewry "that rideth upon the heavens by his name *Jo* or *Jah*." For a full significance of the *he-she* of the Lord, see Dunlap's "Vestiges" and "Zodiac Mysteries." Even in modern chardom there is awful light at the Jehovahistic name, which Bidden calls *Javeh*, and another author, *Yavesh*—Sawyer, *Jenn*, and Colenso and others, now this, now that, or of equal importance to "Jack Spratt, who could eat no fat." But will the rose smell as sweet when it is found that the ineffable name is only equivalent to *Fe, Faw, Fum*—the ineffable name to conjure by in Mother Goose, when the blood of an Englishman was to be offered in the sacrifices. There may be talismanic virtue in a name. We are cognizant of something to that effect. It was supposed by some that there was no name given under heaven whereby a man could be saved but that of Jesus; while Cassim found that there was no name whereby he could be saved from the robbers' den but *Seema*.

Solomon made use of a name of learned length and thundering sound, whereby a man might be saved, but when the "seven sons of one Beeva, a Jew," tried the potency of the Jesuan name, they found to their cost that virtue had gone out of it, for the "evil spirit," saying, "Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who in hell are you?"—leaped upon them and soundly thrashed them, even as Satan desired to have Peter, to thresh him like wheat—and got him, too; while the seven sons fled, naked and wounded from one "evil spirit," thus showing how one chased seven, and two would have put seven times seven to flight.

When the man after God's own heart gave the seven sons of Saul to be hung up before the Lord as a sacrificial offering, the Sun was the Lord of hosts to be appeased. The Psalms are full of enigmatical references to the angel in the Sun as the Lord most high. Here is a touch of song along the scale of the ancient heavens, where the Sun, as King, marches through the zodiacal gates with the heavenly hosts: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord mighty and strong in battle; the Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory." He was the same as the Tyrian Hercules, the Sun, and King of glory who passes through these same "everlasting doors" in his twelve labors of the heavenly circuit. So, too, Mother Goose, constellated in the heavens, looks as if she was "singing a psalm through the nose, or was about to open her mouth in a parable, and to utter dark sayings of old, when upon the "Happa Georgii," like the sweet psalmist of Israel, she sings in mystic numbers to:

"Open the gates as wide as the sky,
And let King George and his army go by."
Our own "Sign" is *Gemini*. As we rose in that to search for the young cygnus, who took the wings of the "Morning and flow to the uttermost parts of the sea," we entered the Zodiacal Jerusalem on the wing, and hence are rather partial to a large expanse of the heavens.

The Cause in Illinois.

The citizens of Quincy have been aroused from their routine of theological thought quite effectually, this winter, through the agency of Miss Jenny Lord, Mrs. Julia Brown, of Prophetstown, Ill., and Miss Belle Scoggall. Miss Jenny Lord was with us nearly one month, giving three to four of her musical séances a week, attracting many of the best minds to investigate the manifestations through her mediumship, who, if not convinced of spirit agency, had the candor to admit that the performances were beyond her power, and that it must be what it claimed to be—spiritual—or the working of some unknown laws of electricity or magnetism.

Mrs. Julia Brown lectured twice, (and for the time that she has been controlled by the invisible, speaks well,) and was much liked by all who heard her. She also, at her séances, gave many good tests of the presence of our spirit friends, often giving names and descriptions of them, making her séances very attractive to inquiring minds.

Before Mrs. B. left, Miss Belle Scoggall arrived, and upon short notice, good audiences collected together; and judging from the quiet and respectful attention paid to her plain, deeply philosophical reasonings, I have no doubt the seeds of truth then uttered were sown upon good mental soil.

I hope other good speakers will give Quincy a call. They will find a few progressive minds ready to extend the hand, with a heart in it, to give them a welcome.

Yours for Progression,
Quincy, Ill., Feb. 1864.

E. THORN, M. D.

Correspondence.

Renan's Life of Christ.

This notable work has just passed under our notice. The work in itself contains nothing new nor marvelous upon the life and character of Jesus Christ. The whole ground run over by Renan, has already been traversed by Strauss, Paine, Hume, and a multitude of others; consequently the interested reader is already familiar with the arguments of the author. The great excitement produced by the publication of such a book at this time, comes from its flimsy attack upon the torpid or decaying condition of Christianity. The essential distinctiveness of the book can only be found in its remarkable exhibition of the individuality of its author. Written by a man coming from an imaginative and highly nervous people, it exhibits all the polish that the best language can give to written composition; fascinating in its style, honest in its efforts, and courteous in its contentions, the reader is apt to be led off, in imagination, to that climacteric point, where the divine in man is united to the angel.

The subject of dispute between Renan and his friends, and the ecclesiastical world, is upon the truth or falsity of miracles as the seeming test of the divinity of Jesus. Upon this subject it would appear that on both sides the disputants have been in error. It is not fatal to any system of philosophy to admit the working of miracles, nor is it fatal to any system of religion to deny the working of miracles; the truth or falsity of these phenomenal transactions depend upon the definition given to them.

A miracle, in itself, legitimately defined, is a phenomenal exhibition, which is not understood by the multitude, and no miracle can be wrought without a means by which to work it. Jesus presented no arbitrary phenomenon to the gazing multitude which had not an inherent causation. If to work miracles was a part of his labor, to convince the Jews that he was the Messiah, it was only necessary for him to perform acts that they could not comprehend, in order to enforce conviction. The doing of any act above the plane of human understanding, is, in itself, as much a miracle to the undeveloped intellect, as any other act that can be performed by man or God; nor would it have exhibited wisdom in Jesus to have performed deeds which angels could not understand, in order to simply convince the illiterate Jews of his divine mission. Nor such acts would be throwing pearls before swine. Nor would it be practising delusion upon the populace for him to manifest his superior power by working miracles to bring conviction, and not explain the philosophy of their production.

No system of Christianity would blame Columbus for manifesting his superior wisdom to the Aborigines of this country, by pointing them to the eclipse, as a token of the Great Spirit which would fall upon them if they did not furnish food for his starving crew. This was a phenomenon that was far above this plane of intellectual development, and was to them a miracle, and would remain so until their philosophy could unravel its mystery. Such is the nature of all miraculous appearances; yet nothing can be performed without a circumstantial and inherent causation. All is miraculous until the unfolding mind withdraws the mystery. Consequently it is wasting time to dispute about miracles; they have been wrought, and they have not been wrought; divinity exists as absolutely without them as it does with them; and the ceaseless flow of causes and consequences will still continue to work changes in the mental and moral phases of the race, as long as time rolls on.

We conceive that Renan has appeared in the world in a different aspect, but under the same banner, of Paine, Shelley, Strauss, and others. The Nile must recede the valleys in its flow toward the great ocean, in order that they may yield their rich harvest for the dwellers upon the plains; so it is that this book will rekindle new thought, and give to the world a new impulse to religious life.

L. U. REAVIS.

Physical Manifestations.

In your last issue, Mr. Editor, was published a communication under the signature of E. A. Maynard, of Buffalo, N. Y., relating to some extraordinary spiritual manifestations given in that city through the mediumship of Mr. Charles H. Reed, which I have perused with much pleasure and interest. Manifestations similar to the greater number of those described by your correspondent, such as musical instruments being performed on, persons being touched by perfect hands, heavy bodies being moved, and so forth, I myself have witnessed at the sittings of Mrs. A. L. Chamberlain, so of course have no hesitation in accepting his statements as truth.

And yet the question has arisen in my mind, as to whether spirits can give to material bodies a property peculiar to themselves—that of passing through solid matter, such as walls, or doors, without one or the other of the material bodies being destroyed or injured. For I have never witnessed this phase of manifestations, and even if I had, it would appear to me that when spirits deal with the material world, they must act in accordance with material law. Now as Mr. M. vouches for the truth of his statements, we are bound in courtesy to believe them true, and doing so, our object now is to find an explanation of the phenomenon of one material body passing through another without detriment to either, at the same time keeping before us the laws which hold the universe in harmony. This I cannot do for myself, so if you are willing, Mr. Editor, I would ask some of those deep minds who help to irradiate the *BANNER*, to give us their impressions on the subject, and I doubt not by so doing they will confer a favor on many besides.

Yours for Progression, FRED. W. WEBBER.
Charlestown, Mass., Feb. 17, 1864.

Charles H. Foster, the Medium, in Washington.

At the risk of being troublesome, I must give you a little account of our recent progress. Bro. Charles H. Foster is creating great interest here; many persons of the most skeptical minds have been to see him and become convinced. A friend of mine accompanied me to Mr. Foster's rooms a few days ago, with his names prepared beforehand, all written in phonographic characters, and received most satisfactory results. Mr. Foster does not know even the first principles of phonographic writing, consequently the theory of clairvoyant explanation falls to the ground. It is needless to say that this person was fully convinced.

Another friend called a few days ago, having prepared his pellets beforehand, written in the Swedish tongue. As soon as he was seated, Mr. Foster began to converse in the Swedish language, giving tests to the inquirer (who is a native Swede). A paper and pencil were held under the table by the investigator, and without passing out of his hand, in a very short space of time received a communication, Mr. Foster's hands being above the table, in full sight. A handkerchief was thrown under the table, and instantly two knots were tied in it. The visitor, who had been an infidel for years, held up his hands in astonishment, saying, "Oh, I am a Spiritualist from this time and forever! Oh, I thank Mr. F. for sending me here."

These are but samples of similar ones daily occurring. In one day, Mr. Foster had ten United States Senators at his rooms to investigate, and with good satisfaction.

The famous Davenport Boys arrived here on Monday, the 22d inst., and are being visited by large audiences. They held forth at Willard's Hall, one of the best in the city. I had witnessed their manifestations

some six years ago, but was wholly unprepared to find so great an improvement. The hall does not need to be dark, but slightly darkened. A committee stood them on the first night of their appearance, taking something like from one-fourth to one-half an hour; and as soon as the doors were closed, at least six spirit hands were shown through the operation. The committee immediately examined the boys, and reported that they were in precisely the position they had left them. After this a number of hands were shown, and one hand with the arm far above the elbow. Surgeons who were present, pronounced the arm to be that of a female. Let it be borne in mind that these hands and arm are seen by every one in the audience, as plainly as they can see their own.

The music is also a great improvement on that which was given in their tour through New England six years ago. On the occasion I am now speaking of, which is their only appearance thus far, some of the most exquisite music was performed on the violin, guitar, tambourine and bells, in unison. The exhibition concluded with the favorite air, "Scots wha hae." I understand the Davenport boys—who are accompanied by Mr. Wm. Fay—contemplate an Eastern tour; and our friends may confidently expect a treat. The boys have grown to manhood, and are very gentlemanly appearing persons. They will remain for a few weeks in this city, and will do a great deal toward awakening an interest in the cause.

ALFRED HORTON.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 23.

Letter from Dr. Mayhew, in Iowa.

I have just left Independence, where I delivered a course of lectures. I was much disappointed in finding that our good brother, Judge Tabor, had gone to reside in Washington. I found, however, a goodly number of the Spiritualists, among whom I will name Bros. Patrick, Sherwood, Wilcox, Fonda, and their ladies, and Bro. Chandler. I beg to express my high appreciation of the various marked acts of kindness manifested to me for my work's sake, and especially to Bros. Chandler and Fonda, who entertained me while laboring with them.

Here, also, resides our good, but much misunderstood, sister Daniels, the faithful editor of the *Rising Tide*. With a loving heart for all humanity, she labors on against all difficulties and misapprehensions, not only editing, but by the assistance of a little adopted daughter, and another young female relative, doing all the work of her paper, except the press-work, in which she is kindly aided by our good brother, Esquire Chandler. I find that she has a goodly array of correspondents, among whom our dear sister Cora Wilbur is prominent. Mrs. Moulthrop contributes largely to her columns; and I am glad to find that our very highly esteemed, though personally unknown Bro. A. B. Child, is also a contributor. In future, while traveling in this State, I shall report progress through its columns. Will not our lecturers and writers in the East sometimes think of the "Rising Tide," and forward to sister Daniels a few thoughtful pages for insertion? All my friends in the East, who desire, as of old, to keep track of my labors, will do well to forward one dollar and fifty cents, and get the *Tide* for a year.

I have labored this season entirely in this State. Here is a large field, and it is ripe for the harvest, but the laborers are few. Come, fellow laborers, and feed the hungry. You may not reap so much pecuniarily, as you would in the East, but can you not bear with me and two or three others, the heat and burden of the day? Though we may have some privations to endure, yet how rich will be the reward in the future life, when on the glorious hills of the Summer Land we receive blessings from those who may have been elevated and purified through our sacrifices on earth in their behalf. Truly, our works *shall* follow us.

In many places I receive full compensation, but in many but very little, and in some none. I would journey eastward to replenish, but I cannot leave this wide field till I have fellow laborers to take my place and carry on the work.

I would desire to direct attention to McGregor, Hardin, Monona, Frankville, West Union, Elkador, Strawberry Point, Independence, Waterloo and Cedar Falls—in which places I have labored.

