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FELICIA ALMAY;

OR,

CRIME AND RETRIBUTION!

A STORY OF BOTH HEMISPHERES.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TROPICAL ABODE.

During their journey home to the sea-shore, Philip had informed his wife of the existence of the little Felicia. He said she was an orphan, left to his care by her dying mother. That in attending to the business for which he had left Linden Cottage, he had been called upon to perform this act of benevolence. If Rose wondered why he had not told her before, she did not express it in words. She had learned to understand his fitful moods, to shrink from the lurid flashes of his eye. To his question:

"You will love this little orphan?"

She had responded from her heart:

"I will be to her a mother."

Rose loved children with all the integrity of her

strong, deep feelings, and when she saw the little

Felicia, her pitying heart went forth toward her in

almost maternal longing. The child was very win-

ning and beautiful, with a fair, rosy complexion,

large, soulful eyes, regular features; and in strange

contrast with her Oriental eyes, and black, silken

lashes, was the pale, golden color of her hair, that

curled in masses over her shapely head, and wide,

intelligent forehead. She was the image of Teresa;

all but the golden hair that was borrowed from her

Northern ancestors. The little thing had peculiarly

graceful ways, and her motions were undulating,

her gestures poetic as became her Andalusian origin;

only capable of prattling a few words, and those in

Spanish; her beauty, her helplessness, and the

vague charm that surrounded her, endeared her at

once to Rose, who clasped her fondly in her arms

and covered her pretty face with kisses.

"Mama! mama!" cried the little one, stretch-

ing out her arms, while large tear-drops glistened

in her speaking eyes.

"It is like this she go on all de time," said Mam-

elle Florie. She put out her arms, and cry, mama,

mama!"

"Poor, bereaved little angel," said Rose. "Let

me be your mama, dear?"

The child looked up into the lovely, artless face,

wound her soft arms around her neck, and smiling,

said some words in a language unintelligible to the

listening ear bent down to catch the soft cooing

mururs. Little Felicia finally fell asleep on her

new mother's bosom, with the tears yet glistening

on her cheeks. With a kiss and a blessing, Rose

placed her on a couch, and threw her white veil over

her, and folded her own shawl around her.

Philip looked on with a pleased countenance, with

a bright approval in his eye. Without consulting his

wife, or taking counsel with her in the least, he has-

tened the preparations for departure. He and Joa-

quin packed up the valuables and the costliest por-

tions of the furniture. In a week all was ready, and

they embarked for the New World. It was bitter

wintery weather, and Rose pondered deeply upon the

secret reasons that thus should urge so unseasona-

ble a voyage. But she forbore all questioning, and

silently submitted to her fate.

After a long and stormy transit, they landed in

the beautiful harbor of Santa Cruz de Vega, on the

South American coast; and the scene that there

met the eye so enraptured the heart of Rose, that

she forgot all her sorrowful forebodings, and clasped

her hands with a childlike delight. As far as the

eye could reach, a chain of towering mountains

spread. They encircled as it were the straggling

town, whose gaily painted houses, flower-covered

balconies, and flat roofs, presented the charm of

novelty as well as the beauty of the picturesque. A

quaint rustic bridge divided the town into equal por-

tions. Beneath it a leaping, brawling stream flowed

on towards the sea. Every house seemed placed

within a garden. The crested cocoas, the stately ce-

dar, the royal palm, were reflected in the clear mir-

ror of the winding river, where it flowed calmly over

its pebbled bed. The fan-like foliage of the banana

waved in the gladdening sunlight; the golden ripe

mango bent from the overladen boughs; the crimson

pomegranate glistened dewily inviting; the luscious

guava shed its rich fragrance on the air. The bridal

blossoms of the orange-flower fell in a shower to the

ground, wafted earthward by the breeze of ocean,

and the rich fruit hung temptingly within reach.

Afar, the coffee-fields extended in tropical luxu-

riance, freighted with a weight of scarlet berries and

of snowy flowers. The mountain sides were green

with the perpetual verdure of the summer; dense

forests spread for miles, and a thousand gorgeous

blossoms enameled and adorned the valley.

It was a paradise of sweets. The floral odors

and the spicy breathings of the words mingled with

the refreshing, briny fragrance of the sea-wind.

The sturdy mountains bore the ruined fragments of

old castles, of battlements and fortresses long since

abandoned; but the flag of Bolivian independence

floated in the tri-colored glory from the government

house in Santa Cruz. The contrast was great be-

tween the wintry dreariness of the home-land, and

the summer-land and brightness all around. Rose

gazed upon the scene with parted lips, dilating eyes,

and flushing cheek. She cried in an ecstasy of de-

light and wonderment—

"How beautiful! Surely, nothing this side of

Eden can be more beautiful."

Mam'elle Florie, who accompanied them as an at-

tendant upon the little Felicia, also clasped her

hands with joy, and volubly exclaimed:

"It is one Paradise! one *jardin de mille fleurs*!

Madame can 'ave de roses, de lilies, and de migmo-

nette all naturel; no occasion to buy de artificiel;

and here it is summer eternelment! Madame will

not shiver, wid de cold; and I sall not lose de roses

on mine zeeks, and look like one—what you call

him, ghost—all blue and purpelle, wid de cold wed-

dere. And 'ere dere is so many black negroes, Florie

will be one ladie in her place."

Joaquin, who had no love for aught beautiful in

Nature, cast a contemptuous glance upon the wait-

ing-woman, and whistled a Spanish fandango. Phil-

ip looked upon the summer-land that was evidently

familiar to him, with an indifferent air. The child

liaped forth in dulcet accents:

"Mama, pretty, pretty!" and her little hand

pointed to the landscape and the sea.

For a week they remained at a hotel, waited upon

as the rich and great of earth alone can be; then

they removed to a house of imposing exterior, that

was surrounded by a spacious garden, and luxuriant

grounds. It was a romantic site indeed, being situ-

ated on the brow of a hill, from whence the azure

bay with its white-winged shipping and fisher-boats

and the clear horizon line of the ocean could be seen.

From its vine-decked and flower-decorated balcony

could be viewed the adjacent convent, and the

obscure of the town; from its flat roof the neigh-

boring country and the distant plantations met the

view. It was a fit abode for the loving, poetic

heart of Rose; and with her own poetic adaptation

of the beautiful, she named it "Eden Rest."

But if the aspect of Nature alone had thus en-

chanted her, what was her surprise in beholding its

interior arrangements, exelling in magnificence

even the fairy scenes the most vivid imagination

could portray. The marble floors were strewn with

orange flowers, pomegranate blossoms, sweet odor-

ous leaves, that, crushed beneath her footprints, ex-

haled their dying tribute of perfume. The walls of

the principal chambers were lined with mirrors,

that reached from floor to ceiling, reflecting all the

splendor so lavishly cast around. The furniture

was of curiously carved wood, richly inlaid with

pearl and mosaic; the seats of coolest sea-green silk;

marble and silver and ivory abounded in the adorn-

ments of this fairy palace; the pictures were sus-

pended from golden cords, and covered with fleecy

lace. The hangings to the windows were of silk,

light green in hue, with a choice drapery of cloud-

like silver gauze above; the folding open doors were

soreened by curtains of rosy brightness, flecked with

azure stars; large costly vases of red Parian marble,

or choicest porcelain, held the abundant wealth of the

rarest flowers. In oases, that seemed bowers of

verdure and of bloom, sang gaily the imprisoned

songsters; gorgeous macaws and flaunting perro-

quets saluted their new mistress clamorously from

their gilded perches. A yam hound, leopard-spotted,

crouched at the master's feet, and gave signs of

joyous recognition. At Philip's command he ad-

vanced meekly, and licked the hand of Rose. She

patted his intelligent head and asked his name.

"It is Selmo," Philip replied. "And this is your

new home. How do you like it, Rose?"

"Oh, it is charming! Overwhelmingly magnifi-

cent! Dear husband, you live in a princely style.

I shall deem myself the mistress of an enchanted

castle."

Unconsciously, her thoughts reverted to the sim-

ple mode of living to which his mother was accus-

tomed.

"This house is mine," he continued, "and I have

had it newly put in order for your comfort and con-

venience. Rose. A fine fortune left to me by the

death of a friend, places me in a position to com-

mand all the luxuries you behold. Not a wish

of yours shall remain ungratified. You shall have the

most valuable gems—all that the highest lady in

the land may desire. But I affix one condition;

never question me with regard to aught you deem

mysterious in my conduct. Never seek to pry into

my actions, my motives; keep in your own wom-

anly and household sphere; rule this house; be a

mother to this little girl, and you will never regret

having left the shores of England. But remember,

Rose, no prying into my business, no doubting, no

surmises, as you value my love and your own peace.

And here ye, wife, it is my pleasure to be known

here as the Senor Philip Deltano. Remember the

name; we have nothing to do with that of Almay,

here."

"A fictitious name! Renounce the name I have

bore as your wife so proudly?" said Rose, crimi-

soning with astonishment, and utterly forgetting

that she had learned to fear and tremble before him.

"Oh, Philip!"

The gaze she bent upon him betrayed amazement,

doubt, a bitter shadowing of regret. He took her

by both hands.

"Hark ye, Rose!" he said, looking steady in her

eye, and speaking with an iron determination in his

voice; "I will have no cavilling, no gainsaying of

my will. You retain my love by implicit obedience

only. You forfeit it forever by the opposition of

your will. You can be happy as you expect, or

wretched as you have never dared to think. I com-

mand you to speak of me as Philip Deltano? Shall

I be obeyed, Rose?"

"Oh, wherefore?—yes—I will do all. But why?"

He still firmly held her hands.

"No remonstrances, I say."

His face looked dark and threatening.

"Will you do as I bid you?"

"Only give me a reason, Philip. Tell me why

this mystery, and I will never trouble you again.

But is it right?"

"Silence!" he thundered, so violently that the

little Felicia, clinging to her mother's skirts, looked

up in alarm, and said sweetly:

"Pease do n't, papa! Pease do n't!"

He caught the child to his breast with a quick,

sudden impulse. He kissed her face, her hands, and

a subduing tenderness stole over his hard, stern

countenance. He put her down most gently. The

eyes of Rose were filled with reproachful tears. Her

delicate wrists were crimsoned by his angry touch.

"You will obey me, now?" he said, in a softened

tone?"

"Yes, because I must," she replied, and a weary

sigh escaped her.

"Never mind the governing cause, so you fulfill

your duty," he said, with a coarse laugh, that grated

harshly on her ear.

"And now, that matter settled, call in Florie, and

let us hear her opinion of her new abode."

The French woman made her appearance; rubbing

her hands with glee, a smile of gratified vanity and

pride distending her large, pouting mouth.

"How do you like your new residence, Mam'elle,"

inquired the master.

"Oh, Monsieur Philip, *c'est magnifique*. It is like

one palace of de roy-all-familie! I was never so as-

tonish' in my life. So many mirrors, and tableaus,

and gold and silvare and prettie things, I nevare see

before in any countree! Oh, Madame, I sall be

char-mee to serve so rich one ladie. I shall be one

personne of importance mol-mene, myself."

"Has Joaquin informed you that I am known as

the Senor Deltano, here?"

"Out, out, Monsieur," he told me, you take de

name of your grande relative, dat die and leave you

one great heritage. Dat is customare in France;

and everywhere de grand *Signieurs*, de rich people,

dey do just what dey please. I sall call Monsieur,

le Senor Deltano, and Madame, la Senora Deltano;

etice bon commeca, Monsieur!"

"Yes, that is right. You see the beauty of obedi-

ence!" he whispered to Rose. "Now go and call

the servants in to be presented to their lady. Tell

Joaquin, and he will interpret for you, Mam'elle

Florie."

"Yes, sir!" With a profound courtesy she with-

drew, fully impressed with her own important sta-

tion as lady's maid to her mistress, and attendant of

the *petite Felicia*.

Rose had been accustomed to ease and luxury at

home; her father kept as many servants as the

country gentlemen of those days deemed necessary.

"When my little Felicia saw the light, he seemed to be filled with all a father's ecstasy. He doated upon her, and gazed upon her as we do upon our patron saints. We traveled over Europe, and my good forgiving uncle sent me all the remittances I desired, but still retained the bulk of my property. Philip grew moody, estranged; he needed more money, he said; he chafed at the limits necessarily placed to his outlays. He accused me of meanness and a lack of generosity. My tears and remonstrances only exasperated him the more. At last we were reduced to the humblest quarters, and the plainest mode of living, my uncle refusing to send the funds he held in trust for me. Philip took me to the wretched village of Brinsford, near S—, and he left me there with scarcely means enough for the humblest support of myself and child. Oh, it was a weary, weary time we spent there."

The doctor interpreted. Mrs. Almay wiped away her tears, and motioned Teresa to go on. "He was absent for many months, and when he came, he was stern, cold and unloving. The last time, he demanded of me my child. He wanted to take her on a visit to his mother he said; but there was a foreboding in my heart that urged me to refuse him. He had represented his mother as a haughty and exclusive lady, who had not yet given her sanction to his marriage. I felt indignant at this, for my family belonged to the best Spanish blood in Cadix; closely allied with some of the noblest there. Why should his English mother thus spurn the foreign daughter that was equal at least with herself? Philip never gave me any satisfaction, and sometimes I doubted the story of his mother's unrelenting spirit. I deemed it a fabrication of his own, contrived for some purpose that was hidden from me."

Doctor Merton repeated her words. Mrs. Almay clasped both hands over her wildly beating heart and exclaimed:

"And thus he could speak of his mother! thus malign his mother! thus cast upon her the odium of hardness and cruelty! Oh, terrible, terrible retribution! Where will its ministrations end?"

"Dear lady, dear good, good lady!" said Teresa in her broken English, "you sorry for poor me? No cry—no cry—I tell more—all—"

And she told how Joaquin—Mrs. Almay started at the name—had been one of the witnesses to her marriage; that she deemed him a great villain, and thought he had assisted in the seizure of her child. He used to visit her at her wretched residence during Philip's absence, and bring her the scanty pittance he allowed for her maintenance. "I know not how they stole my child," said the weeping mother; "but I awoke from a deep sleep that was more like a lethargy than healthful slumber, to find my arms empty—my mother-heart bereaved! Oh, if I could only behold his mother! I would kneel at her feet and ask her for my child! If she has a mother's feelings she would pity me, and she would restore me my lost angel."

The doctor translated. "Let me see the marriage certificate," said Mrs. Almay.

Teresa took a silken cord from her neck, to which a medallion portrait was attached. She pressed a spring in the back, it flew open, and from it she took a folded paper, which she handed to her benefactress. The doctor explained the meaning of the foreign words; the English portion was the same. "Philip Artoun to Teresa de Alayda." All was well attested and in order.

"We could soon make inquiries for these names; it is not so long ago, and a priest of that long sounding name—ahem! must be widely known. The English consul, too. Well, Mrs. Almay, had n't we better institute a search? Certainly, you know—"

"Hush, hush, doctor! She speaks the truth. It is too evident. We need no further investigation. Has she not mentioned Joaquin, whom I always doubted? There is but one proof wanting—the name by which he married her is not his own; yet it was my maiden name; another link in the chain. But one proof more. Teresa, daughter, will you come with me? You, too, doctor."

The lady led the way to a small cabinet, which in turn led to the outer hall or dining-room. She drew from before a picture a silken screen, and looking intently at Teresa, she asked:

"Do you know that face?—do you recognize the features?"

Before Doctor Merton could repeat the words, she stretched out her arms toward the picture with a thrilling shriek.

"Philippo!" she exclaimed. "My husband! my own Philippo!"

The mother was satisfied. She turned toward the weeping wife.

"Teresa," she said, loud and solemnly, "henceforth this is your home. We part not again. God in his mercy has led you here, that we may share our griefs and mingle our prayers forever. I am Philip's mother. That is the picture of my son. Teresa, you are welcome to his mother's heart and home."

The poor wanderer stood regarding her with dilating eyes. Intuitively she grasped the meaning of her words; she comprehended all the kind interpreter could sufficiently command his emotion. She fell forward at the feet of Mrs. Almay; she wildly kissed her hands, her feet, the hem of her robe.

"His mother!" she exclaimed. "Philippo's mother! Oh, the holy saints be praised!"

She was raised to that mother's bosom, folded in the close embrace of impassioned love and grief.

Doctor Merton standing by the window, his face concealed in his handkerchief, was weeping convulsively. He drove home alone that evening.

Teresa remained an inmate of Linden Cottage. The next day Mrs. Almay summoned her faithful servants to her presence.

"This is your young mistress," she said. "This lady is the lawful wife of my son, and I will have her acknowledged as such."

"Good Lord!" cried Margary, lifting up her hands in pious horror.

