

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.

KATIE MALVOURNEY

IRISH CHARACTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM LIFE.

BY HENRY T. KENRICK, M. D.,
OF PHILADELPHIA.

The simplest incidents of life assume an importance and interest, when connected with certain individuals. The great law of attraction is not confined to the individual, but extends to their actions, and we learn to link the one to the other.

CHAPTER XXII.

Katie's Treatise of False and True Love.

"A very natural letter," remarked Katie, as she folded it; and then, with a dreamy look in her eyes, she added, "it really seems as if I could almost see her."

"I do not doubt it," replied the Doctor. "It needs but very little imagination to bring a friend before us when we have been reading their writing. We generally reach beyond the thoughts upon the paper, traveling quickly to the brain which projected them. But there, I am forgetting to thank you for the pleasure which you have given me by means of the letter, and also by reason of the confidence which you have displayed in reading it to me before you had perused it yourself. That I may ever be worthy of such full and perfect trust, is my earnest prayer. Do you know, Katie, that you spoke upon the interesting subject of the influence of one person over another—of love—in your sitting last evening?"

"Yes, I was aware of it; and some of the ideas then advanced I have been viewing in all possible lights since, and at last I have come to the conclusion that I shall be able to answer your letter upon that question very soon. For a greater convenience, I will put my thoughts in writing, and that before many days."

Time flew on swift wings now, and soon the Doctor was able to ride out. In the meantime, Katie was enjoying her visit so much that there were moments when she felt that the hour of parting would come all too soon; but the discipline of her life, the firm adherence to principle, which she had always manifested, had strengthened her to such a degree, that in the end she ever rose superior to all trials or temptations.

One evening, as she was about to retire to her room, she made the request, that if she did not appear in the morning at the usual hour, she hoped the family would feel no uneasiness about her, but permit her to remain undisturbed. Of course her wishes were smilingly assented to; but as they still lingered around the breakfast table the next morning, the door opened, and Katie once more made her appearance, remarking to the Doctor, as she took her accustomed seat, that she had a letter for him.

The Bishop and the girls looked wonderingly up, but the son and brother smiled, and said:

"Well, my dear Katie, will you not read it to me? I fancy that I shall enjoy it more in that way, and if you have no objections, I should like to have my father and sisters hear it also."

Of course the young girl could not refuse this very reasonable request, and in a low, sweet voice she read these lines:

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND—I feel that the experiences of the past month were necessary for us; especially for me, that I might be able to answer the profound question which you proposed to me a long time since, and which I have in vain sought to solve. The substance of this all-important question is, 'What is the basis of a true marriage?' Man is a three-fold being, having a physical, mental, and a spiritual nature. The law of attraction is common to all these planes, and peculiar to each. The physical state is that in which all mankind live; many of them exclusively; hence unions based upon and springing from the action of this nature are the most common, and the general manifestations which society presents are illustrations of marriages upon this plane. Physical unions are essential, and must exist while mankind are constituted as they are; but they, like the physical system itself, are subject to changes. The food we eat, the clothes we wear, and the labor we perform, all tend to alter the conditions of the physical, nature, and as it changes its loves and attractions, must also come under the same law; therefore love on this plane may degenerate into hate, or it may be cultivated into a higher and more desirable condition. Unions upon the mental plane are dependent upon the state and attractions of that plane; these are also subject to influences from surrounding objects. In short, the great law of change rules here, as in everything else. The third form of union, and also the most permanent and enduring, results from soul affinity, and dates prior to the earthly existence. For a perfect marriage it is essential that all these unions should exist; and where they do, the tendency of the soul-unions is to feed and strengthen the mental, thus giving permanency and stability to it; and these act upon the physical, so that the love is increased; and when a union is thus firmly bound with this triple cord, nothing can sever it. It is of such that we may indeed say, 'Whom God hath joined together let no man attempt to put asunder'; but when the marriage is simply upon the physical plane, the God-principle has very little to do with it; and peace and harmony may often be produced by the putting it asunder. The question very naturally arises: How shall we know when these unions exist? Especially that of the soul with its mate; for this, like the kingdom of heaven which it represents, cometh

not by observation, and is not perceived by the external.

On the physical plane there is but little difficulty in ascertaining where there is an attraction. It may be a mere impulse, temporary and transient. The character of it, however, will depend upon the nature of the physical system, and also upon the state in which it then is. That there are happy marriages upon this plane, we know; but to persons united thus, and satisfied with that condition, the purest and best water of life must be a sealed fountain. We can easily determine what is pleasing and attractive, viewed from a mental point; and these feelings can also be cultivated in like manner with the physical.

But to decide whether there is a union upon the soul-plane is more difficult. The value of everything is measured in two ways: First, the intrinsic worth of the article; and, secondly, the obstacles which lie in the path of our possession. Hence this is of far the highest importance; yet a discovery of that which is so essential to our happiness is not placed beyond our reach. One point in connection with this discovery is time. On the physical the impulses are active; and the adage, 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure,' is frequently applicable. On the mental plane the attraction may be sudden and violent; but in the soul-region it is not the discovery of a new state, but of a long existing condition and calm deliberation, which serves to make that fact more apparent.

There are moments in the consciousness of every human being when the soul-nature asserts its supremacy, and we realize its existence with more or less certainty. It is at such times that we may have some intimation as to its counterpart. The human soul may well be compared to a mirror, in which we are enabled to see ourselves more nearly as we really are than in any other way, and when there is a true affinity one soul reflects another very perfectly. Every true man and woman has been stirred at times to the very centre of their being. In moments like these they have turned to some loved one, and a beautiful response has come to them without any external expression, and their souls are filled with a feeling which no language can describe. This is one of the evidences of soul-life and soul-activity, from which we may derive instructive lessons, not only in reference to the subject now under consideration, but also with relation to our present and future conditions.

There are those to whom this is all mysterious and without meaning; but there are others who perceive the truth more or less clearly, and in the future will find themselves the recipients of more light. It is true here, as in other things, that 'by their fruits ye shall know them.'

Love upon the mere physical plane is warm, irritable and impulsive, exciting the passions, awakening jealousies, and a host of stormy feelings, which often rule the judgment, and trample upon our better nature. As a result of unions based upon a law no higher than this, behold the wrecks of humanity thrown upon the cold, bleak shores of Disease and Corruption! What a picture!

Love upon the intellectual plane is fitful, spasmodic, and often fearful of rivalry, thus exciting jealousies and other low passions; but when true and faithful, this is not only a source of enjoyment, but a very important means of adding man in his mental progress; for the facilities of acquiring knowledge are much increased when loving minds labor in beautiful accord. Lessons given in this manner are always better appreciated and understood; and if this principle were more fully comprehended, there would be opportunities furnished not only for exploring regions of thought more easily, but for soaring higher and diving deeper than man has ever yet dared to go.

Let us now look at the influence and exhibition of soul-love. Free from all sudden and impulsive action, it ever vibrates in sweetest harmony, and from the very force of its truth and purity, brings the mental and physical into the same condition. Soul-love is ever recognized by its possessor, and where there is power to lay aside all hasty impulses, and the excitement of the other forms of love, the thrilling emotions of the soul go forth, and, vibrating on chords of true sympathy, breathe sweet and harmonious notes over all. The three planes of man's nature are not and cannot be separated. They must ever blend and mingle with each other; but each has its peculiar character and influence, and a careful observation will enable us to direct our feelings, and indicate which of these natures predominated, and how far one controls the other. When they cooperate, life is rounded harmoniously, and its highest conditions realized by the individual, and more or less clearly by those around him. The experiences of mankind upon the soul-plane are becoming rapidly unfolded, and many of those things which now seem obscure, will soon be better understood, and consequently appreciated. In no department has the wall of lamentation gone up so strongly as in the conjugal state; for, as from this condition, when properly developed, the highest and purest happiness springs, so the reverse is fearfully true when they are not. Every step, therefore, in the direction of relief here, must be hailed by every lover of humanity as an approach toward the condition of a diviner life—a more glorious era for the race, present and prospective."

At the close of the reading they all sat for a few minutes in perfect silence. Then the Bishop offered the following prayer:

"Oh thou, who art the God and Father of all our sure mercies, who enfoldest the universe and all the inhabitants thereof in thy loving embrace, we think thee that thou hast permitted us not only to retain an unbroken family circle, but that thou hast given us a new and shining link to the household chain in the person of this precious child, whose pure and loving heart is ever opening 'rivers in high places and fountains in the desert' of human life. Oh, our Father, may our hearts be made worthy to receive all these blessings. We

are renewedly conscious, at this time, that all the chastisements and afflictions which visit us, as well as those blessings which we call benedictions and favors, are from thy hand, and are all designed for our good. May all of us do our part in upholding thy kingdom on the earth, by showing that thou art living in us, and we in thee, day by day and hour by hour. And that, so far as in us lies, oh Father, thy ways shall be our ways, thy thoughts our thoughts; for we know that we live, move and have our being in thee, and we feel that this shall ever be so. Amen."

After another pause, Katie passed into the interior state, and a vision was presented to her, which she described in the following manner:

"Before me rises a tall, straight spire. I cannot see the extreme point, because it seems to pierce the clouds. It is very beautiful, and clear as crystal. Around the base of this, a magnificent temple is erected. It appears to be a dwelling-place. Encircling this beautiful specimen of architecture is a garden, enclosed and divided into different parts, some of which are for various plants, and others for animals. The pillar represents the human soul: the temple is the mind, and the garden illustrates our physical nature."

A few days after this, our young seeress came down in the morning, remarking that a letter with a black seal was coming to the house. They had not mentioned anything about the statement which she had made relative to the death of the Bishop's brother.

"Can you tell us the contents of the letter?" inquired the doctor.

She mused for a moment, and then answered: "There is a gentleman here who says that his name is James Kenrick, and that the writing will tell you that he is dead, when he is not even asleep."

"At this instant a servant brought in the morning's mail, and among the letters was the one of which she had spoken. Upon opening it, it was found to contain these lines:

"Our dear father died on Monday, the 14th inst., at 2 P. M. This was a shock to us all, the more so because unexpected, as we were fondly believing that he was in a fair way to recover. Mother is quite overwhelmed, and we shall return home with all possible speed."

The Bishop read the letter several times, looked at Katie and his children, and then said:

"The Lord's will be done."

Of course it was no time then to refer to the prediction. There are triumphs over which one cannot exult.

The following week Katie returned home. It was a sad parting. The year which she had appointed to measure their love in had begun its last quarter, and as there now appeared to be no obstacle in the way, it was decided that at the end of that time they should be quietly married. Katie left Belfast with very different feelings from those she had when she came there. It was astonishing what a change the world had undergone in six weeks—or was the alteration in herself?

CHAPTER XXIII.

Further Correspondence.

During the absence of our heroine, an addition had been made to the house in which her parents lived, so that when the stage left her at the door, she looked about her in delighted surprise. This change was owing to one of her brothers, who for several years had been very successful in business, so much so as to become quite wealthy for a person of his class. This dutiful son, after establishing himself in a neat and pleasant home, had purchased the house in which his parents resided, and had now enlarged it to such a degree as to make it much more comfortable and convenient. He, together with four others of the family, had been married for some time.

The changes in the condition of society during the twenty-one years in which we have been acquainted with the Malvourneys, were very wonderful. When we first knew them, no one of this class could read; now there were schools for adults and children, and all the latter had opportunities for learning to read and write, and for obtaining, at least, the rudiments of an education. Katie was the first peasant girl in that section to whom this great privilege was given. For years two of her sisters and one of her brothers had been engaged as teachers, and thus from the little center, started by the young ladies of Lord Dunderrery, had rolled out a widening circle, whose influence no mortal may ever estimate.

After Katie's return home, everything seemed changed; but she soon became conscious that it was not in her surroundings, but in her own condition. She viewed things now in a different light, and although she assumed again her accustomed labors, she felt that the interest which had bound her to the olden work, and which she had supposed would hold her there during life, had in a measure departed. Her thoughts would wander to the Doctor; therefore when she visited the sick and ministered unto them, her heart was not in these duties as heretofore.

A week after her return she received a letter, bearing evident marks of having been written by a sick man. It ran thus:

"Oh, my darling Katie, hardly had you left me, when I began to realize how much your presence and influence had done for me. I have often seen invalids, who, as they lay upon their beds after a severe illness, have felt that they could not only rise, but take up their beds and walk; but when they have made the attempt, they have found it not so easy a matter as they imagined. I am not so weak as I was when you left us, but I am more conscious of my feelings now. I had leaned upon you so completely, that for several days after you left it seemed as if I must fall, but I am growing stronger now. I made an effort to follow you in your ride home, but perhaps in consequence of my feelings of regret that you were obliged to go away from us, or some other cause, I was not able to do this as well as when you came. I perceive

that as my health improves, my intuitions are not so clear and strong. I go out every pleasant day, and am beginning to see some of my patients.

In one of your unconscious spells, you remarked that a new era was dawning upon me, and that I would experience a change in my mode of practicing medicine. Afterwards, when I asked you to explain, you replied that you would write me the particulars, as you did not then know anything about it. I now remind you of that promise, and hope that you will soon be able to give me some light upon the subject. I would not send this, which is certainly a sick man's letter, if I could do any better; but I know that your loving heart will excuse me. Please send me a good—I know it will be that—long letter, as it will benefit me more than anything else, unless it be your dear presence.

Sincerely and faithfully yours,

HENRY T. KENRICK.

To this Katie sent the following reply:

MY DEARLY LOVED FRIEND—Your letter filled me with mingled emotions of pain and pleasure; pain to find that you were still so weak in body; pleasure to know that you are so hopeful, and appreciate my labors so highly. It is my earnest desire ever to be worthy of this kind and loving confidence. Sickness, I think, ever brings a compensation. I have seen rough, strong men, who scorned the sympathy and affection of woman, brought so low by disease as to crave this love and tenderness, and feel that it was a great blessing. The sensitive and intuitive conditions that are produced by the heavy hand of pain, though valuable and important, are not the very highest states that may be developed. The learned Richenbach, however, has spoken of intuitive persons as sick sensitives, which would convey the impression that disease is essential to the production of this condition; but my own experience proves that the reverse is true; and my intuitions, which have been much improved by cultivation, have generally been clearer and better when I have been in the enjoyment of the highest health.

I was not aware of the promise that you speak of in your letter, but I have felt a desire to address you upon that subject. That you will change somewhat your mode of practice, I have no doubt. You have thought that you were eclectic, but I perceive that you will be more so when you rise above certain prejudices that you now have. I see that mankind are on various planes: so are their diseases. There are those whose systems are in a condition to require material medicines in considerable quantities, and then there are others who are always injured by them; and, between the two extremes, there will be found every conceivable variety. Those sick ones who require no drugs are by no means in a condition which should exempt them from the judicious care of the physician. There are many cases in which a doctor can do much good by preventing the administration of medicines, when there is no necessity for their use. Not only does each individual, but every form of disease, require for its proper treatment a nice appreciation and a careful analysis of all the conditions.

I am now to speak upon the subject of the qualifications which belong to a true physician. I like the term doctor, for I understand it to mean a teacher; and such, I think, every physician ought to be. Not only a teacher, but, also, Nature's servant and minister. What should be the qualifications of a physician are now mapped out before me very clearly. As the diseases of humanity belong to the three planes of man's nature, so he who undertakes to minister unto the sick must understand all that can be known of each of these, and possess the capacity to meet them in their several divisions. Physically, the physician should be strong and vigorous, merry and cheerful, and overflowing with a living, healthy magnetism, which may be freely imparted to the sick. No diseased man has a right to be a physician, or to have anything to do with the preparation of medicines, for his magnetism is not of the kind which should be communicated. This may seem hard, but I am writing out rules, not dealing with personalities. I know that physicians are not likely to be exempt from sickness, but it is unfortunate for their patients when they are seriously diseased. At the same time, I know that the knowledge which they obtain in passing through certain forms of sickness, is very important, as well as the sympathy which is thus excited; but, while disease exists, it should be considered as a barrier to the practice of medicine, and a sufficient excuse for abstaining from it, for the time. The successful treatment of disease upon the physical plane, requires a considerable amount of knowledge and skill. This system is built up and receives its supplies from the material elements around it; and there are cases in which there is a positive and proper demand for remedial agents from the mineral, the vegetable, and the human kingdoms; and it is the duty of the physician to know how and when to administer them. There are many conditions in which certain articles greatly assist in throwing off impurities which have accumulated in the system. The physician who limits himself to any particular school or system of medicine, will not be able to meet, in a proper manner, all the demands of Nature in her struggles with disease. It is unwise to become sectarian in this profession, as in every thing else. Mental maladies are not well understood, nor are the influences which act upon them at all comprehended. The person who undertakes to treat them, must have a well-cultivated mind and quick intuition. These are rare combinations, but they are attainable by all who have a right to enter upon this Godlike profession.

There are conditions with relation to the soul, which it is necessary that the physician should meet. To do this, Heaven's own fires must be kindled upon the altar of his inmost being, so that he may give pure and divine counsel that shall enable the soul to walk forth in the direction of a higher life, and, reaching some of its realities, reflect them upon the mind; and, through this, upon the physical, until a portion of the calm serenity of its own nature becomes theirs, also, and thus assist in bringing that priceless boon—pure health—to the entire man. But why should I address you in this strain, when, experience having led your feet in this direction, it would seem more fitting that you should talk to me? But, as I have written these lines—owing to your having drawn me out, I fancy—you shall have them, for I feel that you will receive them in the same spirit in which I send them—love. I perceive that you are growing physically stronger; and that your mental condition will be much clearer and purer in consequence of your journey through the Valley of Suffering, I have no doubt.

I shall be pleased to hear from you as often as you feel able to write. Matters are moving on here much in the old channel, and I have resumed my accustomed round of labors, and am satisfied for the present; still, I dare not lift the veil which shrouds the future, lest the bright heights of happiness which I feel sure are in the Beyond, should so dim my vision that the duties of this hour would not be perceptible.

Truly and lovingly yours,
KATIE MALVOURNEY.

The Doctor received this letter while he was still unfit to enter upon the more arduous duties of his profession, therefore he responded to it very soon, and in the following manner:

MY OWN DEAR KATIE—How mysterious are human sympathies. Do you know that almost ever since I wrote to you, I have been pondering upon that great question—the qualifications of a true physician—which you so ably discussed in the latter portion of your letter? Indeed, your arguments and statements therein written, seem to cover the entire ground. I shall examine them, however, and perhaps make some suggestions from my own plane of thought. I need scarcely say that you are right in regard to my health, physically, and, I think, mentally; but others may judge of that better than I can.

Your division of men into three planes is founded in Nature, I believe, and will therefore form a safe basis for all our investigations, and hence I am prepared for a consideration of diseases in a similar manner. It must be remembered, however, that as the planes themselves are never separated, so the diseases cannot be; but it is the preponderance of one that marks the character; hence, while we may study them separately, our remedies must be applied jointly, or in reference to the whole. I think that the duties of a physician extend further than is generally understood, and that to us the power should be given to select the proper nurses and associates for the sick. If a physician would always perceive what magnetism was essential for a patient, he would be greatly assisted in his labors, for then he could direct the attendance of such persons who were physically, mentally and morally adapted to the case.

I hope to see the practice of medicine brought to be much more satisfactory, both to patient and physician, and am willing to labor for this reform. Your views of the qualifications necessary for an entrance into this great field, make me realize that I shall be obliged to bring all my energies to the work, in order to attain that state, which I feel is very desirable.

Among the difficulties which I have found in my practice, there is nothing so hard to overcome as the false positions and deceptions which are found almost everywhere. Mankind are living under a mask, and striving to deceive themselves and each other. In no department is this more manifest than in the treatment of diseases, and until they come out of this unnatural condition, and the habits of civilized society become more pure and truthful, the lot of a physician will be full of vexation of spirit. When, however, these things are changed—as I believe they must be, for is not the light dawning—there will be a better time. Let us not only hope, but labor earnestly for this end; first in ourselves, and then in those around us.

Ever truly and constantly yours,
HENRY T. KENRICK.

Katie's response to this letter read thus:

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND—Your written words gave me great pleasure, for I fancied that they betokened a return to health. You spoke of what I call the shams of society. I have thought so much upon this subject, that I am inclined to write a little about it. Even in my short journey over the hills and through the valleys of life, I have seen so much fraud and deception, that I am often disgusted. Parents begin with little children, before they have any power of reasoning, and the first impression of many young minds is that the world is a great falsehood. Then the sad day comes when those small ones are deceived by the very beings to whom they look with the most love and confidence. Shocked, they turn away; but, after a time, they become hardened, and learn to practice upon others that which they have been made to endure. The successful deceiving of our friends and acquaintances always leads to self-deception, and after a time we forget the guile of truth; but I do not mean to deal in generalities, but to bring forward a case in point.

I spent a few days last week in the mansion of a Mr. —, which, by the way, contains one of our most respectable and wealthy families. The gentleman is old, and peculiar in his views and habits. Being the architect of his own fortunes, he has not always occupied the position in which he now sits so proudly. There are times, however, when his mind reverts to the old days, and he feels that his present condition is not as true as that was. He then declares that he was happier when he received half a pound a month for his labors, than he is now, when his daily income multiplies that sum many times. He says this, but I fancy that it would not be well for any one else to make this remark. He is constantly regarding his associates with suspicion, and fearful that they shall not consider him as a born and bred gentleman. He knows, in his inmost nature,

that should the wheel of fortune in its turning deprive him of the wealth that he has so laboriously acquired, he would be left without a friend among the class who now throng his house and sit at his table. This man's life is utterly false, and knowing this, he never takes a step in confidence, but lives in continual fear, lest some unforeseen circumstance shall shake his fine castle, and, bringing it to the earth, bury him amid its ruins.

His wife, a faded beauty, much more advanced in years than she is willing to admit, is seeking to attain that condition which might have been her's years ago, had not false habits and customs deprived her of that which she should have realized at that period of life. She also had been the victim of deception, and had learned, while yet young, to repay the debt with interest. She grew up a giddy, false, hollow-hearted woman; was disappointed in two engagements of marriage, in consequence of a flaw in her mask, and at last entrapped the man who is now her legal husband. They have two daughters and one son—children worthy of their parents.