In Waterloo I have just organized a Spiritual Association, which has taken the name of the "Religio-Philosophic Society of Waterloo." It is organized according to the form, and on the principles of the like association in St. Charles, Ill.; and, under the State Law of Iowa, duly entered in the County and State records, and has the same standing as any other religious society. The clerk of this Association for the coming year is Bro. Andrew Rickett, to whom letters may be addressed.

The *BANNER* is ever welcome wherever received. May the needful breezes always blow upon it that it may ever wave over the fallen, down trodden and oppressed, bringing to them purity, peace and joy.

Yours for Truth and Humanity,
Waterloo, Iowa. JOHN MAYHEW.

Spiritualism in Lynn.

Allow me through the medium of the *BANNER*, to give to its readers a short account of the movements in spiritual circles in this city.

The recent movement in spiritual circles sprang from a small developing circle, formed by Dr. A. P. Pierce, of Boston. Since the memorable discussion of Mrs. Hatch at Lyceum Hall, Spiritualism had—until recently—been at a low ebb. Many brave hearts quailed not at the seeming triumph of our opponents, upon that occasion, but with strong faith that all was well, and that the invisible world, in due time, vindicate themselves, they labored on, continuing to hold circles; thus keeping the fires upon the altar of truth burning. These generous souls have freely offered their houses, lighted and warmed, free of expense, for the purpose of keeping alive the interest in spiritual matters, and to give to those who were honestly seeking after light upon the subject, a chance for free investigation. There are two friends in particular, who deserve our grateful thanks in this respect: Bros. Moses Sweetser and Mr. Andrews, whose souls men, ready at all times to do all in their power to help the cause along. There are others deserving of praise, but I will mention but one or two: First, we are greatly indebted to Mrs. John Hardy, trance medium, for the faithful manner in which she has met all demands upon her powers and time, both in tending upon the sick, and attending circles. I believe we are rendering but strict justice, when we say that through her instrumentality, the interest in Spiritualism has been kept alive.

Secondly, Dr. A. P. Pierce, of Boston, came to Lynn in September, 1863, and formed a developing circle at the house of Bro. Sweetser, as stated above. He took a deep interest in the cause, and labored hard for its advancement. He made many sacrifices in time and money, and to him must be given the praise of first starting the recent movement which has culminated in the afternoon and evening meetings at Armory Hall. From his developing circle sprang house meetings, and such was the interest manifested—the house being filled to overflowing—it was found necessary to engage a larger room. Messrs. Alfred Richardson and Nash, thinking the time had fully arrived for public meetings, hired a small hall in Exchange Building, and made an appointment with Mrs. N. J. Willis, of Boston, to speak at that place on Sunday evening, Jan. 10. This meeting was crowded, and it was apparent to all that the hall was too small. A committee was chosen to make arrangements for future meetings. This committee hired Armory Hall, where the meetings are now held. The following speakers have lectured

to us, giving entire satisfaction: Mrs. N. J. Willis, Dr. A. P. Pierce, Mrs. S. A. Hyman, U. Clark, and N. S. Greenleaf. A deep interest prevails, and the meetings are crowded.

Mrs. Moses Hull and Grant have accepted an invitation to discuss the merits of Spiritualism versus Adventism, at Lyceum Hall on the evenings of March 22d to the 25th, inclusive. An interesting time is expected.

J. A. STU.

Lynn, Feb. 28, 1864.

"Astronomical."

The belief that it will give you pleasure to communicate new information to the multitude of your readers, is my apology for intruding on your attention. Nature has no use for the philosopher's "First Law of Motion."

In my "System of the World," I have demonstrated that a heavenly body (say the earth,) did, from a single impulse, originally impressed upon it, acquire a circular and curvilinear motion. The circular motion caused the earth to rotate on its axis, and the curvilinear motion caused the earth to have an orbital revolution, larger than its present orbit. At the instant of the earth's motion, the all-grasping hand of the sun's centripetal force held hold on the moving orb, and compelled it to describe its present orbit around the sun. From the demonstration the conclusion is inevitable, that the orbital motion of the planet did arise from the curvilinear motion of the primitive impulse, conjoined with the sun's attraction.

Your most obedient,
WM. ISAACS LOOMIS.
Pastor of Baptist Church, Martindale, Col. Co., N. Y., Feb. 23, 1864.

AN ANGEL POEM.

DEAR BANNER—The following lines were written through my instrumentality a short time since by the spirit whose name is appended at the bottom, and which I forward to you for publication. The youthful Joseph enlisted in the 15th N. H. Regiment, was taken sick a few weeks before his discharge, and passed away shortly after his arrival home. By the kindness of his disposition, and the urbanity of his manners, he won the love and respect of a large circle of friends, who, separately and collectively, testify to his high moral worth, and the excellence of his character. He was a firm and consistent believer in the Philosophy of Spiritualism, and would read the *BANNERS* frequently sent to him by his friends, while in his country's service, to many who were in the same regiment with him, and who heard, for the first time, the beautiful and soul-comforting truths and principles underlying our glorious faith.

This belief in the superintending guardianship of angels, sustained and strengthened him through the perils and changes of his battle life, and illumined his soul in its passage through the Shadow of the Valley of Death.

A few hours anterior to his departure, his venerable and venerated mother asked him if he did not regret having enlisted? "Regret, mother! I no, not for one moment!" were the words which trembled on the lips of the dying patriot-hero. With the proud consciousness of having served in the cause of his country, and a blessed hope in an immortality beyond the fading scenes of time, united with the belief that he should be privileged to commune with the mourning ones of earth, the spirit of the youthful and beloved soldier mounted the skies. He was the youngest son of Mr. Joseph and Mrs. Relief Brown, of West Campton, N. H. His age was twenty-one. The lines which follow are addressed to a brother in the 40th Massachusetts Regiment.

J. D. S.

POETICAL GREETING FROM JOSEPH TO STEPHEN.

Though far away, my brother dear, 'mid wrecks of human strife,
Though absent from the forms of those who love thee as thy life,
Yet sweet affection travels through the intervening space,
And finds within thy loving heart a glad, responsive place.

Not many months have rolled away since God's best angels bore

My spirit from the mortal clay to Eden's sunny shore,
There still to guard the dear of earth, to lift their spirits up.

And sweeten, with love's nectar pure, life's ever bitter cup.

I'm glad, my brother, I engaged in my dear country's cause,

That for her Constitution's life, and for her sacred Laws,

I buckled on my armor bright, marched to the battle-field,

With holy Freedom for my guide, and Justice for my shield.

I've joined the army of the Lord, the well-filled ranks above.

And we are marching on to win a victory for love—

To crush out slavery everywhere, and raise our banners high.

That their resplendent stars may rest against the holy sky.

The foes of Progress, Truth and Right may seek to make us slaves,

May tear from Freedom's height the flag which now so proudly waves,

Yet do not let us e'er despair, for God is on our side,

And He will safely lead us o'er Disunion's whelming tide.

And, coming from this awful fire, our ever-gladdened eyes

Shall see a more effulgent land, a grander country rise.

Whose flag of red and white and blue more splendidly shall wave

Above an Union, broad and free, that does not own a slave.

And to this work, my brother dear, my efforts I have given;

Nor will I cease till every chain from human limbs is riven.

Till Liberty's bright star shall mount its ever-shining throne.

And every heart shall truly say, "Thank God, I'm all my own."

And, brother, while you're far away from those you hold most dear,

Oh, feel that spirits, pure and good, are ever, EVER near.

And that they come to give you strength—to warble in your ears

Those peaceful strains which come alone from heaven's enchanted spheres.

Though many friends thou hast who live amid the scenes of strife,

There's none more firm or true than he who's gone to angel-life.

And who now moves this stranger hand these humble lines to write,

And which around the blackest cloud will throw a ray of light.

And when Time's flital day is o'er, when dust returns to dust,

And scenes material fade away, as all things mortal must,

Then from the arms of sure decay thy soul shall upward soar,

To meet thy brother in a land where like blooms evermore.

JOSEPH BROWN, JR.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS.

[We desire to keep this list perfectly reliable, and in order to do this it is necessary that Speakers notify us promptly of their appointments to lecture. Lecturers' committees will please inform us of any change in the regular appointments, as published. As we publish the appointments of Lecturers gratuitously, we hope they will reciprocate by calling the attention of their hearers to the *BANNER OF LIGHT*.]

Mrs. AMANDA M. SPENCER will speak in Boston March 13; in Charlestown during May; in Utica during June.

Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES will speak in Chelsea March 20. Address No. 87 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. HULL will speak in Lynn March 13; in Providence March 20 and 27; in Boston April 8 and 10; in Portland, Me., May 1; in Worcester, May 8. Address: Banner of Light office, 111 May 1st; after that time, Battle Creek, Mich.

Mrs. LIZZIE DOWEN will speak in Chelsea, Mass., March 18; in Portland April 8 and 10; in Worcester April 17 and 24; in Quincy May 1 and 8; in Milford May 20; in Philadelphia during October. Address, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Dr. L. K. COOKEY will speak in Charlestown April 17 and 24. Address, Newburyport, Mass., or Banner of Light office.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND will speak in Quincy March 13; in Boston March 20 and 27.

Mrs. SOPHIA L. CHAPPEL, of New York, speaks in Providence March 18; in Portland March 20 and 27; in Worcester May 1. Address at the Banner of Light office.

Mrs. SARAH A. HORTON speaks in Lowell during March; in Plymouth April 3 and 10; in Portland, Me., April 17 and 24. Address Brandon, Vt.

J. M. PERMUE will speak in Rockford, Ill., the first two Sundays of each month. Address as above.

Mrs. EMMA HORTON will lecture in Bangor, Me., till July 31. Address as above, or East Stoughton, Mass.

Mrs. MARY M. WOOD will speak in Stafford, Conn., during April. Address, West Killingly, Conn.

Mrs. MATHIA L. BOWKITCH, trance speaker, will lecture in Taunton, Mass., during March; in Chelsea during April; in Springfield May 1, 8, and 15; in Lowell during June. Address at New Haven, care of George Beckwith, Reference, H. B. Storor, Boston.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN will speak in Philadelphia during March. Those wishing her services as a lecturer may address her till March 1st at Cleveland, O.; after that, care of H. F. Child, M. D., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN will speak in Plymouth March 13; in Randolph March 20; in Quincy March 27; in Chelsea April 3 and 10; in Taunton April 17 and 24; in May she returns to her home in Vermont. Persons wishing her services are requested to apply soon. Address St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.

Mrs. ELIZA G. CLARK will speak in Otis Town, Me., March 13. Address till March 15th, care H. B. Emery, Bradley, Me. AUSTIN E. SIMMONS will speak in East Boston, Va., on the fourth Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt.

Mrs. A. B. WHITING will make a tour through the Eastern States next spring and summer, speaking at Providence, R. I., the Sundays of April and May, during her services address him at once at Albion, N. Y.

Mrs. HAZEL, of Lockport, N. Y., will speak in Lowell, Mich., the first Sunday in each month; in Otisco, the second do.; in Laphamsville, third do.; in Alpine, fourth do.

Mrs. SUSAN M. JOHNSON will speak in Portland, Me., March 13; in Old Town, March 20 and 27, and April 3; in Quincy, Mass., April 10 and 17; in Boston May 1 and 8, and desires to make engagements for the spring and summer. Address, Chelsea, Mass.

H. B. STOROR will speak in Foxboro', Mass., March 13 and April 3.

Mrs. ANNIE CHASE's address will be Chicago, Ill., till further notice. Her business engagements in the West will prevent her return to New England till late in the summer or fall. He will receive subscriptions for the *Banner of Light*.

W. K. RILEY will speak in Stockport, N. Y., and vicinity, during April; in Williamsville May 15, 22 and 29; in Little River Village, Me., June 5 and 12. Address as above, or Snow's Falls, Me.

Mrs. LAURA M. HOLLEN will speak in Stockport, Me., the 1st Sunday in each month; in Hudson March 20; in

Correspondence in Brief.

SPRITUALISM IN NEW-YORK.—The slumberings of our quiet city have lately been awakened by a ray of spiritual light that has penetrated the dark interior of the human mind. Our beautiful philosophy is awakening a deep interest here, and I hope soon to see many dark places radiate with the glorious light.

I have lately been favored by several inspirational lectures from the talented lecturers, Miss Nellie J. Temple and Miss Lizzie Doten. For sublimity of thought and earnest eloquence, these lectures are seldom equaled. A deep impression has been made on the minds of many, already a growing interest is manifested here. They have not only aroused the spiritual sleepers, but created some little sensation among the fastidious (church). Some have already ventured to thrust their heads from under their theological shells and take light draughts of the spiritual waters.

We have Spiritualists enough here to hold regular meetings, but many of us are like old converts, apt to get "lukewarm." So the work of resuscitation falls on the active few.

But I cannot close without a word for your "BANNER." It has been a weekly companion with us for five years, and I can truly say it contains more valuable reading matter than any other literary sheet I have ever seen. Long may it stand a beacon-light, directing wandering humanity over the ocean of eternity.

Feb. 7th 1864.

