

BY CORA WILBURN.

BY BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

The whole party of confederates then returned to the house, where the other victim, Mr. Andrews, laid remained for some time. He then, however, having claimed the sympathy of any man possessing human feelings. But these men were moved by no such sentiment. Mr. Toole, seeing the condition of Mr. Andrews, ejaculated a maniacal appearance, and grasping a handful of cigars, hurled them across the table at this white-haired man as he lay there. Then seizing two knives in each hand, and looking fiercely at him, in a menacing manner, he raised up at him, in a menacing manner. Mr. Andrews, Mr. Addison and Mr. Sothorn protested to restrain and appease the violence of Mr. Toole; they wrested the knives from his hands, but secretly returned them to him. Mr. Toole, stormed at the poor old man, rushed after him with other knives, which he apparently drew from his person, saying it was so, he "was all knives," and pursuing him round and round the table, upending and smashing the bottles and glassware, and finally hurled him ultimately into the street, where Mr. Toole and his companions followed yelling and hooting at him for some distance.

what the old man, fully believing his life in danger, ran frantically away, as fast as his limbs could carry him, and did not stop, as I have since heard, until he dropped down exhausted upon Hampstead-heath, where he was found in a ditch at daybreak, without hat or coat, by some workmen, to whom he told his piteous tale, and asked for help.

"What has happened to you, Mr. Coleman? Where did you pick up this fabulous story? Surely, you must be a hysteric! Where is there to be found a man in all London who would suffer such outrages to be perpetrated under his own roof and the cover of his hospitality? Is it possible that six men, holding any position in society, could stand by and assist in such heartless, wanton cruelty?"

Alas, my friends! I grieve to say this is not an imaginary scene—the story I have told is true to the letter; and here, at least, is a partial corroboration of it, taken from the Standard of the 5th of January last, not communicated by me, nor by any one known to me; and let me also add that the poor victim, Andrews, is an entire stranger to me. I have never seen him. Here is the paragraph:

A GENTLEMAN IN A STATE OF CYCLOPSY (sic).—An elderly man was found in the fields at Hampstead, on Thursday morning, by some laborers, without hat or coat, and his clothes completely covered with mud. He was in a very exhausted state, and had evidently been out in the rain all night. On being asked how he got in such a condition, he said he had been to Mr. Addison's house in St. John's Wood, to see some spiritual manifestations, and that, under Mr. Sothorn's directions, he had endeavored to cyclopsy some of the gentlemen present; that he succeeded with one, who became very violent, and who, after throwing everything in the room at him, seized a knife and swore to have his life; that he fled the house, and to escape his pursuer, ran into the fields and hid himself in a ditch, where he remained all night, afraid to move. The poor man was taken home, declaring he would never again try the effect of such a dangerous power, and which had nearly cost him his life. The gentleman he cyclopsied, he stated, was Mr. Toole, the favorite comedian of the Adelphi Theatre.

MR. SOTHORN AT THE POLICE COURT.

A day or two after Mr. Addison's evening party, Mr. Tiffin applied to the presiding magistrate at Marylebone Police Court, and obtained a summons against Mr. Edward Askew Sothorn to answer a charge of assault, and putting him in bodily fear. The hearing was fixed for Saturday, the 13th of January, when Mr. Sothorn and Mr. Toole were present; but before the case was called, great anxiety was evinced by Mr. Sothorn to have it settled privately.

The solicitors conferred together, and both pressed upon Mr. Tiffin to forego the public exposure, Mr. Tiffin's own solicitor urging him to accept an apology, as that was the way, he said, these cases were always settled between gentlemen. Mr. Tiffin so repeatedly urged, at length yielded, upon the condition that an apology should be made in writing, which was done, Mr. Sothorn expressing his extreme regret that he should have committed such a folly, which he meant only as a joke; and the affair was thus settled, Mr. Sothorn paying all costs, which I am told amounted to about £15.

The reader will no doubt rise from the perusal of these extraordinary chapters in Mr. Sothorn's history, with mingled feelings of surprise and indignation. But those who are accustomed to trust the integrity of my statements, will not doubt me when I say, that I have ample evidence to support the revelations made in these pages.

If Mr. Sothorn should be disposed to dispute any of my statements, I may have to recur to the subject, but I expect that he will see the wisdom of giving, in future, as wide a berth to Spiritualism, as his friend, Mr. Edmund Yates, the *Flanor*, has found it prudent to give to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, since the severe castigation which the editor so mercilessly bestowed upon him.

AN ORIGINAL POEM.

BY MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND.

[I send this little poem, which purporting to come from my angel-sister, Miss A. W. Sprague, given me by inspiration one evening recently, just before retiring, which, if you please, you can publish.]

Out of a cloudless heaven,
Through rich with golden light,
Alone came not the spirit
To make earth's beauty bright.

Without, sometimes, such darkness
As makes the poor heart quail,
Should mantle the golden glory
Like a rich and heavy veil.

No flower could ever blossom,
Or rich green verdure grow;
No river sing its anthem
Of praise to God below;

No billows make the ocean
With silver-crested wave
Without the storm and tempest;
Oh, naught on earth is brave!

Without the storm and tempest,
That bends with graceful power
The young and tender sapling,
The tall oak could not tower.

And man, the microcosm
Of Nature, needs the same;
Without affliction's tempest
He's weak, and poor, and tame.

But when afflictions settle,
Like dark clouds o'er the soul—
When deep convictions battle,
And great thought thunders roll;

When surge on surge is heaving
Rich jewels from the deep,
Oh, then the soul is strengthened!
'Tis glorious thus to weep!

Each tear becomes a jewel,
To deck the spirit-brow,
And thus thy crown, my sister,
I'm weaving for thee now.

When strength for coming glory
Hath fallen on thy soul,
The dark clouds from thy heaven
Will backward, backward roll!

Until the sun's great splendor,
In rich effulgent gleams,
Will shine upon thy nature,
Revealing more than dreams.

Epl onward! then, my sister!
Work while the storm may last,
For when the sunlight breaketh,
Thy days of toil are past.

Spiritualism not Dead in Glenn's Falls.

It has been commonly reported by our Orthodox friends that Spiritualism was "dead, played out," etc., in this place. Even some of our Spiritualists themselves became faint-hearted, saying that we could do nothing. But this week we have awakened anew, and have had three lectures—one by M. C. Bent, and two by S. J. Finney. The people turned out well, even more than the most sanguine of the Spiritualists expected—Quakers, Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, and even some Catholics. The believers in the death of Spiritualism were completely astonished at the numbers that attended the lectures. Our numbers increased each night, and very many are asking for more of the same Gospel.

Glenn's Falls, N. Y., March 2, 1866.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LILY.

BY DAN MITCHELL.

Darling babe is dead!
In the earth so chilly
They have made a bed
For our faded Lily;
And our hearts are sadly wailing,
Like the wild wind in a storm.

Shrouded in our fears,
Planted we bright flowers,
Watered them with tears
Falling like the showers;
While our spirits, torn by anguish,
Strove to burst their prison-doors.

"Lily dear is dead!"
Cried we, sadly sighing;
"In her gloomy bed,
Mouldering, is lying!"
Low and sweet as dying music,
Came a voice, "Not dead! not dead!"

Upward looking, there
In the moonlight still,
Stood an angel fair—
Stood our darling Lily,
Pointing with her shining finger
Upward to her home of light.

"No, not dead!" we cried;
Hush our foolish sighing!
Bitter tears be dried!
In the grave not lying!
Death is life; dying is living;
Death in life, and life in death.

Children's Department.

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

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

VIRGINIA PERKINS.

CHAPTER XVI.

Regrets and Rejoicing.

It is sometimes quite easy to do right, and to feel glad in doing it; but if it brings great suffering, it is very hard not to wonder if it would not have been just as well if we had done differently. Virginia had bravely adhered to the influence of the right and good. She had listened to the loving voices that bade her not be afraid, and to turn from Hugh's selfish wishes to the unselfish path of pure love. But up in a desolate chamber, in the heated air of August, with no sight of the green grass or the fresh waving trees, and only a little glimpse of the blue sky through the high window, feeling lonely, and weak, and half sick, it was not easy to have faith, or to be brave. The hours seemed to lengthen themselves into weeks, and so long seemed the time that at last she knew not whether she had been there days or months. She tried to count the hours, but her brain whirled; she tried to remember what day of the week it was, but she could only think of the hot sun's rays that came through the skylight and made her so uncomfortable.

Virginia had been taken to this uncomfortable place to await until some one should see if she ought to be punished or set at liberty. But who was to see? Everybody had enough to do, and the orders to keep her until it was known what to do with her, were strictly obeyed, and her weary heart seemed to be of no account. Poor little heart, so strong to do right! so full of love, and so tired!

She went over again and again all the journey with her faithful guide. How much better would it have been, she thought, if they had turned this way or that, or any way but the way they did! How much better if she had stayed at home! How much better if she had turned back when first her feet ached so! How much better if she had not tried to get Sambo away! Yes, she even thought that, for she was so tired and comfortless!

There is nothing so sad as these regrets. When one allows himself to keep wishing that this or that had been, all faith goes from the heart, and it is like a poor sick dove that folds its wings, closes its bill, and lies down in the barnyard, forgetting the green fields and sweet pastures, and the nice oats so snug and warm.

But almost all brave hearts like Virginia's grow strong again after seasons of weakness, and one night, when the air was cooler, and the starlight seemed to bring a glory that the sun had hidden, Virginia prayed the first unselfish prayer since her confinement. She had prayed many times before—sometimes that she might die; sometimes that she might be released; sometimes that she might go home. But this night she prayed again that beautiful prayer, "May the will of the best and holiest be done;" and she felt the prayer, and was glad in all she had suffered and endured for the right. It seemed to her as if some one came to her and took away all her restlessness, and gave her the strength that she needed, and she put her little hand under her head, and felt the cool breath of love fall over her, and soon dreamed that she was in heaven.

It is such prayers that angels love to answer, because it is so easy for them to do so. But the prayers of selfishness they find it hard to answer. This is because when one breathes a pure, loving wish, there is about that one an atmosphere as sweet as the breath of roses, and in it the angels can live almost as well as in heaven. But the selfish prayers give no such sweet life with them, and they must be listened to afar off.

Virginia slept, and dreamed she was little Tenny under the dear old protective locust trees, and listening to the wrens and robins, and the soft rustling leaves, while old Milly sang her low song in the kitchen not far off, and she was still sleeping when the sun was creeping its way up into the heavens again. A gentle rap came on her door, and she still dreamed that it was Hugh and Estelle coming around the corner fence, and striking it with their little sticks, as they used to do.

But the second rap opened her eyes to the bare, dismal walls. She started to open the door, forgetting that it was closely barred; but a low voice spoke through the keyhole:

"Tenny, is that you?" it said softly. And then, without waiting for a reply, as if quite sure that it was, "This is Estelle. Are you glad? It was Milly and Sammy that found you out, and got me to come and see you. And I will help you get away; don't be afraid. But I must go now. We will all come to-night, when it is all quiet in the streets. Good-bye, dear Tenny! I'm so glad I could find you and help you!"

How short seemed that day to Tenny! How full of the blessed faith that makes all days beautiful! She could almost see how the tender hand of love had brought her on. Then she had found

Estelle, and the dear faithful Milly! She wondered and wondered again how it all could happen so; and then she began to believe that nothing had happened, but that a wise power kept her and carried her safely through all her ways.

When evening came, and the streets were quiet, the gentle rap came again. Virginia had been sitting by the door for two long hours, so afraid that she should miss some sound, or in some way neglect to respond to her friends.

"Bress you, honey, darlin'," said Milly, between sobbing and laughing, "if dis yere arm could jes' be round 'n' your waist, and dis yere eye could see dat face, Milly be ready to go to heben! Oh, honey, darlin', such a wonderful time as we had all dat journey through! It was jes' like de children ob Jacob when dey go through Egypt. Der neber was notin' like it. Der was Ann, she feel berry sure dat de angels go wid us; but John, he say it be de Lord. An' sure enuf, dere was a blessed sign ebbery time we do n't know what to do. Sometime Ann see de flower lyin' right long our track, though where de flower was Milly could neber tell. Sometime we all get frustrated, an' don't know notin' want to do. Den Jo, he kneel down an' pray like de glory ob de camp meetin' on him; den Milly rose up, an' ebberyting be clear as de sun in de winter when der be no clouds, but jes' de sparkling air. Den Milly go on de right track again. An' so we keep de prayin' and de faith a workin' all de time, an' go straight on, though we neber fine notin' 't all."

"Well, dear Milly," said Virginia, "did you go to the camp, or how did you come here?"

"Dat be singular at ob all," said Milly. "We keep goin' an' goin', an' prayin' an' prayin', an' when de light be clearest, den we go right smart, but when it be 'soured den we go mosin' along. Well, one day our prayin' didn't seem to bring notin' to pass, an' Ann she see notin', and Milly feel notin', an' so we jes' stay still in de woods, a waitin' an' a waitin', an' all at once dere come up Sambo, an' 'veal himself, and Ann she fell back as ef dead for joy, but Jo he kneel down an' neber say a word. Den Sambo tells us all 'bout you, an' 'pears be right smart close by Richmond, an' den we set to work to tink what we do; an' de Lord he tells us dat we may go to Richmond an' neber fear, so we come, an' dere we find Estelle, jes' as ef de Lord sent her, an' when we tells her all, den she set to work an' fine you, honey, darlin', an' here we be, an' Miss Estelle fine lady now, an' she 'plays us all, notin' can harm us."

When Virginia had listened to this story of faith and devotion, she felt surer than ever that a loving power was keeping her in safety. Sambo told of his adventures, and how he heard through the faithful Gus that Virginia had been carried away, and also that the teamster, Gamble, having found that she had been in camp, was searching for her and endeavoring to capture her.

Virginia began to understand how she had been delivered from greater evils than she had found in her dreary imprisonment. She no longer dreaded to look on the bare walls; they seemed to her to have been protecting her from harm. The bars of the door had kept her secure, and she was ready to bless them. A little home had been prepared for her, she thought, by the angels, up in this comfortable upper chamber, and here she had been waiting.