Even the staid Allen uttered an exclamation of surprise; but their lady continued:

"I can rely upon your prudence and fidelity; I am a wretched mother, but I must do my duty at all hazards. In the secluded life I live but few have caught a glimpse of Rose; none visited while she was here. To the few friends who occasionally call upon me I shall introduce Teresa as my daughter-in-law. If I can keep this dreadful secret, I will, for it is fearful to acknowledge my son as being guilty of such crimes. Allen, Margary, you will help me bear the burden?"

"Please God as long as there's the breath of life left within me," sobbed Margary.

"While I live, my lady," said old Allen, bowing low before her.

The sorrowful Teresa was thenceforth installed as the daughter of the house. Her ragged garments had been replaced by a clean suit made by the skillful hands of Mrs. Merton. Mrs. Almay offered to her acceptance all the comforts that her slender means could procure; but she persisted in wearing black, and that of the simplest material. She had grown thin and weak, but she was still beautiful and winning. It was the mission of these suffering ones to pour balm into each other's wounds. The mother soothed the daughter's unconsolable anguish when she fondly called upon and cried for her child. Teresa comforted the forsaken mother when she mourned over the ingratitude of her son.

Mrs. Almay never revealed to Teresa the fact of Philip's second marriage. She wished to save her bleeding heart that pang. She wrote a long letter to Rose, and sent it to the sea-side cottage, whither also she had sent the precious missive containing the assurance of her father's forgiveness. Neither were sent across the ocean; or, if they were, they never reached the hand of Rose. She lived on, unconscious of the misery that she was only a wife in name.

Teresa wrote to her uncle in Cadix, and heard with astonishment not unmixed with bitter indignation, that her remittances had been regularly sent at her request. Philip had imitated her hand writing, and thus possessed himself of what was justly hers. Both mourned anew over this proof of his moral turpitude. But Teresa thenceforth enjoyed the benefits of a munificent income. The humble cottage home was enlarged and decorated, and Time, the healing angel of our Father's mercy, shed his benignant blessings over all.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ARTIST AND THE ANGEL.

BY ELLIE BUSH.

Near an ancient grey cathedral,
In the shadows of its door,
Leaning on a marble statue,
That the star-light floated o'er,
With his hands crossed on his bosom,
Stood an Artist, pale and poor,
Stood a lone and pensive Artist,
Looking through the open door.
In the twilight lone and dreary,
Seeming very sad and weary,
Stood he there and watched the flowing,
The unceasing rapid flowing
Of the restless river thought—
On whose dim and distant border
Gloomy shapes kept watch and warder,
Waving back the dreams Elysian,
And the blessed angel vision
That had been his guest before.
In and out the stately temple
All its solemn aisles along,
Thither called to praise and worship.
Passed a joy-enlivened throng—
While around them waves of music
Floated on the evening air,
And the pealing organ anthem
Mingled with the voice of prayer.
None but he seemed lone and dreary,
Only he was sad and weary.
He, the Artist, pale and poor,
Looking through the open door,
Looking, and yet nothing seeing,
Mid the restless tides of being,
That could give a ray of gladness
To the gloomy sea of sadness
That around him seemed to roll—
Nothing that could lift the shadow,
The dark shadow from his soul.

Naphtha lamps above the altar
Shed afar their mellow glow,
And the flame of waxen tapers
Lighted up the scene below—
Over sacred shrine and chancel,
Clouds of wreathing incense hung,
And a golden awe gave token
Where the fragrant censer swung.
Eyes there were in wonder gazing,
Lips the rosy splendor praising,
Hearts to whom an outward beauty
Answered for the inward duty—
So they coldly passed each other,
Coldly passed the lonely brother,
Passed the Artist, pale and poor,
Looking through the open door—
Looking, and yet nothing seeing
On the restless tides of being
That could give his bosom peace—
Nothing that could bid the tumult,
His wild spirit-tumult, cease.

Still he stood, as marble statue
That the star-light shimmered o'er,
Till the wavering mellow moonbeams
Chased his shadow from the door,
Till in silver rills the moonbeams
That from ether fountains pour
Far through tinted windows streaming,
Flecked the tessellated floor—
Still he stood out in the star-light,
In the pale, uncertain moonlight,
Blood beside the marble statue,
Till himself another statue
Seemed, as pulseless as the stone—
And to flee life's bitter woo,
Half he wished it might be so—
For no picture saw he other,
Than a suffering wife and mother,
And the demon dark and dread,
Who denied them daily bread.

Midnight trailed her starry kirtle,
O'er the sky's cerulean dome,
And the bells of the cathedral
Chimed the chorus, "Home, sweet home."
Pleasant were its changing echoes,
Heard in many a household throng—
But the Artist's heart they wakened
To a maddening sense of wrong.
Then his spirit rose up strongly,
And he argued loud, but wrongly,
With the phantom that pursued him,
The dark phantom, named Sorrow,
Who with sense of vision dim,
At the threshold of the morrow,
Sat and drew her thread of sable
Through his life's unwritten fable—
While from out the world's great Babel
Mournful voices to him called,
Till his stout soul, grief appalled,
Saw no shape or picture other
Than the soft-ringing wife and mother,
And a heartstone drear and cold,
Cheerless for the lack of gold.

Like the pulses of the ocean,
Throbbing when the wind is strong,
Swelled the tide of his emotion,
Rolling outward into song:
"God!" he cried, "are these thy altars,
Thy house of thy abode,
Where, in sweet and winning accents,
Truth reveals her heavenly code?
Is it here thy children worship?
Here thy loving children worship?"

Would turn with a smile or tear,
Great the dear, all-pitying Saviour,
Should rise in their midst appear,
Pale and sorrowing, weak and poor,
Would they meet him at the door?
Would they pity his distress,
Seek to comfort, cheer and bless,
Should they see him pale and poor,
Looking through the open door?

God! are they our human brothers,
Who in pomp and pride adore,
While the homeless poor are starving
In the shadow of their door?
Lo! the living temples fashioned
By thy own Almighty hands,
At whose shrine a lovely Priestess,
An immortal Priestess stands;
Stores have they, of thought and feeling,
Dreams the truths of heaven revealing,
Fairest pictures of the heart,
Painted by no human art—
Yet no blessed light falls on them,
No sweet light of love falls on them—
But they stand all desolate,
Scorned and drear and desolate,
As a lone and ruined shrine,
Or a lightning-blasted pine—
Lo! in wretchedness they wander,
Houseless, weary, sad and poor,
Body, heart, and soul, all starving,
By the grey cathedral door.

God! if e'er the loving angels
In their wand'rings reach our sphere,
What, oh! what must be the records
Traced in sorrowing wonder here?

Pausing at the stately portals
Of the house where men adore,
Ah! I seem to hear them question,
"What's the sign above the door?"

And I answer, answer truly,
Though I much the task deplore—
List, and I will tell you truly
What the sign is o'er the door:

Prayer and praise, each heavenward passion,
Tutored here, by creed and fashion,
Is the sign above their door—
Is the strange inscription written
O'er the grey cathedral door.

Art, O, lovely Art! sweet Mother
Unto many a vision dear,
Vain it is, all vain to woo me,
With thy dreams of beauty here.
Oh! then smile no more upon me,
Take, take back thy splendid gifts;
Lo! my soul all worn and helpless,
Down a stream of darkness drifts—

And I linger, faint and weary,
Watching while the Phantoms dreary,
The dark Phantoms that pursue me,
Paint their pictures on my brain;
Gloomy, dark, unlovely pictures
Paint they on my heart and brain,
Till the lovely ones I cherished
All have perished, all have perished—
And I see no picture other
Than a soft-ringing wife and mother,
And the demon dark and dread,
Who denies them daily bread!"

Thus beside the grey cathedral,
In the shadow of its door,
Leaning on a marble statue,
That the star-light floated o'er,

With his hands crossed on his bosom,
Sang an Artist, pale and poor,
Sang a lone and pensive Artist,
Looking through the open door,
Till, as he stood wildly weaving
All his fancies into grieving,
Suddenly, a strange sensation
Of another's heart-pulsation,
All responsive in its tone,
And yet calmer than his own,
Thrilled him to the inmost soul,
And a vision on him stole,
Radiant as the young Aurora,
"Tis," he whispered, "Angel Ora!"
She had been his guest before.
To his side she softly nestled,
With his heavy grief she wrestled,
Till the dark unlovely Phantom,
With its melancholy lore,
Fled and left him at his bidding,
As his shadow left the door.

Standing where the mellow moonbeams
Kissed the ripples of her hair,
And in silver rills were floating
Over neck and bosom fair,
Smiled she then so sweetly on him,
And her face such brightness wore,
That he thought no human being
Ere had guest so fair before.

Eyes of softest azure, beaming
With the love-light from them streaming;
Brow as radiant as the pearl
Shining through each golden curl;
Lips whose ruby rays seemed born
On the mountain tips, at morn;
Cheeks like early rose leaves glowing:
Thus her perfect beauty stole
On the weary Artist's soul;
While with voice as sweet as Flora,
When she greets the young Aurora,
Bird-like warbled Angel Ora.

Artist lone and Artist weary,
Watching at the midnight dreary,
I have heard thy heart's low sighing,
Spirit chord to chord replying,
Heard the cry thy bosom sending;
And on viewless wings descending
Through the hazy atmosphere
Of thy soul's o'ermastering fear.
Lo! I come to thee here!
Wouldst thou know a sweet relief—
A nepenthe for thy grief?
Listen, listen while I sing—
Holy truths to thee I bring,
And my living presence beams,
Shining on the turbid streams
Of thy darkest, saddest dreams,
In unceasing rills shall dart
Sweetest sunshine to thy heart.

Art thou called of God to labor,
In his vineyard day by day,
Let thy nobler instincts guide thee—
They will surely point the way.

Every dream of beauty gliding
Through the temple of thy heart,
Is a token of thy duty.

Speaks thy fellowship with Art.
Oh! then cease thy vain repining,
Thought to thought in sadness twining,
"Darkest clouds have silver lining!"

Wouldst thou then give thy dreams expression,
Noble, fitting, true expression?
Wouldst thou tell the world's great wrongs subdued?
Be thou patient, strong and true.

Patience guards the crown of merit,
Brave hearts only win and wear it!
Only brave hearts shall inherit
Pleasures deep and self-renewing.

Lovely gifts of lovely doing,
All may win, the right pursuing.

Courage, then, O lonely Artist!
Do not by dumb grief appalled;
They who bravely toil and suffer,
Are the hero hearts that call.
Trust in God! thy human brothers
All are working out his plan;
He will yet reveal his wisdom,
In the true and Perfect Man.
Ago to ago repeats the story,
Earth shall yet be crowned with glory:
Here, in circling years to come,
Love shall make her Eden home,
And celestial music rise
Out of life's inharmonies!
Ah! then let Faith unveil her face—
She hath a beaming, angel face—
And they who win her smiles can trace
In every ill some good intent,
A needed lesson kindly sent,
A blessing by the Father lent,
That with a sense of duty done,
A strength of purpose daily won,
Will lead them to that calm content
In which the joys of heaven are blent,
Even in this lower state.

So true, and in the goodly kingdom,
In the beautiful hereafter,
You the cause shall know and purpose
Of each drear and wild disaster
That hath swept your being o'er;
And the griefs you now deplore
Will, like lamps of love and gladness,
Gleam along the spirit shore,
Gleam as nothing gleamed before,
Giving light forevermore!"

Thus discoursing, Angel Ora
Lingered till the young Aurora
At the orient gates gave warning
Of the gold and purple morning;
And her words, so sweetly spoken,
To the weary Artist spoken,
O'er his spirit dropped like balm;
And a deep, most heavenly calm,
Dove-like, sat upon his soul,
Nestling there as if the goal
Of his highest hopes were won.
And he homeward turned with laughter,
At the rising of the sun;
And his heart was never after
Conquered by unkind Disaster!
Nevermore at midnight dreary,
Seeming very sad and weary,
Sang the Artist, pale and poor,
By the grey cathedral door.

Addaphian Institute, Norristown, Pa., 1861.

*"Ora," from the Latin, signifying "pray thou."

Original Essay.

REACTIONARY PROTESTANTISM.

From time to time during the progress of Protestant Christianity, men and women of marked intellectual ability have abandoned the Protestant faith and sought the religious alms, not found elsewhere, in the worship of the Catholic Church. Some of these converts have been persons of thorough mental culture and training, vigorous and logical thinkers, versed in the literature and lore of the past, intimately acquainted with the teachings of ancient and modern philosophy, and largely imbued with the rationalistic tendencies of the German schools. It has been a matter of surprise, of which there has been, as yet, no adequate explanation, that individuals of this large and cultivated mental organization should gravitate to a church, which, by its precepts and its practices, is the withholder of knowledge and the foe of independent thought. A natural and simple explanation of this tendency occurs to me, which I purpose to unfold.

Religion as a whole may be divided, and does naturally divide, into two fundamental aspects, the Devotional and the Intellectual. The latter is the domain of religious principles, and all that pertains to the knowledge side of religion, as distinguished from its worship. It is embodied in its creeds, rituals and ceremonies, and constitutes that which we technically denominate theology.

The Devotional side, the complement of the Intellectual, is the aspirational, emotional, spiritual, and tends naturally toward humble, reliant, unquestioning faith. It is allied more closely to the affectional than the intellectual side, and finds its legitimate expression in adoration, supplication, praise, and all that is included in worship.

Each of these aspects finds a place in every religion, and in each religious sect, but in vastly varying proportions. The relative extent to which a religious body tends predominantly to either one or the other of these sides, marks, mainly, the difference in the various religious sects. Where the Devotional tendency greatly preponderates, to the extent of almost entirely excluding the Intellectual element, we have the grossest forms of superstition, worship of stones, images, heavenly bodies, beasts; as the Intellectual element becomes more infused, there arises a higher form of worship, as of deified men; and in proportion as this element is present, a religion ceases to be superstitious, until, when the Intellectual side is preponderantly represented, adoration, supplication, devotion, give place to the theological phase of religious expression; discussion as to the nature of God, his attributes and methods of manifestation, the laws of moral and religious truth, the correct manner of life; all, in fine, which constitutes that which we denominate Speculative Theology and the Intellectual inculcation of truth.

Within the Christian religion, the Catholic Church stands as illustrative and representative of the former of these tendencies, as the Protestant religion, in its various sects, does of the other. The splendor of its ceremonial, the mysteries of its forms and symbols, the gorgeousness of its paraphernalia, all tend to fill the soul with humble reverence and awe. The distance from Pope and Church dignitaries to laity, the wealth, splendor, learning and power of the one, and the poverty and prevailing ignorance of the other, still further strengthen and confirm these feelings. The continual contemplation and adoration of saints and holy martyrs satisfy a large craving of the human soul, and fill the devotional nature of the Catholic worshiper.

In the Protestant Church the reverse is the case. The magnificent Cathedral, with its "long drawn aisles and fretted vaults," has given place to the plain church, more or less ornamented. The symbolic ceremonial is discarded. A hymn and a prayer constitute the minor and devotional exercises of the congregation, while the prevailing business of the church is the intellectual exposition of religious truth.

A religious denomination partakes of the characteristics of the former or the latter of these methods, according as it tends to the one or the other side.

In the Episcopal Church, occupying the middle ground between Catholicism and ultra Protestantism, the tendency to cleave to the devotional and ceremonial is more apparent than in the more ultra denominations. This appears in their more sombre and solemn churches, stained windows, admitting only "dim religious light," rituals, robes of the clergy, and church organization. In the Methodist Church the same element is represented in the class meetings and love feasts; and it lingers even in the most ultra sects, in the communion service.

A bold and logical mind, entering upon the investigation of the Christian religion, at this epoch, almost invariably rests at ultra-Protestantism in some of its various forms, or at open and avowed infidelity. In either case, it rests where it fails to find full food for its devotional nature. So long as a person has a vital faith in Jesus as God, and a worthy object of adoring reverence and devout love, the wants and needs of that department of his nature are, to a measurable extent, satisfied. The progress of modern theology, has, however, brought the majority of the more thoughtful men of the extreme Protestant denominations, Universalists, Unitarians, Independents, etc., to a view of the Bible and of Christ, which makes him a being worthy their sympathy, gratitude and admiration, rather than one who commands their adoration and worshipful devotion.

The men and women who have returned from Protestantism to Catholicism, have been those possessed of a largely developed emotional and worshipful nature. They have followed intellectually the advancing footsteps of progressive Protestantism, and been to a reasonable extent, intellectually satisfied. But they have failed to find that food for their devotional and emotional natures for which their souls have yearned, and, after starving for years upon mere intellectual truth, barren and priceless, they become weary, hopeless, heart-sick, and fall into the bosom of the Catholic Church, to seek in her less rational, but more sympathetic religion, the nourishment which their spirits so much need.