R. L. H.

THE BANNER APPRECIATED.—We received the following free expression of approbation of the course and conduct of the BANNER, from a subscriber in Hudson, N. Y.:

I must say one word, Mr. Editor, by way of encouragement and appreciation of the noble zeal in which you continue to perform the evidently laborious and self-sacrificing service in the cause of humanity's greatest needs, as editor of the true and noble BANNER OF LIGHT. The impartial manner in which you meet the world and individuals, and the genuine sympathy for human hearts and human needs, that are breathed through all the editorials, and the whole spirit of the paper, undeniably reveals that our (the people's) editor is the right man in the right place, and well illustrates the wisdom of the invisible powers in placing the great work in such worthy hands; and I know this to be the feeling of very many. I would love to give a full expression of my feelings about our precious BANNER, and those connected with it, but lest it might be thought flattery, I forbear.

J. H. DAWY.

STURGEON BAY, WIS.—E. B. Stevens, writing from that far-off region, says:

"We cannot do without the BANNER in this out-of-the-way place. It is not out of the reach of the spirits. There are quite a number of Spiritualists here, and there seems to be a growing interest among those who never before gave it much attention. Several new mediums are being developed, and what is singular, it is being done without any effort, or aid from old professors. Spirits, it would seem, are doing up the work within themselves. I will try and get more subscribers to the BANNER, after mine arrives."

MR. EDITOR.—I send for your BANNER, for it is food for my soul which I do not wish to do without. Enclosed find \$2.50.

Mrs. E. V. Dizon, Ill., Feb. 23, 1864.

Mrs. O. Fonda, of Independence, Iowa, in remitting another year's subscription for the BANNER, says: "I take as much pleasure in perusing the BANNER as the Orthodox do in reading their Bible. I hope they gain as much true wisdom from their precious guide as I do from reading the BANNER OF LIGHT. May it wave over all nations, till it opens their eyes to see and their hearts to realize the truth of our beautiful philosophy."

A. S. Martin writes:

"I hope that all good Spiritualists will make an effort to support the eternal principles of our Spiritual Philosophy, and I do not know of any better way to spread the gospel of Truth as proclaimed by the immutable laws of Father-God and Mother-Nature throughout all Nature's kingdom, than by taking the BANNER. May your labors be richly rewarded here and hereafter."

Mrs. I. A. Kliney, writing from Paw Paw, Mich., under date of Feb. 23d, says:

"Please allow me to express my great delight and real satisfaction in reading in your last BANNER the 'Experiences in the Spirit-World' of Henry Whittemore, and also Rev. Mr. Fuller's 'Experiences.' I have read many communications of late years, but these, to me, were indeed rare feats of spiritual things. May they long continue to be contributors to your freedom-loving and lofty-flying BANNER."

I was much delighted, Mr. Editor, with the "Experiences in the Spirit-World of Henry Whittemore," in your issue of the 20th inst., and with the "Narrative of some of the Experiences in the Inner Life of Arthur Buckminster Fuller."

JOHN A. GILBERT.

Watertown, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1864.

THE BANNER.—G. F. Kittredge, of Saginaw City, Mich., says:

"I think the BANNER OF LIGHT is the only real, genuine family newspaper published in the Union."

I will just say that I consider it a privilege to add my little of influence to the amount that I consider you are deservedly receiving from a somewhat appreciative public, for your commendable zeal and untiring efforts for the benefit of the great human family.

Ida, Mich.

E. CURTIS.

THE TRUTH SPREADING.—Mrs. Nellie L. Whitte, in transmitting a list of subscribers from Coldwater, Mich., where she has been lecturing for several weeks past with great success, says:

"Spiritualism is extending to a hungry world palatable truths, if I can judge from the numerous calls for your paper."

A CALL FOR MOSES HULL.—I have taken the BANNER for several years, and have read its pages with much pleasure, and find it has much improved of late. I took the first number in this section of country, and I sent it abroad, and thereby have obtained many new subscribers. I noticed in the BANNER recently, the renunciation of the Advent doctrine by Elder Moses Hull, of Battle Creek, Michigan, and his acceptance and advocacy of the Harmonial Philosophy. Mr. Hull is a champion in the pulpit. Some two years ago he came to Eagle Harbor, erected a large tent, and held his meetings for several weeks, making a number of converts to his doctrines, and did more to injure the spiritual cause here than everything else combined. Now we think Bro. Hull ought to come here again, and show to the people of Eagle Harbor the new light he has received.

Allen Porter.

Eagle Harbor, N. Y., Feb. 16.

PUBLISHERS BANNER.—Enclosed please find five dollars. The BANNER for this week had just come to hand, and I thought I would do something toward that "thousand" new names to commence the next volume. Some of your correspondents write that they "could not keep house without the BANNER," but I could; nevertheless, I should very much regret the necessity of doing so. It keeps one well up with the great movement of the age, and the inspired workers therein.

As ever, yours fraternally,

SEABURY D. HOUCK.

Collinsville, Ct., March 1, 1864.

New Publications.

UNION LEAGUE MELODIES. By Rev. J. W. Dadman. Boston: B. B. Russell, 615 Washington street.

This is a collection of twenty-six patriotic hymns and tunes, original and selected, prepared expressly by Mr. Dadman for the use of the numerous Union Leagues. They are also well adapted to the Army and Navy, and all patriotic meetings. Price only ten cents.

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY for February, has reached our sanctum. The fair editor, Miss Lisle Lester, appears to be in her right position. The ability and vigor with which she wields her pen, and the judicious selections which are made to fill up the magazine, shows competency for the task she has undertaken. It is published at San Francisco, at \$3 per year, and is well worth the money.

THE TIME SER.—Bishop Colenso has been condemned to be deposed by the Cape Town clerical clique, unless he retracts before the 16th of April.

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the week ending at date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1864

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.

Room No. 8, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

The Issue.

"I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the sun will sink into endless night to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to

"And shut the gates of mercy on mankind"; but I have a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I still cherish it. I see one vast confederation stretching from the frozen north in one unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calm waters of the Pacific; and I see one people, and one law, and one language, and one faith, and over all that vast Continent, the home of freedom and refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime."—Extract from John Bright's Speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.

The Want of the Age.

Men confess their condition and their longings at last, however stoutly they argue for their abundance and their satisfaction. We read an editorial article of length in a recent issue of the Springfield Republican—a journal of marked ability—which now seems to tell the whole truth about the great concerns of life, and now to unweave all it has just said so properly—the purport of which article was to demonstrate the fact (if, indeed, any demonstration be needed,) that the modern world, and more particularly this portion of it, is lapsing from the old and outward habits of virtue and religion, and trying to see how it can get along with out special recourse to either. And the writer made it his further duty to enjoin upon all the professors of creeds and formulas, and upon those who had the machinery of the church systems in their control, the profound necessity which existed for their instant action, in stirring up the popular mind to a sense of the present lamentable condition of things, and in bringing about a review of those religious influences over the heart, which were wont to be exercised in times past.

The very fact that such reflections arise in the thoughts of the public writers of the day, and that it is openly confessed that society requires to be taken hold of and fully possessed by religious influences not now dominant, shows a change is really going on from the old forms of belief and subscription. It is a frank admission that the work of the past is ended; that creeds call no longer for defence, nor for the erection of sumptuous edifices and costly piles; that the work of partisanship is at last over, and will avail nothing more for religious purposes; and that a better and profounder and more apparent system of religious development is demanded, and must, therefore, be close at hand. The credists have argued for and advocated their favorite theories, for some three hundred years, naming themselves Protestants and Reformers and the like. Their labors are now over, for their creeds no longer serve the spiritual wants of man, and the advocates complain that they can get no one to listen to their arguments. In their zeal and near-sightedness, they believe that an end is come to all religion and religious influences, because the old machinery ceases to be effective; whereas the real truth is, that the human heart demands and desires what these teachers never had to give them, and which, once obtained, it will never go back to seek in places where it was not to be found in the past.

Where is this great want of the age to be satisfied, and how? Does not every heart offer an answer, which has already felt the direct power of the immortals who have entered its realm? Can any person who has once been deeply impressed with the presence of angels, those divine messengers who are sent to do the will of Heaven upon our souls, hesitate for a reply, when asked whence these new and much needed influences are to come? Nor are they the evangelists of any new truth; they do but bring directly to us the communications from the realms of light, which all men have caught mere glimpses of in past times, but whose freshness and power and universal operation they could not then understand. The churches used to be filled up with hearers and worshippers who believe, because they knew that the kingdom of heaven is close at hand, and that men may enter in whenever they will comply with the simple but strict spiritual conditions. The cry against empty places of worship is raised because the preaching of mere creeds, and the advocacy of mere theological systems have ceased to arrest the attention of men and women, much more to inspire them with larger views of God and existence; and hence the preachers speak to empty seats, and pray to echoing places of public worship.

We admit that the world, just now, is very worldly; so it has been always. In a time of high public excitement like the present, it is to be expected that men should in a great degree forget themselves and the true meaning of life, and go blindly and hotly after what appear to be the prizes—which are, at best, mere shining toys. But does it appear as if the inoculation of bald and nameless tenets merely, were going to bring men back to a serious consideration of where they are, and what they are living for, and whether they are going? The old systems having failed, or having, at least, ceased to be any longer effective as they used to be effective, is it not the part of common sense to admit at once that the fault lies now with them, and not to insist that human nature and the human heart is altogether the delinquent? Where we perceive an effect, we may be very sure of a cause. If an effect once produced by a certain process, ceases longer to be produced, it is pretty clear that that cause has lost its original power and efficiency. It is a very short and simple system of logic, and cannot be set aside by appeals of any sort to the sacredness of old prejudices, whether in favor of religious systems or of anything else. When the vigor of a creed terminates with its own defence, we may expect that it will in due time be superseded by something of more positive and vital excellence.

The world around us is, to-day, as open to high influences of the immortals and invisibles, as it ever was on any day in the past; we sincerely believe it to be even more so. The present rage for wealth and show is but a surface manifestation, and does not reach down to the real life and experience of men. In the money overturn of the year 1857, the churches were filled with praying people, who thronged them, because all other props than the spiritual ones were taken from beneath them; to-day, those same churches are uttering melancholy complaints, because their hold on those same people is relaxed and gone. It all goes to show how feeble is the influence exerted over the human heart by the full and unrestricted creed-power, and how much humanity needs a spiritual form of government, which prosperity cannot depress, nor adversity unduly exalt. Men require to be ruled by the steady processes and rules of a faith which is based upon reality, upon tried truth, and upon direct and unquestioned revelation. Mere mummery, repetition, or imitation, contains nothing vital, and it will not last and live. Once bring the word of God right home to the heart of man, and let him have the full benefit of believing it in all its breadth and depth, without the qualifications and

modifications of priests and parties, divorced from its meaningless mysticism, as free as the light and air, and as clear as running water—and man finds himself placed at once in direct relations with the laws of the universe, and cannot help being religious and humble and full of faith, to the end of his days. We are come to the preaching of just this sort of spiritual dispensation.

Spirit Messages.

The public generally are gradually approximating to a knowledge of the fact that our departed friends can and do return to us through media, and manifest themselves sufficiently to prove their identity. Hence the *Message Department* of this paper is sought for more anxiously to-day than ever before since the great work, of which we are but humble instruments, was begun. If people only knew how anxious many spirits are to return, when they see the absolute necessity for so doing, they would not oppose us as many do. By referring to the message of Charlotte Murphy, on our sixth page, who died at Halifax, the reader will form some idea of the intense feeling manifested by those who have passed on, leaving behind them their darling children. Language is inadequate to portray the feeling sometimes exhibited by mothers (while controlling the medium), in their anxiety for the welfare of the little ones they have been called to part from. The mothers being their guardian-angels, is it strange that this is so?

We are frequently asked why the spirit-friends of our correspondents do not oftener manifest to them at our circle, and why some do not at all? The reasons are many. Spirits communicate to earth's people in precisely the same manner mortals do to distant points by means of the electric telegraph. The only difference is, the wires are used as the media in the one case to transmit intelligence, while, a susceptible human organism is the medium for the transmission of thought from the supermundane to the mundane sphere of life in the other. Now supposing the wire, or the battery, or the operating instrument should be out of order, or course a message could not be sent or received. It is similar with the spirit telegraph. Sometimes spirits are unable to return and manifest because they themselves do not possess positive will-power enough by which to come—i. e., they are unable to throw their magnetism upon the medium with sufficient force to mesmerize her; hence they cannot gain possession of the body through which to speak, and are obliged to give way to another spirit of more will-powers. Others are not desirous of returning to-day, for the reason that they still adhere to their old theological notions, were somewhat disappointed at not finding things as they expected after putting off the body of flesh, and are not yet ready to give up all hope that there is not a lake of real fire and brimstone for one part of the human race, and a heaven "paved with gold" for "the elect." Many other reasons could we give, had we time and space. But the above must suffice for the present.

In order to understand the Spiritual Philosophy fully, one should investigate from the scientific standpoint. After the investigator fully understands the psychological law that governs the manifestations, and it does not require talents to do so, the field is open for direct spirit-communication.

Our circles are held on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday evenings of each week, at 158 Washington street, room No. 8. The public are invited. Seats free.

Answering Sealed Letters.

One of our subscribers, writing from Akron, Ohio, propounds the following question, with the request that it be answered through the BANNER:

Question.—Are not the sealed letters that are answered, answered clairvoyantly?—If so, what proof have we that they are ever answered by spirits?