It was not long before Estelle's influence had removed Virginia to a pleasant room adjoining her own, and now she had fresh air, and freedom, and love, for Milly was there ever ready to serve her, and Sambo kept faithful guard over her. Ann and Jo were employed not far off. The path of her life seemed to have opened to her this pleasant resting place. She had been climbing the mountain with resolution and sacrifice, and now she was looking at the beautiful gems that she had been able to gather. There was, first of all, Faith; what a holy treasure! She could trust the loving angels now, and the high power that kept her. Then there was Patience; what a bright jewel it seemed. She had waited, and trusted, and suffered, and now she held that rare gem that could not be taken from her.

The beautiful setting of these gems was Love. How it shone and gleamed, and how glad Virginia was that she had never thrown it away from her, by refusing to love even the poor and humble. Then she could look at the beautiful flowers of Hope. They were sweet and lovely. All the vision that had been shown to her seemed to be realized. She was glad in all she had suffered, and could remember only that it had brought her away from dangers, temptations and trials.

But she was still to have other tests of her love. Estelle had been kind and loving to Virginia, for she had not forgotten her gentle, loving ways, when Hugh was rough and unkind to her. But she was still the same willful Estelle, and cared little for the happiness or pain of others. She gave Virginia to understand that Hugh at last loved her, and that they were to be married as soon as he was strong enough. She read little scraps of his letters to her, in which he expressed such ill-will to Virginia as made her heart very sorrowful. She had chosen to do differently from what he wished, and he said he cared no more for her. She might go away with her petted "niggers" if she wished, since she chose their society to his.

Virginia listened to all these words with a silent tongue but a wounded heart. She had never thought about marrying Hugh, as Estelle talked of, but he had told her so many times of living near her and of their beautiful life, that she had always placed in the future a beautiful picture of Hugh and herself gathering flowers together, and spending happy days as in the sweet olden time. But day by day Estelle took away parts of this picture, until she saw it fading and departing, leaving a great dark shadow in its place. It was this that took the sunshine out of Virginia's life, and made the world look quite gloomy to her again. Sometimes she wished she could die, and sometimes she wished she had never left Hugh. Her cheek grew pale and her voice lost its cheerful tone. Milly saw all this with the watchful anxiety that love always possesses. One day she said:

"Honey, darlin', does you want to go to de ole home? Milly has been talking with 'Stelle about it, an' she say dat she can get a 'scort for us, an' dat if we say her name and show her writing, none will trouble us. An' Milly will go an' 'range ebberything, an' Jo an' Ann will go an' lib dere wid us."

Virginia's face grew brighter than for many days.

"Oh, Milly, it was just what I wanted. I grow so weak here, and I think the soft air among the locusts would make me strong again. And perhaps there would be something for me to do there. Estelle thinks I cannot do anything here, and she does so much."

And so it was all arranged in a few days that Virginia, with Milly, and Ann and Jo, should go back to the old home. Virginia looked like a little tender flower that was being carried back again to the pastures, from which it had been re-

moved to the dusty highway. She saw nothing bright before her, and no way to climb further up the mountain. Yet still in her heart was ever the prayer to ascend and to find the beautiful treasures there. Something within her continually spoke to her hopefully, and the sweet voices of love from the heaven she longed to go to, always assured and strengthened her.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE OLD BROWN HOUSE.

BY K. M. R.

"Mother, I wonder, when they wrote the Ten Commandments, why they did n't put in just another: *Thou shalt not slander!*" and Kitty Wells carried the big Bible—just as much as she could lift—and placed it upon the quaintly-fashioned stand in the corner. "I wonder," continued Kitty, seating herself on the low stool at her mother's feet, "if they were so much better in those old times, so they did n't need any such command."

Kitty's blue eyes looked large and dreamy, as though she was wandering away among the Israelites to see if they were as wicked as we are now. "Thou shalt not steal, nor kill, nor covet. Honor thy father and mother; but it doesn't say a word about *slandering!*"

"Why, Kitty, what put that into your head?" inquired her mother.

"You know, mother," answered Kitty, "that papa read us a story the other night about a philosopher whose name was so queer?"

"Was it Diogenes?" inquired her mother.

"Yes, that was it. He lived sometime in the fourth century B. C. He used to walk about the streets of Athens in the garb and manner of a sturdy beggar, and slept in a tub. Father read he was rigidly temperate and despised the forms of polite society, so when Alexander the Great came to see him he said he was astonished at Diogenes' indifference. I suppose that meant he did not treat him with any more attention than he did anybody else, if he was some great emperor. But I think he might have been more polite to him. When Alexander made an offer of service to him, you know, mother, he did n't even thank him, but only told him, 'I only want you to stand out of my sunshine!' I would have been more polite, I know. He must have been a very funny man, for he carried a lantern about Athens once at midday, and when asked why he did so, he replied, 'I am looking for a man.' I suppose he meant an honest, noble man, did n't he mother?"

"I think he must have been a wise man, for some one asked him once what was the most dangerous animal, and he answered, 'Among them are the flatterer, and among wild ones the slanderer.'"

"Papa said people that talked ill about their neighbors were nothing more or less than *slanders!*" I heard Mrs. Reed telling you to-day about the lady over in the old brown house on the hill, and I thought she said things that wasn't very good about her. At any rate, mother, if there had been another Commandment in the Bible that could have read this way, *'Thou shalt not talk against thy neighbor without any just cause;'* then you would n't have had to sit there and nodded 'yes' to all she said, would you, mother, for you know Mrs. Reed says she keeps all the Commandments?"

And Kitty's blue eyes looked wonderingly into her mother's face, as though expecting to hear some good reason why that Command was omitted. But the lady still sewed on, sitting in her cool, shaded room that hot June morning, with the breath of the sweet-scented jasmine and bright roses fanning her cheek by the window, and Kitty Wells crept away to her playthings wondering "why mother did n't talk to me as she most always does."

"I wonder if all Mrs. Reed said was true," thought the lady after Kitty left the room. "I thought it would be so nice and pleasant to have a neighbor in the old brown house, but Mrs. Reed's words—although she did not say it was so, she only thought so by things she had seen and heard people say—have quite taken the kindly feeling out of my heart. Kitty is such a strange child! I did not imagine she knew what we were saying, for she was playing most of the time. Was it an angel that whispered to her, 'A new Commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another?'"

In letters of fire seemed written these words: "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you!" and the lady read those words over and over again.

"After all, I ought not to have nodded 'yes' to what Mrs. Reed said. I ought to have told her I had no right to listen to her words until I knew they were true; and then, admitting they were true, I ought to have covered her failings over with a mantle of charity, for if my conditions had been different I might have been a 'poor unfortunate.' And somehow the lady's eyes grew humid, and the beautiful landscape she had so much admired from her window that morning seemed to fade away in a mist.

"Poor woman! sitting there all alone, with no one to speak to her only her little girl, for I have seen her every morning there by the window! If Mrs. Reed had not made those insinuations how much better I should feel!"

"They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick!" and Mrs. Wells started to her feet, for these words seemed uttered close to her ear. She walked across the soft carpet, and, opening the blinds, she looked over to the old brown house.

"I wonder if those words were meant for me to go forth and do all the good I can, never thinking 'I am holier than thou!' I suppose it is no great goodness of mine that my feet have been kept in pleasant places, for I have never been weighed in the balance; and perhaps what would be great sins for me ought to be looked upon with more charity for those who are differently organized. I think I will call and see if I can't make one heart glad this morning."

The lady laid away her sewing, and finding Kitty she told her she might go with her to see the little girl in the old brown house.

"She'll be pleased with these flowers, won't she, mother?" and Kitty held up a large bunch of bright roses and mignonette she had gathered in the garden.

It was an old-fashioned house, more admired for its antiquity than for its beauty. The low gambrel-roof, and quaintly-fashioned windows, reminded one of things that were, for whole generations had passed away since the moss had first began to cover its walls. And childhood's song had once filled the old house with glees, soon stepping into boyhood, from thence into manhood, and some reaching old age; all of them laying aside this earthly raiment for a more spiritual one. But the old house kept standing, never uttering a word of the many heart-dramas enacted therein; and it kept old and brown, and passed out of the hands that had treasured it as being their birthplace. Stranger's footsteps stepped now through its rooms, and this was the house that little Kitty Wells and her mother went into that bright June morning.

I cannot begin to tell you how glad the heart of Minnie Ray was at the sight of the beautiful roses that Kitty gave her. You could have seen it beaming forth from her glad eyes, and the soft pink color that came dancing into her pale cheeks. You could have heard it in the low, musical laughter, that came rippling forth from her throat, making you think of the birds that sing so early in the morning in the old apple trees.

The roses had faded away from the old house, because no loving hands had been there to plant them; so the little girl, when she came there that spring, had nothing but dandelions and daisies growing in the great front yard. She had seen the roses nodding in the breeze and sunshine over the way, and she longed to gather some.

"But to think, mamma, she should bring me some. It made me feel so glad; but I felt a good deal 'gladder' to think some one thought of us."

The little girl laughed with tears in her eyes after Kitty went away.

Kitty wondered why tears came into the lady's brown eyes, when she thanked her for her gift of fresh, ripe strawberries, that laid so temptingly in the basket. She knew her mother said kind, loving words to the lady, just such as you and I love to hear, little reader; and she thought the lady's face lit up with smiles, when she said:

"The remembrance of this pleasant visit will make me happy all the week."

Kitty heard her mother telling papa, when he came home, of the pleasant call they had in the old brown house that morning; and instead of finding any "bugbears," they had found a gentle, refined woman. And the lady added:

"Suppose I was obliged to earn the daily bread for little Kitty and me, with no one to love and care for me, as you do; I am sure I should want some one to speak encouraging words to me."

Kitty was sure, after her mother said this, that papa's voice trembled, as he said, laying his hand caressingly over her mother's shining hair:

"Sure enough, what would you do, if people should speak cold, slandering words, instead of loving ones?"

Kitty wondered why mamma's eyelashes were wet.

Very sure was Kitty that her mother talked to old Mrs. Reed next time she saw her, telling her that slandering was bearing false witness against our neighbors, just as much as though we stood up in the court room and gave in a false testimony. Mrs. Reed held up her hands in horror, saying "she never told such a thing as was so, only she thought so; and other people thought so, too. She would n't be guilty of doing such a thing; no, indeed!"

And Kitty heard her mother reply "that gossiping led people to say a great many things they ought not to. Our influence would be felt wherever we went, either for good or bad. If we tried to do good, and loved our neighbors as ourselves, not only those who lived next door to us, but everybody, then, when we laid aside this old worn casket, the gem would be most beautiful to behold. Our spiritual bodies would be clothed in raiments of white, and we should look with pitying sorrow on those who went about slandering one another."

Kitty did n't hear Mrs. Reed say another word; but she was sure it was soon noised abroad that "Mrs. Wells was a queer woman, and preached a strange doctrine."

There were two glad hearts over in the old brown house.

Kitty Wells and Minnie Ray became firm friends; and Mrs. Wells and Kitty went about doing good, carrying loving words and cheerful smiles; and the lady over the way blessed her because she had come to her when she was sitting among the shadows, and her hope and faith had well nigh gone.

Sweet flowers were planted in the yard front of the old brown house; rosebushes were trained over the moss-covered fence, and climbed close to the old brown shingles; trailing vines covered the weather-beaten porch, and clambered over the old brown front, throwing fragrance upon the breeze, just as we ought to throw out goodness; and people passing by said "the old house looked like a 'thing of beauty,' so full of life did it seem."

Floral gifts went from the old brown house, to lighten the hearts of other people who were sad and unfortunate.

Kitty Wells grew to be a beautiful woman; and people said she had the sweet ways of her mother, and the noble principles of her father.

She never forgot the New Commandment "that ye love one another." And if we would remember this, we never should slander anybody, and then we should have "Beautiful throngs of angels for company;" and "our lives would be as psalms; our foreheads wear a calm like the pen of beautiful hymns."

To Correspondents.

A FRIEND.—In the olden time they used to say the Lord put it into the hearts of his chosen ones to do this and that. The spirit that prompts to loving deeds is the same in all ages. There are little golden threads called prayers, that touch some answering heart, and whether it be in the breast of an angel or mortal, it is the divine love therein that prompts to noble, unselfish deeds that become the answers to the heart-prayers. And by the divine love in such deeds shall they be sometimes known, and a friend feel friendship's best return, gratitude.

L. M. W.

A POEM.

BY MRS. V. POST.

[Read at the dedication of the new Spiritual Hall, in San Francisco, Cal., where Mrs. L. A. C. is now speaking.]

To the father and the mother,
To the sister and the brother,
To the husband, wife and lover—
We dedicate this hall.

To the blind and to the lame,
To the righteous and profane—
To God they're all the same—
We dedicate this hall.

There are no high or low—
Away with pomp and show;
It is to Truth below
We dedicate this hall.

To the poor and to the rich,
The wizard and the witch,
To the beggar in the ditch—
We dedicate this hall.

To those who smoke and drink,
And those on ruin's brink,
They, too, who deeply think—
We dedicate this hall.

To the young and to the old,
To the gentle and the bold,
To the timid and the hold—
We dedicate this hall.

To the virtuous and the good,
And those whom vice has wooed,
To the truly, pretty pride—
We dedicate this hall.

On the earth, and on the sea,
To all who dwell here, be they,<
If no larger than a bee,
We dedicate this hall.

Look out and do not pin your faith on the sleeves of men who often change their coats.

LINES,

Dedicated to the Banner of Light.

BY DAVID H. SHAFER.

Hail! BANNER OF LIGHT! Thy radiance unfurling,
Beams forth with refulgence upon our sight;
Thy rays, in bright conceptions, are curling
In beautiful characters, Banner of Light.

Thou comest as a messenger, gently revealing
To each home, and all hearts wrap in Error's
dark night;
How brilliant thy pathway through prejudice
stealing,
Filling Earth with thy loveliness, Banner of
Light!

Behold! on thy flagstaff the Star of Truth beam-
ing,
In purity's raiment all glorious and bright;
While through countless channels her blessings
are streaming,
Attracting our hopes to the Banner of Light!

Borne by Love, see this Banner its beauties un-
folding
To our sin-blighted earth, bringing joy and de-
light;
All glorious with smiles, in her hands she is hold-
ing
The blessings that come with the Banner of
Light!

While I gaze, I behold meek-eyed Charity wreath-
ing
Her golden-hued flowers, so fair to my sight!
In the arms of humanity sweetly she's breathing,
Oh come, and be led by the Banner of Light!

