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Literary Department.

PICTURES OF REAL LIFE IN NEW YORK.

Written expressly for the Banner of
Light, by Mrs. A. B. Porter.

CHAPTER I.

The Homestead and Shop—Leaving Home.
Aunt Betsey, or, to speak more respectfully, Mrs. Horner, lived in Acuteville, Vermont—in common parlance, "Cutney"—and in that busy little place, under the shadow of the mountain, the traveler will find her house, a large white building, with green blinds. There is a "lean-to," or long wing, upon the back, containing the back kitchen, wash-room, cheese pantry, and wood shed. There is a yard in front, in which are three maple trees, two lilac bushes, a white rose, and a sweet briar. There is a flower garden on one side of the house, an orchard beyond that, while the kitchen garden is entered by the shed door, and one long row of bean poles only can be seen from the street.

There is an air of comfort and plenty about the establishment, and in the heat of summer it is delightfully shady and cool; but I like it best in early autumn, in the bright, sunny October days, when the door of the large hall stands open, and Rover lies on the warm stone door step, and looks up and wags his tail if a visitor approaches, but never barks, unless it be a peddler with his pack.

Then the apples are ripe on the trees; the pears are golden and luscious; and the yellow pumpkins are ready to join the cream and eggs in the pantry.

Wherever Aunt Betsey is, there is to be found physical comfort and good cheer. Josiah Horner, her husband, is a blacksmith by profession, and by practice too, as the bright fire in the village smithy can testify, where he is generally found, surrounded by two or three swarthy figures in leather aprons, wielding the heavy hammer, or fitting the shoe to some farmer's horse that stands by the door.

Mr. Horner, like most other mechanics in New England, had found ways and means to turn an honest penny besides his own legitimate calling. I say "calling," for if ever a minister was called to preach, St. Horner was called to be a blacksmith. "I tell you," said he to me one evening, as I stopped at the door of the shop to enjoy the brightness of the fire and mark the stalwart figures of the workmen, brought out in bold relief by the fire at the forge, while the back part of the shop lay in deep shadow—"I tell you, Miss Anna, there is nothing in this world that sets a man thinking like working in iron. Did you ever see it in large masses, as it is dug from the mines? No? Well, there it is, as rough and impure as the miner says you all are by nature, but fire purifies it. The hottest fire I know in this world is that in which they smelt iron ore. While the ore is in the furnace, the workmen make long, narrow beds in sand, with little dikes at certain distances. At a signal from the head workman, the melted iron is let in, and it flows into the beds prepared for it, with a color so bright that it dazzles your eyes to look at it. There's nothing so obstinate or so yielding as iron. The horseshoe that hangs yonder may be made to take the shape of the prettiest lily in your garden, or become a needle so fine that my clumsy fingers could not handle it, or a part of an anchor, that will hold fast a ship of war in a tempest. Men love gold, Miss Anna; but God's better gift to man was iron. I can't begin to tell its use. Just be thinking of it as you are walking home; we weave our cloth by iron, we print our papers by it, we cook our food and send our news by its aid. I think our minister might preach more than one sermon upon iron, and find his texts in the Bible, too. It is a good thing to have a trade that sets you thinking. I like my business, for it makes the body strong, and gives you something to think about."

As might be supposed, Mr. Horner had been successful in his business, made so not merely by his daily labor, but by various inventions, such as a new horse rake, and a patent horseshoe. He was one of the richest men in "Cutney," but he still followed his calling, and prided himself upon the skillful manner in which he could shoe a horse or fire a wheel. A most worthy couple were Deacon Horner and his wife. I am sorry to say that they had no son to inherit their name. Their only child was a daughter, a fair, delicate girl, to whom nature gave the dark curly hair of her father, but made an improvement, by omitting the broad mouth, and giving, instead, a dainty little mouth and full red lips, that seemed made only for kissing.

They lost a son in infancy. Not long after his death, Aunt Betsey was reading in the paper an account of a Home in New York for little wanderers. Her heart was moved to adopt one, and a child named James Hope was sent. He was a bright active boy, and soon gained the love of the family. They forgot his origin, and treated him with the kindness and affection which they would have given to their own. He was sent for some years to the village Academy, and then entered the shop for awhile; but he became restless and tired of country life. He longed for the city, and his wish was indulged. He entered a wholesale store, where his promptness and good conduct soon gained him the good will of his employers. Aunt Betsey was very proud of her boy, and looked forward with great pleasure to the August vacation, which he always passed at home. When the railroad was completed, he came also to Thanksgiving, and then his powers of digestion were taxed to the utmost to satisfy Aunt Betsey, who would fain have him make amends in one week for all the deficiencies of the six months of previous city life.

But one year he was taken sick only a few days before the annual Thanksgiving. The fall trade had been unusually large, and he had worked day and night, giving himself little rest or sleep, saying, "Our busy season will soon be over, and then I will give myself a good rest in the dear old home."

But the time for his departure came and found him tossing in the delirium of a fever that threatened to baffle the skill of the physician. His employers were alarmed, and telegraphed to Mrs. Horner to come on immediately. Now Aunt Betsey had never received a telegram before, and her alarm was great. Thankgiving and all its attendant cares were forgotten.

In less than an hour's time she was at the depot, waiting impatiently for the train, which was behind time. Uncle St. was by her side, with the big carpet bag, in which were flannels and herbs, jellies and old linen, and other little comforts for the invalid.

"Now, Betsey," said her husband, "do you think you can manage alone when you get to the city? It is a bad place for women at night."

"Never fear for me. I can take care of myself. Don't I look like a respectable woman?"

She wore a plain black merino dress, a cloth cloak, well-preserved, though not of the latest fashion; her bonnet was a brown straw, trimmed with broad brown ribbon, with a plain ruche around the face.

Her own gray hair, plainly parted, was visible. As she had plenty of it, she did not wish to be at the trouble of wearing other people's hair; and as for flowers, she fancied they made her look older from contrast. Such was Aunt Betsey, looking what she was—a plain, substantial, good-hearted country woman, albeit unused to city life.

"I haven't been to the city," she said to the minister's wife, who came into the depot to inquire for James. "For twenty years; and then I boarded at Mrs. Barnes's, next door to Burhoe's Hotel. I well remember the great stone lions in a door way near by. It was very pleasant and quiet, and I should like to go there again. It was a first-class boarding house. You know it must have been, St., or Captain John would not have taken me there."

And the old lady stopped talking, and heaved a sigh, as if there was a sad memory connected with that visit.

But the minister's wife smiled. She was from New York, and understood well the changes which twenty years had made.

"If James gets better, as I trust he will, you must go down to the Battery, and see if you would like boarding down there as well as you did twenty years ago."

"Why, things have n't changed very much in 'Cutney in that time. I bought my parlor carpet then, and it's just as good as new now."

"The train is coming!" said Uncle St. "Now, Betsey, remember if James is not any better telegraph at once, and I'll come on to-morrow."

When Aunt Betsey was seated in the cars, her mind ran for awhile on home affairs. She wondered if Nellie would turn the hams in the brine, or remember that the hens must have fresh meat, or make the Deacon's coffee just as he liked it.

Then her mind turned to James. How often, in the peopled solitude of the crowded cars, or the city thoroughfare, our hearts are filled with our own grief, and we fancy that upon ourselves alone is laid the burden of sorrow. A common mistake. Perhaps the seatmate in his silence is brooding over trouble which, if revealed, would make our own like the small dust of the balance.

CHAPTER II.

Aunt Betsey's Interview with the Policeman.

MRS. HORNER'S LETTER TO HER HUSBAND.
MY DEAR SILAS—I told you I would write as soon as I arrived in the city, and now, while my poor sick boy is asleep, I will try and do so.

I ought to have arrived at seven o'clock last evening, but the cars run off the track near Troy, and detained us two hours, and then the train met with an accident crossing a bridge, and five passengers were killed. We saw them removing one of the poor, mangled bodies, as we passed the place. (Do, pa, insure your life before you ever step foot upon a railroad again; and they tell me there is a society to insure in case of accidents. I shall attend to that before I return.) Well, you see, owing to these troubles we did not reach the city till two o'clock in the morning.

The cars were cold, and I thought I would go and warm myself by the stove. As I went forward I saw a very old man near the fire, looking feeble and tired; he appeared to be falling out of his seat, and unable to help himself. His cap had dropped from his head, and I saw that his hair was white as silver. I was going to ask him if he was sick, when a stout looking man of fifty came and said, "I'll raise you up, Mr. Cory," and then he lifted him and sat him down again, just as Nellie used to her big doll. Then he put the cap on his head, and asked him if he would take a little of his medicine. The old man nodded, and then drank a few swallows from a bottle. This revived him, and he looked round at me and asked, "Are you traveling with your husband?" I told him no, and asked him if he was ill. He said he was very tired, and I gave him some of my tea. The man who was with him told me that in ten days the old gentleman would be a hundred. Only think of it, St. I sat and looked at him, and thought how many events had happened in his life. Born in November, 1760, he has seen two terrible wars, and wonderful changes. He was very tired, and I wondered that his friends had not placed him in a sleeping car, where he could be more comfortable. Every few minutes he would slide out of his seat, and then his friend would come and set him up. Perhaps it was wicked in me, but I could not help thinking of the old man that Molly read about in one of Mr. Dickens's stories—Mr. Smallwood, that

used to slide down in that way, and have his cushion shaken, and be placed back in his seat just like this helpless old man.

"Pretty hard for the old gentleman!" said a stout, middle-aged man on the seat with me.

"I am so sorry for him," I said, "that I don't know how to sit still and do nothing to make him more comfortable."

"He'll be all tucked out before we get to New York. We're four hours behind time."

"Oh dear! I'm so sorry. I've a sick boy in New York, and I'm telegraphed to come to him, and I know he'll be worrying; and it's so bad for folks that have fevers to be troubled."

"How old is your son?"

"He's not my son, but he's just as near and dear. He's lived with me now to ten years, and he don't know any other father and mother than Mr. Horner and myself. He is now going on twenty."

"It has been a bad time for fevers this season, and the city ain't a good place for boys, anyhow. I have just been on West to buy a farm, where I can raise my three boys. I am a policeman, or rather was for five years, till I gave it up last summer."

I looked at him a little scared like, because I had never spoken to a policeman in my life; but he seemed such a nice sort of a man, and then again I said to myself, "He'll know a rogue, and perhaps I'm safer by him than I should be anywhere else." So we had quite a chat about bringing up boys, and he was right sensible in his notions. He knows all the wickedness of the city, and all the dangers which young men have to encounter. I know our Jim is a good boy, and can be trusted.

Pretty soon a man came along with a string of checks in his hand, and asked if I had any baggage. I had no notion of telling him what was none of his business to know, when the policeman said:

"It is all right, ma'am. Give him your check, and the number where you are going to stop, and he'll deliver your trunk to you to-morrow morning."

"And what do you ask," I said, "for that?"

"Half a dollar, ma'am."

"That's cheap enough," I said, and took out my purse.

"No," said the policeman, "wait till you get your trunk, and then pay."

It was two o'clock in the morning when we got to the city, and we found no carriages at the depot. The policeman said:

"Never mind, ma'am; if you are going into Sixth Avenue, it's only a short walk from here, and I will go with you, if you wish."

I thanked him, and I was more pleased than he thought, because I felt so strange and desolate at that time of night.

As we turned round the corner of Twenty-Seventh street, we saw a bright light in a basement room, and my companion said:

"You must be very hungry. Will you come in here and have some oysters?"

Now I was very hungry, for I had given all my doughnuts and cheese to a poor Irish woman with two little children in the cars, before we run off the track; and here it was two o'clock in the morning, and I had eaten nothing since noon. But I could not help laughing to myself as I thought of Aunt Betsey Horner, member of the 'Cutney church, "in good and regular standing," at two o'clock in the morning taking an oyster stew in a refreshment saloon with a perfect stranger, a New York policeman! So I said,

"No, I thank you, sir," and pretty soon we found the number where Jim boards. But here was another difficulty. We rung and rung, but nobody came to answer the bell. I knew it was the place, for I had my boy's letter, and I showed it to the policeman, who read the directions by the light of the street lamp. He rung, and then I rung, and we heard the noise of the bell, loud enough to wake old Deacon Beck, if he were there. I tell you, St., I never felt so curious in all my life as I did standing by that door. First the policeman would ring, and then I'd take a spell. Every once in a while he would say, "You had better go in and take some oysters," but I thanked him, and said no, for whenever he'd mention it, I'd just think how the folks would stare at me the next time I went to meeting at home. Maybe they'd turn me out of the church, and that would almost break your heart, St., wouldn't it? But I was so cold and hungry and tired, that it was a great temptation. I felt sorry to keep the policeman waiting, and I thought I would go to a hotel; but I knew poor Jim was in that house, and I began to be afraid that he was dead. This thought made me very desperate, and I gave the bell one hard pull, and waited a minute, when we heard a sound as of some one coming down stairs, and the next instant the key turned in the lock, and, St., what do you think? There stood our poor Jim, pale as a corpse and thin as a shadow, wrapped in a large shawl.

"Oh, Aunt Betsey, I am so glad to see you!" And he tottered, and would have fallen, but I put my arms right round him.

The policeman saw how it was, and he stepped in and helped him up stairs, up to the fourth story.

"Isn't there any body in the house to open the door for a sick man?" he asked.

"Our landlord is not a very good-natured man," he said, "and will not open the door at night."

"He's a brute," said the policeman, and he was going to say something else, but he looked at me and stopped.

You see, Jim expected me for certain, and he would not have any body stay with him that night, because he felt as if he wanted me to take care of him just as I used to do when he was a little boy. He heard the bell, but he was so sick he dared not venture down those long stairs.

The policeman was very kind, and offered to do anything for me. Then he gave me his name and number, and said if he could be of any service to

me while Jim was sick, to send for him. Now, St., when you read in the newspapers about the New York policemen, you must remember that there are some good, kind men among 'em, though some of the papers say very hard things of them.

Poor Jim was very faint and sick for a long time, and I was afraid the exertion of going to the door would put him back dreadfully. He was n't easy till I had made myself a cup of tea, which I did over a little gas stove—the drollest way of cooking that ever I heard of. Then I sponged him over in warm water, and rubbed him gently all he said, "I shall get well, Aunt Betsey, now you have come," and the tears stood in his eyes, and he choked as if he could n't say all he felt. Poor boy! How much he has needed me. It isn't pleasant for a young fellow to be sick in this great city, away from friends.

He has fallen asleep, and as I sit by him and look at his thin, pale face, I can't help thinking of my sister Lottie. I suppose it is because I used, to take care of her when she was a little girl, and I remember that her eye-lashes were long and dark, and looked like a long black silk fringe when she slept, and Jim's eye-lashes remind me so much of her's as I sit and watch him. It is strange that I should be thinking of her here in New York, when we never speak of her at home. I shall write to you every day till Jim is better.

Now, Nellie, you must take good care of the house. Be sure and turn the cheeses, and don't forget to give the hens some fresh meat. Stay at home evenings with your father, and read the newspaper to him if he asks you.

CHAPTER III.

Seeking Lodgings.

AUNT BETSEY'S SECOND LETTER.

MY DEAR HUSBAND—I know how anxious you are at home about Jim, and so I try to write to you; but I would rather do a washing than write a letter. Jim says that when he gets better he will do all the writing for me.

I told you in my last that the landlord here would not open the door when I came, and I see that he is one of those cross-grained creatures that will never open doors in this life to make the way easier for others. His name is O'Toole, and he has a wife, two children, and a dog. His wife is a poor, pale, meek-souled woman; who dares not say that her soul is her own, and who would be kind to others if her husband would permit. When Jim was taken sick, she came up to his room and offered to do anything in her power for him, but her husband told her that he could not have sick boarders in the house, and that Jim's friends must take him home; but one day a gentleman called and inquired for Jim, and said he would send some one to take care of him. Then O'Toole became very obsequious, for this gentleman is one of the partners in the store, and is a very noble-hearted as well as a rich man. So Jim was permitted to stay; but it is not pleasant here, for O'Toole is cross to his wife, and scolds his children so much that they run away from him whenever he comes in sight, while his dog receives all the caresses and kind words. Jim's room is noisy and dark, and the house is neither clean nor sweet. It has a smell of old soup and boiled cabbage. I am afraid it will be a long time before Jim will get well in such a place. I worried about it a great deal, and at last one day I said to the doctor:

"If I had this boy in my great south chamber at 'Cutney, I think he'd get better."

The doctor is a nice old gentleman with white hair, and a gold-headed cane, and he always calls me madam. He carries a gold snuff-box, and takes a pinch of snuff after he has asked his first questions about Jim. When I told him this, he took a pinch of snuff, then he smiled, and said:

"I wish, Mrs. Horner, that all my patients had a large airy room. I think I should be successful in healing more. But why not have a better place for your boy?"

"Can I, doctor? Will it do to move him?"

"I would risk a removal sooner than remaining here. The fever is a slow, intermittent. There would be no danger in removing him on such a fine day as this. If you could find two furnished rooms, where the air is better, and the house stiller and sweeter, I will risk the removal of the patient."

When he went away, Jim seemed so much pleased at the idea of getting out from this place, stifled air, that I pondered in my own mind how it could be brought about. John Hall came in just then. He is the friend who took care of Jim awhile before I came. He offered to find some rooms for me, but I felt just as if I preferred to see them myself. Well, as Jim was pretty comfortable that day, John said he would go and bring Jane Hooper, who knew all about the city, and would go with me, while he stayed with Jim. This plan pleased me, and while John went for the lady, I made myself ready. Very soon Miss Hooper came, holding in her hand a New York Herald.

"I have marked," she said, "a number of advertisements such as I think will answer our purpose, and there are a few in this vicinity."

It was new business to me, and I was guided by her entirely. She took out her pencil and marked one that ran thus:

"An elegant suite of rooms, completely furnished, No. 23 B. street."

That was the nearest, and we hastened there. We found the rooms on the fourth floor, the windows of the front one opening on the noisy street, and those of the back room upon a stable and a dismal row of rickety buildings, one of which seemed to be a dyeing establishment. The price charged was fifty dollars a week. Just think of that, St. I the same that we ask Miss Betsey a year for the little cottage and an acre of ground!

I came down, and went to the next one on the list:

"To RENT—Two nicely furnished rooms in

St. Stephen's Place, at a moderate rent if taken immediately."

We rung at the door of the house. A queer looking old man answered the bell. His clothes were shabby and ill-fitting, his eyes were black and sharp, and the balls looked dingy and smelled just like O'Toole's. "Boarding house smell," Miss Hooper said.

The old man led us up to the second story, into two unpapered rooms, with soiled carpets and old furniture. On the beds were red and white patchwork quilts. I whispered to Miss Hooper that we must n't waste time here, but she asked the old Jew—for such he was—his price per week for boarding and rooms. "In consideration of the locality," he thought thirty dollars per week would be about right. Why, St. I'd sooner board at old Miller's, whose little girl, without any hands, used to pick currants and berries for supper with her toes.

We came out, and went on to a large, nice house, on which was a notice, "Two furnished rooms to let."

"I think these may suit," said my companion. "It is a pleasant part of the city, and the house looks well on the outside."

I did n't reply, but I noticed that the door steps were unstepped, and the door itself was very dirty, especially round the knobs of the door-bell and handle—rather a bad sign, I thought.