On Thursday last, we submitted the above question to one of our spirit friends for answer, with the following result:

"We would say in reply to our good friend who propounds the question in relation to answering sealed letters, that they are answered clairvoyantly."

Now we know that in the absence of a positive knowledge of the existence of the spirit-world, as Spiritualists understand it to be, that the exercise of a certain amount of faith is necessary, and becomes inevitably a part of all their dealings in these matters.

We cannot prove to you, beyond the evidences you may be able to receive by virtue of your own perceptions, anything in relation to spiritual matters.

In all your dealings with spirits you are expected by them to deal with all facts they present you, just as you would were they presented by mortals. You are to criticize them, you are to examine them, you are to test them by all the powers of your being, and if you do this in a candid and unprejudiced manner, whatever the conclusion at which you arrive, it will be a correct one.

We have only to say in regard to this matter, further, that the eye of our medium never beholds the contents of letters given into her hand."

ANOTHER STATEMENT.

In answer to questions asked in a sealed letter on the same subject, the following was given:

"There are two ways of answering sealed letters. One is—we use the medium's clairvoyant, mesmeric powers, and thus read through their minds the others, (which is the way I answer this.) When you write you throw your magnetism into the paper, then it comes into the medium's sphere, or in rapport with her, and we draw from her the power to spiritualize the letter so that it becomes clear to us. The more magnetism the writer throws into the letter the better we can understand it. Sometimes whole lines are dark. Doubts and fears in the mind of the writer makes a letter dark; and often the spirit-friends are unable to answer it. You have seen enough to convince you of these things."

Japan Slaughter.

Great Britain sends vessels of war out to Japan, and the latter open their guns upon an unoffending and unprepared city, built of light bamboo, and containing one hundred and seventy thousand souls. The object of this barbarous assault by the vessels representing a civilized power was to pay off the Japanese for an affront offered to the English Government, by killing, in some other town, a person under nominal English protection. The bombardment of course set fire to the town, which, on account of its construction of such slight material, was suddenly reduced to ashes. The writer for the London News in Japan describes this conflagration, with its awful loss of life, on this wise. We have never read anything more horrible in the way of slaughter: It was a city of paper and bamboo, covering many square miles, filled with its women and children, the sick and the infirm, the blind, the halt and the maimed. It burned like straw on many sides at once, reddening the ocean for leagues with its flames. It was fired without warning by bomb-shells, and red-hot shot rained incessantly during two days into its midst. In that vast conflagration it is morally certain that not two thousand only, but at least five times, perhaps ten or twenty times two thousand helpless creatures must have perished. No brilliant pen has painted for us the hideous incidents of their last agonies, and the horrors of an infernal fire, before which that of Chiffi burns but pale and feebly. That death was dealt out to those innocent beings in Japan by English sailors—purposely, unparaphrasing and boastfully—not in war, not in necessity, not in self preservation, but in order to strike terror into a harmless people whom we are bent upon forcing into trade.

The Life of the Affections.

It is upon the ladder of Love that we mount heavenwards; it is affection that illumines with light divine the most rugged path of toil and discipline. It is through the inspiration of gladdening household love that so much has been achieved for the world's great benefit. By its influence stern hearts have melted to a benign tenderness, and tyrannic force has been disarmed. Like unto the angels, has it molded the aspiring souls of human kind; and by its teachings bright foregleams of the heaven life have been obtained. There is the calm joy of fruition for every votary of pure and holy love; there is a fullness of satisfaction impossible of attainment, save through this one divinely-ordained channel; there is a peace of victory known only to the moral conqueror of self, who lives for others' weal; for a supreme consecration of the faculties to the life of the affections spiritualizes with holiness, and baptizes with Christ-like zeal even the minutest effort. The disciple of Love looks abroad upon conflicting factions, upon all the tumults, discords, antagonisms of the world, with the hopeful eye of faith, and the steadfast eye of charity. No hatred can abide in his soul; no darkening envy or distrust cloud for him the glory of the ever-lasting day. Firmly wedded to Eternal Principles, he bows in childlike submission to the discipline of earth, and views all sorrow as the probationary trial of the spirit, all tending to its purification and abiding ascension into Wisdom, which is perennial joy. From the full heart of gratitude, such true Spiritualists can say, "Thy will, not mine, be done." From the understanding soul they can bend in meek acceptance beneath the storms of adverse fortune, breaking not beneath its wildest gales. Over their inner life is cast the refulgence of the blessed heavens, and the flowers of a Paradise state there bloom and flourish. The clear rivers of Truth flow sun-bright there, and the musical joy of Love's nestling songsters never ceases for the finely attuned ear of harmony. Know ye that some of earth walk kingly-crowned in this supernatural light, inhaling the aroma of the soul blossoms of Eternity, clad in garments of the sun, with all the most passionate of the nether-world close-chained beneath their conquering feet? Oh, cultivate the elements of love in all their purity! Exalt your thoughts, your feelings, your every aim into the divine standard, and reap the exceeding great reward that follows on the enthronement of the spiritual above the animal propensities. Become ye monarchs, seers and prophets of the millennial time through love. Be worshippers of the beautiful, pupils of the commissioned angels of our Father, champions of uncompromising Truth and Freedom. Let affection, household, fraternal, universal Love inspire your every deed; not interest, not unworthy policy. Live not for narrow, selfish aims, but for world-wide purposes, far-reaching as the thought of God! Walk in the compensating paths of self denial, even as ye would in the presence of the revealed and beneficent spirit-hosts. Let your reproach of wrong be ever tempered with the suavity of Love; have no hope of happiness apart from that of the universal Brotherhood. Seek not to ascend the steps of Progress without lending the helping hand to others struggling on the toilsome way. In the lowliest places, as in the highest stations, let the Christ-love be your actuating motive. Live ever, striving upward, the life of affectional development, that shall lead you unto the kingdom of the Heaven of Harmony.

C. W.

In Parliament.

The subject of the seizure of certain suspected British ships by Federal cruisers came up in Parliament recently, and a very spirited debate sprang up over it. The Attorney General being called up to produce the correspondence with our Government concerning it, he declined to do so, the seizure of the vessels being still a matter of negotiation. Lord Cecil proceeded to characterize the conduct of the Government as bullying to the weak and truckling to the strong. Other speakers endorsed the remark. One of them expressed a hope that the army and navy estimates would be kept up in order to enable the Government to give force to their threats when they used them. Col. Sykes and Mr. Crawford praised the moderation and the spirit of the Government, and Lord Palmerston gave the American Government credit for receiving their applications in a spirit of equity and justice.

The Cabinet.

The late political circular of the friends of Secretary Chase, in his distinct interest and behalf, was so bold an "infracture of the customs even of political life" as to call forth the comment of all parties and sides. But we do not intend expressing any opinion upon it here. It is worth referring to only as betraying the fact that the Cabinet is no longer "an unit" by any means, but that it is a house which is very bitterly divided against itself; and being in this fix, it is naturally not expected to stand. The Secretary, through his friends, works against the President. The circular alluded to charges that the future of the country is not exactly safe in the hands and under the guidance of the President, but would certainly be under Secretary Chase. We do not believe it of Mr. Lincoln, even if we believe all that is claimed for the Secretary.

The Sanitary Fairs.

These modern inventions have had their run, during the past Autumn and Winter, and yielded a magnificent harvest of money. In all, it is expected that nearly three millions of dollars will be realized to the soldiers in the hospitals. It has been suggested that this immense fund ought not, any portion of it, to be squandered upon shows, and committees, and senseless expenses, while there are still so many brave fellows in actual want of the comforts it would secure to them. It is wicked to take one dollar of this sacred fund to spend for the pleasures or pride of committees and self-constituted agents. Such persons ought to be perfectly willing to give their services, as others give their money—or they should stand aside for those who will.

The Colored Schools.

They are going forward with great rapidity with the new experiment of colored schools in Washington and vicinity. From twenty to fifty slaves, or persons who were but recently slaves, apply for admission to these schools daily. The pupils are making commendable progress, and afford great encouragement to those who have taken this task of instructing the negroes into their hands. Voluntary teachers from the different departments of Government—clerks and others—come in and teach in reading, regularly. The main school is so full, that branch schools are recommended. The highest division, or grade, is composed of about fifteen young men and women who can read, and who know something of figures. The first and second grade scholars are learning to spell words of one syllable.

Homesteads.

It is now seriously proposed to throw open the thousand million of public lands to the actual settlers, giving every man a home who will go and take it and live on it. The whole revenue from the sale of the public lands, the richest of which have been disposed of already, would not begin to amount to the wealth which has been produced to the country by the settlement and improvement of those lands. There is where the country is benefited, and the only way in which it is permanently benefited. An entirely new policy is yet to be adopted by the Government in this matter, which will profit us all alike.

Raffling.

The stir which has been made over the custom of raffling at Fairs, has called forth a letter from Dr. Bellows, who is at the head of the great Sanitary Commissions of the country. He accepts the practice as a sin, if so the people consider it—otherwise not; but in giving it up, he confesses that the ingenuity of men and women will be forced to devise some other method of attracting people to invest their money in objects for sale at the Fairs, or the treasury must certainly suffer. We notice that the ladies of Hollis Street Church (once Starr King's) of this city, have been holding a Fair to help raise funds for building a chapel; and they went into the raffling business without any hesitation at all. Raffling for a religious chapel! It must be either very right or very wrong.

Spiritualism and Adventism.

The discussion between Moses Hull, Spiritualist, and Joseph T. Curry, Adventist, on Spiritualism and Adventism, commences on Tuesday evening, March 8th, and will continue on the evenings of the 9th, 10th, and 11th, in Kast Hall, 104 Hanover street, in this city. The subject to be discussed is, "Has man in his nature an immortal principle, which, after the death of the body, is capable of returning and communicating with the inhabitants of earth?" From the well-known ability of the disputants, an interesting discussion may be expected.

Another discussion on the same subject has been arranged to take place in Lyceum Hall, Lynn, commencing on Tuesday, March 22d, and continuing four evenings, between Moses Hull and Elder Miles Grant.

The Louisiana Plantations.

The New Orleans correspondent of the Tribune thinks the leasing of plantations in Louisiana is well managed. It is impossible at present to divide up the plantations, for lack of buildings and implements. As it is, "the arrangements for securing the negroes fair wages, kind treatment, healthy and abundant food, medical attendance, and the advantages of schools, are apparently all that could be desired. None but thoroughly responsible parties are allowed to take the plantations, and the interests of the Government and laborers are thoroughly secured by liens on the crops, by bonds for the faithful performance of the contracts made, and by careful supervision of the whole business."

The National Convention.

After the passage of the resolution by the Boston Convention of Spiritualists, held in this city two weeks since, recommending a Spiritualist National Convention some time during the summer at a central point in the West, the following named persons were appointed a Committee on behalf of the Convention, to carry out the design of the resolution; H. F. Gardner, M. D., (Chairman,) H. B. Storer, (Secretary,) J. S. Loveland, Miss Lizzie Doten, and Mrs. Amanda M. Spence. We understand it is the intention of the Committee to publish a preliminary statement in regard to the matter, which we shall print in our next paper.

More Great Conventions.

We announced in our last issue that the late Convention in this city had unanimously voted in favor of calling a grand National Convention some time during the coming summer. In addition to this, there is to be another Three Days' Convention, in Clinton Hall, New York City, during the second week in May. Prof. Payton Spence transmitted to the late Boston Convention a letter from the New York Spiritual Conference, seconding the suggestion for a Convention in that city. All the speakers at the Boston Convention cordially responded, and will attend the meeting appointed for the second week in May. The formal call will appear in our next issue.

The National Bank Scheme.

The bill prepared by the comptroller of the treasury, McCullough, and which will be shortly introduced in Congress, in regard to the national bank scheme, provides that the specie or legal tender reserve for banks in large cities be fixed at twenty per cent. of liabilities—that for those in inland cities and towns at fifteen per cent., instead of twenty-five per cent. in all banks as now; that all national banks be permitted to issue bills of the denominations of one, two and three dollars; and that a uniform rate of seven per cent. interest be established. These provisions would, it is thought, gain the national banking law many friends, and greatly hasten the changes of old banks to the new.

Three Days' Spiritualist Meeting in Taunton, Mass.

Moses Hull, Uriah Clark, Mrs. S. L. Chappell and Miss Martha L. Beckwith held a three days' meeting in the Town Hall of Taunton, last week, and their labors were attended with the most favorable results. Sessions were held in the morning, afternoon and evening, and a deep interest was elicited, exhibiting new life and hope. It may be hoped that meetings like these will multiply all over the country. The Boston Convention seems to have been the precursor of a Pentecostal awakening everywhere.

Mrs. Chamberlain's Seances.

We are pleased to state that Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain has consented to hold her seances at Malden for two weeks longer, to gratify those who have as yet been unable to, but are desirous of witnessing the extraordinary phenomena through her instrumentality. It is necessary, in order to gain admittance to the seances, that tickets be secured, as none will be admitted without them. These can be obtained on early application at this office. For further particulars, the reader is referred to Mrs. C.'s advertisement in another column.