On the Apex sits Peace, like a gentle Dove rest-
ing,
Secure on her perch, naught shall harm or
affright;
While Error's fierce hurricane nobly she's breast-
ing,
Glad tidings she sends through the Banner of
Light!

Next Faith with reliance points upward to
Heaven,
And calling on man in one band to unite,
Thus the bigoted chains of dark ignorance are
ripen,
And this Earth is illumined by the Banner of
Light!

Correspondence.

Spiritual Phenomena in New Hamp-
shire.

Having traveled for some length of time among the mountain fastnesses of the grand old Granite State, dispensing to the people thereof a little of the bread of spiritual life, I thought that you and your numerous readers would be pleased to learn of the progress of our beautiful faith there, through one whose inspirational poems have frequently appeared in your valuable journal.

Some five or six years ago I bade farewell to dearly cherished and beloved friends in the State of my nativity, Massachusetts, to enter on the onerous duties, embarrassments and perplexities of mediocrity in other places. To me, the voyage on this untried sea of Spiritualism was full of doubt and misgiving, and I saw before me only poor remuneration, few friends and many enemies, a liberal supply of scandal and misrepresentation from opponents, with a few poignant thrusts from dissembling believers and pseudo Spiritualists.

Such, dear Banner, was the uninteresting picture which obtruded itself before my vision as I freshly unfurled the white sails of my life-bark, and launched out upon the new and uncertain sea before me. Kind friends I had left on the shores of my native State, whose fervent prayers, best wishes and hopes, I knew, would follow the voyager on his uncertain journey, and such, I felt, would strengthen me to perform faithfully the mission which had been sacredly committed to my keeping by the ministers of the celestial spheres.

It was when Nature was clothed in her most regal robes that my feet pressed the soil of the Granite State. Her grand old mountains, looming up in magnificent and inviting beauty before me; her beautiful rivers, winding their gentle arms around hill and vale—the Merrimack, Penobscot and Ammonoosuc—rendered now more hallowed and classical by the many sacred graves which dot their peaceful shores; the many pleasant hamlets nestling in the quiet beauty of her lofty eminences—all seemed to extend to the doubting pilgrim a general invitation to the hospitality and friendship of the kind hearts and homes so liberally sprinkled among them.

The "Twelve Messages from the Spirit of John Quincy Adams," which were written through my humble hand and sent to the world through the generous munificence and influence of my highly esteemed friend, Josiah Brigham, Esq., of Quincy, Mass., had been received and read with pleasure by a great many true believers and actors in our beautiful philosophy in New Hampshire, and also by many who did not then acknowledge themselves to be believers in it, and such work contributed largely to introduce me to the favorable notice and friendship of "her spiritual residents." I received, wherever I went, a kind welcome from a few true and noble hearts, who did everything in their power to lessen the burdens resting on my shoulders, which more than compensated for the slander, contumely and misrepresentation I was destined to receive from illiberal and bigoted minds throughout the State.

My first temporary abiding place, upon pressing the soil of the Granite State, was in Candia, where I met with a few noble souls, who have bravely struggled through the quagmires of bigotry and prejudice by which they were surrounded, and have succeeded in placing Spiritualism on a solid and durable foundation, and themselves firmly in the esteem and affection of all who love independence of thought and action. I gave a number of lectures there, exercised the test powers of my mediumship to the satisfaction of many, if not all, who witnessed them, and left the town laden with grateful remembrances of my visit, and of the kindness of its true-hearted Spiritualists, among whom I may mention Messrs. Leonard Dearborn, Austin Cass, Abner Guttererson, and a few others. Mediums and lecturers canvassing the State would find a hospitable welcome from these generous souls.

Thence I proceeded to Concord, the capital of the State, where I found the cause in quite a promising condition, with a number of earnest souls rallying to the support of our glorious standard. There I formed the acquaintance of many warmly interested in the success of our cause, and who gave to the truth-imparting wayfarer those substantial tokens of interest and friendship that greatly encouraged and strengthened him in the performance of his mission. The most prominent Spiritualists there are Messrs. Stephen Foster, A. P. Munsey, Elias G. Sylvester, together

with many others whose names are not distinctly remembered, but whose precious images are hung up in the halls of memory.

Franklin was the next place to which I was invited and directed, where I found the cause sustained by a few earnest hearts and hands. Spiritualism there had received a severe blow through the supposed derelictions of one of its exponents, but which subsequent and candid investigation proved to be the result of consummate bigotry and religious persecution. The unfortunate man, the victim of this martyrdom, was arraigned and adjudged guilty by the jury which tried the case, and after languishing a number of months in Concord jail, was released, if I recollect rightly, before the final expiration of his term of imprisonment. Spiritualism there is slowly recovering from the blow, and gaining a surer and stronger foothold among the people.

In Andover, an adjacent town, I met with a very warm and cordial welcome from the Spiritualists, who constitute the most intelligent and wealthy portion of the community. The cause there is in a flourishing and progressive condition, and many who a few years ago scouted at the idea that disembodied immortals could hold communion with those in the flesh, are now numbered among its most zealous advocates. Mr. Wm. B. Emery, W. H. Edmunds, M. W. Rowell, John Fellows, George W. Thompson, are the principal Spiritualists of the place.

Holderness next welcomed me to her generous hospitality, where I received a cordial greeting from Col. Jesse Ladd, one of the earliest and oldest pioneers of the cause, who has struggled through many adverse changes to sustain the spiritual philosophy in the town, and who has now entered on the endless intellectual and moral activities of a life whose munificent inspirations had made his earthly one so happy and pleasant. Peace and progress to his released spirit. Mr. Daniel K. Smith, another pioneer and practical worker in the advancing cause, is left to receive to the bosom of his hospitable family the wayward traveler as he stops to break the bread of spiritual life to the famishing ones in that place.

My time was next divided among the progressive souls of Hampton, Thornton and Woodstock, where I was privileged to drop a few crumbs from the well-filled tables of the angel-land, and which were eagerly and gladly devoured by the truth-seekers in these places. But why cumber your valuable columns with a repetition of this citation? Suffice it for me to state that wherever I was guided a spontaneous greeting awaited and was accorded to me. To be sure, in a very few places, I was obliged to meet with some pretended Spiritualists, nondescripts, who have crept into the spiritual ranks seemingly for no other purpose than to stab those who may rank higher, mentally and mediocrity, than themselves. The influence of one such has been and is of more disadvantage to the progress of the cause than a hundred honest opponents. I have reason to thank God, however, that the number of such is "few and far between."

My labors thus far bring me to this town, beneath whose sheltering hills nestle a group of as true and noble souls as can be found anywhere; souls that have long burst the chains of mental and spiritual slavery, and risen to a full and perfect recognition of the beautiful harmony and practical workings of our soul-uplifting faith. The darkness of theological errors has long settled upon the aspirations of the people, here as elsewhere, like a nightmare, but the black cloud is slowly and surely lifting, and soon the glad visions of these enslaved ones will behold the radiant glory of the star of Eternal Truth.

My lectures here have called forth a sermon from one of the high priests, who dished out to his hearers, as is customary with such, the usual amount of vituperation and misrepresentation. Rev. Mr. Martin, the priest referred to, has arrogated to himself, in his one-sided elucidation of the subject, a vast amount of knowledge and wisdom, but the generality of intelligent minds hereabouts think him to be a mere intellectual pigmy! His whole discourse was abundant in abuse and calumny. The sanctity of domestic relations was invaded, and the sacredness of private character assailed. It was a shameful and shameless tirade against worthy and honorable people, and he will eventually find that the bombshell which he boastfully said he had thrown into the Spiritualist camp, will injure and kill no other cause but his own. Truth will live, despite the efforts of priestcraft to destroy it, and never shall the folds of our progressive banner be furled till error is banished from the earth and the superiority of Spiritualism is universally recognized.

Spiritualism of late has received here a great impetus. Powerful physical manifestations have been given through the instrumentality of Mr. Carter Foss, of Thornton, (a gentleman whose hair is silvered with the frosts of threescore years and ten, but whose soul-experiences have ripened him for the kingdom of heaven and a life of perpetual youth,) assisted by my mediumistic power. Drums have been beaten, bells rung, musical instruments played upon, different articles transferred from as many different places, electrical lights and forms displayed, and various other palpable evidences of our continued existence beyond the grave were given. Immortal hands, too soft and gentle to belong to earth, clasped ours with the familiarity of friendship, and light and airy fingers smoothing our brows, sweetly lifted us into a more blessed knowledge of the contiguity of angelic presences.

But one manifestation, more striking than all the rest, if possible, I will relate, and then I will close. A magnet, weighing a pound and three-quarters, was transported from the residence of Mr. Abel L. Crosby, in Groton, to the residence of Mr. N. Lamson Fowler, in North Groton, where we were holding an evening séance, having traversed in its passage the intervening distance of six miles. One person affirms (not a member of the circle) that he is quite certain he saw the magnet only a short time before it was presented to us in this strange and novel manner. The door through which the magnet is supposed to have passed was heard to open by the wife of Mr. Crosby on the evening named, who ascertained at the time that it was opened by no visible personage. We make no attempt at explanation, only that the circle was so arranged as to preclude all idea of collusion, with all hands closely united, and was composed of the best men and women of the town, among whom I will mention Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Fowler and daughters, Ada, Ella and Katie Fowler, Mr. and Mrs. Luther Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson, Mr. Artemus B. Crosby and Mr. Carter Foss. The truthfulness of this and other manifestations will be cheerfully and gladly attested to by these exemplary individuals.

Artemus B. Crosby, a young man of great probity and moral worth, has fitted up a convenient hall for lecturing purposes, where once in a while the people of Groton are regaled with the true bread of spiritual life.

But I will cumber your valuable columns no longer with my stray and desultory thoughts. It is not often that I encroach upon your patience with my correspondence, preferring that the in-

visibles should use your journal as a medium for their inspirations. I have only written this time that friends might ascertain my whereabouts and that I am still a co-worker with them in the vineyard of Spiritualism.

I hope some time to gaze again upon the pleasant faces I have left in my own dear Massachusetts. But, ah! many who gave me the fervent God-speed as I started out on my new career, I shall nevermore greet on the shady side of life's river. Some have bent to the inexorable fangs of disease, others have garlanded the historical brow of the nation with their immortal names, baptizing anew the altars of liberty with their patriot blood that a nation might be lifted into a newer and diviner life. Such memories will ever be precious to me, and I shall hope to rejoin them

In that most bright and radiant land,
Where war is never heard;
And where from angelic lips there comes
No harsh, discordant word;
Where clashing steel and cannon's fire
No brother's life demand;
And where, thank God, is never seen
The war-dread bloody hand.

Promising to work faithfully for the propagation of the principles of Spiritualism, and for the extension of the subscription list of your glorious Banner of Light, I am yours faithfully,
Groton, N. H., Feb. 1866. JOSEPH D. STILES.

Spread of Spiritualism in California.

Having received and thoroughly read each and every number of the indispensable Banner since the commencement of the second volume, with perhaps more satisfaction than any other publication, there has necessarily grown up an intimacy between us, which seems to sanction the act of contributing a few thoughts, which may or may not be worthy of a place in some otherwise uncoupled corner of my favorite sheet.

We of the Pacific coast are so far removed from the great centres of advanced Spiritualism, and the length of time consumed in receiving the choice publications of the Atlantic cities so great, that some slight portion of their freshness appears to have evaporated, and they come lacking that newness and printing-house fragrance that many of us remember so well.

But if we are late in our perusal of the many good things you print, we are favored by grand and noble truths, both new and old, from such heaven-sent messengers as Emma Hardinge and Mrs. Laura Cuppy. I have listened to some hundreds of public speakers, among whom can justly be numbered the choicest of the land, or, perhaps, the world; but so far as my judgment or fancy goes, Miss Hardinge stands in advance of the front rank—leader of them all. Not that her voice, her intonation, or the themes upon which she speaks are so far superior, but there is such grandeur of eloquence, such earnest enthusiasm, full of beautiful flow of elevating, soul-stirring thought, such exuberance of thrilling enunciation, such lofty bearing, as she majestically moves upon the rostrum, that fixed me with ears and eyes fast upon her from the beginning to the ending of each lecture she delivered within my reach of her. I made one or two attempts at becoming acquainted with her, but failed by reason of a feeling of insignificance on my part, although I claim a heart as large as my nature will permit me to wear, and five feet eight-and-a-half inches of stature. The natural nobleness and queenly goodness of the woman, seemed to me such as to prohibit the approach of such as possessed so little to recommend them as I had or have.

The Spiritual Philosophy revived in this city under the ministrations of Miss Hardinge, by adding to the numbers newly-awakened converts by the score, and strengthening the wavering, encouraging the doubting, and blessing the believing, finishing her glorious work, for the time being, by turning the tide of our State politics in favor of Abraham Lincoln. I have no means of knowing how much she traveled in the wilderness, nor how long she fed upon locust and wild honey; but I do know that, like John the Baptist, she did cry aloud against the sins of the people. It is also further known to me that she was the forerunner of one that should come with the Gospel of Peace; for we have received an angel of light in the person of Mrs. Laura Cuppy, who is doing—no miracles, for we have no need of them—but a mighty work. How great the difference between Miss Hardinge and Mrs. Cuppy, and yet both are grandly beautiful on the rostrum—both are captivating speakers when they have a theme worthy of them, and both are capable of swelling the ranks of Spiritualism wherein they labor. While Miss Hardinge, eagle-like, soars away toward the bright sun in her lofty inspirational intelligence, Mrs. Cuppy, not less eloquent, delights her hearers by that gentle, calm, womanly grace, so lovely in the sex. She has given us already twenty-one discourses; and to-day her popularity is greater than at the close of the tenth. I therefore repeat, that she is doing a mighty work for the cause. She is devoted to suffering and down-trodden humanity; she worships at the sacred shrine of Truth; her inspiration is of an exalted and loving character; her earnestness often manifests itself in a suffused countenance, and moistened eyes. I trust her stay with us may be prolonged to a lengthened period of time, that through her rich ministry we may find much increase.

