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Original Essay.

IS THEOLOGY A SCIENCE? OR SCIENCE VERSUS THEOLOGY.

NUMBER TWO.

To my Friends in England:—

Principalities and Powers are but the emanations of the substratum of individual natures. We will observe, technically considered, the difference arising in an individual and mortal point of view: From individualities spring associations which are denominated, in some form, Republics; from these, governments, denominated Nationalities; and these in this sense are but the estimates attained from consolidation and realization, so far as the capabilities and capacity of individual direction are concerned. In this instance, it will be observed, from the lesser comes the greater. Here Science may stride the eventualities and daily experiences of men as individuals, and deduce from their efforts and attainments its results. Why? Because thus it emerges, as it were, from the lesser to the greater. It measures its footsteps by the actualities of conditions. It ascends the mountain of promise, and may descry, in a limited view, its ultimate attainment, cherishing with freshness and vigor each successive step, whose birth-throes but recoil from the unseen to the conscious, its ultimates.

Where is Science, when thrown across the mighty course that threads in the trackless waste of the undeveloped, and when it proposes to bring to man the measure and circumference of the All?—the Almighty All! What space uninhabited, what isolation so unmeasured can it command wherewith it may be clothed to glorify in omniscience in more than itself?

But the capabilities and capacity of man emerge, as it were, from the tomb, and ascend to their zenith only to cast their foliage hence; while in quiet obedience they recline as the setting sun of a declining day. It closes the day that works with the hour of its departure.

But we have said that Religion is well. Why is it well? Because it arises as the best method of attaining, as is supposed, a given result, that is said to encompass the relations of the creature to or with the Creator. Here arises a question that may be pertinent: By what authority is this claim? By whom given? By the serpent in the Garden? or by the observations of the Creator, that men's hearts were evil? Or by the infusion of the sublime precepts of Love and Mercy as exhibited at the building of the temple? Or by the wrestlings of men in a supposed or real attainment? Or do we have it more thoroughly imprinted upon our inner perception by those who are paid to be the representatives of the Great Spirit of the Moslem and Levitical instructions of what is supposed the real, *ad infinitum*? Or is the blessed dower bequeathed not only through burning mountains and silvery lakes, but upon the tree where Humanity's God is said to have expiated the offence in the lost area donated by such sublime precepts of Love and Mercy as are dedicated to posterity in the Pentateuchal Reform? Or shall we go to foreign climes and behold the reeking sword in its desolating sway? So that everywhere the unbidden and still ever cherished memory may linger around the hearthstone where innocence is blighted and justice a stranger?—where Nature forgets her own?—where offspring, the intuitive of all intuitions, the life of all life, the flower of all seasons, ceases to give to Creator and creature its rightful bequeathance?—where Death sunders the tie?—where bright light is only acknowledged as an expiating for its origin?—and thus believe in this: that Creator and creature have performed the noble part? Or shall we come home to the eventualities of our day and time, and that without being lost to the imprints of the Past or the intuitive impress of the Present, and behold our relations as allied to us, as the beginning and the end, the circumference and diameter, depth and height of all possibilities? Improbabilities are but the adjuncts of diversity from the inherent causes of their own vitalizing forces—and how can we be but steep upon the mould? Measure the untold ocean and its life-flows? Where are its heights and depths—its beginnings and endings? Absorbed only as the spontaneous outgrowth of Time evolves from itself the unmistakable conscious realization that each day ministers with reflective power its successor. And who shall follow me into the labyrinth of the undefined? What ages upon ages may roll o'er the birth-throes of this innoculate life that I am threading? What future Records shall arise upon the horizon of Infinite duration, and permit me to read of the Past, and hold its true reflective semblance of that untold future whose mysterious confines appear to border, so far as human thought is concerned, upon the disintegrated portals on which Humanity sanctifies its sense of Divinity, called the altar of Deity? Where does its horizon ascend? In the conventionalities of form? Is this the boast of its birth? and is the grave its requiem? Am I possessed of more than this?—that makes me hold the semblance of Rationality and Indebite me with the conditions of life and endows me to measure substratums, diversities, capabilities, realities, so called, which often prove that the semblance and the thing itself are two?

Now all this questioning brings us to the full and conscious recognition of individual actions:—With perceptibilities or faculties ordained of Nature or God for the fulfillment or ultimate ends of that creation, be it good, bad or otherwise. Then I stand upon the mountain peak to descry the horizon of fear and dread: to hope for future weal—perchance it may be less! But still I am the reflective evidence of a Power unseen, present with me every hour, conscious that existence has a birth and life a dower, whose unceasing flow is over on!

But where shall I begin? The unmeasured and immeasurable, the Source—the undefined and un-

definable, the end, if needs be. Oh! how mysterious yet how certain—for it is; no; alas! it is to be! From what point may we start or stand and survey the meanderings of the stream and look not in abeyance to that of which we know nothing and still within us has a conscious reality? To that being from whence 'tis said none return! Yet, living as we amid the pyramids of the Past, whose ascending scale of records defies a measure of researches to unfold its beginning and end, we will stand amid these towering heights and exclaim—Enough! For it is for me to scan the Deific plan whose semblance is mirrored by the hand of Time in changes that await our being! And this is what? Do we call it Religion? Philosophical thought? Inspiration? Deific integration? where the viewless souls that wear the garb of outer man may be enrobed in light divine, with less favored aspects of a common kind? Or shall I come to proportionate differences, whether great or small, good or bad, as termed by man, and weigh them for their worth, and look at all Nature as one vast Hecatombs, where lies buried the death of ages? Oh yes; I know thee, Religion! Thou art of mongrel descent. Thou livest in all climes, and fattenest on all fears! Thou art a hero that walkest the earth to descend upon possibilities and improbabilities, and ever shovest thyself in the garb of Infidelity. For thou sayest, Without me there is nothing. Less is Heresy, and more is the domain of the forsaken and lost! The capabilities and capacity must yearn in vain! Susceptibility and originality are but mileposts on the great highway of time to destruction! Consequently the Enigma of Doubt must be the President over our destiny, be it for good or ill! Hope and Faith, twin-sisters in affliction, whose barque is moored upon the stormy sea of prospect, reels beneath the Avalanche that bids fair to bury it in its course and leave a last vestige of originality and self! For upon presumption—since it is nothing less than affords a scaffolding to futurity—thou callest upon Humanity to rest its claims for weal or woe! What Deific order of a transmundane event ever brought to the unfolded power its semblance of inner life, to say that God is dead, and the inherited evidence of his power is risen, and nothing less than this can rest its claim to individual sanctification?

Then I take it for granted that the created is just, and if just, true, and if true, right, and if right, divine. And if so, we require no proxies of the soul, no mongers of the general good to usurp the capabilities and capacity of man upon the life-light of unfolded nature in its truth and essence to bring to our hearts the melodious response of the spheres above. How uncertain! how fallacious is this element called Religious faith, that stalks abroad at noonday under the garb of Piety, and pictures to us the power of its own majesty! It tells us of Hope's Mountain! It soothes our cares in the valley of Despair! Creative grandeur and munificence alike hold their claim with the Redeemed in abodes Celestial! Pearly gates, and gold-lined streets with imperial signets crown the casement of Mortality! How sublime! How grand! Oh, how light! How holy! Perchance Fortune's favored few may tread these regal courts—but alas! how insufficient the means; for corruption, dismay, doubt, fear, dread and insubordination are the landmarks of Piety. For these barriers are but the legitimate fruits of Creative Wisdom, and stand as the bulwarks to guard Justice from intrusion, and make us feel that our lot is but an inherited right from a Source that begets us in one condition, and damns us for the exemplification of its own intuitive edict! Well may we change the old exclamation, and cry out, Oh Justice! where is thy sting? and oh Gravel point to the victory! You have created, that the representative of that creation may reap Hell for its preservation as his own inherent consummation! That is Death in a Theological sense.

But I come to view Religion in a more amplified form, and as coming home more directly to the personality. Beginning, as we conceive, in a measure of conditions necessary and essential to the preservation and general order of Society as recognized by man upon the mundane plane; First, Religion is considered to be the salvo of the Soul. A greater enormity never was practiced in human Ethics; from this fact: Of the soul, what do you know? and how can you save that of which you have no knowledge? I allude to this casually and briefly, that you may see that it is easy to announce, not equally appreciable to give, an intelligent reason for so doing. Having premised what we consider to be the undefined relations of the creature as allied to the Creator, we come now from the pre or super-mundane to the mundane. Here we behold man apparently evolved from all surroundings of whatever diversified form. His capabilities, or capacity, are equally diversified as Nature in her varied manifestations of form and presentation. Viewing it in the semblance of itself analytically, we may reasonably infer that man is but the prototype we call God in an infant semblance. Then how measured is our view; our capacity of observation, necessarily in any defined sense, as applied to the cause of infinite operation. And what a diversity is here presented! Look at the races—at male and female genders of diverse kinds. From all this we facilitate, as it were, the consciousness of an inherent prompting, throwing from the Elyptic, or Source of creation, its resolve or contour, by which we observe its outer expression of magnified conditions of all Nature presented in form of observation. Now of its capacities, proclivities and tendencies, what have we to do? Meet it in its unmeasured diversity of outspread and inherent conscious reality that walks the earth alike from an inherited right, whose ministrations pour into the lap of Time a lullaby of a truthful future. Tell me that Nature is an aboriginal, and God the Divine Calumniator of His own Being, who sits enthroned as a Judge upon the actions of His own prompting, and call life a State wherewith we may be clothed to glorify the

Defamer!—In the antiquated asylum of ages to look down upon the damned! No! It is a label to the jurisdiction of Nature. It is a wholesale calumny upon Hope. Religion, therefore, in the Theological sense, ministers, as it were, to Centaurs, who propose to keep the watch-fires of Futurity in the ascendancy, that man may be made a party to the unenviable end and doom that too often awaits the purest thought and most desired good.

But the question recurs, What is Religion? But before requiring an answer to that question, I must ask of the honest investigator if he believes in God, or a Divine Principle that is the Source of all things? And if Divine, is it not perfect? To this he must answer affirmatively. Secondly, Religion in truth, as regarded by man, or estimated by conventionality or form, is a creature of the mind; or an evidence, so to speak, that arises spontaneously upon the equation of human thought, as given or directed to a future life, or the supposed relations existing between Creator and creature. Now the predicates of Religion are so diverse and antagonistic to truth, it scarcely requires the semblance of argument to dispel their claim; and for this reason: It is based on division, in alienation from, opposition to itself, or the Source, which is the all; the beginning and the end, Omnipotent, Omniscent, All-powerful, ever-present, and without it nothing is nor can be. And this Supposition of Religious dogma is based upon destruction and that of a Power of itself all-powerful, overwhelming, without beginning and end! How can this be? It is fallacious in its truest sense.

Let us stop here and reflect but for one moment. Where is that which is more than all things? Where does it reside? What are its component parts?—its elements? Wherewith is it clothed, by which, from its inherent power, it draws a parallel which man is wont to descry as good and ill? It comes not within the boundary of human thought. It is a vagary of the imagination—an illusion, and nothing more. It has no resting-place; no inherent properties from which its emanations flow; a mere creature of Chance; a time-server, that lives on the hopes, desires and fears of men. Like the passing cloud, with no defined centre for its radius, it leaves us stranded, as it were, by the mere film that casts a shadow between the creature and its Creator, God!

All Science, conditions, circumstances and relations, prove unquestionably to the thinking mind, that Religion has a basis whose fundamental idea presupposes alienation and division from a common Cause, an abortion upon Creator and created. A universal law of inherent action, and the co-relation existing in all matter in diversified formation, unquestionably claims a common union and sympathy that binds together in one indissoluble bond, all, however diversified each manifestation may be. But the world, its sages and savans, who have looked far into the depths of the Future, and have drawn from sage experience in the Past its useful memories and written inscriptions, high above the common eventualities of our time, and have said there is a destiny to which we are tending that is ponderous in its effects, and bids us beware! as each sign of the grave, and each memory and inscription to be read when Nature shall have claimed her own! How far this reflective power may be entitled to our care, is a question undecided; for its birth is but of the eventualities of Time, and given through the administering condition that was in response, doubtless, to the demand. Such, unquestionably, may be heeded when honestly sought and sincerely desired, and true to their time and place. God holds no false light to the sincere soul, from the headlands of immortality, to deceive an honest heart, but answers truthfully when sought. And shall we deprecate the men and say it is false? No! That measure is truth's full stature, developed aright for the good of man, doubt it who will! Disregard it who can! This is Religion! How much of it have we to-day? Its portals are ever closed. No thronging visitants from worldly aims, crowd its vestibules to watch its coming, and perchance, to drink from fountains never dry; where humanity's call is never unheard and left to writhe in agony; but each aspiring thought is a heaven-born mission to revivify the life we have with one embrace that knows no parting! with no curative power to bless and damn! No! none!

Then where is God? In our souls. What a habitation! A naturally depraved abiding place! Oh, weep, ye sons and daughters, that this is the best abode of our Lord! dedicated by the theological Heaven and Hell! What happiness in presence! What a revivifying feeling has reacknowledged this inestimable birthright that holds Him to us, and us to Him through the Infinite links of causation, whose confines are unmeasured and immeasurable! Yes; Blessed be the Lord, for I dwell in Him and He in me! Consolation comes as a deep drawn breath of the hour, from the inherent power of an overwhelming soul, and says, *Be still!* that God is undivided; that this tenement of immortality shall stand, for its inmates are one, and its foundation everlasting. Pigmies, then, are we, beside a giant, when we compare the outer to the inner truth, and attempt to ally it to Cause, and call it God! How susceptible is mortal, and how deceptive apparent effort for good! And by these palsied limbs is humanity carried along the pathway of Time, and led to believe it is the Divine salvo of the hour that carries with it the intrinsic precept of Nature and her God! But let us think how diversified we are. What parts, portions, circumstances, conditions, make up the casket from whence we draw our precepts, and call them true, holy, Godlike attributes of the Deific One, whose purpose, plan, unmeasured, full, gives relief to the inquiring soul. This is Life. And what is that, pray? The rising and the setting sun—the individual. What do we know of the Past, before our birth? What of the unseen morrow? Nothing, absolutely nothing! What has Religion to do with this? It undertakes to administer a dose to Nature, and claims within

itself the curative properties for which it has no disease; for before life came I was not an inheritor; and yet it stands as an element reared as high as Heaven and as low as Hell, before it had any active agency wherewith to develop its efficacious power! And then it tells me of what passes o'er the meridian of my life, and showers its throes of sorrow o'er my pathway. Alas! it would cheer, if through itself I could see what is not, and behold wherewith it claims it shall be. But alas! I am left 'mid Earth and Heaven, to know there is no star of Love or Light below that brings the required solace to my soul, and speaks its comfort there, or ne'er acknowledges its claim; for imagination, doubt, fear, dread, dismay, all, have held their archetypes before my vision, and truth has ever paled before the light of such hideous vision, that I have sunk within myself, and asked of God if this trust, or Nature, is Divine? or is it a spell that shrouds from the outer gaze of mortal, and emboldens with the whole a mystery undefined? To such thoughts comes a Counselor who speaks Peace to the wearied heart, and asks me to pause upon the threshold of Doubt, and behold this weary semblance, whose garb clothes Humanity with outstretched arms; whose perfecting hue would woe away the sprites that dance before our vision, and hold us sightless to the Cause from whence we spring. Doubt who will. Passing memory, that Reservoir of the Soul, calls me to listen to the required Word, that gives enough, 'tis said. Then should we want more? Yes. I want it to define where and what I am, after this Nature shall have disrobed itself and laid aside its present garb. Religion, Theology, professes to give a solution to this question, by trusting to an Infinite Being, at war with himself, working his own destruction—making two parts of one whole—both good and bad of the same thing! This is perplexing enough, but it does not stop here. Localities—Heaven, Hell—where are they? Opposited two in one, disintegrated. The centralization infinite, *versus* location! What an absurdity! But let me examine this a little more minutely: Religion presupposes a conditional relation affecting all conscious life before its existence. It presupposes and claims in destiny a final consummation. It decapitates the man, so to speak, for it has his head on one side, and his feet upon the other. Here the body is left. The life part or portion holds, it is claimed, in some infinite sense, its required end and beginning, and final destiny in ending. But upon what is this predicated? Upon the life throes, pangs, sorrows, afflictions, or apparent consummation of individual effort in some specific relation supposed to be in unison with the Deific plan? Who disarranged this machinery? Who effected this severance? Why was it done? Shall I believe, by casting my memory o'er the lapse of ages, to see that a creature and Creator, as one, mistook the origin and design of all that was, and brought from without those conditions more than was within them; and after the lapse of unmeasured Time, that I must act the puppet whereby, perchance, I may shun a frown or elicit pleasure for a life hereafter! that organic Nature is a lie, and her life throes have forbidden me to read in vain so absurd a lesson? No, Sir! These proxies of the Soul should show their credentials. God is here, everywhere, never absent. He speaks to me in the sunlight glory of the Morn, and the balmy breath of Evening alike reaches with the soul's consciousness, the unmeasured, the unfathomed—ever present and yet ever to be.

The legal boundaries of Humanity are not defined. Come who will. The sanity hypocrisy of the Past, or the sincere devotees of the Present, can only build altars upon which men may descry the smoke arising from the sacrifice of their own Gods; and that is a dead inheritance when the living light of the Infinite reverberates in every thought; sounds like the distant thunder on every hilltop, and measures every emotion, and tunes the lyre of solace that speaks to every soul of the Great I Am!

But we have said that Religion is well. The unfathomed was never found; the finite is absorbed in the infinite; and how unhealthy to reconcile a disparity so great and still we say that Religion is well. It certainly is false in theory, and cannot, from the above, be beneficial in practice. This may be reasonably claimed from the foregoing, at least in a measure. But we come to another department of our subject. We have endeavored to show that a Source Infinite, all perfect, loses all by a departure from these prerequisites. That, being so, it shows the Theological Structure to be a creative one; by whom and how is another matter. Secondly, Science, as applied to Religion, is an abortion to the principle upon which it proposes to act; for it judges entirely, when applied to the Creator, from effect, and not cause. This is not scientific truth. Thirdly, Religion, without attempting to define its Source, presupposes in its very nature—as we have said, a part of a whole or absolute, and makes a division in order to get a strata upon which to lay its premises. This is irrational. Again, it undertakes to give a rational solution or necessity for such a relationship. Fourthly, it goes beyond the grave to that bourne from whence, it claims, none return. Now if that is truth, what does it know of the conditions and essentials of a future hope, weal or woe? It appears to be an abortion of two extremes of which it knows nothing, and all founded upon what? Upon the very ignorance of the thing it proposes to administer! Religious faith is what? CHANCE! Religious life? a playhouse where we profess to act a part unknown, and expect by this to reap a reward of merit!

Now the desires, capabilities, capacities and proclivities of individuals are matters that associate us intimately within a sphere of individual, conscious action, in the common experiences of every-day life, and they are as varied as the hues of the rainbow. Every conceivable thought and reflection is diverse and opposed. Are there wrong? No; for they are true to the inherent cause that prompts and produces—and that is God—as much as the unmeasured depths of the ocean

or the altitude of the mountain—alike bequeathed by the One Omnipotent Hand; and shall we complain of these? Not all is wisely adapted for good. And what is susceptible of the greatest good is alike susceptible of the greatest ill. The measure to be attained is in accordance to the application, adaptation and use. Analytically, this is universal. Then what is the office of Religion? We have said it is well. On the other hand we have shown that its tendency, in a true and ultimate sense, is most deleterious, and its effect an abortion upon God and man. It appeals, in the first instance, it is said, to the downcast and weary. It bids them to hope and fear. It asks us to look with the eye of gratitude to the Source that made us. Gratitude for what? For defaming us? Fear that we may reap the reward of His own error? Hope that he created and cursed and will be fooled, that it may be well with us? Are those the components of creative munificence and Scriptural theorization? What more? What is the great stimulus, the leverage that moves the Earth, so far as mortals are concerned? It is proffered. It is that which is to be. It is the hoped for. The unrealized. Religion thus appeals to my weaker part. It excites my fears by a awful picture. It tells me of the silent grave; of the cold clods of the Valley, where the worm revels; and of a fire that is unquenchable; of living Lakes of Scorpion fangs; of horrid demons gloating o'er man's mistake! It appeals to my doubts. It excites my fears. It writes in a realm of uncertainty. It flies, as it were, with imagination's wing, o'er all the undefined realm of mortality, and holds it all in the iron grasp of death, and calls it God, and asks me, as a creature from that Creator, to bow with gratitude before such a picture. It tells me more: to silence the incentive promptings. Oh, Heaven!—if there be one who can see and observe and act also that would conflict with such a blissful future. Its claim is threatened at the sacrifice of my reason and judgment. It is held sacred through the instrumentality of fear. It is surrounded and shaded by uncertainty; that salvo of the soul called faith!

But, again, I am equally told that memories, like the sweet dew of the morning, pass athwart the earth, invigorating life with their freshness from a source superior, and bid me look not in vain, but be filled with the unquenchable evidence of its power; to quiet every fear and dispel every thought that obscures my mortal vision, and hold forth its radiations for unceasing Time. And what is this, pray? The opposite picture: The Paradisaical mansion of the Blest. Humanity has no more a conscious thought, no form to portray its blissful memories. We are told it is God; I know not the name of the Name. For He is God! Of Him what is not? I attempt, but it is vain. But this is a Theological definition called Heaven, God's presence!

Whatever may be the unmeasured depths of the contrast, it is said to be the emporium of Thought, or Reservoir of the Soul, when administered through the Pandora's box of the Theological chest, for the good of Humanity! It is well for us to state, then, specifically, our objection or reason, *per se*, that is to say, to attack, in its mortality. Heaven, I must embrace a system of *Reverend*. I must be taught, influenced and biased by a consciousness of a supposed gain! If my cupidly or acquisitive propensities are not sufficiently sensitive or susceptible, I must be influenced by a working upon my fears; by describing, as it were, the most sad and lamentable consequences that will ultimately attend me if I fail to attain. The salvo of Religion has its task as a system, by a most formidable appeal to the lowest—so to speak—passions of man's nature, namely: cupidity, acquisitiveness, fear, *Virtue, Love and Principle* are secondary considerations. You take away Fear, and the Theological Structure is groundless. And it is consistent in one thing: for the nobler sentiments of our nature could find no resting-place in such a habitation. Why? How could gratitude spring up and bely an existence that was a sorrow? How could virtue, with its trade in an isolated condition that borders and throes on the brink of misery? How could principle reign triumphant with such an inconsistency as a Source perfect within itself, forgetting or toying for unending ages, with lifeless forms, for weal or woe? Well may the sentinels upon the tower of Thought cry aloud, and ask why Humanity should be drugged with such nostrums, said to be fresh from its God. No! Time will prove that as any people come to think in the exercise of an inherited right, that these mists will disappear and become the precursor of a brighter day, wherewith Humanity will stand forth unredeemed by the supposed virtues of another; but, alike to life and truth, the actor and partaker of his own nature, and not the libelous bequeathment to posterity, but the semblance of the Infinite, true to itself and its God.