Warren Chase in Chicago.

This able pioneer lecturer is meeting with great success in lecturing on Spiritualism in Chicago. He has been speaking there for several weeks in Bryan Hall—one of the best and largest in the city—to very large audiences. He has been urged to continue his lectures there beyond his first engaged time, and has consented to do so. There is a rapidly increasing desire among the people to learn something more of the spiritual philosophy.

J. M. Peebles.

This gentleman, who has been engaged in an official capacity in the commissary department of General Grant's army for the past six months, has returned to his home in Rockford, Ill., on account of impaired health. As soon as he has recuperated his health, he intends to again enter the lecturing field. We are glad he has resolved upon this course, for he is one of the ablest and most eloquent lecturers in the spiritual ranks.

A Hindoo Spirit.

Some of our readers will undoubtedly be surprised when we inform them that a Hindoo Spirit made a prayer at our Public Circle, Feb. 22d, and that he prayed for Christians! Well, we are of the opinion that the prayers of the Hindoo are needed in their behalf quite as much as the Christian's prayer is needed by the "benighted heathen!"

Mrs. Fanny Davis Smith

Delivered two excellent lectures in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday, Feb. 28th, to good audiences, which were, as usual, very acceptably received.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Mr. Editor—Enclosed I send you an article published this day in the Cincinnati Independent, in relation to some spiritual manifestations made in this city. As I was present at the time the incidents occurred, as related by "A Seeker after Truth," I can speak positively of the matter. The whole narrative given by "A Seeker after Truth" is true to the letter, and I hope you will think it interesting enough to give it a place in the columns of the BANNER. It was written by a gentleman who has a very large, active and powerful brain, which has been highly cultivated by the study of Law, Philosophy and Literature.

There are many believers here in the wonderful phenomena, and many are seeking to learn something about them. There are many other interesting and remarkable tests that I could give you, but will not at this time.

There seems to be quite a "revival," as the old-fashioned religious sects would say, among those who call themselves Spiritualists, in this city. I have always been skeptical on the subject, and have never, till within a few weeks, seen any manifestations that convinced me that intelligence was conveyed from the "spirit-world," through mediums, to persons here. But I must confess that my skepticism at that point has been somewhat disturbed within the last few weeks.

Yours truly, A. O. HAGLEY.

Cincinnati, Feb. 28, 1864.

From the Cincinnati Independent.

AN ASTONISHING FACT IN SPIRITUALISM.

Mr. Editor—I wish to "deliver a plain, unvarnished tale"—not "set aught down" in prejudice, imagination or fancy. Whether the philosophy, religious or otherwise, now formed and forming of so-called "Spiritualism" is true, I do not here undertake to say, but of the facts of communication of spirits, or of those who have gone before us to another world, to us who are left here in this mundane sphere, after the many demonstrations I have seen, I have no doubt, and I now will relate one of recent occurrence, which I think your readers, with me, will deem almost conclusive.

About ten nights ago, a friend and myself were invited by a gentleman and his estimable lady, to attend what they call a *seance* with the spirits, in this city. Out of curiosity to see what was going to be done, we accompanied the gentleman and his wife to a retired room in a building on Fourth street, in this city, where we were introduced to a number of persons, already assembled to witness what might be presented through two so-called mediums, one through whom physical manifestations, such as raps, movements of tables, furniture, &c., were had, and the other was what is called a speaking, writing and *personating* medium.

Many physical manifestations were given through the one medium, the most remarkable of which was that the medium was tightly tied, hands behind him, with a rope, a strong one furnished for the occasion, and applied and tied with many knots by gentlemen present. In the space of two minutes by the watch, without the assistance of human hands or agency, the medium was wholly untied, and the rope completely cast from his body. This was surprising indeed, and the experiment was twice again tried, with the same successful results.

Immediately after this, we noticed that the other medium, a young and delicate person, was under very peculiar influence. They called it spiritual influence. The medium began to assume different characters, as if of individuals who had once been upon earth, and to converse with us all, answering all sorts of questions touching human and spiritual information, and gave us a good deal of solid information, too. Each spirit, as she or he seemed to take possession of the medium, would salute us by a "good-day," or "good-night," friends, and on being asked, would give the name he went by when upon earth; and many we recognized by name, and the manner of the medium, as having lived upon earth, and taken his or her departure.

Finally, the medium assumed in body, arms and legs, a stiff and rigid form. But not so in neck and head, but on the contrary the head moved about on the neck or shoulders, from one side to another, and the countenance of the medium took a peculiar form and feature, which none of us present could recognize, and gave us the usual salutation of "good-night," my friends, I am happy to be permitted to be among you. We all answered the salutation, but thought the spirit who had control of the medium must be a curious fellow, and wondered at the strange and peculiar motion of the medium's head, and the singular and expressive countenance he assumed. The body, legs and arms of the medium did not move at all, but were held perfectly rigid and stiff.

"Why is it," said the spirit, through the medium, "I ventured to ask the spirit, through the medium, 'Why is it this peculiar and singular motion of the head?'"

"Oh," said the medium, or the spirit through the medium, "I was executed in earth-life, by being decapitated—my head was cut off."

I asked again, "And can you not exercise any power now over the body, legs or arms of the medium?"

The answer was "No; I wish to represent myself in this way."

"What were you executed, or your head cut off for?"

"For treason," promptly replied the spirit through the medium.

"What, treason?"

"Treason to Charles of England, and it was the brightest act of my life. Had it not been for my act of treason, I should not be so high in the spirit-world as I am."

"Indeed," says I; "surely then God's justice is not man's justice."

"You are right," says he.

"Did you belong to the nobility?" says I.

"No, not exactly. I was called sometimes, 'Baron.'"

"What is your name?" I asked, emphatically.

"My name is HUGH PETERS, of England. I was executed for treason in the times of Charles," and then, added he, "I must now go, good-night; I will come to you again." And immediately, the medium entirely changed in form and appearance, and some other spirit took possession of him.

Who is, or was HUGH PETERS? that was now the question among those assembled. No one ever knew of such a person, no one ever heard or read of such a person. The persons of the assembly appealed to me, as being more conversant with English history. I answered that if it was true what the spirit spoke; he must have belonged to the Cromwell party, for the great difficulties of both Charles the First and Charles the Second were with Cromwell, who became Lord Protector of England, after having Charles the First executed. But I have never heard of, or come across in my readings, with the name of Hugh Peters, but not so with me. I thought again and again of Hugh Peters, that night and next day, but could not remember such a man for such a name, and so the subject dropped with me after a time.

Several days after this night's occurrence, I happened one evening (it was last Thursday evening) to go into the bookstore of Mr. Clark, on Fourth street, to consult dictionaries of the Greek and Latin languages, about the true meaning of a particular word. I accomplished my purpose, and was about going out of the bookstore, when, curiously and singularly enough to me, my attention was attracted to the back of a large volume upon the shelves, on which read "Cyclopedia of Universal Biography." Immediately—why, I know not—I thought of Hugh Peters, so I took down the volume, and found it to be Elitha Park's Cyclopedia of Universal Biography, printed and published at London and Glasgow, A. D. 1854. I looked for the name, Hugh Peters, and to my everlasting surprise, I found among the list, the following:

"HUGH PETERS—A disreputable character, who connected himself with the English Republican Party as a pamphleteer and pupil demagogue. He was born in Cornwall, 1599, educated at Cambridge, and figured successively as an actor, a minister in the Church of England, and a preacher among the Independents. Executed, 1660."

I left the bookstore, and coming across my friend, who was with me at the time of the spirit, I told him about what I had seen and read in the Cyclopedia of Universal Biography. He was more than astonished; he was amazed, and said he would forthwith go with me to Clark's bookstore, to see with his own eyes. He did go with me—saw what I have above written in reference to Hugh Peters—said it was wonderful strange, and, to show his friends, he purchased the book.

Was not this demonstration of spiritual intelligence communicating with us here below?

I will just add, that next day after what occurred in the bookstore, I looked over my own library—found a Universal Biographical Dictionary, by R. A. Davenport, published in New York, in 1849, and looked into it for Hugh Peters, and this was what I found there; and as will be seen, it is in more detail than the other:

"PETERS, HUGH—A celebrated fanatic—was the son

of a Cornish merchant; was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge; and after having been on the stage, in the Church, and a resident in America—looked a very active part against Charles the First, for which he was executed in 1660. He wrote discourses and a last legacy to his daughter."

What, Mr. Editor, do you think of all this?

A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

Awakening.

When our cause seemed dead in Chicago, and the enemies were exulting over its seemingly expiring embers, five persons met and talk, write and engage me to lecture four Sundays, hire the best hall in the city, and ask all to come and hear "without money and without price," and thousands answered with their presence, and scores bring offerings in greenbacks, or shorter currency, and while nobody is dunned at the door or in the hall, the five friends are relieved from the heavy expense, and funds raised to keep our meetings in the same expensive hall a second month. The attendance and interest is better than ever before in this city, and the cause more prosperous than I have ever seen it. About twelve years ago I visited this city to lecture on Spiritualism for the first time, here, and with some difficulty procured a poor, dirty hall, by paying for it myself, and getting out my notices; and with much effort I secured an audience of perhaps twenty or thirty persons, gave a full course of lectures, paid the expenses myself, and with an empty pocket, and countenance, and heavy heart, left the city, assuring the friends that the time must come when the light of the spirit-world would penetrate the crust of ignorance and superstition which at that time froze out the spirit-life, as the winter frosts did the vegetation.

The war has done much in the West to awaken an interest in spirit-life and intercourse; and the blows of the clergy fall powerless and harmless on thousands who, a few years ago, were obedient and humble servants of the ministry. For fifteen years I have traveled up and down the country, from Maine to Missouri, and from Louisiana to Minnesota, and have seen in many places changes similar to those in Chicago, but never so much and so general an awakening of interest and inquiry, as since the war. Able speakers are much needed in the West. I have never been so pressed with calls and engagements since I entered the field.

Chicago, Ill., March 1, 1864.

A New Novellette.

It gives us pleasure to announce to our numerous readers that we have had written expressly for the BANNER OF LIGHT a story of thrilling interest, entitled,

DESERTED;

OR,

THE HEIRESS OF MOSS-SIDE.

It is from the gifted pen of MRS. SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH, whose writings our readers are already familiar with. It will be commenced in the first number of our forthcoming volume (15th), which will be issued for the week ending on the 26th of the present month.

Those of our patrons whose subscriptions expire with the close of the present volume, are earnestly requested to *renew immediately*, as by so doing it will obviate the necessity of the withdrawal of their names from our mailing machine, thus saving us much time and trouble.

Now is just the time for those who are not subscribers, to become so, as it is universally conceded that the BANNER OF LIGHT is the very best Family Paper in the world!

"Blossoms of our Spring."

We have received from the publishers, William White & Co., 108 Washington St., Boston, a volume of Poems by Hudson and Emma Tuttle, with the above title. It is given to the public without any pretentious remarks, probably with the expectation that it could stand upon its own merits, which are by no means few. Many of the articles are not only poetic, but lofty and sublime. The first article, entitled "America: A National Poem," we consider a splendid production. It fills nearly ninety pages of the work. It is a 12mo of nearly 200 pages. It may be obtained of the publishers for \$1.00, and will well repay an attentive perusal.—Haverhill Semi-Weekly Publisher.

H. P. Fairfield.

We are requested by Mr. Fairfield to insert the following card:

I shall be in Sturgis, Mich., on the 17th and 18th of March, 1864, and all persons having accounts against me are requested to meet me at that time at J. C. W. White's office, and present their claims and receive their pay. Also, all persons indebted to me are requested to pay the same, and oblige.

H. P. FAIRFIELD.

Westfield, Mass., March 2, 1864.

Announcements.

Mrs. Amanda M. Spence speaks again in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday next, afternoon and evening.

Miss Lizzie Doten speaks to our neighbors in Chelsea, on Sunday next; Moses Hull in Lynn; Mrs. Townsend in Quincy; and Miss Susie M. Johnson in Portland.

Uriah Clark will address the Spiritualists of Charlestown, in the City Hall, next Sunday afternoon and evening.

Warren Chase lectures during this month, in Bryan Hall, Chicago, Ill.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

THE WIDOWS' MITR.—Received from S. Helen Matthews, of East Westmoreland, N. H., \$1.00.

S. R. Woodsrock, Vt.—Our information was derived from one of the sisters, by letter. We subsequently saw one of the sisters at our office, who corroborated the statement.

S. B. K. PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Will submit your question for answer to the intelligences who control our circles.

I. H. D. HUDSON, N. Y.—We are unable to post you fully in reference to the "Spiritoscope," or "Dial." We advise you to write to A. Harlow, M. D., Detroit, Mich., who, we feel confident, will give you the desired information.

C. D. B. ORA OAK, Wis.—Will look into the matter you refer to. If the BANNER fails again to reach you, let us know at once. We have had many complaints of late that our subscribers do not promptly receive their papers. Where the fault lies we are unable to state. We carefully mail our paper each week. Hope there are no "light-fingers." P. O. clerks about; but

Mrs. C. H. GREENSBURG.—\$3.75 received. The reason why your request was not responded to any sooner, was because you mailed your letter to New York, instead of Boston. Many letters are misdirected in a similar manner. We desire our correspondents to be careful in these matters, as thereby they will not only save themselves much trouble, but us also.