The door was opened by a slovenly looking maid, who waited upon us into a large, cold, dark parlor. Now the air was very cold without, and when we came to sit down in this damp, cold room, I felt just as if I should catch the rheumatism at once. But I forgot all about it in a minute, for on the wall, just opposite the half-open shutter, and so that the only light in the room fell upon it, was a picture that looked so much like our Lottie, that I got up and opened the window shutter a little wider, that I might see it better. For all the world, St., it was so like my dear little sister that I loved so much and lost so young, that I could n't keep the tears from coming. It was a picture of her head and neck only, but she seemed floating in a cloud. There were her curls—those golden, sunny curls that everybody praised—and her long eyelashes, and the red lips, that used to love to kiss me. Oh St. it was so like her that I forgot where I was, and what I had come there for, when Miss Hooper said to me:

"Will you go up stairs to see the rooms?"

I turned round, and saw an old lady, older than myself, with very gray hair, all frizzled in two great bunches on each side of her face, and over these a head-dress of net and fringe and black and white beads. She wore a black dress, with three flounces on it, and I was sorry to see that it was ragged round the skirt, and that she had not brushed off the flour since she left the kitchen. She was so fine that I thought of my plain merino and straw bonnet and supposed of course she would not like me for a boarder. But she was very polite, and when I told her what I wished, I thought she was eager to have us come. We went up a dark staircase to a large front room. She apologized that the beds were not made—her servants were very lazy.

"You'll not find a nicer room in New York than this," she said; "here in this very room, and on that bed, General Eaton died; and General Washington once visited here. This room," opening the door into an adjoining chamber, "was occupied all last winter by the French Consul. See how he wore the carpet before the mirror—he attended so many balls and parties. I told my daughter that it was worth a great deal to have a gentleman who could talk French in the family."

I could n't say much, because she talked so fast, and whenever she stopped Miss Hooper would ask a question, and that set the lady talking again. I looked at the room, and thought if I could take up the carpet and shake it, and wash the bed clothes and windows, and clean the grate, and purify the room of the tobacco smoke, it would make a nice home for Jim, because the street was quiet and the room airy.

"What is your price?" asked Miss Hooper.

"Twenty dollars a week."

I was surprised at this, because others asked so much more; but I let Miss Hooper do the business.

"I hope you will conclude to come, ma'am," she said, turning to me. "I should n't ask any references, because, you see, I've lived in New York a great many years, and I know what people are at first sight. Your face is reference enough."

"Well, I ain't got much beauty to speak of," I said; "never had when I was a girl. All the beauty of the family went to one sister; but every body knows Aunt Betsey Horner in 'Cutney, and 'Uncle St., my husband, always pays as he goes."

"I hope you'll conclude to come here."

"If we do, we'll let you know this afternoon," said Miss Hooper. "You said you had lived in New York from your childhood. You must have seen great changes here."

"I reckon I have. Why, we lived in Prince street when I was a girl, and I remember when there were scarcely any houses above Eighth street."

"I have heard my uncle say that when he came here, in 1830, the streets in this part of the city were not laid out."

"No indeed, they were not," was the reply. "We came back to the parlor. It was cold and dark still, but the light from the one open shutter shone on the picture, and I could not resist the wish to look at it again."

"You like that picture, ma'am? It is the portrait of an English lady, painted by Sulley. It belonged to a gentleman who boarded here a little while, and then went to Europe. He told me not to let it be taken away by any one till he returned. There is an old man comes here once a week to look at it. He is the queerest looking mortal that I have ever seen, and he brought me fifty gold dollars once, and offered them to me if I would sell him the picture, but I didn't dare to do it, for fear I should get into trouble."

I thought to myself that I would give fifty dol-

Original Essays.

THE NATURAL EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS,
AND ITS CORRELATION TO PHYSICAL FORCES.

BY DYER D. LUM.

For years it has been an admitted principle of Natural Philosophy that no particle of matter can be destroyed or annihilated; but it is only in recent times that the indestructibility of Force has in like manner been demonstrated and admitted as an unquestioned principle. I move my arm, and the force therein exercised is not annihilated when my arm is again in a position of rest. I bring two bodies together; for instance, strike a table or other substance with a hammer. When I cease, what becomes of the motion, if indestructible? Philosophy answers, that it is converted into heat. What is "lost" in one mode of force is gained in the other. From this data, first observed by Rumford, philosophers have slowly advanced, adding fact to fact, till to-day we know that all force is preserved, and Motion, Gravity, Heat, Light, Electricity and Chemical Affinity have been shown to be correlative—convertible from the one into the other—different manifestations of the same force.

We propose to take up the question of consciousness and examine its connection with these various manifestations of force.

In considering the various manifestations of consciousness and their derivation, we must first seek to analyze it and ascertain in what it consists and what limits are assigned to its manifestations in organic nature. But, first, let it be understood that it is an unquestioned scientific truth that "the MATTER constituting the living world is identical with that which forms the inorganic world," and that the FORCES exerted by living beings are identical with the forces which exist in the inorganic world, or they are convertible into them. The same force of cohesion exists alike in the bone and the chalk; the force of gravity is expressed in the muscular contractile power of the animal, and digestion is carried on as well in the laboratory of the chemist as in the stomach. Even if we investigate still closer, we find the nervous forces correlated to electricity, "so that we come to the broad conclusion," says Prof. Huxley, "that not only as to living matter itself, but as to the forces that matter exerts, there is a close relationship between the organic and the inorganic world—the difference between them arising from the diverse combination and disposition of identical forces, and not from any primary diversity, as far as we can see."

To this point—the correlation of forces in organic and inorganic nature, and the identity of the essential features of life from the lowest to the highest form in nature—we are led by the light of Science; but here, on the very threshold of consciousness, she pauses and fears to tread. Let us, firmly grasping this light, venture to peer into its dim recesses, and see if our light will dissolve the dark shadows and reveal harmonious and symmetrical figures. Let us first direct our attention to the highest manifestation of consciousness in nature—Man. We speak of man as a conscious, intelligent being. What do we mean by these terms? Do we use intelligence as a synonym of consciousness, or can one exist without the other? The manifestation of consciousness we hold to be intelligence in the generic sense of the word. The result of thought, or the manifestation of mind, are not definitions, for what is this mind, or process of thought, that thus antedates the evolution of intelligence? Intelligence is popularly applied to the higher and more complex manifestations of consciousness, but is, in the abstract, synonymous with consciousness, and like it divisible into greater and lesser degrees of power or perfection.

We will take the most common manifestation of intelligence—choice, desire, and its antagonistic expression, aversion, repulsion—and see whether they will lead us. When we see an animal make the same manifestation of choice or aversion under the same circumstances as in the human is the expression of intelligence, we are told it is instinct. But a line of demarcation between them cannot be drawn, and a rigid scientific inquiry, requiring precise definitions, must admit that similar manifestations of choice or aversion in precisely similar circumstances, are one and identical; but, owing to its higher development—its greater individualization—in man, in consequence of higher and better conditions, we term it intelligence only.

Nature in her great Stone Book and in every form of life testifies to the gradual growth of the human race from a lower condition. We also see evidence of this in the study of language. Language is the result of growth—of accumulated experiences. As in the individual instance, so in the history of Language. The first rudiments of language would consist of a few articulate sounds, by which to make known their wants and wishes—their animal desires. Adam Smith thought that the first rude attempt would consist in giving names to familiar objects, that is, in forming nouns substantive. Adjectives and words expressing quality are of a more abstract nature. It is this gift of language that separates man from the brute, raises him from the domain of "instinct" to that of "intelligence." Yet we hear it gravely asserted that man was created pure and perfect, and that through sin he has fallen into a state of barbarism and degradation. As far back as we can trace man in history we find him in a state of ignorance and polytheism. "Shall we assert that in more ancient times," says Hume, "before the knowledge of letters, or the discovery of any art or science, men entertained the principles of pure theism? That is, while they were barbarous and ignorant, they discovered truth, but fell into error as soon as they acquired learning and politeness. We might as reasonably imagine that men inhabited palaces before huts and cottages, or studied geometry before agriculture, as assert that the deity appeared to them a pure spirit, omniscient, omnipotent, and omnipresent, before he was apprehended to be a powerful though limited being, with human passions and appetites, limbs and organs."

It is also untrue to assert that sin is the cause of man's degraded condition. Instead of sin bringing death into the world, we confidently assert it to be the Saviour of mankind, as only through sin, suffering, and sorrow, has man ever progressed. Had there been no sin, there could have been no progress—no knowledge, for only by its contrast with error are we conscious of the beauty and grandeur of truth.

But to return. This division of consciousness into intelligence and instinct, is then but a difference in degree—in development—and results from man's inordinate pride, who would fain forget his derivation. Being then but the expression of human vanity and not founded in nature, we must admit instinct to be intelligence, or a form or manifestation of consciousness, a less refined exhibition of the same principle.

The animal world is so intimately connected with the vegetable world through a long line of

graduations that we are again puzzled where to locate the first manifestation of consciousness. Where in the animal kingdom shall we locate the first crude manifestation of like and dislike? Scientific research can designate no member of the animal kingdom but what the form next lower in the scale of nature possesses the same principle though in a lesser degree, and in thus trying to locate its limits we run over into the vegetable kingdom, as there exists no boundary line between them. And here again we trace out the manifestation of the same expression of like and dislike. The plant manifests choice and aversion, in the spreading out of its tiny roots and delicate feelers; in its selection of what tends to preserve and beautify its existence, and in its avoidance of whatever tends to injure it. Is not this consciousness, or modified intelligence? We say no, because we have been accustomed to regard intelligence only as associated with reason, judgment, and other attributes of the human mind. And here again we may trace the manifestation of choice and aversion through the various forms of vegetable life till we have arrived at its simpler mode of expression—chemical affinity—and find that the laws of crystallization are developed into, or correlated to, the laws of vegetable growth.

Thus a strict philosophical analysis shows us that from human intelligence down, through "instinct," "force of nature," or vegetable growth, even to chemical affinity there is but the manifestation of the same Force in different degrees owing to the external conditions and refinement of substance.

Are we then to conclude that intelligence is an attribute of Matter? by no means; we cannot so conclude. The stream cannot rise above its fountain, and in man we find this intelligence acquiring a permanency that elevates it above all known manifestations of matter, though never distinct from matter in a greater or lesser degree of refinement. The Laws of the Persistence and Correlation of Forces show us that chemical affinity is one of the modes of manifestation of Force. Now we have seen that the affinity existing between two objects was a simple expression of choice—desire—consequently intelligence—though allow me again to repeat not human intelligence, but intelligence independent of its human relationship, the simplest expression of consciousness. The manifestation of this force in its simplest form is motion; the same force is now heat, there light, here electricity; in a more complex situation, or under the influence of more complex conditions, becomes chemical affinity. In accordance with the law of the Persistence or Conservation of Force, we would look for a higher and more complex manifestation of this force and a higher and more complex expression of choice or aversion in higher and more complex forms, and such is the case. The force that causes the particles of matter to be drawn together each to its own affluencing particle, and forms the beautiful crystal or the frost vegetation on your window-panes, would necessarily under higher conditions produce higher and purer manifestations; and so we may go on through the various higher manifestations of this great force till we arrive to man.

In this great primordial Force we have the Infinite, the I AM; the only Existence. All else is but the manifestation of this force, its petrified forms. These manifestations we may study and search out, but can never arise to the knowledge of this Absolute Force. Therefore it needs must follow that intelligence, whether human, animal, vegetable, or mineral—in its higher or lower forms, is no more an attribute of this Infinite Cause than the correlative forces, light, heat, or motion.

I know that it may be objected that Consciousness is persistent and never again becomes converted into other modes of force. If so, what becomes of it on the dissolution of the vegetable, the death of the animal? By the Law of the Persistence of Force it must still continue to exist, and as it does not retain its identity, we conclude that on the dissolution of the outward form, the removal of the controlling conditions, it ceases to be intelligence and becomes converted into a correlative form of force. In man we find this force sufficiently individualized to retain its identity, though never independent of physical form or conditions. Whether in the great future it will ever lose that identity and become convertible into another form of force, or become united to its great source, finite minds cannot now assert, though we find it asserted from the spirit-life that we live in cycles and repeat ourselves in cycles.

Therefore we are led by strict scientific inductions to conclude that intelligence is but the manifestation of Force and cannot exist as a totality—as a distinct entity—a reservoir from which we derive it, for it is an effect of Force, and like its correlatives, Motion, Gravity, Heat, &c., is but a manifestation of this Absolute Force. Therefore the Persistence of Consciousness is the Persistence of Force as modified by condition. We cannot therefore reasonably conclude that it exists as such independent of its mode of manifestation, and being but one mode only, cannot be the Great Force itself.

Heat is convertible into other modes of force, yet owing to conditions it is enabled to retain its identity as heat, yet we know that heat does not exist as an entity, as a totality. The greater the degree of heat the greater the tenacity with which it retains its identity. The same is true of light—electricity, &c., and consequently we look for the same result in consciousness, which is likewise individualized and influenced by conditions. It is not the offspring of spirit, but the cause and origin of spirit. Each higher manifestation, therefore, requires greater power to convert it into another form of force.

As the consciousness of the animal will survive the effect that suffices to dispel the consciousness of the vegetable, even as that retains its hold with a greater tenacity than that of the mineral, so the higher and more complex manifestation of consciousness in man should not be destroyed, dispelled, or lose its identity, by what would suffice to accomplish that end in the animal, as the study of facts gives us the Law that

Persistence of Consciousness is but the Persistence of Force.

So the comparison of these various degrees of development and the power requisite to transform them into an equivalent mode of force leads us to the conception of this higher Law:

The Individualization of Consciousness is the natural sequence of its Development.

Or, in other words—

The Development of Consciousness is the expression of its power of retention.

On this Law we base our philosophic belief in the continued existence of human intelligence. By this Law we must needs look for a greater retention of Identity in man than in the dog or the horse. What suffices to destroy Identity in them, consequently, we are led to positively affirm will not so act upon its human mode of manifestation, else our consciousness is on a similar plane and not a higher development.

But, it will be urged, this conflicts with the dogma of man's immortality. We grant it, for the endless existence of human intelligence is a subject that science cannot handle—it transcends the finite limits of experience, and we must rest satisfied with his "continued existence" as taught by Nature. More she does not teach. Nowhere does she teach the dogma of immortality of forms or manifestation, but is ever expressing the evanescent nature of forms and the immortality only of Force. This great truth of nature, change—the destruction of identity—has ever been the great weapon of the materialist and it is one that the advocates of immortality cannot meet only by asserting that absurd and unphilosophical doctrine, recently revived by M. Jean Reynaud, that "our soul has lived before its birth in other worlds." But by this great Law of Nature, which we have endeavored to faintly trace out, instead of an objection, it becomes an evidence of man's continued existence.

If man is an outgrowth from the lower forms of life, his evolution has been slow and gradual. At what degree of intelligence shall we locate the first possessor of the immortal spark? We cannot assert that the child possessed an immortality denied to the parent, for this is not conformable with creation by Law. By no other mode of reasoning than that herein pursued are these facts explicable. The progressive development of consciousness being alight, our Law teaches us that its power of retaining identity would be in exact proportion, and that the consciousness of primitive man would be more likely to become converted into force than that of a more highly developed individual. Thus we arrive to the realization of the fact that the spirit-world is the result of Law, and that spirit-life is but one link in the progressive chain of consciousness, and like Earth-life, is governed and controlled by the same Laws or Forces, for Law is but the Method of Force. By no other process of reasoning can all the manifestations of consciousness be generalized into a law that accounts for the natural evolution of spirit-life and its origin; that connects the various manifestations of consciousness from its simplest expression to spirit-existence and places it within the proper limits of scientific research.

Though through this Law we arise to a conviction of our continued identity after the death of the physical form, yet we cannot search out the nature of this Force, but only see it through its varied manifestations as Motion, Gravity, Heat, Light, Electricity, Chemical affinity, Vegetable force, Animal instinct, Human intelligence and Spirit-existence and conclude that "the difference between them arises from the diverse combination and disposition of identical forces, and not from any primary diversity."

TOO FAST, AND TOO AVARICIOUS.

We American people are fearfully overworked. There is a rush of physical life, to the dearth of intellectual and spiritual progress.

Before the time arrives when our sons are fitted to leave their schools, all the influences of pure time are urging them to hasten out into the world, and commence their career of money making. The pater familias has probably lived at the top of his means, and the increased expenses of his family, as the sons and daughters arrive toward maturity, make it necessary for the sons to give their assistance toward its support, toward the paying of high rents, the procuring of luxurious furniture and costly dress, and also to provide for themselves the means of sustaining similar establishments.

Thus is the burden assumed at the very entrance into life, which must press on with increasing weight through all its weary length, shutting out the possibility of culture, concentrating all of life in the sole pursuit of the almighty dollar.

In social life, the evil is equally great. The ladies find their time crowded with the cares of an elaborate system of housekeeping, of visiting without the aim of improvement, and often without that of enjoyment even, and to these the added duties of dressing, shopping and sewing, leave them little time for higher pursuits.

They grow hard and unlovely with the pressure of these frivolous labors, and sink into that physical and old age which is so pitiful when unredeemed by that glorious development of spirit which bestows upon its possessor immortal youth—"those truths which find us young, and always keep us so." God through the Psalmist gives to those who seek it this promise: "Your youth shall be renewed like the eagle's."

How have these faded faces missed that light inheritance! Those brows wrinkled with petty cares, those lips of hard unlovely lines, those eyes vacant of the light of noble truths!

Do not our preachers preach to the people of better things? Yes, with their lips, but not with their lives. They dwell in costly houses, they sit at luxurious tables, they drive expensive equipages; they, the shepherds, set up to their flocks this standard of living which makes the pursuit of money such a dire necessity.

Where then shall we look for aid? What power can speak to this people in words of such immortal melody that they shall stop to listen? Shall tell them of the glances which, comes from high thoughts of the beauty which flows from fine culture? Shall tell them of the dignity of simple homes, where noble guests can be nobly entertained in the fullness of intellectual and spiritual sympathy? Shall arouse them as nations now are arousing to throw off the false kingships to which they have so long submitted?

A simpler standard of living, one which can be obtained without the costly sacrifices which we are now paying to the external, can alone remedy these evils—simple houses, simple appointments, dignified by the light of fine culture, and made blessed by tender love to humanity.

Spiritualism recognizes the superiority of the interior life; should it not make provision for its culture? It notes the shortcomings of the Christian churches; should it not arouse them by high examples? Is it doing so? NEW CHURCH.

San Lorenzo, Cal.

Rockford, Ill.

I find in the 6th chapter of Mark, 4th and 5th verses, these words: "Jesus said unto them, a prophet is not without honor, but in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own house. And he could there do no mighty work, save that he laid his hand upon a few sick folk, and healed them."

This passage of Scripture seems to be more applicable to the time in which it was written than the present; for there are many even in our midst who do not open their hands in a "few sick folk," but as and describe spirits, speak in unknown tongues, prophesy of the future, speak to large audiences, the spirits giving them utterance, &c.

Dr. E. C. Dunn, our respected fellow townsman, a able expounder of our beautiful philosophy, a healer of the sick, and discernor of spirits, accepted an invitation from the society of Spiritualists in this city, to lecture for them in Wood's Hall, each Sunday during the month of February last. His lectures were highly instructive to those who avowed his views, and were also calculated to arouse an investigating spirit in the other portion of his audience, which was composed of members from most of the different denominations, the numbers increasing with each lecture. The last night there were upward of one thousand present. We consider his lectures in this city more than a success, and as Spiritualists, ought to feel grateful to him for his earnest and untiring efforts as a laborer amongst us at home, as well as abroad, in the glorious cause of liberty. His engagements for each Sunday are all made until next August; after that he purposes going eastward, where I do not doubt he will meet with the success he merits, both as a speaker, and in clairvoyant examinations. M. MOULTON.