Catholics who become such in this manner, show in striking contrast to the great majority of that church. Entering it from thorough intellectual conviction of its greater capacity to satisfy the religious wants of their souls, rather than from a belief in its perfectness or divine origination, they accept its teachings in the spirit, more than in the letter, and often dissent from them. The Church is to them a haven of rest; not an object of ignorant and superstitious veneration. They are Catholics, but independent Catholics, and still thinkers and reflective men. Orestes A. Brownson is a Catholic, but not as most men are Catholics. Were there a church which, satisfying fully the intellectual natures of such men and women, yet fed their souls, they would not go to the Catholic. But lacking such, they choose the satisfying of their devotional natures with an incomplete intellectual groundwork, rather than the satisfaction of their intellectual convictions at the expense of a starved soul.

It is from such soul-wants, feebly fed by his Protestant Intellectuality, that Dr. Bellows, in the gusting fullness of his heart, cries out for a broader church. Aye, broader, indeed. He, too, has discovered that the measure of a man's soul is not his mind. It was to satisfy such wants that Dr. Huntington sought the half-way consolations of Episcopacy, and Thomas L. Nichols, and Mary his wife, fled to the Church of Rome. It is the unfortunate demand of the soul, yearning and clamoring for its birthright, refusing longer to be fed with husks, that occasions the restlessness and doubt and anxious looking and asking which pervades the churches and startles preacher and hearer from their conservative propriety.

The tendency of Protestantism is to individualize a person and to absorb him from other authority than that of conscience. The result of this tendency has been in America to split sects into sub-sects, and these again into smaller divisions successively, until our sects are rapidly becoming almost as numerous as individuals. Spiritualism has still further increased this tendency by making the standard of truth the interior perception of the individual. As all persons differ from all others, exteriorly and interiorly, their interior perceptions must necessarily differ. Hence the standard of right becomes daily more diverse. The thoughtful men of the clergy, as well as outside of that body, are rapidly awakening to the inevitable result which must ere long succeed from this ultimatum of Protestantism, aided, as it is now being, by Spiritualism. The inevitable destruction of all existing institutions must speedily occur. The minds of thinking men are, therefore, turning away from the distinctive consideration of the individualizing tendency in search of some guarantee for the permanency of institutions. Looking from these standpoints, we need not be surprised to see that another eminent champion of Protestantism has abandoned it as inadequate to meet the nature and needs of man.

The Rev. H. W. Beecher, in a sermon published in the Independent of October 24th, speaking on the subject of Investigating Religion, virtually admits the fallacy of the fundamental idea of Protestantism, and virtually announces his belief and acceptance of the Catholic teaching. The statement of Mr. Beecher, condensed from a column or more, is this: Few men are competent to investigate and decide in relation to truth and error. The great majority are more liable to be led into error and falsehood than into truth. They are, therefore, bound by the law of conscience not to investigate, but to take the testimony of the few "judicial" minds who are competent to the task.

This return, after three hundred years of Protestantism, to the fundamental position of the Catholic Church, marks an important era in the progress of ideas. It is not Mr. Beecher's thought only. He has had the boldness, always his, to say openly what contemporaries are covertly thinking. What is to come of this new stirring of the waters, who can say? A return to any of the old methods upon old principles can end only in the despotism and degradation which formerly accompanied them. Have we any newer principles adequate to the day? Of that hereafter.

EDWARD B. FREELAND.

67 W. 31st street, New York.

BEAUTY OF THE SEA.—There is a charm in the sea. The freedom there is in its sweep, the grandeur there is in its billows, the music there is in its roar; its round horizon beamed with white foam, red with the mine of morning light, and tinged with the ruby sun that descends into its waters and dissolves. The ship so like a bird, that spreads its white wings and skirts the sea-encircled world; the wild tides of strange lands and strange adventure; the gems and gold that stow its caves; the coral groves touched with eternal sunset; the bubbles that have broken upon its surface and released the passing souls—all these have shrouded the sea with a mysterious charm.

BY EDWARD LAWTON, M. D.

During the Revolutionary War the American people dressed plainly, and manufactured most of their wearing apparel at home for their own families. But after the peace in 1783, British goods flooded the markets, to the exclusion of home products, and petitions were sent from every State then in the Union, even from South Carolina to Congress, for a Tariff to protect home industry; and Gen. Washington wore a coat of domestic cloth at his inauguration to encourage home manufacturers, simplicité and national industry. Although the first Tariff, passed in 1789, was very inadequate, imposing only slight duties, a few of the most important articles, its effects were gratifying, that Washington was able, in his message of 1791, to congratulate the nation on the flourishing condition of manufacturing and commercial interests. But the cotton and woolen factories could not get a start under such low duties, and in 1816 Congress increased the import duties on the principal articles, sim-

But is this an argument? Is it a reason because our fathers fought and obtained for us a rich soil and a liberal government, that should be the serfs and tools of foreign statesmen, who, by playing upon our internal party dissensions, wheedle us into a line of policy which keeps us tributary to them by the payment of an annual interest that absorbs all our profits? The celebrated Orders in Council, which have so long been the subject of controversy, and the restrictive continental policy of England. The whole history of the restrictive system proves that it is just as much the interest of the South, as the North, to have a protective Tariff system as it is for the North, because the encouragement of the manufacturing interest diminishes competition in farming, increases the demand for agricultural products, raises the price of raw material, and increases the demand for the great staples of the South, and develops the naval, maritime, and commercial interests of the whole by multiplying the resources of business, wealth and labor.

Thus the act of Congress in 1791 declared that the silver dollar should contain three hundred and seventy-one and a quarter grains of pure silver—that is, that the standard of money in this country should be the silver dollar containing three hundred and seventy

would be greatly abridged, and the business of the country w
then have a solid base. Every sound business man sees, feels
knows it would be so, because it is measurably so in France and
land, and was so here during the whole time of the old United S
Bank, and that it was partly prejudice that put it down, and
rance that keeps it down. Then there would be no more Banks
the business of the country would be greatly simplified, and
much as for now, and the building of three Banks would c
with all the concomitant expenses, would be saved as pr
and would enable the Bank to do business for less than our cur
ing, struggling system can.

Statesmen ought to be ashamed of their talk about an exche
treasury note bank, and forty other subterfuges, to avoid char
a United States Bank; because their prejudice and the trammeling
party are too strong for their reason and their patriotism, and

Song and Pen.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Under this title Oliver B. Goldsmith, our most distinguished professor and teacher of Commercial and Ornamental Penmanship, has published an exquisite little Souvenir, embellished with a highly ornamental title, and bound in rose-colored paper. The contents consist of extracts from Shelley, Moore, and other poets, printed in facsimile. Each page is surrounded by a pictorial border, the whole being happily illustrative of Mr. Goldsmith's form of "the poetry of motion," in which he is not surpassed by any living master of his art. If, in this instance, he has but furnished a delicate and beautiful case for the fanciful creations of other minds—gifted with a rhythmic inspiration—still our accomplished friend is himself a poet, in some important sense, inasmuch as the bold, free, and elegantly curved lines, and every lesser trace of his pen, combine and exhibit amazing grace and precision. In his hand a common goose quill becomes a kind of magician's wand, that moves but to cover the white surface of his page with the evidences of taste and the images of Beauty.

The general character of the selections from the poets may be inferred from the following, on LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix forever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves kiss one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea—
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

There are very few teachers in the public and private schools who are at all qualified to give instruction in Penmanship. In those schools the pupil is expected to devote a portion of his time daily, or at least on two or three days in the week, to his exercises in writing; and this is perhaps continued, year after year, as long as he remains in school, without his ever acquiring the power to use the pen in a graceful and facile manner. This involves a prodigious waste of time that should be devoted to other useful branches, while the pupil should be sent to some man who is an artist, to acquire the use of the pen. Under the instructions of Mr. Goldsmith, one may learn to write a better hand in twenty lessons, of one hour each, than he would be likely to acquire by the ordinary practice in the Common Schools, in ten years. All this is but the natural result of having a perfect method and a competent master. The time thus saved to the pupil would suffice to enable him to master two or three living languages, which would be of the greatest practical utility to him in his social and commercial intercourse with the world. Thus, instead of adding to the expense incurred for the education of the young, the course we recommend would greatly diminish that expense by enabling the pupil to achieve greater results at a cost of less time, money and labor. On this subject we not only speak from long and familiar observation, but from a personal experience of five years as a teacher.

Professor Goldsmith's Academy is at No. 6 Fourth Avenue, New York, where the course of instruction in Plain and Ornamental Penmanship, and in Commercial Arithmetic and Bookkeeping, is such as to insure complete success and remarkable proficiency on the part of the pupil. When one may so easily learn—at a trifling cost—to write a plain and elegant hand—which may be of almost daily use through life, we wonder that any one should subject himself to the constant inconvenience and mortification of his own unaccountable neglect. Moreover, the boldness and elegance of one's chirography may frequently determine his chances of a lucrative position. If a young man writes for a clerkship, or a young lady applies for a situation as a teacher, or governess, the appearance of the letter may, in either case, determine the result of the application.

If a man desires to correspond for the public press, whose manuscript resembles a convention of nondescript tongues, or the trail of a drunken savage, he has but a slim chance of success, since editors and printers have too much to do, in this age of intense activity, to waste time over straggling and delirious movements of his quill. If such a man finds the employment he seeks, he is liable to suffer from the constant apprehension of having his thoughts disguised, and his literary reputation sacrificed by those whose painful duty it is to interpret his symbolical and phonetic hieroglyphics.

It occurs to us that a great number of young officers and soldiers, now in the camps and at the recruiting stations in this city, need a few lessons from Mr. Goldsmith before they leave for the seat of war, and which might most profitably occupy a few hours of their leisure time. They will have frequent occasion to write to relatives and friends, and this, to some of them, may be the most laborious duty of the campaign. The soldier that is drilled at Goldsmith's Academy, will find it an easy and delightful task; nor need he fear that the frightful aspect of his first letter will shock the nerves of his sweetheart by suggesting the possibility of another Bull Run disaster.

We have sometimes heard careless observers liken the pen and ink lines of some slovenly correspondent to quail tracks; but we protest against the injustice of the comparison. It is not, however, in behalf of the scrawlers that we protest, but as a simple act of justice to quails, since it is well known that those birds are accustomed to move with great regularity, their steps are measured, and the impression they make is precise and uniform. We dislike to see fine thoughts and pure sentiments incarnated in broken and scraggy lines, that violate all just ideas of method and propriety. It seems like an attempt to conceal the symmetrical outlines and elegant proportions of a beautiful figure in ragged and disgusting habiliments. We feel assured that at least every fair reader would be pleased to have each line that emanates from herself, and even the slightest trace of her pen, suggest the fine taste of the writer and the delicacy of the hand employed.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Lizzie Doten in Charlestown.

Miss Lizzie Doten will lecture in the trance state, in City Hall, Charlestown, on Thursday evening, Nov. 28th, at half past seven o'clock. Admittance, gentlemen ten cents, ladies five cents. Should the weather be stormy the lecture will be postponed until further notice.

A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

France and this Country.

The happy speech, said to have been made by Mr. Everett at the dinner of Prince Napoleon and his wife at the Revere House, reached the shores of France all in good time, and has just elicited some very friendly replies. A recent number of the Paris *Constitutionnel* takes occasion to make the following comments on the matter, which all American readers will peruse, just at this time, with great interest:

"Although the voyage of his Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon to the North American States partook only of the character of a private visit, it was impossible that the presence of the first Prince of the blood of the Imperial family should not excite among the Americans a manifestation of their sentiments toward France and her glorious destiny. In this point of view the long excursion of Prince Napoleon has had political results of high interest. This will be seen from a perusal of the speech of Mr. Everett, at a banquet given to the Prince at Boston. Mr. Everett occupies a high position in the Northern States of America, as a man of letters as well as a diplomatist; he has represented his country as a Minister Plenipotentiary at London, and he was the Unionist candidate for the vice-presidency of the United States.

What especially strikes us in Mr. Everett's substantial and instructive speech is the high appreciation of the part France takes in American affairs, and especially the deep sense of gratitude it reveals toward the nation which has sealed with its blood the independence of America. It is true, then, that peoples (*les peuples*) are not ungrateful."

Put to their Trumps.

Whenever a person, accustomed to swim with the aid of convenient floats, finds himself suddenly compelled to rely altogether upon himself if he would continue on the surface of the water, he makes the discovery for the first time in his life, either that there is something in him worth saving, and that he therefore has the power to save it—or, there being nothing to speak of, that he never was endowed with the power of self-salvation. Nature generally equalizes these matters admirably. For where would be the sense in giving a man a power of protection so greatly disproportioned to the stock of materials he would be called on to protect? There would be none, of course. These times try men, however, in a thousand ways. The scum comes to the surface first, as in all clarifying operations; the pure article will be sought after, by and by, when it is wanted for use and enjoyment. It is the day when it is asked of a man "What can he do?"—rather than—"Of what family does he come?" or—"how much money has he got?" We are all compelled to fall back on the naked resources of nature. Her gifts are never at fault. We may trust her to the end.

Letter from Bro. Fairfield.

DEAR BANNER—In compliance with my promise, I now inform you and our friends in the East and West, that I am again in the lecturing-field. I have been in this most delightful part of Michigan, recently, and I never saw a more earnest, truthful and progressive people. It is a cheering thought and a great blessing that amidst the discordant jars of life, there are to be found a host of minds who have become imbued with the truthful and loving principles of the Harmonial Philosophy.

In my journeyings I am able to see the saving and regenerating influences of spiritual truth upon the hearts of the people. In Lyons, Mich., the spiritual Gospel is the controlling power that moves the people. In the delightful town of Maple Rapids, where I have lectured, of Theology has given way to the power of the Harmonial Philosophy, and people are now found using their reasoning faculties upon all things that pertain to their present and future welfare. There is a large new hall here, put up by the Spiritualists, sixty-five feet by forty, which will seat eight hundred. Thus the good work goes on. All the Spiritual societies that may desire my service, as a lecturer, may address me at Detroit, Michigan.

H. P. FAIRFIELD.

THE REGIMENT OF SPIRITUALISTS.—We have been able to glean a few facts in relation to this corps, which we give our readers. We learn that the regiment will be commanded by a well-known Spiritualist and medium, whose thoughts are often communicated through the columns of the *Banner*.

We have no doubt but this regiment of mediums, or spiritual batteries, unintentionally to itself, may become one of the most marked objects of the campaign.—*Exchange*.

This movement seems to us unfortunate, in view of the efforts of all large-minded men to break down every form of sectarianism. We should be sorry to see Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Unitarian, or the devotees of any other creed, attempt an exclusively religious and gregarious demonstration. Even politicians and the old-line sectarians do not club together for patriotic purposes. The People, irrespective of political and religious tenets, constitute the army. If Spiritualists cannot carry their glorious faith into any Regiment, and be sustained by it, they are not up to their own noble standards of individual sovereignty.—*Herald of Progress*.

Rev. Abram Pryne, of the Parson Brownlow debate, and Rev. Uriah Clark, were to commence an oral controversy in St. James's Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., on Tuesday evening, the 12th, and continue during the week. The questions to be debated were: "Do the manifestations known as Modern Spiritualism, give conclusive evidence of being the work of departed spirits? And do the teachings of Spiritualism afford a system adequate the redemption of humanity and the demands of the times?" Mr. Clark affirming and Mr. Pryne denying. The Putneyville Commercial Press says:

"Mr. Clark has long been well known in the spiritual ranks as an editor, a lecturer, and controversialist, having grappled with many of the strongest opponents in oral debate; and Mr. Pryne is known as the antagonist of Parson Brownlow in the Philadelphia debate, as a leading Christian preacher and reformer, and lately elected to the New York Legislature from this Assembly District."

We saw, with regret, the record of the death of JOURNAL HANCOY PRINCE, Esq., of this city. Mr. Prince was a man of gentlemanly instincts—of scholarly attainments, and of much professional ability. His disposition was kind and generous—his spirit manly and bold—yet his life was not a happy nor a prosperous one. Early disappointments almost paralyzed talents and energy capable of high achievements, and left a generous heart with noble impulses, a sacrifice to misfortune. His amiable disposition attracted many friends to him, who will long cherish his memory with love and tenderness.—*Boston Post*.

On the 23d inst., Mr. Prince spoke, through our medium, a few words to us. He blessed God that he had had the opportunity, while in the form, to converse with us in regard to Spiritualism. "It is a great truth—a mighty truth!" he said. "Thanks, friend, thanks! I will come again, when I can better control the medium."