When Miss Hardinge came amongst us, the Spiritualists had no sort of organization; they were scattered like the sharpshooters of an army. Mrs. Cuppy found us with an organized body, or, organized solely for business purposes, our title, Friends of Progress. Recently a Children's Progressive Lyceum has been inaugurated, which numbers at present some eighty little angels, without, so far as I know, any little devils. The hall we have occupied for some months past, refuses longer to contain all that desire to listen to the beautiful oratory of Mrs. Cuppy, which makes it necessary to change our quarters to a much larger and more centrally located hall, which we shall enter next Sunday.

I have omitted, in its proper place, to thank Bro. A. J. Davis for what he has done for the children by the introduction of the Lyceum. This is one of the best features of the age; it will teach the young ideas how to shoot somewhat better than their progenitors have, and consequently become more efficient soldiers in the field of humanity, and the camp of life-work. God bless the spiritual teachers wherever they may be earnestly engaged in labor; their end shall be peace, and their reward bliss.

So far as I can learn, the good work is prospering in California to the satisfaction of its warmest friends. A few months ago a gentleman from the interior of the State informed me that in the county where he resided, about every other person was a Spiritualist in theory, if not in practice. As men and women grow into a knowledge of the sublime truth that the only rational interpretation of pure religion and undivided lies through spiritualistic philosophy, they will honestly embrace it, and cheerfully live it.

Already the wrathful fires that were wont to burn so fiercely in the breasts of the clergy and holy laymen burn low, and seem smoldering

out; the oft-heard bitter denunciations have nearly if not quite ceased, and Spiritualists are no longer considered altogether insane.

Whether this state of things arises from our having a respectable organization, popular speakers, whose names and the subjects to be lectured upon published in the city daily papers, in the space allotted to all religious notices, or from a knowledge of the general spread of Spiritualism, not only throughout the United States, but through all parts of Europe as well, is more than my limited capacity will permit me to vouch for at present.

There is, however, one thing that may be said with perfect safety, or without fear of the slightest contradiction, and that is, that should the Harmonical Philosophy make the same progress for the coming five years that it has made in the past five, it will shake Old Theology out of his creed-bound boots, and leave him high and dry on the sands of barrenness, where no church shadows can shelter him, or sacrificial wine reach him.

Oh, how my waiting spirit yearns for the approaching period when men will reverence the truth for its own sake, and deal charitably and kindly with every brother and sister, white or black, red or tawny, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, pure or defiled. The world is, and has been, full of grand and beautiful philosophy, nobly sublime sentiments, of exalted knowledge, and large professions of righteousness and wisdom; but the love of humanity remains to be redeemed. Old teachings have had their day and opportunity; they have done what they could, and our condition is the result of their culmination—our status their best endeavor. For this we should be grateful, but not content to remain quiet while there exists within our reach any of the numberless classes of human bondage.

We are unquestionably here for a purpose; let us seek to know what that purpose is, and how to live the fulfillment of it.

Modern Spiritualism must certainly be credited with the introduction of a better morality than before existed, through the intellectual advancement most persons make who are really genuine Spiritualists, devoted to the cause. And the more intellectual a people are, the more of unadulterated honesty and respect for truth will prevail. Seeing this to be to myself true, there is reason to believe that California will make rapid strides in the good cause, for her people are destined to reach a high intellectual attainment. Only the best talent is acceptable now for either pulpit or stage.

San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 30, 1866.

To the Man who styles Himself the
"Hub," when he's only part of it.

"An individually we every one have got,
Our duty, then, most surely is, to make the most of that."
DAN. H. HAMILTON.

DEAR BANNER—That "Hub," there to Boston, doubtless thinks "Waukegan" might easily dispossessed of, by the exhibit of his reply. He recalls to my mind an anecdote told of a New-York slaveholder in bygone times, who had a big "colored boy" that drove his team when he rode out. Once he traveled over into Connecticut, when that State was very sensitive about Sabbath intrusions. As he passed a meeting-house, an official approached and took his team by their bits, ordering a halt over the Lord's day. "Jack," says the master, "get out and give that man a d—d horse-whipping."

So our "Hub" seems to imagine he disposes of "Waukegan." He's called to his man, Herbert Spencer, thinking, doubtless, he's a settler. But, "Hub," we, out here on the fellow, can't see it by that physical glimmer. We see here by the light of science.

You'll come to know, some day, Mr. "Hub," that science deals with facts which no mind, not even Herbert Spencer, can refute. But "Hub" calls me transcendental because I alleged that God (or the Divine Principle) could demonstrate through my organism the absolute of immortality. But "Waukegan" never fancied "Hub" to be anything of the sort, when he told what God could n't do. That was all in order. "Oh, what some power," &c. "Waukegan," for the life of him, can't see as "Hub" has set aside one of my positions, with all his authorities and hostings to boot. "Hub" seems to think that what Spencer, or some other popular author, don't disclose, it must be ridiculously preposterous and presumptuous for any others to pretend to know, till such great notabilities have decided the matter. Now we can say to "Hub," that if he do n't peer round more sharply when he's out, and see to it that he has a good big hole bored through his centre, sufficient to let light through, he'll find himself the subject of a general look one of these days, for his ignorance of the laws of being. Why, "Hub," we've got a big high school out here, where principles and their laws of unfolding and development are taught scientifically and philosophically, without any help at all from Herbert Spencer, or even so much as Agassiz, etc. Our tutors are near about, if not quite, as learned as Spencer and the rest of your celebrities. We are taught from the Great Book of Self-existent Divine Principles. Our teachers seem to find no difficulty in demonstrating the absolute of immortality, philosophically, systematically and analogically, notwithstanding we can't comprehend all thought at one swoop. "Hub" don't see immortality demonstrated. Well, I might have known that, had I reflected a moment on the immaturity of his mind. Mind matures, as a general thing, about forty to forty-five. So there's my mistake in pitching into a mind un-matured and undeveloped in the science of principles.

About, say one in fifty of "Hub's" age, will recognize a self-existent principle with its inherent unfoldings. Very few indeed, in rudimentary existence. ("Hub's" sphere confessedly), are posted in the fact that principle is the primary, innate property and quality of all elements, whether positive or negative, and eventually will unfold and bring everything into proper order; and that every form in all existence, is as self-existent as the principle which unfolds it. The man, the horse, the dog—in fine, every organism in existence, which the elements unfold, stand, in principle, in form and outline in said elements, mathematically developed; and when organized, will show themselves in the negative elements, clothed in their appropriate garb. And the horse principle can never unfold itself in any other form, of neither reptile, dog or any other horse even; for he is that identical horse, and no other, "Hubby"; and now grin from ear to ear, and offer us your hat; for it is what Herbert Spencer, nor any other of your crack philosophers, never dreamed of yet; although these principles lie folded in the very elements of their organisms. Here's fate for your consideration, "Hubby." The elements are unfolding more things now—days, "Hubby," than your philosophy ever dreamt of. Now, "Hubby," if principles are self-existent, (which "Waukegan" holds himself competent to demonstrate to all philosophic and scientific minds), what more of the absolute can you have, pray, although you wait and wait, till your patience is used up, in looking into the "beyond?"

Here's the trouble—the mind is ever astounded

with sudden facts; and self-existence is a poser to many otherwise good strong thinkers. I find them in my way frequently. I've solved the doubts of many a skeptic as smart as you are, "Hubby," on the immortality of consciousness. The argument generally is: "If that which begins to be must have an end, how can you establish eternal consciousness, inasmuch as it begins to be with the birth of the organism, or later?" Theology solves it by ascribing it to a special gift of God. But if consciousness were not a self-existent principle in the elements, where would God get it to give?

Surely, even he can't make a new principle out of nonentity! The Great Elementary System must be a Grand Truth. If one particle is lacking, its harmony is marred, its completeness is broken. But consciousness is a self-existent, innate principle, inherent in elementary life—unfolded to its ultimate by the Great *triumph* forces of Light, Life and Motion. There can be no Light without Life, nor Life without Light; and there can be neither Light nor Life without Motion. Here's, the unfolding Godhead.

Now, "Hubby," if you're in any way puzzled at my learning the laws of my being, take old Jeremiah's prophecies, and read in the thirty-first chapter about a certain new covenant announced to be developed to mind. Ask yourself whether we shall have to go to Herbert Spencer and his ilk, for mental assistance? And ask the same individual how far I shall have to stoop to touch your loftiest thought? WAUKEGAN.

Spiritual Oversight of Mortal Affairs.

As an illustration of the interest which our spiritual friends continue to have in mortal affairs, and also as affording proof that they are not ignorant of earthly matters, I relate a few facts in connection with the mediumship of Mrs. A. J. Kenison, which have been highly convincing to me, and will, I doubt not, prove interesting, to your readers.

On my first interview with Mrs. K., being at that time a perfect stranger to her, she saw and described a spirit that purported to be my mother, and at the same time gave me a communication, the nature of which well identified the spirit communicating, as being what she claimed. After this, my mother would impress upon the mind of the medium messages not at all understood by her, but which were intelligible to me, and had relation to my business affairs, until one day I received a communication from Mrs. K., signed by my mother, giving me advice in a matter of business that I was then contemplating, to the effect that if I pursued the course I had in view, it would result to my disadvantage. Being somewhat inclined to doubt the agency of a spirit in such matters, I carried out my original intention; but sure enough, it did most unexpectedly terminate in my loss, as the spirit of my mother had foreseen. This occurred about three years ago; and at the same time I was informed that I should not hear again from my mother for some little time. Thus matters remained until the 1st of Feb., 1866, when I received a note from Mrs. K., to the effect that my mother wished to communicate with me, and that there was no time to be lost!

I accordingly called on Mrs. K. The spirit of my mother controlling, earnestly advised me to abandon the project I was then considering, which would have required my presence in South Carolina during the sickly season, telling me that if I went, it was the same as certain that I would not return alive.

Now this warning was timely, and somewhat startling. In three days I should have been irretrievably committed in this matter; and particularly, when I considered that in the interval which had elapsed Mrs. K. had known nothing of my whereabouts, and that her note reached me through my address being furnished her by the spirit. Furthermore, the previous season I had been in South Carolina, and experienced the prostration incident to a hot climate; in fact, I barely escaped with my life, and my system is still debilitated from the effects of my former visit. Therefore, when I considered the manner as well as the matter of this advice, and bore in mind the previous prediction, in which the foresight of the spirit had proved correct, I must say it was sufficient to work a change in my plans, and to leave upon my mind the conviction that my mother, through her cognizance of my affairs, and the timely advice she gave, saved me from another fit of sickness, and perhaps from death.

In conclusion I would say, that Mrs. Kenison, formerly of Quincy, has taken rooms in Boston, at No. 15 Hudson street. J. HALLITT.

Dorchester, Mass., March 3, 1866.

Spiritualism in Pennsylvania.

Though a stranger to your columns, I presume your readers in general will not object to read a short account of the state of the great cause of emancipation from a barbarous theology in our vicinity. As elsewhere throughout this country we have a full supply of Orthodox Churches and a vast number of men who advocate the doctrine of eternal damnation, vicarious atonement, the necessity of water-baptism, and other formalities equally absurd and unprofitable. But in the midst of all this superstition and ignorance, in many instances, no doubt, willful, we have a considerable number of free thinkers, and no little of the latter freely expressed, especially of late.

The doctrine of Spiritualism here has but recently become a subject of discussion and agitation, which is owing to the fact that a copy of the Banner of Light and another of the Religious-Philosophical Journal have found their way into our midst. The subscribers to these papers make no secret of their faith, and are free in lending copies to their friends, many of whom, though not as yet fully convinced, express their admiration for the beauty of the Philosophy, and the apparent soundness of the arguments by which its truth is affirmed. This agitation will lead to the exercise of thought, and good will doubtless spring from it. Already inquiries are made by those who have only heard of these papers but have not had the good fortune of reading them. "Where are they published?" indicating a desire to know what is said by them in reference to this new subject of discussion. Our pulpitanians have, up to this time, I believe, refrained from any allusion to this *heresy*, but there is no doubt we shall shortly hear the thunders of the pulpit directed against us, and their poor, personal devil—scarcely recognized outside of popular theology—will be dealt with in all severity, at the command of those priests and preachers who seem to delight in the prospect of eternal hell-fire for the torment of God's children.

Well, let them go ahead. They will become the cheapest if not the noblest missionaries in our cause. The attempt to repress a truth for the purpose of maintaining an error, has often led to a glorious and speedy victory for the former. However abundant the gold in the auriferous sands, that precious metal is never obtained except by considerable stirring and agitation, and it matters little whether he who stirs the sand believes, at the same time, that there is gold intermixed with it or no; if there is gold in it there is a manifestation of it. So I would say to those crabbierian pulpitanians, agitate this question to your hearts' content. Arouse the lethargy of the members of your congregations, for this will assist in the investigation of a subject which, if once fully comprehended in all its length and breadth and depth, will decide the fate of what theology whose effect has ever been, not the liberation of our God-given reason—which it seems to be the mission of a priest to pronounce carnal—but the enslavement of the human mind.

SAMUEL K. KITTENHOUSE, M. D.
Macungie, Lehigh Co., Pa., Feb. 27, 1866.

Correspondence in Brief.

Mrs. Hutchinson in Connecticut.

Once more I greet my friends with a soul full of love and gratitude, for the many kind expressions of esteem and good-will so many have lavished upon me. Ever will I endeavor to merit them, though at times the black storm-clouds of keenest sorrow gather around me, causing me to tremble with fear lest my strength give way and my soul cease to struggle for the right. Oh, my sisters, could you see the many miseries that are unlocked to the gaze of a traveler, you could not longer say that the world might take care of itself, it was taught to you; but with something like the spirit of the old Spartans, you would seek to redress the wrongs of life.

In December and January I lectured in Connecticut. Many of the citizens are joining the ranks of the liberal thinkers of the day; and instead of asking, "What shall we do to be saved?" are asking, "What shall we do to spiritually grow?"

Williamette, where I am lecturing during March, is turning out some of the best thinkers and debaters, who are earnestly striving for freedom of thought and expression.

The women of that town are active, and accepting life in its earnestness more truly than in most places; perhaps it is because they are brought up under the stirring machinery of the cotton mills and early learn to keep time to the music, and have thus developed a greater amount of intellect and humanitarian love than it is possible to gain nursed in the lap of luxury.