You will probably say that this is an extreme case. I hope it is. I had a conversation with Father Dunlevy upon this subject, and the good old man said that he had not only seen much of these false conditions around him, but that he was troubled about them in himself. In the course of his remarks, he made use of the following language:

"Why, Katie, during the past year I have gone to the sacred desk many times without one word of living inspiration to offer, and have been obliged to take that which was cold and dead, and with these husks feed my flock. Do you know that I have loathed myself, because I was not honest enough to say to them that there were those in the audience, men and women, too, who had living inspirations on which they might feast and be strong; but no, I was not brave enough to tell the truth, although I know that each time I am thus false, I block the channel, so that higher and better inspirations cannot flow as readily into my soul."

Thus I find it everywhere, among young and old, rich and poor. The merchant must appear to have business, and the tradesman make a show, and all the world seems like a bubble, ready to burst at any moment. This condition arises, in part, I think, from what I call false magnetism. I would like to have your opinion upon this subject, and also upon the general question of magnetism, as a curative influence in society. I have no apology for this letter. Truth is not always palatable, but we must take the bitter with the sweet. There is but one condition where there can be no deception, and that is where there is purity of thought, and a strong desire after a high and holy life. If, in such hearts, true love reigneth, and a perfect confidence fills the soul—all is well. That such is, and ever may be our condition, is the hope of your

KATIE MALVOURNEY.

Not many days after this, Katie and her parents were very agreeably surprised by a visit from the Doctor, whose health, although improved, was not yet fully restored, and to hasten that desirable end, it was deemed expedient that he should leave the city for a short time; and as there were no persons who held him with such strong chords of attraction as these, how natural it was that his footsteps should turn in this direction.

Previous to his illness, the Doctor had written an essay on Magnetism, intending to lay it before the medical society; but he was prostrated upon his bed before he was ready to do this, and thus during his convalescence he was enabled to add many valuable ideas to the original work. Katie's suggestion of this theme for his consideration, seemed to him a very happy thought, and he had accordingly brought the paper to read to her, desiring to have her views and reflections before submitting it to the learned professors.

Mr. Malvourney's means had increased as his children had grown up, and were able to do something toward their own support. Thus with the cottage enlarged, and the grounds tastefully laid out and in a high state of cultivation, there was not a neater or prettier place for miles around. The Doctor received a cordial welcome from all the family, and Katie's heart bounded with joy to think that he was really there in her own home. We have spoken of the influence of this lovely girl in other households; we might have devoted a chapter in describing the happy and beneficial effects which had followed her labors in her own family; but our story must draw to a close. Our readers doubtless remember that the year which was to test the love of our young friends, is rapidly approaching its termination. As yet, not a cloud had risen to come between them and the glorious sunshine which was laying so broadly and beautifully on either path, and it was arranged that on Katie's birthday these two should meet, and joining hands, go forth to walk life's road together.

[Concluded in our next.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

TO BELLE.

BY CORA L. V. HATCH.

Once, within a woodland dell,
Bloomed a lovely, blue harebell;
Fanned and kissed by zephyrs sweet,
Where the sparkling waters meet.

In the flowers' azure bell,
A strange, fairy-sprite did dwell;
Not contented with her lot,
She devised a cunning plot.

When the world was wrapped in sleep,
Forth the fairy softly did creep;
Floated quickly where a child
On its mother's bosom smiled,
And with skillful, magic art,
Stole into the baby's heart;

Looked into its laughing eyes,
Made them blue as summer skies;
Twined in its soft brown hair
Meshes of the sunbeam rare;
Molded brow, and form, and face,
With a touch of wondrous grace;
Formed the hands and restless feet
With a witchery complete.

Then within its artless mind
Strangest caprices combined:
Thoughts of song, and love, and mirth,
Laughing, scolding, from its birth,
Sweetest, quaintest, drollest ways,
Filled the happy, childish days.

Then the fairy silently
Filled the heart with melody,
And at last this being stood
On the verge of that strange wood
Where two streams of life just meet—
Sorrows sad, and joys complete—

Fashioned so divinely human,
Half a child and half a woman;
And the fairy's magic spell
Bade them name her "Arabella,"
But in spite of woodland fairy,
I have christened her "Belle Alrie."

Written for the Banner of Light.

HYPATIA, THE FEMALE PHILOSOPHER OF ALEXANDRIA.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

It was the fourteenth year of the fifth century. Slowly and surely Paganism was dying, before the march of victorious Christianity. Her philosophers—great minds who sought to solve the insoluble problems of cosmical forces and human existence—were of the things of the past. Learning lingered at a few heathen shrines, giving but glimmering and feeble rays. The rising religion scorned learning. Mathematics, and the experiments by which the relations of the elements are revealed, to the bigoted monk or Bishop were sorcery, and dealings with the devil. Christianity swept over philosophy like an annihilating simoon, or rather like a ghastly mildew, which destroys life, and then gathers over the corpse.

Words cannot express the hatred of the Christians for learning. They made no distinction between philosophy and mythology. The divine perfections of art, which breathed life into marble and made the dull canvas glow with poetry, were unspokeable odious. Temples, expressing in the grandeur of colossal columns and vaulted ceilings the perfection of imagination, and saying to the world that the hand of man hewed them out in the measure of an epic song; sculptures of immutable grace and beauty; works of great historians, sages and bards, alike felt the holy indignation of the ignorant proselyte, and were swept to dust beneath his fury.

Alexandria was founded by the Great Alexander, on a site which the far-seeing mind of the first Napoleon saw would make it the great emporium of the Mediterranean. At the period of which I write, it rivaled Constantinople. As the voyager came in from the sea, for an immense distance he saw the guiding light of that seventh wonder of the ancient world, the Pharos. Built of white marble, sculptured into massive columns, rising tier above tier to the height of more than three hundred cubits, it shed its beacon flame far and wide over the blue sea. It guided the ship into the splendid harbor, which resembled a forest, from the masts gathered from every part of the known world, bringing and carrying the trade from the remotest west and furthest east.

Two great streets intersected the city at right angles. One was three, the other one mile long. At the point of their intersection was a square, in the centre of which stood the mausoleum where rested in their last repose the earthly remains of the restless Alexander, at length asleep.

The city was full of splendid edifices—the palace, the exchange, the Casarion, the halls of justice, the temples of Neptune and Pan, theatres, churches and synagogues. There was, a few years before this period, the large and classically finished building which contained the museum and library of Ptolemy, and in which the academy assembled, composed of learned men drawn from all parts of the world by the bounty given by that liberal king to learning. There were specimens of every known bird, beast, fish and reptile, and four hundred thousand volumes in that museum. In the Temple of Jupiter, Serapis, were three hundred thousand volumes more. The latter remained unharmed until the time of Theodosius the Great. Theologians, ashamed of their deeds, have charged the Sagacen with its destruction. Not so. A mob of Christians, headed by their archbishop, stormed the temple, and destroyed its treasures of learning. The Saracen, in A. D. 642, restored, as far as he was able, the academy and the library.

This temple of Serapis was approached on one side by a slope for carriages, on the other by a flight of a hundred marble steps. On these stood the magnificent portico, with its columns extending around an immense roofless hall, the porches of which contained the library. In the central area arose a lofty pillar, seen far away on the sea. The royal docks were on one side of the town, the hippodrome on the other. There were groves, amphitheatres, gardens, fountains, and countless noble buildings with gilded roofs glittering in the sun.

The streets were thronged with camels, wearily coming over the yellow sands of the desert, bringing the produce of the ever fertile Nile; wealthy Christian ladies, their dresses embroidered with Scripture parables and phrases, in gold, and the Gospels suspended by a golden chain from their necks; their slaves, with parasols and fans, walking behind; the ever trading, ever thriving Jew, whose food is usury and commerce; the sly Ethiopian from the southern "ends of the earth," singing in wild strains, just as he sings in slavery to-day; the sinister Assyrian following the wake of his conqueror; in short, a mixture of all nationalities, a jargon of all tongues. Such was Alexandria, when for the first time it beheld a female occupy the place of a philosopher, and succeed in the long line of illustrious names which had rendered her academy famous.

Hypatia was the daughter of the celebrated Theon, and far surpassed in attainments and renown that philosopher. Possessing the rarest mental endowments, such was her ardor in the pursuit of her studies that to them she devoted her entire days, and the larger portions of her nights. Plato was more truthful, in her esteem, than Aristotle. She followed their example by traveling. She visited Athens, and listened to the ablest instructors of that emporium of thought. On her return, at the request of the magistrates of her native city, she began to give lessons. She was an eclectic, but made the exact sciences the basis of knowledge. Thus she was the first to introduce the rigorous method into philosophy.

To the great attractions of her mind she was transcendently beautiful. Her dress was simple, and her conduct ever above suspicion. Thinking that marriage would interfere with her pursuits, she repulsed all her numerous suitors with a grace that, although disappointing their hopes, retained them as her friends.

The greatest men of her time—sages, poets and statesmen—came to listen to the wonderful wisdom of her lectures. Her hall was crowded with the wealth and fashion of the great metropolis. The street was obstructed by the long line of chariots drawn up in waiting before its door.

What did it mean? The archbishop Cyril was enraged. He stood representative of Christ and his doctrines; Hypatia was a Pagan—worse, a Pagan philosopher, who refused to be converted! The audience which attended her lectures, to hear discussed the problems of "How came the Universe?" "How came I?" was larger than that which listened to his incomprehensible jargon on the Godship of Christ.

The witch, Hypatia, must perish. She deluded the youths of Alexandria by sorcery and black arts. She was leagued with the devil.

Hypatia, pure, noble, beautiful, the embodiment and emblem of science and learning; Cyril, emblem of bigotry, intolerance and Churchcraft, howling at learning, and boasting of the foul and loathsome slime in which he wallows.

The two conflicting elements are brought in collision. The star is obscured by the dismal fog—that star, the last, purest and brightest, in the

galaxy of the ancient world! It sinks; and across the dreary desert of a thousand years we see none other in the black and gloomy heavens!

Cyril, the saint, collects a mob of monks. When Hypatia comes forth from her academy, they assault her. In her mortal agony of fear, amid the horrid shouts and yells of those bare-legged and cowed demons, she is dragged from her chariot, in the public streets divested of her simple raiment, exposed to contumely, hisses, jests and insult; they drag her to a church, kill her with clubs, and her quivering limbs, torn asunder by these devout Christians, are dragged through the city with the applause of an intoxicated rabble of disciples.

Cyril—is a saint.

Hypatia—the first of a long line of martyrs to science—the last of the long line of ancient sages, like a bright star shines across the dismal gulf of medieval anarchy and ignorance, connecting ancient speculation with the stern and unflinching investigations of to-day.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SONNETS.

BY G. L. BURNSIDE.

A youth had fondly sought some skill to gain;
And crazed with Turner's, Reynolds's, Ruskin's art,

Still hoped some worthy effort to impart,
But the muse scorned it with a high disdain;
And when the hope and labor was in vain,
At last the kindler heavens did relent;
And to his solitary chamber sent
Visions that paled the Louvre's inmost fane.
Sick and in prison, they visited him, and made
The gloomy pile immortal. Still he waits:
Where is the maiden beckoning at the gates
Of Paradise; the bower of vines, where played
The holy children, wafted down to him;
The land of Beulah, floating far and dim?

Visions that spake, and airy ministries,
Filling the night with wonder, came and taught
Each its own lesson; and the least of these
Were still the greatest; infant shapes, that caught
From the high heavens the magic which they wrought,
Clustered like nebulae the night's dim shore;

And still the visionary wondered more
That unto him such messages were brought,
In that his confidence had never been free
To woman, man, or child, but only one,
(T was long ago) and of that band was he;
And to the seer's constancy was given
Promise of earthly immortality,
When Earth shall be the dream that men call
Heaven.

Original Essays.

THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

SIXTEENTH PAPER.

TEMPORAL OBSTRUCTIONS TO ITS EVOLUTION, AND
HOW TO REMOVE THEM.

THE MISSION OF REFORMERS.

THIRD SECTION CONTINUED.

Woman to be Man's Redeemer.

There is now living in New England a talented doctor of divinity who is exceedingly popular within the domain of his own ecclesiastical sect, both as a speaker and writer, and of whose parental precedents I happen to know what is aptly illustrative of the special truth which I would explicate. His father was also a clergyman, whose professional abilities, both inherent and acquired, were something less than ordinary, and whose pulpit ministrations were further disparaged by a natural impediment of speech. But the wife of this unscholarly preacher, and mother of the aforesaid gifted D. D., however her character may have tallied with that of her consort in other respects, was greatly his superior in all those phrenological endowments which promote an available intelligence, as well as a ready utterance of one's thought. This was always manifest in the part she was accustomed to act in the prayer and conference meetings of her chosen sect. The unstudied volubility and terseness of her tongue never failed to command admiring attention in any circle or congregation wherein she chose to raise her well-known voice. But this she never did, save with womanly modesty. I never heard her speak on such occasions without some question of Paul's advice to the Christians of Corinth, or contempt for its sweeping application: by most of his obsequious followers; for I never could see wherein and wherefore it was a shame for such a woman to speak in the church. There was no doubt of her ability to preach, and that more to the edification of her hearers than was ever predicable of the labored attempts of her conjugal partner. Indeed, it was softly whispered in some of the secular gatherings of the laity, that their minister was neither unwise nor self-sufficient enough to disesteem a helpmate in his professional studies; and that he humbly realized in his better half another volume of inspiration as it were, out of which, in his endeavors preparatory to showing himself "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth," he was apt to "bring forth treasures new and old" as spiritual fodder for his flock. But this was gossip. I am better authorized to say that she, as a listener to his Sunday performances, was plausibly prayerful for his success, and incidentally, it may be quite unconsciously, busy with her own ideal of pulpit oratory; an ideal which was subsequently realized in the clerical efficiency of her ecclesiastically accomplished son. It is further remarkable that none of her five children copied the vocal failing of their father. This, and the following anecdote still more forcibly, suggests a worthy mother's power to shield her progeny from the paternal transmission of unworthy characteristics.

The first living example of teetotalism that I ever knew or heard of, was a boy ten or twelve years old, whom I had rarely met except in the winter terms of our common school. My first introduction to him in the above character was on one of those occasions which often occur in the country, when he and I and other boys, as the assistants of some dozen men, were engaged in repairing the road which led by the house where I was born. This was several years before the inauguration of the New England temperance movement; in the days when folks used to "take something to drink" as often as they felt the need of it, with no thought of other than aqueous adulteration of ardent spirits. Of course the surveyor was expected to bring out the wholesome liquor in due season, according to the time-honored custom of our forefathers; and of course when he did so the road-makers dropped their implements of labor and sat down by the wayside in consociative order, to take first a drink, and

then a lunch of bread and cheese, and then another drink. And now the commander of spades and crow-bars, turned host of the company, and mindful of honor in office, begins to make a fair show of his liberal fitness therefor, by serving from a large wooden pail to the ready lips of his willing guests, little mugfuls of the inspiring beverage, observing in the consecration of his welcome compellations the order of ages from elder to younger. In process of the first course of drinking, and while several voices were commending the flavor of the draught, the unanimity of the company was abruptly broken at the lower end of its sitting attitude, by the transpiration of a boy's refusal to drink what was deemed to be not merely harmless, but indispensable to the effective endurance of manual labor. At this juncture the whole group of faces were turned curiously toward the singular-minded youth, who, on being pressed for a reason of his novel decision, from which the opposing example and even precepts of his superiors in age could not dissuade him, seemed yet as one that had committed a misdemeanor for which there was no excuse. But this was the natural effect of their unwitting impertinence; for, from the circumstances of the case, it was very likely that the shame-faced boy had privately resolved on eschewing the bad example of his father, who had lately gone to a drunkard's grave, leaving a wife and six children to mourn his wayward life, rather than his untimely death. I say this was likely; for it subsequently appeared that the whole surviving part of that disrupted family had taken to themselves an earnest pledge of total and everlasting abstinence from all intoxicating drinks; and thus, as a "band of hope," the first of all that have come to my knowledge, under the auspices of Temperance, Industry, Economy and other grave moralities, these unpretending reformers were taking the shortest way from want and ignominy to wealth and respectability; in which laudable enterprise they happily succeeded at length, to the death of their infernal enemies and the temporal as well as prospective reward of their special merits. And all this happened as one of several happy issues which I have observed of a mother's power to counteract the filial effect of a father's unworthy example, as well as to nullify the hereditary bias of his defective character. Such could not have been the result of adverse experience followed by wholesome advice, even in the tones of motherly love, without a filial susceptibility thereto, as the counter-part of maternal influence: a condition which can originate in nothing else but a mother's aptness to impress her children before their birth with whatever attributes of worthiness command her reverence and aspiration.

And now I conclude, not merely from what I have written, but from all that I know by personal observation and testimony, concerning the nativity of human character, that children inherit with enlargement those mental endowments of either parent which are duly appreciated and cultivated by the mother, and with mere parity those which she contemplates with apathy; while all those characteristics of the father, whether good or bad, which the mother either regards with aversion or fails to comprehend, are minimized, sometimes to extinction, by the irrelevant maternal mediumship of their attempted transmission.

This issue of my long inductive argument is also deductively predicable of the mother's mesmeric relation to her unborn progeny, which is the key of explanation to all the mysteries of maternity. It also dissipates the exorbitant claims of vulgar opinion for the masculine function of parentage, by discovering the paramount agency of the mother, to which paternity dwindles in the light of investigation to a merely inceptive auxiliary. The logical force and lead of my argument to this conclusion will be immediately discernible on recapitulating the substance of the foregoing exposition.

In rational consistence with the previously established doctrine, that *Individuality is the measure of goodness to every soul*, it is consecutively maintained in this section—

I. That the temporal order of human development, and through this the personal and social issues of life here and hereafter, are predetermined by PARENTAGE; and this because, though Education is much the broader constituent of character, yet, since prenatal development becomes the model as well as basis of post-natal, a normal generation is *primordial and pre-requisite to a normal education*.

This has been affirmed *a priori*, upon the principle that education is sequential and characteristic of Endeavor, and therefore guided by Will, the bent of which is innate and older than any post-natal influence: for which reason education can apply only to such personal characteristics as are radically pre-natal.

It has been argued also inductively from the observed failure of every educational attempt to transform character either mental or physical; and from the observation that the prominent and distinguishing traits of adult character are commonly manifest in childhood.

Superstitionally to this deduction I have proceeded to show—

II. That Maternity is the executive part of Parentage; the powers of procreation and reproduction being wielded exclusively by the mother.

These powers, which are coeval with the maternal function, originate in the organism of the mother, not being delegated by the father, though requiring to be confirmed by the conjugal act, the effect of which, the mere inception of parentage, is as predicable of one parent as the other.

In support of this doctrine it has been discovered—

1. That the physical organism of every child is pre-natally nurtured by that of its mother; her blood being its only food, through which it is subject to all the good and bad effects of her dietetic and other bodily habits.

2. That a fetal child has no subjective mentality, or mental activity, and therefore no other means of psychical development than being consentaneously impressed with every item of the mother's experience; and this as the spontaneous effect of their magnetic rapport, whereby every mother becomes, in relation to her unborn progeny, the most effective of all mesmerists.

3. That the power to generate originates in this two-fold correlation of the mother and fetus, and is thus identified with the maternal function.

4. That the casually dominant emotions of a pregnant mother are transmitted with exaggeration and transforming effect, begetting permanent characteristics in her child; and thus that every personal gift of Nature not inherited is born of maternal aspiration; while all traits of character more prominent in a child than in either of its parents, are maternally prepropagated, in effect, either of some sudden excitement, intense longing, or habitual endeavor, of the mother.

5. That, as the medium of hereditary, it is the prerogative of an aspiring and earnest mother to transmit only those elements of the paternal character which are in harmony with her own; and that, for the same reason, a frail and weak-minded mother cannot transmit the superior attributes of a mainly father.

Thus it appears that the scope and drift of pa-

rentage are quite embraced by maternity, and that the agencies and issues of the former, when properly conceived, are all the more definitely explicable as appertaining to the latter. The mother is the only real parent, in the literal sense and common acceptance of the word, being the only generator and propagator of her own species. This is true of all mammals and many inferior races, even of plants as well as animals. The father is a parent only of certain *spermatozoa* which the mother, if well let alone after adopting them, turns to the account of human generation. The so-called parentive function of the male is distinguished from that of the female by just so much disparity. Paternity is tributary to parentage through maternity, to which it relates as unequally as the friction of a match to the morning fire of a household. This I say with exclusive regard to the sexual function thereof. I am not unmindful of a certain filial susceptibility to paternal influence prior to birth through the intermediate marital affection of the mother. But this must depend on the conjugal fitness of parents, and is optional to the father, even as a worthy husband, only in proportion to the calibre of its maternal mediumship.

The immediate product of parentive copulation is a blended psychometric impression of both parents, which institutes an embryonic susceptibility to personal development in all their characteristics. But this ideal personality is rarely if ever realized, and represents natal character only as constituting the basis of what is possible in generation. A child at birth, though an exclusive product of its own parentage, is neither an integral likeness of one parent nor a mingled resemblance of both, but rather the aggregation of such attributes of hereditary suggestion as are properly generated by the mother's actual experience, which is also that of her fetal offspring to the effect of its nurture.

So this second stage of my integral argument concludes in verification of its postulate, that maternity, as the core of parentage, is the prime medium of all human developments, since its fruits are measured and qualified by the mother's contemporaneous experience, or the aggregate of her aspirations, inspirations, affections and actions, in the season of pregnancy: which modes of experience, as well as the respective numerical elements thereof, depend first on the mother's intrinsic character, and secondly on her extrinsic condition; the former consisting of her capabilities and susceptibilities, physical and mental, both innate and acquired; and the latter being made up of her material and personal associations. Thus I make an important adjunct to my previous deduction, that, under God, the only Actual Maker, all is the virtual maker of each *through maternity*, as the natural medium of creation.