Mrs. A. A. Currier will lecture in Blanchard's Hall, East Stoughton, Sunday, December 1st.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

THE BANNER is issued and for sale by all the periodical dealers every Monday, for the week ending Saturday, as per date; and not before. We wish this distinctly understood by those who are so anxious to peruse its columns at the earliest possible moment. We have of late been subjected to much annoyance by people calling or sending for the paper prior to the time designated above, hence we give this notice, that hereafter our friends may have no misapprehension about the matter.

The thrillingly-interesting story, by Cora Wilburn, now being published in the BANNER, is having a great run. We are printing large editions to fill orders. Periodical dealers will govern themselves accordingly.

Mrs. Frances T. Young, one of our able and acceptable trance lecturers, having rested from her labors the last year, will again receive calls to lecture. Address her at No. 56 Myrtle street, Boston.

"ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT-LAND," No. 34, is received, and will appear in our next number.

S. B. Brittan, Jr., is attached to the naval fleet on the Western waters, in the capacity of master's mate.

For report of a lecture by Judge Edmonds, see eighth page.

Bro. P. B. Randolph has arrived in California, en route for China. He is still hopeful that he shall be well cared for by his invisible guides, and, after fulfilling his mission, safely return to America, amply prepared to give to the world one of the most interesting books of travel ever issued from the press.

Wendell Phillips, Esq., will deliver a lecture before the Mercantile Library Association, on Wednesday evening, November 27th. Subject: "The War."

We call attention to the poem in another column, from Edgar A. Poe, entitled, *The Kingdom*, given through the instrumentality of Miss Lizzie Doten, at Lyceum Hall, on Sunday, 17th inst.

The pebbles in our path weary us and make us foot-sore more than the rocks.

An extra of the Christian Western Recorder has just been issued, announcing the suspension of the paper in a strain of fretful dissatisfaction, which culminates in the following passage:—"We have no plan to suggest. We suppose we will all have to wait the indications of Providence in this matter, however annoying and inconvenient."

Men of talent are often the captives of beautiful fools. But there is one consolation—they do not long remain captives, for they soon cease to be men of talent.

A FLOWER GARDEN.

There grew the gillyflower, the mint, the daisy,
Both red and white; the blue-violet;
The purple hyacinth, the spike to please ye,
The scarlet-dyed carnation, bleeding yet;
The sage, the savory and sweet marjoram,
Hyssop, thyme, eye-bright good, for blind and dumb;
The pink, the primrose, the cowslip, daffodilly,
The harebell blue, the crimson columbine,
Sage, lettuce, parsley, and the milk-white lily,
The rose and speckled flower call'd daisies in wine;
Fine pretty king-cups, and the yellow booties
That grow by rivers and by shallow brooks.

[Richard Barnfield.]

When some people make a great deal of you, you may be sure they mean to make a deal out of you.

A Colonel in one of our Ohio regiments remarked the other day to a Universalist clergyman, who had been spoken of as the probable chaplain, "Yes, we like your sort of men; we have to snuff powder all the week, and do not care to smell brimstone Sundays."

Why is a good man like a bad one? Because he is sin-cere.

A gentleman having presented his church with the "Ten Commandments," it was wittily said that he gave them away because he could not keep them.

An angry woman, like an angry snake, makes a terrible exhibition of tongue.

A crusty old bachelor says: "Some bachelors go to the war because they like fighting, and some married men go because they like peace."

A Confederate letter writer in Missouri says that the German troops are very unattractive in their appearance. "No doubt when they are attacked they will be found terribly repulsive."

It is better to meet danger than to wait for it. A ship on a lee shore stands out to sea in a storm to escape shipwreck.

GOOD INVESTMENT.—The Springfield Republican is responsible for the following:—"It says, a broker, not long ago, when escorting a fair damsel home, asked her what kind of money she liked best. Of course the blushing beauty instantly suggested matrimony. 'What rate of interest did it bring?' inquired the man of current funds and wildcat documents. 'If properly invested,' lisped the fair charmer, 'if properly invested, it will double the original stock every two years!'"

"Is this your house and home?" asked a traveler of a farmer as he saw him boarding up a pig-sty. "No," replied the farmer, "I'm only boarding here."

Laws and institutions, like clocks, must occasionally be cleaned, wound up, and set to true time.

The rebels have hoisted the black flag at Charleston. They will in due time be obliged to hoist the white one, we opine.

A main reason why adversity often makes a man scorned is that it makes him abject—and thus worthy of scorn.

That mythical character—the unknown author of "Rutledge"—whose mask no one has yet succeeded in peeping behind, and whose personality is as mysterious as that of Junius, the *Stat Nominis Umbra* of all time—has, we learn, a new novel, ready for the press, entitled, "The Sutherlands," which will be published by Messrs. Rudd & Carleton of New York. If the success of an author's first book be a criterion for a second, "The Sutherlands" will reach a circulation of more than twenty thousand copies, and still fall short of that attained by "Rutledge."

Inducement to Subscribers. To any one who will send us three dollars, with the names of three new subscribers for the BANNER OF LIGHT, for six months, we will send a copy of either, *WHATSOEVER IS, IS RIGHT*, by Dr. Child, *THE ARCADE OF NATURE*, by Hudson Tuttle, or, *TWELVE LECTURES*, by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, with a splendid steel engraving of Mrs. Hatch. These works are all published for one dollar each, and this is an offer worthy the immediate attention of our readers, for we shall continue it in force only two months.

Wanted. A Physician and Spiritualist out of town would like to obtain board and office-room in a pleasant family in some convenient location in Boston. The best of references given. Address "Physician," *Banner of Light* Office.

A Generous Offer.

Mr. J. V. MANSFIELD, the well known medium for answering sealed letters, has generously offered—for the space of three months—to answer gratuitously a sealed letter for every subscriber who remits us two dollars for the BANNER one year. Three 8-cent postage stamps must accompany each letter to prepay return letters. Mr. M. makes this offer solely to aid us in extending the circulation of our paper, which is the best way to benefit the cause.

Those sending letters to be answered, should be careful to write the address of their Spirit friends, in full, in their sealed letters—not on the envelope—in order to prevent mistakes, as there are many spirits who answer to the same name, which is the cause of a majority of the mistakes that occur. The controlling spirit of the medium cannot possibly know every spirit who is ready to respond to the call of his or her friends, any more than can those in the earth-life, hence, we repeat, correspondents should be particular in this respect.

All letters must be addressed, "BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.," to insure a prompt response.

Notice.

Dr. F. W. URANN, formerly with Dr. J. R. Newton, has returned to this city, and located at No. 10 Harvard street. The following are among the many cases that he has treated with marked success, and in some cases but one operation is required, viz: Heart Disease, Lung Complaint, Consumption, Bronchitis, Dropsy, Diabetes, Spinal Difficulties, Female Weakness, Epilepsy, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Fever Sores, &c. &c. 31 Nov. 23.

Notice.

WARREN CHASE will spend next Summer in the West. Those who wish his services for one or more Sundays, may secure them by applying soon. For direction see notices of lectures in another column, or direct to Boston, care of Julia Marsh, 411 January st. His engagements for the Winter are not yet complete, nor the route West determined on.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYCEUM HALL, TREMONT STREET, (opposite head of School street).—The regular course of lectures will continue through the winter, and services will commence at 2:45 and 7:15 o'clock, p. m. Admission 10 cents. Lecturers engaged:—Mrs. Fannie M. Felt for the first Sunday in December.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BOWDOIN STREET, BOSTON.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at 10-12 A. M. Conference meetings at 3 and 7-12 P. M. P. Clark, Chairman. The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening, at 7-12 o'clock. (The proceedings are reported for the *Banner*.) The subject of next Wednesday evening is—"Can Spirits or Angels Control Events?"

MARLBOROUGH.—Meetings are held in Bassett's new Hall, Speaker engaged:—Mr. M. S. Townsend for the two first Sundays in December.

SPRINGFIELD.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall. Speakers engaged:—Warren Chase, Dec. 1; Miss Lizzie Doten, Dec. 15; CHARLESTOWN.—Sunday meetings are held regularly at Central Hall, afternoon and evening.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall, Spring street, at 10-12 o'clock. The first Sunday in Dec. Warren Chase, second and third Sunday in Dec. Mrs. Augusta A. Currier, two last Sundays in Dec.

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Conference Meetings held Sunday mornings, and speaking by mediums. Afternoon and Evening. The following speakers are engaged:—Miss Belle Bougall, Dec. 1st, 8th, 15th, and 22d.

LEOMINSTER, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Leominster hold regular meetings on Sunday, at the Town Hall. Services commence at 1-3 and 7-12 P. M.

NEWTON.—Regular meetings are held every Sunday at 9-12 and 7-12 P. M. at Essex Hall.

GLOUCESTER.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday, at the Town Hall.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Sons of Temperance Hall, on Congress street, morning and evening. The first Sunday in Dec. Warren Chase, afternoon and evening, at 2-4 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—G. B. Stebbins, during January; Belle Bougall, during Feb.; W. K. Ripley for the first and second Sundays in March; Miss Emma Hardinge, two last Sundays in April.

PROVIDENCE.—Speakers engaged:—Leo Miller in Dec; Mrs. A. M. Spence, in Jan; Mrs. M. M. Macomber in Feb; Frank L. Wadsworth in May.

NEW YORK.—At Lamartine Hall, corner 8th Avenue and 26th street, meetings are held every Sunday at 10-12 A. M., 8 P. M., 7-12 P. M. Dr. H. D. Dresser is Chairman of the Association.

At Dodworth's Hall, 406 Broadway, Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch will lecture every Sunday, morning and evening.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Speakers who wish to make appointments at Cleveland, are requested to address Mrs. H. P. M. Brown, who is authorized to confer with them.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Meetings of Conference and circles are held at the new Hall, organized under the name of "Fon. oration." No. 1231 Chestnut street, below 13th, north side.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Meetings are held every Sunday at Good Templars' Hall, at 3 and 7-12 o'clock P. M.

St. Louis, Mo.—Meetings are held in Mercantile Library Hall every Sunday at 10-12 o'clock A. M. and 7-12 P. M.

AMUSEMENTS IN BOSTON.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Tromont, between Court & School streets. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra and Reserved seats, 50 cents. Performances commence in the evening at 7-12 o'clock, and on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3 o'clock.

AQUARIUM AND ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—Central Court. Living Whales, Animals, Reptiles, &c. Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Admission 25 cents; Children under 10 years, 15 cents.

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL AND TROWBRIDGE'S DEIA HOUSE.—Nearly opposite the Old South Church. Tickets, 25 cents.

BOSTON ATHENAEUM.—Beacon street, near State House. Thirty-seventh Exhibition of Paintings and Statuary. Admission, 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are moderate.

MRS. A. V. DELAFOLIE.

THE well known Medium and Independent Clairvoyant, is now located at No. 170 Varick street, New York, where she will be pleased to receive her friends and the public. Nov. 20.

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Dr. CHARLES MAIN, No. 7 Davis street, Boston, Mass. Nov. 6.

DR. L. L. FARNSWORTH,

PSYCHO-NEURIST AND PHYSICIAN, is permanently located at No. 63 HEDDING STREET, Boston. Persons sending autographs and \$1. will receive a full delineation of character. Dr. F. also examines disease and prescribes by a lock of hair; terms, \$1. References can be given from persons of high standing in Boston and vicinity, who have received great benefit by means of his magnetic powers. Medical consultation free. Office hours from 10 A. M. to 9 P. M. 8m Nov. 9.

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER was written by the spirit who gave it, and is published as such. It is not published on account of literary merit, but as a record of the communications to those friends who may receive them.

We wish to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond, and to show away with the erroneous idea that they are more than spirits. We believe the public should know of the spirit-world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

MESSAGERS TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course:

Monday, Oct. 14.—Invocation: "The Philosophy of Magnetism." Robert Atkinson, Blackwell's Island, N. Y.; Willie Roberts, Sandwich, Mass.; Hannah Pillsbury, Manchester, N. H.; Eliza Barker.

Tuesday, Oct. 15.—Invocation: "The existence of the human soul previous to birth in material form." Daniel Dougherty, Lowell, Mass.; Josephine Lyman, Sacramento City, Cal.; Lemuel Goss, New Orleans.

Thursday, Oct. 17.—Invocation: "The sexual functions in Spirit Life." Hiram Burgess, Hartford, Conn.; Lilly Washburn to her mother, Fall River, Mass.; William Wheeler, (published in No. 6).

Monday, Oct. 22.—Invocation: "Hope." John Francis Whorley, London, Eng.; Frances Rogers, New York City; Eddy W. Locke, Boston; Patience Ripley, Yarmouth, Mo.

Tuesday, Oct. 23.—Invocation: "Jesus the Saviour of the World." Bill Saunders, stage driver, Burlington, Vt.; Mary Horilla Laurens, St. Mary's Institute, Mobile; Wm. H. Cook, Boston, Mass.; Charles Sherburne; Harvey Burdell.

Thursday, Oct. 24.—Invocation: "There is no Death." Alice Brewster, Lexington, Mass.; Richard Parker, to Richard Kennard, San Juan, Cal.; Julia O'Brien, Lucas, etc., Boston; Charles Todd, Boston; Josephine Adams.

Monday, Nov. 4.—Invocation: "George Williams, Williamsburg, N. C.; Philip Higgins, New Bedford, Mass.; Charlotte Brown, New York City; to her uncle, Henry Wetherell, New York City; William Wheeler; Susie Lane; James Arnold.

Tuesday, Nov. 5.—Invocation: "The Constitution and the War." Major Christian, Alabama; Clara P. Evans, Manchester, N. H.; Jimmy Hobart, Canton, Mo.; Sarah Norton, Bridgeport.

Monday, Nov. 11.—Invocation: "Is there any difference between a Material and a Spiritual Truth?" Peter Riley, Lawrence, Mass.; Thomas F. Stephens, Montgomery, Ala.; Mary Adelaide Wallace, Kingston, N. J.

Monday, Nov. 11.—Invocation: "Forgiveness, Despair, and Fear." Bill Sewall, Brownsville, N. Y.; Marlene Lester, Philadelphia, Pa.; Horace Cameron, Queensbury, Pa.

Tuesday, Nov. 12.—Invocation: "Violation of Law." "Death and Immortality." George Vail, Charleston, Mass.; Horace Platt, Worcester, Mass.; William H. Cook, Boston.

Thursday, Nov. 14.—Invocation: "Moral Diseases." Frank Germon, actor; Dr. John Thayer, Dedham, Mass.; Amos Davis, St. Charles, Texas; Hiram Dudley, New York City; Andrew G. Lincoln.

Monday, Nov. 18.—Invocation: "Why are Spirits unable to manifest before the Professors of Harvard College and their friends?" Andrew S. Murray, Halifax, N. S.; Medford Janney, Portsmouth, N. H.; Frances Cecilia Dabbitt, New Haven, Conn.

Tuesday, Nov. 19.—Invocation: "The Redemption of Souls from the desire for Immortality." William H. Cook, C. A., Gaston, Greenville, Co., Ala.; John Lee Taunton, Insane Asylum; George Barnard; Eva S. Walker, Salem, Mass.; "Irene."

Our Circles.

The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 138 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM No. 3, (up stairs), every MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

Invocation.

Oh, thou who art above us, beneath us, around us, and within us, thou mighty Spirit of the Universe, once more we send forth to thee a song of praise; once more we would offer our thanks unto thee, as all things in Nature which thou hast called into existence, render praise unto thee; and as thou acceptest their gifts, we know thou wilt accept those which are offered by thy children. Oh, Father, through the dense darkness of materiality, we lift our souls unto thee, knowing that thou seest and understandest the cords that draw us nearer toward a perfect reliance upon thee, and in joy thy presence and power are often forgotten. So, oh our Father, we thank thee for sorrow as for joy, for darkness as for light, for hell as for heaven, forever and forever. Amen.

"Come, and I will give you Rest."

Have those present a question to propose? If so, we are ready to hear it. If there are none, we will speak briefly upon one which we find spiritually before us. It hath been presented by a good brother in mortal. The question is this:

"What is the meaning of the passage of Scripture, which says, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest?'"

Explain it, says our mortal brother. "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Jesus Christ was the embodiment or outward manifestation of the spirit of truth. The spirit of truth dwelt in him; and the spirit of truth through his organism says, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Come, all ye who have sought throughout the world for an answer to your soul's demands—come, and I will give you rest. Seek no longer for that which is not to be found; enter within the holy temple of truth, and there commune with your God, or listen to the dictates of that guide—strive to follow as he bids you, rather than try to believe that which the world offers you. Instead of seeking guidance from the external, enter the sacred temple of your own soul, which is indeed dedicated to the living God, the God of truth. There you will indeed find peace and rest. When the spirit of man is once brought to comprehend its relationship to Deity, then will it be indeed at peace. It will no longer rest under the ban of fear, nor "beat" in the clouds of darkness. Truth is not found in the world of art—only in the realms of unadorned nature, and there it is at the call of every son and daughter of the Almighty. None need ask to know the way, and receive no answer. Truth is no respecter of persons, and is as much at the wish of the lowly as the high. Oh, then, come unto the temple of truth, and it shall give you rest, and you need no longer wander in darkness, weary and heavy laden.