But we have said Religion is well. Why is it well? From the simple fact that there are no divergences, I care not how great, but what contain within themselves something of the nature of plan and purpose. Men's capacities and tendencies are as diverse as the currents of human thought. Now the principle of Fear is just as Divine as that of Hope. What is the difference? Its exercise—the application, the design, the object to be attained by its use. All Nature teaches us this. There are, doubtless, many natures that can only be reached through the medium of Fear; this picture of horror. Equally so through some supposed attainment of good. These are most prudent and feasible in their legitimate exercise; and they certainly would be required, in a great measure, as a security and application, as allied to Nature and her God. Then I admit the principle of Fear and the stimulus to attain as being preciously fitted and well qualified to subserve, in a measure, the wants and offices of Humanity. But this may appear to be needlessly precise, or as admitting too much. We may be told that it mars and defaces the edifice that we have erected for the claims of Theologic lore; but, alas! we would remember that theory and practice are two distinct things. If, through fear, man is kept from committing murder, is there any virtue in his not murdering, so far as he is personally concerned? Fear of the penalty is not only my preserver but may be his. He has the disposition to do it, but Fear or Reward keeps him from it. Is he a better man? This is Religion. We say it is well. We say that the Strata of Humanity is myriad in degree. Who shall say it is vain? Not I. Nay, more: Your whole System of Jurisprudence, from beginning to end, is based upon this indispensable bond of dread of penalty. It is an Excise upon the law drawn the Bill of Humanity, and is honored by your courts and defied by your legislative enactments. Call you it what you will, its purpose is Divine. And when man shall see, in the unmeasured of the events of Time, an Infinite Realm, undefined, ever adapting itself to the good of all, he will hold but one thought in God, *THU ART!*

Truthfully yours, &c., J. B. FRANKLIN, Mount Hope, Tennessee, U. S. A., Jan. 10, 1866.

Children's Department.

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

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

VIRGINIA PERKINS.

CHAPTER XIII.

New-Found Treasures.

Virginia and her faithful guide met with few adventures for a few days. Sammy seemed to have a keen instinct that led him to some comfortable resting place at night, and to the cool springs when the days were excessively hot. They traveled very slowly, for Virginia found that walking day after day wearied her feet, and made her feel sometimes faint and sick. She used to imagine that nothing could be more delightful than long journeys through the woods, and on her excursions with Hugh, she formed many plans of travel, and among the pleasantest were journeys on foot, and finding fresh grapes and berries for food.

But sweet as were the blackberries, Virginia was more thankful for the nice bit of bacon and corn bread that Sammy brought to her, than for any food she had ever eaten. He never failed to provide a good breakfast for her, for he found friends ready to help him at every plantation. He gave glowing accounts of the importance of his mission to his colored friends, representing Virginia as a great lady, in unheeded perplexities, from all of which he was to relieve her.

Sometimes Virginia would be awakened before the first dawn of light by a whole band of men, women and children, who seemed to think her a great princess, having heard from Sambo in their cabins the evening before a history of their travels and of the object, which she declared was something too great to be fully revealed.

At these times Virginia was so gentle and kind in her manner, thanking them for their interest, and hoping they all would find as good a friend as she had in Sambo, that they knew not whether to be disappointed or pleased; for they expected to see a tall lady in a diamond necklace, with a ring on every finger and a long golden necklace about her neck, and bracelets on each arm.

But when Sambo ventured to tell why Virginia had left her home, then all the negro men and women bowed their heads, and many wiped tears from their eyes.

"She is de angel dat de Lord send 'fore he come," said one old man. "He be comin' right quick, dat sartin, for dis de second sign dat 'pear. One de great flock of crows dat fly to de South, leaving de others sittin' majestic on de oak, de oder dis angel."

Virginia could not help laughing at the absurdity of the omens, and she was pleased, too, to remember what she and Hugh saw on their excursion to the woods.

But Virginia began to be anxious, for Sambo could learn of no one like Estelle in that part of the country. They sometimes ventured to go together to a mansion, and Virginia would herself ask for her friend, but it was all in vain. Sambo often entreated her to let him engage a seat for her in some vehicle, while he walked with his long-practiced rapid step beside, to guard her; but nothing could induce her to enter a wagon, for she remembered her perilous ride with the cruel teamster. Sambo said, in reply to her objections:

"Why, dat be clear as de moon to dis darkey. De Lord know who his lamb needed to 'scort it through de country, where de prowling wolves make great danger, an' he use de wicked men as well as de good to serve his will, an' de teamster bring dat lamb safe to Sambo, an' Sambo have 'ticular 'rection to remain where he ware, to wait for de coming of de lamb."

This was a kind of faith that Virginia had never dreamed of, and as she traveled through the beautiful forests, when it was cool and still, she seemed to feel the peace of that faith enter her spirit. Was there surely some power ever bringing good out of evil, and watching her so tenderly that if she had faith enough it could direct her every step?

She began to feel a spirit of love toward every one, as she thought of this, and her wishes became so earnest to be led in the best path, that she knelt down as she had so often seen Milly do, and looking up to the clear heavens uttered a prayer as sweet as the perfume of flowers, or as the soft breeze that just touched her brow. While she knelt there, it seemed to her that the whole forest became luminous with a brightness not of the sun.

It was well for her that she had this season of sweet peace, for great trials were before her. Sambo had been very sure that he was traveling in the right direction to lead him toward a stream, the course of which he had determined to follow to reach a part of the country where he believed Virginia would find Estelle. He had a very high opinion of his own wisdom and sagacity, and although he could give no reasons for his belief, yet he felt very sure that he was altogether in the right.

Virginia had looked to the line of blue hills, always thinking that near them she should rest her weary feet. Therefore she felt disappointed as Sambo insisted upon taking a different course. But she allowed herself to be led by him, because he had been so faithful and sagacious. But they had not been long in the fine old forest, before she noticed that his step lost its elasticity, and his eye had no keen sparkle in it. There was also a weary expression on his face. She traveled on, however, with much comfort, for beautiful paths were cut through the forest, and Virginia was never weary of watching the lights and shadows on her path, and of listening to the rustle of the leaves.

But they had not journeyed long before Sambo became entirely confused in regard to his course. For a time he would go in one direction, and then turn and go in an opposite. He often put his hand up to his head as if he was in great pain. A cloudy day came, and this seemed greatly to increase his perplexity, for he had not the sun to tell him the points of the compass.

They had not calculated on a long walk through the forest and had not much food with them. All this Sambo insisted on giving to Virginia; but she put half of it away in her little bundle, feeling sure he would need it after a time more than she. They found occasionally some early grapes already ripened, and in sunny spots some berries, but no abundance of them, and they both felt very tired and faint.

But Sambo was seized at the close of an evening's march with a sudden giddiness, and was soon too helpless to rise from the bed of leaves which he always prepared for Virginia; for he would not allow himself to lie down, but sat bolt upright against a tree or stood up and slept, a

habit that he had acquired when obliged to wait a long time the will of his master. He always told Virginia when she begged to watch while he slept at his ease, that there was no rest so good as that he got when standing and trying to keep awake.

"It jes' like all de time keepin' in sight of de promiss land. De sleep it come up close, like a big white cloud, and den it shake off and 'seemle again, an' dat be jes' like de glory dat be alway 'comin' dat de minister always tell about and neber get jes' here; but it so restin' to hear him tell ob it, dat it be moos' like de real glory ob de kingdom."

And so he took his post every night, while Virginia slept peacefully as if in her little room at home. But now he could not stand, and he could only look his great sorrowful eyes, for he seemed too weak to speak. Virginia went in search of some water, and soon found a spring, in which she wet her handkerchief and bound about his head.

All the night through she watched by his side, and when the morning dawned she fell asleep, to be awakened by the warm sun. But Sambo was no better. She looked up to the protecting trees, as if they might tell her what to do; but no answer came. All the day she kept her watch, and cared as well as she could for her guide and protector; but she was herself faint and ill. She soaked carefully the pieces of dry corn-bread that she had saved, and gave to Sambo. He devoured them like a greedy animal. It was then she knew that he had been often depriving himself of food to give to her. But he did not return to consciousness, and Virginia had now no food, and was feeling the nervous anxiety that arose from the want of nourishment. Very sadly was her faith tried.

"Where was the good Lord," she said to herself, "that cared for his children?" She began to doubt his goodness and love; could he forsake her and the faithful Sambo, if he had half as much love as a kind earthly father?

These doubts made her much more miserable. Sometimes she cried heartily, and sometimes she sat down beside Sambo, and called his name, and rubbed his hands to arouse him; but he only moaned, and turned his head from side to side.

For three days and nights thus Virginia waited and waited, but however without trying to find her way to some plantation or cabin. She marked her path by strewing branches, so that she should be sure and not lose the way back to Sambo; but she sought in vain. It seemed to her that they were in the centre of an impenetrable forest.

On the fourth morning, as she opened her eyes, she saw a little bird hopping about Sambo, picking up the little crumbs that had fallen. In her sleep she had dreamed of her mother, and her heart was very tender.

"Dear little bird," said she, "who tells you where to go for food, so that in this great forest you are as plump as need be? You have a keen little eye, and a strong little will, and a great deal of patience, I am sure. Oh, I wish, how I wish that I could see a sign, as you do, to guide me. Give me the faith and trust of a little bird, and patience, too. Oh, dear mother, can you not see your dear Timmy, and tell her what to do?"

She grew very calm, and kept looking at the little winged visitor, as it picked its crumbs, and lifted its cunning little head in a very wise and knowing way.

"Make the little bird my guide, dear Lord up in heaven, who loves all the little birds."

Even while she spoke, the little bird half flew and half hopped into a little path, and Virginia determined to follow it. Faint and weak as she was, she seemed now to have renewed strength, and her faith was so great that she looked up to the sky, as if expecting to see some face of love bending down over her.

The sun had not yet touched the treetops, but its light made the floating clouds rose-colored, and in them Virginia fancied she saw wreaths of roses from which looked forth smiling faces.

"I will have faith and patience now, like the little bird," said she; and her step grew light, and her face caught the hue of the clouds. She very soon came upon a wide, open path, and her heart gave a leap of joy. How strange that she should not have found it before. Following it she came upon a well-traveled road, and she immediately heard the sound of approaching wheels. With a feeling of dread she hid herself behind a thick cluster of bushes, and looked out through the half-parted branches. With a shiver she beheld the very man who had attempted to carry her away against her will. There was no mistaking his rough visage, and a rent in the covering of his wagon, familiar to her eyes, made her sure that she was not mistaken. It seemed to her that he looked directly at the bushes behind which she was hidden. Her impulse was to run, but all strength seemed to have left her, and she could only look with earnest eyes to see if indeed he saw her.

He was singing one of the rude songs that she had heard when riding beside him. But her fear was increased when she saw that he had now a large dog that walked beside his horses.

The wagon went past her place of retreat, and she gave a little sigh of relief; but the moment the dog scented her steps, he gave a short bark, and began scenting them out. Virginia knew well enough that unless called away he would soon make his master know that some one was near. Just then a little bird—she thought it was the same one that she had followed—flew in the middle of the road, and the man with a whistle called the dog to catch it. Virginia knew she was safe now, and her joy made her faint. She could not move, until a thought of Sambo lying helpless in the forest, recalled her to herself.

She now followed the road in an opposite direction from which the wagon went, and in a short time came to an open field in which she saw a man at work. She looked to see if he had a dark skin, and finding he had, she called as loudly as possible, and waved her arms.

Why was she so confident that she should be helped by the poor, despised black man? Because she knew that his heart had been made tender by his own sufferings, and that his pity would lead him to help all who needed aid. She did not understand that she was now finding some of those treasures only to be found on the mountain of Trial. She was climbing the ascent toward a true and beautiful spiritual life by the wearisome way of suffering; but only in that path could that tender sympathy and love be found which could make her feel for others, because she knew the bitterness of trial.

When the negro met her with a smile, as if saying, "How can I serve you?" she knew that she had found a friend. She quickly told her troubles, and in a short time she was guiding her helper back to Sambo, accompanied by another man strong enough to carry him to a comfortable place of shelter.

Virginia learned on her way back that her delay in the forest was all that had prevented her meeting with her captor, the cruel teamster. He owned this small lot of land in this secluded place, on which he made several slaves work under a

task-master more cruel than himself, his son, now away in the army.

If Virginia had lost faith a few hours before, she was now so sure of a kind, loving power that had kept her and Sambo from danger, that she looked up to the sky, almost expecting to see the dear Lord himself looking down on her, telling her of love and tender care.

Sambo was removed to a comfortable cabin, where he soon grew better under the treatment of a kind negro named Alea. She bound up his head in plantain leaves, and gave him tea made from various kinds of herbs and sweetened with wild honey. When Virginia told him of their escape, he said:

"De Lord know when to put 'fusion in de head of Sammy, and make him know nuffin' 't all, an' now let us hab faith and praise him forever. Amen."

Virginia softly responded, "Amen."

[To be continued in our next.]

To Correspondents.

BLUSH ROSE.—You did right to send the communication. But was it not meant for your own spiritual life—an outspoken word from an unspoken longing? And yet not the less from that source of inspiration that gives us often our impulses, and makes us long to be and do that which we have power to become and accomplish.

Written for the Banner of Light.
SPIRITUAL FAITH.

BY MRS. C. A. K. POORE.

Wildly the storm's raging to-night,
Fervently fierce the wintry blast;
And darkness o'er the starless sky
Like a funeral pall is cast;

The driving rain in sudden wrath
Beats madly 'gainst the window pane;
The wind-god, like a tortured fiend,
Rushes madly along the plain.

We draw around the blazing hearth,
Secure from elemental harm,
And wait in hope the breaking light
Betokening the coming calm.

And yet, athwart the human soul
Far wilder storms their phantoms sweep,
Wrestling our idols from our hearts,
And leaving us alone to weep.

Alone, 'mid wreck of by-gone joys,
We sit down in shadowy gloom,
And only dream, in our despair,
Of light and peace beyond the tomb.

And yet, sure as the clouds of night
Flee at the brightening morning's birth,
And God's glad sunshine, streaming forth,
Illuminates again the earth,

So sure will light and peace divine
Baptize our souls with holy calm,
And "angel wings," by zephyrs borne,
Waft to our hearts a healing balm.
Oh human life! wert thou confined
Within this narrow earthly sphere,
T'were but a hollow mockery,
A thing of doubt and dread and fear!

Thanks to the faith that's bridged the stream,
Whose chilling waves two worlds divide,
And links us to the "shining shore"
Where our "earth angels" still abide.
Almighty Power, for the blest boon
Of life immortal, life divine,
We revere thee bow on bended knee
In grateful worship at thy shrine.
Hampton, N. J.

A Parable.

A Rabbinical priest went forth to fulfill his sacred appointment in preaching to perishing souls. For he said within himself, "It were sin to neglect this precious opportunity to warn poor sinners of the wrath to come."

So he hurried by the hovels of the indigent, and the wretched haunts of the prodigal and intemperate.

He must needs go through the country. The air was redolent with song and sweetness; the grass was tender and green; the flowers opened their lips with kisses; the brooks gurgled a gentle melody; the birds chanted, and the insects buzzed a psalm of praise.

Then the Rabbi knelt down even under the shadow of a spreading elm, and thus he prayed:

"Oh Lord, I thank thee that I am not given to the lusts of these natural vanities, and that I am not as other men are, who worship nature as deo and heathen. Oh Lord, save my soul from love of self and pride; and the glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to Holy Ghost. Amen."

Renewing his journey, he found a beggar boy sitting by the wayside, crying for alms.

"These beggars!" thought the Rabbi; "how they do annoy us—so many of them!"

"Boy," he said harshly, "why dost thou not work and earn an honest living, like the rest of us?"

"Oh, sir, I am blind, and no man employs me. I am an orphan. Oh, sir, speak softly, for my heart is sore!"

"Get religion, my son—get religion; for the Lord loveth his own; he sendeth the ravens with bread to his elect. Here is a tract somebody will read to thee about the native depravity of thy heart."

The Rabbi passed on, meditating on "the plan of salvation."

Then a little ragged girl came running out of a log cottage, wringing her hands, and saying:

"Oh, my mother is sick—she is dying!"

"God have mercy on her soul!" replied the Rabbi; but he turned not thither to comfort the sorrowing, for was he not going to preach the Gospel?

"That night an angel appeared unto him, saying: 'Rabbi, I heard thee thank God that thou art not as other men are, lovers of his works and worshippers in his living temples; for thou didst curse these as vanity. Thou dost reverence thy Bible; but dost it teach thee that God is bound up in its unbreathing symbols? Good as it is, is it dead to thee, for thou surrendrest the present inspirations of which it testifies. Behold Nature where God lives to-day; hath he not written here fresher truth than on the translated records of what other men saw and felt? Listen to the voice of God in thy soul; is it not nearer to thee than the letter of a book? Learn, oh Rabbi! even of thy Bible, that God is alive, repenting ever the divinity of Christ and his apostles.'"

"Human nature," said the Rabbi, "is totally depraved; hence what appears lovely to our senses is sin's deception."

"True," said the angel, "a man's judgment of things is colored always by his moral condition. By this law I see thou art falsely trained; thy depraved dogma hath depraved thy pure nature."

"Scorn of the Word of God, who art thou, that thou presumest to instruct me?"

"I say not," continued the angel, "that thou art naturally depraved, but that thy theology hath led thee astray from truth and charity."

"Who art thou?" sternly demanded the Rabbi.

The angel answered not, but said:

"I saw thee when thou didst pass by the indi-

gent, the prodigal and the intemperate—when thou spakest harshly to the poor, blind boy, and gave him nothing from thy rich salary, save a poisonous tract—and when thou didst not regard the claims of the dying mother and her mourning children. Turn back from service to yonder mammon church; first do justice, and love mercy; then come and redeem the self-righteous."

"I adjure thee in the name of Jesus Christ to tell me who thou art," said the Rabbi again, trembling.

But behold! the angel had vanished.
"Gone?" he inquired—"gone? What meaneth this? I have heard that spirits of late return to mortal! Oh, Most Merciful, save me from such a damning curse! He that is vanished taught that Nature, and even my soul in its depraved estate of Adam's fall, are fresher evidences of God and his inspirations than the Holy Scriptures! Surely, this must be the Devil! Let us pray."

EVANGEL.

Correspondence.

Children's Lyceum in Cleveland, Ohio.

LETTERS FROM A. J. DAVIS.

The Organization of a Children's Progressive Lyceum in the beautiful city of Cleveland, Ohio, is certain to work beneficially for the establishment of Spiritualism in that important region of the State. The steadfast friends and intelligent advocates of our divine principles will not only realize a fresh inspiration in the direction of unity and devotion, but the large outside progressive public will, ere long, respond to the noble practical efforts of Spiritualists in behalf of the young.

The Lyceum in Cleveland was attended last Sunday by numerous "little ones" who love to learn to feel and to think in harmonious and spiritual directions. The ways of wisdom are pleasant indeed, and the steps of children beat time to the order of heavenly progress. They learn in the Lyceum to acquire health of body and completeness of spirit.

The question adopted Sunday before last by the Cleveland Lyceum was, "What should we live for?" (You know, I suppose, that in our Lyceums the little people, including the young ladies and gentlemen of Liberty and Temple Groups, and also the Officers and Leaders, invariably propose and adopt, by a vote *risa voce*, the question which they will take home for intuition and reflection, and to which, on the following Sunday, all belonging to the institution are expected to give such replies, verbally or in writing, as each is impressed to consider the best.) The young people and children in Cleveland accordingly gave in answers when the conductor, Mr. Jewett, called for them; and the large audience present seemed to take the liveliest satisfaction in what was spontaneously said by the youthful pilgrims in the path of progression. One fine boy in Star Group replied that he "meant to live to be a comfort to his father, and be prepared to meet his mother in the Summer-land." His voice trembled with deep emotion, and his accents were so touchingly freighted with affection for his darling departed mother, that the tears of sympathy flowed silently from many earnest eyes, and, for a moment, a holy tenderness rested, like a divine spell, upon the bosom of the entire Lyceum. I was particularly gratified with replies from members in nearly all the Groups. The plan is so now that adults are non-plussed frequently, while the children, who are ever closest to the Divine principle of Nature, are not only happy and at home in the Groups, but are, with few exceptions, spontaneously prepared to give, in fewest possible words, the richest and truest and highest definitions to questions of their own choosing.

The Cleveland citizens assured me that they would stand firmly by the work they had adopted as part compensation, and for the innumerable beautiful teachings and consolations the inhabitants of the Summer-land had kindly bestowed upon them, through the several speaking, healing and test mediums who had, from time to time, visited their "Forest City." Bro. D. A. Eldy promised to write letters concerning the movements in Cleveland, and thus keep the readers of both the Banner and Journal acquainted with Spiritualism in general and the progress of the Lyceum in particular. May his letters always convey "glad tidings of great joy."

Your friend, A. J. DAVIS.

Philadelphia, Pa., Feb.

REPORT OF THE ANNIVERSARY EXHIBITION OF THE CHILDREN'S LYCEUM OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Second Anniversary of the First Children's Progressive Lyceum of Philadelphia, was appropriately celebrated on the evening of the 7th February, in the spacious and popular place known as Concert Hall. Notwithstanding the disagreeable, chilly and drizzling storm, which prevailed late in the afternoon and during the time of assembling, the citizens arrived in great numbers at an early hour, eager to gain admission. Long before the curtain was rolled up, the beautiful hall was almost full of ladies and gentlemen, accompanied by their children and youthful acquaintances—a first-class audience of citizens, Spiritualists, and large numbers of elderly persons, evidently strangers to the Lyceum, but all earnestly and respectfully interested in the programme for the evening. The outside storm had no effect upon the officers and members of the Institution. They were all there in full force and in the best humor; maidens, and youths, and children, and the baby members of Fountain Group, all sparkling in beautiful dresses; all classified by their ornamental badges; all filled with music and innocent mirth; and all intent on the prompt and graceful performance of their part in the programme.

The Lyceum of Philadelphia is under the Conductorship of an indefatigable and competent gentleman, our esteemed Brother M. B. Dyott, who is in every particular most effectively seconded and assisted by his intelligent and graceful wife, Mrs. Mary J. Dyott, whose large home is ever open to officers, leaders and members of the Lyceum, and to all the true and faithful teachers, either in the private walks or on the public platform of Spiritualism. I am invariably refreshed and revived in spirit by a visit at the hospitable dwelling of these earnest friends. The Philadelphia Lyceum children, and all the adult members and officers of the institution, regard Mr. and Mrs. Dyott as best friends and benefactors. A beautiful present was given them at the Christmas Festival; and on every suitable occasion the people testify the sincerity of their friendship and esteem for these faithful workers. May all Lyceums have equal good fortune in the selection of their principal officers. It is a gratification of no ordinary kind to find both husband and wife as one engaged, with every member of their family, in promoting the cause of spirit-culture and physical health in the homes of their fellow men, by means of the Lyceum.

At eight o'clock the curtain rolled up. The entire force of the Groups was represented in a splen-

did combination called a "Patriotic Tableau," from the baby members, who were standing in the foreground and at the base of the pyramid, to the young men and beautiful maidens in the far background of the scene, each holding aloft the ever-victorious "stars and stripes," and led and accompanied by Mr. Sargent, the Musical Director, who presided at the piano, the musical voices of the entire Lyceum burst forth in singing an original song, by Miss Orlorne, the Assistant Musical Director, entitled:

"HAIL TO THE FLAG."