Rockford, Ill., March 3, 1867.

Spiritual Phenomena.

The Remarkable Case in Brooklyn.

Such as refuse to look into cases of trances when duly presented to their attention by Spiritualists, are sometimes compelled to do it when authenticated by their physician. Only give such cases the title of "orthodox" and "regular," and the over sharp optics of prejudiced blind men are as quick to see what is to be seen as anybody else.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., as we are informed in detail by the Daily Eagle newspaper of that city, there lies a young lady who has been without nourishment for the term of seven weeks, but is attacked by spasms of frightful intensity, and afterwards remains in a state of perfect rigidity, during the continuance of which she is in a trance condition. Since the 6th of August last, her senses have every one been taken from her. She neither sees, smells, tastes, hears, or touches. She lies, while in the trance, mostly with her head placed in her right hand, and her limbs drawn up and fearfully contorted. There is scarcely any flesh on her, and her hands are like bird's claws. Dying all this time, since the 6th of August last, she has not slept, either by night or day, as her attendants conscientiously testify. She is but nineteen years of age, one of several children of respectable parents, and has been attended only by a physician of the regular faculty so far, her friends refusing to admit that there is anything in the case that spirits have done, or can do for her relief and restoration.

She was a very diligent child at her studies, and is believed to have overworked her brain and entire nervous system at school. She applied herself so intensely as to make it necessary to take her out entirely, her health suddenly breaking down. She took to horseback riding to restore the vigor of her system, and unluckily received a hard fall from her horse. Then in the act of getting out of a street railroad car, she caught by her hoops and was thrown to the ground, and afterwards dragged a distance, by which the injuries she received fearfully aggravated her previous ones. Step by step she went down, parting with her nervous forces rapidly, and one by one losing the use of her senses. First her sight left her, then her power of smell, then of hearing, and now she exists in a living tomb. What causes the most remark among those who have heard of this wonderful case, is the fact that she has not slept at all for now seven months! During that time she has been in a trance state, and would write with astonishing rapidity whatever it might be given her to communicate. In this clairvoyant condition, she is thus described:

"Her eyes close, the ears are dead to sound, the muscles cease to act, respiration is hardly perceptible, and once or twice a state of ecstasy, indicative of mental unsteadiness, has resulted. These seasons last for four days to two hours each. When in this condition, she is powerfully clairvoyant in her faculties. She can tell the time by several watches variously set to deceive her, read unopened letters, decipher the contents of a slate, and repeats what 'Mrs. Grundy says,' by serving up the gossip of the neighborhood. She appears to possess the faculty of second sight to a remarkable degree. In this condition she lays herself out straight, folds her arms, if able, and stares in a look of unmeaningness with calm, eternal eyes at the ceiling. Thus, in all the appearance of death, she remains until she is mysteriously relieved to be plunged into the spasmodic state, which includes trismus and tetanus as well. The spasms cause paroxysms of the muscles of voluntary motion, and produce an incurvation of the spine to an alarming degree; in one case she rolled up like a hoop, her head and feet touching. She then became curved the other way for some hours. In the spasms as in the trances the action of the organs of excretion is natural and normal, while the respirations differ materially; in the former she is continually in motion, her convulsions absolutely painful to witness and almost entirely beyond control. And yet amid all this idiosyncratic action her mind is as clear as ever, enabling her to smile at a good joke, and compliment the maker thereof."

On a recent occasion, she fell into a deep trance while sitting in a chair, her head fell back, the limbs straightened out, the hands were clenched in a gripe which no power could break, and a cold condition of the body prevailed. Thus she remained—a living corpse—the incarnation of vitalized death—for several days, when the muscular rigidity ceased, except in her right arm and lower limbs. During all this time she could neither hear, see, feel, taste nor smell; all the avenues to life and communication were cut off. To test this, the flesh was perforated with pins, knives were used and the most powerful blisters applied to the cuticle, but without the least visible effect. The nerves were thoroughly paralyzed through them, and the prostrate girl, living in the rigidity of death, remained unconscious of the usually painful operations performed upon her. The strongest mustard plaster will have no more effect upon the appearance of her skin, even, than would an application of water. Even burns show no result; every function appeared as if held in abeyance, every avenue of communication obstructed.

At first, a homoeopathic physician was summoned to the case, but his remedies proving inefficient, hydropathic treatment followed, and she was nearly washed into her grave. Next an allopathy, or "regular," physician was called, who began by administering food and nourishment by forcing the same under the cuticle by enemata, and for the first time in seven weeks, the tracheal muscles of the patient relaxed slightly, and her physician, by forcing the pliable extension of a throat syringe by the obstructed point, was enabled to inject a little soup and milk punch into the stomach.

The name of the physician is S. Fleet Speir, a gentleman of large practice and wide repute in Brooklyn, and, though no believer in Spiritualism, obliged from the force of circumstances to keep quiet on the statement of his patient's powers of clairvoyance while in the trance state. He thinks now that he may be able to get the nervous forces under control, and is laboring with assiduity for that purpose. The report in the Eagle goes on to state that during her illness all her teeth have decayed, and by the aid of chloroform the jaws have been sufficiently opened to permit them to be extracted. When the eyelids are pulled open, to effect which requires some considerable force, the eyeballs are found so turned up that only the white of them can be seen.

At times she has been able temporarily to talk a little through her clenched teeth. To effect communication at other times she had invented an alphabet, and by the few motions left to her left hand is enabled to indicate on a pillow or book, her condition to her attendants. At times she writes with her left hand upon a paper placed upon the top of her head, producing a chirography and composition of which no one need be ashamed.

Her sufferings are usually severe, and during the spasms her pain appears intense. The approach of a spasm is indicated by her head slowly moving from side to side, which is soon succeeded by a very rapid motion of the head in the same manner, the oscillations being so rapid as to be

counted only with much difficulty. This break-neck process continues for hours. During these seasons of suffering, her strength is such that she cannot be controlled. At one time three physicians and three able-bodied attendants found themselves unable to detain a hold upon her, and she bounded in spite of them from the bed, striking her head violently upon the floor. This accident caused her skin to become discolored in spots, an effect which could not be attained in the earlier months of her disease, not even by mustard plasters or poultice.

Her lower limbs are drawn closely up to the body and so twisted that one passes twice over and once under the other. Right and cramped she passes her days and nights, and is stated during all her illness not to have had a moment of sleep! This is stated by the attendants, who are persons entitled to credit.

For months she has eaten in all only two spoonfuls of punch, two of wine, two small bits of cracker, and a small portion of banana, although she has been sustained by food introduced into the system by the pores and under the skin. She rarely perspires, and is not particularly susceptible to cold, but complains somewhat of heat. She can tell the time of day on a watch by passing her hand over the crystal, also across her room, which is always kept dark. She reads letters which are unopened, and writes out their contents correctly. Can tell the coming of a thunder storm hours in advance. Has told the City Hall fire bell would ring five minutes before an alarm was actually given. Will at times go through a pantomime of being at a party, or as if dancing, playing upon the piano, etc. Imitates parties out on a hunting expedition, acting the hunter, the dog, the report of the gun, and even does not forget to consult the usual pocket flask in pantomime. She works embroidery in colors, with remarkable facility, has made some very fine specimens of slippers and smoking caps, and one large afghan. In the ornamental centre of which appear the fancifully wrought initials of a valued friend.

At one time she cut out over her head with her left hand in one day three hundred velvet leaves for slipper ornaments, with wonderful precision, and the result was that she lost the use of her left fore finger, a very serious deprivation when it is remembered that she then could use but three. Thus cut off, she wrote a very finely penned note with her toes; her lower limbs at that time being relieved of the accustomed rigidity.

She describes persons at the door of her house before they enter, details the actions of her friends in New York and elsewhere.

At one time she announced to an attendant that her doctor had been or soon would be robbed, and the next day a person stole a very valuable set of instruments from his reception office.

She will tell the colors of worsted held behind her head, and by her crocheting in colors shows that she must enjoy the sight known as clairvoyance.

Without pretending to give anything like an opinion, much less like advice, in this case, we should omit to do our nearest duty if we did not say that cases of this character are sent to baffle the skill of the old school theorists in medicine, and direct their attention to the new methods of spirit healing which are proving themselves on all sides by such frequent and powerful testimony. It is insisted by those who claim to know, that this young lady is obsessed, and that the evil spirits can be made to quit the tenement they have forcibly taken possession of, and afford immediate relief and peace to the sufferer, if spirits of another sort are allowed to enter. But disbelief prevents it; and it is no doubt for the sake of breaking down the barriers of this disbelief that we have the report of so apparently strange an experience. But the law is a plain one, and if it be read and interpreted, may be obeyed. Call in the spirits that are ready and able to relieve this poor girl, and restore her at once to a normal condition. That would be done now, were it not for the obstinate blindness of those who surround her. Her physician of course will not at present hear to it. Yet even he can neither explain nor cure that clairvoyant power which is so actively developed in his patient while in one of her trance conditions, supervening upon her spasms. We think that all these cases are given to prepare the public mind and the medical profession for the necessity of abandoning exploded theories and resorting to spirit power for cures.

A Woman for Consul.

The following correspondence will be read with interest. The right of competent women to hold positions of honor and trust is about to be tested. We shall look with interest for the decision of the executive branches of our Government. Mrs. Bond, the applicant for a consularship, is a sister of Rev. Dr. Lord, of Buffalo, and is a talented woman, fully competent to fill such a position.

Mr. EDITOR—Dear Sir: I wish to put you in possession of some facts which will undoubtedly not only interest the readers of your Journal, but may be of practical benefit. On the principle of giving honor to whom honor is due, the Executive Department of this nation deserve much credit. This you will believe when I tell you that some time last fall I applied to the President of the United States for an office. He asked me what I wanted; I replied, "A consularship." He at once said, "Make out your application, and I will send it to the Secretary of State," which promise he fulfilled.

The Secretary of State ordered the application filed, and offered me the first opening in Great Britain. It was after this that the question of negro and woman suffrage was discussed in Congress, at which time it was decided that women should be excluded and the negro invested with the right of suffrage! Whereupon I gave the Secretary of State, in writing, my views and wish on the subject, which I transcribe and send with this for publication.

The inquiry being taken, I have the promise from the President that my nomination for a consularship shall be sent in to the Senate for confirmation. Some men in high position who have heretofore fallen in with the popular idea of woman stepping out of her sphere in holding office, &c., have come to admit the palpable inconsistency so recently manifested in our National Congress, and the justice of the desire to test the magnanimity of that body of men; therefore highly approve of the spirit of the letter alluded to.

Some of my personal friends may be glad to know of my prospects. And I hope the Ship of State will not sink lower because woman is taken on board!

Yours very truly,

FRANCES LORD BOND.

Washington, D. C., March 4, 1867.

HON. WM. H. SEWARD—Dear Sir: As I am deprived the privilege of a personal interview—unless hereafter you choose to grant it—I take this method to transmit to you for due consideration a scheme or plan I have, which I think will severely test the radical portion of Congress, in regard to their apparent desire for justice and human elevation, as ostensibly manifested in the recent decision of that body on the question of negro suffrage in the District of Columbia. As you are aware, it was then and there urged that woman's capacities and intelligence should entitle her to at least equal privileges with the negro. And the staunchest champions of the doctrine of negro suffrage practically ignored the idea of woman standing on an equality with the descendants of Ham in the race for freedom. Have virtually placed ignorance and degradation in advance of reason and intellect. And all this

under the garb and in the name of the spirit of true Republicanism! Leaving this anomaly for all nations to view with astonishment, and without further comment, I will say what I wish the Executive Department would do.

Your son informed me of your kindness in having my application for a consulship filed, &c. Now, if at this crisis in our national affairs, my appointment could be sent to the Senate of the United States for confirmation, I would willingly forego all the emoluments of the office for the sake of the principle involved. During the discussion in the Senate, the argument was raised by the Senator from Massachusetts, (Sumner), that when woman was ready for these things she would ask for them—implying that she would get them. As woman's representative, then, I ask to have that honorable body of men pass through the ordeal of a test trial of their magnanimity, by being asked to confirm a woman's appointment to office, and see if the results prove that justice and equality can be legitimately inscribed on their banner. Hoping this may meet your favorable notice, I am, yours very respectfully,

FRANCES LORD BOND.

Washington, Dec. 21, 1866.

Mr. SEWARD—Dear Sir: Inclosed you will find a statement of my wishes, embodying what I have not been able to give you verbally; therefore I commit in writing a matter I hope may be approved by those standing at the Executive helm of the nation.

Will you oblige me by placing before your father the letter I have addressed to him? and I will call for his answer at the Department of State. Yours respectfully,

FRANCES LORD BOND.

Mr. FREDERICK SEWARD,
Assistant Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.

Mediumship of J. V. Mansfield.

Will you permit me to call attention to the peculiar mediumship of our brother above named, not for the purpose of exalting him above all others, but to direct attention to most wonderful phenomena, and to subserve the cause of spiritual truth? I am not a Spiritualist of the common order; that is to say, I am not a pantheistic, humanitarian, or merely natural Spiritualist, (reserving to myself the right to interpret these several terms), but I am a Christian Spiritualist, of the liberal Swedenborgian school. And so of course, I am not prepared to endorse even the general account which the communicating spirits give of theological truth; but I still am no bigot, no exclusive, and devoutly recognize this modern outbreak from the spiritual world as a great and providential commencement of a new era, both for the church and the world. I have more faith in the power of *cell* spirits than most of the Spiritualist community, and in the horrible temptations and perversions of genuine truth which they are continually engaged in. And I believe that I could lift a warning voice to the multitudes of believers in simple spiritual communication, to beware, not simply of ignorant and unprogressed spirits, but of willing tempters and destroyers of souls. There is a vast difference between "spirits" and "angels." And in the words of Swedenborg: "They who are simply called spirits infuse falsities, inasmuch as they reason against the truth, and are in the delight of their life when they can make what is true to appear as false, and what is false to appear as true; but they who are called angels, do not act into the delusions and conceivings of man, and sent in a moment what man desires; if this be good, they bend it most cunningly into evil, and are in the delight of their life when they can make good to be perceived as evil, and evil as good. It was permitted them to act into my desires, that I might know of what nature they are, and how they act; and I can confess, that unless the Lord had guarded me by angels, they would have perverted my desires into conceivings of evil, and this in a manner so hidden and silent, that I should scarcely have perceived anything about it."—A. C. 5677.

We cannot doubt the truth of the above statement, and many more of a similar character which abound in the writings of the Swedish seer.

Now, we do not think that any medium is perfectly safe from these infestations; and indeed, it is not for doctrine, for Christian truth, that we should ever chiefly think of consulting them. But for evidences of another life, for identification of personality, for the assurance of the dear guardianship of friends, relatives and companions, for the absolute demonstration of the great truth of immortality and the nearness and intimate communion of the spirit-world, on which the churches generally are so profoundly ignorant, and for advice sometimes in difficult cases, but with great care—*for all this*, and much more of a similar nature, we do hail the modern movement, with all its evils and perversions, with joy and thankfulness of heart. But we are still pained and sorrowful at the vast amount of deception, false doctrine and horrible temptation that are through this channel, imposed upon the world. Let every one seek purity of heart, and enter on these awful precincts with the best and holiest spirit he can possibly command.

But I began with a desire to call attention to the mediumship of Mr. J. V. Mansfield, No. 102 West Fifteenth street, New York. I have known this gentleman for several years. I have had several communications through him. Mostly, I have consulted my old familiar friend, Professor George Bush, formerly a preacher of the Swedenborgian order, and now known as a writer and a scholar. The evidences of identity I have received from him are most remarkable. I have invariably sent my communications under sealed envelope, and under such circumstances as utterly to forbid all thought of deception or intrigue on the part of the medium. I consider him a medium of the highest order for such communications. I have generally numbered my questions from one to eight or ten, and the answers have invariably come back numbered in the same order, with surprising accuracy. Moreover, I detect the handwriting of the Professor, such as it used to be while he was on earth—modified somewhat, of course, by employing the medium's hand to write with, but still the old clography plainly visible. And what has surprised me most of all, is the employment of words in a connected train which by no possibility could have been from the mind of the medium. Sometimes we are told that but little reliance can be placed on these communications, for the reason that so much of the medium's own ideas and style would flow in with the spirit communication; and no doubt this is so in many instances—with many mediums at least. But in one or two instances of my experience with Mr. Mansfield, I have had positive assurance that parts of the communication, at least, could not have been suggested by anything in the mind of the medium, even the very words being none of his, but exactly and particularly another's. Once, for instance, the dying words of my departed sister were written back to me, in this sentence: "Come now, for all things are ready." This was the call, she said, that she heard from the spirit-world when she was dying. Now, if the medium could write me those words so correctly, how much reason have I to suspect the mixing of his own ideas and language with the rest of the communication? But a more curious instance is in the following, which occurred in the answer to a letter which I got from Professor Bush a few days ago:

After a long epistle to him, I happened to say at the bottom, "Give my love to Starr King, Warren Burton, Dr. Wiley, Mrs. Greenway and Father Waldo." These were all old friends of mine, now in the spiritual world. And interestingly enough when my answer came, which was a most particular reply to all I had written, and went into such minute details of events and occurrences which were strictly private, and which Mr. Mansfield nor any other person on earth could have known, there was a cross line written on the margin of the paper, "I will pass your compliments to all friends enumerated in your note: King, Burton, Wiley, Greenway and Waldo."

Now, this I consider a perfect triumph over all the obstructions of time and eternity. Here I send my love through the spiritual regions of an eternal world, and get a response back again that so it should be done! Thanks and joy, oh God, for such things!

But Mr. Editor, I have described my experience with the power now granted to us so wonderfully, and I cannot conclude without testifying to the great excellence of Mr. Mansfield's mediumship, and the great satisfaction I have derived from it. His charges are somewhat higher than those of most mediums, but we understand it is necessary, on account of his strength, to keep up the power. But for those who have the ability, it is certainly a great privilege to indulge in, and a most worthy cause to support.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1867.

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WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.
LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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

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

Ten Years.

We have been in existence as THE BANNER OF LIGHT for just ten years. In newspaper life, that is a long time, particularly in an era of such remarkable changes and rapid revolutions. In looking over the first number of the BANNER and reading our Salutatory again, we realize with great vividness the experiences through which we have been taken; and our thousands of readers with us, in that eventful interval. From a small beginning a great result has undoubtedly been reached. Had none but material resources and aid been ours, we do not hesitate to say that it never would have been possible to reach the position on which the BANNER stands so firmly to-day. It is the angels above, the invisible intelligences who, in harmony with our own best judgment, counseled, directed and sustained us from the very beginning, to whom we owe all, and are glad to make our sincere acknowledgment of gratitude. Had this paper swerved at all from the straight and direct course they mapped out, it is not likely that we should now be holding the pen that records these sincere expressions of thanks. Only as it listened and obeyed, only as it willingly and with singleness of purpose did the will of the angels above for the comfort and assistance of mortals below, has it grown to the stature of influence and power which are now conceded to it on every side among those who rest in the religion of Spiritualism their hopes for themselves and the race.