Thinking women are everywhere on the quiet to know what Government will do in regard to the unfurnished millions. They are willing the blacks should have every right and privilege, but ask the same for themselves. As long as we are not citizens, by what reasonable authority are we made to pay the full penalty for the violation of the laws we had no voice in making. Arise, women, to the work, and exercise the only right in your possession, that of petition, until you obtain your rights.

SUE A. HUTCHINSON.

Beecher and the Devil.

I notice in the last number of the Independent, a sermon by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the scope and design of which seem to be to use the narrative of Saul and the witch of Endor in a way to frighten and deter people from the investigation of spiritual intercourse or phenomena. While Mr. B. seems to admit the genuineness of the communication as coming from the spirit of Samuel the prophet, he condemns the mediumship through which it came, and says that Saul having failed to obtain a communication from the Lord to guide him out of his troubles, concluded to try the devil. And does Mr. Beecher think that the spirit of the pious old prophet would have vouchsafed a communication through the devil or any of his mediums. Whether it was the spirit of Samuel or not, it seems to have been a truthful respondent, for it told Saul what was to befall him, which was fully verified in the sequel. Mr. Beecher has failed to find this kind of intercourse as the offspring of superstition. If it be superstition, it is not real. If the spiritual phenomena are only the phantom of superstition, disordered imagination, rational and searching investigation will explode them; whereas a superstitious fear and dread of them will only tend to foster the delusion, if such there be. If Mr. B. wishes to see the superstition in former ages of comparative darkness, it seems to me his sermon will have that tendency. I would like to see a review of this discourse by some one of your able correspondents.

Groton, Conn., March 1, 1866.

A New Lecturer in the Field.

A goodly number of Spiritualists of Syracuse, Onondaga Co., N. Y., have organized themselves into a Society for the advancement and defense of each other, and will endeavor to do all who may feel inclined. They held their meetings Sunday at 12 o'clock, p. m., at the Mayor's room, in the City Hall. On the 21st of last month they were addressed by Mr. Warren Woolson, of Hastings, Oswego Co., and Mrs. Hill, of Onondaga Co., both trance speakers. Each speaker took a part in each of the exercises of the day. The audiences were not large, but were attentive, and manifested much interest. Mr. Woolson is an honest laboring man, poor in this world's goods, but rich in inspirational gifts; no one can sit and listen to him without being satisfied that there is a power independent of his control, speaking through him. His discourses are interspersed with beautiful and sublime flights of poetry, which cannot fail to attract the listener. He needs only to read known to be appreciated. Such speakers should be sustained and encouraged by conductors of spiritual meetings. His name is not enrolled among the popular speakers, for he is humble and unpretending, yet capable of doing much good. His discourses cannot be listened to without profit.

A SPIRITUALIST.

From Vermont—J. M. Allen.

The cause is going on most gloriously in this place. We hold meetings every Sunday in Union Hall, and usually have a very excellent attendance. Our brother, J. Madison Allen, has occupied the desk for the last three Sundays in February, and has lectured with much acceptance to the people. He is a young man of true modest worth, possessing rare abilities. His style is very excited, his diction pure and beautiful, and I think he is preeminently qualified to interest and instruct the most fastidious minds. I most cordially recommend him to the Spiritualists throughout the country. Let them give him a trial, and my word for it, they will never regret their choice. He has been lecturing not only on Sundays but week evenings, and has given the most unqualified satisfaction wherever he has been.

He leaves us on Thursday next to lecture in Ludlow the first Sunday in this month, and in Rutland on the second. He is a noble and unflinching worker in the cause, and is doing much good. He is a young man any family may feel justly proud to entertain, and we bid him God speed in his work of faith and labor of love.

Fraternally yours, THOS. MIDDLETON.
Woodstock, Vt., March 1, 1866.

Query.

In number 19 of the Banner there is a paragraph headed "Disabled Soldiers," referring to the John Quincy Adams Farm, and edited by one G. W. Caffey. A home for such purpose and object is just, and what the public still needs. The public demand it; humanity demands it, and thus the response cannot be withheld. There are parties here as well as in New England who are interested in the welfare and comfort of disabled soldiers.

Who is Lieut. G. W. Caffey?

Who founded the Soldiers Home at Weston?

What have been the average numbers sustained there?

What amount has been contributed for their support?

In what manner have these sums been expended?

In other words, where can the annual reports be procured, with statement of Dr. and Cr. of the accounts, and who have audited those accounts?

New York. J. B. LOOMIS.

Meetings in Marlboro.

The Banner of Light is a welcome visitor at our home circle each week. We think the inspiring and elevating truths it reveals are calculated to encourage a life of purity and devotion to the best interests of humanity. I thought I would add a word to the notice already given in a previous number of your paper. We enjoy, once a fortnight, angel-teachings through the mediumship of Mrs. Yeaw, of Northboro, a lady of intelligence and culture; and one whose purity of life, and self-denying efforts for the good of others, would do honor to any Christian sect. Besides her inspirational gifts she is also an excellent test medium. We think the truth is making sure and steady progress through her eloquent and instructive teachings.

A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.
Marlboro, Mass., Feb. 28, 1866.

A new material for selling shoes has made its appearance. It is a substance of which India rubber is the base, and it is heavier, and whiter as well as more elastic and durable. It is said as hard as iron shoes soled with this article will outwear four pairs soled with the best English leather.

LETTER FROM A. J. DAVIS.

Children's Lyceum Organized in Vineland, N. J.

Last month the enterprising and prosperous dwellers in Vineland, N. J., opened their large new hall, and welcomed in the young people and the little ones of the community.

Warren Chas. lectured very acceptably in the morning of Sunday, Feb. 11th, and in the afternoon, at 2 o'clock, the Lyceum was duly organized. A full corps of Leaders entered voluntarily, all the officers were duly elected, and children to the number of eighty-three were grouped according to their ages. No one expected to see so many children enlist in the army of eternal spiritual progression.

All the equipments were ready in time for the next session, Feb. 18th, and in the seven days that intervened, the Lyceum had increased its influence, so that one hundred and eighteen members were duly enrolled. The hall was filled with men, women, and children; and, as is usual in all places, the spectators were as numerous as the room outside of the Groups could accommodate, because the questions, that are chosen by vote in the Lyceum, are subjects of great interest to adults as well as to children. Besides the general question, (to which the children and others give answer on the Sunday succeeding the choice,) there are so many other exercises exceedingly interesting to adults, and in which many of the spectators everywhere freely participate—such as singing the beautiful songs of progress, the silver-chain recitations of devotional and spiritualizing sentiments, the wing-movements, by which the arms and upper portions of the body are gracefully exercised and healthfully "rested on the Sabbath day," preparatory to the interior, mental and spiritual exercises by the children and adults, of giving open and distinct answers to the general question before the Lyceum.

In order that every spectator may participate in all the songs, recitations, &c., we invariably recommend the members of Spiritualist audiences to purchase for themselves copies of the Manuals used by the children, and it is found very satisfactory to all who thus participate; they enjoy the Lyceum sessions greatly more than those who merely "sit and look on." The most troublesome "grumblers," the self-appointed "fault-finders" and meddlesome characters, are found, as a general rule, among those men and women who positively refuse to do anything publicly to help the Lyceum. When individuals sit for an hour or more without exercising physically in this nervous climate, they become either deeply interested, or else "critical," and even "peevish," and the latter class are the first to whisper and throw impediments in the way of the Lyceum. There are two plans for the removal of these obstacles—first, induce the spectators to provide themselves with Manuals, and urge them to rise when the children rise to sing; invite the visitors to mingle their voices with the Lyceum, to read the silver-chain recitations in perfect time with the children, and to stand up, also, and take the wing-movements when the school is exercising. And, second, induce visitors, as far as possible, to take some active office—to do something to give greater success to the work of harmonizing and unfolding the tender natures of children. Of course, I would not be understood as making this charge altogether sweeping. Some visitors at the Lyceum are constant in attendance, because their hearts sympathize with childhood, and because they rejoice and are exceedingly glad to behold the groups of beautiful and happy little ones. But in every congregation there are representatives of the "do-nothing" class, whose qualifications for "fault-finding" are never doubted by those who know them best. It is to put this class on the road to improvement that I make the foregoing suggestions to Conductors, Guardians, and other principal officers in the different Children's Lyceums.

But you must not infer from these remarks that Vineland, N. J., furnishes a crop of these grumblers. Far from such are the Spiritualists and Progressives of that remarkable community. The Vinelanders are second to the residents of no other locality for intelligence, for enterprise, for industry, for progressive modes of thought, and for the bravery and courage of pioneers. I am not much of an agriculturist, and have consequently a very small sum of sense as to "land," "soil," "seed," &c.; but I could not help thinking to myself that "it took more than ordinary intelligence to discern the basis of a flourishing community in that remote corner of the foreign land of New Jersey." And the people who first "settled" on that broad plain of country, who cut down the pine trees, pulled the stumps, plowed and fertilized, and filled the unpromising ground with seed, or planted roots for berries, and established nurseries of many choice varieties of fruits, are people worthy the proud title of "brave pioneers," and by their perseverance and success have proved themselves "lords of creation" in the most literal sense of the word.

Thousands of people now reside in the township, which is ten miles square, and some four thousand have homes in the village. Vineland is not yet a land of vines, but it is a land of progress spiritually, and of health physically. The sweet potatoes are not "small over there;" they grow very large, sweet and abundantly. Peaches, pears, and other fruit look as though they were "at home" in that soil, and New York and New England citizens will contend for the first chance when the trees of Vineland in the early autumn say, "Come, judge us by our fruit." And as to the "strawberries" carload after carload will be rolled into New York this spring. The Vinelanders are making great preparations and "calculations" on their forthcoming strawberry harvest. They have scientific reasons for believing that their soil will be discomfited.

The cottages and comfortable homes look very attractive; and the people, so far as my acquaintance was extended among them, are intelligent and hospitable. There are Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and a few Unitarians, and a very large proportion of Friends of Progress. The influence of the Spiritualists is in the ascendency. All have churches and halls, except the Unitarians. The new hall built by the Friends of Progress, will accommodate eight hundred people, and it is often filled by citizens of the village and township. They have considerable musical talent under the directorship of a progressive gentleman, who was formerly a Presbyterian minister. Works of benevolence, reformatory enterprises, and literary and dramatic matters, to say nothing of things more external, flourish in Vineland. And there is a goodly degree of neighborhood feeling, notwithstanding the interposition of creeds and unfriendly views of mankind, which the disciples of sectarianism inculcate as a part of their so-called religion.

Amid all you may behold the waving banners of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, and hear the youthful voices sing the glad songs of a world's final salvation from the punishments of demonic ignorance and enslaving superstition. Angels guard the Lyceum! It is the army of deliverance to all who think in bondage to error. It is to the sectarian institutions of this age what light is to darkness. The young people march forward. They carry the national emblem of Liberty—the flag of freedom to all the nations and races of men. The true harmony, and the true democracy of the future are foreshadowed in the plans, genius, and principles of the Children's Progressive Lyceum.

Your friend,
A. J. DAVIS.

BANNER OF LIGHT

BRANCH BOOKSTORE,
274 Canal Street, New York.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
SUCCESSORS TO A. J. Davis & Co., and C. M. Mum & Co.

The BANNER 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 REFORM PUBLICATIONS constantly on hand, and will be sold at the lowest current rates. The BANNER 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.

Having thus taken upon ourselves new burdens and greater responsibilities—the rapid growth of the grandest religion ever conceived to the people of earth warning 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, MARCH 17, 1866.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
ROOM NO. 2, 1ST STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

All letters and communications intended for the Editor, should be addressed to the Editor.

Dismissing Death.

Most persons are willing to avail themselves of every device that promises to rob death of its terrors. But these terrors are in a great degree fancied. They have been superstitiously imposed on the mind. There is an instinctive shudder in the thoughts of man, we agree, when Death is seriously contemplated as our portion. But that instinct has been improperly turned to account by ecclesiastics, and such as seek to build up power on the depression of human individuality and independence. It has been worked up until it really amounts to outright superstition; and men dread death now, or did until the light of Spiritualism dawned on them, as the Hindus dread the anger of their wooden, lifeless gods, the animals and serpents.

To release the imagination from this thrallhold, some build costly monuments, making sepulchres within them, as if somehow corruption might be kept from the body which the soul desires to occupy no longer as a tenant. Some keep flowers at their tomb doors, and leave a fund expressly to maintain a fresh supply. Some make their places of sepulture like chambers, light and open, as if the flat of the common face could be suspended in their case by the intervention of architectural taste and ingenuity. There are numerous ways chosen to cheat the spoiler of his triumph if we can, so that it shall seem to be apparent rather than real.

But among the most ridiculous of all these devices are the showy and utterly hollow ones connected with the rites of burial. These make themselves manifest chiefly in the imposing styles of funerals, and the pageantry with which these decent ceremonies that naturally pertain to death are overlaid. In New York, they are to-day carrying this folly beyond the reach even of the shafts of satire. The correspondent of one of our city papers writes that "Fashion is as imperious in the death chamber as in the ball room. Funerals are got up in style, and fashionable undertakers for the elite are in demand, as are fashionable dressmakers or costumiers. The style of dress, the cut of a cap, the width of a ribbon, the breadth of a piece of crape, indicates the depth of grief and the nearness of the relative dead. A widow hangs out her signals, which are as well read as flags at sea. At funerals rooms are darkened, gas put on, and artistic display made of parts and persons, as much so as on the boards of any theatre. Men who arrange these things have specialties, and their fame is as celebrated as that of a pastry cook or an artist. The hearers are gorgeous things, as elegant as the catalogue of kings. The favorite style has been black; the shades and ends of heavy plate glass; plumes on the top, with horses from two to six, richly caparisoned. But a new sensation awaits mourning New York. A hearse, wholly white, with gold, gilt and silver trimmings. It looks something like a tender to a fancy fire engine. It is said the horses are to be white and caparisoned with corresponding colors, edged with gold lace."

There is fashion in all this vulgarity, but the spirit that controls the fashion is the same that seeks to disguise the fact of death itself. It is too serious a truth for many to contemplate. But all this parade and pomp will avail nothing. There stands the naked fact. Better accept it just as it is, and strive to conform to it. To rob death of its terrors, ascertain what death is. Satisfy yourself that it is a release from cramping conditions and set limitations, and the entrance into a larger freedom than it has yet been given us to enjoy. Learn that it is but passing through a door, always open, through which mortals are all the while going and immortals continually returning. Fear not for the gift of a broader and freer life. Thus may death be made a familiar and a pleasant thought to us, and nothing will be needed to disguise from our minds a reality that is so desirable. We shall think only of what lives, and have no fruitless lamentations for what dies.