Hail to the Flag that proudly waves o'er us,
Fought for by Freedom so noble and brave;
Bear the great Banner in triumph before us,
All who live 'neath it can never be slaves.
Freedom, we crown thee, path'ring around thee
With the bright garlands of Love and Peace,
Far from thy power tyrants shall cower,
Our Nation's greatness shall ever increase.
May our great Banner, ever victorious,
Wave over a Nation just, generous and true;
Spotless preserve it, its reign shall be glorious,
Unstained its escutcheon by Slavery's dark hue.
Then from forever we shall be no more slaves,
With our hearts throbbing so proud and free,
Liberty, we bless thee, none shall express thee,
But as a Nation united we'll be.

The audience applauded this beautiful song, as all had cheered the Tableau when the curtain first went up. Next came the glorious "Banner March," by the leaders and members of all the Groups. The music, although not enough in quantity, was excellent in quality, and the marching gave the greatest satisfaction. The Guardian of Groups, Mrs. Ballanger, led the march in stately style, and with admirable time to music, and brought the long line, by counter-marching, into a solid body in front of the platform, when, led by the Conductor, all repeated the Silver-Chain Recitation, in the Manual, entitled "Thanksgiving." In the pronunciation of words, in order to develop the full sense of the thoughts and sentiments, the school has made decided progress.

Following this, and after the children and leaders were all comfortably seated in reserved seats, between the audience and the stage, the "Dialogue" between Sir Peter and Lady Tenzle was "done" in the best style of Mr. Gourlay and Miss Orlorne. The latter surprised and delighted her most intimate friends. Her talents are varied, and her elasticity of spirit is remarkable; and the Philadelphia Lyceum is the recipient of her friendship, highest inspirations, and valuable labors. She is much beloved by all.

"Come, now, and haste away," was sung with fine effect, by Miss Crowell, and received hearty applause.

The Infant Group in Parlor Gymnastics, led by Charlie Dyott, performed the Dumb Bell Exercises, with music, to the highest satisfaction of all. They elicited frequent applause. The merriest was greatest when the little ones, without a smile, seemed lost in amazement and earnestness, equally divided between looking at the audience and trying to make motions just like Charlie Dyott. This juvenile class was very well drilled and beautifully dressed, and every one was perfect in manner and appearance, and the large audience sustained them with their heartiest approbation.

This was followed by a pleasant dialogue between Miss Kuhn and Miss Blackwood. Next was a trio, "Nath the Greenwood Tree," sung by three beautiful sisters, Misses Fithian; all the sweetest singers, and giving promise of much success in the world of music.

"The Court of the Fairies," a charming musical tableau, was next presented. It was an elegant piece of art, and combined with singing, it merged into the spiritual, as do all very high forms of beauty and harmony. The chorus, sung by girls and boys behind the scenes, was in the following words:

We have come floating from gay woodland bowers
Merry and happy and free,
Sporting all day 'midst the blossoming flowers,
Dancing in fairy-like glee.
Praises we'll sing to our Monarch so bright,
And to Titania, his beautiful Queen,
Long may they reign in their power and might,
In their proud glory supreme.

Pride of our Fairy Court,
Pride, pride of our Fairy Court.

After this fascinating tableau was a dialogue between Cassius and Brutus; the first was admirably taken by Mr. A. Chase and the second by Mr. F. Gourlay, both young men of education and more than usual capacities for dramatic impersonations. The Philadelphia Lyceum is rich in talent and inspiration. In dramatic and musical abilities, as also in gymnastic accomplishments, the institution is second to none in the city or State. Mr. Gourlay has won the title of "Champion Speaker." In a fair contest between a Literary Society of New York and a similar Young Men's Association in Philadelphia.

After a very laughable comic duet, entitled "Quaker Courtship," by Miss Fithian and Minnie Harris, who were so much applauded that they were obliged to "come out" and repeat the courtship. Mr. Gourlay recited a glorious inspiration that came through Miss Lizzie Doten, called "Life," in which the gospel of Spiritualists concerning death was perfectly and concisely set forth, and by which old time opinions and false theology received some of the hardest hits. In this selection Mr. Gourlay not only indicated a rare judgment and good taste in poetic composition, but he equally demonstrated his natural talent for the most effective recitation of dramatic writing. The Conductor, Bro. Dyott, in conversation informed me that the Lyceum had no knowledge of Mr. Gourlay's talent until he voluntarily recited this poem, "Life," at one of the Conventions of Groups.

Miss Mary Fithian now sung a beautiful song, "Will he be Home to Night?" which elicited applause. Then came a comic recitation, called "Pin, Needle and Scissors," by Miss Harris, who is first rate in sustaining a part, and may attain to much usefulness as a speaker in a few years. In fact, the Lyceum girls and boys manifest talents for speaking and singing of the first order; and it is not improbable that many of them will take leading parts on the stage of human progress, both in the beautiful quiet of private life and on the platform of public teaching in behalf of the coming millions. Then will the fruit of our Children's Progressive Lyceums appear on the trees of Social and National Life—better men and better women—the fathers and mothers of the coming generations, approaching nearer and nearer the Era of Peace and good will all over the earth.

The Anniversary Exhibition closed with a grand emblematic tableau, representing "Universal Progression." There was displayed an unusual artistic skill in the combination of the characters, and in their emblematic drapery and symbols. The tableau when analyzed revealed Liberty as progressing; Truth, which has been bound, is rising, because just freed from Error's shackles by the sword of Justice, who was seen sheathing the weapon, prompted to the act of peace by the spirit of Love. On the right of Love sat Wisdom, with golden light in her face. In the background were visible both Faith and Peace. Wisdom looked backwards to gather the philosophy of history, which through the long era of the past

dotted with Mercy and Hope. Mercy looks kindly on the record of events, while Hope fixes her eyes forward and upward.

Upon this instructive original tableau the curtain rolled down. The most enthusiastic tokens of approbation and delight were given by the audience throughout the whole evening's performance. The officers and guards of the Lyceum performed their duties with promptness and in perfect good taste, and on all sides the most cordial good feeling prevailed. The children were happy and free, and "behaved" like so many angels of humanity. Although the expenses of the exhibition were very heavy, I was informed that the proceeds, from sale of tickets, paid every bill, and put a nice little sum into the Lyceum Treasury.

The Philadelphia Lyceum friends take the liveliest interest in the prosperity of this new work for a world's education. They send greetings to Officers, Leaders and Members of fellow Lyceums throughout the country. "Lyceum number 2," in Philadelphia, is already a promising school, under the conductors of Bro. I. Rehn. Who would have supposed that the "Quaker City" Spiritualists would thus carry off the palm?

Your friend,
A. J. DAVIS.

A Motion to Amend.

Our true and tried friend, M. A. Townsend, of New Brighton, Pa., nobly and generously proposes to be one of a thousand or more, to pay in to a fund fifty or one hundred dollars each, to support the teachers and extend the cause of Spiritualism, &c. This is certainly a worthy and commendable object, and, no doubt, arises from what so many of us have seen and felt, and what I have often alluded to: the want of some means and compensation sufficient to keep in the field of labor, with tongue and pen, more of our best developed and ablest speakers and writers. Of all the defects of Spiritualism, the one I have deplored most is the inability or indisposition to employ and support our ablest advocates, not for want of means, but for want of organizations, concentration and cooperation of believers in the glorious truths. We ought to be ashamed to have, as we now have, at least five ex-editors of spiritual papers in clerkship for the Government, at Washington, and such minds as S. B. Brittan, Tiffany, Ambler, Newton, Forster, Pierpont, Charlotte Beebe, Mattie Hulet, Lucy Stone, Julia Branch, and at least a score of other talented persons of each sex, most of them our best and noblest speakers, seeking and obtaining other occupations and means of support, when we have the greatest work of the age, and the very work to which they are best adapted, actually languishing for want of their time and talents, and have ample means to support at least as many, and as well, as the Methodists do.

When a female speaker marries, under our present system of unjust and unequal relationship of wives to husbands, of course I expect she will leave the field; to which I am glad there are a few exceptions, as Mrs. Middlebrook, Cora L. V. Daniels, Emma Jay Bullen, &c. But such men as I have named, with many more, have no excuse but want of support, since they are as firmly attached to the principles as any of us who remain in the field without regard to pay, while their responsibilities or necessities may have been greater than ours. One of them, now in a lucrative office, said to me some years ago, he thought I had done missionary labor enough without pay; he was sure he had. I could not see it—I cannot yet—but I can see the need of his help and others of our old pioneer band. I have expected, and still do hope, that our national and State and local organizations will ultimately secure this object; but they must first be legally organized under some act of State or National Legislation—special or general—so that bonds can be required and given, and responsible agents appointed, &c. Thus a plan like that of friend Townsend's can be carried out; but I fear at present it could not, as the contributors could hardly have their names carried out, without partially, by any one or more persons selected to receive and disburse the money. With my knowledge of the whole field and the laborers, I could not disburse it satisfactorily to even myself, and am sure I could not satisfy all contributors; and now while I hold this noble offer a little way off, let me propose, as an amendment, that each person send one or more new subscribers to the Banner of Light and Religio-Philosophical Journal; and that one thousand or more persons send each fifty dollars to A. J. and Mary F. Davis, to be expressly and exclusively expended by them, according to their judgment, in opening and sustaining Children's Progressive Lyceums, and in educating and sustaining a Normal Institute to educate and qualify teachers for that purpose, and, in this way, put in the mortar to cement and build the real and substantial foundation for the temple of physical, mental and spiritual education for the age of reason and rational Spiritualism. Their lives, labors and promise will be ample bond for the faithful disbursement of any sum. Who will second these amendments? WARREN CHASE.

Vineand, N. J., Feb. 10, 1866.

Matters in Detroit, Mich.

DEAR BANNER—You have had no report of progress from Detroit, of late, and I dare say many of your readers have supposed that our place has been left behind in the "progressive movement," while other leading cities—nay, even towns scarcely heard of in business circles—are "up and doing," and alive to the real interests of the hour.

I am pleased to inform you that the Spiritualists of our beautiful city, on becoming impressed with the necessity of doing something, a few humble but earnest ones, a few months since, took the matter in hand, and we have been holding occasional meetings, and have had several able discourses from those well-known speakers, Messrs. Leo Miller, A. B. Whiting and Moses Hull. We have had, usually, very large congregations, particularly—as is the case so generally with Spiritualist meetings—in the evenings.

At Mr. Hull's last meeting, Jan. 28th, which was held at Young Men's Hall—the largest hall in the city—a business organization was perfected, the writer being chosen President, with an Associate Committee of four, viz., Dr. R. G. Murray, Wm. Walker, Sanford R. Smith and M. J. Matthews, &c. These are active business citizens, of a high standing. Dr. Murray was formerly of Rochester, and is one of the old Spiritualists, a faithful, noble man. Mr. Walker is connected with the daily press of our city, and is an earnest, sagacious man. Mr. Smith is a most conscientious Spiritualist, exemplifying in his every act the beautifulness of our blessed religion. The three others are all veterans. Mr. Matthews is a new recruit in the field, but takes hold with creditable determination. Outside this business organization, we have a noble band of stout hearts willing hands to sustain us in the work; you can see that we are in shape for good work, and you may expect to hear of substantial results realized. We have Brother Leo Miller

engaged for the four Sundays in March, and we are anticipating a season of pleasant experiences. We know you will help us with your sympathies. H. N. F. LEWIS.

Detroit, Mich., Feb. 6, 1866.

Interesting Notes from J. G. Fish.

Amid all the fears of its friends and opposition of its enemies, our glorious cause is still onward, and the marshaling hosts of truth prophesy for themselves a final and complete victory over error, bigotry and superstition.

Our friends in Providence are awakening to a renewed effort for the furtherance of Spiritualism in their midst. They are about obtaining a charter for their society, and taking a place in their city as a permanent organization. Their late fair and festival, as the many in attendance and the present state of their treasury fully attest, was a complete success. Whether fair, festival, levee, exhibition or excursion, Spiritualists always have a good time. So everybody who attends says, and nobody doubts it. Miss Laura V. Ellis, the "child medium," has been there confirming the weak and confounding the skeptical by her startling "cabinet manifestations." The Children's Lyceum, now under the conductorship of that earnest and successful worker, L. K. Joslin, is in a prosperous condition and doing much good. Mrs. M. S. Townsend during last month spoke most acceptably and effectively to crowded and highly interested and instructed audiences, made better and wiser by her high toned inspirations. May the angels send us more such workers. Last Sunday I opened on my fifth month in Providence, with a full and highly appreciative audience. The choir there is one of the best in New England. It is under the direction of the very competent L. Town, and led by the accomplished and highly gifted musical artist, Mrs. Cella Robinson, and forms a great attraction to the Hall.

I spent last month in Lowell, the city of "splendids." Audiences were small at the commencement, but increased to an almost packed house at the close. Lee street church, one of the best in the city and formerly Unitarian, is rented by the Spiritualists by the year, and no congregation meets in a more commodious place. They have an excellent choir, led by an organ, which charms the audience with many an echo from the angel choirs above. The society should buy the church where they meet, which is for sale cheap, and it is to be hoped they will. Their Lyceum, under the faithful labors of Conductor Young, is very interesting and very profitable to both young and old. Noble, persevering and earnest workers are at the helm in Lowell, and the work must and will go on.

During last month I visited Worcester, on the occasion of the State Convention, and find the cause more deeply rooted in the earnest, holy sympathies of the friends there than ever before, and greater progress is the result. I have never witnessed so much earnestness in Worcester before. President Eaton, a truly noble man, with others who stand by him, is bound to keep the standard of truth floating. Their Lyceum, hitherto faithfully conducted by Dr. Richard, is now receiving a fresh impetus by the efficient labors of that western "break-up plow," Benj. Todd, who always leaves a furrow where he moves, which, unlike the "furrow from the keel," does not "soon close."

The Convention at Worcester was marked by the greatest harmony and unanimity of feeling throughout all its proceedings. Men and women came there, not envious or jealous of each other, nor bursting with speeches, but with arms "made bare" for work, and work they did, and work they will, till all the heathen of Massachusetts that have heard no gospel but ancient heathenism, shall see, hear and receive the glorious light and truth of the present Inspiration.

This week I am speaking in this place. It is my third visit here. There are several mediums, and much interest on the subject of our Philosophy. Many come from five to seven miles to hear the truth, and drink it in as the thirsty earth the showers of June. "Calvinistic" and "Six-Principled Baptists" have well nigh starved their souls. I love to feed such hungry ones. It is truly more blessed when I give, than when I receive the supply. These old Six-Principled—I guess that word will do—are holding a protracted meeting at present, for the purpose of converting souls to Christ. I wish they would let me come in and preach Christ to them. I am afraid they do not understand what Christ is. It does appear to me that, if preached aright, people would more readily receive the teaching. I hope our Missionary will visit this place as soon as may be.

So the work goes bravely on the while, and so it will go on against any and all opposition. Bibles are but paper barriers against a present Inspiration; but they are written by Moses, Paul or Matthew, and creeds are as so much gossamer webbing, that the breath of angels breaks through and lets in, through the rent, the light of truth and immortality. J. G. FISH.

Seanece, Feb. 7, 1866.

Spiritual Meeting at Omro.

The "Northern Wisconsin Spiritualists' Association" held its regular quarterly meeting at Omro, on Saturday and Sunday, the 3d and 4th of February inst. The meeting was called to order on Saturday, at two o'clock P. M., by Col. A. B. Smedley, the President. The Committee appointed at a previous meeting to consider and report as to the propriety of effecting a more permanent organization of the association, reported in favor of an organization, and submitted a Constitution and a "declaration of principles," which were adopted with great unanimity, after a brief discussion. About a hundred names were immediately given in to be enrolled as members of the association.

Saturday evening an attentive and numerous audience listened to a lecture from N. Frank White, on "The duties and responsibilities of the hour." Sunday morning, from nine to half-past ten o'clock, was spent in social conference, at which hour Prof. E. Whipple, of Michigan, spoke upon the "Proofs of immortality scientifically considered and explained." Dr. H. P. Fairfield followed in a lecture, which was claimed to be the joint production of Sylvester Judd and Lorenzo Dow. At two o'clock P. M., lecture by N. Frank White, on the "Saviours of the World." On Sunday evening, Mrs. S. E. Warner gave the closing lecture to an immense congregation, upon the duties of reformers in general, and especially of those who call themselves Spiritualists.

On motion, a Committee, consisting of J. H. Spencer, of Fond du Lac; John Wilcox, of Omro; Dr. Carter, of Oakleaf; F. E. Hamilton, of Berlin, and Mr. Blanchard, of Appleton, was appointed, for the purpose of conferring with other organizations, in relation to holding a State Convention. The exercises were enlivened with excellent singing, assisted by instrumental music. The large number of persons from a distance were beautifully provided for by the citizens of Omro, and the Convention was every way successful. On motion, the Convention adjourned to meet at Fond du Lac on the second Saturday and Sunday, the 9th and 10th of June next. J. P. GALT, Sec.

Oakleaf, Wis., Feb. 7, 1866.

INSPIRATIONAL POEM.

I have often been solicited to send the Banner the following beautiful little poetic gem, with the history thereof, for publication. I think it time to comply. Some four years ago I was visiting with a dear and intimate friend, Mr. Wm. A. Fordham, of South Haven, Mich. His excellent lady had recently been developed as a medium of rare merit for writing poetry. In the course of the visit, she read to me a poem to her husband, from the spirit of Burns. It was so beautifully witty, and so like Burns, I had no doubt of its authorship. As she closed the reading, I said, in a laughing way, "I wish Burns would write a poem to you." Instantly she was under control, and wrote the following:

TO MY BROTHER J. G. FISH, IN EARTH-LIFE.
By Robert Burns—Mrs. C. A. Fordham, Medium.

Shall Burns, the poet, come to ye,
With spirit song as sweet and free
As that he warbled by the Doon,
Upon a golden autumn noon?

To tell ye of the flowery braes,
Where he with Highland Mary strays,
And of the breezes soft and bland,
And heather bloom of april-land?

Of warbling birds, whose woodland wild
Still charms the ear of Nature's child;
And murmuring streams, with gentle flow,
Like lover's accents, sweet and low?

Of sunset skies, with burnished gold,
Whose glories pen may ne'er unfold;
And morning, flooding vale and mount
With beams from Inspiration's fount?

Of night, whose flocks of silver stars
Leap o'er Aurora's golden bars,
While herman rough, the brave old wind,
Loud whistling, follows close behind?

Or weave for ye a spirit wreath,
Of flowers that spring by hill and heath—
The Hawthorn white, the purple bell,
That Flora's poet loved so well?

Or trace with him the winding Ayre,
Of Scotland's bonnie streams the fair—
Oh Ayre! what streams compare with thine?
Not classic Tiber, nor the Rhine.

Oh Scotia! Mother of the free,
The ploughman's muse still turns to thee;
Though he at will through heaven may roam,
He'll ne'er forget the Highland home.

HAUNTED HOUSES.

Readers of newspapers are seldom called upon to peruse detailed accounts of supernatural occurrences. Superstition went out with the printing press came in, and yet we have a plain, circumstantial account of a seemingly supernatural affair to lay before the readers of the Inquirer this morning. We say seemingly, because we believe that there is some trickery in the case, though thus far it has baffled detection.

In South Fifth street, in the old District of South-west, stands an unpretending three-story brick house, the front apartment of the first floor is used as a dry goods store, and the remainder of the building is occupied as the dwelling place of the proprietor of the store and his family. These people have lived in this house for the past ten years, and have found it a comfortable residence until last Thursday evening, when their troubles began.

Three young ladies of the family, after having retired for the night in their accustomed quarters, the third story front room, were awakened by a clattering on the floor, and on rising to ascertain the cause of the noise they found that their combs, brushes, head dresses, &c., had been thrown upon the floor; they replaced them on the top of the bureau and again retired, and again the articles were thrown upon the floor. They arose a second time, somewhat alarmed. To heighten their report, a looking-glass jumped from the wall into a far corner of the room, and was shattered to pieces. They awoke their father, and he came up stairs to be astonished by the mantle ornaments jumping from their accustomed positions and vaulting around the floor. There were strange knockings in the ceiling and walls. There was no more sleep for the family that night.

With daylight they became calmer, but while the lady of the house was placing the breakfast dishes, a saucer sprang from the table, flew against the wall, and was broken into a dozen fragments. The members of the household, who are not over nervous, partook of their morning meal, and commenced the business of the day.

On Friday night the annoyances began again; doors flew open in great violence, an ivory ornament jumped from a table through a pane of glass, and clattered on the pavement below. The mantle ornaments again became erratic, and chased over the floor; pictures became loosed from their fastenings, and flew across the rooms with remarkable velocity, at times dashing the glass to pieces, and damaging the frames, and in other instances sustaining no damage from their rapid transit and sudden stoppage.

Not liking the ornamental furniture destroyed, the pictures and mirrors were unhung, and placed upon the floor. But this did not deprive them of their powers of locomotion. One large looking glass took a zigzag flight across a room, brought up against an opposing wall, and was smashed out of all semblance of a respectable reflector. It was a night of horror to the inmates of the house, and the three-story building. Next morning their plates jumped from the dresser, and dashed themselves to atoms against floor, walls and ceiling. The morning meal had to be partaken from the laps of the haunted people. During Friday they removed all their pictures, looking glasses and valuable mantle ornaments to the house of a neighbor, where they still remain.

In an adjacent mistress of the family being communications of the Baptist Church, imparted the circumstances of their strange visitation to their pastor, and on Saturday evening that gentleman, accompanied by another clergyman, went to the haunted dwelling to pass the night. With one of these clerical gentlemen we had a protracted interview. He is a very clear-minded scholar, has received a collegiate training, and disposes of his mind with considerable accuracy to the seeming phenomena of natural philosophy. He assures us that he entered the haunted dwelling with the belief that the inmates were the dupes of trickery, and he left the house yesterday morning perplexed in the extreme.

Soon after he entered the parlor a hymn book was projected from a table and thrown with violence against the door. With his own hands he picked up the book and replaced it; before his eyes the volume was seized by an invisible force, and for a second time thrown across the room, and a testament sent to keep it company. Again the books were replaced, and again sent whirling around the room, at times making the entire circuit of the apartment, then they would fly off at a tangent and come to a full stop violently against the walls. Bibles, testaments and hymn books were ended with range powers of volition during several hours of Saturday night.

Both the clerical men present did their best to discover some trick by which the inanimate objects were made to circumnavigate rooms in so mysterious a manner, but in vain; they could discover no clue to the myotic movements. Many other mysterious manifestations took place on Saturday evening; a writing slate was projected against the ceiling and broken to atoms; the model of a boat was sent sailing through the air, and finished its aerial voyage by a violent quit against the wall. The well known picture of the late President Lincoln and his son Tad was taken from a nail on the wall, by the unseen force, sent diagonally across the room with great swiftness, and dashed against the opposite wall with such force as to break the glass, crushing the picture into minute pieces. Over this picture hung a green baize bag, such as legal men carry; the picture, although hanging under the strings of the bag, was removed as stated; while the bag itself was undisturbed. A young gentleman present

who expressed himself an unbeliever in supernatural phenomena, was roughly jostled by strong, though invisible hands. The violent manifestations continued for about three hours, when they ceased.