But, reverting to the larger subject of this section, the reader is now ready to ask how this exposition of maternity represents Woman as the redeeming agent, and Man as the subject of her redeeming agency, in the process of human development. I answer that it does so but in part—in evolving one of several reasons why human Depravity, if ever and by any means to be rooted out of Earth, can be only as the work of Woman. That depravity is a temporary characteristic of humanity—that Man surely is to be redeemed from the domain of all wrong and wretchedness, has become, in the present scope of my argumentation, a foregone conclusion—a deduction from the law of progress. Putting this and that together, whoever has read understandingly the whole series of my ratiocinations antecedent to the logical alternative here encountered, must perceive, see in Woman the future Redeemer of mankind. Her claim to this title I have argued hitherto from one of her functions only; but the same mission is to be predicated furthermore of her essential character. Woman is the prime medium of all human developments, not alone for the reason shown, that, as the mother of mankind, she fulfills a paramount agency in the work of human generation; but also, as I am about to evince, because she is paramount to Man in the work of human education.

This is palpably true of the mother as compared with the father. In the first place, it follows as a logical consequence of the foregoing elucidation. Parentage itself is the root of education, inasmuch as it predetermines the temporal order and personal results thereof; and since maternity is the principal part of the former, it must be also virtually of the latter.

In the second place, it is deducible from the mother's consubstantial relation to what I have in a former paper denominated the fourth and complementary Wheel of Progress—the law of propagation which effects the transmission of ancestral attainments in character, and enables parents, when they intelligently will, to beget their superiors in organization. It is now manifest that maternity is hub, spoke and felly—the *tout ensemble* of this wheel of hereditary, of which paternity is the mere axle.

In the third place, it is obvious that the mother is first and foremost in the field of education proper, at least as to the training of her own children. It is the business of mothers to have the care of their infant progeny, and no less their duty to nurture the same in mind as well as body; and it has become so, not by any force of circumstances, or arbitrary custom of society to this effect, but for the sole reason that, with apt and special qualifications for the work, they are naturally attracted to it. No other being is so duly empowered to administer instruction and discipline to a child, as its own revered and cherishing mother. To none else does it look up so prayerfully, so trustingly, so expectantly; nor can any other being respond to the helpless wants of children with that measure of sympathy which is born of a mother's love. Consequently no personal influence is so taking, so tenacious, so educative of the infant soul, either normally or abnormally, as maternal influence. The contingent tendency of this influence to good or evil issues, does not affect the import of my argument as turning on its supremacy. Mothers begin the education of their children, that is of the whole human family, and mainly, conduct it through the earlier stages of life; and the possibility of making a bad beginning—in this momentous work, is what makes all the importance of their special agency therein: for though "all is well that ends well," yet nothing can end well in the direction of its beginning, except in consequence of being well begun. This is especially true of education. When children are taught falsehood, however religiously, they cannot progress upon such teaching to any desirable end. It only imposes a necessity for later reformation; for being corrected and re-instructed by experience; that stern old schoolmaster, whose manner is always hateful to truant, or those dillards who fall to keep on the right side of him. Better no tuition at all than that of error. Better no religion than its name in superstition—than such a blind Reason and blind Conscience. Better no training for the young than that which fosters depravity. But mothers are peculiarly apt to model their children after their own character, whatever the merits of that; because education under maternal influence commences with the least possible remove from the condition and resources of

pre-natal development. Therefore, in expert mothers are arranged, mischief-makers, whereas capable mothers are the most admirable of all artists. Yet I write without partiality. It is not flattery either sex to call up *Man* as he is and say, "See Woman's work!" But I antedate her pride in the future day of *Man* as he should be, for I am about to demonstrate that *Woman*, not only as the mother and primary teacher of mankind, but also by virtue of her moral preponderance in the social sphere of adults, is the principal agent of human culture.

[To be continued.]

"DO SPIRITS DECEIVE?"

REPLY TO J. S. LOVELAND, ET AL.

BY PATRICK WELCH.

Some three years since, at the earnest request of a friend, accompanied by my wife, I had my first sitting with a medium, Mrs. Staats, of 83 Amity street. To the hypercritical, nothing could be found in the result of a "test" nature. A communication was given, and signed with our boy's name—but not till after I had written it, among others, and laid it upon the table, a preceding I then looked upon as in some way furnishing a key to the medium; but it puzzled me how she picked that one out, requesting us to sit at home, telling us we were ourselves mediums, and through ourselves we could get all we desired. We did so, to the number certainly of thirty sittings before the table moved sufficient to enable us to get any intelligible sign from it. In the meantime we had some sittings with a neighbor, at whose house we witnessed, for the first time, the phenomenon of a communication through the tipping of a table.

One evening, however, the table was sufficiently controlled to answer quite readily to my questions. There were none present beside myself and wife, and if there were ever two human beings imbued with an earnest, honest and pure desire, tempered with the profoundest awe, we were the mediums of those emotions on that occasion. To my question, "Can you communicate through the alphabet?" an affirmative was answered. I called the alphabet, and the table tipped to c-a-r-r, and then settled to the floor. It rose again soon after, and I asked, "Is this right?" "Yes." "A name?" "Yes." "Carr?" "Yes." "Any of the Carrs I knew in Vermont?" "Yes." At this answer a certain one of the Carrs came into my mind most prominently, because I was most intimate with him, and because my father, who worked in the same foundry with him, and had passed to the spirit-land, might have something to do with the communication. I asked for the given name, and Clark—that in my mind—was given without hesitation. I asked for the date of death, and "Tenth September" was given. "Last?" "Yes." I asked for the place, and "St. Louis" was given. I noticed the wrong spelling, and thought Clark Carr knew better than that when in the body. I asked for the age, and "Thirty-six" was given. I said, "Clark Carr was some years older than I, and I am older than that," and, at the same time, thought forty-six was right, or meant. I continued to call the alphabet, and "Forty-six" was spelled out. I asked, "How did you find us?" &c., to which was answered, "Your father." I expressed the utmost satisfaction and delight at the communication, and asked permission of the spirit to write to Vermont to have it verified, as I firmly believed it would be in truth, to which an affirmative was returned. I did write, to which an answer was returned in a few days, that Clark Carr was alive and well. To many this would have been a squelcher; but somehow or other I extracted as much evidence from it, as to the truth of Spiritualism, as if it had been strictly true in its statements. In fact, I consider a misleading of one the strangest kind of evidence in such cases, as it effectually disposes of much bosh about "imagination," "psychology," "retention of the mind," &c. But before I received this answer, we had two other sittings, at both of which a spirit claiming to be that of my father communicated; and on both occasions, being asked about Clark Carr, said he had not seen him in the spirit-land.

A few moments after our séance had closed, and while discussing its marvellousness, a cloud-like body swept across my wife's lap and breast, which caused her, by its influence—although she saw nothing—to start back in terror. The thing was as palpable to my sight as steam from a kettle, and I saw it the instant it passed my wife. It came within a few inches of my face, assumed a density in the centre, or seemed to contract to the size of a large plate, and perfectly round, remained stationary an instant, then began to turn like a wheel, increased in velocity, and expanded so as to almost reach from the floor to the ceiling, and vanished in a twinkling. It presented an appearance, as it whirled around, of being composed of innumerable golden threads, or circles.

Thirteen months afterwards, when my wife was developed into a trance medium, she was controlled by an influence claiming to be the spirit of a dear friend of ours we had known in Vermont, her brother being present. Among other things, the following came from the lips of the medium: "Do you remember the wrong communication you once got about that man?" I asked, "About Clark Carr?" To which was answered, "Yes, I started to give you my name, but that spirit who calls himself Richard Owen, interfered, and he gave you the rest. I felt bad, and tried to show myself to you." This friend's name was Caroline, and she had got as far as Car, when the disturbing influence intruded, the second r being evidently incident to the disturbance.

"Richard Owen" was the first name we had ever seen given through the tipping of the table, and on the occasion already spoken of. This neighbor said he had received the name years before at a sitting, and often since, but was never able to get from him who he was, or a satisfactory or courteous reply to any question he ever asked him. He annoyed us at our sittings for some considerable time, and on more than one occasion called me vulgar names, and cursed me. He came one night when myself and wife were sitting alone, and spelt out, "I come with the desire for the truth." To which we responded that we would do all we could for him. He then said to me, "Take your hands off the table." I did so; when he began to tumble it about in his usual style; and when my wife told him that she would not sit for such manifestations—which were accompanied with most exhausting sensations—he banged the table down and left, as we hoped, thoroughly disgusted.

This simple statement speaks for itself, and I can't for the life of me see how Mr. Loveland is going to dispose of it, otherwise than by the argument that myself, or wife, or both, are hypocritical machines for lies—a style of "philosophy" and "obliquity"—and "propaganda" wherein I can't see the point, nor where the laugh comes in, from those who ridicule the idea of a local heaven and hell, and yet undertake to set limits and bounds to good and evil.

New York, May, 12, 1866.

A REVIEW.

BY W. L. T.

A friend of mine put a book into my hand a few days ago, entitled, "Whatever Is, is right," to which I desire briefly to refer.

I must say that the title of the book, before I read its contents, seemed to me to contain an idea in no sense true. Truth, however, compels me to say that I have had good reason to change my mind in that respect. There is a sense in which the doctrine of "Whatever Is, is right" is an absolute; and, to my mind, incontrovertible truth; there is a sense, however, in which it is false. The standpoint from which the matter is viewed makes all the difference. Viewed from the Throne of the Almighty, who sees the end from the beginning, and knows the design of all things in creation, it is a certain truth. Seen from the standpoint of man on the earth, it is false; theoretically and logically, it is true; practically and morally, it is, at least to us, as if it were false.

For example: an individual is convicted of murder. He pleads, as an extenuation of his guilt, that he could not avoid committing the crime of which he stands accused. The Judge might reply: I admit your plea to be valid, but the same reason that compelled you to commit murder compels me to sentence you to be hanged. Such would be the natural working of such a belief, if carried out in practice. Thus the doctrine of "Whatever Is, is right," although in the abstract true, is, to us, at present, as if it were false. I do not think that the belief in such an idea leads to the commission of crime, as some would have us believe. It can certainly have no such effect on him who does not receive it. It can have no such influence on him who does, inasmuch as such a one must have made considerable progress in the divine life before he could embrace such a doctrine.

I am persuaded that the most wicked of mankind will be the most violent opposers of the idea in question. Moreover, if the doctrine were fully embraced by the wicked, as society is at present constituted, what hope could they have of escaping the penalty of law for the commission of crime?

All our legal, social and political institutions are founded on the basis of man's responsibility, and that he is a proper subject of rewards and punishments—of merit and demerit. At present this is the best foundation on which such institutions could possibly be founded—and, indeed, the only practical basis that could be found. But, good and solid as it is, I believe it is doomed to destruction; in the future another and a more divine must take its place.

But some one may say: How can the doctrine of "Whatever Is, is right" be true, when it makes God the author of evil? Let us see: Is not God the creator of all things? If he be not, then some other being is; and that other being is another Creator, another God; so that, before we are aware, such a process of reasoning leads us into the Persian doctrine of two Gods—one the author of all good, the other the author of all evil. Either God is the author of what men call evil, or he is not. If not, then there are more Gods than one. Again, is God all good, as well as all wise and powerful? Then, if such be the case, why does he permit evil to exist in his universe? These, and a hundred such intricate questions that have troubled the souls of the pious believers in all ages, are solved by the doctrine contained in this idea of "Whatever Is, is right;" because, if this be true, there is and can be no such thing as real evil in the world.

Three words sum up the moral nature of all created existence: Good, Better, Best. This gives a consistency to the words of God pronounced at the dawn of creation, as he gazed on the universe he had called into existence, and beheld everything "good."

This view of things brings harmony where discord dwelt before—brings light where darkness reigned, and gives a new and beautiful reality to life to those who can receive it. The spirit of legality that now governs the world, will have to give way, in the future, to the law of Divine Love—that which will enable us to see that all is the best that it could be, because planned by Infinite Wisdom. We shall then lay aside our presumptuous notions, which now lead us, indirectly at least, to brand the government of the Almighty with impotence and ignorance.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

BY SARAH E. WEYBURN.

A pebble cast into the ocean disturbs every drop of water in its vast basin; a breath all the atmosphere around us. Why may not a few stray words from Kalamazoo assist in agitating a much abused and oftentimes burlesqued subject, "Woman's Rights and Wrongs"?

Thirty-five years ago the brave Garrison was mobbed for penetrating with lance-like words the befogged sea of mind into which the nation had drifted; but he has lived to see the Sun of Liberty shine on a nation purified, only waiting the States' Ratification of the last glorious act of an immortalized President and Congress who dared to untie our nation's curse and stain. May the earth-lives of all freedom-lovers not be shortened till another wrong be righted, another crooked path be made straight; till the chains which gail and fetter woman's soul be broken, and her freedom to act, and equality, be rejoiced in, as was the negro's, by the ringing of bells and the booming of cannon.

"Woman has all the rights she requires," says the conservative, custom-worshipping individual. "I am just where I ought to be," says the poor, unconscious slave. (If you are, others are not! If you can exist unconscious of your chains, you are none the less a slave; for the laws make you one.) And, I am sorry to confess, Spiritualists who profess to be reformers, hold up their hands in holy horror, if independent, capable woman moves out of the beaten track of ages past, and, with mainly zeal, sub-sell and undermine her endeavors by whispering: "It's not womanly, not customary, not in keeping with Mrs. Grundy's code of laws, where you reside!" Principle-worshipping Spiritualists obeying fashion's laws! Consistency, thou art a Jew! French progression and independence in thought and action, but in practice be cautious, nay, cowardly! Woman must wait; stay in the rear; neither drive or dare to go ahead of man! It's not customary! The guardian angels of this sphere hasten the day when "Right" will rule and "Justice ever be done!"

A marriage takes place; both parties are young and poor; both are ambitious, anxious to be independent of toll in after years. Both work hard—he out doors, she in the kitchen and nursery. The husband's work is done when the sun sets; the wife's when tired nature conquers zeal, and the midnight hour strikes. She economizes, deprives herself of luxuries and necessities to save their means; and yet dress respectably five or six children forced upon her during ten years' servitude, costing her physical and mental suffering, and arresting her world's regeneration, by still forcing into existence unwelcome children. Property is

accumulated. The husband dies. Then these noble, man-made laws rob the mother of her hard earnings; tell her a woman is incapable of caring for that property, which, by daily toil and wise suggestions, she helped to accumulate. Your children, at twenty-one, can have their share to save or squander, but you must submissively submit to be satisfied with the use of one-third of your own property. Equity magnanimous! "You might marry and rob your children," whines the law. Widowed mothers, do not your indignation almost annihilate reason when you hear men who call themselves moral reformers, woman's rights defenders, advocating the justice of such laws? or the last will and testament of a man—rather a coward—who, in old age, robs his wife of her own, leaving her but little more than the law would? Principle what is it? A myth. Reverse the picture: The woman dies. Does the law interfere? Oh, no! And who dare speak if he should marry, squander or will away from the children (of the woman who killed herself in the accumulation,) their right to her share, at least; obliging them to tax nature, perhaps, in obtaining an education. This is manly and right! Nature, which is always true to herself, says: Widowed poverty will ply the needle late and early, take in washing, keep boarders, or write books to sustain her babes. Desert them? never! rather she will be a willing sacrifice, and immolate herself on the shrine of matrimony, to protect them.

Again, a woman has property in her own name. She is taxed; but, who pride yourselves as descendants of the noble men who fought with Washington, how dare ye tax her when ye deprive her of representation—the equal right of suffrage? Listen to their excuse: "Why, women can't understand politics!" Are your wives and daughters fools, inferior to the ignorant masses, whose votes you buy with whiskey?

Again: "Women have no time to spare!" Is their time more precious than the voters' who are hurried from their shops in carriages to and fro? Half an hour in the open air would benefit some tired housekeepers.

Lastly: "Refined woman would be contaminated by the surroundings." Keep away your cheating, lying and drunkenness from the ballot-box, and I opine you will find that your wives and daughters will not be tarnished by depositing their votes with their sons, fathers and husbands, whom they mingle with in every other public gathering. All we ask, all we demand is equality! God made us equal, intellectually. Man degrades us to servitude. Let intelligence, not sex, be the watchword at the ballot-box. Let the woman who can read have a voice in framing the laws she must inevitably submit to, and exclude the man who can only make his mark.

Educate your daughters to be self-reliant, as you do your sons; and remunerate them equally. Teach your sons a trade, and give them twelve and fifteen dollars a week; teach your daughters the same business, and, for the same work, the same labor, equally well done, give them the same wages, and don't degrade your manhood by handing them only one-third the amount, because they are, unfortunately, women.

Go on, all defenders of the wronged, till the high arches of Heaven reach the triumphant shout which awakens this nation from Custom's trance-like sleep, proclaiming, "Woman's Rights" mean "Equal Rights."

THE SELF-SUSTAINING INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE.

BY IRA PORTER.

In this country there is no seeming want of colleges, academies, select and common schools. All these quickly follow in the track of settlement in every portion of the Free States and Free Territories of this Republic. It may be admitted, too, that these schools are year by year growing better.

Society moves on in its accustomed course. Education, with the opportunities for acquiring it, is becoming, in the Free States, more and more common, and useful labor more and more highly appreciated. In obedience to this natural law of progress, several attempts have been made to inaugurate "Industrial Schools" in various parts of the country. Most, if not all of these attempts, have been abandoned as failures; yet the public faith in the ultimate practicability and utility of "Industrial schools," has been steadily gaining strength from year to year. Reflecting men have seen and known that nothing is more desirable than that all human society should be filled up with persons who each unite in themselves the hands that work and the heads that think. Hence there are now movements being made in almost all of the Free States of this Union for the establishment of Agricultural Colleges.

The State of Michigan, with obvious self-gratulation, boasts of having founded the first institution of this character in the Union.

It commenced its existence upon a tract of uncultivated forest land, about thirty-two miles east of Lansing, the capital of the State. The location was then subject to fever and ague, and other billious complaints, and was in many other respects unfavorable to immediate success. The friends of *class* education, seizing upon this circumstance, raised the war-cry against the Agricultural College, and sought to convert its endowment to the use of the State University at Ann Arbor, where respectable science was divorced from unrespectable labor. The battle, thus commenced, was fought by them with aristocratic spirit before the Legislature of 1863, and ultimately in their defeat. A handsome appropriation was voted to defray the indebtedness, and provide for the future expenses of the College. The farm of the College is being cleared up, and the institution is timidly experimenting upon its pupils, by demanding of each three hours of labor per day, performed under the dictation of its Professors, as the State's prison culprit works for the State prison contractors. Out of this commencement, though obviously imperfect, good will ultimately be produced. In July, A. D. 1862, the Congress of the United States enacted an endowment to each of the States of the Union of thirty thousand acres of land to each Senator and Representative in Congress from such State, which grant is, by the terms of the enactment, to be vested at interest, and the annual income sacredly appropriated to institutions devoted to the encouragement of agriculture and the mechanic arts.

If these endowments shall be wisely appropriated to "Industrial Schools," they will prove of incalculable utility to the American Republic. But the friends of Industrial Schools must not forget that these institutions have bitter and influential enemies, and that many of their friends are waiting in clear, well digested ideas of what is needed from, and to be accomplished by them.

The truth is, industrial schools are an absolute necessity to a high civilization—a prevalent, practical Christianity; and these can never be attained without them.

Before society can be what good men wish to

have it, each member demands health of body and health of soul, active intelligence, moral control. It must have these. It is vain to expect a perfect whole until each part is perfect.

This perfection of parts can never be attained under our present systems of education. They omit to teach morals, to cultivate health of body, to impart needed instruction regarding the production and economic use of property.

Morality is the science of all sciences. It is the science of social harmony. The use of this science will survive our terrestrial existence; but were it limited to this sphere, it would still be of incalculable importance. In its relations to this life, it is second to no other branch of human knowledge. Yet, it is nowhere systematically taught as a branch of universal education.

Friends of progress, shall this be so forever? It must not be so. What shall it profit us to have revealed the blessed gospel of this last half of the nineteenth century, teaching us that "our existence is an endless chain, and this life is but a single link;" that we begin the next life as we end this, and that there, as here, we are subject to those laws of social harmony which are one and unchangeable through the eternities of space and time, unless we shall seek to understand and instantly obey them?

What is Christianity worth, except so far as it shall tend to instruct and educate us into those divine principles of action which befit society, wherever prevalent, whether on this earth or elsewhere—in the terrestrial or spiritual spheres?

The office of man is to do, and in doing, to enjoy good. All our systems of education ought to be adapted to qualify us for that end. Are they as perfectly framed for that object as they might be? Ye men of thought, consider, and when you have considered, candidly answer.

Is it not true that appropriate labor, study, recreation and rest should constitute the daily employment of life from childhood to old age?

If your answer is affirmative, why not unite with those of a similar conviction, who will aid and assist you in carrying this conviction into instantaneous practice?

When this is resolved on, it will not be found difficult of execution. More anon.

Written for the Banner of Light.

COME TO ME, ANGELS.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Come to me, angels! come when the sun
From his couch riseth;
Come from the Father, with food for my soul—
Manna, prepared by your delicate fingers,
From the great storehouse
Of Wisdom and Love—
Feed me, oh feed me with wisdom and love.

Come to me, angels! come when the sun
On the earth looketh,
Like a fond lover, with passion-lit gaze—
Bendeth to give her his warmest embrace;
Then come with caresses,
And Love's fondest kisses,
Come with caresses and kisses of love.

Come to me, angels! come when the sun
For awhile leaveth
His bride to the care of the matronly Moon—
Who, with her maidens will watch till the morn—
Then come to my pillow
And op, with your touches,
The eyes of my spirit your presence to scan.

All the night long with you let me wander,
Forgetting earth's care;
Show me in vision the land of Elysian,
That strength I may gather, life's burdens to bear;
And show me so plainly
My errors and follies,
That hence from the pathway I never may err.