Prices.

The price of many commodities are falling, coal among the number. Since the last day of January, coal has come down from a dollar and fifteen cents to two dollars and forty per ton, at the regular auction sales in New York. But we see no signs of any general receding among the dealers here. Coal is got out of the mines for two dollars and a half; there is, therefore, no earthly reason why it should go to fifteen dollars in Boston. And when it is rapidly receding there ought to be a little reason for looking for its decline here in a like proportion. It must come down, however, and so must other articles of necessity. The railroads have been dividing fortunes among their stockholders, which is substantially the cause of a good deal of the price which is put on articles of consumption. Specie payments and comparatively low prices will surely be reached some time.

Mexico.

Napoleon keeps sending troops to Mexico, whatever he may say about removing them. Three thousand have just gone there from France, and Marshal Forey tells the French Senate it will not do to bring them away till Maximilian's Government is strong there. "Forey says in one breath that the people voluntarily voted that Government into existence, and in the next that the people to be governed are only a race of slaves, poor Indians, who shout for almost any change that comes along. But Napoleon is not altogether easy about the situation, which accounts for the many attempts made to explain it to his apparent advantage."

Our Circles.

The interest in our Free Public Circles is deepening daily. At every sitting of Mrs. Conant, the circle room is crowded to repletion with anxious ones from all parts of the country to listen to the teachings of the invisible; and we are told that millions of spirits, who were once inhabitants of the earth-life, are also in attendance, patiently awaiting their turn to communicate with loved ones yet in the form. Oh, what a glorious knowledge is this we possess to-day, that our fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters are near us, and able to prove to us that they still live, although their earth-bodies have turned to dust!

Nine years ago we announced this sublime fact to the world in the first number of the BANNER, when Spiritualism was comparatively in its infancy; when but a few faithful ones rallied around our standard; when we were denounced in the Boston Courier by Professor Felton, President of Harvard College, in glaring capitals, as impostors! Mark the change a few brief years have wrought! Then we were few in number, but firm in purpose. Though materially weak, we were spiritually strong, for that which we taught was based on TRUTH; hence we successfully repelled the assaults of our enemies. To-day a mighty host of good and true souls are gathered under the folds of the banner of SPIRITUALISM. We welcome all—rich and poor, ignorant and learned, Pagan and Christian—into our ranks. The people of earth have worshipped the Dead Past long enough! Come, then, to the living fountain, and quench your thirst, all ye who have been feeding on the dry husks of Old Theology for so many long years!

An Excellent Test Medium.

We have of late again tested the mediumship of Mr. J. V. Mansfield, through whom the invisibles who possess the magnetic power to come into rapport with him answer sealed letters sent to him for that purpose.

We recently received an answer to a sealed letter addressed to one of the former proprietors of this paper, containing indubitable evidence of the genuineness of Mr. M.'s mediumship. Matters of an entirely private character were alluded to, which Mr. Mansfield could have known nothing of. More than this, the signature was a perfect fac-simile of the original.

A letter was recently sent to this office from Columbus, Ky., the writer requesting us to forward it to some good medium for answer. We accordingly mailed it to Mr. Mansfield. In due time the sealed letter, and an answer—purporting to be signed by a spirit-friend of the writer—were returned to us. We forwarded them to Columbus at once, and in due course of mail received a letter of thanks from the party in question, in which the writer stated that each question propounded, excepting one, was satisfactorily answered. We subsequently addressed another letter to the medium, covering one closely sealed, for answer. This letter was written by us to a person still in the form! An answer was promptly given by our late partner, stating that the friend we had appealed to was not in the Summer-Land; but that a spirit whose surname was the same, had communicated instead. Our late partner then reverted to personal matters that had occurred while he was still in the form. The circumstances related were not known to Mr. Mansfield, and could have been given in no other way than the one we assume, viz., direct spirit-communication.

Mr. Mansfield informs us that he has been so urgently solicited by his friends in California to revisit them, that he thinks of starting sometime in June next.

Resignation.

S. B. Brittan, who has been the chief Acting U. S. Appraiser of Fine Arts, Books, etc., at the Port of New York, for some four years past, recently resigned his office, and is now engaged in other business. The place is one of unusual responsibility, requiring extensive and varied information respecting the foreign commercial values of the Art Works of all countries. The invoices that passed through his hands were in all the currencies of Europe, and more than one-half of them in French, German, Italian, Spanish, Hebrew and other foreign languages. It appears, however, that Dr. Brittan had discharged the difficult duties of his place in such a manner that the announcement of his intention to resign—made to one of the heads of the Appraisers' Department—elicited such expressions of regret and remembrance that he was constrained to withhold it for some weeks. Although his resignation was offered in October, we understand it was not accepted until December.

Dr. Brittan's present address is No. 68 Broadway, New York.

Human Electricity.

The Washington Chronicle of March 4th says that Dr. Fitzgibbon is giving a series of lectures and illustrations in human electricity every evening in the parlor of the Clarendon Hotel, in that city. These lectures increase in interest every night, and are attended by ladies and gentlemen of the highest respectability, anxious to inquire into the truth or falsity of the theory advocated by the doctor. Miss Ella Vanwie, who assists in the lectures, is a young lady of remarkable power as a medium, and the fairness with which the exhibitions are conducted, coupled with the sensible remarks of the lecturer, has increased the number of his audiences nightly until it has become necessary to engage Metzerott Hall, to accommodate all who desire to hear him, where he will commence on the 8th instant. In this course of lectures he intends to give his experiences in Central America, and exhibits a large number of photographic views of the ruins of that interesting country, taken by himself, with his theory of the Lost Races, a subject to which Dr. Fitzgibbon has devoted great study.

Conventions this Week.

The Spiritualists of Connecticut and Rhode Island will meet in Convention, in Putnam, Ct., on Thursday, March 15th, for the purpose of initiating missionary labor in those States, by forming a similar association to that recently organized at Worcester in this State.

THE PEACE CONVENTION will assemble at the Melancon (Tremont Temple), in this city, on Wednesday, the 14th, at 10 o'clock A. M. The session will probably last two days. All are earnestly invited to attend, irrespective of sex, color, creed, nationality or residence.

The Davenport Brothers.

At the latest accounts from Europe the Davenport and Wm. M. Fay were still in Ireland. The Belfast Morning News of Feb. 21st, in giving a detailed account of one of their seances, pronounced it "wonderful—in some parts actually startling—and utterly unaccountable." The Northern Whig of the 20th February says the seance was "quite a success, and wholly unaccountable; and by many would have been pronounced marvelous;" and then proceeds to give a fair and impartial account of the proceedings.

New Publications.

A SYNOPSIS OF LECTURES ON MEDICAL SCIENCE. By Alvah Curtis, A. M., M. D. New York: Andrew J. Graham.

This work by Dr. Curtis embraces the general principles of medicine—or Physiology, Pathology and Therapeutics, as discovered in Nature, and the practice according to those principles, as applied by art. This is really the third edition of the present work, although it is styled the second. Although the author has been ten years, first and last, in getting the work into its present form, yet he says he can discover, on reviewing those portions of it which were prepared long since, no fundamental error taught, and no important governing truth omitted. It purports to be a treasury of medical learning reduced to such simple and accessible form as to be at all times of value to the individual. It used to be the custom with medical men, and with a certain class is to a large extent now, to conceal what they know in the field of medicine, and so confuse and blind those who were obliged to place themselves in their hands. Dr. Curtis has here pursued a directly opposite course. He does not hesitate to lay open the whole subject to the popular eye. Nothing is too minute or important to be passed over by his searching analysis, and he proceeds to put it forth in the possession of his readers.

We cannot, of course, pretend to do anything like justice to such a work in the space of a mere notice, nor yet have we room to discuss the merits of any medical theory, new or old, which may be advanced. We can, however, freely commend Dr. Curtis's book to public attention, bespeaking for it a consideration which his learning, scientific pains and desire to impart information to the people for their own good really merit.

We have received from J. Burns, London, the Proceedings of the First Convention of Progressive Spiritualists in Great Britain, held at Darlington. They were reported by Mr. Burns himself, and are a standing credit to his industry, tact and quickness of apprehension. This record will be widely called for and read, especially among the English people, for it marks a point of departure in religious matters for the nation. It cannot be long before the truths of Spiritualism become as widely known and accepted in England as they are in the United States. France and Germany are far in advance of Great Britain in all that pertains to free thought and progressive movements.

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM MANUAL. By A. J. Davis. Boston, Boston, Publisher.

This indispensable work for organizing and conducting Children's Lyceums, finds a rapid sale. Two months ago it reached its third edition, and now the publisher sends us a fourth edition, elegantly bound, full gilt. The entire contents are very interesting, especially the "Silver Chain Recitations," among which we notice (on page 214), that gem of a song which we published in the Banner, by "Birdie" Wilson, through Miss Lizzie Doten, entitled "Fountain of Divine Love," with this beautiful chorus:

"Love Divine! all things are thine;
Every creature seeks thy shrine;
And thy boundless blessings fall
With an equal love on all."

Every youth should have a copy of the Manual.

We have from the London Spiritual Times, and published by Trübner & Co., a little volume entitled, "Life Incidents and Poetic Pictures," by J. H. Powell. The temperance cause would be much helped by the perusal of this touching story. The narrative is interspersed with little poems which the author styles his Poetic Pictures. The mass of human sympathies are touched at a variety of points, and touched very tenderly, by this simple and effective recital.

A. Williams & Co. have Hours at Home (Scribner's Monthly), for March, which contains original papers of high interest. The discussion of the patriot Sam Adams's character is well worth the price of the number. Dr. Spencer reviews Merivale's "Conversion of the Roman Empire." Prof. Taylor Lewis has a timely article on Dr. Nott, late President of Union College. There is also a paper on the Centenary of Methodism.

"Our Young Folks" for March is as full of fresh life as the spring days coming. There are sweet stories that will interest "old folks" as well as the young. Little Bessie's Shoes will do to be read along with Ebenezer Francis's communication in our Message Department two weeks since.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW for March is an attractive number of a valuable magazine. It is published by J. W. Orr, 90 Nassau street, N. Y. The reading is various enough to engage all tastes, and is of real value.

The Herald of Health and Journal of Physical Culture is published by Miller, Wood & Co., New York, and offers suggestive reading for the present month.

NEW BOOK JUST RECEIVED.

"Lucy Arlyn," a novel, by J. T. Trowbridge. From Ticknor & Fields.

To Lecturers.

Lecturers, society committees, and others interested, are particularly requested to notify us of all changes necessary to be made from time to time in our Lecturers' List and notices of meetings, as it is very desirable to all parties concerned that the List and notices of meetings should be reliable. We have reason to apprehend that there has been remissness of late in this respect. As we publish the List and notices gratuitously, those who are especially benefited thereby, should certainly keep us posted.

Third National Convention of Spiritualists.

It will be seen by referring to the Call in another column, that the Spiritualists of America (including the British North American Provinces, of course), are to hold their Third National Convention in August next at Providence, R. I. As this will probably be the most important gathering of the Spiritualists ever held on this Continent, it is to be hoped that all Societies included in the call will make it a point to send delegates.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis.

We will remind our New England friends that Dr. Willis can be secured for a limited number of engagements, to lecture Sundays in the vicinity of Boston. See his notice in the Lecturers' column. We believe he is at liberty for the last three Sundays in this month. Address care of this office.

Meetings in the Melodeon.

Mrs. Laura DeFosse Gordon will occupy the spiritual platform next Saturday afternoon and evening. The large audiences which assemble twice a day show that the interest in Spiritualism is unabated. All are freely invited to attend.

Message Department.

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

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

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

The Circle Room.

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

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, Life, thy beauty and thy wondrous power and wisdom are everywhere manifest. From all things and all places there comes unto the soul a challenge to praise. The glory of the rising and setting sun, the humble beauty of the violet, each speak unto the soul of its Maker, saying, "I am the Lord, thy God. Come, oh soul, and worship me." Oh our Father, we see thee here. We recognize thy presence in all these forms, animate and inanimate. We hear thee in the silence as through the audible voice of humanity. We know thy footsteps are ever marking the sands of Time as of Eternity. We feel thou art ever in us, around us, perfecting all our inner lives. So, oh God, for this consciousness accept our praises; and not ours alone, but that multitude of praises and prayers that are going out to thee from the great heart of human life. Oh, may thy children in the cold world love thee as we love thee; understand thy love as we understand it. May they know that to minister to the needs of all sorrowing ones of earth is to minister to thee, to worship thee in spirit and in truth. May they go forth with garlands of charity bound upon their brows and living emblems of faith and trust within their breasts, asking, nay, more, knowing thou wilt bless their endeavors. Oh Spirit of this nineteenth century, beautiful Life, we praise thee because we have in all the past. We know thou wilt bless us, because thou ever hast blessed us. We know thou wilt never leave us, because thy love is constant and eternal. Amen. Jan. 4.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, we are ready to answer whatever queries you may have.

CHAIRMAN.—Information concerning the spirits of James T. Doyle, Newton Baker, Robert B. Gilmore, is desired by their friends. Also an inquiry from I. H. Browne, of Warren, Trumbull County, Ohio.

ANS.—The questions relating to personal affairs of those who have questioned us, we will do our best to attend to by investigation.

QUES.—Do spirits know those persons upon their entrance to the spirit-land, whom they never knew or saw while in the form?

A.—The same facilities for recognition are in vogue in the spirit-land as here, setting aside that of sight, that which comes by virtue of the organ, the eye. You know your friends here by certain signs, symbols, through speech and through various other means. The life of all these various means is used in the spirit-land. Souls are attracted to their counterparts in the spirit-land, or to those in harmony with them. They are grouped or aggregated together by virtue of law—the law of their being and those with whom they are grouped.

Q.—Do the spirits of infants, upon their entrance to spirit-life, commence immediately to learn language, or are they obliged, like those in the form, to wait for the development of their powers?

A.—Language is by no means a necessity to the disembodied spirit; therefore, as language, it is not used.