Yesterday morning they began again. A servant of the family, while cleaning the dishes, had a tumbler fly up from the wash-pail and strike her violently in the forehead, leaving an ugly mark in the shape of a flesh wound. The keys flew from out the locks of the doors; the few remaining dishes threw violent assaults from shelves to floor. A last attempt was made to set the table yesterday for the Sunday dinner in vain; the plates jumped off the table and went to atoms against floor and ceiling, so the hapless family ate their Sabbath dinner from their laps.

A daughter of the family, on her return from church yesterday, on entering the parlor had her Bible torn from her hands with such force as to leave the leaves entirely off.

Even the babe, endowed with life, and went splashing over the table in the most eccentric manner. During yesterday afternoon there was comparative quiet; there were rumbling noises, but no movements of inanimate objects. Our reporters visited the house during the afternoon; they heard the strange, unaccountable noises, but saw nothing in transition through the air. Broken dishes, and broken, damaged books, and the absence of all ornamental furniture, bore ample evidence of the strange annoyance to which the dwelling was subjected.

Several Spiritualists have visited the house, and expressed themselves confident that evil spirits were at work, though who invoked their power they were unable to tell. None of the mediums seemed to have sufficient power to lay the disturbing spirits beneath the waves of the Red Sea. By the urgent requests of the family we suppress the number of the haunted house, as it would become uncomfortably crowded with curious visitors. The facts are substantially as above stated. The pastor of the church to which the annoyed family belong passed last night in the haunted house. One of the attacks of the Inquirer shared this visit. The family in this house are all opposed to the dogmas of Spiritualism, are communicants of the Baptist Church, and bear a high character for Christian integrity and rectitude.

The only theory advanced thus far by the superstitious to account for the outbreak of these mysterious manifestations is that they are caused by a lady who boarded in the family for some months, and left the house on rather ill terms with the inmates. This woman is reported to be a Spiritualist, and it is said by some that she has conjured the evil spirits into the house. Those in the immediate neighborhood who profess Spiritualism are considerably exercised over these manifestations.—Philadelphia Inquirer, Feb. 5.

Later information about the above affair, we find in the same paper, of the date of Feb. 7th, as follows:

The haunted house in Fifth street continues to be the town talk. It forms the principal topic of conversation in social circles, places of business, on the street and wherever "men most do congregate." The bewitched dwelling is the great centre of attraction; for during the entire day yesterday and last evening hundreds of persons from all parts of the city congregated in front of the house, and gazed with open-eyed wonder at the wall of brick and mortar which they supposed hid from their view the strange, unearthly, blood-chilling doings going on within.

The family are well nigh distracted with the rash of curious visitors. During yesterday a posse of police were stationed at the front door, who were kept busy in preventing persons from entering the dwelling. Nobody but members of the family, intimate friends or clergymen are now permitted to enter. Yesterday it was found necessary to remove two of the female members of the family to other quarters, their nervous system having become so shattered by the excitement of the past few days as to render the step necessary.

The older members of the family express their determination to "stick it out," although there does not appear to be any necessity for doing so, unless there be a breaking out of turbulent spirits, friends and acquaintances in the neighborhood who belong to the same church with the afflicted family would gladly give them refuge until the ghost, hobgoblin, spirit, or whatever it is, has taken his departure for parts unknown.

During yesterday there were no particular manifestations on the part of the ghostliness. Whether the cause of the trouble is the breaking out of the violent exertions of the past few days, and gathering up strength for a renewed attack on furniture, picture frames, crockery, &c., or given the whole thing up as a bad job remains to be seen.

The advent of this spirit has been honey and nuts for the Spiritualists throughout the city. They have absolutely besieged the house morning, noon and night, and each one has his or her theory concerning the nature of the spirit, and the manner of its entrance. There are some unbelieving heathens who unhesitatingly assert that the Spiritualists are at the bottom of the entire affair, and that they got the exhibition up for the purpose of making spiritual capital. The family, however, all solemnly aver that they are not Spiritualists themselves, and have not the slightest belief in such nonsense.

During yesterday afternoon a party of Spiritualists, as almost forced themselves into the house, and proceeded to one of the rooms said to be haunted, set themselves deliberately to work to investigate the phenomena in their own peculiar style. Their "incantation scene" was, however, slightly interfered with by a well-known Episcopal clergyman who happened to enter the house about this time, and learning what was going on, advanced to the room where the "circle" was sitting, and striking the table with his hand, commanded them to leave the place. The spiritual party took this delicate hint, and left in high dudgeon. The clergyman then called the family around him, and after offering up prayers, proceeded to comfort them with his advice, and remained some time talking to those around him.

A HAUNTED HOUSE IN ERIE, PENN.

The Erie Dispatch of Saturday, Jan. 27th, has the annexed:

We mentioned a day or two since the existence in our midst of a veritable haunted house, or at least, one which has gained that reputation; whether rightly or not, we leave our readers to judge. We came into possession of the information accidentally. As we were on the look out for items, I picked up sufficient courage to make the acquaintance of the owner of the house, and questioned him as to the truth of the report. Although at first very reticent on the subject, he at last invited us to his house on —th street, to see and hear for ourselves. There were two provisos connected with the invitation, however, one of which was, that whatever we might say upon the subject, we must keep his name and the locality of his dwelling inviolably secret; and the other, that we should come alone. We begged hard for the privilege of a companion, but he was immovable. "You need not come until ten o'clock, or past," said the gentleman, "as you would probably hear nothing before that time."

On Wednesday evening, punctual to the hour, we rang at the door, and were ushered into the parlor, where a fire was burning in the grate. The gas was turned on, and in another moment our host made his appearance.

"I was half hoping you would not come," said he; "I don't like the idea of making the thing public, and beside yourself there are not half-a-dozen people in the city who have any suspicion of anything of the kind."

We sat for nearly an hour in conversation, and as last began to despair of seeing anything of an extraordinary nature. All at once a child's rocking chair, which stood within a few feet of us, commenced rocking—very gently at first, and then violently. We leaned forward to touch it, when it suddenly removed itself out of our reach and stopped. At the same moment the gentleman touched our arm and called attention was quite the mirror to reflect between two windows. Turning toward it we saw the surface assuming a singular appearance, precisely the same as if one were breathing upon it. "You can see it better with less light," said Mr. —, and he turned the gas down. In a few moments the indistinct outline of a human arm appeared, as white and delicate, reaching out from the darkness which enveloped it. The arm, perhaps, two or three minutes, and then slowly disappeared.

"You will see no more to-night," said Mr. —. "The manifestations—if one may call them so—always end with that. Some nights they last for two or three hours. They come and go without

any apparent reason. We first became aware of something singular about the house, nearly ten months ago. The noises have been irregular, sometimes making themselves heard every night, and then pausing quite for months. My wife is a woman of nerve, and we have both become so accustomed to them, that though unpleasant, they do not especially trouble us. We can in no manner account for the phenomena, nor do we try. Sometimes, by the sound of footsteps, one would imagine the room filled. Often steps go up and down stairs without any visible bodies accompanying them. Furniture is changed from one room to another. No injury has ever been done, however, to any article. We think that by paying no attention to whatever it is, the trouble will sooner cease. If you care to pursue your investigations further, you are welcome at any time to do so."

So ended the first visit, and though we were somewhat startled, we were not altogether convinced. We intend to make another visit next week, and if possible, after the thing thoroughly. Truly "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

An Explanation.

Allow me space in the Banner, to give a brief statement of the case of the late Mrs. Laura M. Toller. I claim this for the reason that two of our correspondents have, in substance, charged the Spiritualists of Maine with ingratitude for her past services, by neglecting to provide for her wants and comfort during her last sickness. It is true that she had labored faithfully as a speaking medium, for some three or four years in this city and vicinity, principally the latter, only a small proportion of her time having been occupied by her lecturing. I cannot give exact dates, but about the month of October, 1864, at Kenduskeag, twelve miles from here, she was stricken down by the loss of her mental faculties, and greatly impaired physical energies. She remained at that place until last June, in the care of brothers Dooliver and Palmer, mostly with the latter. About this time Brother Palmer wrote to her niece, a Mrs. Anna, in Goffstown, N. H., stating her condition, and in reply, she stated her desire to have her nurse with her, but was unable to bear the expenses incident to her removal, but agreed, if she could be sent to Boston, to meet and receive her there. Accordingly she was brought to Bangor and provided with a passage, but no one appearing to meet her in Boston, she was brought back. By subsequent letters, another time was stated to meet her, and was sent the second time with the same result. I do not recall the date of this, where she had the hospitalities of my house for about two weeks, but the condition of my family was such as to render it impossible to have the care of her longer. A consultation was therefore held with the committee and the friends generally, and it was decided to place her at the Almshouse, this being the only alternative, as no family could be found in a condition to take the care of her, and through the kindness of large compensation, which the friends were most willing to contribute. Whilst at this institution she was visited by myself and many others, who can testify to the kind and humane treatment received by her at their hands. Early in the month of September, we had some reason to expect a visit from Dr. J. R. Newton, who was then at Portland, and who, giving the benefit of his treatment, had been called to a late date, that we were to be disappointed in our expectations, made arrangements to take her to Portland, in which we were also disappointed, as she had about this time manifested strong symptoms of insanity, and requiring a great amount of care; the authorities had decided, unknown to us, to remove her to the Insane Hospital at Augusta, (which they did the very morning of the day we decided taking her to Portland,) but thinking, at a late date, that we were to be disappointed in our expectations, made arrangements to take her to Portland, in which we were also disappointed, as she had about this time manifested strong symptoms of insanity, and requiring a great amount of care; the authorities had decided, unknown to us, to remove her to the Insane Hospital at Augusta, (which they did the very morning of the day we decided taking her to Portland,) but thinking, at a late date, that we were to be disappointed in our expectations, made arrangements to take her to Portland, in which we were also disappointed, as she had about this time manifested strong symptoms of insanity, and requiring a great amount of care; 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Our Washington Letter.

WARREN CHASE—SEC. HARLAN'S CONDUCT.

Our worthy friend and brother—the ever earnest and indefatigable worker as well as talker, Warren Chase, has been here during January, giving us eight lectures of his undiluted and unadulterated rationalism. His hearty sledge-hammer blows, so liberally dealt at the popular Churchi-
anity of the day, made some of our good Orthodox brethren tremble for themselves as well as for him.

Whatever criticism one may feel disposed to make, relative to Bro. Chase's manner and manner, he certainly possesses the great merit of making himself understood; there is no mistaking his meaning; he is always plain, direct, forcible and effective. These are virtues which the "common people" particularly admire, and which render him such a first-class pioneer. Though he has been in the field lecturing in the cause of Spiritualism longer, perhaps, certainly more continuously, than any other now prominently before the public, he still looks good for many years to come. It ought not to be a question, but a certainty—though it is the former, and not the latter—that he finds sufficient pecuniary encouragement to keep him before the people so long as his physical strength holds out.

To the shame of Spiritualists it must be said, they compensate their public teachers less than any other religious body in the land. Though there is much that might be said in extenuation of this, many apparently justifiable reasons for this ill treatment—one of which is a lack of even good local organizations—still it is no valid excuse why our lecturers, particularly the best ones, male or female, should not be respectfully remunerated.

No little commotion has been recently made here, both in literary and political circles, by the publication of Mr. Wm. D. O'Connor's pamphlet called "The Good Gray Post: A Vindication," [Bunce & Huntington, N. Y.] wherein is fully set forth in the strongest light, the unmitigated meanness, the smallness of character and soul, of Sec. Harlan, of the Interior Department, for dismissing from office the author of "Leaves of Grass"—Walt Whitman—solely on the allegation that the book contained immoral passages. Though, in all probability, there are but few who will agree with Mr. O'Connor, in his estimate of his friend and his book, yet no candid mind can read those brilliant pages without thanking him for his boldness and thoroughness in exposing and rebuking the petty and miserable spirit manifested by Sec. H.: without feeling something of the righteous indignation which he naturally feels and so ably expresses, or fail to acknowledge the force and justice of his argument.

Hon. Mr. Harlan was formerly a Methodist parson, and on assuming control of his Department, announced that it was thenceforth to be governed upon the principles of Christian civilization. Heaven knows there is need of some principle, better than the one which has been pursued by the various Departments these many years; but it is wondered how the predecessors and associate Secretaries of Mr. Harlan feel at this direct imputation of their want of Christian practices.

Every one knows, who knows aught of the machinery which governs the appointment to, and retention in, a political office here, what a revolution would be produced throughout the country if the Government, in this respect, allowed the principles of common sense to prevail; if it permitted merit, ability and character, to form the basis of action, or if it had a bodilessness of weight with the selecting and appointing power. One thing is certain: if the prevailing practice continues much longer, we shall, as a nation, become so corrupt as to be past recovery.

Perhaps I can do your readers no greater service, than to quote from this Good Gray Post:

"Being interrogated by an eminent officer of the Government, at whose instance the appointment had, under a former Secretary, been made, Mr. Harlan averred that Walt Whitman had been in no way remiss in the discharge of his duties, but that on the contrary, so far as he could learn, his conduct had been most exemplary. Indeed, during the few months of his tenure of office, he had been promoted. The sole and only cause of his dismissal, Mr. Harlan said, was that he had written the book of poetry entitled 'Leaves of Grass.' Mr. Harlan afterwards acknowledged that, as regards the book and the author he was utterly unable to maintain his assertions, and was forced to own that his opinion of him had been changed. Nevertheless, after this substantial admission of his injustice, he absolutely refused to revoke his action. This an author, solely and only for the publication, ten years ago, of an honest book, which no intelligent and candid person can regard as hurtful to morality, was expelled from office by this Secretary, and held up to public contumely by the newspapers."

The vindicator, after quoting from the *North American Quarterly Review*, the *London Dispatch*, in a review written by Rev. W. J. Fox, the *London Leader*, and from our own *Thoreau* and *Emerson* as to the mastery strength of expression, wealth of thought, and native originality of the poems in question, imagines all the great authors of the world, from Moses to Victor Hugo, condemned to clerkship under Mr. Harlan, and the treatment they would receive at his hands because of their having written certain "indecent passages," concludes with the following noble and eloquent peroration:

"Personally, apart from this act, I have nothing against Mr. Harlan. He is of my own party; and my politics have been, from my youth, essentially the same as his own. I do not know him; I have never even seen him. I criticize no attitude nor action of his life but this; and I criticize this with as little personality as I can give to an action so personal. I withhold, too, as far as I can, every expression of contempt. I rest solely and squarely on the general indignity and injury this action offers to intellectual liberty. I claim that to expel an author from a public office, and subject him to public contumely, solely because he has published a book which no one can declare immoral without declaring all the grand books immoral, is to affix a penalty to thought, and to obstruct the freedom of letters. I declare this act the audacious captain of a series of acts and a style of opinions whose tendency and effect throughout Christendom is to dwarf and degenerate literature, and to make great books impossible, except under pains of martyrdom. As such, I arraign it before every liberal and thoughtful mind. I denounce it as a sinister precedent; as a ban upon the free action of genius; as a logical insult to all commanding literature; and as in every way a most serious and heinous wrong. Difference of opinion there may and must be upon the topics which in this letter I have grouped around it, but upon the act itself there can be none. As I drag it up here into the light of the world, I call upon every scholar, every man of letters, every editor, every good fellow every where who wields the pen, to make common cause with me in raising upon it the full trumpet of reprobation it deserves. And if there lives aught of that old chivalry of letters, which in all ages has sprung to the succor and defence of genius, I summon it to act the part of honor and duty upon a wrong which, done to a single member of the great confraternity of literature, is done to all, and which flings insult and menace upon every immortal page that dares transcend the wicker hour of the contemned brain. I send this letter to Victor Hugo, for his passport through Europe; I send it to John Stuart Mill, to Newman, and Matthew Arnold for England; I send it to Emerson and Wendell Phillips; to Charles Sumner; to every Senator and Representative in Congress; to all our journalists; to the whole

American people; to every one who guards the freedom of letters and the liberty of thought throughout the civilized world. God grant that not in vain upon this outrage do I invoke the judgment of the mighty spirit of literature, and the fires of every honest heart!"

Washington, D. C., Feb. 4, 1866. G. A. B.

Mutes Taught to Speak.

"Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing."—*Isaiah, xxxv.*

It was said by a certain writer, "You cannot teach a deaf and dumb boy to speak." Those who have practiced reading the *Banner of Light*, find that, notwithstanding the dreadful bloody calamity that has been hanging over this nation for a few years past, there is wonderful progress manifesting itself; and I have found by experience that the dumb can be taught to speak. I now have a son near forty years of age, who was born so deaf that he was entirely shut out from all conversation of the family, consequently made no attempt to speak. But when we saw that we had a little deaf son, who must be a mute unless something special was done, and seeing, too, that he would make no attempt to utter anything in the shape of talk, or language, unless he was looking directly at the person's face who was making the attempt to teach him, we set ourselves immediately at the task of teaching him. Not, however, by motions and signs, other than with the mouth and lips, as if talking; and we so completely succeeded in teaching him, that he became a fluent talker, learned to spell, read, write, and cipher; can go into any place of business, such as a store, &c., and do all necessary business, not hearing a word while there. And those who have been doing business with him (if not previously acquainted with him), would never mistrust but that he heard as common men.

Having had such great experience with my own son, and having made the trial on several mutes, and never failed in having them speak, I often have thought of the passage quoted, of the "dumb singing," and the "lame leaping as an hart." And more especially have I thought of the lame leaping, since having had the *Banner of Light* taken by my son, who lives in the house with me, and seeing or reading what wonderful cures are constantly being made by the laying on of hands.

The reason of my writing the above is, because I know there are many who can hear some, but so imperfectly that they cannot receive an education by hearing the voice of their teacher. I mean they are not learned to talk, because they hear so imperfectly that it is thought they must be mutes. And so they are neglected, even by their parents, and pass off as mutes, and really are such; and if the poor mute happens to be a child of wealthy parents, they then are favored with the advantage of the finger education, which is a great satisfaction to both parents and child. But how much greater would be the satisfaction of both parents and child, if the child was taught so as to be fluent in language, as is the case with my son, who cannot hear as well as a number whom I have seen who were mutes.

I know by experience the mute can be taught to speak! I find there are but a few mutes who can hear none at all; and one of this kind (according to his own statement) I had a few moments' exercise with, and so succeeded as to have him speak the words, "water," "butter," "bread," and "milk," which were uttered in quite a plain manner.

I have written somewhat lengthily on this subject, feeling that duty almost demanded it; for teaching the dumb to talk I consider a science, and it will be successfully practiced; as we all know that all the mute lacks is the knowledge of using his organs of speech; he has them, but knows not how to use them.

I now have a young man with me, whose hearing is so imperfect that he could convey nothing by language so as to be understood by a stranger. In fact, he was a mute, and his father was purposing to send him to the Dumb Asylum in Hartford for an education; but happening to fall in with me and my son, and seeing that my son could talk in a perfect manner, and could hear no better than his son, he altered his mind, concluding (or hoping) that he could be learned to talk as well as my son. On the 4th of December last he came to my house with his son, and since that time he has been with me, his father having seen him but three times, (the last being about one week since), when he appeared well satisfied with the progress his boy had made.

JONATHAN WHIPPLE.

Mystic, Ct., Jan. 30, 1866.

The Convention which was Not Held.

Undoubtedly some of the readers of the *Banner of Light* have been somewhat muddled at the fact of a Convention being called at Providence, and then seeing the letters from Bros. Joslin and Fish withdrawing their names from the Call, and one of them (Bro. Joslin) more than hinting that the use of his name was "unauthorized." As people would naturally infer that somebody had blundered—if, indeed, it was not something else—I propose to state the facts in the case, so that all can see how the mistake occurred.

At the Worcester Convention, there were several persons present from the States of Rhode Island and Connecticut, and it was understood that they were desirous of having a similar arrangement for those two States as we had made for Massachusetts. Before leaving Worcester, it was arranged between Bros. Fish, Todd and myself, that if a Convention was determined on, I should write the Call and put it in the *Banner*, as I was to be in Boston for a few days. Bro. Fish was to decide the time and place of holding the meeting, and send me word. The first of the ensuing week I received the following letter:

BRO. LOVELAND—I wrote to L. K. Joslin on Saturday, in reference to the proposed Convention for the States of Rhode Island and Connecticut, and proposed Providence as the place, and Feb. 15th as the time. He will write you in a day or two in reference to it. I have consulted several from Rhode Island, and all are in favor of it. I send you the names of a few to send to the Call: J. E. Ballou, S. H. Vose, S. Shaw, N. Peckham, W. Peckham, J. A. Williams, L. K. Joslin, Mrs. M. S. Townsend, A. G. Fish. I leave a good strong Call. Friends here are well pleased with our designs at W., and respond well to the claims of the Convention. Your brother, J. G. Fish. Lowell, Mass., Jan. 25, 1866.

By the same mail I received the letter from Bro. Joslin, in which he explained the probabilities that it would not be so promising for raising funds in Providence now as at some other time, on account of efforts about being made to support their meetings for the current year; but added that if it was thought best to call the Convention in Providence, he would do the best he could to procure a hall. I was in doubt about calling the meeting in Providence, especially as it had been requested in Putnam, Conn.; but Bro. Todd, coming in, advised me to write the Call for Providence. I did so; but wrote to Bro. Fish at once, enclosing Bro. Joslin's letter, and requesting him, if he judged from its contents that it was not best to have the Call issued for Providence, to send me word on the instant, even if it was compelled to telegraph, and I would change the place. No word came, and the notice went out.

From this statement the readers of the *Banner* can form their own judgment as to who authorized the Call; and some of the sensitive ones of Providence can determine who the outsiders were who were attempting to force a Convention upon unwilling people. My own agency was simply that of scribbler. In the Worcester meeting I had a more direct agency. The real difficulty was, apparently, a want of perfect understanding between Bro. Fish and the people as to the place of meeting. But I hope the friends of the movement will not yield their purpose, but call a Convention in some other place.

J. S. LOVELAND.

BANNER OF LIGHT
BRANCH BOOKSTORE,
274 Canal Street, New York.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
SUCCESSORS TO A. J. Davis & Co., and C. M. Plumb & Co., will continue the book-selling business at the above named place, where all books advertised in the *Banner* can be procured, or any other works published in this country, which are not out of print.

ALL SPIRITUAL WORKS,
and other LIBERAL or HIGHER PUBLICATIONS constantly on hand, and will be sold at the lowest current rates.

The *BANNER* can always be obtained at retail at the New York Branch Office; but it is mailed to subscribers from the Boston Office, since all subscriptions must be forwarded to the "BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON."

Having thus taken upon ourselves new burdens and greater responsibilities—the rapid spread of the grand religion everywhere to the people of earth warranting it—we call upon our friends everywhere to lend us a helping hand. The Spiritualists of New York especially we hope will redouble their efforts in our behalf.

J. B. LOOMIS, who superintends our New York Branch Office, has long been connected with the former conductors of that office, and will promptly and faithfully attend to all orders sent to him.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1866.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
Room No. 3, UP STAIRS.WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Another Warning!