Come to me, angels! when waves of affliction
Encompass me round,
And thorns to my temple are pressed, as a crown;
Then come to deliver, or come to sustain,
To pilot my bark
Past billow and rock—
To bear it triumphantly on to the port.

Oh, come to me, angels, in grief or in gladness!
Come in all changes
To which, as he passes, old Time can subject;
Changes that bless us, whatever their guise:
Come with your loving,
Come with your giving—
Give as the Father is giving to you.

And when our earth-garments grow faded and worn,
Come and unclasp them;
Unfetter the spirit, that longs to inherit
A body immortal, to go where you dwell.
Yes, come to me angels!
As heaven's evangelists!
And lead me from earth to heaven's bright portals.

Correspondence.

Jottings in New York.

As my eye rests upon each week's issue of the Banner, containing letters from those we have met in days ago, a sudden impulse seized me to again hold communion with them through its columns, concerning incidents of every-day life, for I must leave the more philosophic subjects to others who so ably handle them.

Link by link the past is united with the living present, each word and look having made their impress upon the tablet of memory, therefore I would not recall or regret any incidents of the past, for they have been a part and portion of my existence; and were I to live my life over again, with the same surrounding influences, I presume I could do no better. But the living present, with which we are actuated to-day, would make our lives sublime, and remove all incentives to crimes of every description. I would erase from my vocabulary the word "blame;" I would substitute the word "pity," and then labor to supplant ignorance and seeming wrong with knowledge and wisdom.

I purpose to say something of Henry Ward Beecher in this letter, although he needs no eulogy of mine to beautify his sermons. When he made the remarks that all "Isms" are "Truth crumpled up, yet to be unfolded into symmetry and beauty, like the opening flower," and "Shallow is the mind that would cry 'Humbug' before investigating the same," my soul responded "Amen! Amen!" I bless God that such a man as Beecher lives, for he dares to speak what he considers to be Truth. Conservatism, hypocrisy and dogmatism he takes hold of with ungloved hands. The three thousand souls who crowd his church every Sabbath, bespeak the march of mind from old-time errors into Truth and Freedom.

From Beecher's church, I turn my steps to the Society of the Friends of Progress. The Moral Police Fraternity and Children's Lyceum attracted me thither, by their sweet music and harmonious measure; and, as I beheld the smiling faces

of so many happy groups of children—who have not an angry God held up before their unfolding spirits, to cramp and blight their better natures—I could but rejoice that I had lived to see this day. Thank God! the angels and the spirits of our departed loved ones, for a brighter hope, a purer religion, which teaches of a bright Summer-land, to which we are all hastening.

Evidences are daily occurring to strengthen us in this beautiful belief, a few of which I will name. Those who have listened to the soul-inspiring lectures of my sister, Olive M. Hyde, who left her mortal form four years ago last December, will be pleased to learn that our brother, W. P. Anderson, reproduced a perfect likeness of her in about twenty minutes, on the 26th of January last. He had never seen her while in mortal form, nor had he ever seen a likeness of her. It was truly gratifying and satisfactory to us.

Mediums for healing have been developed in my presence, one of whom is Mr. Frank Shaw, of this city, and he now says to the lame, "arise and walk;" to the sick, "be thou whole," and they are restored from the self-same hour.

Mrs. F. A. LOGAN.

Memphis, Tenn.

You will, of course, pardon this intrusion, as the readers of your paper may be anxious to know the progress of our beautiful religion in the country generally known as "Dixie." We have been entirely shut out and lost from all favorable connections with Spiritualists, until of late, Brother E. V. Wilson has been lecturing here for some time, causing general satisfaction among the reasoning and intelligent community. His lectures were well attended, and all our regret is, that when he leaves, we have no one to continue spreading the bright doctrine of immortality.

There are here, as in every other place, more or less people who make a practice of endeavoring to discourage the philosophy of Spiritual intercourse. The most bitter of our enemies is the political press; but little, if any, attention is paid to their fruitless slangs. We only pity their weakness, and trust that they may soon see the error of their ways, and instead of abusing a religion merely for popular favor, and at the same time wearing the cloak of deceit, speak what they believe, without regard to public sentiment.

I occasionally receive a Banner, through the kindness of my friend and brother, J. M. Peabody, which is a source of intelligence and useful information. I return him, through your columns, my sincere thanks, and hope to meet him ere long, and find him the same kind, gentlemanly and good man, as it has ever been my pleasure to know him.

Please accept my best wishes for the success of Spiritualism; that beautiful truth that has been a shining star to me during my sojourn in the army. That truth, which, but a thought or remembrance of, would do me more good, and be more beneficial than a hundred sermons from our chaplains.

It is quite amusing to me, when the agents of the Christian Commission are circulating their religious tracts and newspapers, and cautioning a soldier to be careful and think of the terrible punishment—to come to a Spiritualist. They either look the agents in the face with dissatisfaction and walk away, or engage in a short controversy, and when one is asked if they ever circulate the Banner, or any spiritual sheet, their pretended anger is without bounds, and they very often use insulting language—merely another illustration of their moral weakness. That is one great reason why we desire a speedy close of this war. They are becoming more of a pest than ever.

Yours truly, H. E. LUTHER.

Fort Pickering, Memphis, May 10, 1865.

A Plan for Organization.

"Verily I say unto you: Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

These words, said to have been spoken by the man called Jesus, seem to me to embody an expression of the true principle for the basis of Organization, by which a power can be exerted, that, in course of time, may act upon all the inhabitants of the earth. Let two or three persons of congenial minds, of oneness of purpose and unity of heart, agree together to carry out a certain aim for the accomplishment of some good; and, as opportunities offer, let them enlarge the sphere of their usefulness as fast as they present themselves, and as the way opens to them. Let others unite with them, who can cordially agree with their views and heartily enter into them, and, as their numbers increase, with their powers and spheres of influence, until they may embrace the whole world in their far-reaching activities. But let them not undertake anything upon which all cannot heartily agree—lest their power for good be broken—and only act so far as all are heartily united. There need be no creed, no articles of faith, no written Constitution, laws or by-laws, no officers; they need not even keep any accounts or record of their doings, as their actions will be recorded in the living results of what they accomplish—imperishable forever.

Facts constitute the usefulness of our lives, and not formulas; and these make our heaven or hell, as the case may be.

Organization is useful only so far as it increases our power of doing good, by giving increase of thoughts, increase of numbers, increase of means, increase of wisdom, by united thought and increased power of action. If organization cannot be effected on this basis, let each one act for himself, so there may be no clashing of effort, by which the good each does may be partially or wholly destroyed.

DANA EAMES.

Philadelphia, April 27, 1865.

Central New York.

I have spent two months in this section, and found quite an interest, old and new, in the cause of Spiritualism. I have lectured in Syracuse, Pultneyville, Hastings, Parish, Watertown, La Fargeville and Depauville, and have still an engagement in Port Jervis for four lectures. In all of these places, and many more, are to be found live and stirring friends of the cause; in some but few, however, who are both willing and able to secure places and engage speakers. But in Pultneyville, on the shore of the lake, in Wayne Co. (a small place) most of the people are either convinced, or willing to be, and above the average of such villages in independence and intelligence. In Depauville and La Fargeville, both small villages in Jefferson county, near the lake, there are also strong and active minds leaning in this direction, and speakers will do well to call when they can at these places, and also at Clayton, on the lake, where the boats land, and near the above villages.

In Syracuse and Watertown, the cause is not fashionable or popular, but yet it is evident there are more believers than in any creed of Christians, except the Catholic, which, by the scale of numbers, is the popular religion, but not the fashionable. Syracuse seems sadly affected on political subjects, and no doubt the more, as they can at the places, and also at Clayton, on the lake, where the boats land, and near the above villages.

Watertown is anchored on its black rock, with priestly anchors; but they are loosening, and I think she will drag her anchors soon, for they offer to sell us a good church for \$1,400, and I think we shall have one there before long.

I shall soon be in Vermont, and the friends who wish me to lecture in the north part of that State, can write me at South Hardwick soon.

May 20, 1865. WARREN CHASE.

Correspondence in Brief.

Father Dead, etc.

Our cause has been in an unprogressive condition here for some time past, but there has lately sprung up a new interest, and much inquiry is being made after truth, among those who have never before had their minds drawn to investigate our beautiful Philosophy.

Father Dead—whom you will remember, visited Boston some two years ago with such happy results—has been with us. Although far advanced in years, he is an earnest laborer in the cause of truth, and has blessed us with many beautiful thoughts and tests of spirit-power. In return, we thank him for his kind efforts, knowing that he will receive a fitting reward in that beautiful land of spirits, the glories of which he loves so much to dwell upon. We see in him one who has been taken from the unproductive fields of old Orthodoxy and transplanted to the truth-bearing realms and sunlight of universal love. And his soul seems filled with joy by the liberty it has gained.

We should like to have some of the laborers in the field of Spiritualism call this way in their travels. A good test medium would do well here, and such a one is much needed. The harvest is ready, but the laborers are few.

Yours for truth, L. A. W.
Putnam, Conn., May 22, 1865.

Spiritualism in the Far West.

While laboring at Albert Lea, I experienced a specimen of Christian intolerance, that surpassed anything I have met with in the West. Albert Lea is not quite as large as Boston. While there, I learned the number of voters in town was one hundred and twenty-five. They have a hotel, two stores, a school-house, and a large whiskey saloon. I was told that the latter took more money for "goods delivered," than either of the stores. They have been in the habit here of forsaking all meetings, when the speaker said a word against drinking or gambling, and in two or three instances have locked the door of the school-house against them. The people, headed by the Postmaster, were instrumental in closing the door against me on my third lecture. When asked the reason for so doing, he said, "He does not take a text from the Bible, and does not say a word about the Bible, and we will not have our children hear such stuff." So I finished my engagement at Bancroft, and left them in the hands of C. C. Colby, County Auditor, who will do justice to the cause. I arrived at Cedar Falls, May 6th, gave one lecture on the 7th, also on the 14th gave one lecture here, and one at Waterloo. I am engaged to lecture here in the morning, and at Waterloo in the afternoon, for the three months ensuing.

J. L. POTTER.
Cedar Falls, Iowa, May 16, 1865.

Aurora, Illinois.

Perhaps a few words from this section of God's moral vineyard may not be wholly uninteresting to those who are in the itinerating field. The friends of liberal ideas in our beautiful city, have just been aroused from a sort of *l'ip Van Winkle* sleep, in which they have been indulging for the last few years. So profound has been this sleep, that Lecturers on the Spiritual Philosophy have left us entirely "out in the cold." Even "old stagers" in the reform movements, like Warren Chase, and others, have like the person we read about, "passed by on the other side."

Mrs. Emma Jay Bullene, trance speaker, from Chicago, came here and gave four lectures during the first week in April, to crowded houses, filling the largest hall in the city; and that, too, under the most unfavorable circumstances, being obliged to change halls three different times, the first hall being entirely too small. One of the largest in the city was obtained, which is occupied and controlled by the Universalist Society. But, notwithstanding all these difficulties, the interest was good throughout the course, and the lectures were a great success, for our place.

The probabilities are that Mrs. Bullene will lecture here occasionally during the summer.
Aurora, Kane County, Ill., 1865. J. H.

"The Descent of the Angels."

I am trying hard to sell a sufficient number of photographs of my pictures, to enable me to complete the painting of them all. The principal ones are already framed, but an additional expense of one hundred dollars will put the whole collection in order. These paintings are additional evidence of the truth of Spiritualism. The unbeliever cannot comprehend how I could paint them, not believing that I have the natural talent to do so much in two years, without previous education and experience in the art. They will always be open to visitors while my family remain together. I can furnish any number of them, but the five dollar size is altogether the most satisfactory to those who are able; but I am thankful for an order for a fifty-cent one. What I wish, as above stated, I feel sure will be accomplished in time; but I would be glad to be able to superintend the completion of the collection while I am yet able to direct about it. I am sure there are many Spiritualists who would gladly avail themselves of the opportunity to obtain one of these pictures at an early day, if it was only sufficiently known. Will the Spiritualist friends throughout the country respond as they may feel inclined, that I may complete the last work I have ever done in this world?

The five-dollar picture is 9x12 inches, mounted on heavy card-board, 13x17 inches, and has twenty-eight figures in it, large and small, and can be sent only by express, or by private hands.
C. D. GUNSWOLD.
P. S. Persons writing to me for portraits of spirit-friends, are informed that this is not one of my gifts.
Batavia, N. Y., May, 1865. C. D. G.

From Washington Territory.

Dr. C. H. De Wolf has been lecturing since last May, on the Sound, and in Oregon, upon physiology, phrenology, medicine, etc., all of which he espouses strongly with the spiritual philosophy. The Doctor is able, fearless and radical. This is his second tour through our Territory and Oregon. He is now on a lecturing tour, &c., through Southern Oregon into California.

The pioneer's remuneration is comparatively small, but friend De Wolf is just Yankee enough to live in a new country, keep in the van, and make a good living, by combining the practice of medicine with phrenology and other popular sciences. He has faith, also, in "casting bread upon the waters," though an occasional crumb will fall before swine.

Fraternally,
H. R. WOODWARD.
Olympia, Washington Territory, 1865.

B. M. Lawrence.

Permit me, through the Banner of Light, to return special thanks to many of its kind readers for their numerous favors to myself and wife, during our long and weary pilgrimage the past year, and say to them that my address for the present will be at Quincy, Mass., where I will be happy to answer any calls to speak on Sundays, to spiritual societies, on "The New Era," and will also attend reformatory conventions, sing original songs of progress, heal the sick, and teach the laws of life, health, hygiene and temperance to the people on week evenings.

Mrs. Corn L. V. Hatch gave great satisfaction to a large audience here recently, in her address on the "Assassination." Sunday meetings are kept up with increasing interest. B. M. LAWRENCE.
Quincy Point, Mass., May 10, 1865.

Note from Mrs. Fuller.

I wish, through the medium of your paper, to return my heartfelt thanks to all the friends who so kindly opened their doors and hearts, and cared for the stranger, while on her mission of love for the benighted soldiers, for they, be blessed physically and spiritually, and may their hands and hearts always be extended to others who call for aid. This is and ever shall be the prayer of my life.

Yours for truth and humanity,
Mrs. J. S. FULLER.

J. L. Potter in Minnesota.

The Spiritualists of Bancroft, Freeborn county, Minn., have lately had the pleasure of listening to several very able discourses through the mediumship of Bro. Potter, who came to this place by request of the friends, and spent four weeks with us. Bro. Potter is one of the deepest reasoners upon the Spiritual Philosophy I have ever met; besides, he is just the man to travel in the West. He

left here for Waterloo, Iowa, last Wednesday. May success attend him wherever he goes, and the cause in which he is engaged. C. C. COLBY.
Bancroft, Minn., May 8, 1865.

Dover, Me.

Spiritualism is on the increase in this place. I have lectured to four or five hundred people on Psychology. I repeated my lectures three nights. Mrs. Stearns lectures in the Unitarian Church to large and attentive audiences every Sunday, and they have a Sunday-School for the children, and a good singing choir, and everything goes on well, and everybody appears to be happy.

Yours for truth, I. G. STEARNS.
Dover, Me., May 22, 1865.

A Card.

I noticed in the Banner of the 20th inst., a communication from John Nesbitt, stating that Miss Amanda Hartman had been professionally "associated" with me for some time past. As this is not true, I will thank you to contradict it, for I have never been associated with any one.

Yours very truly, J. R. NEWTON.
Toledo, O., May 19, 1865.

A Strange Event.

It is not often that I intrude my own private experiences upon the public, but when things occur out of the ordinary course of events, and especially when they are in the interest of progress and brotherhood, they should not be concealed. The strange event to which I allude was this: On Saturday, May 13th, I arrived in the rural city of Middletown, Conn., being requested to speak for the small band of Spiritualists residing in that very religious city. I had not been in the place but a short time, when I received a welcome and brotherly call from one of the resident clergymen of the city, who very kindly invited me to occupy his pulpit in the afternoon of Sunday. I accepted the invitation, and spoke to his congregation accordingly. In introducing me, he stated that the Sabbath before he had preached upon free speech, and that day he was going to practice it. It is now some twelve or thirteen years since I became a Lecturer upon Spiritualism, and withdrew from the Methodist ministry, and this is the only instance in which a clergyman of any sect has invited me to his pulpit. Am I not then authorized to call it strange? But it is a gratifying event, for it was an honest and hearty act of a free and liberal mind, and as such, is an indication of the silent, yet powerful march of the true principles of a living, humanitarian religion, for it was on the broad platform of that universal religion of good will, and a like destiny, that the invitation was given and accepted. I live in hope that the blinding scales of sectarian pride will one long fall from the eyes of many noble minds, and they be found side by side in the great harvest field of human elevation.

A CHAPTER OF CRITICISMS.

Not a little has been published in the Banner, and more said in public, respecting the pay of Lecturers, all of which, as it seems to me, has been incited by simple selfishness. Some writers have quoted from the New Testament, "freely ye have received, freely give"; and, from that direction of Jesus, have argued that the teachers of Spiritualism should bestow their services for nothing, thus leaving to themselves the easy privilege of saying "depart in peace, be ye warned and be ye filled," without the effort of giving the means needful for those necessary purposes. On the other hand, I infer, from the complaints of committees, that some speakers are not content to work for the usual pay of spiritual lecturers, and insist on greatly enhanced compensation. The pleas are various for these demands, but their root is in some selfishness of our earthly nature. Some feel that their superior talents or attractions entitle them to exact two dollars where others receive but one. They are ambitious to rival Beecher or Anna Dickinson in the pecuniary returns for their labors. Now, with all due deference, it seems to me that this all comes from the old—yea, is the old, and not the new. The new is just and charitable. It cannot ask the poor and the tolling to minister to the good of the affluent for naught. That would be neither just nor charitable. Nor would the recompense be the smallest sum which their necessities, or benevolence might constrain them to accept. Nor, if we are in the new, can we higgie about prices as speakers, and point to the extortions of priestly parasites as an example and excuse. Nor are we to harp upon what we could get in other pursuits. We are, or ought to be, laborers. As such, entitled to the rewards of labor. But by what rule are we entitled to more than the fair average recompense paid to labor? What right have we to appeal to the examples furnished by professional avarice and extortion? Suppose we are, some of us, qualified for those places of honor and profit? We could be Ministers, Doctors, Lawyers, Actors, Speculators, Officers, etc. What then? Do they belong to this Dispensation of ours? If they do, let us go back to them at once, and enter once more into the cursed scramble for gold and honor, in the pulpit, on the stage, at the bar, in the office, or wherever Mammon opens the way. But, if we are called to the ministry of the New Dispensation, let us be worthy of the call, and, while we sternly and justly refuse to be put in the category of mendicants and vagrants, keep at an equal distance from the bane of priestly greed. It ought to be deemed a sufficient reason for not employing any speakers, when they demand more than the average pay of labor, always provided that labor be justly rewarded. More than that: it is a moral wrong to grant such demand, just as much as it is to do the opposite, by refusing a just reward for services rendered. However, if Spiritualism be not a New Dispensation, then all these criticisms are inappropriate, for I freely concede that selfishness, and its offspring, competition, are legitimate to the old; and to those who are of the old. And if Spiritualism be not the New, if it does not in toto repudiate and cast away the selfishness of the old, then I confess I know nothing about it, and would call upon those who are quite sure they understand, to lead me to its light. I trust I do not place too light an estimate upon what has already been accomplished; but the past has been mainly the work of preparation, the real "tug of war" is yet to come, and it demands great-hearted, unselfish men and women to do it. No pitiful, miserly minds will answer for this work. No slave to self, or passion can enter the holy place of spiritual baptism, and be crowned a worker. The unhallowed hands of stained selfishness can never lay the basis for the new temple of human hope. That must be done by souls consecrated to Justice and Charity.

J. S. LOVELAND.

Babies resemble wheat in many respects. Firstly—neither are good for much till they arrive at maturity; secondly—both are bred in the house, and also the flower of the family; thirdly—both have to be cradled; fourthly—both are generally well thrashed before they are done with.

The vitality of life, so to speak, affords the highest evidence of its immortality. A soul that upon the borders of time, gathers up its powers, can never die; it may change, only to assume a higher office, and to enter an eternity of existence.

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

Banner of Light.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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

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

The Labor Question.

Now that the war is ended, it is going to task the best efforts of our very best men to clear away the wreck and rubbish it has made, and bring around a condition of harmony where the elements of its true wealth and power will be developed in noblest proportions. Not the least important of the many questions which press upon the attention is that of labor. How shall labor be soonest introduced into the fields where it is most wanted? How shall the broken and fragmentary social condition of the South be most expeditiously reduced to a state of order and efficiency again? How shall the labor of the four millions of freedmen be organized into use? And how can the surplus of labor to be found in the large numbers of returning soldiers be most easily applied to service, where it will earn a living for itself and help build up the material interests of the country.

This labor question, which involves all the relations existing between itself and capital, has never yet exacted from our statesmen and politicians that serious attention which it deserves; and it was hardly to be expected that it would until necessity positively forced it upon them for study and discussion. Hitherto, our politics have been not much more than divisions over a bank, a tariff, the sale of public lands, the distribution of the spoils, and such small matters as pertain to party feuds and mere personal animosities. Now we come up to far higher ground. The interests and permanent welfare of the whole people are urged upon our most patient and profound thought. Here are millions in one section of the country to be pacified. Their social system having been thoroughly revolutionized, they are to be brought back again into right and healthy relations with one another, their industry is to be reorganized, their institutions are to be recast, their ideas are to be infused with another spirit, and their whole life, both in its manner and matter, is to feel the immediate influence of the change which events have brought to it.