At another time it will become more appropriate to enter on a recital, somewhat in detail of the leading points of the BANNER's career. We make this temporary halt now because we have come to a landmark in the journey, which it would argue indifference in us to overlook. To have reached the Tenth Year with a Spiritual Journal is cause for at least a moment's congratulation. Those who have gone along with us in our work will certainly rejoice to be assured that their co-operation has not been in vain; and not merely that, but has resulted in establishing their favorite publication on rock foundations. They will of course be glad to know that they wrought effectively with us, and that they were but doing angelic service for mortals in what they did in our support. We thank them, too, and try to share their satisfaction at finding how effective their labor and contributions have proved.

The BANNER OF LIGHT is strong, because it thus reposes on resources that cannot well fail it. It acknowledges the mysterious power it has received from invisible guides and messengers, and commends it to all men to resort to the same unfailing source for the strength which each of us constantly needs. As in the past so in the future, sympathy and co-operation are needed to carry out this great work of redeeming the human race. We can do nothing of ourselves, or alone; but when we combine in a common faith and love, and draw our daily strength and counsel from the higher powers that ever stand ready to give their help, there is no earthly and material power that can bring our work to an unfinished end. Therefore, friends and brethren, let us go forward together still in LOVE, assured that under that banner, the invisibles helping us, we shall secure a great and glorious accomplishment.

We must not omit to bring to the notice of our readers some of the peculiar features of the BANNER, which have so enhanced its value and largely extended its prosperity and expanded its power during the past year. We refer particularly to the several departments into which the paper is divided, and to the capable and experienced persons to which the care of each department is allotted.

The Children's Department is under the charge of Mrs. Love M. Willis, than whom a more competent editor could not easily be secured. We are constantly receiving evidences of this fact from our subscribers, which is the best guarantee that her writings are well appreciated by adults as well as the children.

Our Western Department is in charge of J. M. Peebles, a true and genial gentleman, who ranks with the most brilliant writers and speakers in our country. His earnest soul is fully spiritualized and enlisted in the elucidation of the Spiritual Philosophy. He faithfully attends to the needs of our numerous Western friends.

Our New York Department and Branch Bookstore is under the management of Warren Chase, well known for his executive ability, honesty of purpose and indefatigable efforts in the cause of Spiritualism. He proves to be the right man in the right place. He will continue to labor zealously in the good cause for the interest of all. His efforts already are largely felt in that city, and the office is visited by all classes in search of spiritual literature.

Our Message Department has been a universal source of interest to thousands of readers who have friends in the spirit-world, as well as to those who are investigating this phase of the Spiritual Philosophy through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

Our Literary Department is occupied from time to time with first class original stories, translations from the German, poetry, etc., etc.; while much space is devoted to original essays on Spiritualism and reform subjects, prepared by talented correspondents. Our columns are also open to details of genuine physical manifestations by the invisibles through the instrumentality of various media.

Thus we have in the past and shall continue in future to provide for the wants of Spiritualists and those who are seeking for a knowledge of our beautiful philosophy. The religion of Spiritualism is spreading with great rapidity in all portions of our country, and the number of its believers, it is now estimated, reaches twelve millions, which undoubtedly will be doubled in a very few years. The influence of the BANNER OF LIGHT is felt not only in this country, but it extends across the Atlantic, and hence our Journal

is a welcome guest in many foreign circles and homes. With the continued co-operation of its friends, it will certainly work out results not yet attained to or seriously thought of.

Passing Over.

Whoever will take the trouble to turn his thought backward, in order to get a connected and comprehensive view of the progress of Spiritualism in this country, will not fail to observe that it first manifested itself to the public in a way to arrest their attention in the very year when the popular mind was so excited over the discovery of gold in California. As the latter occurrence was destined to stir up the people of this country as they never were stirred up before, and to be the means of settling the Pacific coast with immigrants from all the States, who never came together before, and would not have met, in all probability, so long as they remained at home—so did the former awaken feelings, aspirations and beliefs that were not until then permitted by the creeds that ruled society to have a hearing, and opened a new field for thought and experience of which we all had enjoyed no more than a hint and suggestion in the past. It is often remarked that the use of gunpowder, the invention of printing, and the discovery of the New World were timed by an overruling power for the purpose of making their separate influences focalize and co-operate in the great plan of expanding civilization; with as profound truth and propriety may the general movement which followed upon the discovery of gold on the Pacific coast be associated with the breaking up of the binding power of creeds by the manifestations of Spiritualism. All such coincidences go by law, and never by chance.

But what is the connection between these two things? somebody may ask. In the first place, the discovery of the rich auriferous beds of California, by the excitement it caused everywhere, acted magically on the popular mind, which had become gummed up with old and staid forms of faith and expression, and drew together sympathies and efforts that before had known nothing like relationship, thus making men brethren, in fact, kindling common feelings, arousing to common exertions, and kneading the whole mass together into a new shape and consistency. After the general mind and heart had become so profoundly excited, and a new current of life seemed to be set flowing through the common experience, and new and larger views and hopes took a start, money being of course distributed after different rules from the old time ones, and independence giving courage to those who were unconscious of its force and meaning before—then was the time, of course, for the elevating religion of Spiritualism to make itself heard, when the popular heart was become plastic, the old forms had lost in a great degree their force, and people reached out instead of hugging the idols of antiquated social and ecclesiastical establishments. The material stir must precede the spiritual impression. The spiritual forces were silently organizing for effective work, but they were not brought to bear until after the popular mind had been made ready by the dawn of the new order of things socially and materially.

Out of California and its annexation proceeded the political troubles and disputes that culminated in our late civil war. That war sent hundreds of thousands, within a brief period, across the river to the other land. In the same space of time it would have been impossible for us to have lost so many persons from the great and complicated circle of national life. Men died in anger, and in resignation. They passed over the river in crowds, friend and foe, fathers and sons and brothers. Those whom they thus suddenly left behind were thrown into an impressive state, in which the longing desire predominated to hear from the beloved ones who had gone before. Spiritualism was at hand with its words of comfort and consolation. It cheered those who put their faith in its teachings, and took from death the rudest and most hideous of its features. There were tens of thousands of spirits, just passed over, who were ready and anxious to communicate their feelings to the dear ones left behind; and here were the sorrowing friends and relatives, irresistibly led to open a channel through which messages could be borne to and from those in spirit-life. The two conditions were exactly right to come together and produce the effect intended by the higher powers. Death never was so generally thought of and talked of among the people; and by that very way was Spiritualism to gain a foothold in the public heart from which nothing would be able to shake it.

The consequence is, that to-day there is a much wider interest taken in this exalted religion than it would have been possible to produce by human instrumentalities in many years. The work is being done at once, without losing its force or completeness by delays. Its effect is immediate and lasting. Spiritualism has taken a start, and made an impression, and gathered to itself strength, that it might have had to wait for a long time but for this co-operation of circumstances, conditions and events. Yet there was no chance about it; the thing was concerted by superior power, and carried out to its present stage by natural instrumentalities.

The Indians—Two Methods.

There are conflicting statements about the Indians. One is that they are combined to take the war-path shortly, and the other that all the stories of their hostile dispositions and threats of violence are without foundation. At one time it was said that General Hancock had organized a sufficient force to clear the tribes all out of Nebraska and Kansas, to the last individual. Now we hear that an opposite policy has been determined on, and Congress has voted the sum of twenty thousand dollars with which to buy their friendship. Of the two, the latter course is infinitely to be preferred. But even that would have been unnecessary, had our Government scrupulously observed the law of justice from the first. It practically colluded with dishonest agents, whose first object was to make money out of their places. Such men never ought to be entrusted with duties which require the service of qualities far out of their reach or conception.

It is better to right a wrong at a late day than not at all. The fact that the Government now feels obliged to bribe the Indians, is a humiliating confession that it is in the wrong, and finds smart money the most effective instrument to help it out of the difficulty. We never can do wrong without at some time having to pay for it. It is no part of ours to comment harshly on this appropriation of money by Congress for keeping the Indian tribes peaceable, yet we should feel to support our former arguments and positions by every proper means, did we not point to this recent act as proof of the soundness of both. It is a clear admission in our favor from the opposite side. Congress admits that the Indians have been cheated and harshly treated, and now it proposes to soothe their feelings in the only way known, apparently, to modern statesmanship.

How to get Power.

We grow stronger by not wasting ourselves—our hopes and desires—on what is vain and fleeting. Emerson says that "the highest prudence is the lowest prudence." It certainly is. For take notice, that the man who is eternally worrying and fretting about the effect of what he is going to do, rarely produces any such effect at all as he aims at. And that he who is afraid of putting forth his power, never shows that he really has any to put forth. The simple truth is, and it is almost too old and musty to be proclaimed so often, that we are weak just in proportion as we are filled full with our own consciousness. Never until we consent to forget ourselves and act without thought of what is going to result, as if any other than the result intended must of course prove a failure, can we be put in full possession of the power which is certainly born as an inheritance to each one of us.

Now, how to preserve that power, and add to its volume, and increase its sweep, and impart to it a new and greater momentum. The plan is perfectly simple. As the soil is not able to receive the showers of heaven into its bosom until the cold frosts have all been unlocked, and the genial suns of Spring have warmed it, and the earth has become soft and receptive, so cannot the human soul take to itself any of these copious showers from the spiritual world which are all the time descending, but never penetrate the soul until it has been prepared for their reception by discipline and prayerful care. In short, we must needs become humble and receptive, if we would be filled from above. And just in proportion as we shut out these higher influences by our self-conceit and willfulness, and by giving ourselves up to the influence of others, do we consent to deny ourselves the power with which we might be invigorated.

Latter-Day Politics.

It is of no use to try to bring back the old days again. They obstinately refuse to come for the calling. The churches are summoning them back, and so are the politicians; but they will be seen on earth no more forever. There are circles of men who lament that these times are not as the old times, but how could they be if the world really makes progress? The former issues are set aside; if they are to be raised again it will be in new form, and with a different meaning. Now it is not merely union and tariff, finance and commerce; it is these questions infused with vital principles, that draw fresh illustrations and power from the changed world of man around us. It is instructive to look at the way politics have changed within the past twenty years. Now, moral and strictly social topics are considered along with them, or rather enter into them to give them new meaning and significance.

We now discuss temperance, social evils of various sorts, welfare of woman, universal suffrage, progress, and various other concerns in which man is so profoundly interested. Our politics are hence becoming more intellectual, and even more spiritual. They are not altogether questions of economy and wealth, but also of the true modes of applying economy and disbursing wealth. They do not merely concern the issues of peace and war, but regard both peace and war as agents in a larger and higher work—namely, that of advancing the welfare, morally and spiritually, as well as materially, of our portion of the human race. It is when we look at the public discussions of the day from this view that we are enabled to realize the changes that have taken place and the marked progress that is making in public affairs. And we welcome the reality heartily, as full of even larger promises still.

The State of Europe.

The Eastern Question is a perplexing one for the leading powers of Europe to manage. The latest advices inform us that most of those powers have signified to Turkey that they will expect her to observe with strictness the arrangement, or the so-called settlement, of 1855. Mr. Layard, the renowned Eastern traveler, gets up in the British House of Commons and declares that there is really no difference between the Greek and Turk in this quarrel, but that both are equally fierce and cruel in their hatred of one another. England abstains from taking any active part in this matter. Napoleon has notified the Porte that it is idle to think of propping up Turkey so as to enable her to hold her place in Europe, but that she will be left to fade off the map by degrees, only that the process of disappearance will be more rapid if any resistance is offered to the course of events.

Russia favors the Christians openly. The Czar seeks to back up the whole Greek people against their present rulers, the Turks. Being the head of the Greek Church, he would naturally side with his own devoted people, who go by the name of Christians. The provinces are already in revolt, and so is Candia; Greece is ready to take up arms as a nation, in sympathy with the Greek population. There are serious objections made to incorporating Crete with Greece, since it would place at least seventy thousand Mussulmen under the rule of their enemies. Europe is in a puzzle over the whole business. If it could be sure of restraining either Turkey or Greece till all danger of an outbreak was over, the case might look better; but that depends on many things which none of them can certainly control. It would not take much to get all Europe by the ears again over this question of Turkey and Greece. It is forever true that wrongs are their own avengers.

Death of "Artemus Ward."

Charles F. Brown, better known as "Artemus Ward," died in Southampton, England, March 7th. He was world-renowned for his humorous writings. He had been lecturing in London during the last six months, having previously traveled all over our country, constantly lecturing for three or four years. This peculiar kind of labor was too exhausting for his nervous system, which became perfectly wrecked, and he sunk under the shock. He was a native of Maine. It is stated he has directed in his will that his property shall go, after the death of his mother, toward the erection of an asylum for printers. Brown was a practical printer himself.

Grateful Acknowledgments.

We have of late received from our friends in various portions of the country letters containing complimentary remarks in regard to the management of our humble sheet, which are received by us with heartfelt gratitude at this time. Not only are we recipients of good will from the many friends far and near, but their good wishes are often accompanied by material aid.

God bless you, friends, for your firm determination to sustain us and the dear old BANNER, that we unforgotten ten years ago in behalf of suffering humanity.

We print in this number of the BANNER over five columns of interesting Spirit Messages. See the sixth page.

Unitarian Conference.

A large and very interesting public meeting of the Suffolk Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches interested in the great cause of the spread of liberal Christianity throughout the Republic, was held at Music Hall, Boston, on the 10th inst. We have room only for Rev. Mr. Heworth's remarks, in brief. He said that—

"It was well enough for us once in a while to remember that we are not a whole but a part of the great Christian Church. We have only three hundred churches, while by our side there are twelve thousand or fourteen thousand Methodists, five thousand Orthodox, and three thousand to four thousand Episcopalians. We are, as it were, but a single drop in a great ocean, yet we have great reason to congratulate ourselves. It is sufficient for us that we are a part and live part of that great ocean of the religious world. It is enough for us to remember that we are included among the waters of that great wave of reform that is flowing over the land. I remember the time when our Boston pulpit preached a doctrine that is not preached to-day, and if such doctrines were preached to-day they would scatter every church in the land. The world is moving on toward fraternal love that will eventually bind all churches in one, and make us a solid unit for God and humanity. To-day there is no theology. There has been a radical change in the pulpit and public teaching. Theology is to the great heaving masses, a topic that the least that is said about it the better. So great a change in the religious world has been effected during the last generation, that he did not hesitate to make the assertion that, putting all the Churches together, the great body would vote by an immense majority for such a Christian and fraternal relationship as would permit the Pastor of the Park-street Church to preach in the Church of the Unity, and vice versa. The truth is the world is moving rapidly, and when you search for the cause you will find it largely imbued with that liberal spirit which has characterized our denomination for the last twenty-five years. I am looking forward to that better hour when the ideal church shall be reached, and when the clash of theological small arms shall cease. He believed that hour would come. Christianity needs to be christianized, and the exclusive church system, where the poor are not permitted to worship with the rich, and where the word goes up to heaven from gilt-edged prayer books, filled with the best perfumes of Paris, will be abandoned."

New Music.

OLIVER DITSON & Co., 277 Washington street, have just issued the following new musical compositions. The first is by Dr. J. P. Ordway, whose muse has returned to him again, much to the delight of our musical public. He has composed a sweet melody for Miss Maria Lacoetie's beautiful ballad, "Somebody's Darling Slumbers Here"; "Change," a ballad, music by W. T. Wrighton, words by J. E. Carpenter; "The Murmuring Sea," a fine song, by Zella, music by Ganz; "Fall of the Leaf Waltzes," by J. S. Knight; "Incline thine ear," being No. 11 of L. H. Southard's Morning and Evening Collection of songs for public worship; "Howard Paul's Quadrille," arranged by Miss Letitia Powell; "La Victoire," Polk-Bravura, by Lizzie M. Harvey.

HENRY TOLMAN & Co., 291 Washington street, have issued the following pieces of new music: "Day is Done," words by Longfellow, music by Balfe; "Darling Minnie Lee," a sweet song, by W. Dexter Smith, Jr., music by E. N. Catlin; "I can't forget that girl," as sung by R. Bishop Buckley, music by E. Dephont; Fred Reeves has set to music a pretty spiritual song, entitled "Over the silent way"; A. Von Rochow has set to music Geo. L. Henck's song, "Night and day I think of thee"; "Palm Les Isles," (among the Islands) for the piano, by Stephen A. Emery—a fine piece; Piano music, No. 4, "La Voix du Coeur," nocturne, by Satter; "Funeral March," for piano, by Franz Kleinblock; "Il Trovatore," being No. 1 of Piano and Cabinet Organ duets.

Bigotry at Work.

Mrs. Fannie T. Young, of this city, who has been located in Chicago, Ill., for the past five or six months, has been kept busy at work in the spiritual lecturing field. She has just returned to Chicago from a lecturing tour through portions of Illinois, during which she has spoken every Sunday and almost every week evening. At one place the bigoted opposers of liberal ideas were determined she should not deliver a course of lectures as contemplated; so after her first lecture, those self-constituted censors as to what the people shall hear, (among whom was the city clerk,) made a demand that Mrs. Young should pay a license for speaking!—thinking that would stop her. But this rule did not succeed, for someone, unadvisedly, paid the demand—which could not legally have been collected—and the course of lectures were given. Isn't it strange that any class of people, living in a free country, where the freedom of speech and religious opinions are guaranteed, should wish to deprive another class of the privileges they demand for themselves! Bigotry is conscienceless, and knows no bound.

Increase of Insanity from Intemperance.

Dr. John E. Tyler, Superintendent of the McLean Insane Asylum, in his annual report just issued from the press, makes the following painful statement:

"The excessive drinking of wines and ardent spirits has brought insanity upon many persons during the last year. This indulgence seems to be increasing very greatly, and its consequences are indeed alarming. More persons, and chiefly young men, either positively insane or physically by this cause, have come under our previous observation, or have applied here for advice and relief during the last year, than we can remember before in the same length of time."

"The Impending Epoch."

We are glad to announce that the publication of this advocate of liberal ideas has been resumed. It is printed in Augusta, Ga., by Henry J. Osborne, at \$2.00 a year in advance. The editor earnestly solicits the aid of the liberals and Spiritualists to enable him to continue its regular publication, and we sincerely hope they will heartily respond, for such a paper is needed in the South, where it can do a noble work, and its influence be of lasting benefit.

Miss Doten in Mercantile Hall.

On Sunday, March 10th, Miss Lizzie Doten commenced a series of addresses in Mercantile Hall, in this city, to be continued every Sunday afternoon for the present. The weather being stormy, the hall was not so full as on former occasions when she has spoken. At the close of her address, she was entranced by a spirit, who gave, in fine poetic measure, a thrillingly sad account of her condition in spirit-life.

Miss Sarah A. Southworth has nearly completed for the BANNER OF LIGHT one of the finest novels yet produced by her, and which we intended to commence in this number, but shall not be able to do so at present in consequence of the great press of other matter.

The reader will find upon our first page the commencement of a very interesting original story from the pen of Mrs. A. E. Porter, which will occupy three numbers of the BANNER.

New Publications.

THE AMERICAN CONFLICT. Vol. II. By Horace Greeley. Hartford: O. D. Case & Co.

The publishers of this comprehensive, thorough, elegant, and truly philosophical account of the Rebellion, have just issued the second and last volume. It exhausts the subject, which is saying an immense deal for a book whose scope and purpose are so vastly extended. A civil uproar over a whole continent, such as the American conflict was for a continuous term of four years, necessarily involves an amount of action and a variety of scenes that are not readily to be collected into a single work, even if a full one. It is a merited tribute to the popular confidence in the author of this work, that its sales for the first volume, by subscription only, were one hundred and fifty thousand, and the orders for the second, including the first with it of course, are fully a quarter of a million. Everybody will read and consult Greeley's "American Conflict." As has been said already, it will be referred to by all parties alike in the future, as Allison's History of Europe is, by Liberals as well as by Tories.