We hold up to public attention—though we regret to be compelled to do so, in defence of the cause of Spiritualism from its satirists and defamers—the case of a flagrant lapse from virtue, which ought to suffice to stop the mouths of those who are continually laying the vices and sins of the day, in a common bundle, at the door of Spiritualism. The New York correspondent of the Boston Journal, himself an Orthodox minister, writes to his paper that a clergyman in that vicinity came home late one night recently, in a pretty much battered condition. Says the account: "He was bruised, his clothes soiled and torn; his watch, purse and breastpin gone. He said he was attacked at the corner of Beekman and William streets, by highwaymen, six in number, who beat him and robbed him. He gave the exact spot and the exact time of night. His friends went over to headquarters and complained of the policemen on the beat, and demanded protection for citizens who patrolled the streets at reasonable hours of night. The case was immediately put into the hands of the officers for investigation. It was proved conclusively that no such robbery could have taken place at the time and place designated, and no six men were together that evening to make the assault as the charge laid; for not only was the patrolman on his beat at that point, but a private watchman was with him, and the captain happened to be on duty not half a block away. Our detectives are shrewd men, and they did not believe the story of the robbery at all. Upon investigation it was found that the man had been drinking, that he had been into improper places, was there robbed of his money, watch and jewelry, and being noisy, was beaten and turned into the street. No longer able to disguise the facts, he admitted them. His friends withdrew their complaints against the police, but the preacher still maintains his pastoral relations among us."

We give the clergyman in question the benefit of a free republication of the story, as told upon him by his brother clergyman, because we are painfully conscious of a liberality of the same sort on the side of the devotees to Old Theology. Had this offending hypocrite been a Spiritualist, how the press would have rung with anathemas against our faith! If he had been a medium especially, what blazing headings would have been put at the head of the articles announcing his downfall! Suppose we were to practice the same spirit which Old Theology practices in such a matter, and deal out on our readers' attention a similar tirade with the one we might expect from them. We, of course, should head our article somewhat after the following manner: "The influence of Orthodoxy! A Minister confessed a Drunkard! The peculiar Creed calls the Clergy out very late at night and into questionable places! A Pretty Mess for a public Minister! Orthodoxy makes drunkards and night-walkers! Shocking effects of Creeds! A Rotten Church System! Society called on to protect itself against these monstrous Hypocrites!" etc., etc. To tell the truth, we think so much of ourselves that we should feel thoroughly ashamed to descend to such blackguardism.

It is a good thing for people to be made, once in a while, to see themselves as others see them. The theologians and sectarians can see, in this instance, how they might appear, if held up to popular reprobation by a strong painting of their doings, not in untrue colors, but just as they are. The case above cited is a bona fide one, certified to by one of "the cloth," and what is more, the guilty individual is permitted to continue his ministrations in the pulpit, and his Church thus partakes of his sin themselves; i.e., if they really believe in their own "creed."

A Stimulating Example.

The work of collecting funds in the Methodist denomination goes on favorably. It is hoped, we see it stated, to raise five millions of dollars, all told, during the present year, which they style Centenary Year. This large sum is to be appropriated to the work of extending education and establishing what may be called Memorial churches. One wealthy Methodist of New York gives three-quarters of a million. A Methodist Bishop has made a computation of what may reasonably be looked for, from the contributions of the nine hundred thousand persons whom he counts into his scheme. He divides this number of contributors into nine classes of one hundred thousand persons each, the lowest contributions being set down at twenty-five cents. His footings count up five millions; and there are plenty of the denomination who consider it within bounds.

This shows what can be done with organization, perseverance and determination. Now if the Spiritualists were to unite for a great and worthy purpose, such as might be properly proposed in a general Convention, what might they not accomplish. We need more publications, and the very best that can be secured. We need the foremost men and women for public lecturers, whose training has not been neglected, and whose experience, as well as capacity, will secure for them a wide popular influence. Why will not Spiritualists make a movement for erecting places of public worship of a character in keeping with the principles and faith enunciated in our philosophy? There will have to be a movement in this matter sometime; why not now? The field is before us, and labor is needed in all parts of it.

Washington.

Mrs. Cora Daniels is engaged to lecture in Washington, D. C., during this month. She arrived there in season to speak on Sunday, Feb. 11th, to crowded audiences.

Spiritual Meetings in the Melodeon.

Large audiences were in attendance at the Melodeon on Sunday, Feb. 11, to hear Mr. F. L. H. Willis's discourses on the Philosophy of Spiritualism; its science and its religion. The truth and beauty of his argumentative reasoning was so clear that all could comprehend the teachings, although it was exhaustive and profound, going to the very depths of science and religion.

The eloquent lecturer had not proceeded with his subject but a few moments before his hearers were deeply interested, and followed him to the end with close attention. Such discourses, at this time, would be of more benefit to humanity—could all church-going people hear them—than all the theological teachings which have been given to the world.

As it was, quite a number of persons were present who had never before heard any elucidation of our philosophy, and were greatly surprised and delighted with its apparent truthfulness and beauty, and resolved to learn more of it. So it would be with thousands, if they would only listen to the expounders of Spiritualism, instead of its villifiers, who really know but little about it other than that false creeds and dogmas fly at its approach like chaff before the wind. No one, unless a deep-dyed bigot, can listen to one such discourse without having his soul enlightened and made happier.

Every one who can should embrace the opportunity to visit these free meetings in the Melodeon, Sunday afternoons and evenings. We assure the skeptics that Spiritualism is based on the eternal principles of truth, and they will, sooner or later, find it to be so, and halt the demonstration with joy. Sincere prayers are ever ascending to God and the spirit-world from grateful souls who are redeemed from the shackles of a false theology and the galling bondage of a bigoted priesthood.

Next Sunday will be the last opportunity, for the present, to hear Mr. Willis. The following Sunday Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon, an eloquent and talented trance-speaker, will occupy the desk, and continue to do so through the month of March.

The Haunted House.

The Philadelphia papers are much exercised over the doings of a class of invisibles who seem to have taken full possession of a three-story brick house in that city, occupied by a "good Baptist" and his family, all of them being, as one of the tonding dailies expresses it, "opposed to the dogmas of Spiritualism," and "communicants of the Baptist Church," bearing "a high character for Christian integrity and rectitude." Of course the paper means to say that if they were believers in "the dogmas of Spiritualism," they could not be Christianlike, nor "bear a high character for Christian integrity and rectitude." Such is the kind of dirty work which newspapers volunteer to do for Old Theology. They would abandon it just as soon, if they believed it was likely to pay as well.

The house in question has been subjected to a pretty rough visitation, evidently from a class of spirits that owe the inmates some grudge, or else are bent on making all the mischief they can for some ulterior object. It appears that the Baptist minister who remained in it for a night or two, to see the doings for himself, was willing to admit that the intelligences present were evil ones, which they very clearly are; but why should he, and others like him, be so prompt to deny that good spirits can manifest themselves as well? The whole matter, at all events, was inexplicable to him; and he said so. The spirits banged hymn-books and testaments about him in a way to astonish him. And others who kept him company, all unbelievers, were impressed in the same degree. There is a class of minds that will never credit spirit power of manifestation, unless it is declared in just such a mode as this.

On our third page will be found full particulars of the affair, which we copy from the Philadelphia papers.

The Providence Convention.

At the request of parties interested, we gratuitously published the Call for a Convention of Spiritualists, to meet in Providence on the 15th inst. Some misunderstanding having occurred between several who signed the Call, the Convention was not held; although quite a number of people went to Providence to attend it, supposing it would take place as per Call. No one authorizing us to withdraw the notice, we published it again in the last *Banner*; and those who went to Providence found no hall open to receive them.

Mr. Loveland, in another column, explains the manner in which the Convention was called. We hope those who feel like making personal apologies in regard to the matter, will correspond with each other, and not send their notes to be published in the *Banner*, for it is not of sufficient public interest; besides, our columns are crowded with matter of more general interest to the great body of Spiritualists. We throw out these hints with the utmost good feelings to all parties concerned.

The Concord Bank Robbery.

The principal robber of the Concord Bank, of Concord, Mass., has been arrested, and \$100,000 of the stolen bonds and money recovered. The rogue's name was Langdon W. Moore, alias Charley Adams, a counterfeiter by profession. He had been planning for the operation for six months, before he finally accomplished it. He entered the bank eighty nights, with false keys; but could not gain accession to the vault until the day of the robbery. As soon as the cashier locked the bank and went to his dinner, Adams boldly walked up to the door, opened it with his false keys, went in and locked it after him, and with other keys opened four or five doors, till he reached the safe, the key of which he found in the room. He soon took out some \$300,000 and decamped. He was arrested in Paulsborough, N. J.

To our Subscribers.

As the present volume of the *Banner* closes with three more numbers, we earnestly request our friends to renew their subscriptions before that time, as all names are taken from our mailing-machine as soon as the time for which subscribers have paid expires. By so doing they will avoid the delay occasioned by resetting the names in the machine, and thus accommodate all parties.

Musical Seances.

Annie Lord Chamberlain's musical seances, at 158 Washington street, are as attractive as usual, and serve a purpose beyond the mere entertainment they produce, viz., to establish the fact of direct spirit-communication. These physical manifestations are the alphabet of Spiritualism, and, as such, are of great use. The above circles are held on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings of each week, at half past seven o'clock; also every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock.

Emma Hardinge's Address on America.

Miss Hardinge commenced a series of public addresses on "America," in St. James's Hall, London, on Saturday, Jan. 13th, and has continued them each succeeding Saturday afternoon to audiences of upwards of fifteen hundred persons. The press and correspondents are taking considerable notice of them. The *Spiritual Times* says: "Nothing was said of Spiritualism, but much was said that, to a Spiritualist, would convey the thought that the spiritual idea was not lost sight of, in fact, that it was the ruling idea of the entire oration. Instance the lady's references to Columbus and the 'higher law,' the work of inspiration. We must not forget the strong prejudice nursed in this country against women appearing on the rostrum, and we feel, therefore, that Miss Hardinge, from that fact alone, should receive the sympathy and support of every true social reformer."

The London correspondent of the Saturday Evening Gazette, speaks of Miss H. and her orations as follows:

"Perhaps Boston remembers a young and interesting Spiritualist, who used to occasionally lecture there, and was originally an actress in England—Miss Emma Hardinge. She has passed several years in America, and is now giving lectures to that country in St. James's Hall, London. It is almost unnecessary to say that lady orators are very rare in England, as indeed they are everywhere. The English, too, delight in a quiet, practical speaker; one who takes them over the ground carefully and does not disturb the equilibrium of their minds by any flights of eloquence or indulgence in what they term 'the American spread-eagles.' It would be difficult, therefore, to imagine the astonishment which filled the hearts of those fifteen hundred sturdy Britons, who beheld a young and prepossessing female for two hours filling a large hall with a strong, sonorous voice, marching theatrically to and fro upon the platform, waxing more and more eloquent as time rolled on, and ending in a peroration of ten minutes' duration without once taking breath. Such an overwhelming stream of words, garlanded by wonderful melodramatic starts and movements about the stage I never beheld, even at home, and the peroration in which she designated our land as 'God's America,' and pictured the land of destiny pointing thither as to the country where was to be found the combined excellence of all other lands; when she told us that the sun and infinite hosts of planets were joining in the chorus 'Westward Ho!' and calling upon the nations of the earth to follow the cry and press on to the land of promise, we all sat spell-bound with awe, feeling that it was either superhuman bombast or spiritual inspiration."

It is very evident Miss Hardinge is creating quite a sensation in the English metropolis.

Death of Bishop Fitzpatrick.

The Right Rev. John B. Fitzpatrick, Bishop of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Massachusetts, died in this city on the 13th inst. The deceased was born in Boston, receiving the rudiments of his education in our common schools, from which he graduated with honor, and entered the Sulpician College in Montreal, pursuing his studies there for eight years. He then spent three years in the Sulpician Seminary in France, where he was ordained as priest. Returning to Boston in 1840, he commenced his ecclesiastical duties here, and in 1844 was consecrated as Bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts. His health becoming impaired by the labors of his office, he sought, in 1862, its restoration, by a voyage to Europe. His sojourn in foreign climes had an effect, however, but partially restorative, and on his return in September, 1864, to his duties, his health began again to decline, till he breathed his last. The Bishop was a man of great intellectual culture and of eminent personal virtues.

Steamer Disasters.

The past month has presented a fearful record of disasters by steamship and steamer, on the ocean and our inland waters, from the perusal of whose details the sensitive heart recoils. One noble screw steamer left the Thames for Australia, with about two hundred and fifty passengers, and foundered in the Bay of Biscay in a hurricane, carrying down with her all her passengers and crew save nineteen. Another foundered on the same day, in the same waters. We have lost a national steamer in the Gulf, with all on board. On the Ohio, Mississippi and Arkansas rivers there have been numerous steamboat boiler explosions, with confagurations following after, attended with a most wasteful loss of human life. Hundreds of men, women and children have gone out of the world in this dreadful way. The season has been one of remarkable fatality by shipwrecks, and foundering, and boiler explosions.

The Great West.

The rapidity with which the far West is settling is a matter calculated to excite general astonishment. A tier of large mountain States are fast forming, that will constitute the backbone itself of our free federation. The opening and successful working of the gold and silver mines of Colorado, Idaho, Nevada and Montana, almost put the tales of old romance itself at fault. These are the future seat of Republican empire. The sections will all be held together, and be made to rest, on this firm basis and pivot. A hardy race of men are going out and making homes in that country, educated and trained in the principles of civil liberty, and ready to protect and defend free institutions to the end of their days. It will not be many years before there will be a railroad all the way to the Pacific, and Europe will cross our Continent on its way to the East.

The South American States.

Peru having revolutionized her Government because of the indignation felt for the treaty it made with Spain, has now hastened to the assistance of Chili in its war with that European power, and made an offensive and defensive treaty with its prosperous neighbor. There is a promise, too, of a still further confederation among the free States of the western coast, to aid one another in repelling foreign invaders and preserving their own independence. It is perfectly plain that the South American republics do not mean to give up their liberties to other nations, whether they consent to waste them by internal dissensions or not. In our opinion, it will not be long before an enlightened public sentiment will give the governments of those States the right turn for their own elevation and perpetuity.

Soldiers' Benefit.

We style the Grand Military Ball which is to come off in Boston on the 5th of next month, the Soldiers' Benefit. It is so set down in the advertisements to be found in the newspapers. The Governor is at the head of the chief executive committee, and any number of military men of distinction are on the other committees. The Boston Theatre is the place which is to be favored with this brilliant scene, which the managers of the affair promise shall be in all respects superior to everything hitherto attempted in Boston, the Prince of Wales' Ball not excepted. The profits of the ball are to be appropriated to the needy and deserving of the brave Massachusetts Volunteers, and we hope the same will be largely beyond the most sanguine expectations. Boston has had nothing like a ball, this long time.

Personal.

A. J. and Mary F. Davis are now at work in Vineland, N. J., organizing a Children's Lyceum. The enterprising citizens of that attractive locality have just completed a large hall, and the first grand institution to which they will dedicate their new hall is the Lyceum for the true education of adults and children. We understand that Bro. Davis will soon organize Lyceums in Brooklyn, N. Y., and Newark, N. J.

D. D. Home is announced to deliver a course of lectures on Spiritualism, in London.

Warren Chase will lecture in Westfield, Mass., on Sunday, Feb. 25th.

A. A. Pond, of Northwest, Williams county, O., an inspirational speaker, has decided to devote more of his time to the lecturing field. Friends, keep him at work; there is a scarcity of good laborers.

Chas. A. Hayden, the young New England orator, who has been lecturing in Chicago for the last six weeks, is meeting with great success. He is also engaged week evenings as often as he is able to speak. He goes to Davenport, Iowa, during March.

Mrs. A. P. Brown, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., an able worker in the lecturing field, has been recuperating for the last five or six weeks. We are informed that she will be ready to resume her labors again by the first of April. Send your applications early.

I. G. Atwood, M. D., a gentleman of education, is quietly doing a noble work for suffering humanity, at his institute at No. 1 Marks Place, New York. He thoroughly understands the laws of magnetism, clairvoyance and electricity.

Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie has written a new novel entitled "The Clyffards of Clyffe."

Dr. F. L. H. Willis.

It is with pleasure that we announce to our New England friends that they will have an opportunity to listen to Mr. Willis's fine lectures, as it is his present intention to locate in Boston early in the spring, where he will practice as a physician. Aside from his thorough study of medicine, with an M. D.'s diploma, he is one of the very best sympathetic clairvoyants; and this aids him wonderfully in prescribing for his patients.

For two years past Mr. W. has confined his speaking mostly to New York, and we are glad New England is to have the benefit of his noble inspirational teachings. Engagements should be made by those who wish to secure him. He can be addressed care of this office.

Cutting the Ice.

The scenes on the ponds in the vicinity of Boston for the past month have been animated almost beyond description. All the ice-gathering operations have been going on. Thousands and tens of thousands of tons of the most beautiful ice ever cut in the season have been successfully housed this year, whereas the ice-dealers rejoice exceedingly. But how will it affect the market price of this very necessary article? If it does not bring it any nearer to the reach of the industrial classes, we do not see why any but the ice dealers themselves have special reason to be glad. Ice is an article of too common use to be accounted a luxury, and therefore it ought to be afforded at the lowest price that will pay the dealers a fair profit.

The Cattle Disease.

The last returns of the Rinderpest, or cattle plague, from the various counties of England, show that the disease has been spreading beyond the limits set by those who were willing to allow it large range. Ten thousand cases in a week is a very large number to have to record. Very nearly sixty thousand fatal cases have already occurred in England. The drovers and the stock-raisers have been hurrying their herds to market, and beef has in consequence been very plentiful. Yet complaints are raised that the abundance of meat fails to bring down the price. That is generally the way. No attention seems to be paid in these disjunct times to the plain law of supply and demand.

Literature.

We sent out to the reading world last week within the folds of the BANNER OF LIGHT, an Extra, containing a full list of the Books we are able to supply customers, with the prices attached.

Now we desire all our friends from time to time to be in want of books, to purchase of us, per catalogue. By so doing, they will aid us peculiarly, thus enabling us to spread the Gospel of Truth—SPIRITUALISM—with a more liberal hand, that, in the end, HUMANITY may reap the benefit.

Loveland in Connecticut.

J. S. Loveland has been doing most excellent service in Connecticut the past two weeks, and is there still. He has been lecturing in the Southern part of the State, in Lyme, Moodus, &c. His meetings on Sundays and week evenings have all been well attended, and an increasing interest is manifest in all parts of the State. Mr. Loveland is just the man to visit such places, for he is one of the ablest and readiest exponents of the Spiritual Philosophy in the lecturing field.

Answering Sealed Letters.

Owing to sickness, L. L. Farnsworth has been unable to answer the demands made upon him by the public. He has now fully recovered, and desires us to state that he will fulfill all engagements. For his address, etc., see his advertisement in another column.

St. Louis.

Miss Lizzie Doten has lectured in St. Louis, Mo., two Sundays in this month and is to remain through February. She met with a most cordial reception, and very large audiences assembled to hear her lectures. The Children's Lyceum there is flourishing with unprecedented success.

The Independent says Charles Sumner's argument for the Rights of Men ought to be printed by the hundred thousand, and scattered like seed-grain throughout the nation. There is no question that the securing to every American citizen his just rights before the law is of paramount importance; and that the time has fully come to carry into effect this great reform, is equally true. Hence we are gratified that Mr. Sumner has set the ball in motion.

A friend of ours says "It's all very well to be rich, but it is extremely annoying to be beset daily in consequence by priests and laymen asking aid for their Churches, especially when he has no sympathy with the 'dry bones' of Old Theology."

Read the Questions and Answers, Spirit Messages, etc., on the sixth page. All interesting. We are testing the truth of many of these messages almost daily.

Read the letter of Mr. Whipple in relation to teaching mutes to read and to speak audibly.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

It is said that scientific lectures on Sunday evenings in England are frequent and popular, much to the chagrin of Old Theology, which turns up its sanctity nose at the innovation. Truly the world moves. Men and women are beginning to think for themselves. If these things continue, the millennium will surely come, and the whole earth blossom as a rose.

I. O. O. F.—The institution of Odd Fellowship appears to be the most beneficial of any similar organization in this country. Past Grand Master Henry F. Garey delivered an address in Washington a few evenings since, in the course of which he gave an estimate of what the Order had accomplished since 1819. It has taken into its treasury twenty-one million dollars, initiated five hundred and sixty thousand members, and relieved thirty-eight thousand indigent families; it has spent seven millions in the relief of the distressed, and has educated three thousand orphans and put them in industrial employments, many of whom are now to be found in every position of honor in the country.

Francis II., the ex-King of Naples, has pawned his crown diamonds to the government pawn office at Rome for \$40,000, which he had hard work to obtain.

We are never rendered so ridiculous by qualities which we possess, as by those which we aim at, or affect to have.

The House of Representatives of the Ohio Legislature, on the 13th, passed the bill fixing eight hours for a day's labor by a vote of 70 to 14.

A CHILD'S QUESTION.—"Wonder why mamma told Bridget the other day to say that she was not at home when Tommy Day's mother called, and then puts me to bed without my supper every time I tell a lie?"

The false hair business in Paris amounts to \$300,000 per annum.

Wherever there is pleasant laughter, there inevitable memories are being stored up, and such free play given to the nerve and brain that whatever thought and power the family circle is capable of will have a fair chance of due expansion.

The man who "carries everything before him." The waiter.

A Florence letter says the brigands continue their operations with success. The Papal troops are no match for them. In a sanguinary fight recently near Maenza, the Pope's soldiers were badly whipped, with the loss of twenty killed. The outlaws have appeared within fifteen miles of Rome.

The largest crowd ever assembled in Pittsburgh to witness any amusement, were gathered at the Central Skating Park on Tuesday, Feb. 6th, to witness Miss Carrie W. Moore's (of Concord, Mass.) skating. It is estimated there were from 10,000 to 15,000 persons present, including many of the clergy.

Long words, like long dresses, frequently hide something wrong about the understanding.

A lady in the bookstore of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, seeing a copy of "Every Saturday" upon the table, inquired if it was published monthly or semi-monthly. She was the same party who asked the Sianese twins if they were brothers.

A man who had been five hours in his coffin, in New York, awoke just in time to escape burial.

The man who does the most has the least time to talk about what he does.

The Ragged Schools in England have educated over a quarter of a million of children of the dangerous classes in England within a few years. This is the sort of prevention that is better than much prison cure.

The Winans cigar ship, now building in London, is expected by the projectors to run at a maximum speed of twenty-seven miles per hour, and to cross the Atlantic in four days. The London Herald thinks she could not live in ordinary rough weather.

The Louisville (Ky.) Journal says: "No matter, dear reader, what you see in the papers; Jeff Davis won't have a military trial, and he won't be convicted. And if he were convicted, he would be pardoned. Though no card player, we speak by the card."

The luxury of toilets at the Imperial ball in Mexico, is said to be beyond the limits of description of a Republican pen. And the poor Mexicans have to foot the bill.

The pay of the Governor of Cuba, which amounts to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, exceeds the remuneration accorded to any other similar State officer in any part of the world.

The new Cabinet Minister, Mr. Crocker, appears to have burst upon London like a meteor. The latest remark concerning him, states that he is unsectarian, and "believes in everything in the Church except its doctrines."