J. H. PHILADELPHIA, PA.—We will submit the subject to which you refer, to our spirit-friends for elucidation.

F. H. S. FRANKTOWN, VA.—Your essay is on file for publication. We may possibly have room for it in our next.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The contents of the BANNER this week are excellent. Read by all means, dear children, the beautiful story commenced in our last, and concluded on the second page of this issue, entitled, "ENVY AND DISCONTENT; or, Fine Feathers cannot make a Fine Bird." The Spirit Messages are interesting; and the communications on various topics should not be overlooked. The interesting Narrative of Captain Fuller in Spirit-life is concluded on our first page. Dr. H. T. Child, of Philadelphia, who prepared the MSS. for the BANNER, is thanked. We are promised other spirit-messages from him for future issues of this paper.

For the second day's proceedings of the Boston Spiritual Convention, see eighth page.

THE SUFFERERS IN EAST TENNESSEE.—Mr. Everett acknowledges the receipts of \$1829 for the sufferers in East Tennessee. The sums were from \$1 to \$500. Geo. Gardner gave the latter sum.

When the Captain of the Bohemian got his ship on the ledge off Cape Elizabeth, Digby thinks he must have had in his mind,

"I'm rock log in the cradle of the deep."

Many a true heart that would have come back like a dove to the ark, after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall, by the savage charity of an unforgiving spirit.

Adelaide Ann Proctor, daughter of "Barry Corn wall," and herself a poet of fervor and power, is dead.

The Adventist papers seem to be fond of circulating scandal. "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.—Those of our friends who desire to procure good family groceries at moderate prices, should not fail to visit the grocery store of J. W. Moore, corner of Pleasant St. and Osborne Place. Being a good judge of the articles he deals in, he always keeps for sale the best quality—consequently customers are always satisfied.

Men in power, if they are wise, will bear in mind that purity in those who rule must ever keep a proportionate pace with the progress of knowledge in those who obey.

Perhaps the infant, when he sighs and weeps, hears, as in a sea-shell, the moan and roar of the ocean of life.

Yes, but it is a good deal more probable that he has the stomach-ache of Quincey Union.

A lady describing an ill tempered man, says, "He never smiles but he feels ashamed of it."

Some sales of gold in the South show that the Confederate currency is worth about three-and-a-half cents on the dollar.

Why are the stars like rowdies who keep late hours? Because they ain't till late in the night.

The sharp young man who imagined himself wise because he detected some typographical errors in a news paper, has been trying to get a perpendicular view of the rainbow.

Bad times for newspaper publishers are these: paper double what it was before the war; type material 50 per cent. higher; wages advanced 25 per cent. this year; and all other expenses about as much higher than formerly, as gold is higher than paper money.—Newburyport Herald.

THE FRATERNITY LECTURE.—The closing lecture of the supplementary course, given by the Parker Fraternity, was delivered by Wendell Phillips on Tuesday evening, March 1st, at Music Hall. It was justly severe upon Gen. Banks for his oppressive regulations in regard to the negro laborers within his jurisdiction.

And adverse to the reflection of Abraham Lincoln, on the ground that a more radical man is needed in the Presidential chair at such a crisis, and with such dangers of a fatal compromise looming up in the distance. We cannot find room here for a brief summary of the sentiments Mr. P. advanced. An immense audience was present, at times somewhat divided in its manner of receiving his views. The entire course has been very successful.—Liberator.

The Charleston Mercury coolly says: "Secretary Chase is making every exertion to flood the South with his 'greenbacks,' which, unless immediately checked, will subvert our currency, and thus inflict a mortal blow to the success of the Southern cause."

Who first introduced salt pork into the navy? Why, Noah, when he took Ham into the ark.

ON A LADY STUNG BY A BEE. To heal the wound a bee had made Upon my delicate face, Its honey to the aid, Even his sting me claims the place.

Planned, I obeyed, and from the wound Sucked both the sweet and smart; The honey on my lips I found— The sting went through my heart.

OBEDIENTY.—The credulity of people's minds constrains very natural phenomena into omens.

Mr. Home, the medium, states that before his expulsion from Rome he was required to sign the following declaration in the presence of the Chief of the Inquisition:—"I, Daniel Douglas Home, do hereby solemnly declare and avow that I have not sold my soul to the devil, nor have I on any occasion been cognizant of holding communication with the Evil One."

The editor of the Continental Monthly requests us to contradict the statement that Messrs. Stephen Pearl Andrews and Edward B. Freeland are to assume the editorship of that magazine. These gentlemen are, and are to be, simply contributors, and the question of their using the Continental as a medium for advocating their pantheistic theory is to be decided by the present editor. It is but just to add that the statement referred to originated with Mr. Edward B. Freeland, secretary of the so-called Pantheism.—Round Table.

The nomination of Major Gen. Grant as Lieut. General, which has been sent to the Senate was referred to the Military Committee, according to usage in affairs relating to the army.

DUTIES ON IMPORTS.—The Customs duties at New York, on Monday week, amounted to \$921,000, making nearly seven and a half millions in gold from this source, at the port of New York alone, for the month of February.

It is said that there are now one thousand women employed in the various departments of the Government, at salaries of six hundred dollars a year.

Mr. Charles W. March, a gentleman favorably known in literary circles in New York, died at Alexandria, Egypt, on the 24th of January, aged 47 years.

Current Events.

At the recent election for State officers in Louisiana, the Free State ticket was elected by an overwhelming majority. Michael Hahn received a majority of the votes. There were three tickets in the field. A correspondent remarks that Gen. Banks is, if possible, more popular than ever, with the Free State men. Even his opponents admit the justice of the statement which has marked his course. Preparations have already commenced for the election of delegates to the Constitutional Convention.

The expedition under command of Gen. Seymour, which left Jacksonville, Florida, for the interior of the State for the purpose of capturing an important depot for rebel supplies, and cutting off their line of communication, after marching about sixty miles met the enemy posted in battle array in far superior numbers. In a place they had selected for its advantageous position, on the line of the Florida Central Railroad, forty-five miles from Jacksonville, and within fifteen miles of Lake City. The nearest station to the ground is called Olmstead, which is about three miles further up toward Lake City. A severe battle took place, and our advance were repelled with great slaughter. The enemy were not discovered till within gunshot range, when they opened a murderous fire upon

our men. The battle lasted several hours, when our forces withdrew as they could, but were obliged to leave the killed and badly wounded on the field. The surgeons estimate 300 wounded to have been left on the field. The proportion of 200 killed to 1000 wounded is that usually allowed. This would make the aggregate of killed, wounded, and missing about 1200. The fact that the enemy sent so large a force into Florida to oppose us, is proof conclusive of the high value he places on the State as a source of supply. Our forces are now in position near Jacksonville. All accounts agree in saying that the colored troops behaved well, and fought heroically.

Gen. Kilpatrick has started on a cavalry expedition toward Gen. Lee's army. He crossed the Rapidan on Saturday night, Feb. 27th, and at once penetrated to Spotsylvania Court House, from which point he was operating in Lee's rear, over to the very gates of Richmond. Another report is current that he had encountered and whipped Hampton's Legion badly, and taken several hundred prisoners, including Hampton himself. The cavalry operations are the leading feature in this movement. Another dispatch says Gen. Kilpatrick started three days ago for Richmond with a large force of cavalry and mounted infantry. In the hope of capturing the city, or compelling Lee to leave his intrenchment at Five Forks. The rapid retreat of Longstreet is explained by this movement. It is reported that Kilpatrick will have the cooperation of a large force advancing up the Peninsula.

Provost Marshal General Fry's order of Mar. 2d, says: "Boards of Enrollment will commence on the 10th inst. to make the draft in all sub-districts which had not filled their quotas before the 1st inst. All volunteers who may enlist before the draft is actually made will be deducted from the quotas of the Board of Enrollment in accordance with the official dispatch, dated each day by the A. A. Provost Marshal Generals of States. If the quota shall not be filled by the first draft, the Board shall make further drafts until the entire quota is obtained."

Advices received at New York from Cape Town, Jan. 5th, confirm the report of the seizure of the pirate Tulescoas.

The rebel privateer Florida, left the French port of Brest, on the 9th ult., and anchored in Cherbourg Roads, from which she slipped away at midnight, on the 15th, and stood out to sea.

The war in Denmark is progressing. The Danes are gradually falling back. The latest accounts say the German troops have entered Jutland in considerable force. The Germans attacked the Danish outpost along the whole line on the 18th, but after several hours' engagement were repulsed, but occupied all the former position in accordance with the official dispatch, dated Copenhagen, 19th Feb., says that at eleven o'clock on that morning, in consequence of a circuitous movement of the enemy, the Danes were compelled to evacuate Kolding in Jutland. A cavalry engagement subsequently took place without decisive results.

The Frankfurt Diet has resolved that an embargo shall be placed on Danish shipping in all German ports in consequence of the Danes having laid an embargo on all German shipping.

The Paris correspondent of the Times asserts that Napoleon will not fail by any opportunity given him to march on the Rhine.

Obituary.

Passed to Spirit-Life, from Brighton, Mass., Feb. 27th, George P., son of Isaac B. and Elizabeth M. Rich, aged 5 years 6 months 27 days.

Noislessly and unbidden the Death-Angel has entered our happy home. A gentle, loving boy, whose fair face most clearly mirrored forth the purity and goodness of his little life, has been silently borne to the Summer Land. Lent for a brief period by God to grace an earthly home, he has been returned—reluctantly, it would seem, by the mortal hands that had so tenderly cherished him—to the Father's arms again. So closely did the darling entwined himself about his parents' hearts, that when the golden choral of affection was suddenly severed, and the freed spirit winged its flight heavenward, their hearts were broken.

Oh, blissful thought of soul-reunion! "It is the hope of immortality that checks our falling tears, and gives us strength to say, even in stern affliction's hour, 'Father, thy will be done.'"

Angel-boy, they will miss the gentle pressure of thy little hand, the patter of thy tiny feet across the floor, and the merry laugh that echoed through this earthly home. Nor will they forget thy love for the young trio, of which thou wert the pride and pet, sweet child—and whom God in his mercy, hath spared to comfort the hearts of his servants dwelling in the flesh.

But while we mourn thy loss, fair boy, we are deeply sensible of thy gain. Pure, and untouched by sin, thy spirit soared on into perfect beauty in the Eden of the Morning, and thy lot for these years, the rude storms of earthly life, the haunting cares, the ruined hopes that constitute the common heritage of man. No; thou hast been spared the tumult and the strife. And who shall say it is not well?

Oh, loving mother, and thou, too, fond, devoted father, droop not beneath this heavy stroke, but rather lift thy hearts in thankfulness to the Father of Life, who has spared the frailty of thy boy had that blossomed in Earth's garden—has kindly transplanted it to a warmer and more genial clime.

In some rude spot where vulgar herbage grows, If chance a violet rear its purple head, The careful gard'ner never moves it ere it blows, To thrive and flourish in a nobler bed."

"Such was thy fate, dear child."

Thy mother's tears are precious as the dew, Preeminence in early bloom was shown, For earth too good, perhaps, And loved too much— Heaven saw, and early marked thee for its own!"

O. M. O.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Boston.—Meetings are held at Lyceum Hall, Tremont street, (opposite head of School street), every Sunday, at 2-1/2 and 7-1/4 P. M. Admission free. Lecturers engaged:—Mrs. A. A. Spence, March 1st; Mrs. M. T. Townsend, March 8th; Mrs. M. T. Townsend, March 15th; Mrs. M. T. Townsend, March 22nd; Mrs. M. T. Townsend, March 29th; Mrs. M. T. Townsend, March 30th; Mrs. M. T. Townsend, March 31st.

Friends of the GOSPEL OF CHARITY will meet every Monday evening, at Fraternity Hall, Bromfield, corner of Province street, Boston. Spiritualists are invited. Admission free.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown will hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening, during the season. Every arrangement has been made to have these meetings interesting and instructive. The following lecturers are engaged:—Uriah Clark, March 1st; Lizzie Doten, March 2nd and 27th; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, April 3rd and 10th; L. C. Conroy, April 17th and 24th; Mrs. Amanda M. Spence, during May; Mrs. A. A. Currier, June 5, 12 and 19.

CHelsea.—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Fremont Hall, for regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to Dr. B. H. Grandon, Chelsea, Mass. The following speakers have been engaged:—Miss Lizzie Doten, March 1st; Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, March 8th; Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, March 15th; Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, March 22nd; Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, March 29th; Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, March 30th; Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, March 31st.

Lowell.—Spiritualists held meetings in Lee Street Church. "The Children's Progressive Lyceum" meets at 10-1/2 A. M. the following lecturers are engaged to speak afternoon and evening:—Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, during March; Charles A. Hayden during April; Miss Martha L. Beckwith during June; Mrs. A. A. Currier, July 5 and 10; Lizzie Doten, July 12, 19 and 26; Nellie J. Temple during October, November and December.