The public men who undertake to master and direct those great movements which look to such results, must needs be men of large wisdom, of patience without limit, comprehensive thinkers, holding to broad and extended views, of genuine and not merely professed liberality in their sentiments and sympathies, and cherishing a lively and abiding faith in the power of Heaven to work out its pre-destined results in its own good time and way. They will at all times be ready to act in the spirit of the martyred President, who used to say that he did not assume to lead or control events, but was willingly and, he hoped, wisely led and controlled by them. The petty partisanship of former times is to disappear. The stream of thought which was wont to run swiftly and intensely down through the narrow gorges of political interests and passions, is now to debouch into a wider and nobler sea, on which can float those large interests, real argosies as they are, which relate to humanity and the great hopes and possibilities of the race. This is what is to be done by us, and the work is ready to be taken hold of at once.

But, as already mentioned, the labor question is the one of the greatest and most pressing importance now. We speak not less of it in connection with the northern than with the southern section of the country. For a time, we fear there is to be much suffering through the North, as there is even now through the South, in consequence of the forcible disruption of those arrangements existing between labor and capital, or supply and demand, which we have taught ourselves to consider permanent. With hundreds of thousands of returned veteran soldiers, there must be a glut of labor for a time. The Government having suddenly ceased to be a consumer to a large and controlling extent, manufacturers of all kinds must look elsewhere for their customers. The change cannot of course be made in a moment, and so thousands of workmen must be thrown out of employment. If we add to this number those who are already on their way back from the work of war, anybody can see that a body of men, whose industry is of the first importance to the nation and to themselves, will be thrown together upon the labor market that must necessarily cause the greatest temporary embarrassment, if not severe suffering. Of course this condition of things can last but a time, but that will be fully long enough to cause all the suffering and woe to which sympathetic hearts will be able to make adequate response.

The circuit of trade is on this wise: the South produces cotton, which the world wants, and must have; the West produces grain, beef, pork, and other agricultural commodities, for which it has always found a ready purchaser in the South; the East and North manufacture cloths; boots and shoes, furniture, carriages, and almost everything else required by an agricultural population, which they exchange for the grain of the West and the cotton and tobacco and rice of the South. And the Pacific slope, as well as the mountainous mining regions nearer the Mississippi, furnish the gold and silver which, in combination with our cotton, tobacco, and surplus flour, is to be exported to Europe and keep the balance of trade and exchange permanently in favor of this country.

From this outline view, it will be seen that the first demand is that the South should set itself to work again as soon as possible, so as to produce something with which to trade with the West and North, and come into closer relations than ever before with the whole country. This it is that is going to start up the intelligence and right spirit of that part of the country into activity again, and make it really a part of the nation. And this movement shall be fairly under way, its influence will be at once felt at the West, which

will react again with a doubled influence upon the East and North. The labor which will then be ready for employment will find it without any difficulty. To the West and the South men will go with their wives and little ones, to make themselves new homes where their efforts promise to secure larger reward. The infusion of this industrial element, intelligent and self-respecting as it is, into the social constitution of the South—a constitution long diseased and now broken and enfeebled—is going to bring up, by the very force of example, the poor white class of that section, and practically teach the freedman that there is no safety or happiness in anything but industry, and can be no life or permanency. This is to be the missionary work which our mechanics and agriculturists will do among the Southern people, and in doing it they will be solving a problem which all the plans of the wisest statesmanship could not master without them.

The Return of the Army.

The armies of the Union are coming home. Only enough men will be kept in the field to restore order and furnish security for the operation of law. The spectacle of returning troops in Washington, last week, occupying two whole days as it did, was the most magnificent of all which has been witnessed on this continent. The veterans were citizens still, who were coming back home to their friends, their wives, and little ones. One may well imagine the joy with which their noble hearts dilated at the thought of setting their faces homeward after their work had been so thoroughly performed. The newspapers of course report chiefly of the officers. They could hardly be expected to go into detail where two hundred thousand troops are the subject of the story. Yet all along these glittering lines were to be seen men as brave and noble as any of the brilliantly decorated officers who sat on horseback, who have sacrificed as much as men could sacrifice for their country's safety, and are as truly heroes as the whole history of the war has furnished.

These men will next be marching home. The welcome which is all ready for them, where friends and neighbors knew them best, will be a heartier one than this which has been extended to them in Washington. They drop the soldier now, and become the citizen again. Foreign powers cannot understand how this is so readily done. They allow nothing for the ideas in which our people have been bred up, of the spirit which vitalizes our institutions. Could they but comprehend this, the marvel would cease to be a marvel. But they greatly fear the reaction of our success upon themselves. They have good cause to know that their turn must come next, when a searching inquiry will be instituted by the people into the reason and justice of Governments which they have never been called on to make, but only to obey. Our great military pageant is the hint of democracy to aristocracy and autocracy the world over.

A Biographer of Mr. Lincoln.

Hon. Robert Dale Owen, one of the clearest thinkers and ablest writers of the day, has received and accepted from one of the New York enterprising and successful publishing houses, a liberal offer to prepare and complete within the next two years, a life of Abraham Lincoln, to be comprised in two duodecimo volumes of four to five hundred pages each, for general circulation; a library edition also, in larger form, to be issued. The two biographies of our lamented President, heretofore published, are valuable as furnishing his public speeches, his messages, proclamations, military orders, and generally, his official doings and political career. Mr. Owen's proposed work has a different scope. It proposes to portray, from his own personal recollections, and the recollections of those who best knew the man, Abraham Lincoln, in his household relations, his public policy and his inner life. It will be strictly a biography, not a history of the last Presidential term. It will give the moral and spiritual aspects of that noble nature, illustrated by authentic anecdote, not deal in administrative details or military complications. The public positions which Mr. Owen held during the war, bringing him into constant contact with Mr. Lincoln and his chief advisers, enable him to start with valuable materials. Being now relieved from public business, he will devote himself exclusively to the work.

The Product of Bigotry.

Several theological societies held their anniversaries in New York City recently, the receipts of which were: For the American and Foreign Christian Union, \$83,701.00; American Tract Society, New York, \$421,363.97; American Tract Society, Boston, \$190,948.29; American Bible Society, \$677,851.36. The cash receipts from donations, legacies, etc., to the three societies last named above, were as follows: American Tract Society, New York, \$126,027.73; American Tract Society, Boston, \$64,633.62; American Bible Society, \$273,129.20; American Board of Missions (eight mos.), \$257,888.00; Congregational Union, \$13,977.00. How much more "benevolent" would it have been in the donors had they appropriated the above amounts for the relief of our maimed and sickly soldiers, or in aid of the thousands of poor widows and children of soldiers who lost their lives on the battle-field. It is a disgrace to humanity that such sums as are enumerated above are expended in circulating tracts filled with stupid utterances, the teachings of which tend directly to continue the simple-minded in ignorance and superstition.

Jefferson Davis.

The rebel chief is in duress vile at Fortress Monroe. The circumstances attending his capture were not especially calculated to inspire his followers and admirers with respect for him, although they will probably none the less bewail the fate which seems to have overtaken him. His family were taken with him to his present place of confinement, but a final parting had to be submitted to when he left the steamer to go to his cell at the fort. It is reported that he will be tried for treason first, whether his trial on the charge of complicity with the assassination of the President is afterwards undertaken or not. Of his conviction and condemnation no one presumes to entertain a doubt. Of the certainty of his punishment there seems to be as little question. He is a poor, broken, wretched, guilty man. His fall, with the collapse of his scheme for a rebel government, is one of the most sudden and remarkable events in history. He has already been indicted, by the Grand Jury sitting at Washington, for treason; so also has Breckinridge.

The Picnic Season.

The time for outdoor recreation, or rather out of town excursions, has arrived, and we are pleased to be able to inform our friends in this vicinity that Dr. Gardner is making arrangements for a grand Spiritualist Picnic at Island Grove, Abington. Full particulars will be given in a future number of the Banner when the first one of the season will take place.

D. D. Home, the Medium.

The New York correspondent ("Straw" Jr.) of the Springfield Republican, writing under date of May 10th, thus flippantly draws a pen portrait of Mr. Home—who sailed from New York for Europe in the 13th, and is to be married soon, so rumor says, to a rich Scotch lady:

"I really have had a sensation! I have heard Home, the great spiritual medium, read. It was a stormy night, and there was but a handful of people at Dodworth's Hall, though Home had never before given a public reading in New York. The programme did not appear attractive, and I had made every preparation to be disappointed when Home entered the room. A change came over the spirit of my dream, for Home's personality alone is sufficient to absorb a playgoer's attention for hours. Fancy, a Republican, the most distinguished man that you have seen for years, and then you will not have reached the plane on which Home stands. The man is a fascinating study. His figure is singularly fine and graceful, his hands and feet beautiful, the former being the embodiment of artistic genius. 'Show me a man's hand, and I will tell you what he is.' Lowater would say. His dressing is exquisite. Do you realize what it is to see a man well dressed? It is one form of divine revelation. Then Home's head is so perfectly shaped, is so marvelous in expression. He is of the blonde type, with beautiful hair, fine teeth, a good mouth, and eyes that really look as though they saw things in heaven and earth not dreamed of in our philosophy. In appearance, at least, he is one of the illuminated. I never before saw what would be called an illuminated face. And now how does he read? Beautifully, wonderfully. His pathos is exquisite, his humor perfect. His reading of an apostrophe to the 'American flag,' by one Squash, of California, in Yankee dialect, was great. Why the audience did not go drunk with the delight is because the audience did not appreciate the genius of the reader. His rendering of Browne's stirring poem on the 'Hartford in Mobile Bay, August 5th, 1864,' was superb. Home would make a great actor. He is grace itself, his manner is thoroughly refined, his voice rich and of large compass, his facial expression unequalled. Home is a marvel. He is one of those gifted creatures that nature makes every now and then to show what she can do when in the mood. He has that personal magnetism without which no reader, no speaker, can hold an audience."

Mr. Charles H. Foster's Mediumship.

In company with a friend we visited Mr. Foster's rooms not long since, for the express purpose of testing his medium powers. In the meantime, we made arrangements with two ladies to be present at the séance, they being entire strangers to Mr. Foster. We had been seated, but a few moments, when the medium observed that he was in a very harmonious condition that morning, and we might therefore expect some good tests. And sure enough he was, as the following will show: "Examine the back of my right hand," said Mr. F. We did so. He then remarked, "Do you observe anything unusual in the appearance of the skin?" We answered in the negative, still closely scrutinizing him. In less than a minute there came upon the back of the hand three blood-red letters. Mr. F., pointing to one of the ladies, said, "Madam, these are the initials of a deceased child of yours. It was eight years of age when it passed away." The lady accosted burst into tears, while she admitted that the initials corresponded with the name of her darling child. Mr. F. then gave his name in full.

After a brief period, the scarlet letters disappeared, and, in their place, the name of the late husband of the other lady appeared, to the surprise of all present. The widow was astonished, but admitted the truthfulness of the manifestation. Both the ladies were skeptics, never having before witnessed any spiritual manifestations.

We learn that Mr. Foster will vacate the rooms now occupied by him, at No. 6 Suffolk Place, some time during the present week. He intends making a tour through Maine.

Emma Hardinge's Lectures.

The lecture on Sunday afternoon, May 21st, on the theme of "A Soul in Search of God," was peculiarly interesting to many, and purported to be the experience of a Boston minister in spirit-life. The evening discourse was on "Martin Luther, as a Spirit," giving a necessarily brief review of his career for the three hundred years previous to 1846.

Miss Hardinge closed her engagement to lecture in this city, last Sunday. The entire course was remarkable for ability and depth of research—boundlessly supplying thought for the mind and food for the soul, and each lecture was delivered with an eloquence rarely equalled by female orators.

If it is possible, she intends to rest during the interim prior to her departure for Europe. If she lectures in England, she will create a sensation, and we doubt not the people there will gladly hear her, although it be an innovation upon their custom.

Labor at the South.

There are serious complaints made that in Virginia there is no labor to be had, and in the corn-raising districts there is no seed corn. For an hundred miles in all directions around Richmond, farms are lying open without any fences, there are no cattle to be seen, horses and mules are entirely wanting; and men of any color cannot be got as laborers at any price. Implements of husbandry are generally destroyed. Those who had tools to work with before the ravages of war overtook them, have nothing of the sort left them now. The farms, where grain used to grow in abundance, feeding large populations, are now left much better than desolations. Unless something shall be done for the relief of these people, there must be great suffering during the approaching winter. They will look for a famine as the first visitor, and for pestilence as the second. The question of organizing a new labor system for the South, is one of the weightiest of all that have been presented to us yet.

The Sanitary Fair.

The Boston Committee, on behalf of the Sanitary Fair, have forwarded the donations collected in this city and vicinity for the Spiritual Department, care of Mrs. J. S. Fuller, Chicago. Those who intend to make further donations, should hereafter send them direct to Mrs. Fuller's care, instead of leaving them at this office, so that no time will be lost, as the Fair has already opened. There is still time enough for any one who desires to help the poor disabled soldier, to do so, as the Fair will probably continue open several weeks.

Spiritual Food.

We have received, in supply, in pamphlet form—the two discourses delivered by F. L. H. Willis, in New York, recently, including the letter addressed by him to the late Unitarian Convention. The three productions, which are very interesting, can be had on application, to us, at the very moderate price of twenty cents. The addresses are on "The Eternal Home of the Spirit," and "The Spirit's Glorious Life," which we consider among the best of Mr. Willis's able inspirational efforts, and should be circulated in every town and hamlet in the land.

New Publications.

THE HOME MANUAL; or, The Economical Cook and House-Book. By Elizabeth Nicholson. Philadelphia: Williams & Evans. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co.

This book is stuffed and crammed with valuable hints on the daily duties of a housekeeper. It contains nearly five hundred receipts for cooking, preserving, pickling, washing, ironing, gardening, plain and fancy needlework, putting up of winter stores, and for other highly useful and altogether necessary offices pertaining to a well-ordered household. This is the 15th edition of the little work, which abundantly shows its usefulness and popularity. Even an old bachelor—like one we know—can find recreation in running over the pages of so entertaining a volume. The ladies everywhere will want it, and will never suffer it from their presence afterwards.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, June, 1865. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

An unusual variety of interesting papers appear in this number. Mr. Wells has a very readable "Letter About England." Gail Hamilton, in "A Prose Homage," is as sharp and exhilarating as usual. Rose Terry gives a capital story, entitled "Dely's Cow." Then there is an instructive account of the "Great Lakes," by S. C. Clarke; a lively reminiscence of "John Brown's Raid"; an interesting sketch, by Mr. Conway, of Richard Cobden; "Late Scenes in Bloomsbury," by Carleton, in his best vein; and a timely and just dissertation by Bancroft on "The Place of Abraham Lincoln in History." The poetry of the number is better than usual.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, June, 1865. Harper & Brothers: New York. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

The illustrations in this number are profuse. Washoe Revisited gives the rough side of life in the mining regions; "From Teheran to Samarcand" is full of illustrations. Abbott continues his history of Heroic Men, with a portrait of Gen. McCall. "Recollections of Gen. Grant," with a portrait, is quite interesting; "The University of Oxford" is concluded; Wilkie Collins and Charles Dickens each furnish several more chapters of their pleasing stories, which, with the monthly record of current events, and other matters, make this number a choice one.

MANUAL OF LIGHT GYMNASTICS, for instruction in classes and private use, is the title of a very neat illustrated handbook, published by D. P. Butler & Co., 142 Washington street, Boston. The compilation is made by W. L. Rathe, a graduate of the Boston Institute for Physical Education. It will help many a person to robust health who is in need of that very desirable article now.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL, and **THE LADY'S FRIEND** are both elegantly illustrated, with fashion plates, &c., and filled with their usual variety of reading matter. A. Williams & Co. have them for sale.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW for June is filled with good things.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Nichols & Noyes: "Fair Fingers," a novel, by Anna Corn Ritchie; "Hugh Worthington," a novel, by Mary J. Holmes; "Superior Fishing," by Roosevelt. From Peterson & Brothers: "Love and Money," by J. B. Jones; "Life of Abraham Lincoln."

The Spiritualists' Convention.

The Convention meets in the Melancon, (Tremont Temple) on Tuesday, and will continue in session three days. The interesting and important subject to be considered will, undoubtedly, draw a large number of people together. We hope to give a synopsis of each day's proceedings. A special invitation has been extended to Andrew Jackson Davis and lady to be present at the Convention this week, and we hope nothing will occur to deter them from coming. Mr. D. is deeply interested in the welfare of children, and as this subject is to be one of the prominent topics that will come before the Convention for discussion, many will be disappointed if he should not be here to participate in it.

Should Mr. Davis visit Boston, he will be invited to lecture next Sunday in Lyceum Hall.

Suffrage for All.

It is being urged with a great deal of energy that there can be no permanent peace at the South, and no real security for all classes alike, until the freed blacks are admitted to the enjoyment of the elective franchise equally with the whites. It is maintained that the reason why the West India emancipation scheme by England resulted in smaller crops from these islands, instead of larger ones, was because, although the negro was indeed free, he was still dealt with as a mental instead of a man. And the argument is therefore made, that we shall only escape the same misfortune that befell Great Britain in its management of the emancipation question, by avoiding her error; and that if we would indeed redeem the South, we must accord free suffrage to all classes of her citizens. There will be a good deal of discussion over the matter, and it is not unlikely that in many of the States the experiment will be tried.

Mexico.

Late accounts make it appear that the Liberals in Mexico are gaining fast over the Imperialists. Maximilian has got no fool of a job before him to perform. He can hardly expect to call on Napoleon for help, hoping to get it, for the Emperor of the French finds himself in a corner too. If the latter be a true statesman instead of a mere politician, he will not hesitate to avow his mistake by retracting his steps, and retreating from his dilemma. If he does not, time will not fail to find him involved in a war with the United States, and in the control of the neighboring republic; and, in such a war, he can hardly expect to have either the sympathy or assistance of England. He succeeded in entrapping her into one war; he will not be so successful again. The interests of England do not lie in the direction of war, but rather of peace. The few months to come will probably furnish most interesting events for the student of public affairs.

The Welcome Breeze.

There has been much wet weather through the month of May, but it has all been good for the husbandman. The rains in May always give a good stand for grass; if it secures that, the hotter suns of June, and early July ripen it after the farmer's heart. But the vegetation has all been helped by the late rains in a wonderful degree. It is as brilliant as we remember ever to have seen it at this season; so thick and green, so dark and sheltering, in its appearance. The birds are as happy as the bees are busy. Anywhere along the edge of the woods the squirrels are racing and chattering with their little heads full of joy. The sun is as brilliant as it can be, flaming through the sky as a prophet, as a sign. This is the time of pledges and promises, the season of hope. Spring and early summer are a fresh delight, every year. We always seem to take a new lease of life then.

Mesmerism and Spiritualism.

Mr. James Carpenter, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, writes to the London Spiritual Times as follows: "After reading the lecture which appeared in the Spiritual Times, 'The Relation of Mesmerism to Spiritualism,' I was induced to desire a friend to allow a little girl, fourteen years of age, who is both clairvoyant and clairaudient, to be mesmerized, but her guardian would not consent, stating that there was no necessity to mesmerize her to see visions, and telling her to sit back, which she did. Presently the medium turned to me, and said, 'My eyes are now fixed; I could not open them were you to give me a thousand pounds.' I then inquired, 'How do you close your eyes in such a manner?' Answer, 'The spirit passes its hand across my eyes and mesmerizes them.' 'Do you see spirits now?' 'Oh yes; there are twelve here at this moment. There is an old lady standing here; she is going to speak.' The medium then spoke as the spirit dictated.

After having been for almost an hour with her eyes closed, she expressed a desire herself that they might be opened, and eventually called the cat to her, and, placing her hand on the animal's head, spoke. The reason of this was, she said, that the cat being highly charged with magnetism, the current was directed from herself to the cat. On another evening, the girl was mesmerized by a mesmerizer whose efforts to demerize her were entirely baffled, the subject laughing at him the while, and telling him he could not take her; but that she would wake at a given time, which she did. Deeming this a good illustration of Mr. Powell's theory, I take the liberty of troubling you with this note."

New Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington-street, have just issued a "Funeral March—to the Memory of Abraham Lincoln." Music by Donizetti. An excellent likeness of the late lamented President accompanies the music.

Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, New York, has just published the following pieces of music, which are also for sale by Ditson & Co.: "Funeral March," dedicated to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, music by Mrs. E. A. Parkhurst, with a likeness of Mr. Lincoln; "Gen. W. T. Sherman's Grand Triumphant March," with a portrait of the hero, music by G. O. Norman; "Richmond is Ours," words by A. J. H. Duganne, music by Mrs. Parkhurst; "Oh, Send me One Flower from his Grave," a ballad by Mrs. M. A. Kiddle, music by Mrs. Parkhurst; "A Gloom is cast o'er all the Land," song and choros, words and music by Henry Schroeder, on the memory of our lamented President; "We are Marching on to Victory," words by Vickie Spencer, music by Carl Herman.

Coming Down.

In Boston, they put down coal last week to ten dollars the ton, and it was expected that to-day it would touch eight dollars. The expectation is general that in a very few weeks, within a month at farthest, we shall be buying coal here at from six to seven dollars per ton. That is reasonable, and a good deal better than seventeen dollars, where it was not very long ago. Prices of provisions and meats are also falling, but not so rapidly. Beef has sustained a large fall, however. Gold keeps at about the old figure—130—varying from one to two per cent. every few days, but little depends now on the quoted value of that metal. The plentifulness of labor is going to make a great deal of difference about prices in living for a time, but we shall find in the end that there will be as large a demand for labor as there will be supply.

Mason & Hamlin's Cabinet Organ.

We know of no musical instrument so versatile in its adaptability to various positions and requirements as the above named instrument. For the church it is grand and impressive; for the drawing-room it is a fine accompaniment for both sacred and secular music, besides enabling one to reproduce by his own finger-boards those glorious compositions of Bach, Handel, Mendelssohn and others whose works have heretofore been sealed volumes to all save those who have had access to large church organs; and for the concert room, both when used as a solo instrument or in connection with the piano, violin or violoncello, its effects are surprising and incomparable. For all these purposes it is an economical instrument, the price being nothing like commensurate with its value, from a musical point of view.

Franklin House, Portsmouth, N. H.