A girl who had become tired of single blessedness thus wrote to her intended husband: "Dear Bill, come rite off if you're comin' at all. Edward Kelderman is insistent that I shall have him, and he hugs and kisses me so continually that I can't hold out much longer."

A newspaper is about to be published at St. Petersburg entitled "The Woman's Question." It will be edited entirely by women, and will be devoted to the defence of woman's rights.

The Richmond property owners have begun to suffer for their extortionate rents. Stores evacuated on account of their high rent, have let at auction in many instances for less than half the sums formerly realized from them.

A dashing young bachelor has appeared in London with two handsome ponies, whose tails are done up to look like a lady's "waterfall," and cooped up in small fish-nets. The resemblance is striking, and the team creates a great sensation.

Maximilian has raised his own salary to \$7000 per day.

The famous Dr. Lamballe, of Paris, leaves his large fortune to a poor bricklayer, a distant relation.

From the census reports, it is reckoned that the average cost to each member for church purposes is as follows: Of the Baptist or Methodist church, \$3.40; Presbyterian, \$3; Congregationalist, \$10; Catholic, \$14; Episcopalian, \$18; Reformed Dutch, \$22; Unitarian, \$23.

Love the work you are doing and must do; but when it is done, train the rose-vines over your door!

It is vain to stick your finger in the water, and, pulling it out, look for a hole; and equally vain to suppose that, however large a space you occupy, the world will miss you when you have passed on.

An old theology Christian in Illinois wrote to a colored brother, protesting against his worshiping with the whites, and saying: "I and many others would think quite as well of you, if you would attend church among your own kind, and after we leave this world, if it is the will of God that all races should be equal, I am willing."

Very decided evidence of the great efficacy of Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, in diseases of both the mind and the body, will be found on page five.

The truly illustrious are they who do not court the praise of the world, but perform the actions which deserve it.

Prof. Hough, of the Dudley Observatory, speaking of the comparative changes of the barometer and thermometer during the cold snap of last month, says that in January the barometer attained the greatest elevation ever known in the United States.

The Philadelphia Quakers have raised a fund of \$125,000 to found an institute for colored children in that city.

The death of a Morimon bishop is thus announced: "He was thirty-seven years old, and leaves an interesting family of eleven wives and forty-seven small children to mourn his death."

"Boozler" is also dead. Requiescat in pace.

"That was a horrible affair," said Mr. Marston to Mr. Southgate, "the murder of Dean, and sealing up his remains in a tin box." "What Dean?" asked the bewildered musician. "Sar Dean," replied the funny actor.

I hate to see a thing done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone. —Gilpin.

Among the articles taken into the far West last year by one or two Indian traders, were a few gross of Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus," with which some of the red ladies were so delighted that they would not look at the other notions as long as it lasted. Even in the savage state woman is tasteful. Sold everywhere.

NEW YORK MATTERS.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Yesterday was set apart for a visit to the "Children's Progressive Lyceum," which, in New York, meets at Elbitt Hall every Sunday afternoon. A few items about this institution may be interesting to your numerous readers.

Meeting at the appointed hour, the children resort to their respective Groups, to which they are assigned in accordance with their age. There are twelve of these Groups, over each of which a person older in years or experience is appointed to preside. The primary Group is formed of children of four years of age; the oldest, or Group No. Twelve, is formed of persons of fifteen years and upwards, so that a Lyceum comprises all phases of experience and all ages; thus covering the whole range of human life and its conditions.

Being called to order by the Conductor, the exercises consist, first, of singing, in which all join, under the Musical Director's charge. After this, the Guardian of the Groups selects a poem, or other appropriate subject, the reading of which is alternated or "silver-chaired," as it is termed—the Guardian reading the first and each alternate line, the whole Lyceum devotionally reading the second, and so on, in concert to the end. This is followed by other songs and readings, which are selected with very reference to impersonal truths—or rather "unmixed" truth, to use a mathematical phrase—that is, poems or lessons that teach truths, principles and philosophy, void of opinions or doctrines—of an elevating and harmonizing tendency. Soon follow what are called the "Wing movements," or light gymnastic motions of the arms, in concert, giving free movement of the chest and lungs with renewed circulation and vitalizing effect. This occupies but a few moments, when, fresh and joyous, all give attention to social but quiet converse with their leaders upon the topic selected by vote on the previous meeting, for consideration during the week. The object, I will just here, is not to cram the young mind with opinions, facts and theological definitions, but the leader, by social and familiar converse, draws out from each little individual its spontaneous expression on the subject before the Lyceum. Spontaneity of thought is never authoritatively stopped or crippled, but is invited, and, however childlike or homely its response may be, it is respected as a divine germ, often indicating a grander efflorescence. The leader, who does not scorn such dawning light, is thus often himself taught of a light more golden than the meridian day, and more abiding than its diurnal beams.

Succeeding this are the giving out of library books, such books as are free as may be from theological taint, for perusal during the following two weeks. Then there are marches with flags, counter-marches with singing, graceful movements of the hands recognizing those in the passing columns, and signifying fraternal love, executive cooperation in social good, truth-seeking friendship, etc., all of which, with many other expressive movements that I cannot here describe, are in essence and even as they are yet imperfectly carried out, beautiful beyond description.

In place of some of the longer lessons or exercises, there is often substituted a short lecture on philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, or some other attractive branch of science adapted to youthful comprehension, and accompanied with apparatus for some simple experiments. This is very interesting. Ocular demonstration of this kind before the Lyceum, often gives direction to the forming mind that determines its future investigations of a deeper and more thorough character. Pure science or philosophy only is admissible here, for opinions, tenets or theological matters certainly have no part in the Heavenly Lyceum, which in this laudable effort is attempted to be realized on earth.

With the mixed material that society usually affords, it is hard to realize here the divine ideal—the original and higher Lyceum. But the effort thus made to realize it, so tends to elevate and harmonize social life, that the coming and not distant time will see a more advanced and harmonious social system.

Let all, then, labor together for the advancement of this plan, in order that the ripper, diviner and more expanded original of the present copy shall baptize us more fully, more perfectly with its holier spirit.

Often during the sessions, seeds of those beyond us describe beautiful visitants moving near and among the groups of the earthly assembly. Oftentimes they are seen to bestow unsolicited gifts in emblem on the little friends, who may be unconsciously of the bestowment, but they are none the less a type of good bestowed, and an act of guardianship and love. These are described by the seer of such baptismal influences as being given to many a little charge with their faithful guiding love, that makes the soul's hidden diamond purer in its gleam, the foregleam of a higher and a truer life.

New York, Feb. 12, 1866.

Business Matters.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, Third Medium, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 13th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

COPPER TIPS protect the toes of children's shoes. One pair will outwear three without tips. Sold everywhere.

L. L. FARNSWORTH, Medium for Answering Sealed Letters. Address, Box 1071, Boston, Mass. Terms, \$3.00 and 3 three-cent stamps.

Special Notices.

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

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CANNIBREWELL LONDON, ENG.

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

DR. URIAH CLARK

CURES WITHOUT MEDICINE!

18 Chauncy street, Boston, Mass. Dec. 6.

ALLEN'S KING BALM.—The remedy is a most valuable preparation for the cure of consumption. Men who prepare it are reliable. The afflicted can use it with entire confidence.

For sale by M. D. BURN & CO., Boston.

2nd Feb. 11. Also, by the Dealers in Family Medicine generally.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP WITH P. T. BARNITT'S PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH, OR SOAP MAKER. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other soap or ley in market. Put up in cans of one pound, two pounds, three pounds, six pounds, and twelve pounds, with full directions in English and German, for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make fifteen gallons of Soft Soap. No time is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market.

B. T. BARNITT,

64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71 and 72 Washington street, New York.

Oct. 14—ly

PERRY'S MOTH AND FIECKLE LOTION.

Cholera, or Mollipatch, (also Liver-spots) and Leucophaea, are often very annoying, and early to indicate light complexion, for the discolored spots show more plainly on the face of a blonde than a brunette; but they greatly mar the beauty of the complexion, and will not disappear until removed without injuring the texture or color of the skin, certainly a desideratum. Dr. B. C. PERRY, who has made a special study of these diseases, has discovered a remedy for these disfigurements, which is at once prompt, infallible and harmless.

Prepared only by B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, No. 49 Broadway street, New York, and for sale by all druggists. Price \$2.00 per bottle. Call for

PERRY'S MOTH AND FIECKLE LOTION.

Sold by all Druggists everywhere. 6m—Nov. 11.

Notice to Subscribers.—Your attention is called to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the paper or wrapper. These figures stand as an index to the exact time when your subscription expires; e. g., the time for which you have paid. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume and the number of the issue, you know that the time for which you paid has expired. The adoption of this method renders it unnecessary for us to send receipts. Those who desire the papers sent by mail, must renew their subscriptions at least three weeks before the receipt-figures correspond with those at the left and right of the date.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are, for each line in Agents 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.

DR. BUTTLEY'S WORK IN ZANESVILLE, O.

THE BUTTLEY arrived here, Dec. 10th, leaving for Cincinnati, Feb. 1st. During his short stay many very remarkable cures were effected. One lady, who had been deaf and dumb, came to him, and, after a few days, she was able to hear, and, in a few days, she was able to speak. Several other cases of deafness and dumbness were cured. The Doctor has done a noble work, and his success is indubitable. The Angel of Health has been doing his extraordinary powers to heal disease.

RED HAIR GRAY HAIR LIGHT HAIR.

WHISKERS and MOUTHWASHES changed to a beautiful brown in three weeks. Also, hair prevented from falling out in four hours after the application of the hair restorer where there are roots. This is a cheap preparation, and I never have known it to fail. Full directions for preparing and using will be sent by mail for \$1.00. W. J. LILLIE, Box 264, Boston, Mass. Ad. 4m—Feb. 24.

MRS. N. J. WILLIS—Please accept the enclosed bank-note as a slight remuneration for the able manner in which you delivered the course of Lectures on the "Science of the Human Mind," at the Lyceum, Boston, Mass., Feb. 15, 1865.

I take this opportunity to acknowledge the reception of the above, which was a most interesting and profitable course of lectures, and likewise to express my deep gratitude to the gentleman who gave them. Trailing that I may ever prove faithful to the noble mission, and hoping that the virtues of the angels, combined with the power of the Holy Spirit, may ever encircle the bow of the giver, I remain the friend of humanity.

MRS. N. J. WILLIS.

MARY M. LYONS, Poetical, Inspirational, and Test and Binding Medium. Office, Channing, N. Y., box 1215, care of Mrs. Wm. B. Hatch. Feb. 21.

IGNATIUS ARGENT, M. D., Homeopathic, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, No. 175 Court street, Boston, Mass. 1m—Feb. 24.

MRS. ADELAIDE COOMBS, Unconscious Medium, and Clairvoyant Medium. Also, examines the sick at 41 Harrison Avenue, Boston, Mass. 2m—Feb. 24.

WITHOUT MEDICINE!

I TAKE PLEASURE in stating that in all the independent investigation of Spiritualism, and in the independent investigation of the human mind, as a test medium, either in public circles or private examinations—Prof. Scholten, combined with the power of the Holy Spirit, and the power of our healing medium with whom I have ever met.

MADAM A. DARLING.

Madam A. Darling, Feb. 6, 1865.

It will be remembered that Madam Darling, the celebrated Clairvoyant and Test Medium, from New York, N. Y., who created a great excitement in the minds of our countrymen, giving sittings before them some two months ago in Washington.

Prof. Scholten will treat the sick in the parlors of the "PHILIPS HOUSE," DAYTON, O., from Thursday, Feb. 25th, till Monday, March 20th, 1866. Those unable to pay will be welcomed and treated gratis, others charged from \$10 to \$100.00.

Those who cannot visit the Professor, wishing treatment from him, will be cured by writing to him, stating the particulars of the case. Past success has taught the Doctor that he can treat patients at a distance with a success equal to that of his patients at a distance. His charges are \$10 each patient. All letters containing a stamp proving genuineness, from DAYTON, the Professor will visit and cure.

A. D. LOCKHART, AGENT.

Feb. 24—2m

DR. O. PHELPS BROWN'S RENOVATING PILL.

THIS PILL is composed entirely of herbarial products. Among these products are Mandaraka, Lepidaria and Sponwort or Spongia. The influence of these, and their accompanying ingredients, of which there are many, are exerted to purify the blood, regulate and stimulate the bowels and liver, and restore the bodily system to its normal state, and thus bring it to good health, strength and activity. The corresponding effects upon the mind are content and happiness. Mandaraka and Lepidaria are well known to the medical profession as being the most powerful of all medicines, without producing any evil after-effects. Sponwort is a powerful medicine, and is used in the treatment of the most difficult cases of the greatest diseases of the age. The combination proves that the Renovating Pill cures speedily and agreeably, while they are suffering from all kinds of diseases, however well recommended. Address, Dr. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 19 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J. Price 50 cents per box, containing 60 Pills. Sent by mail, prepaid, or can be had with the Doctor's other remedies of S. FITCH, 50 Kneeland St., Boston, and JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, O.

2m—Feb. 24.

IN ONE NIGHT! IN ONE NIGHT! IN ONE NIGHT!

THE 3rd ARM & SALVE.

WILL HEAL Chapped Hands, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, and all such sores. It is a most valuable preparation, and is used by thousands of cases of the worst form of SCALD HEAD in less than three weeks. It is cured, and is curing daily, all kinds of OLD SORES that have bled the blood of the first physicians for years. It has cured, and is curing daily, thousands of cases of PILLS.

It will almost cure them in one night. Price 10 CENTS A BOX. Large boxes, 25 cents. For sale everywhere. Manufactured by the ARMY & NAVY COMPANY, No. 56 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. 4m—Feb. 24.

THIRD EDITION—JUST ISSUED.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum.

A MANUAL with directions for the ORGANIZATION and MANAGEMENT of NIGHT SCHOOLS, adapted to the bodies and minds of the young. By ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. Price, per copy, 50 cents; and 5 cents postage. It sent by mail, prepaid, or can be had with the Doctor's other remedies of S. FITCH, 50 Kneeland St., Boston, and JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, O. 2m—Feb. 24.

THE APOCYPHAL NEW TESTAMENT.

BEING all the Gospels, Epistles, and other pieces now existing, attributed to the Apostles, and not included in the New Testament by its compilers. Price \$1.00; postage 16 cents. For sale at this office. Oct. 24.

DISEASES

Both the Body and the Mind

CURED BY

MRS. SPENCE'S

POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.

Newark, Ct., Jan. 9, 1866.
To let you know what your Positive and Negative Powders have done, I had been troubled, as I mentioned in a former letter, with the Catarrh, the Neuralgia, the Dyspepsia, Inflammation of the Bladder, and Amnorrhea, or blindness of the right eye from paralysis of the optic nerve. The inflammation of the Bladder was an old difficulty of twenty-five years' standing. My Neuralgia, of twenty years' standing, had become very severe during the last two or three years, so that it had nearly spoiled my right eye by causing a shock of Amnorrhea, which came on very suddenly.

By the use of your Powders my Catarrh is cured, my Neuralgia has yielded up the ghost, my Dyspepsia and my Inflammation of the Bladder are well, and my Amnorrhea is better. I have just tested my right eye. By covering my left, or well eye, I find that I can read with my right eye what I have just written, although the vision is still slightly blurred.

I have inherited a tendency to Melancholy and Hypochondria; but I can now say, like your correspondent, E. Dayton, of Hunter Grove, Ill., that your Powders are good for the Blue Devils.

My son, a lad of seventeen, has been afflicted with the Catarrh; but he is now much improved by the use of your Powders. My wife is using them for an old-standing Dyspepsia and Flatulence, causing great distress after eating; and she feels, in much improved condition. God bless you for the Positive and Negative Powders. I shall never be without them in my family, nor will I ever cease to recommend them to others. Yours respectfully, S. B. SWAN.

Diseases of all kinds rapidly yield to the magic influence of Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders.

See advertisement in

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken by the Spirit who 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 day, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—a reported condition.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to the 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 purporting to be from the Spirit-world, that does not comport with his or her reason. All express a much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circle is 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.

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

Invocation.

Oh God of all nations! Oh light of our souls! Whose loving hand guides us, whose wisdom controls, Through the weakness and darkness and sorrows of Time, Oh lead these thy children to soul-heights sublime. Let us teach them to love thee and serve thee aright, Never fearing the darkness, yet loving the light; Never doubting thy presence, ever trusting thy grace, To give to each soul its true portion and place.

And unto thee, Oh God of our life, be the homage and honor of nations and individuals, forever. Amen. Dec. 18.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, if you have questions from correspondents or the audience, we are now ready to consider them.

QUES.—Will the controlling influence enlighten me on this subject? The answer to a sealed question, is this: "With you, not here—Here with me, and not there." If not here, who gives the answer? The question was asked and answered at this circle as usual.

ANS.—Every soul, or every intelligence, lives within a sphere or world of its own. In all probability the intelligence answering the question under seal, was fully aware that the spirit who had been called upon to answer the sealed question was at that time dwelling in the soul-world of the individual who questioned. It matters not whether that individual was here in this room, or ten thousand miles away; the answer would be equally as appropriate.

Q.—Mrs. A. Duell having lost two members of her family by typhoid fever, and not knowing but it might be from some fault in the nursing, wishes to ask the intelligence that controls in your circle, the best method for a nurse to pursue in the typhoid fever? This question is asked for the benefit of humanity.

A.—Every particular case demands its own particular sphere of action. It would be absolutely impossible to set up a general rule in this matter, or any other. Each case must be governed by circumstances attending it. Therefore you should treat all cases differently, as no two cases can be exactly alike. No two are born alike into this mortal sphere, or spirit-sphere. No two travel alike on the highway of human or divine life. In order to give advice that would be of use, we should have to give personal attention to personal cases.

Q.—By Samuel Eddy. I am informed through spirits, that eternal progression and harmony are the inherent principles of spirits who have passed out of the form. How can you reconcile this doctrine with the fact that some spirits who claim to be in advanced spheres, advocate war and bloodshed, the taking of human life, when they must know that when spirits are prematurely forced from the natural body, they have not progressed as much as they would had they lived out their natural lives?

A.—There are no premature deaths, because there are no mistakes made by Nature. Progression does not mean simply the going forward in life. It means something more than this. It means to each individual soul that particular method and mode by which they, as individuals, are to live in happiness, which means harmony to themselves. Because spirits return advocating war, you have no right to say they are wrong. They advocate war because they see war is a necessity resulting from your human conditions, something you in the present have not outgrown; an absolute necessity that has been born of and fostered by your human conditions, over which you can have little or no control. Think you if war was not a necessity that the Great Author of Life would suffer it to be? Think you your Heavenly Father has made a mistake in this? Or that he simply suffers it because he cannot provide a remedy? If you think this, you are mistaken. The Great Former of all things makes no mistakes. If he suffers war to exist, it is because it is a necessity. If crime exists, it is because there is a cause for it, and crime is true to its parent. By-and-by, when you shall go on still further in the great highway of moral law, then you will yourselves do away with the conditions of which war is born. You will become agents in the hands of the Great Wise Father, to wipe out this yourselves. But until you shall have grown into conditions where you can wield this power, war will be one of the conditions of human life.

Caroline L. Wiseman.

In 1861, by the advice of friends, I left my home in Virginia and came to reside, until quiet should be restored, in Trenton.

I was sick at the time. The year before, I had passed through a severe run of fever, and it was thought by my friends that I might possibly die in consumption; but I thought otherwise. As it was, I could bear very little excitement, so I took the advice of my friends; to prolong my life, I came North to reside. But I was so sad, so dispirited, so very unhappy, first at hearing the news of my brother's death, and next at hearing that my father had been taken prisoner.

So when one by one these ill tidings reached me, I grew sicker day after day, until at last in 1863, a little more than a year after my coming North, I died, as you say.

I have never been able to make any communication to my friends. At first I thought I could not, but when I learned I could, I found it was very hard to find the way.

Now that peace is restored, or at any rate now that the fighting is over, and the transportation of mails may be relied upon, I perhaps may have

as fair a chance as any, of transmitting some intelligence to my friends.

My brother, who reached the spirit-world from the battle-field before me, also joins me in sending word to our friends that we are alive; that we can come; that we rejoice that the war is so far over, that things are beginning in some respects to assume quiet. But we grieve at the thought, also, that death has almost effectually closed the door between ourselves and friends on earth. But we feel if we never make an effort we shall never know how much we can do.

I was kindly cared for, and, at the last, I passed out satisfied and contented. At first I thought I could not go. Names belong to our bodies; therefore I should say that the name of my body was Caroline L. Wiseman. [Give your brother's name?] Henry Wiseman. [Your age?] Nineteen; in my twentieth year; daughter of Samuel Wiseman, of Portsmouth, Virginia. Trusting to your charity, I shall leave my message, hoping that it will reach my friends. [Is your mother living?] She is. [Are your friends in Portsmouth still?] I presume so, though I am not advised in regard to that. [Then we may direct a paper to your father?] Yes. Dec. 18.

Major William H. Dixon.

Fully expecting I shall meet justice at your hands, I present myself here to-day to receive favors. I was Major William H. Dixon, and I lost my life at the storming of Fort Donelson. That I was your opponent when on earth I shall not pretend to deny. But as your place here seems to be located on neutral ground in these matters, I shall hope to receive fair treatment.

They tell me that the war is over, that the Spirit of Peace has returned to America. I, for one, am glad to hear it, but, at the same time, I must say I fear it will not long dwell here, because I know that the Spirit of War at the South is not dead by any means. I know that there are many souls who feel equally as antagonistic to-day as they did two or three years ago. Now I know from the minds of such persons go forth an emanation that will breed anything but peace. But never mind; you are to learn by experience; and what does not come to us through experience is not worth much. We very soon find that out on entering this spiritual sphere.

I had, sir, from Georgia. I have friends who are dear to me, for whom I would, if I could, part with all my future hopes, if I could only assure them, in their own souls, that spirits can return; that we can talk; that we do live. I am fully aware of the condition of my friends in their changed lives, but, strange to say, I cannot, do not regret it. Now that they are poor, in more senses than one, I am glad, for it may drive them to finding out better things, of acquiring wealth that will last them beyond death. It may be the means of putting something into their hands that they can carry with them beyond death. And what is the tinsel of human life? It serves you but a few days, and then you part with it at the tomb. Oh God, I wish I had my life to live over again, with the knowledge I have now. No matter, I must go on.

I would make special communication to my brother Augustus, if I can. I want him to put down all fear of death, all fear of public opinion in this matter; give me a chance to talk to him, and I'll tell him some things I don't care to tell here. Thanking you for your kindness, and hoping that you may live long to do your good work, I will part with you to-day. I think he will get it. However, if he should fall to, perhaps I can come and tell you again. Dec. 18.

James Welsh.

Well, sir, I've been ever since 1853 trying to come to this place. Yes, sir, it was in 1853 that I died. I know something about this thing; went to a clairvoyant to see what ailed me. When I got there, it was me father that came to me, before the doctor came, and told me I was going to die.