So large and rapid a sale of a historical work demonstrates the liveliness of the popular feeling in relation to its great theme, and the universal desire to possess the account written by so able, painstaking and vigorous a writer. In the collection of facts and authorities, Mr. Greeley shows himself no less averse to the most patient and protracted labor. He is conscientious in presenting them, and seems to look to the plain and impressive setting forth of the truth, rather than to produce an effect for picturesqueness at the cost of force. Nothing can be more terse, direct and sinewy than his style: not possessed, it is true, of any too much flexibility for elegant narrative, yet enriched with other compensating qualities which no reader can do without. We heretofore, in this second volume, the author in the new character of a writer on military matters, battles, marches, sieges, &c. He does it as well as he does the other parts of his work, even those more purely political. There is no verbiage, no waste by words and sounding phrases. It is the journalist's style that he uses, which is the style of the age. Yet it is full of clear and strong statement, broad definition, and vigorous argument. Although there will be thousands to differ from his views, there will be tens of thousands who will go to his history of the late conflict with renewed pleasure at every reference.

Such a work demands far more space to treat of its character and contents than it is in our power to bestow. We can only speak, with all the emphasis which language has, of its freshness, fullness, vigor of treatment, nervousness and force of style, and thoroughness of discussion. It was not contemplated by its author until after the New York riots of 1863; and he has done marvelously to finish in the interval a work demanding so much laborious patience and uninterrupted application. Mr. Greeley was always reputed a wonderful worker, and he has proved it again to the satisfaction of all to whom his name is familiar. By the "History of the American Conflict" he will be known quite as widely to posterity as by his reputation as the Editor of the New York Tribune. The volumes are profusely illustrated with the portraits of all the leading actors in the many scenes described, which brings them directly before the reader. Maps of battle-fields, besides a comprehensive map of the entire theatre of operations, are scattered with a lavish hand over the pages. The page is a double column, printed from large and clear type, and is as attractive to the eye as a publisher could make it.

THE RADICAL for March. A glance at the following list of contents will show that this is a brilliant number: The Church of the Spirit, C. A. Bartol; Cheer, from an unpublished poem; Ecco Homo, George Howison; Form apart from Substance, C. K. Whipple; Dare and Know, Geo. S. Burleigh; The Natural and the Spiritual, Samuel Longfellow; Washington, John Weiss; An Ordination, Editor; The Nature and Object of a Church, J. Vila Blake; What the People Read, S. C. Beach; The Radical, Editor.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW for March is a capital number. Published by J. W. Orr, 96 Nassau street, New York.

THE UNWELCOME CHILD, by Henry C. Wright, has reached its fifth thousand. Bela Marsh is the publisher.

Discussion on Spiritualism.

A correspondent informs us that the Lyceum at Georgetown, R. I., has lately finished a discussion of the Resolve: "That Spiritualism is founded on truth." The speakers in the affirmative were Mr. Edward F. Steere, who has long been known as a fearless and uncompromising advocate of the new truth, being himself impressively mediumistic to a degree which has furnished some very convincing tests, and Mr. E. W. Ross, an earnest and deliberate inquirer for the wisdom which is unshackled from the bigotry and prejudice of the dark ages; and, in the negative, Rev. O. H. Handy, the minister for the only church in the village, and Mr. H. S. Fenner, the general superintendent of the manufacturing establishment in the place. The speakers, naturally pretty strong, and having made some preparation, went into the contest, each side with confidence and hope of success. The discussion was therefore quite animated throughout, and toward the close (it having been continued through five regular Lyceum meetings) became somewhat sharp and warm. The affirmative, as is usual in discussions on that subject, brought in their arguments of facts, incontestable facts, which have been placed in the irrefutable history of human progress.

For the pleasure and benefit of many in the audience whose sympathies for the affirmative were newly awakened, the philosophy of Spiritualism was somewhat explained, and so much of its rationale brought into the clear light, that there is no doubt but many of the listeners will be led steadily on in further inquiry and investigation.

The negative could, as usual, only attempt to refute and explain away the alleged facts, the strongest weapons, which they very freely used, being ridicule and condemnation of the real or presumed follies and imperfections of Spiritualists as a proof that the fundamental fact of modern spirit intercourse was a delusion.

The minister, in attempting to disprove the phenomena of spirit manifestations, referred to the Bible for spiritual communications to that effect—a witness denying his own identity! The follies and imperfections of the Bible were pretty fully and plainly exposed, to the satisfaction of some, but much to the amazement of others. But it was not therefore inferred that the old Book contained no grand and valuable truths.

The entire discussion was but one of the many thousands of similar contests between the old "fire and brimstone" theology of the dark ages, and the ever unfolding light and truth in the progressive enlightenment of humanity.

Let a man stand upright, and he is sure to have the whole earth at his feet.

New York Department.

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

WARREN CHASE, LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT.

Spiritual Books, etc.
We now have a supply of Elder Tubb and Shadrach Padden's "Experiences in Hell, and all who want a rich and elegant treat, from the pen of one of the ablest Universalist clergymen—now gone to the Summer-land—can have it by sending us 75 cents. A few bound volumes of the Banner of Light and Herald of Progress can be had at this office.

We have greatly enlarged our assortment of Spiritual and Liberal Books, and are ready to fill orders by mail or express. Ring's Vegetable Ambrosia, which does turn the hair to its natural color, can be had at our office. Price \$1 per bottle.

Perseverance.

Whatever else our clerical brethren may lack, they must surely be credited with perseverance, even under discouraging circumstances. A few fanatics at first conceived and nursed the idea of putting God and Christianity into the National Constitution, so that outsiders might know we were a Christian nation, having discovered, no doubt, that there was no other evidence sufficient to prove it. Slowly they drew in others, and are now trying to unite all Christian sects on one common constitutional platform of Christianity, and have it put in the organic law of the nation. After we have lived so long and prospered so well under the protection of Heathen Gods, there should be some good reason for the change. Jeff Davis was and is a Christian, and this same God and religion were recognized by his rebel government, and yet it did not prevail against us without any God in our Constitution. Our Declaration of Independence and organic law set forth the BRIGHTS OF MAN, and as ours is a human, and not a Divine government, this is certainly sufficient.

To a liberal-minded person, this movement of the clergy to begin in our country the union of Church and State, when all over the world the movements are in an opposite direction, looks ridiculous; and they will no doubt find it so before they get an amendment of this character added to the Constitution of our country, even by act of Congress. They will have to begin further back, and elect a religious Congress first, and will no doubt have a good time when they can get a majority of clergymen into Congress. The liberal minds of this country are not asleep, nor unconscious of this movement of an enemy to undermine the religious liberties of the people. Their present effort is hardly worth this or any notice, for it has about as much chance in our Congress as there would be for setting up Catholicism or Spiritualism as a national religion. Church and State have never been married in this country, and are not likely to be, as a result of this coquetish courtship of the Misses Church. Uncle Sam has only pocketed the petitions (love-letters) thus far; has not answered them; when he does, then there will be gossip for the newspapers. The political descendants of the early fathers are not yet extinct in this country.

Mediums in the City.

Dr. J. G. Atwood, at No. 1 St. Mark's Place, is still as successful as ever in healing the sick. He does not make much noise, but he began his labors in Lockport, N. Y., among the very first of healers by spirit aid, and has never lost his power, but has added a scientific education to his practice.

W. P. Anderson is giving sittings for pictures for a few weeks at reduced rates.

Test mediums are in good demand here.

Foster is looked for with impatience.

Mrs. L. F. Hyde, so favorably known in Boston as a medium, is giving good satisfaction here.

Many good reports reach our office from those who have received tests through her.

We also hear good words spoken in favor of Mrs. Simons as a clairvoyant medium.

Spiritualism in Newark, N. J.

We had the pleasure of addressing two excellent audiences in Newark, on Sunday, the 3d inst., and a still more gratifying feature of the visit was to witness the monthly convention of groups and exercises of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, which, although so recently organized, is certainly one of the most promising we have visited in the country. The friends seem united, and earnest in their efforts to support the Lyceum, and train up the children in a better manner than the Sunday schools can do it, with their false theology and foolish fables.

Jersey City, N. J.

Joseph Dixon, one of the strong minded men of the age, and a wealthy and influential citizen of Jersey City, has built a hall near his elegant residence, and holds meetings every Sunday, and has a Lyceum, a good library, music, and a large laboratory, by the use of which he gives scientific lectures as well as spiritual. We had a good visit and attentive audience there, March 10th. More such men are needed.

News in Brief.

New York news is, dull times for business; rents going up; wages going down, and prices playing see-saw with gold over the currency as a pivot; terrible scolding by tenants and landlords. It will be all commotion till May, then quiet.

Dr. Persons in New Orleans.

This gentleman, whose remarkable healing powers we have often witnessed, seems, by the New Orleans papers and notices of cures reported for them, to be doing a great business in that city. He expects to spend the summer in New England.

Spiritual Discovery in Chemical and Medical Science.

The valuable properties of Tar in the treatment of lung diseases, coughs, and all impurities of the blood, have been long known to the medical profession. The balsamic aroma of pine trees is always grateful to the sufferer from weak and ulcerated lungs, and employment or residence in a pine country has been often known to cure persons who were threatened with death by consumption. The full value of this great natural restorative, has, however, never been practically obtained, in any form of administration, owing to the fact that a perfect solvent of tar could not be found, by which all of its properties might be brought into condition to be taken up by the blood. Innumerable experiments, and all the appropriate resources of modern science, have been employed in vain to accomplish this desired result. Prof. Wood, author of the U. S. Dispensatory, and the highest medical authority in this country, says that after summing up all the experiments made in Europe and America, to dissolve this valuable remedy, the only official method of preparation is to boil one pint of tar in a gallon of water—dose, one pint per day. Of the eleven different principles contained in tar, this process only secured three, viz: acetic acid, empyreumatic oil, and some coloring matter resembling Madderine. Of the other eight elements, viz: pine pitch, pyroigneous acid, oil turpentine, creosote, paraffine, pitch, phenol, and empyreumatic resin, we have no solution.

This was true until the year 1852. Up to that time no solution of tar had been found, except in the form of a resin. In that year, Dr. E. F. Garvin, a graduated physician of education and large experience, and also a natural clairvoyant of superior development—received directly from some of his spiritual attendants, as he informs us, the

statement of a method for making a perfect solution of Tar, and one that should retain all its valuable properties for medicinal use. The Doctor was at first skeptical upon the subject, and needed a second appeal to his attention before he thought best to test the truth of the statement. Upon doing so, however, he was rewarded with perfect success—the tar being gradually and thoroughly dissolved, without sediment, or apparent change of its essential nature.

Prof. Wood extols tar water very highly, as of superior efficacy in skin diseases of all kinds, coughs, colds, consumption, bronchitis, diseases of the stomach, bowels and liver, impurities of the blood, and for regulating the secretions. Dr. Garvin has been testing this solution for the past four years in his own practice and by the aid of some of his personal friends and practitioners, and informs the writer that in all of the above diseases its action surpasses anything known to the materia medica, and also possesses properties adapted to peculiar conditions of the system, which have never before been known to exist as a product of tar.

This is not the place for an enumeration of its properties, neither is this article intended for an advertisement. In due time undoubtedly such notice will appear—but it is proper to notice this discovery, as a valuable contribution made by the spirit-world to the means of alleviating human suffering and prolonging life in the body. It has been prepared in two forms—one to be taken internally, to enter into the blood, the other as an inhalant, a process by which tar can be vaporized, containing no alcohol, but proving its own stimulant.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

If a bee stings you, will you go to the hive and destroy it? Would not a thousand come upon you? If you receive a trifling injury, do not go about the streets proclaiming it, and be anxious to avenge it. Let it drop. It is wisdom to say little respecting the injuries you may receive.

We are prepared to supply customers with the new books of the Gem series, edited by Epes Sargent, author of "Peculiar." The two works now issued are "The Emerald" and "The Sapphire." Each volume is made up of the choicest literature of the day, which will prove excellent reading.

The Children's Lyceum, of Charlestown, will hold a Social Lavee, to aid the funds of the Lyceum, in the City Hall, on Tuesday evening, March 19th, (instead of Mechanics' Hall, as previously announced). Dancing will commence at an early hour. Refreshments can be obtained in the hall.

We have for sale the new work, in pamphlet form, of Henry Lacroix, of Montreal, Canada, entitled "The Man of Faith: Abridged views of Modern Miracles, (Manifestations), and Social Intercourse." The author says the work is the production of conscious inspiration, and we have no doubt of the truthfulness of his statement. It contains many authenticated facts in regard to the phenomena of Spiritualism, which the investigator should become familiar with. In speaking of Dr. Newton, the healer, Mr. Lacroix says: "In Newport, R. I., Dr. J. R. Newton advocates practically the cause of suffering humanity, as the apostles of old did, by curing every kind of disease by the laying on of hands. This new apostle is gifted to an extraordinary degree with the healing power; his reputation is not established by advertisements, &c., but by the grateful praises of the thousands he has brought back to health."

Dr. Charles Main has removed his office to 230 Harrison Avenue, opposite Davis street, where he will be most happy to meet his numerous friends and customers.

A Chicago woman who visited her husband's office and discovered long hairs in his hair-brush, has sued for a divorce.

A certain farmer, (a pillar of the church,) had a fine field of wheat, which, being a little late, was threatened with an early frost. In the emergency he went into his closet and wrestled in prayer with the Lord for its preservation. In his prayer he stated the facts fully, and how the wheat would be affected by the frost, and wound up his petition in these words, "Not, Lord, that I would dictate, but merely recommend and advise."

In the English House of Commons recently, an explanation was asked of the items which induced the government to ask for an appropriation of £110,000 to meet the expenses of the Paris exhibition. It was strongly intimated that the French Government was imposing expenses which had heretofore been borne by the nation holding the exhibition.

DOT.

Dot is at the window,
Peeping through the pane;
And the summer flowers
Hear the morning hours
Tinkled by the silver bells of rain.
Dot a moment lingers,
Looking at the sky;
Then her baby feet
Over the carpet creep;
On her cheeks the rosy dimples lie.
Dot beside her mother,
Takes her quiet place;
Ma, the sun must be
Nauty, 'tween me and
How he splashes when they wash his face!"

Thirty years ago, the sterile plains of Texas—"the great desert of the Southwest"—belonged to Mexico. To-day Texas is doing more trade with the world at large than is the republic of Mexico, with its eight million of inhabitants.

Bill came into the house the other day, and asked eagerly, "Where does Charly begin?" "At home," replied Tom, in the words of the proverb. "Not a bit of it," rejoined Bill; "it begins at sea (C)."

George Peabody is to return to London in May to remain three years, when he will come back and make his permanent residence at Salem.

As GOOD AS AN IRISH BULL.—At a prayer meeting in New Hampshire, a worthy layman spoke of a poor boy whose father was a drunkard and whose mother was a widow.

AN EIGHT HOUR LAW IN ILLINOIS.—The Governor of Illinois has signed the bill making eight hours a legal day's work in the State, in absence of contracts to the contrary. It goes into effect immediately.

Great complaint is made of the rules adopted at the Paris Exhibition. It is stated that exhibitors who accepted the invitation to contribute, find they are charged for expenses which they anticipated would be met by the French Government. The Saturday Review suggests that exhibitors will be obliged to carry their own spoons and forks.

Female preachers are increasing in England. There are now six in the field.

Sixty years ago there was hardly a craft larger than an Indian canoe on the great lakes. In 1841, the lake trade amounted to \$30,000,000; in 1845, to \$300,000,000; in 1851, to \$350,000,000; and it bids fair in 1871 to reach the enormous sum of \$1,000,000,000.

It was a Dutchman who said a pig had no ears marks except a short tail; and it was a British magistrate who, being told by a vagabond that he was not married, responded, "That's a good thing for your wife."

THE INCOME TAX.—The Internal Revenue Bureau has issued instructions to the Assessors throughout the country to begin immediately the assessments of the income tax. The time of assessments is changed from May to March, and the uniform rate of five per cent. is fixed on all incomes, with one thousand dollars exempt.

INTERESTING TO TOBACCO USERS AND LIQUOR DRINKERS.—The amount of revenue derived from cigars the past year was \$3,474,438, and from tobacco in various forms, nearly 12,000,000. Distilled liquors paid a revenue of \$29,108,578—probably not more than one-half of what was due, owing to the extent of frauds among manufacturers, some of whom have been brought up to the "bar" for their deserts.

A new opera house in Paris is to cost four millions of dollars.

We would invite attention to the prospectus of that ably conducted and neatly printed paper, the BANNER OF LIGHT, which will be found in another column of this issue. It is perhaps unequalled in point of ability, and breathes a spirit which must elicit our respect if not our admiration.—Experiment, Norwalk, Ohio.

A correspondent, J. W. Mollere, of Lafayette, Ind., inquires of us the address of Dr. J. K. Bailey, the psychometrist. We do not know. If this meets his eye, will he inform us or the party named above?

TERRIBLE CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA.—The Detroit (Mich.) papers tell the following fearful story: "A little daughter of Mr. Alfred Woodruff, of the town of Greenfield, Mich., was bitten some time ago by a dog, but no symptoms of hydrophobia were at first shown. At length the poison, which, acting as a subcutaneous infection, permeated every tissue of the system, broke out in a severe form, causing the most intense suffering. A consultation was had by physicians, who decided that, as the sufferer could not possibly survive, every consideration of humanity demanded that her sufferings be ended by some means, in accordance with which, during a severe paroxysm, the child was smothered to death."

The aim of an honest man's life is not the happiness which serves only himself, but the virtue which is useful to others.

The Massachusetts Legislature is considering the question of reducing the hours of labor in manufacturing corporations.

On a grave-stone in the cemetery at Pittsfield, Mass., is carved the representation of two men fishing, and beneath appears the following lines:

"I fished as fishing, as the picture shows,
And left the world with all its sins and woes.
To another generation I took my flight
In Co. with angels and angels bright."

"Your purse, Tom," said an indulgent father to his spendthrift son, "reminds me of a thunder-cloud." "How so, father?" "Because it's always lightning."

Mrs. P. A. Hannford has resigned to supply the pulpit of the First Universalist church in Hingham for the coming year.

The Southern relief fund raised in this city thus far reaches over \$30,000.

A lad, on delivering his milk in a neighboring city, was asked why the milk was so warm. "I don't know," he replied, with much simplicity, "unless they put warm water into it, instead of cold."

A New Work on Spiritualism.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge will be glad to receive any well-attested facts, phenomena, mediumistic experiences, or other records connected with the history of American Spiritualism, to complete her projected work on this subject. Any such contributions will be carried by Mrs. Hardinge to Europe, where her work will be written; but those who may be willing to lend her printed matter or MSS. for reference, or extracts, can receive them back within two years from the present date. Mrs. Hardinge starts for Europe in July. Those who are willing, therefore, to aid in this matter, will please send in their contributions as soon as possible. Address, after February, care of Thomas Ranney, Esq., 50 Federal street, Boston; or to then, 8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

"Christ and the People."

The "CHRIST AND THE PEOPLE" of Dr. Child is a true and clear linking of the great moral philosophy, so beautifully illustrated in the life, works and maxims of the great moral propounder who first opened the seals of the present era. In reading this fine work, all Christians, not influenced by party feelings and obsolete prejudices, will confess that it is pure gospel, less the straw which make up that book so voluminous; it is the spirit of that book made clear and refined. Men without the shackles of creed about their individual natures, from the summit of the mount of wisdom will hail this work as a fit companion to accompany those who ascend the steep sides and craggy avenues of mental life. It is the breviary of thinkers who simplify the teachings of truth in the moral shape and form. HENRY LACROIX.