This well-known hotel has lately been leased by Messrs. J. G. Hadley and J. S. Perkins, and is being renovated in the most thorough manner. Gen. Hadley has been a very popular landlord for many years. He kept the Farmers' Hotel, afterwards known as the Piscataqua House, nearly thirty years, and the ability with which he conducted this well-known hotel will insure him success in his present location. The public will always find at this hotel a bounteous spread table and the choicest edibles the market affords.

Notes from Rochester, N. Y.

In going from Boston to Chicago, to attend the "Great Fair," I find myself in this "Flour City"—though just now it can be more appropriately called the City of Flowers—during this beautiful Sabbath.

The weather is warm, almost uncomfortable, but Nature has donned her best attire, and is preaching through her thousands of mediums, animate and inanimate; and the soul of the being who fails to get some touches of inspiration therefrom, must be dark and cold.

One is instinctively looking about him when he comes to Rochester, for some striking indications of spiritual life and power; some deep, strong evidences of the practical workings of this moral and spiritual revolution, which is sweeping over the whole civilized world, and will soon rock and shake it to the very foundation. For here is its birthplace and cradle; and there is a kind of undefinable awe creeps over me, as I tread its busy streets, and think over the past, and the associations which cling to the names "ROCHESTER," "SPIRIT," "GOD," "HUMANITY." But in stepping out of the atmosphere of reveries and speculations, and getting into the daylight of steam and reality; we are quite sure at all times to meet with more or less of disappointment; and the case before us is quite illustrative of this theory.

There is not that unity of effort and concert of action among the friends of Spiritualism in Rochester that there should and must be before any strides in advance can be taken.

Personal bickerings, jealousies, and the loss, through great worldly prosperity, of the sympathy and cooperation of some of the older and most efficient workers, has greatly impaired and weakened the cause in this, its birthplace.

But there are many earnest, faithful souls still left, who, cling to the cause, and will sustain it. Brother Bartis and his faithful wife—God bless them—are ever at work, doing everything that is left undone, or that no one else is ready to do. How invaluable such faithful, earnest souls are in any good cause; can only be understood and appreciated by their co-workers in the form, and the glorified band on the other side.

Miss Nettie Colburn, trance speaker, has been filling a short engagement here, and is engaged to

remain for the month of June. She spoke twice to-day, with much power, and I am sure with good results to the cause. In the afternoon, Dr. Banford, when in the form of Conn., took possession of the medium, and in his unique and pungent style, spoke from the text, "Come, let us reason together." The old Doctor has lost none of his individualities since he passed to the other side, and his manner of driving home the truth with his "exactly," has been rather improved than otherwise since his sojourn in spirit-land.

In the evening, the subject was selected by the audience: "What has been the effect of the Thirty Years' War upon the Civilization and Religion of Europe?"—a subject of vast compass, indeed, but handled by the controlling spirit, through Miss Colburn, with consummate skill and ability. At the close, some questions were proposed by different persons in the audience, and answered through the medium in a most satisfactory manner. Altogether, I feel that the day's work will produce not a little good fruit, and I sincerely pray that the labors of the earnest, faithful souls, working in this, the oldest vineyard of the now vast field of Spiritualism, may reap, for the coming month, an abundant harvest. I may attend next Sabbath in Cincinnati, and, if I see anything which seems worthy of interest to your readers, I will send it to you. W. B. B. Rochester, N. Y., May 21, 1865.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We shall print in our next paper a report of a three days' meeting held in Greensboro', Ind., May 12, 13 and 14, for which we are indebted to Mrs. Lois Walsbrook.

Mrs. Eliza C. Clark, well known as one of our finest thinkers and speakers, is on a visit in Boston, and, for a short time, will respond to calls for lecturing. Address the Banner office.

Dr. A. P. Pierce announces in another column that he has removed to his new residence, No. 2 Hollis place, where he will be happy to receive patients.

Those who wish to consult an excellent clairvoyant, are recommended to visit Mrs. H. B. Gillette, 330 Washington street.

We would call the attention of our readers to the prospectus in another column of the Banner of Light. The corps of contributors for this paper, embracing as it does writers of the best talent and among the most advanced minds of the age, strongly commend it to every unprejudiced mind who has a longing desire for spiritual food.—Weekly News, Dryden, N. Y.

Why is the Springfield Republican a little Dutch? Because it is connected with Holland.

A good set of teeth is a grand promoter of health, besides adding to one's good looks. Dr. A. B. Child, 50 School street, turns out excellent work at remarkably low prices. He furnishes entire sets on gold, silver or vulcanite plate.

It is said that the Viceroys of Egypt have given up their project of a visit to Paris, because the astrologers have pronounced against it.

At a series of races in the vicinity of Rome, Miss Charlotte Cushman had a horse which took the prize, and another which came in second best in another race.

"WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT."—Discord, harmony least understood.—Shakespeare.

Invalids will notice Dr. U. Clark's new card on this page of the Banner.

The new three-cent piece in size is precisely that of the dime, in existence a few years ago. The obverse bears the head of Liberty, with the legend "United States of America," and the date "1865." The reverse has the Roman numerals "III," surrounded by a wreath.

Gen. Howard, Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau, closes his first circular letter with the following remark: "The negro should understand that he is really free, but on no account, if able to work, should he harbor the thought that the Government will support him in idleness."

In what key should a lover write a proposal? Be mine, ah!

The performing elephant Hannibal, the largest animal ever exhibited in this country, died at Centreville, Pa., on the 7th inst. He was eleven feet eight inches high, and his weight fifteen thousand pounds.

"Come here, Johnny, and tell me what the four seasons are." Young prodigy—"Pepper, salt, mustard and vinegar."

CHARITY—I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that, from which perhaps within a few days I should dissent myself.—Thomas Baigue.

God takes notice of every particular child of his, as if there were none else; and yet takes notice of all, as if they were but one man.

What is the difference between ancient and modern chivalry? One wore coats of male and the other coats of female.

The young lady to her waterfall—"False one I love thee still."

Young men are often gay deceivers; old ones are sometimes gray deceivers.

Whenever you feel inclined to cry, just change your mind and laugh.

Two things are necessary to the traveler in life, as well as on the roads: a knowledge of his way and a perseverance in it.

Happiness is like a pig with a greased tail, which every one runs after, but nobody can hold.

The following notice of BARON LIEBIG'S FOOD for infants and invalids, is taken from the London Lancet of January 7, 1865:

"With that remarkable estimation of the greatness of small things, which is one of the most valuable of his many high intellectual qualities, and with a tender appreciation of the importance of small people, Baron Liebig devotes a special article in an English scientific periodical to the description of a new article of diet which he conceives to be the most fitting substitute for the natural nutriment for those children who are by circumstance robbed of their mother's milk. It is well known that cow's milk does not adequately represent the milk of a healthy woman, and when wheaten flour is added, as is usually the case, the infant is not only unfitted for the nourishment of the infant, the change of it into sugar in the stomach during digestion, imposes an unnecessary labor on the organism, which will be secured if the starch be beforehand transformed into the soluble forms of sugar and dextrine. This he effects by adding to the wheaten flour a small quantity of milk. As wheaten flour and milk contain less alkali than woman's milk, he supplies this when preparing the soup.

The immediate food element for his making the soup was that one of his granddaughters could not be suckled by its mother, and that another required, besides the mother's milk, a more concentrated food. In a small trial, he found that in other families where it had been introduced, the soup proved an excellent food, the children thriving perfectly well, and many a petty suffering disappeared after some weeks' use of the soup. He of ten takes it prepared with ten parts of milk and one part of malt flour, with tea for his breakfast. He adds that Dr. Von Pleier, the most renowned physician in Munich, has induced the authorities of the town to keep for sale the mixture, as it is as accessible at all times. The malt flour ought to be always freshly made from the malt."

It will have been noticed by advertisement in our columns, that Messrs. J. R. Nichols & Co., Manufacturing Chemists of Boston, prepare Prof. Liebig's Food in large quantities. They are well known careful chemists, and the accuracy and purity of the article is therefore fully assured.

L. L. Farnsworth, Medium for Answering Sealed Letters.

Persons enclosing five three-cent stamps, \$2.00 and sealed letter, will receive a prompt reply. Address, Box 3877, Chicago, Ill. Residence, 459 West Lake street.

James V. Mansfield, Trance Medium.

Answers sent letters, at 102 West 16th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

Bread for the Suffering Poor.

Fresh bread, to a limited extent, from a bakery in this city, will be delivered to the suffering poor on tickets issued at the Banner of Light office.

Not to Correspondents.

(We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.)

J. H. L. CROWN POINT, IND.—810 received.

J. H. L. SACRAMENTO, CAL.—Letter received and forwarded.

A. S. H. SARATOGA SPRINGS.—Box and letter received.

A. B. J. PHILADELPHIA.—Send them along; we will circulate them.

Continues the most Profound Source of Ill Health, Dr. H. L. Farnsworth, LUNZ, induced by all the medical journals as the most successful, convenient, effective and sure remedy for Catarrhs, Dyspepsia, Piles, Pleasants to the palate, cause no pain, not promptly, never require increase of dose, do not exhaust, and for elderly persons, females and children are just the thing. Two taken at night move the bowels once the next morning. Warranted in all cases of the Piles and Falling of the Rectum. We promise a cure for all symptoms of Dyspepsia, such as Oppression after Eating, Sour Stomach, Spitting of Food, Palpitations; also, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back and Loins, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Sick Headache, Constipation, Rheumatism, Liver Complaint, Loss of Appetite, Debility, Monthly Pains and all irregularities, Nerve Pain, Fatigue, &c.

Travelers and the Lungs just what they need, as they are so compact and inodorous that they may be carried in the vest pocket.

For sale by J. S. HARRISON & CO., No. 1 Tremont Temple, Boston, and by all Druggists. 4w—May 27.

Blacking, Blueing, &c. Use the Liquid Blacking and Navy Paste Blacking, also the "Laundry Blue," made by D. F. BROWN & CO., Boston. Ask your grocer for them; you will be sure to like them. 6w 6m—March 25.

But METAL-TIPPED SHOES for children's every-day wear. Order will not wear three pairs without them. Sold everywhere. 2m—April 22.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

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

MASON & HAMLIN'S CABINET ORGANS, ONE TO TWELVE STOPS!

IN CASES OF

BLACK WALNUT.....	\$110 to \$600 each.
CARVED and PANELLED WALNUT.....	200 to 500 each.
DAPPLED WALNUT.....	200 to 500 each.
OAK.....	110 to 600 each.
OAK, with Walnut Carvings.....	200 to 500 each.
ROSEWOOD.....	135 to 800 each.
EBONY, Engraved and Gilt.....	250 to 700 each.
BLACK WALNUT and EBONY, Richly Carved and Panelled.....	1200 each.

These instruments are conceded by musical connoisseurs to be unrivalled by any other of their general class, whether European or American. A recent number of the Leipzig Siegel, the leading musical journal of Germany, admits their superiority.

For endorsement of the superiority of these instruments, the manufacturers refer with confidence to the most eminent organists and artists generally of New York, and other principal cities.

The attention of those desiring very elegant furniture is invited to several new styles just finished. Descriptive Catalogues sent by mail to any address.

SALESROOMS:

274 Washington Street, Boston.
500 Broadway, New York.
June 3—3m

MATCHLESS CURES, WITHOUT MEDICINE.

NATUROPATHY—FOR ALL HUMAN MALADIES.

DR. URIAH CLARK, PRACTICAL NATUROPATHIC PHYSICIAN, Sees Disease of a Glance! Heals by Nature's Agency! Permanently! Often Cures Immediately by Powers Once deemed Mysterious!

DR. CLARK'S NATUROPATHIC HEALTH INSTITUTE, first of the kind ever founded, insuring thorough, systematic treatment, free from all undue pretences and false promises, against which the public receive cautioning—now permanent cures—of all chronic and acute diseases, and all ailments, cure in 10 to 30 minutes. Patients needing treatment a week or more, on short notice can be taken at the Institute, where a general house, late residence of Dr. H. J. Bigelow, and consecrated to sacred uses in behalf of the afflicted. Agreeable assistants cooperate with Dr. Clark to afford visitors a general house and bath, and a consultation free. Free religious services with music, Sundays 10 A. M. Letters promptly answered, and Circulars with terms, list of cures and testimonials, sent on request, or by return mail, and by express, supererogatory. The poor free Tuesday and Friday forenoons.

Address, DR. URIAH CLARK, 18 Chalmers street, Boston, Mass. June 2.

WILL BE ISSUED BY WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

128 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, On Saturday, June 24, 1865,

THE GIST OF SPIRITUALISM,

BY WARREN CHASE.

BEING A COURSE OF FIVE LECTURES delivered by him in Washington last January, embracing a concise and condensed review of the Philosophy and Destiny of Spiritualism, viewed separately and related by Science to Philosophy, to Religion, to Government and to Social Life. These Lectures are sharp in their criticisms, pointed in their comparisons, and clear in their statements. The strong, rational grounds assumed will particularly interest the thinking and intellectual reader, and are well calculated to fill a place in Spiritual Literature heretofore not filled.

A Liberal discount made to the trade. Price, at retail, 50 cents. For sale at this office. June 2.

PROF. LIEBIG'S

FOOD FOR CHILDREN AND INVALIDS.

THIS highly nutritious and pleasant food, so popular in Germany and England, was devised the past year by the celebrated chemist, Baron Liebig, of Berlin. Infants who are denied milk, and children who refuse to eat, and adults who are consumptive, dyspeptic, or feeble from any cause, will find it a most valuable and healthful food. It is well adapted for the sick, the aged, and the infirm. It is sold by Messrs. J. R. NICHOLS & CO., Manufacturing Chemists, 100 Congress street, have made arrangements to prepare this food in large quantities, and to send it by express, and by mail, and to supply it to all who desire it. It is sold by all Druggists and Grocers in all cities and large towns. The careful that each package has upon it the name of the preparer, Messrs. J. R. N. & CO. 2m—June 3.

MRS. P. M. PRICE,

INDEPENDENT CLAIRVOYANT.

AND PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN. Office and Residence 412 South Chicago street, CHICAGO, ILL. With returning health Mrs. Price again takes the field, and with a thorough knowledge of Medicine, Hygiene and Hydropathic Practice, offers to the afflicted a well-earned and long-sought relief. Independent clairvoyance, offers inducements to the afflicted equalled in all Osteopathic and Treatment of Diseases of Females, has no superior. Consultation free. Letters of inquiry should contain stamp for return postage.

Residence—Jno. Mayhew, N. D., Middle Branch, Chicago, Co., Minn.; J. M. Peckie, Middle Creek, Mich.; C. E. McKenzie, Druggist, Cleveland, O.; C. M. Waterman, Chicago, Ill.; Geo. W. Ellis, U. S. Cal., Davenport, Iowa; Wm. T. Norris, Rock Island, Ill. June 3.

JAMES J. LAVIS IN CHINOLIN.

A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LAST SCENE IN "THE CONFEDERACY," with a correct portrait of JEFF. DAVIS, also, fine Photographs of PRESIDENT JOHNSON, GEN. BURNETT, GEN. LEE, GEN. BEAUREGARD, and J. WILKES BOOTH—all from life, and the best that can be had. Price 25 cents each, or the six for ONE DOLLAR. Sent, postpaid, by ARDEN & CO., PUBLISHERS, BOSTON. June 3—1w

TWO DISCOURSES,

BY REV. F. L. WILLIS, DELIVERED before the FINCH SOCIETY of SPIRITUALISTS, at the request of the Congregational Church, Boston. To which is appended, also, by request, a Letter addressed by Mr. Willis to the Unitarian Convention recently held in New York. Price, 20 cents; postage free. For sale at this office. June 3.

A CARD-REMOVAL.

THIS is to inform my numerous patients and friends, in city and country, that I have purchased and fitted up a new and commodious office, in the Brick House No. 24 HOLLIS PLACE, leading out of Hollis street, near Washington and Tremont streets, Boston, where I shall be happy to wait on them, and prescribe for all kinds of diseases, and give advice, as usual. DR. A. P. PIERCE. June 3.

DR. P. B. BRISTOL

HAS just returned home from his successful engagements in the East, and is now ready to heal the sick, as usual. He may be addressed at all times at Auburn, N. Y. 2w—June 2.

PSYCHOMETRICAL READING BY PHOTOGRAPH.

By sending your photograph, accompanied by \$1, and a red stamp to pay return postage, you will get (by return mail) a card of identification of character. These identifications are pronounced astonishingly perfect by all who have witnessed them.

I shall be in Chicago during the Sanitary Fair, June 3.

REV. H. F. DANIEL, Lafayette, Ind.

MRS. LOUGE, Clairvoyant Physician, will receive the sick and relieve suffering at No. 2 Freeport Place, leading from 10th Washington street. Hours from 9 A. M. to 12 M. 1 P. M. to 6 P. M. Examinations, \$1.00. 2w—June 2

MISS E. F. HATHORNE, HEALING AND PSYCHOMETRICAL, THURSDAY AND IMPERIAL MEDICAL, No. 10 AVON PLACE, Boston. 4w—June 3.

MRS. COTTON, SUGGESTIVE HEALING MEDICINE, No. 11 East 24th street, near 2d Avenue, New York City. 2w—June 2.

THE BEST MOVABLE COMB

KEE-HIVE IN THE WORLD! Send stamp for Book Circular. K. P. KIDDER, Burlington, Vt.

ITALIAN QUEEN for sale, from the most celebrated importations. For particulars, address: K. P. KIDDER, Burlington, Vt.

Mendenhall's Patent Hand Loom, Operated by a crank, for weaving Flax, Wool, Hemp, Cotton and Silk; being the only complete Loom ever invented. For particular circular stamp for Circular to the manufacturer for the Eastern States. K. P. KIDDER, Burlington, Vt. May 20. 2w

PETERSON'S

NEW COOK BOOK;

OR, USEFUL AND PRACTICAL RECIPES FOR THE HOUSEWIFE, AND THE UNINITIATED,

CONTAINING EIGHT HUNDRED AND FIFTY-THREE NEW AND ORIGINAL RECIPES FOR COOKING AND PREPARING ALL KINDS OF

Poultry,	Vegetables,	Made Dishes,
Fowls,	Turneps,	Preserves,
Omelets,	Pasties,	Deserts,
Jellies,	Pickles,	Pottings,
Meats,	Relishes,	Sauces,
Soups,	Wines,	Cakes,
Pies,	Rolls,	Fish, &c.

Together with valuable information to all

Message Department.

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

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

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Circle Room.

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

Invocation.

Holy, holy art thou, oh God, our God. Soul of Wisdom, we would drink in of thy life as the earth drinks in these vernal showers; and in return we would honor thee by great and holy deeds; ay, we would weave every thought into some form of beauty, strength and perfectness, with which to crown thee. Even as the earth yields up her golden treasures at the command of law, so do we yield up the inner treasures of our lives at the command of this same mighty and immutable law. Oh Spirit of Infinite Truth, though there have been times and places in our experience when the sun of thy love seemed darkened, when all the flowers have died, and the clear streams have dried up, yet for even these we find praises; for even these dispensations of thy most holy law we praise thee to-day. As night holds within its heart day, so every sunbeam must hold in its heart the shadow. Darkness and light go hand in hand, weakness and strength walk side by side, death and life are folded in a close embrace. Oh our God, teach us to pray. Teach us to pray as the earth prays; as the sun and stars pray. Teach us, oh God, to clothe ourselves with the purest mantle of prayer. Teach us to drink in that divine element that lifts us higher and nearer to thee. Teach us to love thee, to serve thee, to praise thee forever. Amen. March 30.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are now ready to answer inquiries.

Q.—To what extent does the social law affect the universe?

A.—We are not aware that social laws, so called, can in any sense affect universal law, or universal life, which means the same.

Q.—If it affects the whole universe, then what is the effect produced when a planet is dissolved?

A.—The answer to the first will also be the answer to the second.

CHAIRMAN.—A. G. G., a correspondent from Marion, Ind., asks:

Q.—If the moon has any effect on vegetation, such as planted vegetables, fruit trees, flaxseed, &c., what is the philosophy of it?

A.—The moon holds very close relationship to the earth, and in consequence of that near relationship, the earth must be affected by the life of the moon, and in turn the moon by the life of the earth. The entire vegetable and animal and mineral creations, all are affected by planetary influences, more or less. This seems to be a law in Nature, and, to Nature, it is an immutable law.

CHAIRMAN.—G. C., of Stockport, N. Y., sends the following questions:

1st Q.—In communications we are taught that our spirit-friends watch and protect us, sympathize with us, &c.; yet we are allowed to go into the greatest danger or trouble unwarmed and unassisted by word or deed. Why is this?

A.—Simply because the inhabitants of the spirit-world are not self-constituted policemen and guides of mortality. Too many, we know, are laboring under this false idea for it is false. We are oftentimes attracted to you by conditions that surround you—by conditions of your own inner life; oftentimes by your intense thought of us. But it is false that we follow you and watch your every act. If we did, you would lose your own individuality; your own strength would become mere automatic. It were better that whole universes be sent suddenly into the second sphere of life, than that one soul should lose its individuality.

2d Q.—If, as it is said in spiritual life, all things are present—no future—why is not this fatalism in the most absolute sense? and how is it possible to vary one thought, motion or deed?

A.—It is an absolute fact that you can exist only in the present. The present is yours, the past is not, neither is the future. Eternity is one over-present. Now it matters not whether it be in the element of time, or in that condition beyond human life.

CHAIRMAN.—We have received the following questions from H. H., of Philadelphia, Pa.:

1st Q.—Can not the phenomena of spirit-rapping and table-tipping be produced by means of occult force?

A.—And what is occult force? Does your correspondent know? Perhaps he does not. It is the magnetic aura by which every human being is surrounded. It is through that that these manifestations are mainly produced.

2d Q.—Are not spirit-pictures produced by the artist reading the mind of the person who desires a picture of a departed friend, rather than a bona fide view of the spirits returned from the spirit-land?