Yes, sir, my name is James Welsh, and I lived in Boston, on High street. Yes, sir, and it was down at a hotel in Haymarket Square; yes, sir, and me wife was with me, and we talk the matter all over when we go home—me wife and me—self—and I said to her, "Mary, if there's any such thing as coming back, I will come, and I will tell you about these things." Ah, and I've tried so hard to come! and it's all this while I've been; yes, sir. [Do you remember the name of the clairvoyant you visited?] No, sir, I don't. Me wife will tell you; she took me there. Oh, I was sick, I was bad at the time, I was coughing all the time; oh, I was very bad! When I got there, me father come to me; oh, and I was not expecting him at all! Me father says, "James, you will come to me; there's no need of your paying out your money, for you'll soon come to me, and then you'll be all right." And, afterwards, he sent the doctor to me, and he tell me the same thing. But he did give me some medicine, and, more than that, he gives me a paper to go and get the medicine, yes, sir, down at a place in Hanover street, where they have herbs and such things to sell—yes, sir, where they keep medicines. And I was to say they was to send the bill to the doctor; yes, sir, to himself, or the clairvoyant—that was it—yes, sir, and it helped me a good deal, for it made me go very easy. Yes, sir, and I not forget it nor him; Fisher was his name.

Oh, I am so glad to be able to come. Oh, I know Mary's thinking all the time, "If Spiritualism was true James would have been back before this." It's not so easy to come, no, it isn't. I tried very hard to come, but I have a good deal to learn; yes, sir, and then there's so many foolish men all the time that I find it hard to get in here. It's in a paper you'll print this letter? [Yes.] Well, Mary borrows it every week, and she's all the time looking for me. Oh, she'll be right glad when she sees me name! I can't say anything at all about the Catholic religion, for, to tell the truth, I don't seem to have any religion at all. I don't know as I care; I'm very well off, yes, sir, I am.

Oh, I was sick a long time, sir; I was ailing more than eight or nine months. I took a very bad cold, and somehow it settled on me lungs, and I grow bad all the time. Well, I have Dr. Jackson once. I go to him, and he give me some oily substance to take. Ah, me stomach goes over and over when I takes it. Then I takes some other kind of medicines, too. Then Mary heard of that clairvoyant, and we went to him, and after that me mind was easy; I was feeling better all the time. When I grow weaker in me body me mind was growing aisy. Ah, sir, I'm very well off now. I am much obliged sir; that is the most I can give. Dec. 18.

[There are reliable persons in Boston who will vouch for the truthfulness of the above statement.]—Ed. B. OF L.

Arabella Stearns.

I am Arabella Stearns. My father keeps a store in Canal street, New York. I lived there. I was eight years old.

I want to go away. I want to speak to my mother. I had a horrid sore throat. I was awful sick.

If I had not been sick, I was going to Washington. I was going to the inauguration hall with my mother and father. I got sick, and they had to stay at home.

I want you to please to tell 'em that I am well, that I can come back, that I'm with aunt Charlotte—with aunt Charlotte. She died five years ago, and I'm with her. She used to live with us. [Is she your mother's sister?] No; she's my father's. I'm not sick now. I'm pretty well. I wish I had some flowers to send to my mother. I love 'em, but ain't got any here. Dec. 18.

Circle closed by Francis White.

Invocation.

Infinite Jehovah, we thank thee for as much of thy will and way as the stern forces of Nature have revealed unto us. We need not tell thee that thy children who are gazing through the dim mists and shadows of Time do not always discern thy presence. We need not tell thee that the mother, when she folds gently the little hands upon the silent breast of her first-born, and decks its brow with lilies for the tomb, does not always see thy love in its removal. We need not tell thee of these things, for as thou art the soul of Intelligence, thou knowest this. Oh God, our life, to whom we owe all things, from whom we expect all blessings, for the shadows as for the sunbeams, the soul looks upward in praise and prayer. Though in our outer lives we fail to understand thy presence, though we fail to understand thy laws in our inner lives, there is a oneness with thee—in our soul-being thou art understood. There is perpetual worship. There the soul sends out the aroma of its love to thee forever. Oh God, for the shadows of Time, in behalf of these children, we thank thee, for in our inner lives we know that they are all a necessity, all assist them up the steps of life, all add them in turning the leaves of Life's volume. Father, hear the prayers of thy children, answer them, bless them in thy way, not ours. Amen. Dec. 19.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, if you have inquiries we are ready to consider them.

CHAIRMAN.—E. Cole sends three questions to the circle:

1st QUES.—Will the talk of a "war of ideas" be universal, or limited to America?

ANS.—It is our belief that it will be universal. America may share very largely in the contest; nevertheless, we believe it will be universal.

2d Q.—Will the Jews ever realize the coming of their expected Messiah?

A.—Spiritually they will, materially they will not.

3d Q.—Why were so many swine kept in Jerusalem, when the Jews were forbidden to eat their flesh?

A.—That we do not know. Dec. 19.

Osgood Eaton.

There are many reasons why I have deemed it well to avail myself of the privilege you offer at this place for the return and manifestation of those spirits who have thrown off their own material organizations.

One of the most prominent, and, perhaps, most potent reasons is this: When questioned of these things a short time previous to my change, by one who was a believer in this Spiritual Philosophy, I promised, or I rather assented to a promise that was exacted of me, should I find these things true, I would return. It is useless for me to tell those friends, or that friend, that I have found their Philosophy true, for the very fact of my coming proves that.

I counted upwards of half a century on earth, and yet with all the experiences a man could gather in that time, I feel I entered the spirit-world as a little child. I was expecting to realize what, in the order of Nature, I could by no possibility realize. I had blindly believed in popular religion, although I made very little expression thereof. I was like many others with you, who are very willing that some one else should do their spiritual thinking, the thinking that belongs to the things of the future. If we all knew what was best for us, we should hardly be willing to allow others to do our thinking, or trust our soul's welfare with any one outside ourselves. But we do not know ourselves; do not know what is best for us; the masses are floating on in darkness, and instead of being guided by the sunlight of their own reason, they are guided by the false dictation of those who pretend to lead them aright.

It is no use to return deploring these things. They exist, and I suppose will continue to; and because they do exist, some one, or some class of individuals, will be the chosen instruments of God to effect a reform.

It is but a short time ago since I was living quietly in my own body, in this, your, in some respects, favored city. You are favored with a large degree of spiritual light. Perhaps you do not see it.

It is not necessary for me to go on with a review of my past life, to prove that I am the spiritual personage that I purport to be. If I should give an array of facts that would reach to the skies, it would not amount to anything. Let them be ever so sacred, you would trample them under your feet unless the light of divine truth had penetrated your souls; unless its light had illumined the chambers of your souls and made you ready to receive the truth.

I am not here to prove that I live; no, I am only here to answer the demands of my own nature; to do what my God determines that I shall do. At the same time, no one would be more happy than myself to meet with those I am so strongly attached to here. No one would hail such an event with more joy than I. But I can wait, for God's time shall be my time. I was not slow to assent at these things when here, therefore I ought to have patience, if folks can't see these things any better than I did; and, God being my helper, I will have patience.

I am Osgood Eaton, formerly a resident of your city. I passed on to the spheres of spiritual life from Fortress Monroe. I shall be known, sir, far and well.

One word to the Order to which I belonged: Brothers, your calling is a holy one. I honor it now as I did when here. It has been born of God and God will sustain it; fear not. Dec. 19.

John Gilcrease.

Ha, mother! look here! I can't answer any letters, (referring to a sealed letter that lay on the table) but I want you to tell Sarah for me, that, so sure as she submits to that operation, she will die.

Don't be afraid, mother, it's John; nobody but me. I didn't hurt you when I was here, and I shan't now. Dec. 19.

Ebenezer Francis.

Blessed are they who, having ears, hear; who, having eyes, see.

I have come here before, and I was then, as I am now, in an unhappy, miserable state. I had ears here, but I didn't hear. I had eyes, but I

could n't see; I could n't, or did n't, profit by observation.

I suppose that many envied me when I was here, for what I had; but great God, if they could see me now, they would pity, they would love all their envy. I looked myself out of heaven. There is no one to blame, I suppose, for it; although when I think of the thing in one way, I can but wonder why I was born as I was with such privelities.

What brings me here to-day, is, I was at a place in this city, where some of my distant relatives were talking of me. They wondered what I would do with my money, if I could come back with the experiences I have gained since death.

I want to tell them if I was permitted to come back and live a mortal life over again, seeing what I do now, I wouldn't have any money. No, I wouldn't be cursed with money. No, I would prefer to have the wealth that belongs to the spirit. But you cannot have both, not and live as I did. You've got to be poor in one direction or the other. I was poor in spirit—miserably poor; yes, I was, and I am now—because I love money, but because the experiences that it brought me I haven't got rid of yet; and I don't know as I ever shall, but still I hope to.

To those people who were talking of me, I'd say just this much: You need n't mourn because you haven't got as much money as you think you ought to have. The time will come when you'll be glad you didn't have any more; when, if you are sorry for anything, it will be that you had as much as you did. I know very well you don't make any outward profession of belief in the return of us spirits; but I tell you what it is, we know what you think. If you've got any mercy on your soul, do n't desire great wealth. It's sure to carry you down to hell. It crushes out all your better nature, at least for a while. What do you want to pray for it for? You say to do good with, to bestow it on others. It's a lie, and you know it. You wouldn't do it. You pray God to bless your endeavors to get money, and you'll be faithful stewards. "Good God! have you? No, you have not, any more than I was. By-and-bye you will be called to an account for all these things. You will; you can't escape it. You might as well talk of escaping death. It's just as sure to come on you, as it was to come on me.

I know there are some who do good with their money, but these are the exceptions. They are very, very rare. You don't meet them once in a hundred years. They used to tell me, when I was in the body, that if we judged others by ourselves we should give pretty correct judgments. My name, Ebenezer Francis. I'm ashamed of it, but that's what it was. Dec. 19.

Circle closed this afternoon by Thomas Campbell.

Christmas Invocation.

Oh God, our God!
Faint and weary are thy children,
Tolling up the steep of time,
Seeking for the Eastern token,
Listening for the morning chime;
Waiting, waiting, ever waiting
For the voice of long ago,
With its soft, melodious accents,
Soothing every human woe.
Know they not the star has risen,
And its glory glids the earth?
Hear they not the song of angels
O'er this glorious second birth?
"Peace on earth! good will from Heaven!"
Sing that white-robed angel band,
"Peace on earth! good will from Heaven!"
Echoes over all the land.
Oh thou God of Past and Present!
Oh thou Light of every soul!
We will chant thee deathless praises,
While Eternity shall roll. Dec. 21.

Questions and Answers.

QUES.—What will be the nature of the change which the New Testament says will take place instantly, to certain persons at the last day?

ANS.—You are constantly passing through instantaneous changes, and every day through which you have passed is the last day. We do not believe, as many do, that this has special reference to the winding up of the things of Time. We cannot believe it has reference to this, though we know many do so believe. The writer says, or the passage reads thus: "There are some among you who shall not taste death." And again, "We shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the sounding of the trumpet the last day." It will be remembered by those who are familiar with the religious histories of olden nations, that at the end of every Jewish year, or ancient year, which corresponds to your seven years, all the people were called together from all parts of the land by the sounding of trumpets, called together to pay their vows to their Gods. They were immediately, at the sound of the trumpet, to leave all their daily avocations, for they might not know, did not know at what hour the trumpet would sound, therefore it was expected of them that they should always be in readiness. But when it did sound, they were to hasten to their places of worship, there to pay their vows, there to offer sacrifices, there to do homage, each to their own particular God. Now Christianity has borrowed something of these rites from the ancients. You all know this; it is a fact no scholar will pretend to deny. So it may be that some of these written words mean very little; or if they have any meaning at all, they belong particularly to ancient records, not to you.

Q.—Please explain the passage that says: "Fear not them that can kill the body, but fear him that is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."

A.—And here, too, is another child of ignorance. The soul is indestructible; cannot be destroyed. That we do positively know. It is not belief, it is a knowledge. Therefore, if it is indestructible, no power can destroy it; not even the Christian's God. We know that some hold that with this God all things are possible. But we understand this same Power to live inside of law and not outside of it.

Q.—Please explain the passage in the Bible where it says, "And I say unto thee that thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven."

A.—If it has any particular meaning we cannot discern it. Dec. 21.

Allen Davis.

I am a stranger not only to you but to the conditions I have undertaken to make use of, that I may manifest myself again, as a spirit, to those I have left. I do not remember having witnessed anything of this Spiritualism while I was on the earth. I have heard much said against it; and never heard a great deal said in favor of it. So you see I do not stand in so clear a light as many do. My name is, as it was, Allen Davis. I was sixteen years old. I entered the army in Louisiana;

was at first a private in the 7th Louisiana Infantry. I rose to First Lieutenant, and held that commission at the time of my death. My father, consequently myself, are pretty nearly connected with a man whom you suppose to have been the ringleader of the Southern Rebellion. I have nothing to say in his favor, nor have I anything to say against him. For my own part, I am very sorry that so many souls have been sent to the spirit-world from the battle-field. I am sorry that the Spirit of War was ever abroad in this beautiful land. But as we cannot help that which has passed, we'd better set ourselves to work to try to stand upon a better and more harmonious platform in the future.

I have a father, a mother, two sisters and a brother, and I shall be very glad, if there is any way by which I can commune with them, to do so. I passed safely through a good many battles, without a single wound, until the last one. I was taken very suddenly away; had no chance to send any word home to my friends, and hardly time to think what I would like to say. I supposed—as I think nearly all do—I should go home again; consequently made no provision for death. It was my father's intention, I believe, to try to obtain for me a situation, an appointment at West Point, had not these troubles, this warfare, created so much suffering throughout the land. I was very earnest to obtain such an appointment, for I rather liked a military life.

And now I would suggest that, as my youngest brother is desirous of such an appointment—if the Federal Government will favor him—I would suggest that my father would strive to gain an appointment for him. I know he has no right to ask favors of the Government he has fought against, but when all things are taken into consideration, there are palliating circumstances always on both sides.

They would know did I suffer much in dying? I suffered intensely for a few hours; but that was very quick, compared to the long suffering of some poor fellows. I was not all the time in a condition to think much of myself, or my surroundings. I was partially unconscious. They would know was I taken prisoner? No, I was not. Our dead, I believe, were left on the field, and I was buried there by some of our own forces.

I would like so much to speak with my friends. The next time I come I shall be better able to overcome these terrible physical weaknesses, that seem to haunt us like living spectres when we return. It is the experience, I am told, of all, so I must not expect to be exempt. [Where does your father reside?] He was at New Orleans the last I was able to come in rapport with him. [He will be likely to find mediums there.] I suppose so; I hope so; but he, like myself, is not acquainted with these things. Dec. 21.

Thomas Williams (Colored.)

I got permission to come. When the war come on, I got offered pretty big pay to leave the place I was in to go out as cook on board a merchantman; so I accepted the situation, and that was the last time I ever seen any of my folks, or anything I cared anything about in this world.

I was on the "Bay State" steamer, one of the Sound steamers. My name was Thomas Williams; and, as I told you before, I had a good offer made me to go as cook, with bigger pay than I was getting, so I accepted it.

I took sick when we were about five days out. I suppose I had the sickness on me before I left, because I was not feeling well; but I managed to keep up for two days. But on the fifth day out I had to turn in, and after that I never got up again. Now I believe they said, on the whole, I was sick about fourteen days. Then I died, and a sorry time I had, too. [Do you remember the name of the ship you went out in?] Yes, sir, I do remember very well—the "John Elliot."

I left a wife and two little girls in New York, and oh, I am in the greatest way to get back to them that ever you seen a man in.

I know when I was there I not got the white skin any of you have, but I'm as white as any one now. I came to this place and ask leave to speak. They treat me very politely; said I was welcome.

Now, sir, I would like this sent—it's in a paper, I suppose, you'll print my letter? [Yes.] If you'll send it to Maria Williams, New York City, I'll be so glad. [What part of New York is she in?] Great God knows where she is now! I don't know, sir; yes, sir, in New York City I left her. I took very good care of her and the children, the little girls, when I was on the "Bay State." I had enough, and I ought to have been satisfied to stay there.

But it was hard to get cooks at that time; then it was n't many who'd like to risk themselves out to sea, for the ocean was infested, they said, with piratical crafts, and a good many would rather risk themselves in the army than on the water. But I had big pay offered me; that was the reason I took the situation. My wife told me I'd be sorry for it. She told me I'd be sorry. I have been ever since. I ain't like some folks I see, who have no wish to come back to earth and live again. No, if I could have my old body again, and be as well as I was before I was taken sick, I'd come quick enough; yes, I would; I'd leave all I got in the spirit-world and come back. I know it's pleasant there; I like the things I have there, but I like Maria and the little girls best, sir, after all. I'd go back if I could; yes, sir, I'd be glad to. I ought to have stayed where I was, but then I thought I'd save up all the money I earned, and then I was looking forward to coming back again to Maria and the children. I was looking to that, and thinking what I'd get with the money I'd saved up when I got on shore. Well, it's all over now. I'm sorry that I didn't take Maria's advice, and I want her to know. I don't want her to be afraid. I'm alive, I ain't a ghost, I'm alive, and I'm just the same as I was here. I would come back if I could; I would n't stay in the spirit-world, I'd n't stay there at all if I could help it, but I can't help it.

I suppose Maria has heard a good many things about me—that I was n't took good care of. Well, I was, pretty well; oh yes, I suppose I had all done for me that they could do. Oh, I was sorry all the time; that's all. I'm sorry now, but I shall get over it by-and-bye.

You won't forget Maria Williams, will you? [No.] Oh, I shall be under a good many obligations to you. Oh, I'd give anything if I was back again, I would. I got to go. Good-day, sir. Dec. 21.

Annie Slade.

I'm Annie Slade, of Thompsonville, Ohio, nine years old. It's most a year since I left. I've been trying all the time to come back. I had a fever and ulcerated throat. [A sore throat?] Yes, sir.

I have a brother George. He was sick too, but he got well. My grandfather Parsons is in the spirit-land, and he has learnt me to come; and he says if my mother will believe, it will be a balm of Gilead to her soul. He was a Methodist minister; he was. [Your grandfather?] Yes, sir. I am happy; I like the spirit-land; I would n't

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Jan. 6

MRS. T. H. PEABODY, Successor to the late
Mrs. M. S. Pike, Chiropractic Physician, 12 Davis street
Boston. Hours from 10 till 2 P. M. 3m-Jan. 26.

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MRS. R. A. BECK, Test, Trance and Healing Medium, will hold sittings on Tuesday evening of each week, at her residence, No. 2, Fifth street, corner of Bowe, New York, commencing at 8 p. m. Also, Private Sittings hours from 10 A. M. to 9 P. M. 4w*—Feb. 10

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BOOKS!
BELA MAHSH, at No. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, keeps constantly for sale a full supply of all the Spiritual, and formatory Works, at publishers' prices.
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PHOTOGRAPHS
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CARTE DE VISITE PHOTOGRAPHS of the above-named persons just received. Price 25 cents. For sale at
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MRS. LAURA HATON,
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50 School Street, next door East of Parker House.
FOR \$2, I will send, by mail, one copy each of my four books, "Life Line of the Lone One," "My Wife," "American Crisis," and "Glad of Spiritually." For address, see lecturers column. **WARREN CHASE**

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Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT:
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

J. M. FREEMAN, RESIDENT EDITOR.

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and transact all other business connected with this Department of the Banner of Light. Letters and papers intended for us, or communications for publication in the Western Department, etc., should be directed to J. M. Freeman, Cincinnati, Ohio, P. O. Box 1402.

Kind Words to Lecturers.

An old member of Parliament gave this advice to a younger one: "When you rise to speak, be sure you say something to say—say it in few words as possible, and when through, stop." In this earnest, progressive age, long lectures are seldom acceptable. Brief and to the point, is the call of the masses. Elaborating and talking upon a subject after one is through, is comparable only to a ship mostly "snapper," which, by the way, would be an unkindly word to a Western lecturer as a poem all prologue would be unpoetical to the taste of a New England poet.

Apologies are not generally well received. If you are "quite unwell"—"are not prepared," &c., &c., leave the rostrum at once. Call a physician. Prepare yourself. Going into city or village the first time to speak, do not go with the "big wheels" of your carriage foremost. Eight day clocks are far preferable to those that run down in twenty-four hours. Hide self behind the mighty truths spoken. If truly great, the world will discover it. Chafe not for speedy fame. Waiting is often winning. Do not sound your own trumpet, nor peddle your own praises. Be sparing of the ego. Socrates, ripe with the erudition of ages, said he had "learned to know that he knew nothing." A. J. Davis, calm and philosophic, perfectly unassuming, Emerson's profound scholarship is only excelled by his quiet modesty. General Grant, America's military chieftain, made no speeches; kept his own counsel; worked, and yet so long as autumn's roses lingered, he entered Northern cities under archways of flowers, with bouquets and evergreen paving his pathway. Do not envy others' prosperity. Neither be jealous nor envious. These are detestable qualities; and often

"Eat themselves, for lack
Of somebody else to eat."

Sheik Saad says, "Whoever recounts to you the faults of your neighbor, will doubtless expose your defects to others." He also says, "Carry your vices in the palm; but hide your virtues under the arm-pits." Never gossip; this—the gift of Mrs. Farnham being authority—is quite as applicable to men as women. Better try to twist a rope from sand than to build one's self up by pulling others down. The gauze is too thin. Trying to conceal your real motives, is the surest method of revealing them. The age of secrets belongs to the past. Do not weary everybody with a history of your martyrdoms. Self-satisfaction and self-reliance are virtues of the gods. "Outer crucifixions occur only at the commencement of new epochs; the inner are necessary experiences. When indulging in the questionable poetry of magnifying and exalting, be sure your memory is good, so that telling the story—self, of course, the hero—the to-days shall agree with the yesterdays. Be cautious about the confounding of such terms as spiritual-world and spiritual-world; facts and truths; ambition and aspiration; consciousness and consecration; spirit and matter; impression and inspiration; influence and control; effect and result; egoism and egotism, with others unnecessary to name. We once heard a public speaker say that "traveling and lecturing in halls and school-houses, he had had epiphany after epiphany heaped upon him." He meant *epiphany*. A wag near us thought it "time he was buried."

Spiritualism is becoming a power; is assuming more symmetrical proportions. Progress is the watchword. There is a growing literary taste in our midst, to meet which, thinkers, reasoners and scholars are demanded; men and women, with a broad sweep of mind, logical acumen, generous sympathies and profound research. The early Christians, though retaining till the third century the trances, visions, and the gift of tongues, found it difficult, at times, to meet the classic Lucian, who charged the first Christians with "every kind of fanaticism and fraud"; the sarcastic Celsus, with polished yet pointed shafts, and the scholastic and sophisticated Porphyry, the faithful pupil of Longinus. Erudition is, of itself, a power, and quite necessary to final success. Exalted spirits ever aim to educate their mediums; and they should work with them, by educating, so far as possible, themselves.

Destruction precedes construction. Forests must be felled before harvest-fields can invite reapers and gleaners. Doubtless only axes and axes could be born ere the earth had sufficient maturity to form a substantial pedestal for man, the crowning glory. Astrology led to astronomy. The mental and religious world must be cleared of priestly shams and traditions. Theologic hogs must be drained, miasmas dispersed, and the fens of superstition burned away, before the moral philosopher can be the accredited *hero of the age*, and the Harmonical Philosophy be accepted and appreciated by the masses. The iconoclast, then, is well. But to be always breaking images; always removing rubbish; never laying a corner-stone; never erecting a superstructure with glittering dome, having the starlight of eve, and sunlight of noon, is a poor way to develop the harmonical man, or construct a spiritual temple. The "waster should be the builder, too." If the left hand bears a torch for burning, the right should bear the hammer for building. Blessed is the Constructor. His ideal shall prove to be his real home in the Heavens. Earth's poetry is the immortal prose.