Marietta, O.

Thomas Vincent, writing from Marietta, Ohio, under date of March 7th, says:

"We have had with us a young lady by the name of Maria L. Thring, just entering the field as a lecturer, and by the way, she is a beautiful speaker. Last week E. V. Wilson paid us a flying visit, and delivered three lectures with telling effect. Why do not more laborers come this way? We want a good physical medium; and I think it would be the means of doing a great deal of good. Spiritualists number but few in this place, but Bro. Wilson has opened the eyes of the people, and now if we could keep up the interest awakened, we could soon organize a good society."

To Correspondents.

(We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.)

H. C. P., GEORGETOWN.—The letter was placed upon the file in our Circle Room, as you requested. The answer given was, "Will come soon," which fact carries conviction to our mind that your friend is in the spirit-world, although you have you no evidence that such is the case. Perhaps it would be well for you to visit our Free Circle, and place a letter in person upon the table.

DONATIONS

IN AID OF OUR PUBLIC FREE CIRCLES.

R. Ellis, \$1.00
Mrs. M. A. Cogswell, Beloit, Wis., 25
J. W. Hostwick, Collierville, N. Y., 1.00
Mrs. C. Stone, Kappa, Ill., 1.00
Mrs. C. Fowler, Rockville, Conn., 1.00
J. H. Smith, Twin Mount, Kan., 50
Joseph Smith, Eagleville, O., 50
Anna Waring, Washington, O., 1.00

The Eddy Persecution Fund.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following additional sums, to help defray the expenses of the trial of the Eddy mediums:

Boswell Brown, Woodworth, W. Va., \$1.00
Joseph Carr, Hampton Falls, N. H., 2.00
Addie Hildes, Ballston Spa, N. Y., 1.00
F. J. Hutton, for the Vineyard, N. Y., Society of Spiritualists, 1.00
Mr. J. Forsyth, of Buffalo, acknowledges the receipt, from D. Pease, Floyd, N. Y., of \$5.00.

Further donations solicited.

Donations to Fund to Send Banner Free to the Poor.

Mrs. M. A. Pray, Ogdenburg, N. Y., \$2.00

Donations to Broad Fund.

E. L. B., \$2.00
A. B. Bishop, North LaCrosse, Wis., 2.00
John C. Smith, St. Monte, Cal., 2.00
Felix, Kansas, Mo., 1.00

To the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association.

The members of this Committee are hereby respectfully notified to attend a meeting of the Committee, to be held in the Circle Room of the BANNER OF LIGHT, Wednesday, March 20th, at half past two P. M. A full and prompt attendance is requested, as business of importance will engage their attention.

GEORGE A. BACON,
Cor. Sec.

Business Matters.

COUSIN BENNY'S POEMS, just issued in book form. Price \$1.50. For sale at this office. Price 30 cents.

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

DR. URIAH CLARK'S LARGE, NEW INSTITUTE FOR INVALIDS AND STUDENTS, GREENWOOD, MASS., near Boston. Send for Circular.

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

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

AGENT WANTED.—A good, reliable agent wanted by a prominent lecturer. Address, G. H., this office.

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

We should not suffer from a Cough, which a few doses of AVER'S CHERRY PECTORAL will cure. Time, comfort, health, are all saved by it.

THE DEEPLY-ROOTED violence of the pain of NEURALGIA succumbs to the genial influence of DR. TURNER'S TIO-DIOLOUREUX OR UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL. This disease cannot exist if the patient will faithfully take this medicine according to the printed directions. Apothecaries have it. Principal depot, 120 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Special Notices.

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

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

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

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWERS, for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, Mass.

That Hacking Cough must be a source of great trouble, and will certainly produce fatal results if not attended to. Just enough of COX'S COUGH BALM to wet the throat, taken once an hour, will cure it in a very short time, and only costs 35 or 40 cents.

Such curative and healing powers as is contained in Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powers, has never before been known in the entire history of medicine. See Certificates of Cures and advertisement in another column.

Remember that Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powers are the Greatest Family Medicine of the age. See Certificates of Cures and advertisement in another column.

The most liberal terms, and also the sole agency of entire countries, for the sale of Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powers, given to Druggists, and to Agents, male and female. See Certificates of Cures and advertisement in another column.

Physicians of all schools of medicine, use Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powers. See Certificates of Cures and advertisement in another column.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

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

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For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, 158 Washington street, Boston; also at our BRANCH OFFICE, 54 Broadway, New York. Copies sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of the price.

The purpose of the Gem Series is to bring together in a form for preservation the best of such uncollected pieces, stories, poems, &c., as have taken a very high place as specimens of literary art, but which, to render the present day as accessible. The plan includes original translations from celebrated French and German writers; the EMERALD containing three of them; the SAPPHIRE, two. The name of Mr. EPES SARGENT as editor of this Series, is a guarantee that the work of selection will be well done. The EMERALD and the SAPPHIRE, each forming two cheap and beautiful volumes, filled with the richest and most sparkling matter.

The SAPPHIRE, amid a great variety of lighter matter, contains the whole of that wonderful treatise, so full of bright guesses and interesting deductions, entitled "The Stars and the Earth"—a treatise with which every Spiritualist will be edified and delighted.

Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Conant, while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition. The questions propounded at these circles by mortals, are answered by spirits who do not announce their names.

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. 153 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (upstairs), 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 receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock p. m. She gives no private sittings.

All proper questions sent to our Free Circles for answer by the invisibles, are duly attended to, and will be published.

Invocation.

Our Father, and our Mother too, thou wondrous Spirit who hath rocked us in the cradle of thine Eternity through all the past, now that we have attained mature age through the experiences of life, we would come to an understanding with thee, casting under our feet all vain aspirations concerning thy whereabouts. We would rend in twain the veil that ignorance hath raised between us, and talk face to face with thee. We are told that thou art everywhere, and this, oh Spirit of Nature, we cannot doubt. We are told thy power is omnipotent. This we do not doubt. We are told thy love is great toward us. Neither can we doubt this.

And yet, oh Spirit of Universes, oh Soul of Souls, oh Life of Eternity, we do not understand thee. We pray, oh most earnestly, that thou wilt send thine angels of wisdom to enlighten us, to sweep away all our ignorance, to give us an understanding concerning thee. Thou hast opened not thy being for our inspection, but thy language. We cannot understand, oh thou Spirit who art controlling all things, we cannot comprehend thee, yet we come to thee not with fear, not with doubt, but with hope, with faith, with a consciousness that we shall receive an answer to our prayers, that is as sure as a habitation in eternity.

Oh our Father, and our Mother too, we thank thee that the Spirit of Devotion is a part of our being. We thank thee that we walk the earth to-day as we did years ago. We thank thee that there are many altars within this fair land, whereunto the soul worships and lays its offerings. There are as many names given unto these altars as there are many Gods; but they are all thine, and thou art nameless. We cannot place thee, yet thou art everywhere.

Oh, our Father, though we cannot understand thee, we will trust thee with that faith which is within our being, feeling that it will lead us safe into the Kingdom of Everlasting Peace.

Feb. 23.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have questions, Mr. Chairman, we are ready to consider them.

Ques.—By Samuel Gray, of Albany: If God is Nature, and Nature's laws are unchangeable, what is the object of prayer?

Ans.—Those who understand prayer best, do not expect that prayer will alter any law. It simply facilitates the action of law. Happiness is one of the constituents of law. Where the soul prays truly, it desires happiness. Therefore its prayers are closely allied to law, in accordance with law. And although it does not change the law, yet it brings those who pray into a condition whereby they may understand the law, and be able to receive justice by law. No soul ever gave birth to a prayer that was in truth a prayer, but what that soul ascended to a higher standard of goodness. The poet saith—and very truly, too—

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast."

And he might have added, it is the chariot by which the soul is borne up and beyond the faithlessness of human life; for prayer is able to bring the soul into close communion with faith. Faith in what? Faith in an All-Wise, Supreme Intelligence, who is able to take care of all things. You may call it God, you may call it Jehovah. It matters not what name it may be known by. It is a Power sufficient for all things, all souls.

Q.—By Mrs. Caroline Thompson: Can the spirit of an infant progress, so as to be able to communicate at your circles?

A.—Since the infant possesses a distinct individualized life, it has come under the law of progression as an individuality. Therefore it is just as able, after it has passed over certain steps of progression, to communicate at this or any other place, as is any other intelligence.

CHAIRMAN.—In the Spiritual Republic newspaper of Jan. 12th, I find extracts from a letter written to that journal favoring the publication of spirit messages in the BANNER. The editor of the Republic prefaces the quotations in this wise: "The following extract from a letter of S. W. Eels, is evidently the promptings of a benevolent heart. It is meant as a plea for us to open the columns of the Spiritual Republic for the spirits to be heard." Our friends must see that we are faithfully endeavoring to accomplish this very work. But of this we are satisfied, as a solemn truth that must be met and told, that the inhabitants of the spirit-world cannot regenerate earth from its vice and sorrow so long as we remain ignorant of the spiritual laws by which communications are obtained. We have been playing with lightning, and not a few have been shocked. There are perverse conditions that must first be regulated, ere we shall witness and feel the angel glory, whose likeness of ideal is not yet revealed. We wish to help our friends on the other side in putting the telegraphs in order for a purer, holier interchange of sentiment. Let us pass straight to the spiritual fountains; why linger at the slimy pools of atheistic materialism? Up to "deny thyself," and to be as searching, as unselfish, as free from sensual stain, as the Nazarene, on whom all the heavens rested in beatitudes."

Now I desire to ascertain whether the critic's remarks are correct, or otherwise. Will the intelligence now in control of the medium inform us?

A.—To our view they are partially correct and partially incorrect. They seem to have a good, correct foundation, but the little adornments of the building are in some respects fabulous; and these will not be removed, from time to time, as the builder sees the necessity for removing them.

Feb. 23.

Israel Frothingham.

The heart and the head seem to be very often at war with each other. If I were to consult the

dictates of my sympathetic nature, I should not be here to-day. But although I have listened to the voice of that nature, yet I have also listened to the demands of justice.

It is but a short time ago since I was living on the earth, surrounded by my family, friends, and in no expectation of the dark scenes that have followed since then. I think sometimes it is well that we cannot look into the future, for if we could, it might make our present most miserable.

When the question of secession was brought up, I was with my family in Charleston, South Carolina. For my own part, I was never quite sure as to what was best. But nearly all my family were right in the belief that each State was a sovereignty of itself, and because it was, it had a right to exercise its sovereign power, so far as itself was concerned. If it should deem it best to cut itself loose from its sister States, it certainly had the right to do so. They believed, also, that each State had a right, an absolute, exclusive right, to govern its own interests; that no other State had a right to interfere.

South Carolina was a slaveholding State, and my friends were slaveholders—and I must say I was myself. For a time it seemed that the South was to be victorious. It seemed that the North would get weary of fighting, and give it up as a bad job. But speedily the tide of events turned. The South was subjugated; the North was victorious, but victorious over thousands of hearts who beat still high in rebellion. And my own children are to-day among that class. In their souls they are as much at war to-day as ever they were; and are as fully determined that the flower of peace shall never grow between North and South, as they are determined upon anything.

A few days ago I was present when my sons were talking the matter over, and one of them said, "I wish I could know what father would think of it. And I wish I could know whether or not he knows anything about our earthly affairs; and if he does, how he feels, what are his views now."

I can tell them. My sons believe that slavery had an existence by virtue of the Constitution of the United States. They also believe that strength and permanency of Government depends upon the Constitution.

Well, now, let us look at that matter from its starting point. The framers of the Constitution of the United States believed that there was a tacit understanding between all the States and Territories, that slavery should soon be swept from American soil; that soon it should have no foothold here anywhere. It was talked over, but it had not a place in the Constitution; and why? Because, they tell us, they deemed it best to let rest upon the honor of the people. They believed that as the people grew stronger, they would get sick of it; it would die of itself. At all events, they believed the Slave States had tacitly agreed, as soon as they could conveniently, to give up slaveholding.

Well, my sons, your forefathers made a mistake. They see it now; but they did not when on earth. They did not know that if they left slavery even as a root upon American soil, it would grow, because the Yankee loved money more than human souls. It would be a source of income, and therefore it would be held for use.

Considering the circumstances attending the forming of the Constitution, it is not strange that slavery continued so long with you. It ought to have been swept away long ago. A Lincoln should have been raised up in those days to abolish it. That is my view of the case. Perhaps it is not God's, from the fact of his not creating a Lincoln at such a time, and the fact that he did not sweep it away before he died.

Now, my sons, if you will only go down to its childhood, and follow it up to its maturity, you will see how great an evil it has been to even you. Then contrast your Government with all other Governments. It's not right, it's not the best that can be, by no means; but it is the best that is, that we know of. Therefore because it is, defend it, support it; do nothing to weaken it, but everything to strengthen and further its progress. Build no dams across the river, but give the old Ship of State plenty of room to sail out into an open sea.

By-and-by these men who are making money at the expense of the heart of the Government, will be called to the spirit-world. In this heaven of Spiritualism, that is making its way everywhere throughout the land, will be found a power that will send forth men who will be able, under the protection of God's ministering angels, to guide this American nation unto a holier and better standard of right.

But do not go to war against your American Government. Do not fight it. Though it is not perfect in all its proportions, yet it is the best on the earth. I've learned this much since my residence in the spirit-world.

If you want to talk with me face to face, or as much so as is possible for you to do, then find me some good medium, and I'll talk with you further, more in detail upon this subject, and any other that may concern our family more intimately.

(To the Chairman.)—I am, sir, Israel Frothingham. I was seventy-three years old. My purpose in coming I have announced. If I should not succeed in getting this message to my sons, I presume you will allow me to come again. [Yes. When did you pass to the spirit-world?] A short time after the opening of the rebellion.

Feb. 23.

Richard J. Seleson.

I am somewhat embarrassed, sir, by coming here, for several reasons. But the most prominent one of all is that I suddenly find myself in the presence of people with whom I was at war a few years ago.

I'm not here to discourse upon the right or wrong of the course I took. But I'm here to meet, if I can, a widowed mother and an invalid sister.

I suppose it is your custom to receive all facts that those coming are able to give concerning themselves. First, then, is my name: Richard J. Seleson. I am from Jamestown, Virginia. I am the son of Thomas and Laura Seleson. My father is in the spirit-world; my mother is in Virginia. I was twenty-two years of age at the time of my death; an officer on board the gunboat Jamestown.

I have heard in my spirit-home the call of my mother and sister. They are desolate. Their condition is changed. They have heard vague rumors concerning the return of departed spirits. They try to believe it, yet fearing all the while we cannot. But in their despair, they are reaching out for all things that offer the least hope.

If I were to advise them with regard to their earthly condition, I should say leave Virginia at once, and go to Ohio. Accept the offer that has been made you, and I doubt not you will soon find your condition bettered.

With regard to my sister, I will say, have no fear with regard to your health; it will be better there than where you now are. The time will very soon come when you cannot stay where you

are. Then the door will be closed, and there will be no opening for you. You had better go; go, by all means. If there is any way by which I can reach you, and talk more plainly, I should be glad to do so. I am not so happy in my spirit-home as I might be, because there is no day that some wall of mourning does not reach me from you. So I am anxious to still that cry, or to change it. We can come! we can watch over you; we can aid you; and we are just as near you as ever before in all your lives. You mourn because I was not with you when I died. An All-Wise God ordered it otherwise, therefore you must be satisfied.

(To the Chairman.)—I am deeply grateful to you, sir, for the way you have opened for our return. [Shall we direct a paper to your mother?] It goes there, I believe.

Feb. 23.

Johnnie Tuttle.

Holloa, mister. I'm Johnnie Tuttle; yes, sir; I'm from New Jersey. [What town?] Jersey City.

I want Aunt Mary to know I come. She said maybe I could. I had something—I had some kind of a fever, and was awful sick, and died. She said maybe I could come back. And I want her to know I can come. I know how she thought I could come back, because Uncle William could come back. I've got where he is in the spirit-land. I told him I was coming back; I'd heard about 'em coming back, and I was coming back.

And I want to know, mister, if I can go to Jersey City. [We can't let you take the medium there. Perhaps you may find some other medium.] I've just got used to this one. I'd rather come here. I don't want to get acquainted with any other one. Will you tell her I got here? will you?

And tell her my face feels just as it did; burns like fire now. I guess it aint all inside now; guess it's outside. Tell her, will you? heaven is a first-rate place. You don't have to do anything you don't like to there. I like. I shall come back, and tell her I shall hunt up my mother. I don't know where she went to, but it was somewhere out West. You tell aunt that, won't you? She said I could go and find her when I grew big enough. I guess I'm grown big enough now. I shall know enough after I get away from here. I'm most ten years old. That's big enough to go anywhere.

Well, you'll put it in the paper, and if ever—[Will your aunt get it?] Oh yes; she takes them. And if ever I get a chance to do anything for you, I will. [When you come again the fever won't trouble you so.] Burns now like fire.

Feb. 23.

Caroline Ritchie.

(Shaking hands with the chairman.) Oh, I am determined that John shall know I live—I am determined he shall. I thank you for what you've done for me, for your kindness in thinking of me so often. It has aided me much.

Tell John I live, as much as he does. And tell him I've got ample evidence, if he'll only give me the opportunity of coming to him, to prove that I'm living. I have ample evidence, if he'll only let me come to him. I should be so happy; if not saddened by the thought that he believes there's no spirit-world, he'll be so disappointed, so unhappy, when he comes there. Oh, tell him he must change. I can't have it so. Tell him it is the will of God that he shall see. Oh, help me, won't you? Caroline Ritchie. Father Ritchie is coming.

Feb. 23.

Uriah Ritchie.

I am here, sure. [We are glad to meet you here.] I'm glad to come. Susan has been urging me to come all the while. I couldn't exactly make up my mind to, not here. [This is the best place.] Yes, I suppose so.

I'm ashamed to say anything. I am. Man is never ready to die, is he? [Very seldom, particularly when he has as much worldly goods as you had. They take a strong hold upon him.] Oh it's a terrible thing. It's an awful incubus, worse than a millstone. I don't know what to do to get out of the place it's put me in. I don't know what to do. I don't know how to get out of it, I don't. It's a terrible tight place. What shall I do? You don't know, I suppose? Get rid of it, I suppose; break away from it; clear out.

I've been told by those who understand these things, the very best thing for me to do is to come back here first, and add my testimony to the thousands who return here. That being done, they said I should see clearer, know which way to move better. I see so many things here that need straightening, so much that I've left undone, that I'm as unhappy as a man can be all the while. If I were only here a few hours I could straighten everything out. [The law does not recognize you as you are now.] No, oh no. I've signed a quit claim. [Yes, in one sense.] Well, I wish I had n't in any sense.

John's wife wants him to know there's a life after death. She's determined to convince him of that fact. I hope she will. At all events, she may be able to remove some doubts from his mind. Doubts! I was all doubt all doubt! I didn't see anything in any of the religions of earth to remove my doubts. I was in rather a bad place. But it's as simple as anything can be, to those who can see through it. Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! we don't understand the world; we don't understand the world, do we, at all, when here? We are a pack of fools generally—I mean such as I—don't mean you, who know about spiritual things. [You thought me rather foolish, and carried away in this matter, I believe.] Yes, I did. I now tell you you were the wise man, and I the fool.