Thomas Holley.

I am told you send letters all over the world. I am accustomed to this way of talking, but I am anxious to say a few words to my family—for I left one six years ago.

My name was Thomas Holley. I was thirty-three years old. I was a blacksmith by trade, and lived in East Boston, and died, I suppose, of some injury I received internally. I was told I must mention the disease I died of, and so I give you, as near as I can, the cause of my death.

I am a stranger here. I do not want to say much. The most I want to say is, I would like to have my wife Elizabeth meet me somewhere, so that I can talk to her as I do here, and I'll then tell her about many things I could not tell her about, or did not, when I was here; and I can tell her many things about the spirit-world, too—some things that will surprise her much. Her father would also like to talk to her, and her sister who came here a long time ago. I can't quite see things as I'd like to, here. I did not spend all my time just right when I was here; but it's no use repeating after it is too late. I can't get rid of my past life; but what I can do to make others happy, now, I'll do, and I suppose that'll make my future all the brighter. I've seen some hard times since I've been here, because I did not know what was going to become of me, and because I had not always done right when I lived here.

If you'll be kind enough to bear my respects to my wife, I will be thankful to you; and if there are any others who want to talk with me, I'll come to them; but I have a great anxiety to come to her, because she is in a bad position, and perhaps I can help her out. They say my happiness consists in making others happy. I did not do quite all I might have done, but I am anxious to, now.

I worked at one time at horse-shoeing for Mr. Fernald, here in the city, and for Mr. Bird, in Milton, over there. I lived on Lexington street, when I was here. I do not suppose my folks live there now, but I guess they're in East Boston. I was originally from Hilsboro, N. H.—was born there. Perhaps, that statement may lead to my making myself known. I can't tell you what part of the town—somewhere in the center. I did not live there after I was five or six years old. I did not know but you would think my native place was East Boston, so I told you I was born in Hilsboro. I did not want you to make any mistake like that.

You want to know to print this? It's a poor thing, I know, but it's the best I can do. The amount of it is, sir, I drank too much. Well—to tell the truth, I suppose I was injured by falling down when I was under the influence of liquor. I ought to tell it, I suppose, but I do not know as the folks would like to have me tell it. Do as you please about printing it. I would not have felt right if I had gone away without saying it. Oct. 8.

Ann Maguire.

I'm here. I do not like to trouble you, but I do not like to go away without saying what I want to. I want very much to have a talk with me brother Michael and me sister Margaret. Me name was Ann Maguire. I lived here. I've been dead most two years. I was twenty-one—in me twenty-second year. I died on the island of small pox. Me brother is here in Boston, sir, but I do not know where, at all. He's in Boston somewhere, and me sister, too. He's no trade at all, sir. In the summer time he does a mason's tender, and in the winter time he does what he finds to do. He's most three years older than me. We're all born in Derby, Glamorgan County, Ireland.

I had no chance at all to speak to me brother or sister, because they're not allowed at all to come to see me. When I die, I have about four pounds of money saved. I wanted to send to me cousin, to bring me cousin over, and it's troubling me brother and sister what to do—what they'll do to please me. Now I'd like very much for them to send for her—because she is very much disappointed. She's come from home so far as Liverpool, and has a very hard time getting along. She is looking to hear from me every day, and I'm not feeling very happy about her at all. I want them to come where I can speak to them, and not be afraid of me at all.

The last place I lived at was Mrs. Carney's, on Charlestown street. She kept a few boarders. Maybe she'd do as much for me as send me letter to me brother and sister. She reads the paper, and I's told she'd get it. Thank you, sir. Will I go now? Good morning, sir. Oct. 8.

Marietta Barrett.

Have I got to talk to you? I've got a good deal to say, but it's all to my mother. She do not know I can come this way, but I come here to let her know I can come back. My name is Marietta Barrett, and I's seven years old. I lived in New Haven, in Connecticut. My grandfather was a minister—Universalist minister. His name was Isaac Barrett. I do not want to say anything to anybody but my mother. I want to come to her, very much. If I's old I could say a good deal, but I can't say only just what I think of.

I want her to know my brother is not dead. I want to tell my mother that, first of all. She thinks he is, but he's a prisoner, where they've got lots of prisoners. I do not know where. I've watched him, and he ain't dead, nor sick, nor hurt, at all. He went away with the soldiers. My mother ha'n't heard from him, and she thinks he's dead. I want to talk with her, just like as I do here. Can I? She must find me a medium, and I'll come to her.

I died with a sore throat, and my grandfather says the scarlet fever, too. I've been dead two years. It seems longer than that to me. He says I ha'n't been dead longer.

Will you tell my mother my brother is not dead? Will you? My mother's name is Marietta—same as mine. My father is in California. I can't talk to him, if I try to. He plays cards, and I can't talk to him, now. I can come some time, I guess, but I do not know what to say to him now. I know what to say to my mother when I see her, though. Good by. Oct. 8.

Edward Hobbs.

Written: The hopes of many are oftentimes withered by the course of unbelief. Oct. 8.

Invocation.

Spirit of Eternity, whoever and whatever thou art, we offer homage unto thee this hour. We thank thee, oh God, for the glorious manifestations of thy presence thou hast brought unto each and every soul, giving them to know more of thee, and to rejoice in thy presence. Oh Father, we thank thee for the darkness of the past, for it shows to us more clearly the light of the present. It hath been the parent of that in which we rejoice at this hour; and we bless thee alike for parent and for child. For each and every condition of life we thank thee, for we know thou art truly wise to all our needs. We see thy hand in all things around us; and whatever may come, we are able to thank thee for—right as for day, for sin as for goodness, for joy as for sorrow—for all, oh God, we thank thee. Oct. 10.

Variety in Soul Principles.

Have the friends any question they desire to propound to us? If there are none, we will speak upon one we have already with us.

A friend in mortal desires to know if there is not an infinite variety of soul-principles in the Universe—or, in other words, are not all souls different, one from the other?

We have many times endeavored to enlighten humanity upon this subject, not only here, but elsewhere; but not only through these lips, but others. We have endeavored to give that which seems truth to us, concerning that being the soul, which God gives to us and to each and all of humanity.

Science teaches mankind that the primaries of all souls in nature are alike. Everything that is found upon your globe, when resolved back to primary conditions, is alike. There is no difference you can detect—not the slightest particle of difference. Now as all things in spirit are a counterpart of all things material or external, so, then, all souls, whether of one sphere of existence or another, when resolved back to their first condition, which is God, are alike. There can be no difference. All souls come from God, and must go back to him. In the beginning they were God, and in the end they will be God. There is an infinite variety in the unfolding of our nature, as there is infinite variety spread out on earth. The unfoldings of your spirit may vary to an infinite degree.

Who is able to number the different shades of color in material life? No one; and yet all can be resolved back into one primary color, which is white. So each soul, when resolved back to its primary condition, is God. All the vast difference there is between the soul of the scholar and the savage, is merely a difference of organization—only the difference which conditions have given or loaned to it, for the time being. Nothing in nature can throw the soul from its cycle around the centre-heart of God, although clouds may blacken and obscure or the sun may illuminate it and make it radiant. The soul can never be deprived of its birthright. The soul-principle or spirituality of man may change in condition, but never in identity.

The sciences of mortality unfold much to man. They give him to know all around him. Are there no sciences of the higher life? Ay, we tell you there are; and the sciences of the higher life tell you there is and can be no change in the soul-principle of man. All atoms of soul, as well as of materiality, bear the stamp of the Almighty's finger. He is no respecter of persons, times or conditions; and he will gather up the vast universes of atoms, and make them one with him in deed and in truth. Oct. 10.

Rev. Moses Hollock.

The Scriptures tell us that they who would be great in the kingdom of heaven, must become like little children—must be meek and lowly, and not expect too much. But oh, how very few there are who understand this passage in Scripture—how very few! When it was my privilege to dwell upon this earth—for it once was my privilege—I perceived all things through a glass, and one that was very dark. My idea of the Deity, and the condition of society, built a high wall all around my spirit; and I never was bold enough to try and see beyond the limit of that wall. I was on a sea of theological fog, and never caught even a glimpse of land, and know nothing of the God I can now worship in spirit and in truth. Dark, indeed, was my condition, though the world supposed I dwelt in the immediate presence of God. The world knows but little of the religion that pertains to mortal spirits. It can perceive only of the things of earth; of the things beyond earth it cannot see. Much as I tried to serve God when I was here, and though I was mistaken in the object of my worship, I am not unhappy in the light-world. I believed I lived up to the highest light that was given me. If I did not, it was because the light was obscured from my view. And so it is with thousands on earth, who do the best they can, considering the conditions in which they exist. That I was exceedingly disappointed when I reached the spirit-world, is true. I felt I had as good as wasted seventy-six years of my life, for those things I had stored up against the day of eternity, I found to be worthless—all mortal, and subject to decay, every one of them. There was not a single thing that I had garnered up that was destined to live eternally. But when I began to look at the future, to perceive that there was an eternity of life before me, and that I had passed through was a mere item in comparison—that there was a vast field before me, that in all my earth-life I had barely entered upon, I took heart to go forward, and endeavored to learn of others what I should do to be made happy. I was told I must search at the fountain-head of truth, and cast off what impeded my onward progression. I found many entered the spirit-sphere wrapped in darkness and despair, because they had sought life only in its externals, and knew nothing of it in a spiritual sense; because they had given to time what belonged to eternity.

I have been requested to return here, speaking to mortals. Some friends whom I knew when they were young, forty-two years ago, have made a request to me, which is this: "If that which is now spread over the world, called Spiritualism, is true, go to such a place, speaking of our request, and give what you may be able to."

Oh, would to God that I could give them of the wisdom of the spirits, together with the proof that I return. I have been trying since 1837—for that year I passed away—to undo certain things I did when on earth; trying to erect a temple to the spirit, that death, hell and torment might have nothing to do with. Oh, I have been laboring to erect a temple that shall be worthy of the God who inspired me; and in consequence of the darkness my religion has shed over me, I have made slow progress. Where others have a thousand gems of truth to build with, I possess not ten; but I have faith that he who becomes as a little child in these things, will be soonest to learn that the kingdom of heaven is a sphere of peace and satisfaction.

I can offer but few suggestions to those dear friends, seeing they are all bound to the church, every one of them. I cannot say to them, come into me, and be healed; but I would suggest one thing—that they investigate this new dispensation of Spiritualism with all the zeal they are possessors of; that they pursue the star of truth as closely as they are able to, and so surely as they do, it will lead them to the birth-place of the new Jesus. Oh, follow out this word of God—follow it and it will lead you not to hell, but to heaven. I know it.

That I have returned, speaking with human lips, you will know if you question your own souls. Do not go out into the world to ask if I have come to you, but question your own souls, and you will know I have responded to your call.

I am Moses Hollock. I was born in Brookhaven, Long Island. I preached the gospel, or tried to, in Plainfield, N. H., forty-five years. I was seventy-six years of age when the higher call came, which took place in 1837. My body rests in Plainfield. Oct. 10.

Robert Collins.

It's a mighty fine thing to be a minister before you die, but it's hard to be one afterwards.

How are you, mister? I get along pretty well, because I came without any fear. All you have to do is a few things just so, and you're here.

My name is Bob Collins, or Robert Collins. I want to get a letter to my brother Dick. I want to talk with him, if he'll do this part to help me.

I'm pretty happy, considering the way I went out when I's here; and I went out as sick as an eel. I's in the battle out there at Bull Run. I s'pose you've heard of it, ha'n't you? There's no waiting for you to say your prayers, there. They don't wait for you to finish up your business, there. Business is all I cared for. As for praying, I could not do that if I tried. Well, Mr. Writer, you never went to war, did you? Well, I do not think you want to, do you? But I tell you what it is, it's a great way of getting through this world into the next. They open the door, and knock you in—do not stop to see if you are invited.

How is it about my being able to talk with Dick? I expect he is in Ohio; he'll come from Cleveland, I s'pose. Are there folks there like this [medium]? I came from there before I found myself here. You see there are some things that do not set well here with me. I did not make allowance for accidents when I went away, so I want to tell my brother what to do about my business. Now I left a little money, and I want it to go where I want it to go. Now I expect Dick'll settle up my affairs; and as I do not know that I shall have a chance to talk with him, and as a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, I'll tell him how what I want him to do. Now there is a person by the name of Louisa Gannett. No matter what she was to me, or who she is, but I want my brother to let her have half of what I left. I do not care what he does with the rest. He may keep it himself, if he wants to; but if he keeps it all, I'll punish him for it. It's against my wishes to talk of these affairs here, but this was something I ought to tell. What's the use of coming back to talk about religion, when you've something better to talk about?

Ask my brother, for me, to go to a medium, will you? Then I'll talk over other matters with him. I'm sorry I ha'n't got any body, now, but I get along pretty well without one, since I can come back and talk through one. I do not take things very hard here. I did not wake up in hell. If I had, I suppose I should have made friends with the devil, and got him to let me out as soon as possible.

A fellow kinder gets lost when he comes here—do not know which way to turn; but after coming once, we're a good deal better off; they tell us, and have more power and can get along better.

My Colonel's name was Mason. My regiment was sent from Ohio—the Second. I was under Captain Packard. I do not know but Ohio is as good as Massachusetts. I was born here in Massachusetts; used to live at a little place called Duxbury, but moved away when I was not knee high to a pumpkin plant.

Look here! I do not ever lend bodies like this, do you? I think I could take care of it, if I had it. I'm from Cleveland. I was a West India Goods dealer, on Wilson street, No. 1. Dick was in my store. Well, look here. A word or two before I go. Supposing, now, I've got this body, I should take it and clear out with it? I have superseded the medium's spirit, and got things my own way. I merely asked the question. I know your rules of course, and will obey them. If I had my body there, I could square off everything in three days. If I can keep it ten minutes, I do not see why I can't ten hours, or ten days. How do you leave, after you once get in here? How soon will he get my letter? Three

or four weeks? I do not know what will become of three or four thousand dollars in three or four weeks. I'll have to run the risk, then, sha'n't I? Oct. 10.

Wallace Perkins.

I wa'n't expecting to see anybody here, except somebody to write for me. My name is Wallace Perkins. I was twelve years old. Died in Morristown, N. J.—lived there. It's only been since last spring that I died. My father and mother have two sons and one daughter left. I was the youngest. They have one here, too—one daughter. She died of congestion of the brain, eleven years ago, she says.

Everybody is trying to come back and speak to their folks, and so I've been trying ever since I came here to come back and speak to mine. My mother has a cancerous humor on her stomach, and my grandfather is here, and he is a doctor, and he says he would cure her, and I want she should get him, a medium to talk through, so he'll tell her what to do to cure her. She's been troubled about it five or six years, and other doctors could not tell her what the matter was with her; but my grandfather says if my father will get him a medium he can talk through, he'll cure her.

My father believes in the second coming of Jesus Christ, and my grandfather says, "Tell Edward that this is the second coming of the Jesus who lived on earth eighteen hundred years ago, and if he'd only investigate for himself, he'd see it is so."

Good-by, sir. Oct. 10.

Abby Shute.

The following was given by the alphabet of the deaf and dumb:

Tell my Aunt Abby that I come here, and that I want to speak to her. My name is Abby Shute. Oct. 10.

Betsy Woodward.

Written: My beloved Son—Let me come and talk with you. Betsy Woodward, to John Woodward.

PSYCHOLOGICAL INSTITUTE FOR THE INSANE.

Mr. Estlin—Sometime in the year 1852, in the easy days of my mediumship, my spirit-friends gave me a full description of an institution which they proposed to establish at some future time. The plan of the edifice was altogether different from anything which I had any previous knowledge of, and was very beautiful. My spirit-friends furthermore told me, that this delightful home was for invalids; but they did not tell me what kind of patients were to be received and treated therein.

After giving me the plan, and filling me with delight in anticipation of such a glorious work for humanity, my spirit-friends gave me to understand that I must have a fitness for such a work, before I could be allowed to engage in it. They did not tell me what kind of fitness was needed; but directed me to go and do, day by day, that which was given me to do, and, in that way, each day would bring me nearer to the much needed home for invalids. With these instructions, I started on my journey toward the forehanded institution; but, although to my vision, it then seemed near by, yet, as I moved toward it, it receded from my view; so that, at times, I completely lost sight of it. The journey has been of about ten years duration; yet I did not realize that I was making any progress toward the promised institution, until last February, when I was directed to publish a letter to mediums, inviting a correspondence with them. Although I had had a large experience with spirit-power myself, and had a general knowledge of the experiences of thousands whom I had met, in my itinerant life of eight years constant travel through a majority of the States of the Union, yet the numerous letters which I received revealing to me the influence of spirit-power upon the moral, mental and physical constitutions of both male and female, young and old, opened to my view a new field of labor, in which, to my surprise, I once more beheld, under the name of the Psychological Institute, the glorious temple of health which had been projected upon my mind so many years before.