Plymouth, Mass.—Spiritualists held meetings in Lyden Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, one half the time lectured. Dr. Bee, to whom all letters should be addressed. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. A. P. Brown, March 13th; Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, March 20th; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, May 1st and 8th; W. K. Field, June 10 and 20.

Worcester.—Free meetings are held at Horticultural Hall every Sabbath, afternoon and evening. Lecturers engaged:—Charles A. Hayden, March 6 and 13; S. L. Chappell, May 1; Moses Hull, May 8.

Town Hall, every Sunday, at 7 and 7 P. M. Speakers engaged:—Miss Martha L. Beckwith during March.

Foxboro'.—Meetings held in the Town Hall. Speakers engaged:—H. B. Storor, March 6 and 20 and April 3; Lizzie Doten, April 17 and 24.

Milford.—Meetings are held every Sunday afternoon, in Irving Hall. Speakers engaged:—Rev. Fanny Davis Smith, second Sunday of every month; Rev. Adin Ballou, third Sunday; Charles A. Hayden, March 27th.

Norfolk Harbor.—Meetings are held in Ripley's Hall every Sunday evening. Lecturers engaged:—Henry G. Wright, March 1st; Mrs. A. A. Currier, March 8th and 15th; Mrs. B. Storor, March 22nd; Mrs. Jennie B. Root, April 5th.

Portland, Me.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Mechanics' Hall, corner of Congress and Case streets. Sunday school and free Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon

and evening, at 8 and 7-1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Miss Susie M. Johnson, March 13th; Mrs. S. L. Chappell, March 20th and 27th; Lizzie Doten, April 3rd and 10th; Mrs. A. A. Bliss, April

Message Department.

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

Jess. H. Conant, while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

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

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

THESE CIRCLES ARE FREE TO THE PUBLIC. The BANNER Establishment is subjected to extra expense in consequence. Therefore those who feel disposed to aid us from time to time by donations—no matter how small the amount—to dispense the bread of life thus freely to the hungering multitude, will please address "BANNER OF LIGHT," Boston, Mass. Funds so received will be promptly acknowledged.

Special Notice.

The Circles at which the following Messages are given are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 133 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (up stairs,) on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room is open to visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Feb. 21.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; David Gratton, to Philip Gratton, at New Orleans, La.; Adeline Elliot, of Columbus, O., to her brother, James, in the Army of the Potomac; Pat. Denny, to John Donnelly, of Hartford, Ct.; James Augustus Alden, to Miss Virginia Willis, of New York.

Monday, Feb. 29.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Laura French, of Malden, Mass., to her parents, Justin and Ellen French; Amos Waterhouse, of Manchester, Eng., to his sons, Amos and Thomas; Charles Lawrence, to his relatives, in St. Paul, Minn.; Mary Dean, to her father, John Dean, of the 11th Maine Regiment.

Invocation.

Holy Spirit! God of many forms and many names! the Hindoo worships thee through the weak lips of the Christian woman; and he prays that thy blessings may fall upon these Christians, as he would pray that deers might fall upon the deserts of his native land. When these Christians shall have ended their pilgrimage, when there is darkness between them and their home, when they no longer see the faces of their kindred in mortal, then, Mighty Allah, send thy favorite angels to guide them where the waters are smooth, where the grass is green, where the flowers are bright, where the Hindoo and the Christian worship thee together. Feb. 23.

Questions and Answers.

SPRIT.—Notwithstanding the extreme weakness of our medium, we shall endeavor to conform, as near as we are able, to your former mode of procedure. We therefore wait to receive questions, if the audience have any to propound.

Ques.—Under how many and what phases does the controlling intelligence perceive human beings in this room?

A.—You are perceived by the disembodied intelligence controlling here to-day, under as many different phases as there are different characters in this room. Each individual presents its own peculiar phase and degree of spiritual light. Count the faces, and you have the different number of phases.

Q.—You speak of light. In what sense do you use the term? Do you mean that brightness that is perceptible to our physical vision?

A.—No, we do not intend you should understand that we mean the light that proceeds from the sun, but from the intelligent spirit; or, in other words, the different degrees or degrees of wisdom. You, by experience, are possessed of a certain amount of spiritual wisdom. That we term light, inasmuch as it is light, and corresponds to the positive element in the external, or physical universe.

Q.—How do you determine the condition of spirit-intelligence?—by luminosity, or darkness?

A.—By both conditions.

Q.—Then the most intelligent spirits are the brightest ones, are they?

A.—Yes; but by the term brightness, we would not have you understand that we mean light, fire—that which appeals to the physical sense of sight—by no means; but, to wisdom, intelligence. If you have profited by your earthly experiences, we should say you are a very bright spirit. The diamond becomes luminous only by rough contact with some hard substance; or, in other words, by contact with some hard substance it is polished and rendered bright. So human light is rendered brighter, or more intense, by the profited gains of experience.

Q.—In the Gospel of John, it is said that the light of Jesus is the light of men. Now was the wisdom of Jesus the light of men in a similar sense?

A.—Most certainly; for without the crowning arch of wisdom, you would be non-immortal. Jesus taught of immortality, and demonstrated it to the people of his time; and not only to the people of his day, but to succeeding generations also. He gave them this knowledge of immortality through wisdom, which is spiritual light.

Q.—Can you determine the condition of a spirit by means of phrenology?

A.—Yes; phrenology furnishes a very fair index of the spirit. The science, at the present time, is in its infancy with you. In fact, you have, at present, only the rude outlines of the grand form that will be given you in after time. Phrenology is a science that all mankind should seek to grasp, and very many will, when they learn its worth to man. Yes, oftentimes, when in physical rapport with individuals, we are able to determine by their phrenological development their condition as spirits.

Q.—Where is the medium's spirit now that you have control?

A.—Resting in the summer-land, which is the hereafter to you.

Q.—Will she retain any remembrances of spirit scenes when she again resumes control of her own body?

A.—No, nor would it be well, for if she did, she would probably be disatisfied with her earthly condition, and therefore the connection between her spirit and her physical body would be so slight, that it would be impossible for her spirit to remain long in the body.

Q.—Does this absence of recollection upon the part of the medium arise from some law of her own being? or, is it the result of the interposition of spirits who seek to efface all remembrances of spirit life?

A.—It is a result of the law of her nature, and also the result of spirit interposition by virtue of that law. They know the law of her being, and make use of it. Do you understand?

Q.—It is said, by some, that in the hours of rest, or sleep, the spirit wanders to the spirit-land and mingles in spirit-scenes. Is this so?

A.—It is often the case, particularly with those persons who are strongly meditative. The spirit oftentimes finds itself so strongly attracted to its friends in the spirit-land, that during the hours of sleep it leaves the body, although it always has control, and is so connected with the body as to preserve harmony between spirit and the physical body. Nevertheless, it is an inhabitant of the spirit-world, and participates

in the pains and pleasures of spirit-life for the time being, as fully as it ever will hereafter.

Q.—Is it easier to read the mind of a positive or negative individual in the human form?

A.—That depends entirely, or almost, upon the condition of the individual who desires to read the mind. If you were possessed of a positive condition of mind, and desired to read my mind, then it would be necessary for me to possess an exactly opposite condition of mind, which is the negative, and vice versa. Do you understand?

Q.—What is the cause of the state of sleep?

A.—The demand of the physical form. The cause lies there.

Q.—That is a name. What is the cause which induces that state which we call sleep?

A.—Every cause must have a name in order that it may be understood by humanity. The cause of the state of sleep rests in the imponderables, or magnetic currents in the form.

Q.—Will you please explain that?

A.—The physical form, under certain circumstances, or at certain seasons, demands a condition of sleep. Now, therefore, the spirit at such times immediately retires into its inner sanctum, yields up for a period the most part of its control, or the spirit exercises just enough control over the external, or physical, to keep it in health, to keep it in mortal life; in other words, just enough to keep up its connection with the physical form. Do you understand?

Q.—I do. It is the best explanation I ever heard of this subject. Feb. 22.

Charlotte Murphy.

Oh, sir, I thank God that I am able to come here. I have been trying for sixteen months to come here.

I was a native of Massachusetts, but I died in Halifax, on Lind street, in Halifax, [Nova Scotia?] Yes, between seventeen and eighteen months ago. I have left two children there, and if heaven was ever so attractive a place, I do not think I could be happy, knowing that my children are left as they are on earth. Shall I tell you my story, that I may be known?

My husband's name is Thomas Murphy. My name was Charlotte Woodward before marriage. My husband was a wheelwright by trade, but everything in his line of business becoming very dull after your war broke out, he said to me one day, "Charlotte, I think I'll go to the States and enlist." I saw no other way open to him, for we had no other means of support. The Government could not call upon him, but he volunteered his services, and enlisted in one of your Western regiments.

I had so much care after he went away to war, that I fell sick of consumption, I suppose. Between seventeen and eighteen months ago I died. I left my two children—a little girl four years old, and a boy between six and seven.

He—my husband—was reported to have been killed at the second Bull Run battle, and I supposed he was killed; but since coming to the spirit world, I have learned that he was taken prisoner.

My friends in Halifax believe him dead, as they know I am; and they not being well off in the world, have disposed of the children in a way they probably thought was best. But oh, I don't think so; and I am here to-day to beg of my friends to take them away from the place they are now in, for their father will soon be home, and he's able to take care of them. He always did take care of them when he was home, and I'm sure he will again. He's not dead, they may rest assured of that, and will probably be home soon—it may be near two months, but I don't think it will be so long a time, and I beg they won't let him find the children in the place they are now, for if he should he never would forgive them.

I've no means of sending any word to him, none at all, but I do hope my friends in Halifax will receive my letter. I am told by the gentleman superintending here that my friends will be sure to receive it. The person of all others that I wish to get my letter is my husband's aunt Eliza, who has had the chief to do with the children since my death. I know she's not—I expect, at least, she's a stranger to these things, but I think I've made my wishes with regard to my children plain. She can take care of them, I know, for a short time, and I'm sure Thomas will pay her. She need not fear. [Do you wish us to direct a paper to her?] I would wish so, but I was told I need make no special request here to have my letter sent to her, for I was told that she has acquaintances who believe in the return of the spirit, and they will take my letter to her. Were you to send a paper to her, if she saw it, she'd hardly read it, I suppose. I thought it would be the most direct way, but they told me in the spirit-world that I need not ask you to direct a paper to any one, for my friends would surely receive my letter.

And if you could have known how anxious I was when I heard this lady was not expected to live—some friends said so. I thought I must go to tell them, certain; for I could not—it seemed to me that I could not live in such terrible suspense much longer. But they told me I should have the first chance to speak here, if the medium recovered. And I made my way to some they said knew better about the lady than they did, and they said that she would live; and I think I never thanked God before.

[Have you given your husband's name?] Yes, I have. I should be glad to go home and manifest there—hope I shall be able to some day. I'm not where they suppose I am. Heaven is not the place they think it is, either. This land the spirit enters after death, they will be terribly disappointed, those who have not placed too much faith upon the ministers of the Church. I was ready to receive anything that would give me any peace of mind after I got to the spirit-land. I've nothing to offer, sir, but my thanks. Feb. 22.

Charlie Dresser.

I'm not so anxious as that lady was, but I take it I'm a little on that order. I know very little about these things—seems rather new and strange to me to do such a uniform as this. But I suppose we must suit ourselves to circumstances.

I got a little—well, according to the gentleman's idea that spoke here first, got a little light from the surgeon of our regiment about these things. So that's what helps me back here to-day. I'm not going to do much here now. I was pretty weak, and—well, was hard pushed in a good many ways when I left my own body, and you see I don't care to coax any of it back, for they tell me—the boys do—that you're mighty apt to coax it back.

What I want is, that the surgeon will write to my folks that I'm right side up in the spirit-world. Charlie Dresser, Company K, Second Massachusetts. Direct to Surgeon Curtis, Hospital, Portsmouth, Virginia. Feb. 22.

Dennis Cain.

Colonel, I got my discharge from "Marfreesboro." I got a family in Jersey City. I hear much talk in the spirit-world, ever since I came on the outside, about being able to come back and meet our friends in something of a natural way. I belonged to the Third New Jersey, Company I; and my name, if that is of any value to you, was Dennis Cain. C-A-I-N, was the way I spell it. I was thirty-two years old, and I've got a wife and three children in Jersey City.

Well, sir, I like somehow to get there, and talk with my wife. I hear about folks of this sort being there,

but I don't know. I seemed to think I ought to learn my letters here, or something of the sort I don't know. I have much to say about affairs belonging to my own family, that I don't care to make public here. Colonel, is that again your rules? [Oh no. You can give your wife an invitation to meet you at some place like this in Jersey City, or New York.] Well, I can ask. A little afraid of these things, I suppose she'll be. [If she's a Catholic, the Church may interfere with her meeting you.] Well, I must ask, I suppose, if I want to get anything. [Yes.] Well, then, you may say that I'd like my wife Ellen to go to some place where spirits talk, and I'll be pretty sure to come and make myself known to her; and I'll tell her what to do about getting the money that's coming to her. Maybe that will fetch her round. Faith, there's nobody else can tell her how to get it so quick as myself. If she asks others, she may wait a long day to get what I can show her how to get in five minutes' talk. Better go to some place, and let me come and tell her how to get the money.