A.—This is sometimes so; but there are exceptions. Sometimes the artist sees the spirit internally, sometimes externally, and sometimes the view is gained from the mind of those desiring the likeness.

3d Q.—How is it that returned spirits fail to describe the scenery and habits of living in the spirit-land?

A.—We are not aware that they have failed in this respect; indeed, we are quite sure they have not. The failure is on the part of your human understanding.

CHAIRMAN.—A. P. sends the four following inquiries:

1st Q.—Hath Deity more than three grand attributes?

A.—If we could limit the attributes of Deity, we could limit Deity itself.

2d Q.—Are not these Love, Wisdom and Power, clothed with Infinity? Love is a prompting principle, Wisdom contrives ways and means, and Power carries into effect.

A.—We do not agree with your correspondent, for we know that his theory is an unsound one.

3d Q.—And is not man endowed with the same attributes, only in a finite capacity?

A.—Yes, certainly.

4th Q.—And are not those attributes the principle that constitutes life in all animals?

A.—No, we do not so understand it. Life has no definite number of attributes. You might as well try to number its forms, its shapes. You cannot do this. Deity, to us, possesses an infinite number of attributes, each possessing a distinct and powerful individuality of its own.

CHAIRMAN.—Y. S., of Philadelphia, Pa., asks the following question:

Q.—Does the electric current return from the poles to the equator? If so, in what way?

A.—By the law of attraction and repulsion. It certainly does perform that cycle.

Q.—[From the audience.]—What is the reason that spirits sometimes mistake their true condition, and think they are still living on the earth?

A.—Because their surroundings are so similar to what they were when on the earth, that they know no difference. They are still living in the atmosphere of earth, sustained by earthly conditions, and as these persons have had no consciousness of having met with any change, they know nothing of the change, and it is often hard to make them believe they have shaken hands with Death.

Q.—It is said that some spirits require a thousand years to awake to consciousness. Is this true?

A.—Yes, this is true.

Q.—Is time measured with you in spirit-life as with us?

A.—No. Time, with us, is measured by conditions; by thought. But when we return to you, we are obliged to clothe our ideas in such a form that your human senses can understand them.

Q.—Are not the intellectual faculties the same in spirit-life as here?

A.—They are.

Q.—Explain how?

A.—The spirit, after losing its fleshly tabernacle, feels that its days of imprisonment and restraint are over, that it can now act with freedom. There is a certain sense of liberty that seems to spring up with every individual who wakes to consciousness in spirit-life, and so with that consciousness they begin to put forth all the powers that were crumpled and imprisoned here, and intellects that were dimmed and darkened in earth-life, shine out brilliant and perfect in spirit-life.

Q.—Is the faculty called eventuality, or memory, a means of acquiring knowledge in the spirit-world?

A.—It is, certainly. The remembrance of events is to many spirits exceedingly vivid and clear.

Q.—Swedenborg speaks of all knowledge as coming by influx. If this theory be true, it would seem to do away with the organ of memory, would it not?

A.—No; the organ of memory is with you when in earth-life. Memory is a thing infinite to the spirit, and is not circumscribed by any one organ.

Q.—Is forgetfulness a trait in the spiritual character?

A.—Not in its greatest sense. Forgetfulness, in its true sense, means annihilation; the entire washing out of that which has been. You may cease to remember, temporarily; but as memory is eternal with spirit, the spirit can call up scenes that have existed far in the past, at will, always.

Q.—The question was asked here if the human soul ever had an individualized existence before entering the human body; and I believe the answer was in the affirmative. Now, if this be true, why does not the human soul remember that existence?

A.—The soul, as a soul—as an infinite, unlimited intelligence, does remember this; but that memory is not able and cannot project itself into human life. Sometimes, in rare instances, persons receive divine glimmerings of the life that has been with God. Swedenborg, and a few others, have had these glimmerings; but in the main, the door in your external lives to this secret place is closed.

Q.—When our spirits become disembodied, shall we ever have that memory again?

A.—You certainly will.

Q.—Does the spirit controlling remember any of its former existence?

A.—Yes, most clearly—most vividly.

Q.—Can you tell anything of it to us?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Can you remember of having occupied a lower grade of life than your physical form?

A.—Yes; the spirit moves on in cycles. All forms move on in cycles; all life progresses in cycles; therefore all life is constantly repeating itself, so that what has been, may be again. The life of your speaker was very much in the past what it was in the last sphere of its earthly existence.

Q.—Will you explain how the Davenport Brothers have been successfully imitated?

A.—They have not been successfully imitated.

Q.—The same feats are said to have been performed by others.

A.—Many things are said to be done that are not done.

Q.—But this fact was authenticated by report—persons giving their names, etc.

A.—All that may be very true.

Q.—The feats of tying and untying of hands were performed by the Misses Anderson and Sutton.

A.—Yes, and are you sure that the same power did not untie them as the Davenport Brothers? The same feats, so called, that are performed by invisible intelligences through the Davenports, cannot by any possibility be performed aside from the interference of spiritual agency. That you may rest assured of.

Q.—That is what I wished to know, whether those other parties performing the Davenport feats were instruments in the hands of spirits.

A.—Yes, but they do not so understand it, and so they cry out humbug.

Q.—Is it of advantage to have these exposures go about?

A.—It certainly is an advantage, for without the opposition you would hardly know how to live in accordance with your peculiar views. You'd die, as Spiritualists, if you were not met with a spirit of opposition by those differing from you. We would not give a farthing for that Spiritualism that had nothing to oppose it. So long as there is opposition, you may be always sure that your cause is gaining in strength.

Q.—Then war is right.

A.—Certainly, in that sense.

Q.—In the case of those persons performing the same tricks as the Davenport Brothers, might it not have been a similar power that controlled them? We understood you to say it was not.

A.—Are you sure that we said it was not the same power?

Q.—I did not say it was not. I asked if it was the same power.

A.—We distinctly affirmed it was the same power.

Q.—Spirits have power to deceive, or to bring back the same characteristics as they had here, have they not?

A.—Certainly they have.

Q.—That explains the so-called trickery, then.

A.—If you carry all your human proclivities with you to the spirit-world, it is to be supposed

(if you have them) you will bring them with you on that journey of return, and if you have them to return with, you have them to use. Now it should stand you in hand to carry as little of your human weaknesses across the river as possible. Get rid of them here, and you will soon grow in strength and wisdom, in all things that make the soul stand out purely and brightly. March 30.

Timothy Burke.

It's my opinion that some of us don't have much to do about what we shall carry to this new life. [You do not.] It's my opinion; my opinion.

I belonged to that unfortunate class of individuals who was fated to fall into rebel hands and get rough usage. And if ever I cursed God and a part of his creations, it was during the last few days of my life on the earth; now that's so, Captain. I was a firm believer in the overruling power of God, and when I went into the Army I said to myself, now God made the rebels just as much as he did me, and I never mean to be harsh to one of them, if any do fall into my hands. Of course, by military law, I must, when in battle, shoot 'em if I can; but aside from that, I'll deal with them kindly.

Well, I did so, and by-and-by I was wounded and got taken prisoner. First I thought, well, they're an ignorant set of fellows, these prison keepers; they've been brought up nigger drivers, and they don't know any better; but God made 'em, so I must think kindly of 'em. Well, I kept up this train of thinking until the rebels began to put the screws down too hard, and they began to show the devil in their own nature so strong, that it seemed to coax the devil in mine right up to the surface, until I began to fear he'd reign supreme. So I began to pray to God, and in spite of all my praying, the devil kept rising higher. I'd pray one minute and curse the next, and I rather think the curse was the strongest. At any rate, it seemed to be so to me, for in me the devil rose triumphant, and sat on the throne. Now, this was so. I could not help it. I was thrown completely away from God, and I said if he's got all power and exercises that power, he did not care to save me. Well, then I tried, to the best of my ability, to think less bitterly of my enemies, notwithstanding I was used worse than a dog. But as the screws began to tighten, the devil began to rise little higher and higher within me, until at last he gained the mastery over my being.

Well, as I said before, I went, I died in just that kind of way. I felt as though God had deserted me. I did not know where in the devil I was going to. I said, now my religion has been of no use to me. To be sure, when the sun shone bright and high in the heaven of my life, I used to feel my religion a godsend. And I've cursed him anyway, for what he's done for me, because he did not make me stronger when I was weak.

Well, I went out just that way, and when I found myself in the spirit-world I thought it was not very much like hell; was not very much like heaven, either. It seemed to be a something, a kind of—well, I felt as if I was at home there; could not tell why, but I seemed to feel so. But by-and-by, when the news reached my friends that I was dead, they began to think very intensely about me; and by-and-by the atmosphere seemed to grow clearer and clearer, and I see, great God! I was right at home—in my own home. How the devil I got there I did not know; but there I was, out West, in my own home. Now you see what effect their thinking so earnestly about me must have had toward attracting me to earth, for there I was, right to home. Well, of course, I did not know what to make of it. I did not believe anything in Spiritualism before I went out, so began to question myself as to whether I was dead or not. I said, I must have two lives: one in the body, and the other out of it, and I have not in reality died, some way; maybe I am asleep; guess I'm dreaming.

When I met some of the boys who went out long before me, and they told me that I'd really passed over, that I had gone through death, I said, all the religion on the earth is a consummate humbug, or else I ain't dead. Well, my friends informed me that the religions of earth were not wholly true, neither were they wholly false; but I was dead, or had lost my body. Well, said I, if that's the case, then take me back to my body. They said there's no attraction there; it would be hard for any one to take you to the place where you left your body. You longed to be free from your body, because you suffered so much, and you ain't attracted there. We can't take you there. Well, I said, if there was anything could take me there I wanted to go to it. They said there was nothing; I could not go there. If I had died pleasantly and calmly, I might have been able to go back and see it, or if that body had been left with my friends; but the body would have to remain where it was at the South.

Well, I'll tell you how it is: I had to think and think the matter over for some time before I could believe that it was all right. But I'm getting out of the woods now, and getting to think it's all well now that I lost my body as I did. And when I learned folks could come back this way, if ever I prayed in my life, I prayed for the privilege of coming. I said if I can come back and possess myself of a human body to send some word home, I shall be happy enough. I've done so, and now I have no friends, that I know of, that are Spiritualists; so, you see, I'm in rather a bad place. But, at any rate, I'm going to make a loud call to them. If I fail, I shall be sorry; if I succeed, I shall be very glad.

My name was Timothy Burke, of the 9th Indiana, Company I. My friends are in Warren; what I call my home there. [Indiana?] Yes, sir. I was thirty-five years of age. I was taken prisoner in May. I can't tell you just what time, but along near the 16th of May, and lingered between misery and starvation until some way into September, and died. I had no means of having my wounds cared for; was wounded in the arm, slightly in the side, so that threw me into a fever; and from that I went into—God knows what—consumption, I suppose you call it—and all for want of decent care, of such care as you'd be likely to bestow upon a dog; think I would have lived if I'd had only that.

Well, now, stranger, I don't want my folks to curse the rebels because I did. I don't want them to feel bad because I died away from home. I'm beginning to feel that it's all right. I'm beginning to feel rather glad that I passed through so much suffering, and if they'll give me a chance to talk with them, I'll give them a sketch of life in rebellion—at least, that part of it I saw; and also what I passed through on the other side. And if I can advise them about their own affairs, I will. Now, stranger, I'm obliged to you. Good-day. March 30.

Annie Henrietta Faunce.

My mother has wished I would come here and send some word from this place to my father. My father is in Western Virginia, away from my mother; and since he has been away I was taken sick and died. My mother requested that I should

give my name in full. It was Annie Henrietta Faunce, and my father's, Thomas J. Faunce. I died in my fourteenth year. I suppose I died of congestion of the lungs; and my father, sir, is an officer in the rebel army. [Have you spoken to your mother through a medium, or do you read her wishes in her mind?] I have spoken to my mother through a medium. My mother believes in these things; my father does not. My mother has read your paper, she wished me to tell you so, but she's not seen one for a long time. She did not know whether this place was open now or not, but she said if it was, and conducted in the same way it used to be, she wished me to come here. [Do you know where your mother resides?] My mother at present, sir, is about two miles from Montgomery, Alabama. My father is in Western Virginia. My father is a Lieutenant-Colonel.

I have only been dead since last October. My mother has seen many hard scenes since the war broke out, and she requested me to say to you that in her heart she wished it was over. She dared not say so, for round her on all sides are persons who are exhibiting all their propensities against the Union. My mother, sir, was born at the North, and her sympathies are strongly with the North. My father was born at the South, and his sympathies are strongly with the South.

I wish my father would give me a chance to speak with him, for I think I could reconcile him to the North. I can't through little Jane. Mother keeps her now all the time in the house, so I can come and speak through her. She's a medium. I entrance her. [Is she older or younger than you?] She's older, sir; two years older. She's not my sister, sir. She was a slave. All the other slaves, except little Jane and old Joe, have gone. [All left?] Yes, sir; my mother told them to go. She had no use for them. My mother told them, when they were going, she only wished it was in her power to give them something to start with. She was only too glad to be able to give them their liberty. She did not believe in slavery; my father did.

Shall I tell my mother you were glad to have me come? [Certainly, by all means. Tell her that we sympathize with her in all her troubles, and hope there will be an end to the war soon.] Well, I don't think there will, because I know there are persons at the South, if you don't catch them to kill them, will keep on fighting. I heard my father say, that so long as he had a right arm to fight with, he should continue to fight. And my mother said, perhaps he might lose his right arm in battle. And he said, if he had the left, then he would fight with that. Oh, my father is violently opposed to the North, sir; but if I can only get a chance to speak to him this way, and tell him how things are here, and how wrong it is to fight so, I'm sure he won't want to. I hope to speak to him. Mother's been trying to take little Jane to him, but General Lee won't give any passes now to ladies, to the officers' wives, because, he says, a great many of them are opposed to the war, and he thinks they exert a bad influence upon their husbands. And my mother could not get a pass any way, because it's known that she is from the North, and is supposed to sympathize with the North. Good-day, sir. March 30.

Jack Hulley.

Had said that Jack Hulley, of New Orleans, who died there last night, comes here and sends greetings to Charlie and Jim. March 30.

Michael Scanlan.

He died in a hurry, sir, and come back in a hurry. Faith, I think if he goes through his whole life this way, I think he'll get the rounds purty quick. [He got in ahead of you?] Yes, sir.

Well, sir, I'm from the 27th Massachusetts, and I suppose I am Michael Scanlan; I don't know. [Who should know, if you do not?] I don't know, sir; maybe I've not gone far enough to know who I am. No, sir; and as far as I can see myself about these things, I'm not Michael at all. Yes, sir, that's so; but somehow I find myself here in a queer uniform. I'm just the same person I was when I was uniformed in Uncle Sam's uniform.

I am from Springfield, sir—that is, I was not born there. Ireland is my home; but I hailed from Springfield, and I'm taking a mighty sort of a longing to let the folks know that I can come back and talk this way. [Did you leave a family there?] Yes, sir; I left a wife and two children.

I should like my brother Peter to do—well, do something so I can come the rounds this way—so I can talk to him, as I do here. [You want him to get you a medium?] Yes, sir; I want him to furnish me with a medium to talk through.

Well, the reason, sir, that chap got ahead of me was, that when I was coming up for my chance here, I was waiting to see whether I'd come or not. Faith, I thought I was smart in begging for the chance to come, but then I was a little kind of ashamed. I was waiting, you see; and while I was waiting, you see, somebody else stepped in. Well, sir, I don't know that all who come, don't know that they feel just as I do. [Nothing to be ashamed of?] Well, sir, you know I was thinking how will I appear in such a queer uniform. Oh, I feel a little kind of ashamed to come in this way; and I was almost a good mind to back out, when that chap stepped in ahead of me. Ah, he was not thinking of the uniform at all. He died in New Orleans last night, and he got some chums there he wants to send some kind of a telegraph to, and he wants to be a little ahead of news here, you know. I felt kind of glad myself to see him tumbling in this way. Maybe he thought his friends needed strengthening a little, that he come back so soon. Oh, it's a funny way, sir, to do things.

Well, sir, I suppose Petersburg is ours. Well, I don't know myself whether it is ours or not. It was said the victory was sure when I died. Well, I've not been able to keep any account of time since then; but I was in the fight before Petersburg, and I supposed it was taken. Yes, sir; I know when I was shot, the cry was the victory was ours, and Petersburg has been evacuated. Well, I don't know anything about it. It may be a long time before Petersburg is ours, according to the little one's story. [Charlotte is ours.] Charleston is? Well, that's fine. Oh, well, Richmond, I hope, will soon fall into your hands. Well, sir, I'm much obliged for this help you give me; and if my folks will give me a chance, I'll be glad to talk with them. I got nothing to say about the religion, anyway, in the Church. I ain't made up my mind yet. Good-day, sir. The next time I come I won't think so long about the uniform. March 30.

Invocation.

Oh God our God, Holy Spirit, our Life, we turn to thee this hour with thankfulness, with joy, with peace. Notwithstanding war is abroad, notwithstanding the groans of thousands and tens of thousands are this hour filling the air; notwithstanding dark human firesides, notwithstanding the red hand of War has desolated many hearts, yet we

turn to thee with glad thanksgiving this hour. We praise thee that the many altars that have been dedicated to oppression, to human slavery and injustice, are one by one passing away. Oh, we praise thee that the angel of Peace, and Justice, as Peace and Justice mean with thee, is dimly seen in the distant horizon. Thy children are beckoning on this angel toward them. Many, many thousands are calling in all sincerity for more light from above. Oh Father, Spirit, for the fruits of this hour we praise thee. Though it comes, so far as the external is concerned, clothed in sorrow, and darkness is its guest, yet in the internal it is bright and fair, and full of glory. Oh Spirit of Life, thou Mother and Father of all things that have existence, thou who art giving the soul all its strength, all its beauty and divine inheritance, need we ask thee to bless us? Nay, for thou art continually blessing us. Need we ask thee, oh Father Spirit, to lend thy right hand to protect us from danger? to be unto us Father, Friend, Divine Strength? Nay, for thou wilt be all and all with us; for thou art our fountain of life, our shield, our support, our everlasting strength. Then, oh God, we praise thee. We lift our souls forever, not only for that which has been, but that which is, and that which is to come. Amen. April 3.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are now ready to consider the inquiries of correspondents.

CHAIRMAN.—Eli N. Langley, 55th Kentucky Vols., Covington, Ky., writes in detail in reference to whisperings which he is almost constantly hearing, when no one is with him, and asks the following questions:

Q.—Is this whispering a disease of the brain, or is it a spiritual influence?

A.—It is no disease of the brain, in our opinion. We should be inclined to believe it was a spiritual influence.

Q.—Can I be cured of it, and in what way?

A.—The most direct way is to hold communion with the intelligences surrounding you. Inasmuch as certain faculties of your nature have been exercised in a particular direction by a power outside of yourself, and over which, in our opinion, you can have no control, it is far better to seek to understand that power than to resist it. Talk with the intelligences that visit you, and by so doing you will harmonize and equalize those influences, and they will be less annoying to you.

Q.—If spiritual, in what way can I make it useful to myself and the world?

A.—In almost every way. But the first step to be taken is to ascertain what they wish. If you can hear them talk, you can easily find out what they wish.

CHAIRMAN.—W. L. R., of New Philadelphia, O., asks:

Q.—What is the best remedy for the cure of cancer under the tongue?

A.—That question we cannot answer. Every such an effect is produced from a different cause. We must know what produced this effect, in order to give a correct answer.

CHAIRMAN.—A. F., of Pulaski, N. Y., sends two questions:

Q.—I wish to trouble you to inquire of the controlling spirit, if Judge Edmonds's description of the spirit-world is correct: that it is composed of earth to travel on, to build saw-mills, pile saw-logs, &c., &c.; also, of rocks in which to cut stairs, with many other attributes of solidity, like the earth we here use?

A.—We are living to-day, as we have many times told you, in the spirit-world. All these material forms have their corresponding spiritual forms. All these different scenes spoken of by Judge Edmonds, and others, are, in every sense, literal and spiritual also. Here is a material article of furniture (the table). You see but with your material eyes. Custom has taught you what it is. Now the unfolded, or disembodied spirit, sees the spirit of the table, not the crude form; for it has a spirit, just as much as it has a body, else the body could not exist; for you must remember there could be no form unless there was a spirit to bind that form in harmony.

Q.—If so, why does it not obstruct the light of the sun?

A.—Well, that's a very queer question. We certainly can give it no answer.

CHAIRMAN.—O. B., of Philadelphia, Penn., writes as follows:

Q.—Will you please to put the following questions to the presiding or controlling spirit of your Circle: There has been a book lately published, entitled the "True History of Jesus of Nazareth," said to be given on spiritual authority. We wish to be informed how far we may rely upon the statements of the author of that book, as regards his spiritual authority. Did the spirits reveal to the author the principal incidents related in that book, and give them as facts? Did they suggest and plan others? Does the character and history of Jesus, as described by the author, approach nearer the truth than that we read of in the New Testament

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,
192 WEST 27TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

"We think not that we daily see
About our little, angel, that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
—LITTLE FIRST.

RADISHES.

"Ra-dishes! Ra-dishes!" Thus goes the cry up and down the street, from early morning, at intervals, until evening. And a pleasant cry it is, going up through the noisy streets, for it comes from childish lips, and it makes one think of pleasant country gardens, of the little beds planted with such tender care, but whose seeds would never sprout, and then one readily turns to the breezy hills, the quiet meadows, and remembers the sweet spring flowers—the lovely Violets, the queenly Tiaras, the dainty Spring Beauty.

Perhaps you have read the words of the poet Keats, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." If you pick the yellow dandelions, thinking how smiling and happy they look, and all the time you keep in your heart glad and happy thoughts, then years after, perhaps, when you are old and gray, some little thing will bring the thought of those sunny flowers to you, and you will feel a real joy in them. And so it is of all beautiful things—the sky, the birds, the greenwood—the more you see and enjoy them now, the more treasures of beauty you will have laid up for the future. But to return to the Radishes.