I now saw, moreover, that the inmates of this institute would be the mentally and the morally, as well as the physically diseased; and that the magnetism and psychology of the spiritual as well as of the mundane sphere, together with other influences, would be used to restore the mentally deranged, as they are called, but whom the clairvoyant eye sees to be spiritually diseased.

For the present, I have limited my engagements as a lecturer, in order that I may prepare to open our home for this much neglected class of sufferers, who are more numerous than the public are aware of, perhaps, and I acknowledge, far more numerous than I myself supposed, and more neglected than I imagined, until I was informed of the immense numbers who receive no kind of medical attention whatever, and until I found, by visiting many of the Lunatic Asylums of our country, that the medical profession practically ignore all other means of treating the insane, save and except powerful medicines to reduce the system; narcotic as a substitute for the old system of restraint, and modified forms of restraint, which are not so cruel and inhuman as those of former times. As a class, therefore, they are much neglected, and demand not only the sympathy of spirits, but the aid of those in the body, to assist spirits in introducing the healing power, which, associated with magnetism and psychology, and happy surroundings, administered in the spirit of kindness, tenderness and good will, and with order and decision, will restore the large majority of the mentally and morally diseased to themselves, to their family and friends, and to society.

As I have given my entire and unreserved time and strength to Spiritualism for over eleven years, and as I expect to give the rest of my earthly existence to it, I feel free, most earnestly to solicit and invite for the new work upon which I am about to enter, the sympathy and cooperation of all Spiritualists, and especially of mediums, and of the editors of our papers. They shall be kept informed of our success and progress in exploring and laboring in this new and important field, in which, I doubt not, we shall find many cases of obsession, in which medium power alone can liberate the parties obsessed.

With the view to the proper treatment of all such cases, as well as all forms of mental and moral diseases, we propose locating in New York city, where we can have easy access to all grades of magnetic, healing, and mediumistic power.

In order that the public may clearly see the magnitude and importance of the department of labor which we are about to enter, and the necessity for an improved method of treating the mentally and morally diseased, Prof. Spence will, with the permission of the BANNER, lay before the public the statistics of insanity in the United States; also an account of the past and present methods of treating this disease,

together with the practical results of the present prevalent system of treatment, and the reasons why better results may be expected from the new system which we propose to inaugurate at the Psychological Institute. Yours truly, AMANDA M. SPENCE. New York, Nov. 16, 1861.

An Old Friend in a New Field.

DEAR BANNER—I little thought when I last wrote you, or even a few short days ago, when in my dear New England I was enjoying the delightful Autumn season, that so soon the beat of the drum, the roar of artillery, and the rattle of innumerable rifles would be my daily music; I little thought to so soon pass away from the rocky headlands, the sandy beaches, and the hills and valleys of Massachusetts and Connecticut, endeared to me by the remembrance of the many warm-hearted friends whose homes are there; yet so it is: from the sacred soil (which, by the way, I found very much like other soil, only superlatively muddy) I look back and wonder at the change, so great, so manifest, that I can scarce comprehend it as yet.

I sit by my door-table and look out of the half-barred windows of the mill, at that hill away off to the east; I see its sides covered with felled trees, laying in every direction, the browned and crisp leaves on the tangled branches, looking so desolate, that I could imagine the advance guard of the Winter King had swept over it, did I not catch a glimpse of fresh embankments at its summit, and from that level line of embankments see peeping out the iron muzzles of waiting war dogs. Backward and forward, like the figures in a diorama, over those embankments, moved the distant sentinels, while high above all waves the glorious old Stars and Stripes, and I am reminded that war is here, and I am with the advance guard of a great army—an army prepared for a bloody strife with those who but a few short months ago rested with us under the protecting folds of the same proud, invincible banner.

Through the day the constant passing of going and returning pickets, by squads and by battalions, the jangling sabres and clattering hoofs of dashing cavalry troops, and the constant evolutions of the detailed guard that occupy this mill, are ever present reminders of my position. Sometimes in the night I dream of home, of the dear friends up among those New England hills or away off by the sides of the lakes and out upon the great prairies of the West; then I forget the war, forget the clatter of hoofs, the roll of the drum and the tramp of soldiers; even the rough blanket around me loses its roughness, while it dissolves into a mist of happy remembrances. But not long do I dream; "Sergeant of the guard, turn out the relief!" echoes through the old mill, and sleep is gone; the prairies, the lakes, the oak-covered hills and the flower-dotted valleys disappear as my eyes stare, wide open, at the flour-dusted timbers above me; then the old roughness comes back again to the blanket as I lay and listen to the tramp, tramp of the sentinels, and remember that war is here—remember that perhaps not two miles distant is a cruel enemy—an enemy who seems to have no sense of honor toward a foe.

Such are the reminders of the change in my life; but I did not sit down now to write of that, to say aught of the many exciting scenes in every-day life here in camp. Should I be spared, and you and your readers, dear BANNER, desire it, at some future time I will pen those experiences.

Now I wish, through your columns, to tell my many friends where I am, and why I am here. In the first place, then, I am in the Balloon Corps of the Department of the Potomac, under Gen. McClellan, in the service of "Uncle Samuel," acting as assistant to Prof. La Mountain, the Aeronaut, intending to sketch from the clouds the position of the enemy. As the Professor cuts entirely loose from his ropes, passes over the enemy, and trusts to a contrary upper current to bring him back, there are chances that I may depart from this sphere—perhaps to a better one, perhaps to a Richmond tobacco prison. But were the chances still greater against me, as I feel now, I would not shrink from them in the service of my country against those who have so outrageously abused their privileges.

We are at present located at the famous Cloud's Mill, about four miles west from Alexandria. Being a mile and a half beyond our outer regiments and forts in this direction, we are well in advance, only our outer picket guard being beyond us; but having a chosen guard of forty men from the New Jersey regiments, and a well barbed brick mill, we feel sure that we can hold our position, a while at least, against great odds. So much for my present abiding place. Now why am I here?

Ever since the commencement of this war, I have felt that my duty called me to take a part, and much as I dread war, much as I mourn its desolations, I have felt that this struggle was a holy one upon the part of those who opposed the extension of the course of slavery that has so blotted the escutcheon of our country's honor; feeling thus, I could not stay away from the strife, and accepted the offer made me by Professor La Mountain, becoming a member of his corps. I am satisfied that in doing so, I have done only my duty. The glorious cause that for twelve years has claimed my attention, and that, for three years I have publicly advocated, is no less dear to me to-day than ever, and whenever or wherever I can get a chance to assist, by a word, a single soul to throw off the shackles of old conservatism, either in politics or religion, I shall gladly seize the opportunity to say that word; it is my soul's desire to do some good in that direction, and when my country no longer needs my services in this field, it will be a great pleasure to me again to return to the public rostrum to advocate, in my feeble way, by the help of the dear invisible ones, religious, social and political progress. To my co-laborers in this glorious field, both male and female, those that I have met, as well as those whose acquaintance I have not yet had the pleasure of making, my soul's best wishes follow you until I again join your ranks. The cords of friendship that have been drawing me to you, one by one, during the three years that have passed, are not weakened by this change.

I now, more than ever, realize their strength. May I hope that now and then you will give a thought to the one that is distant from your field of labor. Should you have a spare moment from your labors, to drop me a line, be assured it will be joyfully received and bring to my hours of loneliness many a pleasant thought. To all my friends, east and west, I repeat that assurance, and to those that know me I cannot say more.

All letters should be directed to me at Alexandria, Va., care of Professor La Mountain, Aeronaut. Hoping that your own desires will lead you to send me

many a word of cheer while I am away from you, and that I may be spared to again stand in your midst, to clasp your greeting hands, and to look into your friendly eyes.

I remain yours, fraternally,
N. FRANK WHITE.
Cloud's Mill, Va., Nov. 2, 1861.

Marblehead.
This is indeed a head, and a hard one; but far from being marble. If the first settlers thought it so, they made a great mistake in the rock that rears its bold crest to meet the ocean at this point. It is the toughest kind of granite quartz, mica, serpentine and felspar, evidently crystallized in the crucible of the earth's first chemical experiments. There is an excellent harbor and an old-fashioned fort with one gun pointing into the earth, and half buried.

The town, which contains about eight thousand inhabitants, is built on the rock, in dwellings and shops, compactly, in all sorts of shapes, and pointing every way, without regard to the narrow and crooked streets which wind around among them, so every man can get to his tenement. A stranger would lose and find his point of compass and locality half a dozen times in walking an hour, and you could no more get lost in it than in the paths of a good sized flower-garden; but if you did, you could climb an unoccupied rock, and look all over it at a glance.

The main business of the place was once fishing; it is now making shoes. The superannuated seamen of the old stock are sitting round in the sunshine, drying up, so they can fly away to a foreign country, to sell if not to fish; and the younger craft of the new business—mostly females—are sluttish in the shops and streets, and ripening into man and womanhood, for I know not what destiny. The shoe shops are a novelty, in great variety, from the capacious manufactory of Bro. Bassett, to the little seven-by-nine shops standing on rocks and of sufficient capacity only for one pounder of leather and pegs.

In the streets you could raise a regiment of boys or girls, any day, and as fine, healthy specimens as can be found in any town of the nation, but you could scarcely raise a company of young or middle-aged men; they have mostly gone to sea, to the war, or to the west; but the children give promise that the place will furnish its full quota for at least one more generation.

The town being at the end of the railroad, and in fact at the end of all roads that reach it, you have to back out, or face about and retreat. For the last fifty years the population has increased by natural laws and decreased by emigration; but the former has gained slowly upon the latter current, and the place has improved some.

There are several old churches here, kept in good order, and well supplied with ammunition to defend the place, and they charge of the souls, especially of the young, and train them in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord;" but when they are older, many of them depart from it and go to sea, or get married, or join the army; either of which is likely to break the church covenant, and start the mind to thinking for itself.

Bro. Bassett's new hall, of which sister Hardinge wrote you, is indeed a fine one, and well worthy the enterprise of the proprietor. The neighbors say he is having a "four days' meeting" in it; but they are mistaken this time, for I used five evenings and one day at this visit, and more are coming, and it is the intention of Bro. Bassett to keep up the meetings till all the intelligent part of the people have a chance to become converts to our philosophy. It would be interesting to see what proportion of the inhabitants this would include. There are some strong intellects here, and most of them are already interested in our science, and are aiding to clear away the theological breast-works and brush-hedges that obstruct the path of human progress.

Old Salem, too, I hear, is in commotion, and feels the shock of sister Hardinge's lectures, and probably the theological cannon that silenced the widows will be pointed at her, and she will be shown "Gallows Hill," and warned to depart, and look at the old elm and read of Mary Dyer, before she returns again. The pious souls of Salem have considered their town invulnerable to spirits, since the days of witchcraft, except the spirit of the Lord that comes occasionally in revival to convert souls into the churches.

WARREN CHASE.

Shall Mediums come to California?

A recent issue of your excellent paper, reaching this region, where the Sierra Nevada "roll down their golden sands," contained an article from Bro. D. S. Curtis, of Sacramento, headed, "Shall Mediums come to California?" Said contribution, though doubtless well meant, does not meet with my approbation. Its tone is quite too discouraging, and most necessarily, prevent timid mediums from sailing for this comparatively new country. Having been a Spiritualist since 1849, and a resident of California since 1849, traveling quite extensively, I think I understand the condition of Spiritualism, and the demands of Spiritualists, enabling me to judge pretty correctly how mediums journeying to the Pacific shores will prosper. There are no more liberal people than Californians, and yet in all their undertakings they are bound to get the worth of their money.

They are anxious to investigate everything new, whether in science or morals, and embrace the truth gladly, when it becomes truth to them. Multitudes left their creeds, church dogmas, and conventional shackles on the Atlantic side of the Rocky Mountains; they are free from the "cant" theology and sectarianism that prevails in the older States, and hence the more ready to embrace the beautiful principles of the Harmonical Philosophy. Hearts all along the Pacific Coast are ready for the seed. Souls are hungering for that bread that immortalized spirits through media alone can give.

I will board any good medium one year gratis in my family, besides adding the same otherwise. I have told Bro. J. M. Peebles to make my house his home at all times. By the way, through his fine social qualities and eminent lasting talents, Spiritualism has been placed upon a permanent foundation in this place; the Methodist Church being at our service when not previously engaged. We have organized for business purposes, feeling that in "union there is strength."

Mrs. Day's "Hesperian," announces the arrival (by a recent steamer) of Mrs. Fanny Green. I bespeak her a cordial welcome to our shores. I have in my possession two volumes of the old "Univocalum" in which her name is often alluded to with prose and poetic contributions. Her abilities will be appreciated.

There could not well be a better field for mediums of the right stamp than this country. True

those that care more for the "deeds than docks," that cannot sustain themselves in the States, and professing to "give tests," fall seven times out of ten, may not realize their expectations. Such should not complain that they are not appreciated. Justice is meted to all, sooner or later. The wise can afford to wait. As a Spiritualist, I judge no man; but take each individual for what I personally know the same to be. "Heaven" is an unsafe criterion. My life-experience proves that those who are severest in their judgments and condemnations of others, are themselves the most inharmonious and un-Christlike. The mirror that reflects others' imperfections is in ourselves. Jesus refused to be called "good," and announced the object of his mission "not to condemn the world, but to save it." If Emma Hardinge were here she would completely eclipse T. Starr King; and W. P. Anderson, the spirit-artist, would, I am confident, be better remunerated than I fear he is in the States. And other good, earnest, faithful mediums—workers for humanity, under the guidance of angel bands, will never regret trips to California.

G. W. JOHNSON.

Clarkville, Cal., Oct. 10, 1861.

Every Belief is Right.

One man is white, another is copper color, another is black. What makes men different colors? Nature. Are men to blame for nature's work? No. What makes one man a Christian, another a Mahometan, another an infidel? Nature. Are men to blame for nature's work? No. Nature makes physical differences in men, and nature makes religious differences in men; and nature is all well, all true, all right. There are natural causes that make one man a Spiritualist, and another man a bigot, the same as there are natural causes that make one man fat and another man lean; one is not to blame and the other is not to blame; each one is lawful as a product of nature, and nature transcends the bubble of accountability and responsibility. Who finds fault with the productions of nature? No one who sees and understands her workings. Fault-finders and contradictors, creed sticklers and creed opposers, only see the surface of life's machinery and think that in the finger's end of physical motion lies the power of physical action. We go into a machine shop and see machinery in motion; we see hammering, turning, drilling. We ask what causes these instruments to move and do this work? We answer, first, there is a hand that moves around, sets these tools in action, and does this work. What makes the hand go round? There is a drum that rolls around and moves the hand. What makes the drum go round? There is another wheel, with cogs, that moves the drum wheel round. What makes the cog wheel go round? The pressure of steam pushes out something and turns the crank of the cog wheel round. What makes the steam and pressure? Fire. What makes fire? Certain elements compounded. What makes fire the result of a certain composition of elements? Nature. Thus we are carried to nature. Then, we ask, what is nature? Who can answer? A superficial view sees a cause, but back of that lies another cause, which commands a deeper view; and back of that lies another, which commands a still deeper perception; and back of that another still and so on, for aught we know, *ad infinitum*. Perceiving new causes is progression.

There is a cause for every religious belief, and through the chain of causes that produces causes, we may go back, step by step, till we are lost in the bright and holy bosom of Nature, searching for the primal causes of all religions. So the different religions of the earth are only the varied tints and shadings of Nature in the great panorama of physical existence; and, as such, each one and all are intrinsically and eminently right. The vision that can sweep the whole picture, sees beauty in the whole, as a whole; and sees, too, that not one single shading could have been omitted without marring its perfection.

And there will come a time for every one, in the progress of human events, somewhere, when this picture of human life will be looked upon with admiration, with its beauty intensified by the various religious beliefs and manifestations that now exist and have existed. Then, all condemnation for all religious beliefs shall have ceased to exist. When we see that the belief of others is natural, though it may not be the same as our own, we shall say it is true, for Nature is ever true. So, when we shall see that the belief of others is true—true in Nature—we shall not utter a word against any belief that may exist anywhere, or of any kind.

A. B. C.

Making the Best of It.