Well, how's Eliza? [She's pretty well.] And Elizabeth—how is she getting along? [Well. Do not you ever go to see them?] Well, yes, I try to get round, but it's rather foggy. [Can't you go and see James? He'd be pleased to see you.] I should be glad to meet him, too. Hope I shall see clearer after I leave this place. [Come and see your brother John.] Yes, I mean to. [There have been doubts in the minds of your friends as to what disease you had when you went to the spirit-world.] I died of cancerous humor in the stomach. They think something else was the cause, but they don't know. I happen to know. I've consulted with those who know best about such things in the spirit-world.

Well, do the best you can. [Come to us whenever you can.] I'm very thankful for all favors I've had in the past. [Do you come and show yourself occasionally?] Yes, I do. I'm uneasy, unhappy, not at rest. I've got too much to do. [You must try to master it.] That's all the way to do anything.

(Shaking hands with Chairman.) Well, I thank you. [Come to brother James.] If I can get rid of those terrible annoyances that are coming up to me in the form of real estate, I wish it were in the bottom of the Red Sea; yes, I do. It's all the time being asked, "Why wasn't this thing straightened?" "Why was that thing left so crooked?" "I don't see through this stuff." Oh! it's a constant annoyance to me.

Well, I shall get out of it by-and-by. We think when we get on the other side, if we are annihilated, we shall be unconscious of sorrow; and if we ain't, as the Christians tell us, we shall get away from earthly troubles. You think when you get on the other side you'll have all heaven. But you won't, if you've got dollars in your pocket, unless you're very careful. That's my experience. Uriah Ritchie.

Feb. 23.

Séance opened by Theodore Parker; closed by Thomas Campbell.

Invocation.

Oh thou whose kingdom hath neither beginning nor ending, thou whose voice Eternity hath ever listened to, thou who art the God of nations and souls, hear thou our prayers, and answer thou our petitions, so that we may be conscious that thou hast heard them.

Thou Spirit whose Infinite Love is everywhere manifested, whose Infinite Power none can deny, whose presence the soul in its interior life perpetually recognizes, thou God of all things, hear our prayers. Teach us by thine own angels, that dwell nearest to thy heart. Guide us by thy ministering spirits, who are nearest unto the soul's wisdom. Let us guide these misty souls out of darkness into light. Let us rend in twain the veil that hides them from their loved ones in spirit-life.

Oh, loving Father, thou who art dealing with us, though we cannot understand thee, stretch forth thy strong arms and fold us, so we can come into more conscious communion with thy most holy being. Thou hast taught little children, through all ages, through thy angels, and we feel thou wilt teach us by souls that have been baptized in waters of truth. Oh, give us undying faith. Give us that internal faith, as the soul journeys upward and onward and outward.

Great Spirit of this age, we feel thou art walking the earth in majesty and power. We feel thou art calling to every soul, saying, "My child, come nearer unto me." We feel, ay, more, we know, God, thou art dealing with thy children in mercy and love. Therefore we will trust thee; we will love thee; we will worship thee in spirit and in truth.

Feb. 23.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—Is it necessary that persons should be born with a particular faculty or function, to enable them to become what are technically called developed mediums. If yes, what is that faculty?

Ans.—Those specialties in human life that are recognized as mediums between the seen and unseen worlds, from infancy to mature age, are such by virtue of their finely or sensitively attuned nervous systems. They are not only extremely sensitive or open to all good, but they are equally sensitive to and open to all evil. Thus they become mediators between the high and the low, possessing in themselves the requisites to take on and assimilate with the higher and lower. Ordinarily, human bodies are not constructed with such a sensitive nervous system, as to be able to discern disembodied intelligences called spirits, or to hear the language of their ideas, or to be able to comprehend clearly the wishes or states of those intelligences. All are dependent upon the nervous system. It is that system that is the chief agent in giving what you term manifestations. Sometimes physical manifestations are produced. Then it is that the nervous system is capable of generating or giving out a nervous aura, by which electrical sounds are made, and all the various phenomena attending manifestations are produced. Indeed, all manifestations, either mental or physical, are produced through the nervous system of the person you call a medium.

Q.—Will the intelligence please to inform us if we civilized people or inhabitants have a more perfect comprehension of God than the native Indians?

A.—By no means; and many of you have not half as perfect a comprehension of God as the native Indians.

Q.—By P. W. Poulson, of San Francisco, Cal.: Is the fundamental law of homeopathy—"Similia similibus curantur"—recognized in the spirit-world, as evident as an axiom in geometry, as certain as gravitation and the rotation of the earth?

A.—We recognize a great fundamental truth in the system of homeopathy. And we recognize, also, the fact that it may be made the agent of great good to human life. But as yet it seems to be very imperfectly understood; so medical men insist on. But as all things grow by slow and distinct degrees, so homeopathy will grow in favor. Therefore we are not in despair concerning it. We would not hurry you on to a conclusion or more perfect action, for then you would become losers, and we should gain nothing by the process.

Q.—By the same: When spirits are united in the second sphere in harmonious marriage, will they in each sphere be fathers and mothers to children born upon the same plane of development, the same as on earth?

A.—A perfect spirit, or fully developed soul, becomes in itself male and female. One is imperfect without the other. And as souls are born of the male and female principle, and as soul is as free to act in accordance with law as the air around you is free, and if it is the law of souls to propagate, whether here in this sphere taking on crude physical forms, or in the spheres beyond of ethereal life, it matters not, they will do so. It is simply the outgrowth of intelligent life.

SPRIT.—We propose to answer a query which we have received from a correspondent in New York. The correspondent says: "I have been a Spiritualist for many years. I have recognized as underlying modern Spiritualism, truths which seem to me to be as old as the universe; and I have thought that Spiritualism was destined to be the Saviour of the nineteenth century. But to-day I doubt myself doubting, and the reason why I doubt concerning the soundness of my faith, is because I have been informed that the spiritual intelligences who do manifest and purport to control at the Banner of Light Circles, do publicly denounce all kinds of sin, while they do privately endorse, foster and encourage, the familiar sins of those with whom they are the most familiar." The correspondent concludes by asking, "Have I been rightly informed?"

And our answer is, "No, you have not been correctly informed." It is the fashion of many Spiritualists to make scapegoats of those familiar spirits who visit them, either to counsel them or to gain counsel of them from time to time. This is wrong. Every soul should be willing to bear the cross that will accrue from the commission of its own sins. And every soul will in time—if not in Time, in Eternity—learn that all its own sins are mistakes, that will finally return to itself, there to be regenerated, there to be taken care of. However broadcast you may have scattered them, they will return to you. By the natural law of existence they will return to you, and will have lost nothing of their strength, by their wanderings in other channels. Now, then, it is best for every soul to take care of its own sins,

instead of being so willing to charge them upon somebody else. Rather be willing to father and mother them yourselves. It has ever been the purpose of the spirits manifesting here, to teach you to overcome all evil with good; to teach you that all that which was not in strict accordance with your highest and inner sense of right, was absolutely detrimental to your good, and the good of all with whom you might be associated.

Your consciences, which are the mirrors between the great God of the external world and the God of your own being, will always reflect the images of your thoughts for you, and you will know when you are even thinking wrong.

And oh, ye Spiritualists, ye who believe you hold communion with angels, we charge you, in the name of that vast spirit-world, that ye cease to cast your sins upon the shoulders of those who return communing with you from that unseen world. You are told, repeatedly told, if any come leading you from the path of right, pay no heed to them. The voice of Jesus told you this ages ago. Then if you do grasp the hand of one who would lead you astray from duty, oh then say in the face of all the world, it was myself who made the mistake. We tell you, again and again, we come to lead you higher, not lower; come to bind up your wounds, not to open them. We come to heal your wounded spirits. We come as physicians of the soul. And oh, do not charge your wickedness upon us. We would earnestly pray that our correspondent, who seems to be laboring under a cloud of doubt, and all others so conditioned, may have faith; that the voice of the Angel of Truth may speak to their souls, setting them right. Oh, again we tell you—and let us enforce this truth upon you—though we may not come and openly denounce your mistakes, though we may deal with you in mercy that is sometimes badly tempered with justice, yet the time will come when we may not always deal thus with you.

Feb. 23.

Theodore Williams.

The doctrine of overcoming evil with good, sometimes to me is a fine thing, when you have plenty of good to fight with; when you have n't plenty to back you up with, then it isn't so fine. I am Theodore Williams, or was. I suppose I hail from Pennsylvania—from Clarksville, Pennsylvania.

It's rather strange that I should happen to come just as I did, to hear a sort of sermon on overcoming evil with good. It was about the last thing I heard when I went out. When the chaplain said to me, "You must forgive your enemies, if you want to die happy," I asked him, "What with?" "With forgiveness," he replied. I said I hadn't got any; couldn't give what I hadn't got. If God wanted me to forgive, then he should have given me the stuff. He said he was afraid I was a sinner. Said I, "I am afraid I am, too. But," said I, "how am I going to obtain forgiveness?" He says, "God is able to do it." Says I, "Then I suppose he will. If he is able, I need n't trouble myself about it."

I suppose what made me feel that way, was because I'd been told all along through life that it wasn't any good to die with any hard feelings toward others; and then there were some people that it used to seem to me as though I never could forgive 'em, and I can't now. I feel so today. So when the chaplain told me I'd got to die, said I could n't stand it more than through the night, and that I must exercise forgiveness toward my enemies, I told him I could n't borrow it; could n't buy it; could n't beg any; I want to be found anywhere; so there was no use in trying to get it. He said I must forgive. I said, "I aint got anything to forgive with, so I can't do it."

That's the very first thing I thought of when I got out of the body. I'd become minus one leg before I died. [Did you miss it?] It sort of troubled me, but I've got along pretty well, considering the tight places I've been through since I got on the other side, and I've been through a good many. I take it you can't forgive when you aint got nothing to forgive with.

When I got here this afternoon, the first thing that greeted my ears was that same thing, "overcoming evil with good." So I asked the one who gave the sermon this question: "Supposing you aint got any good to overcome evil with, what are you going to do then?" "Well," he says, "you must seek for it." Well, I'd been seeking to be kind of decent all my earthly life; but so sure as I'd try to be good, somebody would come along and hit me a dig in the ribs. I'd forget what I was after, turn and hit him another. That's the way it was all along.

I was engaged in the manufacture of whiskey part of the time when here; a bad business, no matter however well followed. I would n't advise anybody to get into it, because, if you do, it's apt to take the legs from under you.

I'm here in pursuance of an old theme. It's this: Jacob Rhodes; and he's one of the folks I never could get any sort of forgiveness for here. I presume he's still transacting his legitimate business of swindling everybody who has anything to do with him. That parson that's left says the very best thing for Jacob Rhodes to do to repair old wrongs, is to pay over the money he took from me to my family. A very good suggestion, and he'll find it so if he only carries it out.

Then again, I want the few friends—they were only a few that I could call my friends—left on earth, that are disposed to come into sort of a renewal of communication with me while I'm in a condition to talk with them, to lose no time in doing so.

And a word, also, to that chaplain—his name, I think, is Corlies—who was with me at death. I'd say to you, "Parson, I'm here, safe and sound; all as good as new; and I'm in search of that forgiveness you said I didn't have when I was living in the body. If that's the key, and heaven is the place you believe it to be, then I've not found it yet. So I'm going to seek on, parson. And I'd suggest to you the propriety of your having a conversation with me in this way. You gave me over as kind of a hard case, because I could n't forgive others, so I'll return your evil—for I wear that's evil, beg your pardon—with good. And I'll try to show you some of the new things concerning life: one of them is, that you don't have to wait till the resurrection to get up. No; you can get up one day as well as another, and you can come back to your friends again, and no one has a right to say you can't come, or anybody else."

(To the Chairman.)—Well, Major General, I'm greatly obliged to you. I was a soldier, sir, soldier! I was wounded in one, two, three battles, and finally lost my leg, and that confounded surgeon cut it off too quick. I'd like to have a talk with him; and tell him how to cut off legs better than that; if I didn't know better than he did I'd lost my head. I believe he was somewhere from New York. I believe I think his name was something like Hanson. I don't want to tell him down below par in his profession, but I'd like to tell him what you said to him: "You'd better do a job well when you are likely to clear from it again." That's my opinion, stranger. I don't see anything but a Good-day, sir, and a good and happy passage

Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT:
J. M. FEEBLES, EDITOR.

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and transact all other business connected with this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT. Letters and papers intended for use, or communications for publication in this Department, etc., should be directed to J. M. FEEBLES, Local Editor, at the Western Department, 100 West 12th St., New York. Those who wish to contribute to the BANNER OF LIGHT, should send their contributions to the Western Department, 100 West 12th St., New York. Persons writing us this month, will direct care of P. E. Farnsworth, box 5679, New York.

Address us, New York.

The last three Sundays of this month we speak to the society of Progressive Spiritualists worshipping in Ebbitt Hall, New York. Please direct all letters, papers and other mail matters designed for us, to the care of P. E. Farnsworth, box 5679.

The Spiritualism of the Bible.

Beautiful are Bibles. They are true. We believe in them. The Old and New Testaments of Jews and Christians are very precious to our soul. Their writers were inspired. God is impartial. Inspiration overcomes all ages. All nations have had their Bibles. They still have their sacred books. These were penned by souls inspired. They are divine. What, says one, do you believe all of the Bible—King James's version? Most certainly, dear reader! We believe its history to be history; its chronicles to be chronicles; its psalms to be psalms; its songs to be songs; its prophecies to be prophecies; its biographies to be biographies; its dreams to be dreams; its visions to be visions; its inspirations to be inspirations; its interpolations to be interpolations; its truths to be truths, and its errors, errors. Certainly, we believe the whole Bible. Great is our belief.

We believe in oranges, too. We imbibe, we partake of them, and bless all tropical lands. Oh, how rich and delicious their yellow juices! The verdant, comparable to these Orthodox "babes in Christ," believe in oranges, also, and imbibe, yea, suck them right down, pulp, seeds, rinds, all, and then hanker after the old, dry, dead, withered bark of the last year orange-trees. Let us not differ. It's in the using of things. Oranges are good. Bibles are good. Hells and devils are good for such as need them. These latter frequently make those in the milky conditions of life passably honest. All is well. The ripened apples of October should not reproach those of August, but help them to mature and mellow.

The Christian Bible being a collection of books, written in different ages of the world, with style of thought and imagery peculiar to the Oriental nations of the past, is susceptible of various interpretations. The highest Church authorities differ; these differences are well. Difference of level gives us Niagara. Beyond the mead towers the mountain. The more spiritual-minded the individual, the brighter the key he holds to unlock those weird, Biblical meanings; and the same suggestion applies to Egypt's mysteries and the manuscripts of India's seers. As no one clime is adapted to all fruit, so no one standard to all souls. Diversity in unity is the law. The divine standard is the soul, and that soul is linked to God. Accordingly that poetical, practical Judean Spiritualist said, "Why judge ye even of yourselves what is right?"

The Bible is principally valuable to us for its Spiritualism. To this end we read, John vi: 63—"It is the spirit that quickeneth," Paul says, "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." During a period of three or four thousand years the Scriptures abound in records of the most convincing evidences of the ministry of spirits to earth. In fact, they constitute a great living reservoir of spiritual phenomena, such as trances, healings, prophecies, spirit-voices, gifts of tongues, discerning of spirits, &c., that find their duplicates in this age. Hence the inspired preacher of old declares (Eccl. iii: 15), that "that which hath been is now, and that which is to be, hath been, and God requireth that which is past."

Take the method of the "laying on of hands." See Mark, xvi: 18—"And they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." Deut. xxxiv: 9—"And Joshua, the son of Nun, was full of the spirit of wisdom; for Moses had laid his hands upon him." II. Timothy, i: 6—"Wherefore I put thee in remembrance that thou stir up the gift of God which is in thee by the putting on of my hands." There is a deep philosophy underlying this putting on of hands. By the single touch of the finger, in connection with the will-power, there is imparted an electric influence to the person touched. And by the laying on of hands, under spirit-control, there is a powerful impartation of spirit-substances and forces. And these, in quality, correspond to the physical, mental and moral status of both the medium and controlling intelligence; while the sensible effects are in the ratio of the power of the operating spirit or spirits, and the receptivity of the subject. Bearing upon this, we may refer to John, x: 22—"And when he had said this, he breathed on them and said, Receive ye the Holy Ghost." From conversing with them, he fixed their attention upon him; and then breathing upon them is equivalent to saying he imparted to them the exhalations and spiritual emanations of his very being. This conditioned them to receive the "Holy Ghost"—that is, the Holy Spirit, meaning only a most holy and excellent spiritual influence from that legion of angels from the heavens ever in attendance during his divine mission to humanity.

See the following Scriptural passages: "And there came two angels to Sodom at even, and Lot, seeing them, rose up to meet them."—Gen. xix: 1. "And the Lord appeared unto him in the plains."—Gen. xix: 1. "And he lifted up his eyes and looked, and lo three men stood beside him; and when he saw them, he ran to meet them from the tent-door, and bowed himself toward the ground."—Gen. xviii: 1-2. "And the angel of the Lord found her (Hagar) by a fountain of water in the wilderness."—Gen. xvi: 7. "And said, 'Whence comest thou?'"—Gen. xvi: 7. "This Moses, whom they refused, did God send to be a ruler and a deliverer by the hand of the angel which appeared to him in the bush."—Acts, vii: 35. "And Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him."—Gen. xxxi: 1. "And as he (Elijah) lay and slept under a juniper-tree, behold, then an angel touched him, and said unto him, 'Arise and eat.'"—I. Kings, xix: 6. "Then the Lord opened the eyes of Baalam, and he saw the angel of the Lord standing in the way."—Num. xxii: 31. "While I was speaking in prayer, even the man Gabriel, whom I had seen in the vision at the beginning, touched me about the time of the evening oblation."—Dan. ix: 21. Saul consulted a medium at Endor.

"And behold, 'An old man cometh up, and he is covered with a mantle. And Saul perceived that it was Samuel, and he stooped with his face to the ground, and bowed himself.'"—I. Sam. xxviii: 14. "Fear came upon me and trembling, made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face. It was in blood; but I could not discern the form thereof. 'I heard a voice saying, 'I shall murder men more just than I.'"—Job, i: 14-15-16. "Speaking of the rolling away the stone and the rising of Christ, Matthew says, 'The angel of

the Lord descended from heaven and rolled back the stone from the door.' . . . His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow." Luke says, "The stone was rolled away." . . . And, entering into the sepulchre, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment." Mark says, "They entered into the sepulchre and found not the body of the Lord Jesus." . . . and much perplexed thereabout, beheld two men stood by them in shining garments." . . . And they said unto them, 'Why seek ye the living among the dead?'"—Mat. xxviii: 2-3; Mark, xvi: 4-5; Luke, xxiv: 3-4.

"And behold, there talked with him two men, which were Moses and Elias."—Luke, ix: 30. "And there arose a great cry, and the scribes strove, saying, we find no evil in this man; but if a spirit or an angel hath spoken to him, let us not fight against God."—Acts, xxi: 9. "After this I looked, and behold, a door was opened in heaven; . . . and I heard a voice as it were of a trumpet talking with me, which said, come up hither."—Rev. iv: 1. "And I John saw these things and heard them; and when I had heard and seen, I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which showed me these things. Then said he unto me, See thou do it not; for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets; . . . worship God."—Rev. xxii: 8-9.