Q.—Two weeks ago last Monday, the spirit who controlled this medium said that there were no premature deaths; that God ordered every event. If so, how are we responsible beings? I have heard other spirits say that it was the intention of the Creator for man to live until old age. If he died in infancy or youth, it was on account of inherited disease, or else through the ignorance of those who took care of him. Please explain this contradiction?

A.—Every living soul perceives differently from every other living soul upon all subjects; and all have a right to their own method. No one has a right to infringe upon the method of another. I may see that an all-wise Providence over rules in all the minor manifestations of life. Therefore there are no accidents in Nature, no premature deaths to me. I cannot conceive of a Power that is in all respects divine and Godlike, who would suffer any accidents to be committed in Nature. I believe in an all-wise, overruling Intelligence, who, being all wise, is all good, and, being all good, brings forth all things in perfection. Perfection differs in degree, according to the life it is imposed upon. God, being God, is everywhere. This being true, no minor or opposing influence can find room in Nature.

Q.—Is there anything that resembles our use of books in your spiritual training?

A.—Aggregated ideas sometimes take the form of books even with us as with you.

Q.—Can you tell us something about the worship of the spheres?

A.—The soul, in its unclothed state, worships everything that is beautiful, everything that is grand, everything that has power to inspire it with worship.

Q.—How does God himself now appear to you of the spheres, compared with what you knew of him while on earth?

A.—Your question is so vague and indistinct, that our answer, we fear, will be equally so. We look within ourselves, and we see our God there. We look in the faces of humanity, and we see our God there. We look at the humble flower, and see God there. We look at the towering mountain, and see God there. We look at the sunlit, there is God. We look at the moonlight, and there we see our God. We look at the falling raindrops, and there is God. Everywhere and in all things we see our God.

Q.—Are your opportunities for a correct knowledge of the Bible greater than ours? and, if so, will you give us some of your thoughts, especially respecting the errors and abuses of this book?

A.—We will only say this much concerning it: Where you have one truth you have ten errors. Where one passage has been correctly rendered, ten have been imperfectly rendered. You can see yourselves how much real faith you ought to place in the Record. Your own common sense—

If brought to bear upon this, as upon other subjects—will teach you that there is much of man's frail nature there.

Q.—What to us is the value of a written Revelation?

A.—It is valuable to you in so far as it contains that which is truth to you, no further.

Q.—What is the moral standard which you of the spirit-world acknowledge?

A.—The Golden Rule, as given by Confucius and demonstrated by Jesus, is the very best moral standard we know of.

We have been requested to give in brief our views concerning the mediums known as the Davenport Brothers. A good friend from over the water asks, "Do you believe that these people are, in all respects, what they should be?" That is a very hard question to answer. One person might be able to see that they were faulty, while another might not be able to detect any fault in them. You all judge of things and persons according to your capability of judging. But, supposing that our querist refers particularly to the genuineness of the manifestations that occur in their presence, we will confine ourselves particularly to that point.

These manifestations are but the result of not unknown natural law, but misunderstood natural law. The persons or spirits who produce these manifestations, by virtue of what they are able to obtain from these mediums known as the Davenport Brothers, are possessed of a variety of what we shall call human characteristics. Some are very anxious to know the ways and wherefores of human law; therefore they are engaged in giving these manifestations to satisfy themselves; to unfold themselves in that particular direction. Others lend their aid because they find their greatest happiness, or heaven, in so doing. Others come to them and all them, because they feel as if it were their duty so to do. They owe something to the world human, or the inhabitants of this earth plane, and can pay in no other way. Others have an earnest, honest, most holy desire to elevate humanity; to free them from their thralldom of ignorance, religious superstition, and, above all, the fear of that angel, Death, who must come to all sooner or later. Here, you will see, are aggregated quite a variety of objects. One has one object in view; another, another; yet all are thrown in to the scale—all act harmoniously. That these manifestations are exactly what they purport to be, we need not declare; for if the world of science for the last seven years has failed to detect fraud, then why should we return denouncing them, even if we could. Have you not power by which to unfold all the mysteries of Nature? These people are plain, simple, honest-hearted humans. Can you not read them and their surroundings? If you cannot, then we must set you down as being deplorably ignorant. The way is open for you all, and a wayfarer man, though he be a fool, need not err therein. This much we have to say concerning the Davenport Brothers. Jan. 4.

Frank Converse.

I come to answer a call from some who are not at all favorably disposed toward this new philosophy. They are in trouble, and are like drowning persons who catch at straws. They say, "If there is any truth in these things, I pray that some one may return to give us information concerning the fate of our friend."

So they plainly ask of a something that they do not believe in, to come back from the shadowy realms of the spirit-world, to tell them whether or not their friend will suffer the extreme penalty of human law.

I know of no one who is better able to answer their question than myself; also of no one who has a better right to answer it than I have.

It is my belief that their friend will suffer the full extreme of law. I cannot discern aught else for him. I would to God I could! As far as I am concerned, I would see him pardoned. I hold no ill-will against him. I feel kindly toward him; and, although I say it, no one has done more to try to put off that terrible day to him.

I cannot believe that he murdered me because he wished to harm me. He was misguided, because there were influences around him that made use of the weakness of his own nature in that particular case. Therefore he did as he did.

For my own part, I pity him and all his friends. I did so from the moment I woke to consciousness in the spirit-world. I am sorry to be obliged to come back giving what I know will be an unacceptable truth to them. They have asked for it, and if it does bring them sorrow, the consequences must rest with themselves. I only hope it will learn them a lesson of forgiveness and charity toward all.

If I am right in my predictions, I shall endeavor to do all I may be able to, to alleviate the sufferings of the offender, and cause him to see himself aright; for when he does that he will begin to take steps forward. Now, to me, he seems to be standing still, although I am finite, of course, and cannot see the operations of Nature in all her ways.

My name, sir, Frank Converse. Jan. 4.

[The above was spoken by our medium Jan. 4th, written out by our scribe a few days afterwards from her notes, and placed in our hands for publication in regular routine. We could not have known then that the Governor would sign the warrant for Green's execution. He has done so recently, however, which, to those at least who listened to the speaker's remarks at the time they were given, is a capital text.]

Anna T. French.

"The fear of the Lord, that is the beginning of wisdom." That is the inscription upon my tablet at Greenwood.

I have read it many times, and at first wondered what it could mean. But lately I have come to the conclusion it must have reference to my early profession of the Christian faith.

I had seen but thirteen years on the earth, when the hand of sickness was laid heavily upon me; and after suffering near three months, I was released by the angels—made free.

It was said that during my sickness I made many wise remarks; said many strange things, that were far beyond one of my age. If I did, I have now no recollection of the fact; and, indeed, I am informed that that which was attributed to me, should more properly be attributed to intelligences outside my body, who were in control at the time, for I was a medium, although I knew nothing about it, nor did my friends. But they supposed, no doubt, in their ignorance of these things, that God had especially favored me; that wisdom was particularly showered down upon me; that I was particularly inspired because of my early profession of religion. I have gained this meaning from the inscription on my tablet.

Cold marble sometimes conveys much to us. We often wander through your cemeteries and read the inscriptions upon the tablets, each spirit upon his own; and it wonders why this was said, and why that was left unsaid. It is a good school; and I suppose the Great Father, in love and wisdom, guides us often through for our good. You call these places "cities of the dead." More properly they are the places where the living, freed

spirits congregate, not because they have any particular attraction for the dust that slumbers beneath the sod, but because they would study these tablets; because they are books to them, containing whole volumes of thought. Yes, we learn much from them.

Having thus thrown out a knowledge that I can return; having thus in one direction, if in none other, identified myself to those who know me best, I ask that they will, in all honesty, in love, and in hope—that they may find a rich reward—do something toward opening communication with those who have passed on a little before them, and who are so anxious to return.

It is now near three years since I passed on. My name, Anna T. French, from Fourth avenue, New York City. Jan. 4.

Margaret Buckminster.

I thought I had stayed away long enough to prevent any such feeling as I had when I died. I suppose I died of hydrophobia; so they said. I was twenty-two years old. Margaret Buckminster, my name. I lived in Waverly, Lancaster county, England.

It is, in all, nine years since—nine years this season. I have been called upon to come back, and have always felt I might be called to pass through what I did at dying; so I stayed away.

I am glad to come, only I am sorry this terrible law always attends us. [You won't feel so bad the next time you come.] I hope not. Jan. 4.

Circle closed by John Longley.

Invocation.

Spirit of all times and seasons; Soul of all Souls; thou who art our strength, our hope, our life, our all; thou who art our Teacher, our Father and Mother, too, our Brother and our Friend; thou who art near us in the present; thou who wilt go with us in the future, need we ask thee to bless us? need we ask thee to shed thy love upon us? The sun shines, and shines because of thy will; and it shines to bless us. Winter has come, and to some it has brought sadness, sorrow, death, it may be. But with its coming, it has brought to some thankful hearts, bright blossoms of hope and trust. So while on the one hand there is darkness, on the other there is light. While some have need, others are crowned with plenty. Shall we say that thy gifts are unequally distributed? that thou art unjust? No, we cannot, for thy wisdom is greater than ours; and all these things that seem to us, in our weakness and ignorance, to be wrong, are all right, and best of all, are in the order of thy providence and thy love. So, oh Lord, for the darker shades of human life, we will give thee thanks and praises, as well as those sunbeams that shoot across our pathway, giving light and hope. Need we ask thee to stretch forth thine hand and help those who suffer want? No; for thou art all merciful, and thy love is unbounded. Need we ask thee to open the hearts of thy children to benevolence and charity? to kindly deeds? No; the angel that stands there at every individual door, will knock; the door will be opened, and the angel will be made welcome. Father, we trust humanity, as we trust thee. We know it is in thy hands, and every soul is in thy keeping. So, oh God of this hour, and every other hour, we praise thee as our Father and our Friend. Amen. Jan. 8.

Questions and Answers.

QUES.—By John Little, of Danville: Being a believer in Spiritualism, and wishing to lead others to the light, I wish to give a test question. I have had two sons. The name of the oldest son is Charles Little; the name of the younger is James Little, both having a middle name. Now if we can get a communication through your medium, giving the middle names of the two boys, it will be very convincing to many in our place, and will advance the cause very materially, by its being published in the Banner of Light. And yet another, which would be full more convincing, is this: Lodawick Post sold a tract of land. If any of your mediums can tell who the property was sold to, and where it is located, and where the papers may be found, that will be yet more convincing. There is yet another friend we wish to hear from—Miss Della Kellie. She has a middle name.

A.—Your correspondent takes a very superficial view of this thing. Like the seabird he skims on the top of the waves, and does not even so much as dip his bill beneath the water. He supposes because that would satisfy him that these things are what they purport to be, that it will others. But he is mistaken. Every soul needs food adapted to its own degree of unfoldment. No soul can feed upon food adapted to another with satisfaction.

The curious and ignorant are constantly calling upon us to overthrow this stone and that stone, to tear down this edifice, that something better may be erected upon its site. But because we are called upon to do these things, we do not always feel that our duty lies in that direction.

CHAIRMAN.—S. B. McMillan, of East Fairfield, Ohio, sends four questions to the Circle.

1st Q.—If in the spirit-land the names of earth-life are retained, how are those multitudes of spirits distinguished whose names in earth-life were the same?

A.—Names such as you have in earth-life belong not to spirit.

2d Q.—Had the different races of men their origin in distinct creations, or variations of the original species?

A.—It has been said that the various distinct types of human life have always possessed distinct human individuality. But this is not so. We believe there has been a time when all the various races inhabiting the earth were one. Therefore all the various races that are now in human existence are offshoots of this one humanity. This is our belief. If it affords no truth to you, do not accept it.

3d Q.—From what portion of the earth's surface did the first human spirit pass to the spirit-world?

A.—We do not know.

4th Q.—Do you consider life, spirit and God, as absolutely identical? and if so, how related to, or distinguished from natural law?

A.—Natural law is, we believe, a manifestation of Divine Intelligence. All these various names are but terms used to signify different gradations of life. Life remains ever the same, and life is God. Jan. 8.

Robert Algiers.

If I had been told three years ago I would be back here in this way, I should hardly have credited the assertion.

I never had any belief in these things before death, always felt quite sure it was one of the grandest humbugs that the Yankees had ever conceived of. But I am forced to accept it, I am also forced to use it; I say forced, because I feel absolutely impelled to come here and free my mind, as they used to say in the prayer meetings. I am Robert Algiers, from Hubbardston, Maine. I went out in the 9th Maine, and left my bones to

bleach on Virginia soil. I'm not sorry for it, for I can look back and see that by the untold action of the North, as well as by the spirit of rebellion at the South, there has been great good accomplished, that I believe could have been accomplished in no other way.

So I think we ought none of us to regret having lost our bodies in the cause, if we do feel as though we had not done all our work, as though we were obliged to finish up things under hard circumstances.

There was a little chap belonging to one of the Massachusetts regiments called Corney Graves. I don't know whether that was his right name or not; Graves I presume was, but Corney may have been a nickname. That was the name I knew him by. He was one of these impressive persons, mediums, I suppose, by what he said to me.

While we were laying in camp waiting for orders, we had a good chance to talk over spiritual matters. A good share of the boys were disposed to speculate upon the chances of going across. Occasionally we would come across one who would throw out some of his spiritual ideas, and Corney was one of that class.

The last time I saw him he said to me, "Now mark what I tell you: you will see the day when you will thank me for having given you some light on this subject." Said I, "you have not given me any light." "Oh yes, I have, only you don't see it now." "Well," I said, "maybe you have, but I don't see it." "Well," said he, "the day will come when you will see it, and I'm very much mistaken if you don't tell me so when we meet on the other side, as I hope we shall; or you will tell me so on this side; or you'll stretch out your hands and shake hands with me from across the river Death." "Oh!" I said, "your ideas are pretty fine, but I can't understand your Spiritualism. To me it's all nonsense." "Very well," said Corney, "if you should go across first, pray come back and tell me if my belief is true." Said I, "I will."

So, true to my promise, I am here. However, not knowing where Corney is, I shall throw out my line waiting for a bite.

I am very glad to be able to come back giving my testimony in favor of his beautiful belief; and I'm very glad to be so early favored with the power of coming back.