That can be done, for it has been. The old adage says, that what man has done, man may do. Of course. A writer says—"I would have, if possible, a wise man be contented with his lot, even with a shrew; for though he cannot make her better, he may, you see, make himself better by her means." There is not a doubt of it. Suppose, now, we begin and take this view of things, how long would we have to suffer from trials that are actually nothing of themselves, yet manage to invert the order of our lives, and overturn all the settled plans of our individual happiness? Besides—do we consider the good of the discipline we get—being obliged to accept the service of crosses and disappointments and humiliations? Do we reflect upon the temper strengthened, the nature sweetened, the soil of the heart ploughed into and mellowed again and again, by these petty trials? These are the most valuable points of the case. One cannot fairly call himself educated, till he has taught himself—he cannot learn it of another—how to make the best of it. For him there are no disappointments, for he allows for them abundantly before they come along.

Fate of Fast Men.

The vicious die early. They fall like shadows, or tumble wrecks and ruins into the grave—often while quite young, almost always before forty. The wicked "liveth not half his days." The world at once ratifies the truth, and assigns the reason, by describing the dissolute life of "fast men," that is, they live fast; they spend their twelve hours in six, getting through the whole before the meridian, and dropping into darkness while others are in the glory of light. "Their sun goeth down while it is yet day," and they might have helped it. Many a one dies long before he need. Young men of genius, like Burns and Byron, to whom, when dissipated and profligate, thirty seven is so fatal; and your obscure and nameless wandering star, who waste their time in libertine indulgence—they put on steam till they blow up the boiler. They run at such a rate that the fire goes out for want of fuel. The machinery is destroyed by rapid speed and reckless wear. Their physical system cannot stand the strain they put it to; while the state of their minds is often such that the soul would eat the substance of the most robust body, and make for itself a way of escape from the incessant hell of his own thoughts.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURENS.

Parties notified under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. We hope they will use every exertion possible in our behalf at this particular time. Lecturers are informed that we make no charges for their notices; but if any one feels it a duty to pay, he or she may remit whatever amount they please. This statement is made in answer to many inquiries upon the subject. Lecturers named below are requested to give notice of any change of their arrangements, in order that the list may be as correct as possible.

Mrs. BELLE BOGUELL lectures in New Bedford, Mass., the four first Sundays of Dec.; in Troy, N. Y., the last Sunday of Dec. and the first Sunday of Jan., 1862; in Cambridgeport, Mass., the three last Sundays of Jan.; in Portland, Me., the four Sundays of Feb.; Lowell, Mass., first four Sundays in March; Philadelphia the last Sunday of March and the two first of April. Will receive applications to lecture in the Eastern States during March of 1862. Address as above, or Rock-
ford, Ill.

Mrs. MARY M. MACMURDO lectures in Stafford, Conn., two first Sundays in Dec.; in Marblehead, the last Sunday of Dec. and the first Sunday of Jan.; not engaged for the three last Sundays in Jan.; in Providence, R. I.; June at Portland, Me. Address, West Killbury, Conn.

Mrs. EMMA HARDING lectures in Taunton, Milford and Portland, during December, and from engagements for Sabbath and week evenings this winter in the east. Address, care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

F. L. WAGNER will lecture every Sunday in Battle Creek, Mich., from Dec. 1st to Jan. 12th. The last three Sundays of May; at Taunton, Mass., first two Sundays of June; at Marblehead last three Sundays of June. Address accordingly. He will answer calls to lecture in New England during the summer of 1862.

WARREN CHASE lectures in Foxboro, the first Sunday in Dec.; Lowell, Mass., Dec. 8 and 15; Taunton, last two Sundays of Dec.; in Boston, Sunday, Jan. 5. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

Mrs. FANNIE BOWEN lectures in Putnam, Conn., Dec. 8th, Taunton, Mass., Jan. 5 and 12. The last three Sundays of Dec. are not engaged. Address 25 Kneeland street, Boston.

Mrs. FRANCES LORDB BOWEN intends to pass the Fall and Winter in the State of Wisconsin, and those wishing her services as a lecturer will please address her at Madison City, Wisconsin, care of T. N. Boyce.

S. PHELPS LELAND. Friends desiring lectures on Geology or General Reform, during the Fall and Winter, will please write soon. Address Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. EMMA HUBBARD will lecture during the month of December in Charlotte, Mass. She may be addressed for the present, at Manchester, N. H., or East Stoughton, Mass.

Mrs. and Mrs. H. M. MILLER may be addressed at Philadelphia, Yateo Co., N. Y., for the present, or Connecticut, Ohio, care of A. H. Hoxey, permanently.

Mrs. A. A. GALEY will receive calls to lecture in the vicinity of Boston till Jan. 30th, after which she will visit New York and Philadelphia.

LEO MILLER will speak in Providence, R. I., five Sundays in Dec. Address, Hartford, Ct., or as above.

Professor BUTLER's address is care of Dr. CHAD, 15 Tremont street, Boston, where give ticket locations, or otherwise, on Mental and Physical Anatomy. Address, Natick, Mass.

Rev. E. CASE, Jr., Florida, Hillsdale Co., Mich., or care of Mrs. Jane Lawrence, Cleveland, Ohio.

Dr. E. L. LYON, may be addressed care of Wm. Crowell, Geneva, Ashabula Co., Ohio.

Mrs. L. E. A. DEFOREST's address until further notice will be Mrs. C. W. WILSON, 104 W. Springfield, St. Boston.

Mrs. C. M. BROWN may be addressed until further notice, at Sturges, Mich.

Wm. F. WHITMAN, trance speaker and healing medium, Athol Depot, Mass.

Mrs. E. A. BLISS, (formerly Mrs. E. A. Ostrander), Springfield, Mass.

Mrs. H. L. GARDNER, 40 Essex street, Boston, Mass.

Dr. C. W. WILKINSON, No. 104 W. Springfield, St. Boston.

Mrs. FRANCES T. YOUNG, trance speaker, 50 Myrtle street, Boston.

Mrs. H. L. SWAN, care of Dr. Clark, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

Mrs. H. C. MONTAGNA, care of Dr. Clark, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

Rev. S. L. TRENKLE, 40 South street, Boston.

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Mediums in Boston.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM,

Physician to Body, Mind and Spirit.
CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS. Advice, Communications, Delinquencies of Character, Descriptions of Spiritual Surroundings, Development, Latent Powers, &c. Also, Mesmerism, and the influence of the Spirit Life. Visitors will receive more or less in each of the above departments. Terms \$1.00.

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Mrs. Latham is naturally endowed with great vital, or magnetic force, and is also highly receptive of the "HEALING POWER," the value of which, as a remedial agent, can hardly be estimated. It is deserving a more general attention, as under its influence an improvement or recovery of health is sure. Those who have never felt this delightful and potent force, become highly conscious of its effects, under her manipulations. When all other means have failed, try this! Mrs. Latham also employs, and has constantly on hand, an assortment of Vegetable Medicines, prepared with reference to all diseases of the Heart, Lungs, Stomach, Liver, Spleen, Bowels, Kidneys, Blood, &c. Her Medicines are all prepared under powerful magnetic processes, and are charged with a fluid which gives them great power in neutralizing and removing diseases. Her invaluable remedy for Colds, Coughs, and Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, should be in the possession of all who are afflicted with consumption, or any of the above. Price, \$1 per bottle.

Those at a distance, who desire an examination and remedies, will send \$3, a lock of hair, and state age and sex.

OFFICE, No. 202 WASHINGTON ST.,
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DR. CHAS. H. CROWELL,

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Mr. C. is controlled by a circle of reliable Spirit Physicians, who will examine patients, give diagnoses of all diseases, and prescribe for the same. Those who reside at a distance and cannot conveniently visit his rooms, may have their cases attended to just as well by transmitting a lock of hair by mail, by which method the physician will come into magnetic rapport with them.

He will furnish patients with Medicines when required, prepared by Spirit direction, having superior facilities for so doing.

THURS.—Examinations and Prescriptions, at office, \$1.00; Family visits \$2.00; by letter, \$1.00 and two three-cent postage stamps.

FAMILY practice especially solicited. The best of references given.

A CARD.

ANY person sending me a lock of their hair and \$1.10 will return them a correct medical examination of their disease, with advice as to treatment, &c. Any person sending me a lock of their hair and \$1.10 will return them a correct medical examination of their disease, with advice as to treatment, &c. Any person sending me a lock of their hair and \$1.10 will return them a correct medical examination of their disease, with advice as to treatment, &c.

MRS. J. S. FORREST,
PRACTICAL, MAGNETIC AND CLAIRVOYANT
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WHERE she is prepared to treat Diseases of a Chronic nature, by the laying on of hands. All those afflicted in body or mind, will do well to test her mode of treatment, as she has never been known to fail in giving relief, if not a cure. Diseases, which can be testified to by many in Boston and vicinity.

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CLAIRVOYANT, TRANCE AND PROPHETIC MEDIUM,
whose powers have been long known and well tested, and who has been successful in curing many cases of chronic diseases, and who has been successful in curing many cases of chronic diseases, and who has been successful in curing many cases of chronic diseases.

DR. PROF. G. M. LANE, Prophetic and Business Medium, will receive visitors at his residence—will answer inquiries by letter in relation to domestic and all business affairs in life. Those who require prompt and reliable answers will please enclose one dollar.

SITTINGS—Ladies, 50 cents; gentlemen, from 50c. to \$1, according to the time consumed. No. 152 Friend street, Boston. Box 156, opposite 258 Washington St., Boston.

CAMUEL GROVER, Trance, Speaking and Healing Medium, at Rooms No. 17 Bennett street, corner of Jefferson Place, (near Washington street) Boston. Hours from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 P. M. on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Charges for examinations, \$1.

G. Grover will also visit the sick at their homes, if requested, and attend funerals. Residence, No. 3 Emerson street, Somerville.

MRS. M. NEWMAN, from Providence, R. I., the Prophetic Clairvoyant, has taken rooms at No. 152 Friend street, where she is prepared to examine and prescribe for the sick, and where she can be consulted on all business matters of whatever nature they may be. There will also be public sittings at her rooms every Tuesday and Friday evening, 10 o'clock admission.

MR. JAB. MANSFIELD, of Boston, the world-renowned Letter-Writing Test Medium, certified by thousands of actual writing tests—may be addressed at 19 Avon Place, by enclosing \$1 and four 3 cent postage stamps. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

MRS. B. K. LITTLE,
TEST MEDIUM AND CLAIRVOYANT, has removed to No. 20 Tyler street, Boston, per hour \$1 (for one or two persons) Examinations by Hair, when present, \$1; when sent by mail, \$2.

MRS. A. DANFORTH,
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TEST AND CLAIRVOYANT MEDIUM—MEDICAL EXAMINATIONS,
10 Pine street, from Washington St., Boston.

Mrs. FANNIE B. FELTON, Trance Speaking and See-
ing Medium, will receive her friends on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at No. 25 Kneeland street.

Mrs. F. will receive calls to lecture as usual.

MRS. E. M. T. HARLOW, (formerly Mrs. T. Phipps) Clair-
voyant Physician, 48 Wall street, Boston. Patients at a distance can be examined by enclosing a lock of hair. Examinations and prescriptions, \$1 each. If Feb. 16

MR. L. F. HYDE, Writing and Trance Medium, will be found at her home, No. 44 Harvard street, lending from Washington street, Boston.

MRS. M. W. HERRICK, Clairvoyant and Trance Medium,
at No. 17 Bennett street, Boston. Hours from 9 to 12 and 2 to 8; Wednesdays excepted. Terms, \$1. 3rd Sept. 28

MRS. E. D. STARKWEATHER, Rapping, Writing, Test Medium, No. 22 Pitt street, near Green street, Boston. Hours from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Terms 50 cents. 1st June 1.

MRS. E. G. GOTHALL, Trance Medium, No. 2 Chapman st.,
corner of Washington street, Boston. Terms 50 cents per hour. 1st Nov. 2.

MRS. C. A. KIRKHAM, Sealing and Trance Medium, 140
Court street, Boston, Mass. 1st April 13.

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No More Accidents by Burning Fluid. A Safe Substitute to burn in Fluid Lamps.

THIS OIL is prepared to burn in all kinds of Lamps without chimneys, such as Fluid, Spirit or Lamp Oil Lamps, and will burn at half the cost of Fluid in all Lamps fixed with Green's Jet Burners, and is the Greatest Artificial Light yet discovered. It gives a steady, clean and soft light, and does not choke the lungs with foreign matter, such as results generally from using kerosene or kerosene Oil and will burn in Kerosene Lamps free from smoke and smell by taking off the cap and chimney.

It is also a complete substitute for Spirit and Lamp Oil, and is just as safe and harmless to burn, and may take the place of the common fluid and other dangerous compounds that have been thrown into the market of late.

The above Oil is perfectly clean and free from grease and smell, and is just as safe and harmless to burn, and may take the place of the common fluid and other dangerous compounds that have been thrown into the market of late.

Any person can have samples sent by express, if desired, on any address on the receipt of 25 cents in silver, and make, by addressing the Patentee.

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one red stamp. Five of different powers, sent free of postage,
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Aug. 31.

New York Advertisements.

HOTEL OF THE INVALIDES,

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PROF. S. B. BRITTON applies Vital and Galvanic Electricity, Human Magnetism, and the processes known to the scientific Psychologist in the treatment of every form of disease, and as a means of promoting mental, moral, vital, organic, and functional development.

The forces that energize and unfold the human body, and the renovating power whereby all cures are wrought, are within, and essentially belong to the vital constitution. It is only necessary to call these into action, and give them a proper direction, and a symmetrical development and harmonious organic movement inevitably follow. This proper distribution, and consequent equilibrium of the vital motive power, is HEALTH. Those who have been taught by bitter experience that health is not to be bottled and boxed up, and sold by every apothecary, should be admonished—before it is too late—to seek the priceless boon by the most natural means and rational methods. It is of the utmost importance that those who are sensible of a gradual decline of vital energy, and especially the young, who exhibit any tendency to an abnormal growth, should receive immediate attention.

The following named diseases are treated with the greatest possible success, namely, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Paralysis, Affections of the Throat, Stomach, Liver and Abdominal Viscera; Obstinate Coughs and difficult Respiration; Disease of the Spine, Weakness and Pain in the Side, Back and Limbs; Nervous Irritability, Loss of Speech and Locomotion; Derangement of the Secretory Processes; Indigestion or Dyspepsia; Chorea Sancti Viti, Cataplexis, and all Spasms resulting from the sudden disturbance of the Nervous Forces; Hysteria, Chlorosis, Leucorrhoea, and other maladies incident to the female constitution; all cases of Hemorrhage, whether from the Head, Stomach, Lungs, Bowels, or Reproductive Organs; and other forms of Nervous and Chronic Disease.

FROM THE PUBLIC PRESS.

Professor Britton, whose philosophical lectures on the phenomena and laws of Life and the Mind have awakened a new interest on a profound subject, pursued the study of Electricity and Magnetism—we are credibly informed—some twenty years ago, and among the instructors of the venerable Prof. B. of New York, (deceased some years since) who was distinguished in his day as an electrician, chemist, and mechanical philosopher, and as having been the pupil of Benjamin Franklin. For the last twenty years Professor Britton has made the facts and laws of Vital Electricity, and Animal Magnetism, in their relations to the human body and mind, his principal study. [Louisville (Ky.) Jour.]

Professor Britton continues to excite great interest by his remarkable psychological developments, and a recent lecture interested him in severe cases, is a very curious fact. To outsiders it is such a mystery as the milk in the cocoa nut. [N. Y. Daily Tribune.]

To cure the chronic sufferer of a boasting skeptic, "Professor Britton gave him an emetic dose of salts, and he had a very bad cold and a consequent sore throat, and wonderful relief in less than ten minutes the young lady was entirely and permanently relieved of all her aches and soreness." [New York Herald and Advertiser.]

We were much struck with Prof. Britton's wonderful experiments in illustration of his philosophy. His command over the functions of life, motion, and sensation, in his patients, is apparently perfect and entire. [Brooklyn (L. I.) Daily Eagle.]

Pearls.

And quoted often, and Jewels few words long,
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time
Sparkle forever."

HARVEST SONG OF THE NATION.

Oh, fair is the orchard, with russet fruit laden,
And bright is the cornfield, all golden with grain,
And sweet is the garden where matron and maiden
Sit listening at eve to the whippoorwill's strain;
But fairer, and brighter, and sweeter, and dearer,
Are the orchards of crimson, the fields of bright red,
And the flow'rets immortal that hallow the wearer
Whose blood for his country is loyally shed
In the orchards of Union, the cornfields of Union,
The gardens of Union, for Liberty shed!

Though the reaper be Death, and his garner the chancel,
And the wine-press o'erflow with our patriot blood—
Though the furrows run deep with a vintage incarnal,
Who will shrink from the fields? who will pause at the flood?
Who will measure the grain while 'tis standing or falling?
Who will count what is lost till the day shall be won?
While the sun shines aloft, while the Master is calling,
In the field be our place till the field-work is done!
In the orchards of Union, the cornfields of Union,
The gardens of Union, till victory is won!