Be social; unless positively prevented by literary pursuits, call upon the people; go into their nurseries and parlors, bearing evangel from angels; strengthen the cords of love that bind together family circles, and shed the sunny influences of your soul in every home; saying, as you depart, "Peace be within these walls." Be especially kind to the poor. If you must neglect any one, let it be the rich. Jesus was a Judean pilgrim, without "where to lay his head," eating the bread of charity; and yet he found and blessed those poorer than himself. Forget not to call upon the sick. If ever a lecturer's voice sounds sweet; if ever there's a music in his tread; if ever the angels bathe his soul in their own baptismal affections, it is when he is hastening to the bedside of the sick and languishing sufferer. To such the hopes and consolations of Spiritualism are above all price, scattering all clouds, dispelling all doubts, and strengthening the spiritual man for a heroic transition over Jordan's rolling waters, to the saintly life of the beatified, where "none say I am sick."

When hearts are tender, tears streaming, and the features of bereaved friends aching, as they frequently are in hours of sickness, death and mourning, let us fly to such with the voice of healing, and with that balm of consolation found only in the divine principles of the Spiritual Philosophy.

Entering into the calm council-chamber of our

soul, we preached a good share of the above sermon to ourselves, from these words of Paul to the Corinthian Church: "Examine yourselves, . . . prove your own selves." Others are not debarrad, however, from making very liberal personal applications of such hints and suggestions as it may contain. Amen.

Living at a Dying Rate.

So far as any theologic denomination liberates human minds from traditions and superstitions, encourages free thought, and arouses the soul to the reception of higher truths, we bid its devotees Godspeed. But the innate tendency of sect, as sect, is downward. As it ascends in wealth and reputation, in the same ratio it ascends in spontaneity and spirituality. Quakers are not as Catholic and inspirational now as in the times of George Fox or Elias Hicks. Unitarians have fallen far below the high standard of William Ellery Channing. New Churchmen, claiming for Swedenborg what he never claimed for himself, leadership and infallibility, are drifting into cold forms and ceremonies, having already introduced latitudes and fixed responses. We are told the Swedenborgian is the most exclusive and aristocratic church in Cincinnati. Universalists are not as liberal and cheerful now as in the days of John Murray and the senior Balloues. One of their recent writers mourns over the coldness of their Zion; a "want of religious devotion, of educational appreciation, and a lack of earnest in the ministry." The Rev. J. P. Averill, a clergyman in fellowship with the denomination, said a while since that "Spiritualism was Universalism gone to seed." This pity sentence is fresh with a fact. And yet many Universalists, instead of obeying the Apostle's injunction, add to your "faith . . . knowledge," thus ripening and rounding up into fruitage, remain in the bud; the bud remains upon the bough; the bough remains upon the trunk, and the trunk, corresponding to sect, is worm-eaten, not generating enough life-force, in connection with heaven's sunshine and showers, to induce the swelling, bursting and blooming processes, prophetic of fruit. The Universalist Register for 1865 reports six hundred and eighty-four clergymen in the United States and British Provinces. In 1865 it reports seven hundred and one clergymen, a gain of *seventeen* clergymen in *fifteen* years. At this rate of increase, how long will it take to convert the world to Universalism? Some of these are engaged in secular pursuits, others are firm believers in Spiritualism, preaching its general principles under the name of progressive, instead of textual Universalism.

Conversing a few days since, in this city, with one of the Universalist ministry, he confessed the facts and admitted his belief in a present intercommunion between the fact and the spirit-world. Finally, he frankly said, "I am a Christian Spiritualist." Had he lived in the first or second century of the Christian era, he would have called himself a *Jewish Christian*. The name would have sounded more sweetly to the Pharisaic multitude. Down on this entering to popularity, this sacrificial principle to policy, truth to sect. We cordially recommend such to the life and teachings, with the "signs," "healings," "gifts," and consecration of one for whom they profess to much reverence, and of whom the Apostle said "he took upon him the form of a servant, . . . and made himself of no reputation."

Rennan's Life of Jesus Appreciated.

Bro. J. B. Squiers, of Battle Creek, having just finished a close perusal of the above-named book, writes us, that he loves this personage, or rather the principles that made his person sacred to the souls of humanity, more in one hour now than in all his conceptions of him as an "atoning sacrifice," during the *five years* he was inside the pale of a Church. I have a profound reverence for those old Judean hills and vales that ministered to the growth of such a soul as his. Blessed old mountains! how I would love to climb them now! I can only mutter thus:

"The good of ages gone,
The sight of ages past,
Shall be no less through ages to come,
Nor more while ages last."

Rennan's treatment of the life of Jesus is masterly, and the style unexceptionable; but, not being versed in the facts and phases of Spiritualism, he utterly fails in some of the finer points of his analysis. Nothing short of the Spiritual Philosophy can relieve that life of the mystical and the supernatural. Jesus was a man and a brother, the love-nature predominating; in fine, the great Syrian medium, and accordingly termed by Paul the "Mediator."

Miss Jennie Lord.

From Lancaster, Ohio, and other Western localities, we learn that this medium has met with excellent success in her musical manifestations. Sincere and candid herself, she everywhere inspires the people with the reality and beauty of spirit-communication. The "Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom," and one of old. Both were true to their places. All the various phases of manifestations are necessary to meet the great diversity of human needs, thus aiding in the erection of the spiritual temple. Can the dome any to the corner-stone, I have no need of thee?

Richmond, Ind.

The Editor of this Western Department will lecture in Richmond during the month of March. Will also go out in the vicinity, or call on his weekly trips between the above-named place and Cincinnati, giving evening lectures, if friends so desire.

Dr. Slade.

Dr. Henry Slade, of Jackson, Mich., opens rooms in Cincinnati, the 27th of this month. He is not only an excellent *healing medium*, but gives séances for physical manifestations in the *light*, that are as convincing as wonderful.

E. V. Wilson.

This earnest working brother speaks in Cincinnati during the month of March. His tests and public delineations of character are truly wonderful.

William B. Astor owns from fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred houses. He controls the rents of New York, and is greatly responsible for the awful rise in rents. One of his small houses was rented for eight hundred dollars. Last year he raised the rent to fifteen hundred dollars, and this year charges twenty-five hundred dollars for the same. Of course all feel justified in following the lead of Mr. Astor.

A discovery has been made at Toulon, France, where the iron-plated frigate Provence is undergoing repairs, which shows the danger that menaces the entire iron-coated fleet of France. The Provence was fitted out for sea only fifteen months since, and already a great number of her plates are nearly consumed with rust.

Visit sick beds and deserted souls much; they are excellent teachers in experience.

Correspondence in Brief.

Frank Expressions.

I hand you enclosed six dollars for the renewal of subscription for the Banner, for myself and Miss Mary A. French, of Wallingford, Vermont, and two dollars for the Free Circle expense. The Banner is improved of late, and if some of the friends of the cause would improve as much in liberality, the proprietors of the Banner could get a respectable compensation for hard and constant labor. The subscribers would get far more than an equivalent for their money. The fact is, too many of the Spiritualists are too much inclined to have the cause help them, instead of helping the cause. It does seem to me that a religion, the sole object of which is to elevate and enlighten humanity and make them more contented, happy and prosperous, ought to be as healthy and liberally supported as that system of theological teaching which degrades humanity and exhibits to them a Creator not "altogether lovely." But it is a fact that many people, through fear, or for popularity, give better support to that which is unnatural and revolting to their better judgment. Barnum has often said that "most people would pay more to be *humbly* than to be *greatly* and honestly." I sometimes think it true. But after all, I have faith in humanity. As fast as they learn to know themselves they will take their true positions. Those who can look back for a quarter or half a century will readily see that the "world has moved" at a rapid rate, notwithstanding obstacles now rise, mountain-high, to discourage. Ever hopeful and ever trusting, I can still wait. NEWMAN WEEKS.

From Oregon.

You may think that your subscribers in this part of the world are getting negligent, and perhaps tired, of the great light and truth that your most worthy and ever welcome Banner affords—at least one of the children of earth, and I, hope, to thousands more; but I speak for one entire household, consisting of five most cheerful members, who are anxious to get the next Banner as the most children are to get a new toy. There are many in this city and the country around who are in harmony with the sentiments, and believe in the teachings set forth in the Banner, but are not strong enough in individuality and moral courage to stem the tide of popular feeling. Instead of wielding the great Herakleian power of will and determination, which liberates and elevates, harmonizes and enriches the whole family which it touches, they are content to be *inspired*. I should not wonder if there was something in this great wonder of the nineteenth century, but we will not venture to acknowledge it for the present. This is very much the condition of the minds of the many people in this city, and along this coast.

I have recently been to San Francisco, where I met the pleasure of listening to the sublime and elegant lectures of J. C. Childers, President of the workings of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. I was highly pleased, and long for the time when I may have the opportunity of seeing my children enjoy all its pleasures and benefits. Portland, Oregon, Nov. 15, 1865. D. H. H.

Meetings in Yarmouth, Me.

We have formed an Association here under the name of the "Yarmouth Brotherhood Association of Spiritualists," and have chosen the following named officers for the ensuing year: Dexter H. H. President; Geo. Winslow, Vice-President; J. V. R. Combs, Secretary; Susan H. Greenleaf, Corresponding Secretary; Abby V. Winslow, Treasurer. Mrs. Susan E. Sligh, a trance speaking medium, is with us at present, and speaks every Sabbath. We also have circles, which are very interesting. We wish to see the knowledge of the spirit-world by the General Association of Spiritualists.

Resolved, That as a Brotherhood we are bound together by the bonds of sympathy and love, and that we will aid and assist each other in the development of the God-principles within us, and by just dealing with all mankind, exhibit the higher and holier light into which we have attained.

Resolved, That we will stand firm for Justice, Truth, Purity and Love.

Resolved, That we will stretch forth our hands to aid suffering humanity in whatever form we may see fit, trusting to the higher intelligence to aid us in our search for truth and knowledge, with the best assurance of a higher home in Spirit Life.

Susan H. GREENLEAF, Cor. Sec'y.
Yarmouth, Me., Dec. 22, 1865.

Verification of Spirit-Message.

DEAR BANNER—In your issue of Dec. 23, 1865, is a message from the spirit-world, purporting to come from Marcia Whalen, wife of John H. Whalen, of Boston, Mass. The lady referred to was a niece of my wife, who died in Boston, April, 1861; and she certifies that her communication is true to the letter. As we know the antecedents of the family, such communications ought to satisfy every doubting mind.

Fraternally yours, W. M. ALDEN.
Washington, N. J., Jan. 30, 1866.

Spiritualism in Williamsburgh.

We learn from the Brooklyn Daily Times that free meetings have been established in Williamsburgh, N. Y. A writer in that paper says: "The Spiritualists of Williamsburgh have increased with the increase of population to an extent, we are assured, that the conception of the spiritual world and we know of their wide-spread advancement in general intelligence and respectability. Why should they not, then, be encouraged in the popular assembling of themselves after the manner of their brethren in other more favored localities?"

They have already held several meetings at the private residences of one or more of our citizens favorable to this movement, and they now propose to have weekly meetings in continuance, where all inquiring minds will meet with a cordial welcome. As the Society is liberally sustained by the voluntary contribution of its members, no fees for admission will be expected, nor will there be collections made in any form whatever—so that the Gospel of the New Dispensation and the doctrine of the spiritual world, without money and without price. As the same time they would advise no person to connect himself with, or encourage by his presence, gatherings which do not edify by their proceedings, or exalt by their teachings.

Their present speaker, Mrs. Emma J. Bullene, is too well known to require comment. Her discourses are inspirational and impromptu; the subject being chosen by the audience at the time. Whether her utterances are from a celestial, spiritual, or only natural source, they are of the highest order of merit, and better calculated than anything we know of to advance the intellectual improvement and moral welfare of the community.

Call for a Peace Convention.

To all persons reached by this Greeting—who believe in the universal brotherhood of man—who acknowledge the supremacy of the divine law of love to God and love to man—who abhor war, and all resorts to deadly force between human beings—who honor Jesus Christ as the Prince of Peace—and who are willing, by all the consistent means of self-sacrifice and moral suasion, to labor for the promotion of perfect peace among mankind throughout the earth:

You are hereby earnestly invited, irrespective of sex, color, creed, nationality or residence, to assemble at the Melancon (Tremont Temple), in Boston, Mass., on Wednesday, the 14th day of March next, at 10 o'clock A. M., in order to hold a Convention of at least two days' continuance, in which to exchange fraternal expressions of good-will, to consider what ought to be done in behalf of the Peace cause, and, if practicable, to organize a new, uncompromising, vigorous and well-ordered movement against the war system, on the basis of total abstinence from all resorts to deadly force among mankind, between individuals, families, communities, states and nations. Important propositions will be laid before the Convention, and doubtless able speakers participate in the discussions. Conductors of the press, pulpit, and all other organs of public intelligence, are respectfully requested to aid in giving publicity to this Call.

Issued this 21st day of January, 1866, by order of the General Committee appointed on the subject at an Informal Peace Conference, held in Boston, Dec. 12, 1865.

ADIN BALLOU, Hopkinton, Mass.
E. H. HAYWOOD, Princeton, Mass.
JOSHUA P. BLANCHARD, Boston.
LYSANDER S. RICHARDS,
ALFRED H. LOVE, Philadelphia, Pa.,
Sub-Committee.

State Convention of New Jersey.

By invitation of the Friends of Progress in Vineland, N. J., all liberal-minded persons who are residents of the State, and who are friendly to the cause of Spiritualism and its objects, and all others residing in the State who desire to join them in furtherance of the objects of said Convention, are requested to meet in the Hall of said Society, in Vineland, on Thursday and Friday, the 23rd and 24th of May, 1866, for the purpose of effecting a State organization to cooperate with the National Organization of Spiritualists, in furtherance of the objects recommended, &c. Convention will organize at 1 o'clock P. M., the 23rd.

W. HENRY CHASE, }
C. B. CAMPBELL, } Committee.
JOHN GAGE, }

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

BOSTON.—MELANCON.—The Lyceum Society of Spiritualists will hold meetings on Sundays, at 12 and 1 1/2 o'clock. Admission free. Speakers engaged:—Fred. L. H. Willis, M. D., of New York invited to lecture; Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon during March; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, April 1 and 8; J. G. Fish, April 22 and 29.

PORTLAND, ME.—SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday in hall No. 118 Tremont street, at 10 A. M. and 2 1/2 P. M. Mrs. A. A. Ricker, regular speaker. The public are invited.

CHICAGO.—SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 3 P. M., at 121 Blackstone street, corner of Hancock street. Lectures and discourses by Dr. G. W. Morrill, Jr., Music by Miss Minnie Foster.

THE C. B. D. M. U. T. First Progressive Bible Society, Chicago, hold meetings every Sunday, No. 10 Tremont Temple, at 3 P. M.; also Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, at 7 1/2 P. M.

CHARLESTON.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Washington Hall, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. under the supervision of A. H. Richardson. The public are invited. The Children's Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. on Wednesdays.—E. S. Wheeler, Feb. 25; Benj. Todd, March 4.

THE SPIRITUALISTS OF CHARLESTON have commenced a series of free meetings at Mechanics Hall, corner of Chelsea street and City square, every Sunday afternoon and evening. These meetings are to be conducted by Mr. James B. Hatch, whom all communications should be addressed to, and a Committee of well known Spiritualists. Many good speakers have been engaged, who will lecture during the season.

CHICAGO.—The Associated Spiritualists of Chicago have engaged Lyceum Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon at 2 P. M., and Monday evening at 7 1/2 P. M. The public are invited to be addressed to J. S. Dodge, 121 Hancock street, Boston. Speakers engaged:—Nesle M. Johnson, Feb. 18 and 25; and March 4 and 11; W. C. Ripley, March 18 and 25.

BOSTON, MASS.—Meetings are held in Union Square Hall, Sundays, at 12 and 7 1/2 P. M. Good speakers engaged.

LOWELL.—SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings in Leestown Church, Lowell, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook during March; J. G. Fish during May and June.

HAVENHILL, MASS.—The Spiritualists and liberal mind of Havenhill have organized, and hold regular meetings at Havenhill Hall. Speaker engaged:—Fannie B. Felton during February.

LYNN, MASS.—SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings in Lynn Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Susan M. Johnson, March 18 and 25; Mrs. M. M. Wood, April 22 and 29.

TACONIC, MASS.—SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings in Temple Hall, regularly at 12 and 7 1/2 P. M. Admission free.

Worcester.—The Spiritualists of Worcester hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Feb. 18 and 25; Mrs. Mary M. Wood during March.

NORTH WENDEHAM, MASS.—The Spiritualists have organized a Society, and will hold regular meetings in Harmonical Hall at 10 A. M. and 1 1/2 P. M. Seats free, and the public are invited to be addressed to Mrs. Henry Hough, April 1 and 8.

HAVERHILL, MASS.—Meetings are held in the Universalist Church in Haverhill every Sunday.

FOXBORO, MASS.—Meetings in Town Hall.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday evenings, at 7 1/2 P. M. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—J. G. Fish during February; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, March 18 and 25.

PITTSBURGH, CONN.—Meetings are held at Central Hall every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Progressive Lyceum at 10 1/2 in the forenoon. Speaker for the present, A. E. Carpenter.

NEW YORK.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Congress Hall, City Block, corner of Congress and Elm streets. Free Conference in the forenoon, and evening, at 7 1/2 P. M.

DUVER and FOXBORO, MASS.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday, forenoon and evening, in the Universalist church. A successful Sabbath School is in operation.

NEW YORK.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Hope Chapel, 720 Broadway. Seats free.

THE SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday, morning and evening, in Ebbitt Hall No. 23, West 33rd street, near Broadway. The speaker at present engaged is J. G. Fish for March. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock.

THE SPIRITUAL LYCEUM, corner of 23rd street and Broadway, will hold regular meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. in the forenoon and evening. Seats free.

MEETINGS are held in the new hall in Phenix street every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Children's Progressive Lyceum every Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock. Prof. I. Helm, Conductor.

VINELAND, N. J.—Friends of Progress meetings are held in the new hall every Sunday at 10 A. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum every Sunday session at 10 o'clock P. M. Mrs. Helen Allen, Conductor. Mrs. Deborah Butler, Guardian.

HAMMONTON, N. J.—Meetings held every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M., at Ellis Hall, Bellevue Avenue.

BALTIMORE, MD.—The First Spiritualist Congregation of Baltimore hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in the hall, southeast corner of Calvert and Saratoga streets, at the usual hours of worship. Mrs. F. O. Hyzer will speak first.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Regular Spiritualists' meetings every Sunday in the hall. Children's Progressive Lyceum every Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock. Mr. Wm. H. Planc, Conductor.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—SPIRITUALISTS and Friends of Progress hold meetings every Sunday in the hall, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum regular session every Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock. Wm. C. Moberly, Conductor; Mrs. Mary Blood, Guardian.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Spiritualists of Washington hold regular meetings every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. in the hall, corner of D and Ninth streets. An able line of lecturers is engaged.—Cor. L. V. Daniels during February.

CINCINNATI, OH.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized the "Children's Progressive Lyceum," and have secured Metropolitan Hall, corner of Ninth and Walnut streets, where they hold regular sessions on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock.

CLEVELAND, OH.—SPIRITUALISM met in Temperance Hall every Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum every Sunday session at 10 o'clock A. M. Mr. L. Jewett, Conductor; Mrs. D. A. Eddy, Guardian.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Mrs. Laura Cuddy lectures for the friends of Progress in the hall, corner of 4th and Jessie streets, San Francisco, every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Admission free. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same hall at 2 P. M.

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 and changes of appointments, whenever they occur. Should any name appear in this list of a party known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is intended for Lecturers only.)

MISS LIZZIE DOWEN will lecture in St. Louis during February. She will not make any other engagements to lecture until further notice. Address, Pavilion, 71 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

J. S. LOVER will answer calls to lecture, and will pay special attention to the establishment of Children's Lyceums. Address, Banner of Light office, Boston.

N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Fond du Lac, Wis., Feb. 25, in Battle Creek, Mich., during May and June. Applications for addresses must be made in advance, and will be promptly answered. Address as above.

A. B. WHITING will lecture in Louisville, Ky., during February. Will answer calls to lecture week evenings in that city. Address till March 1st, 109 Madison street, Louisville, Ky.

DR. L. K. COOMBS will lecture in Vineland, N. J., Feb. 18. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, and sell Spiritualist Reform Books.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will lecture in Decatur, Ill., during February; in St. Louis, Mo., during March. Address as above, or box 16, Lowell, Mass.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Chicago, Ill., during February; in Davenport, Iowa, March 4 and 11; in Geneseo, Ill., March 18 and 25. Will make engagements to speak week evenings in the vicinity of Sunday engagements. Address as above.

WARREN CHASE will speak in Philadelphia during March. In April will go to Ohio, via New York Central route, and will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

Mrs. FANNIE B. FULTON will speak in Haverhill during February; in Taunton during March. Address, South Malden, Mass.

Mrs. E. A. BLISS, of Springfield, Mass., will speak in Haverhill during March. Address accordingly.

Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNE will speak in Lynn, Feb. 25; in Southwick, Mass., March 4 and 11. Address, 31 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. LAURA DE FORCE GORDON will lecture in Houlton, Me., during March; in Lowell, Mass., during April; in Boston, Mass., during May; and in Washington, D. C., during April and May—address care of Geo. A. Bacon, Esq., P. O. Box 209; Cleveland, O., during July and August.

Mrs. E. H. HAYDEN, normal speaker, will lecture in Lowell, Feb. 25. Address, care Banner of Light.

A. T. FOSTER will speak in Amsterdam, N. Y., Feb. 25, and March 4. Will receive invitations to speak on week days in other parts of the State on Sundays after the first in March. Address, 154 East 19th street, New York.

Mrs. S. A. HORTON will speak in Troy, N. Y., during April.

As an allusion, or allusion, to the above, Mrs. S. A. HORTON will speak in Troy, N. Y., during April. Address, 154 East 19th street, New York.

ISAAC P. GREENLEAF will speak in Taunton, Mass., Feb. 18 and 25; in Salem, March 4 and 11; in Taunton during April. Is ready to make further engagements anywhere in New England, at the season of the year. Address, as above, or Lowell, Mass.

M. C. HENT, inspirational speaker, will lecture in Middleboro, N. Y., the first and third Sundays in each month, in Kingsbury Hall, during the month of July. Address, Middleboro, or Smith's Bazaar, N. Y.

J. MADISON ALLEN will speak in Woodstock, Vt., Feb. 25. Parties in Vermont or further westward may secure his services for the spring months by addressing soon at Rockland, Me., or box 10.

MISS SARAH A. NETT will speak in Stamford Springs, Conn., during February; in Atlanta, N. Y., March 4, 11, and 18; in Troy, N. Y., March 25. Address as above, or Clarendon, N. H.

MISS HELEN M. JOHNSON will speak in Chelsea, Feb. 18 and 25, and March