Faith, I don't think the priest, or any of those who would interfere with her meeting me, would tell her if they could. Seeing she's got to live in this world, and get children to take care of, I think my wife had better come and let me tell her where to get the money. Good-by. Feb. 22.

Eddie Mason.

My mother asked me to come here and send word to my father that she was sick. My father is in New Orleans. His name is Edward L. Mason, and I'm Eddie Mason. I was most nine years old, and died of diphtheria last winter, in New York. My mother believes in these things, and she asked me to come here and send word to my father that she was sick. And she wanted him to come home, if he could. He was home when I died, when—when—after I died, when I—when I was buried he was home; but he'd been home since.

Mother wanted me to tell him what I could to make him believe. Tell him that I'll tell him where he was this morning. He was in the hotel—St. Charles Hotel—drinking; and when he went out, he threw away his cigar, because it was bad. I was there; I was trying to get things fixed from him, [the requisite magic], so I could come here as soon as they'd let me come.

Will you—will you print my letter pretty soon? [Yes, in about two weeks.] My father will pay you. [Will your father get your letter?] My mother'll send it to him. She gets it, she reads it, and my father reads the Police Gazette. That's his paper. The BANNER is mother's. Good-by. Feb. 22.

Invocation.

Mighty Allah, again through the Christian woman the Hindoo prays for this Christian people. They are thirsty; give them water. They hunger; give them fruit. They are in night; give them day. They are in war; give them peace. Their kindred are around them, but they see them not. Let them hear from them and their dwelling-places, and they shall teach them to forget war and to learn peace, by remembering that, though many, yet they are one. Feb. 23.

Mind.

SPRIT.—The audience are now at liberty to propound whatever questions they may desire to.

SUBJECT.—It is said by some that mind is an universal element, governed by the laws of attraction and repulsion. Please give us your opinion upon this point.

Mind is, indeed, an universal element, acting not only through human life, but through all forms of life. Mind acts through the magnetic and electric currents. Those pervade all forms of life, are found in the lowest and the highest. Mind is not so subtle an element as humanity supposes it to be. It is only such while humanity is in ignorance of the laws that control it. The human race are fast tending toward that condition of wisdom that shall unfold to them that which hitherto has been mysterious with regard to mind.

You talk of space. That implies a condition of existence in which life does not perform an active part. This is a mistake. In reality there can be no space, for there is no place where mind cannot travel, where these imponderable elements do not exist.

Now that principle or power you call God, must ever act through certain well-defined laws. Those laws, in turn, act upon conditions incident to human life. Now, Magnetism, and its twin sister, Electricity, are two of the most potent agents, by and through which mind acts.

You all know, or should know, at least, that all mind is inseparably connected. You may dwell in different bodies, and obey the laws of different conditions, but mind will ever hold converse with mind. There can be no such thing as debaring mind from the privilege of communicating with mind, not excepting the Detsy you worship.

A few years in the past that new unfolding which you style Magnetism, or Meramerism, was but little known. When it was ascertained that mind could read mind, that private correspondence between two minds could be established, over which the physical senses had no control, the world was startled, and many new speculations and theories were about concerning it.

Yet even at that time there were a few individuals who had strength of purpose enough to stand out from the masses, and to investigate the new manifestation that had been given them; who desired to know what produced that manifestation; who were anxious to probe beneath the surface, and ascertain what was the cause of an effect.

And so you of the present hour are blessed, in consequence of their search after truth. Mind is a something you may all fully analyze. It operates through the Physical in all its grandeur and godlike beauty. It operates also through all forms of life to a greater or less extent. If mind had not operated upon the rude panorama of the universe, the law of progress would have become extinct; but through the operation of mind, or the outflow of that magnetic element freighted with mind, the whole universe is making rapid strides toward perfection.

Ques.—Is that law universal? Is it governed by the laws of attraction and repulsion?

Ans.—It is governed to a certain extent by the laws of attraction and repulsion; and that has been demonstrated beyond the possibility of a doubt to humanity. For instance, you are sometimes attracted to certain individuals; and again you are unaccountably repelled from others. Now there may be nothing in the external appearance either to attract or repulse you. Then the force must lie in the internal. And again, mind must be more or less under control of this law. Do you understand?

Q.—Yes, I understand.

S.—We hope the friends will propound questions as rapidly as possible.

Q.—It is believed by some that our offspring inherit physical and spiritual conditions. Is that your idea?

A.—It is, most certainly.

Q.—Then there is a spiritual germ and sperm as well as a physical one?

A.—Most certainly; and when the human race shall become more unfolded in regard to these things, instead of the puny intelligences that people your earth at the present day, you may have Gods in the flesh. The progenitors of the truth-teller, Jesus the Nazarene, well understood this law, and they obeyed it, human law to the contrary notwithstanding.

Q.—Do you consider all men individualized intelligences?

A.—Yes, certainly we do.

Q.—What is the meaning of the word individuality?

A.—Individuality may be defined as a compound of ideas, the result of human and spiritual circumstances. You are all possessed of two distinct individualities. One may be said to be the legitimate child of human circumstances; the other, the legitimate child of divine circumstances. When you shall have outlived human circumstances, and shall go to dwell in yonder spirit-land, and shall have no longer any earthly attractions, then you will begin to live exclusively under the law of your divine individuality. You cannot, or will not, doubt the truth of our position, then, if you but study life as it is presented all around you. Here we find a devoted Hindoo bowing before his gods of wood and stone. Now it was human circumstances that made him the Hindoo. There we find the Catholic, worshipping his patron saint. Human circumstances have made him the Catholic, instead of the Christian or Hindoo. Here we find the Christian with his Bible and his Saviour. Human circumstances have made him the Christian—nothing else. But when you shall have done with earthly things, then higher instruments than those through which your human individuality was outwrought, or developed, will be given you. You will then rise into that divine individuality, and perceive law as it is, not as you have supposed it to be.

Q.—If man's will is controlled by his animal propensities, then the second power will also be controlled by him?

A.—Or, in other words, sometimes the divine has the ascendancy, and sometimes the human. By virtue of human circumstances, a certain individual is largely developed in the animal. The spiritual is very small. We are to suppose that such an one will exercise his animal propensities very strongly. We have no right to expect anything different. And yet, when wisdom steps in, and the individual perceives that there is in harmony in his system, that the animal hath complete mastery over the spiritual of his being, he will speedily make use of the means that are in the universal world to shut down his animal propensities and lift up his spiritual propensities. You are free agents, so far as you have wisdom, and no further.

Q.—Then one individuality loses its identity by control of the other?

A.—It is simply suppressed. The spiritual is bound to outlive the material. Your human individuality is as fleeting and unlasting as the human form; but your spiritual individuality is enduring and everlasting. It is impossible to entirely obliterate your human individuality while in the flesh. You have need of it just as much as you have need of your physical form here.

Q.—Then every propensity may be considered an individuality, may it not?

A.—Each propensity is not an individuality, but all your human propensities belong to your human individuality.

Q.—Supposing one predominates?

A.—And what of that? Your human individuality acts through your intellect, if it acts at all.

Q.—The animals have propensities, but they do not manifest intellect, because they have none.

A.—But the crowning arch of wisdom is wanting with them. Their instincts are sufficient for animal life. But when the animal is projected into the human being, or comes under the law of wisdom, intellect is quite another thing. It forms a part and parcel of your human individuality. You have human love and hate. All human propensities are but members of your human individuality. Feb. 23.

Albert Poole.

On Yankee ground, it seems. [Yes.] Well, what am I to expect? That you send my telegram as you do others? [Yes, we serve all alike.] Have you any means of sending across the lines? [No; but we understand our papers cross the lines occasionally.]

Have you heard of Stuart's Cavalry? [Yes.] I was a member of that cavalry. I was Albert Poole, and belonged in Huntsville, Alabama.

I have a brother in the Federal army, under Banks. I believe. I have left a wife and one child at the South. That I'd be very glad to get some intelligence to if I could. Do you suppose there's any way I can? [You'll not be likely to reach them at present, I think.] Can't I hope that my brother here on this side will get my letter? [No doubt he'll get it.] He thought, I suppose, that it was his duty to take up arms on the Federal side. I did not think so.

Although I was born in Vermont, Burlington, yet there were a good many things that seemed to conspire to make me a little slob of this old Federal Government. I thought you could not have a much worse one if we split up; and that it might as well go in my day, as to wait fifty years hence.

Well, if there's any way by which I can, I'd like to send to my brother here. He do not know, I suppose, that I'm dead, as they say. Well, if he should get my letter, I'd like to have him go to one of these sort of folks, and let me come and talk with him. I've got some little property in Alabama, and if he's a mind to go there and take care of my folks, I'd like to have him. [It will be hard work for him to get there at present.] But if all your stories are true, you're coming out at the top pretty soon. [What's your opinion?] My opinion is you'll have to fight a little longer before you exhaust the South. You must remember we've had about thirty years preparation for this civil war, and rather taught you napping, you see. You were silly enough to let some of our folks come North and examine your forts, and dismount your guns. Well, your forts were good for nothing, you see, your ships of war were all off, and you had very little, anyway. [That's true.]

Well, I hope the honest man you have at the helm will be able to conduct your ship into a safe port, but I doubt it. Do not suppose you do? [All will come out right, we think.] Oh, yes; no doubt things will come out right in the end; but then you'll have to wait for the right, because they say sometimes it takes a devilish long while to get there.

Well, sir, if I can do anything to help you, I'd be glad to. I can't give you any information with regard to our folks, though. [Will you give your age?] My age; oh, in my forty-first year. [Have you any friends in Burlington now?] No; do not know as I have. I was born there, left when I was quite young, and afterwards went into New York State. [You'd better give the names of your wife and child.] Lucy is my wife's, Annie my little one's name.

Well, if my brother is disposed to meet me at some place where I can talk, maybe we can reconcile matters, so he won't feel so terribly rabid towards me. I understood that he said "he'd blow my brains out as quick as any other rebel." If he should happen to get the chance, I don't think I should have done so by him, even if I had met him in battle. I think I should have fired a couple of inches higher than his head. So you see he's a little worse than I am. I shall have to haul him over the coals for that.

Well, sir, good-by. If I can serve you any way—in a lawful way—I should be very glad to. Well, good-day. Feb. 23.

Alice Merriam.

I've a father and mother in Richmond, [Virginia?] Yes. My father's name, George L. Merriam, my mother's name is Abbie, mine Alice, and I was twelve years old.

I took some sickness by visiting the soldiers. Well, my mother took it too. She got well, and I died.

My father is a Union man. Before I was born he lived at the North. My mother belongs at the South, and all her friends are Southern people, and her sympathies are with the South. I thought if I could come here and let my parents know that I could come back

and talk, perhaps they might find somebody that I could come through in Richmond, or they come this way. They've lost most everything now.

My father was a trader—dealt in fancy goods. He's lost most everything, and is not doing anything now. [Does he keep a store?] No, sir, nor he could not do business, he said, with things so upside down; and so he thought he'd better live along on what he had, and then die with the rest.

I wish you would try to send my letter to him. I do not know how you can, though. [Did you give your father's name?] Yes, sir. He don't know that I can come back. My mother don't know anything about it.

I can't tell you what sickness I had, sir. It was—it was a fever of some sort. [Is your father in Richmond now?] Yes, sir, he is there now.

They say your letters go across the lines. [We've no doubt of that.] Perhaps he may get my letter. He is very unhappy, and thinks sometimes he'd like to die. And I want to go to him, so I can tell him where I live—so I can get him interested in other things. Good-day. Feb. 23.

[Will some of the friends please send this communication to George L. Merriam, of Richmond, Virginia, if possible?]

Hiram Brandon.

Well, sir, it seems that folks that die, do not die, after all. [So it seems.]

I belonged to the 3d Illinois, and was killed—no, that ain't the word. Help me out of it, cap'n. [Were you shot?] Yes. [You lost your body?] That's it. [Where did you lose your body?] Pittsburg Landing. Now I haint got any idea how long ago that was. I been in sort of a kind of half-way state ever since that time. [Dreamy.] Yes, yes; that's it.

I'm from Peoria; and I've got folks out there, that do not know any more about these things, than a hen knows about swimming. Now, cap'n, I'm in a bad fix, you see. [We have subscribers out in Peoria.] You have? Well, ask them to help Hiram Brandon to meet his folks, will you? [Yes.]

My God, this is new business! There's something new a turning up all the time. I tell you what it is, cap'n, when I come to my senses, when I kinder got so that I know what was going on, I heard something about coming back; said I, "What do you mean?" "Why, you can come back and talk with folks." "What! not to home?" "Yes, to home." "You don't mean to say that I can go back and talk with the folks?" "Yes." "The devil I can!" I tell you what it is, you're learning something new here, all the time. You die, and you do not die. Well—[You merely put off your old clothes.] Yes; and sometimes put on a gal's.

Well, I tell you what, cap'n, I shant be surprised at anything that turns up after this. I said "I won't believe you; you don't humbug me until I know whether I can come and talk; myself. If I can, anybody can."

I'm here, cap'n, as sure as I ever was. [You feel sure, do

and 13th of March.
Oshkosh, Feb. 23, 1864.