Carefully note in the above quotations, that the terms "angels," "angels from heaven," "angels of the Lord," "men in shining garments," "men in long white garments," "men of God," "men," "the man Gabriel," "thy fellow-servant," &c., are used interchangeably, and thus necessarily signify the same spiritual beings. This is clearly set forth in the account of the "angel of the Lord" that appeared to Manvah's wife. In the history of this spiritual appearing, he is once called the "man of God," and three times a "man." So the Evangelists, speaking of the Marys coming to the Nazarene's tomb, Matthew says, the stone was rolled away by "the angel of the Lord from heaven;" while Mark, in referring to the same matter, calls this angel of the Lord a "young man," and describes him as clothed in a "long white garment." These "men," "men of God," or "angels from heaven," were once mortals—once the fathers and the mothers, the sisters and the brothers of earthly flesh; and hence their abiding interest in and deep sympathy for the loved of earth. Pure love is immortal, and cannot die. It merely buds below to blossom in Paradise. With soul alive to this love and sympathy between the physical and the immortal world, Jesus beautifully said, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

The preceding Scriptural passages, with numerous others, declare in the most positive manner possible, that an "angel" touched Elijah, under a juniper tree; that the "man Gabriel" touched the prophet Daniel; that Samuel, in spirit-life, "perceived" and held converse with Saul; that a "spirit" passed before Job's face, and he heard the voice; that a "spirit" or angel spoke to Paul; that such rolled the stone away from the tomb, opened the iron gate, and unlocked Peter's chains; that an "angel" conversed with John on Patmos, that proved to be his "fellow-servant;" and that the two men, Moses and Elias, long in spirit-life, appeared and "talked" with Jesus on the Mount. In the presence of Peter, James and John. Now, then, if these things transpired in the past, why not now? Has God changed? Have the heavens over us become brass? Have angel powers become palsied? Have divine laws changed? Does a blade of grass grow different now from what it did in Moses' or Jesus' time? Will not an alkali and an acid unite now, and by the same law as in the Bible ages? Do not the same laws that governed matter and mind, angels and spirits, in the prophetic and apostolic ages, govern them now? Admitting the unchangeability of God and his laws, nothing can be more evident! Then the logical inference is indisputable, that angels and spirits appear to and communicate with mortals in the present; thus verifying the Scripture promises: "These signs shall follow them that believe." And, "Lo I am with you always, unto the end of the world."

Spiritualism bears much the same relation to the New Testament, that the New bears to the Old Testament. The outer is the physical form, then the spiritual anatomy, and then, last and innermost, the spirit, the divine principle, or God in man. As Christians profess to believe in the New Testament, so the Pharisees professed to believe in "Moses and the prophets." But Jesus told them distinctly that if they "believed in Moses, they would believe in him also, for Moses wrote of him." And, if the Christians of the nineteenth century really and rationally believed in Jesus—if they believed in the New Testament as a life, forgetting the "letter that killeth"—as a spiritual force, forgetting the form, they would believe in Spiritualism, for it testifies of Jesus and the seers of all ages. In it, we see the apostolic "signs" and "gifts," and the fulfillment of Christ's promise, "Be that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father." The popular Churchianity of this age has lost these signs. Christians have not, and do not even profess to have the "gifts"; and because they have become worldly, selfish, sordid, proud, fashionable and aristocratic, caring more for the "cause" than the truth; more for the sect than the spirit of progress; more for show than the substance; the chaff than the wheat; the fleece than the flock; have they departed from the "faith once delivered to the saints." And Paul seems to have referred to the priests and churches of these times when he said, I. Timothy, iv: 1-2—"Now the spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, (faith in ministering angels), giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils." Oh how true it is, that churches and clergy have departed from the primitive Christian faith of spirit-communion, giving heed to seducing spirits; the spirit of pride, sect, creed, fashion, fame and worldly glory, and "doctrines of devils." And Paul further adds, "speaking lies in hypocrisy." This is strong language—but remember it is Paul's, not ours.

While seeking and cherishing all inspired truths—while admiring the good and the sainted of all ages, and while loving the beautiful precepts and principles that dropped like glittering pearls from the Nazarene's lips, and streamed so mildly, tenderly through the apostolic John's life—we nevertheless respectfully invite churchmen to bury the form, the corpse of that thing they miscall Christianity.

Conductors of Lyceums.

Permit us to whisper a secret in your ears—the secret of success relative to Progressive Lyceums: It all centers in the word work. Work on week-day evenings. When you accepted the position of Conductors you virtually said, "We'll throw our whole souls into the movement, and sparing neither time nor toll, we'll fasten its prosperity to the very pulse of our innermost life." A public hall is no place to practice the exercises—no place to exhibit the innocent blunders of children in the

face of a criticizing audience, just before the lecture. The Philadelphiaans understand this. Accordingly Bro. M. B. Dyott opens his hospitable home two or three times each week for the practice of a certain number of groups. It is a beautiful sight—the marching and the gymnastic exercises, with rings, rods and dumb-bells, and all to music. Their bright eyes, happy faces and sunny smiles made our heart glad and strengthened our hope in the speedier redemption of the race.

Mr. Dyott and his estimable lady consider this no task, but really a pleasure. A consciousness of well-doing ever brings its own reward. These various groups, thus trained and drilled on week-day evenings, do themselves and the institution justice on Sundays. Everything is systematic, dignified, orderly. It ought to be thus in every place—might, with proper means and energy. Witnessing the workings of the Philadelphia Lyceum, though not translated, we felt ourself very near the gate of Heaven.

Girard College.

Through the kindness of Dr. H. T. Child in securing a permit, we were allowed to visit this Institution, so precious to all philanthropists, because consecrated to the education of orphans. The structure is of marble, and truly magnificent; costing, so we were informed, two million of dollars. The thirty-four pillars cost thirty thousand dollars each—too much, certainly, to put into speechless masonry. The site is imposing, and the grounds elegantly laid out; while within are laboratories, recitation rooms, a chapel, a marble statue of Stephen Girard, and some five hundred orphans. In Girard's bequest for this College, he prescribed the condition that the clergy should never enter its walls. The clause reads thus:

"Secondly, I enjoin and require that no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister of any sect whatsoever, shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in the said College; nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the purposes of the said college. In making this restriction, I do not mean to cast any reflection upon any sect, or to exclude any person, but, as there is a wide diversity of sects, and such a diversity of opinion amongst them, I desire to keep the tender minds of the orphans, who are to derive advantage from this bequest, free from the excitement which clashing doctrines and sectarian controversy are so apt to produce; my desire is, that all the instructors and teachers in the College shall take pains to instill into the minds of the scholars the purest principles of morality, so that, on their entrance into active life, they may from inclination and habit, evince benevolence toward their fellow creatures, and a love of truth, sobriety and industry, adopting at the same time such religious tenets as their matured reason may enable them to prefer."

Being no "ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister of any sect," only a traveling editorial Evangelist, we were permitted to enter, explore and listen. That we were once a "minister of a sect" should not now be brought up to our detriment. It is absolutely wicked to hold maturer years responsible for boyish follies.

Attending at the close of the school-hour in the chapel, we considered the spirit of the Girard will more thoroughly set at defiance than it necessarily need be, by permitting the clergy of the more liberal denominations to enter the building. To wit: President Smith read a portion of the Scriptures, repeated the Lord's prayer, another offered a short vocal prayer, the children kneeling, and then they sang an old fashioned Orthodox hymn, from the American Sunday School Collection. This certainly savors of theologic teaching, and must exert a sectarian influence.

Girard's will in some respects reminds us of the will of Gen. Lee, whose heroism was intimately connected with the Revolutionary War. After committing his soul to God, he made this bequest relative to his body—see "Headley's Washington and his Generals":

"I desire most earnestly that I may not be buried in any church or church-yard, or within a mile of any Presbyterian or Anabaptist meeting-house; for since I have resided in this country, I have kept so much bad company when living, that I do not choose to continue it when dead."

General Lee evidently had very little respect for either the theological dogmas or practices of the denominations above mentioned. Though professedly they were evangelical, yet knowing them as neighbors and citizens, he placed no very high estimate upon either their morals or excellencies of character. As an infidel his standard was higher.

Had Gen. Lee, Ethan Allen, Rush, Jefferson, Franklin and other eminent patriots and thinkers of the past lived under the brighter rays that gladden this century, they would have been Spiritualists, accepting its broad principles as constituting the only platform on which science and religion—reason and religion—can naturally harmonize.

A. E. Newton, and his Work.

The soul innately loyal to truth, naturally responds to the heroic and the noble in all the departments of life. There are two kinds of heroes, God's and the world's. Among the latter were the Hannibals, the Cæsars, the Napoleons; these, by the drawing of their swords, caused nations to tremble. The memory of them, however, will ultimately fade into oblivion; only the good is immortal. But the heroic for humanity, the great mental and moral teachers of the world, will live in holiest memories through all the unrolling ages. These were our reflections upon visiting brother A. E. Newton and witnessing his work; his deep devotion to the education of the colored people in Washington and vicinity.

The New York Branch and the Pennsylvania Branch of the American Freedman's Penny Commission (of which Chief Justice Chase is President) are both under the superintendency of brother Newton. The day and night schools of these two branches number full two thousand pupils, with thirty-seven teachers. Pupils, schools, teachers, are all under his charge. About an equal number of schools and teachers for colored children are sustained by other organizations in the District, giving an aggregate of over four thousand children, with some seventy-five teachers. Many of these teachers left not only the world of fashion and frivolity, but lucrative positions in academies and seminaries, and volunteered to teach these scholars, old and young, for just a bare support. We delight to chronicle such manifestations of self-sacrifice, of doing good for the love of the good. The teachers informed us that the progress of their pupils was perfectly astonishing; never saw we better order and discipline. The neatness of the school-rooms, though cheap, with the singing, marching and spelling, in connection with the gymnastic exercises, perfectly charmed us, and we went away with grander aims and nobler thoughts of our common humanity.

Ruskin's income is about \$113,000, of which he spends about \$7000 for his own wants, and devotes the rest to charity and the promotion of art. His model lodging houses are said to be the most successful ever established in London. He has never himself seen them, being a determined avoider of all unlovely sights.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY EVERY WEEK.
Arranged Alphabetically.

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

G. FANNIE ALLEY will speak in Chelsea, Mass., March 17, 18 and 19; in Mechanics' Hall, Charlestown, during April, in Hanson, May 5 and 12, and June 2 and 9; in Stoneham, May 19 and 26. Address, North Middleboro, Mass.

Mrs. N. K. ANDREWS, trance speaker, Delton, Wis.

Dr. J. T. AMOS will answer calls to lecture upon Physiology and Hygiene, at the Westchester, Rochester, N. Y.

CHARLES A. ANDREWS, Flushing, Mich., will attend funerals and lecture upon reforms.

Mrs. SARAH A. BRYNNE will speak in Mechanics' Hall, Charlestown, Mass., during March, in Somers, Conn., during April, and in Lowell, during June. Would like to make further engagements. Address, 87 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. M. A. C. BROWN, Ware, Mass.

M. C. BART, trance speaker, address, Pardeeville, Wis. Sundays engaged for the present.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.

Mrs. H. P. M. BROWN, P. O. drawer 625, Chicago, Ill., care of Spiritual Reform.

Mrs. EMMA F. JAY BULLOCK, 161 West 12th St., New York.

Mrs. E. A. BLISS will speak in Plymouth, Mass., March 10 and 11; in Mechanics' Hall, Charlestown, during April, in Hanson, May 5 and 12, and June 2 and 9; in Stoneham, May 19 and 26. Address, North Middleboro, Mass.

J. H. BICKFORD, trance speaker, Charlestown, Mass.

REY. ADIR BAILLOU, Hopkinton, Mass.

A. P. BOWMAN, trance speaker, Richmond, Iowa.

Dr. J. K. BAILEY, Quincy, Ill., will answer calls to lecture.

ADDIE L. BALLOU, trance speaker, Lansing, Mich.

WARREN CHASE, 544 Broadway, New York.

DEAN LABRA, trance speaker, Randolph, Vt.

Mrs. LABRA CUFFY is lecturing in San Francisco, Cal.

Dr. L. K. COOK will be in Vineland, N. J., and will further lecture in New Jersey, Pennsylvania or Delaware, at such places as can be reached on Saturday, and return on Monday. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light and Reform.

Mrs. MARIETTA F. CROSS, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address, Hampden, N. H., care of N. P. Cross.

P. CLARK, M. D., will answer calls to lecture. Address, 16 Third street, Boston.

Mrs. SOPHIA L. CHAPPELL will receive calls to lecture in New England until further notice. Address, 11 South street, Boston.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CROSBY will answer calls to speak in New England during the summer and fall. Address, box 515, Lowell, Mass.

ALBERT E. CARPENTER will answer calls to lecture, and also pay particular attention to establishing new Lyceums, and in those that are already formed. Address, Putnam, Conn.

Mrs. JENNETT J. CLARK, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays in any of the towns in Connecticut.

Mrs. D. CHADWICK, trance speaker, will lecture, hold sittings, give tests, and prescribe for the sick. Address, box 272, Vineland, N. J.

Miss NERTIE COLBY can be addressed at 120 Alexander street, Boston.

Dr. JAMES COOPER, Bellefontaine, O., will take subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

ISA H. COOPER speaks upon questions of government. Address, Hartford, Conn.

Mrs. AMELIA H. COLE, trance speaker, Monmouth, Ill.

THOMAS COOPER, lecturer, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. ELIZA C. CLARK, trance speaker, address, Eagle Harbor, Orleans Co., N. Y.

JUDOR A. G. W. CARTER, Cincinnati, O.

CHARLES P. CHOCKER, trance speaker, Fredonia, N. Y.

THOS. COOK, Berlin Heights, O., lecturer on organization.

Miss LIZZIE DOTY will lecture in Mercantile Hall, Boston, during March (Sundays). Will make no further engagements. Address, 544 Broadway, New York.

CHARLES A. D. DORR, 147 and 148 in Lowell, Mass., May 5 and 12; in Portland, N. H., May 19 and 26. Will answer calls to lecture week-day evenings in the vicinity.

GEORGE DUTTON, M. D., is prepared to lecture on Physiology, Hygiene and Temperance. Address, Room 25, Post-office building, Newburgh, N. Y.

Miss ELIZABETH DAVIS can be addressed at Orange, N. J.

Mrs. E. DELAMAR, trance speaker, Quincy, Mass.

Dr. E. D. DUNN, lecturer and healer, Rockford, Ill.

T. T. DOW, lecturer, Cookeville, Rock Co., Wis.

Dr. H. E. EMERY will receive calls to lecture. Address, South Coventry, Conn.

Mrs. R. A. DEVEREUX, trance speaker, Newport, Me.

A. T. FOSS will speak in Springfield, Mass., during March; in New York, during April, and in Lowell, Mass., May 5 and 12; in Portland, N. H., May 19 and 26. Will answer calls to lecture week-day evenings in the vicinity.

CHARLES A. D. DORR, 147 and 148 in Lowell, Mass., May 5 and 12; in Portland, N. H., May 19 and 26. Will answer calls to lecture week-day evenings in the vicinity.

Miss ELIZA HOWE FULKER will answer calls to lecture wherever the friends may desire. Address, LaGrange, Me.

Mrs. MARY L. FRENCH, trance speaker, and trance medium, will answer calls to lecture, attend circles or funerals. Free of charge. Address, 222 Broadway, New York.

Dr. H. P. FAIRFIELD, Greenwich Village, Mass.

S. J. FINNEY, And Arbor, Mich.

Dr. WM. FITZGERALD will answer calls to lecture on the subject of "The Spiritual Philosophy." Address, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rev. F. "East Jersey Normal Institute," Red Bank, N. J.

Miss FANNIE B. FITZGERALD, South Malden, Mass.

Mrs. ELIZA A. FIELD will answer calls to lecture. Address, Newport, Me.

Rev. J. FRANCIS may be addressed by those wishing his services in Southern Iowa and Missouri, at Nevada, Iowa, Ill.

C. AUGUSTA FITCH, trance speaker, box 1835, Chicago, Ill.

ISAAC P. GREENLEAF will lecture in Taunton, Mass., during March; in New Bedford during April; in Chelsea during May. Address as above, or Kenduskeag, Me.

Mrs. L. G. GORDON will receive calls to lecture in Colorado, in territory until spring, when she designs visiting California. Friends on the Pacific coast who desire her services as a lecturer, will please write at their earliest convenience to her, Denver City, Col. Ter.

N. S. GREENLEAF, Lowell, Mass.

Dr. L. P. GRIGOR, Evansville, Wis.

Mrs. EMMA HARDING can be addressed during March and April, care of A. Mittenberger, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.; in May, care of A. W. Hough, Esq., Cincinnati, O.; in June, care of J. L. Hough, Esq., Chicago, Ill.; also care of Thomas Hough, 50 Federal street, Boston, Mass.

Dr. M. HENRY HOUGHTON will remain in West Paris, Me., until further notice. Address as above.

Mrs. D. D. HORTON will lecture in Tammany, Penn., April 7 and 14; in Lowell, Mass., April 21 and 28; in Putnam, Conn., May 5 and 12; in Springfield, Mass., May 19 and 26. Address as above.

LYMAN C. HOWE, trance speaker, Clear Creek, N. Y.

J. D. HANCOCK, M. D., will answer calls to lecture in Wisconsin during March and April.

Dr. H. HAMILTON lectures on Reconstruction and the True Mode of Community Life. Address, Hammon, N. J.

J. H. HOOKER, Portland, Me.

Mrs. ANNA E. HILL, trance speaker, and psychometrical reader, Whiteboro, Me., N. Y.

Mrs. J. H. HORTON will speak in Worcester, Mass., March 31 and during April.

Rev. S. C. HATFIELD, trance speaker. Will also organize Children's Lyceums, if desired. Address, Girard Ave., H. B. Depot, Philadelphia, Pa., care C. E. Maloney.

Dr. H. H. HART, 28 Montrose street, Chicago, Ill., will receive calls to lecture in the West. Sundays engaged for the present.

Mrs. NELLIE HATTON will receive calls to lecture in Massachusetts during March and April, at Worcester, Mass.

Mrs. E. K. HARTON will lecture in Salem, Mass., March and 24. Address, Brandon, Vt.

Miss JULIA J. HUBBARD will lecture in Lowell, Mass., March 24 and 31. Address, box 7, Greenwood, Mass.

JOHN J. HATTON, M. D., trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture in the West, Sundays and week evenings. Address, 25 Court street, New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. F. O. HYZER, 88 South Green street, Baltimore, Md.

Dr. E. B. HOLDSB, No. Clarendon, Vt.

Mrs. HULL, Milwaukee, Wis.

Dr. P. T. JOHNSON, lecturer, Ypsilanti, Mich.

Miss SUSIE M. JOHNSON will lecture in Cleveland, O., during March, in Chicago, Ill., during April. Permanent address, Millford, Mass.

W. F. JAMISON, trance speaker, care of the R. F. Journal, P. O. drawer 625, Chicago, Ill.

Dr. J. J. JONES, Esq., address, 12 Methodist Church Block, South Chicago, Ill.

HARVEY A. JONES, Esq., can occasionally speak on Sundays for the friends in the vicinity of Sycamore, Ill., on the Spiritual Philosophy and reform movements of the day.

W. L. KILGORE, lecturer, East Trumbull, Ashabula Co., O., will speak in Monroe Centre the first Sunday of every month.

GEORGE F. KITTREDGE, Buffalo, N. Y.

CYPRIAS B. LYNN, trance speaker, and semi-conscious trance speaker, address, 567 Main street, Charlestown, Mass.

J. B. LOVELL will speak in Sturges, Mich., during March.