The sound of the childish voice up and down through the streets, tells of green gardens and pleasant country sights; but let us look out of the window, and see where the voice comes from. There it is, far up the street; but it is coming nearer and nearer. Sometimes a lumbering wagon breaks the sound; sometimes it stops a few moments; perhaps some one is buying of the little vendor.

Oh, there she comes at last—a wee bit of a girl. How tired she looks. Her step is slow and lagging; she puts her hand up to her head, and you can see that her cheeks are hot and feverish. There is nothing beautiful to her in the little green and red bunches. Perhaps she never saw a garden, and does not even know how radishes grow. Let's call her in.

How quick her ear is. She hears our thump on the window-pane; but what a pitiful look is on her face. As she comes nearer you can see she has been weeping. And what a little tot she is; just old enough to hold on the knee, and to tell pretty stories to. How can she find the way through these long streets? She surely needs some gentle hand to lead her.

Now as you look into her eyes, there is a great sorrow there. They look as if they had known only what old people should know—all the weariness of life. She has on a heavy hood, and the day is as warm as a summer's day.

"What is the matter, little girl? Does your head ache?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What makes it ache?"

"I 'spect it's 't the hot sun, ma'am."

"Are you tired?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Have you got 'most through for to-night?"

"No, ma'am."

"Poor child, I'm sorry. Tell me where you live."

"Go up the avenue, and turn to the right; then go along the alley, and go down to the basement, and that's where I live."

Then followed a cold, stormy day after this day of brightness, when every one wished to stay within doors. The rain came down in torrents, and the wind whistled drearily about the corners. Nothing seemed glad in the rain except the great Alantus buds, which were so strong and fresh, and needed the heavy showers, and could not be shaken by the harsh winds. But in all the rain and wind there is the little radish girl, her clothes all drenched, her hood soaked, and her step so weary. Some sad necessity must have sent her out. She does not heed us. Perhaps her head aches worse than before, and she is thinking more of rest and quiet than of selling the contents of her large basket. It is strange some of those great strong men do not pick her up and put her in her basket, and carry her to some comfortable place. There she goes. Nobody buys, and the rain falls all the day and far into the night.

Down that long alley-way 'twas a turn, but where does it go. Surely no one lives down there; it is as dark as a cellar, and what a damp smell comes up. There is surely some mistake—the little girl has misled me; no one can live here. But we will not be timid; let us try before we accuse the little girl of directing us wrong. The stairs are so narrow, that one cannot easily pass down them, and they lead directly into the darkness. Turning again, we see the light coming down past the stone enclosure that forms the outer wall of the cellar. How beautiful is the light everywhere. Even that dismal passage has some cheer in it, now that the light forced its way through every nook. But here is a door; let us knock.

"Come in!" says a pleasant voice.

Is this, then, a home?—this little room. Every inch of it is under ground. The two windows face the high stone wall, and let in a little light. Here is the mother, sick, and with a little baby in her arms. The bed has no sheets, and only a poor spread upon it. Three little children are on the floor at play; on the table are some pieces of dry bread, and yet there are smiles there and pleasant words. There was no whining and fretting, and no doubting of the good God and his love.

This is the little radish girl's home, and now it is easy to understand why she cannot stay at home if the day is hot and her head aches, or if the rain pours in torrents and the wind blows. It takes every cent she can earn to buy those loaves of bread, and she must work very patiently and busily, or else there will not be even a cellar for a home.

We have said there was no whining or fretting, and yet these children and their sick mother had been used to better things. But they did not look back, but only forward, with hope.

"If I only get well," said the mother, "and a better place; but then, you know, this is a great deal better than none."

"Where is your husband?"

"Sick of his wounds, in a hospital, in Virginia."

"And does nobody care for you?"

"Oh, yes; I got enough to pay the rent, and a little more; and then, you know, Susy is so good; she earns a good many pennies; and I can't go out now. I am sick, so I do not need to have any clothes, and I can let the children have all."

And in all these troubles no one complained.

"I am sure God will take care of us," said the woman, "and I don't care fretting to him. If I only get well, then I can sew. I can turn my hand to anything. We will find a better place."

by-and-by. It is n't so very dark here when the sun shines, and then it is so warm now that spring has come."

God and his loving angels were so true as this patient young thought. They put it into the hearts of many to carry comforts to this home. Quiet steps went down that dark stairway, and many a lesson was learned of patience and hope. How little it takes to give much joy. The little radish vendor changed her sad, tearful eyes, to smiling ones. The little boy crowded over his bit of molasses cake. The youngest girl frisked in and out, as if all the care of the family were on her shoulders, and she was entirely competent to set all matters right; and the little baby, wrapped in its warm flannels, slept as sweetly as if on a downy bed, and amid luxury and elegance.

After a day or two, these little ones crept out of the damp cellar into the warm sunshine. There was beauty there for them; if not of green fields and sweet flowers, yet of God's blessed light. Does it not seem very fine to live in a city? One thinks of the fine shops, of the gaily dressed ladies, of the places of amusement, and fancies it is one continual pleasure to those who are near them. But one such sight as that little Radish vendor's sad face makes one forget all the gaiety, and think of the sorrow that it is not always easy to help. May we all remember how much we have to do, to make the world happier and better. Think of Susy, who cried "Ra-dishes!" from street to street, through the long hours, for the sake of a few pennies to buy bread, when you are inclined to fret and to be impatient.

LOTTIE'S EXPERIENCE.

"A pretty muss is this!" said Lottie Lawrence to herself. "I've just been and done it, and there is no help; and now what am I to do?"

Saying this, Lottie sat down in the door-way to think. She had done just what her father had often told her not to do, to be careless; she had left the great white pitcher on the edge of a chair, while she ran to see who was coming down the road in the big wagon. Tip, the great dog, just then hearing the sound of wheels, started up and hit his tail with a flourish against the pitcher, in such a way that, in falling, it was broken in many pieces. And now what was Lottie to do? Of course there was only one right and true way, but Lottie did not like that way, and so she sat down to think if there might not be some other more agreeable way.

"If I tell papa, he'll be cross and say I was a careless girl; and if I tell mamma she'll tell papa, and that will be all the same. Now, as I tell really tipped over the pitcher—why, of course Tip broke it; and if he broke it I didn't; and if he knocked it off the chair, why, it's just the same as if he knocked it off the table."

Now Lottie was looking out of the door-way, and she looked directly at the field of clover, and, beyond that, to the beautiful forest of oak and chestnut. The June sun made everything very radiant. The bees hummed cheerfully, and the yellow butterflies flitted over the blossoms. Lottie did not feel quite at ease after her conclusions about the broken pitcher, but she wished to think that she did. So she left the broken fragments, and went out to gather some clover blossoms, thinking she would make a little chain of them. On the edge of the field was a fine apple tree, and she sat down beneath its shade to amuse herself so that she might forget her misfortune. So quiet was it that she soon forgot her work and fell fast asleep.

She seemed to herself immediately to have changed into a little green fly, that went buzzing about over the fields; and yet she could think and talk as well as ever.

"I must be a fairy, I am sure," she said to herself; "and now what a fine time I will have."

So she went buzzing about to see what she could see.

"Oh, here's a little wren building her nest in this corner. I will talk to her: Mrs. Wren, do tell me when you expect to get settled at house-keeping?"

"Get away, you great black beetle," replied Mrs. Wren. "I am too busy to talk to you, and, besides, I do not like your company."

"Oh, but I am not a beetle at all. I am a fairy," replied Lottie.

"Now don't tell me that," said Mrs. Wren. "I have n't lost my eyesight yet, if I have built many a brown nest in this very same spot. If you do n't fly away I shall pounce on you."

Lottie was so frightened that she flew quickly away.

"Well, I declare, I would n't have believed Mrs. Wren was so very disagreeable a person!" said Lottie, lighting on an apple leaf. "But here's a bright, shiny bug. I always liked to see them in the sun. I'll have a little chat with him. Good morning, Mr. Bug."

"Begone, you hideous ant! I know your ugly aching, and I'll have nothing to do with you," said the shiny bug.

"Oh, but I'm not an ant at all," said Lottie.

"I'm just a cunning little fairy, and I would like to have a little sociable time with you."

"You deceitful hussy!" replied the bug; "as if I didn't know you of old! Who would have thought, though, that you were capable of such impudence? Begone, or I'll have a brush with you!"

"But I am not a worm," said Lottie; "I am a dear fairy, that wants to be sociable and have a nice time with you."

"Away with you and your deceitful ways," replied the lizard; "have n't I known you all summer? I'll give you a out with my long tongue if I catch you here a moment longer."

Lottie in dismay flew away; but lighted soon on the Larkspur blossom that grew by the walk.

"What a miserable creature that lizard is. To think of his mistaking me for a hideous worm; but here is a humming-bird, a most beautiful creature. I'll have a fine time with him. Pray tell me, sir, if you find a plenty of honey in these blue blossoms for your breakfast and dinner and supper?"

"I should have a plenty if it were not for your impudence, Mr. Bumble-bee, and I am determined to bear with it no longer, but I will fight you to the last ditch."

"Dear me!" said Lottie, "I am not a Bumble-bee, by any means, but only a harmless fairy who desires to make herself agreeable to everybody."

"Agreeable indeed! Then be off quickly, for my long bill will be the worse for you!"

Lottie did not stop to reply, but lighted quickly on a plantain leaf.

"Who ever saw such luck?" said (she); "but here's a friendly load. I'm sure Bumble-bee will like it."

"I should have a plenty if it were not for your impudence, Mr. Bumble-bee, and I am determined to bear with it no longer, but I will fight you to the last ditch."

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ty comfort with her. Madam, is not the foolishness of these leaves delightful?"

"And do you presume to address me while intruding on my domain?" replied the toad. "You are only an insignificant louse, and the quicker I eat you up the better it will be for me, and, perhaps, for you, too."

"Oh! oh!" said Lottie, "I'm not—I assure you I'm not a horrid louse, but a dear, little—"

"I'll dear you!" said the toad, and he gave a leap; and Lottie flew away as quickly as possible. Just then the sound of her father's carriage was heard, and she awoke.

"What have I been dreaming? Oh, I remember," said she; "but what does it mean? I think I know: there was a life in my heart, and so I was a lie everywhere. I'll go directly and tell the truth about the pitcher, and then I shall be little Lottie, and not a great lie to everybody. Oh, I'm so glad I dreamed that dream, for I'd rather have a dozen scoldings than to have something in my heart that showed itself out to everybody."

But Lottie got no scolding, but a great many kisses as she told her experience to her mother, who desired, more than all things, that her daughter should speak the truth and not carry within her a wicked falsehood.

Another Letter from Blush Rose.

DEAR CHILDREN—I have put aside my work for a little while to write to you. I have told you some stories of my childhood that bring pleasant memories to me, and I love to think of those scenes. But life was not one long summer's day, and this time I have to write you a story of my selfishness, that by it you may learn another lesson of wisdom: that selfishness in childhood never brings us happiness in after years.

Beside little Nellie I had two other sisters, both older than Nellie, and one of them older than myself. The oldest sister's name was Mary, and it is of her I shall tell you this time. I do not remember how old I was when some one made me a pretty dollie to play with. She was made of cloth, and so I called her Rag-baby. Going into the low-roofed house where we used to live, we passed into a small entry and then up two steps into the house. On one side of this entry was a small room, with one window facing the south, and through which we could see the beautiful river and the green trees that grew upon its banks. This room was built, I believe, for a weaving-room. You know a great many years ago—and they do now in some places—the ladies used to weave their cloth and then make it into clothes. If they lived away in the country, they could not well go to the shops and get all they wanted. But this room had never been used since my remembrance for a weaving-room; instead, it was used for a store-room.

Here Mary had put the things all in order, that we might have a play-room. In one corner stood the stove used in winter in the parlor, and in this she had arranged some wood as if to build a fire. Upon the floor she had spread a piece of carpet, and around the sides of the room placed some boxes for seats, and one higher than the rest served for a table, upon which she spread a cloth. On one side she built a little closet of bits of board and brick, and here all our treasured pieces of earthen ware were placed for dishes. From the shop we would bring sawdust, and many were the pies and cakes we made from it while we kept house. Sometimes we would invite the young friends who came to visit us into our play-room, and for many hours we would play visit and take tea. Here I used to take Rag-baby, and play with a little boy friend of mine, who had a dollie, too. How much we did enjoy it!

I loved sister Mary. She told me pretty stories, made Rag-baby's clothes, took me over the grand, old hills and into the beautiful woods for nuts and flowers, and, in the pure, running river, she tried to teach me how to swim. I remember, with sister Mary and some of our young friends, I once went for nuts away over the hills; under some fine, old trees we filled our baskets, and then among the rocks, upon a soft bed of leaves gathered there, we took a rest. After resting awhile, we built a fire and boiled some nuts and then sister took me home.

Mary taught me how to dress Rag-baby and tend her as mother tended our little sister. One day she accidentally tore my beloved dollie, and I could play with her no more. Oh, how selfishly naughty I felt, and how I cried and called Mary naughty! I did not once let the gentle thought that she did not do it purposely enter my mind. Pretty soon mother called me from our play-room, and asked me what I was crying for, and I told her Mary had spoiled Rag-baby, without telling how; so mother punished her; but I did not feel any better or happier, for I knew I was selfish.

Many years have passed since then; Mary lives in the Summer-Land, and I am what you would perhaps call a "grown-up woman." Yet I often think of torn Rag-baby, and never with pleasant thoughts, for I remember the impatient cry and the selfish thoughts that only told part of the story, and got poor Mary punished; and I know that upon my spirit there rests a shadow just as dark as the wrong I made others suffer; and just as far as that shadow goes, all the beautiful world looks dark.

Now, dear children, you have all heard of a Moral Police Fraternity, and some of you, no doubt, know what it means; if not, I will tell you: it is to do good to the physical bodies of the poor around us, and all others, and, as far as we can, to aid in the development of their spirits, that, by so doing, we may ourselves grow pure and noble men and women.

Now, although I have never seen many of you, and perhaps never shall, can we not together form a Moral Police, and send out to each other our good thoughts, and, in this way, gain strength to grow good and true, worthy of the beauty all around? When you are angry with your little playmates, and begin to feel selfish, then think of Blush Rose's story and send a wish to her to grow strong; and she will put in her spirit a wish to aid you, and I think you will feel it. Then when I am weary and all looks dark to me, I will try to feel that some little spirit-thoughts are reaching me, some little spirit-hands are clasping mine in a great struggle to gain wisdom from higher sources and a lesson from every event of life. Thus will I try—thus may we try—to grow strong, that I may be, as I wish to be, your teacher, and try to be calm and beautiful as the flower whose name in spirit-land I bear.

Ridgewood Home, May 10, 1885. BLUSH ROSE.

Middle Granville Yearly Meeting.

The Yearly Meeting of Spiritualists and friends of progress will take place on the 16th, 17th and 18th of June, 1885, in Middle Granville, at their hall in that place. The course of physical slavery gathering to consider how the shackles of mental slavery may be broken. Entertainment furnished free to all. Henry O. Wright, Mr. Augustus Currier, Mrs. Fauna Davis Smith, and others are expected to be present.

By order of Committee, STEPHEN WING, O. F. PARKER, V. P. BLOOM.

Middle Granville, N. Y., May 14, 1885.

Spiritualists' Convention.

A Spiritualists' Convention will be held in the Melancon, (Tremont Temple), Boston, on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, May 30th, 31st, and June 1st, 1885. The following subject will be prominently before the Convention for discussion: viz: "Can any plan be devised to secure the cooperative action of Spiritualists for educational purposes, especially to bring our children under the influence of spiritual teachings, and thus to guard them against the demoralizing tendencies of POPULAR THEOLOGY?" All Spiritualists are cordially invited to attend.

H. E. GARDNER, M. D.
Boston, March 24, 1885.

Picnic Excursion for the Philadelphia Spiritualists.

Friends and Members of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, will take place on Friday, June 10th. The Excursion will leave Thirty-first and Market street, West Philadelphia (the West Chester Depot), at 7 o'clock A. M., and proceed to Silverwood Grove, a beautiful locality, ten miles distant from the city. Music for dancing and the enjoyment of the company will be provided. The grove is fitted up by gentlemen of experience and liberality, with all desirable conveniences. Tickets for the Excursion—for adults, 75 cents; for children, 40 cents, can be procured from M. B. Dyott, the officers and members of the Lyceum, and of Dr. Child and Dr. Pearce, at Sanson-Street Hall, on Sunday.

The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress.

Of South-eastern Indiana will hold their next Quarterly Meeting at Bro. Bond's Hall, Cadiz, Ind., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 26th, 27th and 28th of August.

DR. J. L. BRAFFETT,
SILAS SMALL,
DR. COOPER,
AGNES COOK,
Committee.

Meeting of Spiritualists.

The Spiritualists of Verona, Me., and vicinity, will hold a Grove Meeting at their place, one-half mile from Bucksport village, on Tuesday, July 4th, at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. Isaac P. Greenleaf is engaged to attend, and several other speakers will be present. A general and cordial invitation is extended to all, as the platform will be free. Come one and all, and let us have a good union meeting. For order Committee, Verona, May 15, 1885. NEMEMAH BASSETT.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Boston.—Meetings will be held at Lyceum Hall, Tremont-st., (opposite head of School street), every Sunday afternoon, at 4 o'clock. Admission, fifteen cents. Lectures engaged:—J. Davis, June 1; J. S. Loveland, June 8; The Bible Christian Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Temple Hall, corner of Bromfield and Province streets, at 10 A. M. and 3 P. M. Mrs. M. A. Hicker, regular speaker. The public are invited. Seats free. D. J. Hicker, Sup't.

Religious Service, with vocal and instrumental sacred music, is held at Dr. U. Clark's Health Institute, 18 Chaucery street, Sundays, at 10 A. M. Free.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at the usual hours. The public are invited. Speaker engaged:—J. W. White during June.

CHELSEA.—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Lyceum Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be sent to H. Cranford, Chelsea, Mass. Speaker engaged:—N. Frank White during June.

NORTH CAMBRIDGE, Mass.—Meetings are held in Bruce's Hall, every Sunday, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. A. A. Currier, June 4 and 11; J. M. Allen, June 18 and 25.

QUINCY.—Meetings every Sunday in Rodgers' Chapel. Services in the forenoon at 10 A. M. and in the afternoon at 2 P. M. Speaker engaged:—Mrs. Laura Cuddy, July 2 and 9.

FOXBORO, Mass.—Meetings in Town Hall. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. A. A. Byrnes, June 11 and 18; Charles A. Hayden, July 2. Meetings during the summer months at 1 P. M. and 7 P. M.

TAUNTON, Mass.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Concert Hall regularly at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Admission 5 cents. Speaker engaged:—Mrs. Laura Cuddy, June 18 and 25, and July 16, 23 and 30.

PLYMOUTH, Mass.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Leyden Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee street Church, every Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Meetings at 10 A. M. The following lecturers are engaged to speak after noon and evening:—Charles A. Hayden during October.

HAVENHILL, Mass.—The Spiritualists and liberal minds of Havenhill have organized and hold regular meetings at Music Hall. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. E. A. Bliss, June 4 and 11; Miss Emma Houston, June 18 and 25.

WENDELL, Mass.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Charles A. Hayden during June; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook during November; J. M. Peabody, Dec. 3 and 10.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, West-bow street, Sundays, afternoon at 3 and evening at 7 o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Susie M. Johnson during May.

PORTLAND, Me.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Congress Hall, Clapp's Block, corner of Congress and Elm streets. Free Conference in the evening after each meeting, and the public generally invited. Speakers engaged:—M. L. Beckwith during September; Mrs. Laura Cuddy during October.

OLD TOWN, Me.—The Spiritualists of Old Town, Bradley, Me., and Upper Sullivan hold regular meetings every Sunday, afternoon and evening, in the Universalist Church.

ROCKLAND, Me.—Meetings are held at Bankin Hall, Sunday, afternoon and evening. Regular speakers:—J. N. Hedges.

NEW YORK.—Spiritualists meetings are held at Hope Chapel every Sunday. Seats free. F. L. H. Willis, regular speaker. Meetings are also held at Exhbit Hall every Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Seats free, and the public generally invited. The Children's Progressive Lyceum also holds its regular sessions at 2 P. M. Speakers:—Miss Lizzie Doten during May; and Miss Lizzie Doten during June.

Meetings are likewise held at Union Hall, corner of Broadway and 23rd street, every Sunday.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The Spiritualists meet every Sunday evening at the Progressive Lyceum, No. 138 Washington street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

VINELAND, N. J.—The Spiritualists of this place hold regular Sunday meetings at Union Hall.

CINCINNATI, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized the Cincinnati Spiritualists' Association, and have secured a hall, corner of Ninth and Walnut streets, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M.

DAYTON, O.—The Spiritualists of Dayton, O., hold meetings every Sunday in Harmon Hall, Post Office Building, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Seats free, and the public generally invited.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Spiritualists Meetings are held every Sunday, in the hall over Union League Rooms, 481 9th street.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

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

J. S. LOVELAND will speak in Boston, June 11. Address, Banner of Light office, Boston.

MISS LIZZIE DOTEN will speak in Philadelphia during October. Will make no other engagements to lecture until further notice after many correspondence will note the above announcement. Address as above, or Pavilion, 37 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. LAURA CUPPY will lecture in Taunton, June 18 and 25, and July 16, 23 and 30; in Quincy, June 18 and 25; in Haverhill during August; in Portland, Me., during October. She will answer calls to speak week evenings. Address as above, or care of Banner of Light.

N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Chelsea during June; in Lowell, July 7, 9 and 16; in Haverhill, July 23 and 30; in Saymouth, Conn., during August; in Worcester, Mass., during September; in Troy, N. Y., during October. Will answer calls on the West Sundays and week evenings through the rest of the fall and winter. Apply immediately, Address as above.

DR. L. R. COOKLEY will lecture and heal in Chateaufort, Chateaufort, N. Y., June 11, 18, and 25, and in vicinity from the 21st of May to June 15th. Address, care of Mr. Woodard, 21 First St., Ill. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

M. H. HODG