I should be very glad to communicate this truth to my friends. They have no inclination to believe in Spiritualism. I don't blame them for their want of belief, because I was once right there myself, and I was obliged to experience the realities of this shadowy realm, before I could understand this thing myself; before I could believe that the spirit had power to come back and take upon it bodies like this (the medium's) to identify itself to friends.

But it is a truth that has been demonstrated many thousands times within the last fifteen or eighteen years. I only add my mite to a thousand other mites. Now it may count something for me, if it don't for anybody else, and I've no doubt but that I shall gain something.

Now if Corney is anywhere round, let him give me a call. I've called the roll, and I want him to respond. If he is in the ranks—material ranks—let him sing out, ay. If he's on my side—and I don't believe he is—let him call round, give me a shake of the hand, and I'll own up that he was right and I was wrong. Good-day. Jan. 8.

William Buckman.

I reckon the way is open now, so I can send a letter to my mother.

I went with the 3d Georgia regiment, I was Captain Albro's boy—not his son, I don't mean, not black. No, sir, I was no nigger; and I wanted to go to war, and I accepted the offer to go with him.

My father had gone off in the 4th Virginia. I could not get in there, but I went down to Georgia and got in there. And I got killed; in the second engagement I got killed.

I been trying all this time to get back to my mother. She's bad off; she's feeling bad all the time. The niggers have all gone, the place is all used up, and everything is all changed.

Now, Mister, if you'll just be good enough to tell her that her son William—and her name is Jane Buckman—that William is alive. He's dead, though, well, well—I'm alive, but I was killed. I want to go home. That's what I want; want to tell them about my being killed. I'd like one of these [mediums] yes, that's what I want. [Where does your mother reside?] She's in Virginia, sir.

[What part?] In Portsmouth; yes, sir, she was there when I went. [Do you think she's stopping there still?] Yes, I do. [Did your father own a plantation?] No, he didn't, no, he had a little piece of ground; no, he didn't have a plantation. He had nine niggers, that's all. [What did he do with nine?] Oh, he kept them, always had just about nine on hand. He kept them until he got a good chance to sell them. [Did he trade in negroes?] Yes, he did; that's what he did. [Was your father killed, too?] No, he didn't, no, he didn't get killed, I believe he got sick and went home. [How old were you?] If I'd stayed till fall—I was killed in the—the spring, in May, 1863—if I'd stayed till next fall, I'd been fourteen years old. [Do you remember where it was?] Yes, sir, I do remember where it was. I ought to, if anybody had; yes, I know that. [Where was it?] Where was the battle? Was you ever at Malvern Hill? Well, it's there I was killed. Yes, yes, the Yankees fought like the devil. [Your folks thought the Yankees could not fight.] Well, they did say so, but they did fight, for I was there and see the whole of it. I was n't in the ranks, sir, but I seen it all. The Captain told me to go to the rear, but I didn't want to. I disobeyed orders, I suppose. I wanted to stay and see the hottest of it. Oh, I don't care, I'm all right, I don't care now, no, I don't, only I want to tell my mother about it. [We'll help you.] So do; I'll do you a good turn sometime. I can't pay you. Yes, I'll help somebody else.

Don't forget to tell her that it's William. She may think it's Sam, because he aint come. [You did not say anything about him, so we could not possibly know about him.] Oh no; so you could not. I might have said I was her son, and forgotten to give my name. [Is Sam on your side?] Yes. [How long has he been there?] Come before I did. [In the war?] Yes, but he aint here, he aint come back, do not want to. Jan. 8.

Joseph Somers.

I would be greatly obliged, sir, if you would say that Joseph Somers, of the 15th Connecticut, has reported himself to you; that he finds himself well and happy on the other side, and knows that the Philosophy of Spiritualism is true. This is all, sir. Good-day. Jan. 8.

Thomas Brady.

Well, sir, I been some time collecting myself to come back this way. I am Thomas Brady, sir, and lived in Boston. I was a soldier in the 35th Massachusetts. Now, sir, I want to know, in the first place, what you are going to do for me; then I look about and see what I can do for myself.

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I suppose I am to make myself known to me friends by me name, me age, and some of the characteristics of myself. Well, sir, I suppose I was between thirty-one and thirty-two years of age, and me name you have. I was an Irishman by birth. I felt it was me duty to go out and fight for the country that had used me so well for fourteen, most fifteen years. That is the time I was here.

Now, sir, I have a wife, I suppose, in Boston. I would be very glad could I reach her in some way. She has been told—and very well told, too—that I was killed; because I was killed in battle—me body was—but she don't know I'm alive now. [Won't the Church prevent your reaching your wife?] Oh, sir, the Church has believed in the coming back of spirits ever since the Church was formed. Oh, yes, sir, it's not ones like myself that can come back to friends in the Church, when the Church is not willing to receive us. No, the way must be open if we would come in the Church, that's all. But the Church won't let us, shuts the door on us, and finds fault with us if we come outside of the Church.

Now I am as good a Catholic as I ever was, in many things, and in other things I suppose I'm not so good. No, sir; and now I think it's right—if the Church won't help us to come back—to come outside the Church. If we can't come in it, we have a right to do that. I verily believe that the priest is against our coming back this way. I think that the priest should invite us to come back to our friends in the Church, because just as sure as he does n't give us the chance, why, we will go outside of the fold of the Church and give all our strength, our love, to those outside of the Church, if she shuts us all outside, and then she'll soon grow weak.

We demand our rights, as free and independent spirits. Now, sir, we are not under the rule of Great Britain, or any other rule, except that which is the highest good within us. If the Church can give me any light, I like it. If I can give the Church any light, she ought to receive it. It's not because she's the Church, that she knows everything. I once believed that. I am not the Catholic now I was here, I know, though I am a Catholic still. I was in the way of reading many things. I like to inform myself as much as I could. I was not like those Irishmen who could not read nor write, nor anything of the kind. I like to inform myself as much as I could. When I was here, I know, I'd not do certain things, because the Church would say you must go in this same way. Now I do these things, but I am a Catholic, I want you to understand. I don't know but what I may sometime so change as not to be, but I am still a Catholic.

Now, sir, I've come to say: Let the priest find some medium—some of these folks—and give the Catholics a chance to come inside the Church. Then we'll stay at home. Then we'll not go outside. That's a privilege the priests have. Just let them furnish the medium inside the Church, and when they do that, they need not fear to have us come back. That is all very well, I suppose.

Now I would like, sir—well, I'd like in some way to reach me wife, Margaret Brady. [Undoubtedly you will.] I suppose so. I have thrown out me letter here in sight of the Church. But it may be that they have never been asked to let us come back inside the Church, or that they don't care to let us, now that we can't pay our shillings into the treasury. But there's something else to be paid into the treasury besides shillings.

No, sir, I have no children. I leave my wife, sir, in Washington Square. I was not long married before I went away. She was to take care of herself, and receive me half-pay till I come back. I shall do the best I can to make compensation to you for your kindness. Good-day, sir. Jan. 8.

Julia Gaines.

I am Julia Gaines, sir. I have come to tell where the body of my brother is. There were but two children in our family—my brother and myself. Theodore was his name; Julia, my name. It is two years now since I died. I have never tried to come until now.

Three nights ago my brother was drowned. His body has not been found. Now please understand me: he's not been found. He is not in a state himself to inform me why he was going in that direction, so I'm not able to tell that. But I know his body lies under Pier No. 9. I presume it is frozen there, but I'm not sure; and as no one knows where to look for him, and no one supposes that he went in that direction, so no one has looked there. But there he will be found; or he may float out and go to some other place. But if they seek for him before he becomes unfrozen, or untangled—for he is frozen there, or fastened in some way, I can't tell how—they'll find him. [Pier No. 9, in North river?] Yes, sir.

It may not be understood how or why he is not able to explain why his body is there. He is weak, bewildered, and cannot be made to understand that he has changed worlds; yet this may seem strange to those who do not understand it. But I know there are some who will.

We were poor people. My mother and myself did sewing to maintain ourselves, and with the help of Theodore we got along very well. But I took a violent cold, I suppose, went into consumption, and so died, and then only Theodore was left. Now she is alone. She is in great distress about him. But when my mother knows that he is with me, that we can return, that we are happy, that we can watch over her, then she will be glad that we are gone.

I am sorry that Theodore left her, but then I think she will the sooner come to me, and so I cannot regret it so much, after all.

I am thankful to you, sir, for your kindness. I was twenty-three years of age. You were going

Mediums in Boston

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AT NO. 17 DAVIS STREET, BOSTON.

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MADAM GALE, Clairvoyant and Trance Medium with photograph or lock of hair. Letters enclosing \$1.00 will be answered promptly. Full description of character given. Three questions answered for 50 cents and two 3-cent stamps. Oct. 21.

DR. WILLIAM B. WHITE, Sympathetic, Clairvoyant, Magnetic and Electric Physician, cures all diseases, both chronic and acute, and disintegrates fœtus removed. Advice free; operations, \$1.00. NO. 4 JEFFERSON PLACE (leading from South Bennet street), Boston. Jan. 6.

MRS. BROWN, the celebrated Medical Clairvoyant of Plymouth, Mass., may be consulted at the

DR. PRESCOTT will be found at his Rooms, from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., for the cure of all diseases that are curable by the power of God through his agents, the spirits, at 129 Pleasant street, Boston. 16—March 3.

MRS. SPAFFORD, Trance Test Medium, No. 11 Kneeland street, Boston. Hours for sittings from 1 to 4 P. M. 16—March 3.

MRS. A. J. KENISON, Test, Business and Mediuming Medium, Rooms 2 A. M. to 5 P. M. No. 18 Hudson street, Boston, Mass. March 10.

MISS PHELPS, Inspirational Writer, at No. 3 Tremont Row, Room 24. Hours: 9 to 1 and 2 to 4. Circles every Wednesday evening, at 7½ o'clock. 16—March 10.

MISS NELLIE STARKWEATHER, Writing Test Medium, No. 7 Indiana street, near Harrison Ave. Hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Circles Thursday evenings. Jan. 16—March 10.

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MRS. SPAFFORD, Trance Test Medium, No. 1, 11 Kneeland street, Boston. Hours for sittings from 1 to 4 P. M. 16—March 3.

MRS. A. J. KENISON, Test, Business and Healing Medium. Hours from 2 A. M. to 5 P. M. No. 18 Hudson street, Boston, Mass. March 10.

MISS PHELPS, Inspirational Writer, at No. 3, Tremont Row, Room 24. Hours: 9 to 1 and 2 to 4. Circles every Wednesday evening, at 7½ o'clock. 16—March 10.

MISS NELLIE STARKWEATHER, Writing Test Medium, No. 7 Indiana street, near Harrison Ave. Hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Circles Thursday evenings. Jan. 16—March 10.

MRS. F. M. F. PEABODY, Successor to the late
 Mrs. M. C. Peabody, Physician, 13 Davis street,
 Boston. Hours from 10 till 7 P. M. Jan.-Jan. 20.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM, Medical Clairvoyant
 and Healing Medium, 227 Washington street, Boston
 Treatment of Body, Mind and Spirit. Jan. 6.

MRS. L. PARMELEE, Medical and Business
 Clairvoyant, 1179 Washington St., Boston. 12-3.-F. 1.

MISS FANNIE REMICK, Trance Medium, at
 No. 13 LaGrange street, Boston. March 16.

SAMUEL GROVER, Healing Medium, No
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SOUL READING,
 Or Psychometrical Delicateness of Character.
 MR. AND MRS. A. B. NEVEYER, would respectfully
 announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit
 them, on any of the above mentioned dates, or at any other
 time, will give an accurate description of their leading traits of char-
 acter and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in pla-
 ces, or in the face, or in the clothing, or in the color of hair, or

what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those in the breeding marriage; and hints to the unharmoniously married where they can find the means of attaining to a happy life. They will give instructions for self-improvement, by telling what faculties should be restrained, and what cultivated. Everything is explained in a plain, simple manner, so that all can do what they advertise. Without fail, as hundreds are willing to testify, Skepiles are particularly invited to investigate. For Written Indication of Character, \$1.00 and Redemptive, \$2.00. Address—

Hereafter all calls or letters will be promptly attended to either on or off the premises.

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BY THE
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Our institution is commodious, with pleasant surroundings and located in the most beautiful part of the city, on high ground, overlooking the lake. Our past success is truly marvelous, and daily the suffering find relief at our hands. The institution is located in **MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN**, on Maryland, two doors south of Division street, and within one hundred feet of the street track. Post Office Drawing No. 177.

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MRS. A. HARTMAN, Practical Physician, for the care of
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on, until April lat. All letters of inquiry must contain ad-
scribed envelope and stamp. 8th—Feb. 10.

MRS. COTTON, Successful Healing Medium
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111 East 29th street, near 34 Avenue, N. Y. 12th—Jan. 6.

MRS. J. E. WISE, Chiropractic Physician and
Test Medium. Address, **ARROW, O.**, until April lat.
Feb. 10—6th

I. G. & P. B. ATWOOD, Magnetic and Chiroprac-
tic and Physicians, 1 Mt. Sterling Pl., opp. Cooper Inst., N. Y.
Jan. 8—3rd

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PERISTALTIC LOZENGES
A POSITIVE CURE FOR
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DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHE
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

PLEASANT to the palate, cause no pain, act promptly—never require increase of dose, do not exhaust, and free the system of all impurities. They are taken at night before the bowels open the next morning. They are wanted in all cases of Piles and Falling of the Rectum. They promise a cure for all symptoms of CONSTIPATION, such as oppression after eating, Sour Stomach, Spitting of Food, Palpitations; also, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back and Loins, Yellowness of the Skin, and Eruptions of the Face, Neck, Chest, Tongue, Warts, etc. They are sold by all Druggists, Grocers, and Confectioners.

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THE Spirit-World has looked in mercy on scenes of suffering from the use of strong drink, and given a REMEDY to all who desire to be free from its influence. The same has been redeemed by its use within the last three years.

Send for a CINCINNATI. If you cannot call and read what a host of testimonials of others. Enclose stamp for \$1.00. S. B. It can be given without the knowledge of your patient. Address, C. CLINTON BERRY, M. D., 31 East street, Boston. Jan.

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 ssed by any other preparations. N.B.—Particular attention
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spheres, embracing the forms of a group of Sages. Wish-
those who desire to have the same view as himself for the in-
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