[New York Sunday Times.]

Life is a journey, and they only who have traveled
A considerable way in it are fit to direct those who are
just setting out.

I HEARD A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

Hark! from the margin of the crystal sea,
A shining seraph dearly calleth me
With most effectual calling. From the verge
She speth me, slow-wading from the surge
Of my deep sorrow; and she sendeth down
Such gracious glimpses of a golden crown,
Such smiling gleams of bliss prepared for us,
As make my life's deep midnight luminous.
And these sweet gleams and smiles, like stars are set
To soothe the darkness where I wander yet;
They let Heaven through upon me, and I go
In their clear radiance, praying as I go.
And nothing doubting that, when I shall close
My willing eyes in their serene repose,
That seraph shape will guide me to the bliss
Wrought in those regions from the woes of this.

[Julia Russell McMaster.]

The eagle would be starved if he always soared aloft
against the sun. The bird of wisdom flies low and
seeks her food under hedges.

SWORD AND PLOW.

The sword came down to the red-brown field,
Where the plow to the furrow heaved and keeled;
And it looked so proud in its jingling gear,
Said the Plow to the Sword, "What brings you here?"

"Long years ago, ere I was born,
They doubled my grandeur up, one morn,
To forge a share for you, and now
They want him back," said the Sword to the Plow.

The red-brown field glowed a deeper red,
As the gleam of War o'er the landscape sped;
The sabres flashed, the cannon roared,
And side by side fought the Plow and the Sword.

[C. D. Shanley.]

There is no situation, however humble, the which to
fill to perfection does not argue superiority of charac-
ter.

ADDRESS BY JUDGE EDMONDS.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

On Sunday evening, Nov. 17th, at Lamartine Hall,
New York, after the usual religious services, Judge
Edmonds addressed a crowded audience in substance
as follows:

Amid the warfare now raging in our land, and
drowning in the uproar of human passions the still
small voice of God—amid this fierce commotion, we
are met to cheer and confirm each other in our com-
mon faith. Further sorrows are yet to come upon
our country; more and more have our people yet to
be chastened before they are prepared to receive these
truths; but when the time of chastening shall have
passed, then will rise a spirit among us which will
enable us to welcome them to our hearts, engraft
them in our lives, and send them throughout the
whole world. Amid all the clouds that now rest
upon us, then let us speak while we can. We who
have been blessed with the knowledge of these great
truths which have been so freely vouchsafed to us—
we may well ask what is our duty in view of such
great privileges, and in such an emergency as the
present?

And, first, let us consider this question. What
interest can we expect those who believe not at all
in the outward manifestations, to take in the sub-
ject, while they think that the whole matter of spir-
itual intercourse is one of recent origin, the offspring
of the last twelve or fifteen years? Such an idea is
calculated to do great mischief to ourselves, to our
cause, and to the world around us. For if we believe
that this thing is of recent origin, we must say that
it is confined to those only who have had the privi-
leges of witnessing and embracing these manifesta-
tions; and such a conviction is adapted to engender
anything but the right feeling with which to ap-
proach this great subject. In spite of all we could
do, it would give rise to an exclusive spirit among
us, and an odious pride of opinion. Why, if we feel
that we, out of the hundreds of millions of Earth's in-
habitants, have been so peculiarly favored, that only
in our day, and to a chosen few, this great light has
been vouchsafed, do we not, in our own conceptions,
stand apart from our fellow-men, as being entitled
to say, "I am holier than thou?" It would be an
inevitable consequence that we should depart from
that position of humility so becoming to those who
have been taught by these truths.

It is well for us, therefore, to know and acknowl-
edge that this belief of ours, in the recent origin of
our manifestations, is a fallacy; for knowing that,
the whole foundation of our selfish pride is removed.
This power of intercourse with beings from the other
world has not been vouchsafed to our generation as
an exclusive privilege, but has been the property of
all mankind in all ages. Four or five thousand
years ago, among the Egyptian priesthood, it was as
common as among ourselves. They would place a
consecrated tripod (or three legged table) in a round
basin, whose margin bore the letters of the alphabet,
and the tripod would turn and point out the particu-
lar letters which formed a communication. Twelve
or fifteen hundred years subsequently, the knowledge
of this species of divination passed from Egypt into
Southern Europe, and in the time of Christ it was
very commonly practiced among the Greeks and Ro-

mans. These manifestations have more or less pre-
valled over since. So with regard to *trance mediums*,
whose utterances throughout our country have so
excited the vulgar appetite for the marvelous, and
brought into injurious activity our own love of won-
der. Such phenomena were common in very remote
ages. Three or four thousand years ago the rap-
pings, also, were known. Accounts of their occurrence
one hundred and fifty years ago are extant in Eu-
rope.

But it may be asked, if this thing has lasted so
long, how is it that it has not produced greater
fruits? I answer, that, in God's dealings with men,
He gives them, in different ages and generations, the
same great truths, for them to read and apply, when
and how they may be able. He speaks now to us
again, as he did in the old time before. All great
truths, revealed from time to time, have had their
spasmodic periods of revival. Thus, the art of
printing, commonly supposed to have been discovered
within the last four hundred years only, was
known to the ancient Romans, and applied by them
to stamp their pottery-ware. The world made noth-
ing of the discovery then, because it did not need it.
It was not until the Reformation, after bloody wars,
when men craved for copies of the Bible, which had
been kept a sealed book, that it began to be devel-
oped into the immense engine of progress it has
since become. The reception of the Copernican sys-
tem of Astronomy furnishes another illustration.
Two thousand six hundred years ago, among the
philosophers of Egypt, it was announced that the
Sun, and not the Earth, was the centre of the plan-
ets; yet, for two thousand years, the world was ut-
terly unable to receive this great truth. So with
these manifestations, which have existed so long in
the world—they have come again to us—once more
the truth comforts mankind—and the great question,
one of infinite importance, is, whether the world is
ready to embrace it now, or it must fall back again,
and wait for a better time.

Now it seems to me that the world is ready for it,
and that it will take deep root and flourish. Mark
a few circumstances which will aid us in determin-
ing the problem. During the short period of twelve
years, which have elapsed since the advent of Mod-
ern Spiritualism, it has made millions more of con-
verts, in the United States alone, than Christianity
could number for three hundred years after the death
of its founder; and this, not by the active efforts of
public missionaries and the affecting spectacles of
martyrdom, but by the spread of little private cir-
cles, where we could sit down and see what the dear
ones from beyond the grave, father or mother, child
or friend, had to manifest to us. But the belief is
not confined to the United States—it is spreading all
over the world. I have received within a day or
two, a letter from Calcutta, which gives evidence of
its progress there. These manifestations have gone
throughout mankind everywhere, and are ever of
the same general character.

Witnessed under such circumstances, so surround-
ed, so attested, the idea of collusion or deception, ut-
terly out of the question, the reality of spiritual in-
tercourse, throughout the world, may, at this mo-
ment, be considered as a settled matter. For how
differently is the subject treated in the public prints,
and in ordinary social converse, from what it was
ten years ago! People generally do receive the fact
as established; and in thus overcoming the skep-
ticism of the world as to the bare possibility of
spirit communion, a step has been taken greatly in
advance of all past ages.

Search back in history four thousand years, and
you find no such general conviction, no such vast
accumulation of testimony, and no such great ef-
fect of that testimony. Well may we say, therefore,
that mankind is ready to receive these great truths.
The spirit-world that has guided this great move-
ment, having accomplished the design of the more
striking outward manifestations, these latter have
been mostly withdrawn. But day by day the num-
ber of inquirers increases—new private circles are
being hourly formed—there is no falling off of in-
terest in the subject.

A revelation has been made to mankind for the
first time, of what is to be his future condition.
Another great point gained, is the demonstration, by
evidence addressed alike to our senses and our reason,
of the fact of our immortality. Hitherto it has
been assumed to be revealed to us through Jesus—
that is, the general truth was taken as revealed, and
philosophers have gone abroad in search of reasons
to establish it, because so few would receive it from
revelation only. It was necessary it should be
proved; and, until these manifestations came, there
was no proof, except to the abstract understanding.

All the world has to do is to establish that one
single human being has lived beyond the grave.
Now, is the world ready to receive this fact, by
means of this unprecedented kind and amount of
testimony? From the marvelous progress made by
other truths, I firmly believe the world is ready for
this. One of the evidences of this readiness is found
in the present condition of our country. Until this
civil war had armed a million of our countrymen
against each other, how utterly in vain was all this
evidence presented to them! There was a God
among us more powerful than the God of heaven—a
Deity like that described by Milton, as

"the least erected Spirit that fell
From heav'n; for 'e'en in heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were allways downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy."

With that overpowering flood from that recently
discovered gold regions hardening our souls like the
nether millstone, setting the ban of luxury on our
domestic relations, and closing our hearts against
the silent truths from the invisible world, how vain
were they amid such immense temptations! All
hearts must now be purified from that which too
much prosperity has created within them. It is
through much tribulation that man enters the king-
dom of heaven. I hail these mournful distractions,
therefore, as a blessed means for preparing the
hearts of the American people, and fitting them to
become an example to the whole world. Some of
you may live to see that blessed consummation. I
cannot hope to linger long enough; but I trust I
have been able to aid, however humbly, in the great
work of human progression. What, now, is our duty,
who have had opportunities of ocular demonstration
—to whom the dead have come—and for whom the
stone has been rolled from the door of the sepulchre,
and its recesses enlightened? Have we a
right to sit down in indolence, and say, "It is God's
work?" God works by instruments; and it is our
solemn obligation to act well our part in furthering
His design.

These public meetings are of very little account in
affecting our main objects. In them, as we come to-
gether month after month, we are in danger of be-

coming exclusive and sectarian in our views and
dispositions. This is one of the great evils of spiri-
tualism. But there is a machinery by which each
of us can be of great service; I mean that of private
circles. Meet there as often as you can. Cultivate
these great truths. Let them waken in you a true
spirit of devotion.

A still more important duty is incumbent upon
you. It is that of going forth into the world, in or-
der to convert it; not by thrusting the subject upon
unwilling hearers; or proclaiming the truth from
street corners and house-tops; but by leading such
lives of love and purity, by so reforming, regenerat-
ing yourselves before God and man, as that, when
you pass out among your fellow-men, all who meet
you shall say, "Behold a man of God."

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,
WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 20, 1861.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

QUESTION.—God and His Providence.

JACOB ENSON.—God and His Providence is an in-
teresting subject for consideration. Judging from
our finite standpoints, the sale of Joseph into Egypt
was wrong, but to the Infinite it was right, for God
in His Providence overruled it in such a manner as
to preserve the family of Jacob, the material father
of the spiritually faithful, through the seven years
of famine; thus the literal church obtained. The
condition of the twelve sons and their descendants in
Egypt, is a beautiful illustration of the literal church.
The cruelties of the Egyptians, the strife with them,
the efforts to make brick without straw, and the blood
upon the doorposts, are divinely significant in their
spiritual application. The manner in which the elect
were forced out, the spoils, the passage through the Red
Sea, the pillars which guided them in the wilderness, the
cakes for which they longed, as well as the manna and
quails which they were fed, are beautifully true as picto-
rial expressions of individual experience in the unfolding
process of spiritualization. The miracles upon the
Mount, its tables of stone, the smitten rocks, as well
as the wars in Canaan, illustrate the workings of
the Divine mind—the Providence of God, in continu-
ally acting laws which "bring souls out of chaos"
and reveal through regeneration, "the temple of the
living God."

Through the workings of the Providence of God,
the Almighty breathed through Nature, and the lit-
eral church was caused to occupy the material Jeru-
salem to construct its literal temple, and prepare
the way for the spiritual Messiah, the quickening
spirit to teach the gospel of God, to square the cir-
cle of our triune being, and unfold the "Prince of
Peace." Surely, there was a God in Israel which
led them in paths they knew not of. These things
could not have happened by blind chance; they are
too true in detail to our spiritual experience to be
passed over as mere coincidences. They were not the
inventions or discoveries of men. The Jews did not
comprehend them—the literal church does not, to
this day. The Jewish temple, with its rites and
shadows, was a perfect model of the Church of God,
the new Jerusalem, and the human soul. It had its
three departments, and twelve doors, indicating
spheres of love; and the sons, the disciples or qual-
itative affections through which we may enter into
the presence chamber, and perceive the mysteries of God.

Faith, in his personal existence, in conjunction
with mediatorial minds, is the condition of soul
which opens the door in heaven, which unlocks the
ark of the covenant, opens the book of life, and
looses its seven seals, so that we may understand our
nature, and apprehend its order and the glorious
possibilities of the new Jerusalem in the never-end-
ing future.

What and where is God? Is he an Omnipresent
personal being? Shall we grow in grace, and shall
we love and serve the one only and true God, and
enjoy his presence through a never ending future?
are questions which must forever interest inquiring
minds. It is written, "He is a spirit, in spirit and
in truth." That he is the only infallible heart that
beats in the Universe; that he is the all in all; that
his reforming and guiding will, its essences, their
pulsations, reach through all departments in Na-
ture, and permeate all conditions of being, impart-
ing vitality to "the grossest matter and the most
ultimate of things," "that to him pertains the stu-
pendous inheritance of Omnipotence and the gift of
eternal life." Well may "our hearts burn within
us as we walk with him by the way," or contem-
plate the everlasting gulfs of unattuned love and
affection, which hide the Almighty from our view.
It is written, he that would come unto God, must
believe that he is the rewarder of all those who dili-
gently seek and serve him in spirit and in truth."
"We wandered amid the mountains of unbelief," not
knowing where to look for the "regions of eternal
peace, and those calm skies where serene aspirations
are most consciously felt," until the quickening spir-
it smiled within the "temple doomed to dissolution." Then,
and not till then, is the stone rolled away from
the sepulchre of the past, the veil rent, and the
spiritual Samson enabled to shake the centre from
its circumference, and to reveal the "I am" in the
book of life, its centre; it is so within, that to the
materialistic mind it is as though it were not. Seeing
as I think I do, that the Great First Cause is within
the inmost of each individual link of the eternal
chain of causation, and that we, conscious links in
the chain, are so connected with him and each other,
as to manifest his Infinite self (and nothing more)
in finite degrees. Seeing this, I am forced to the
conclusion that the Great First Cause is a personal
being, because we, the effects of his existence, the
outward manifestations of his will, are personal
entities. If he in us did not possess the essential el-
ements, essences or attributes of Infinite personality,
it could not be so. We, the most inferior of intelli-
gences, are conscious of what is and belongs to us,
in contradistinction from what is not, and does
not belong to us. We also are conscious of what is
called soul-growth, or progression, and as God the
absolute is not affected by us, and is not progressive,
but affects and unfolds himself in each and all of us,
there might be reason to fear if we could square the
circle, or divide the seasons of the year into months
and days, so that there should be nothing remaining
undivided, that his finite effects might lose our
existence in the boundless ocean of his eternal life.

Reasoning from analogy, there is nothing to fear—
our foundation is eternal. The building is the tem-
ple of the living God. It is the house not made with
hands, its architecture is the order of Melchizedek.
It has been seen as the star in Bethlehem; it is the
triangular, or unseparated circle which has neither
beginning of days, nor end of years in which the
eternal change, called death, will lose its sting, and
the grave of unbelief its victory, so that personal
life, joy and peace, finite and eternal, may become
the common inheritance of all. The cool, calculating
philosopher, who reasons exclusively from the head,
cannot easily accept the idea of a personal Omni-
present God. He says, if God is in the mineral,
vegetable, and the animal kingdoms in each and
every department, then all things are God, or parts
of him; if not, where, or whom is God? Show us
the truth of his existence. He adds, I live and oc-
cupy space, and can he live and occupy it also?
Can more than one occupy the same space at the
same time? Can there be a perfect brick, and
God be in it, and the brick not be a part of God.
I answer, yes! Though the brick cannot occupy
the room of another brick, or stone, it may be made
receptive and expressive of the Divine, which
is superior to, though existing within, and independ-
ent of it. To illustrate: the bricks and stone, may
absorb water, and retain it where it otherwise could
not have remained. The water may render the first
substance more receptive to electricity and magnet-
ism than they would have been without it. Elec-
tricity and magnetism may be agents through which

different kinds of spiritual substance can obtain, or-
ganize and unfold diversified manifestations of God,
but not the absolute being himself, for he is so with-
in as to be outside of all conditional being. Thus
God may have been eternally present in all substance,
occupying the "sublime centre of all lives, harmony
and beauties," that have been or are to be made
manifest. He may be moved with pity, and compas-
sionate and conscious weakness.

Dr. CHURCH.—What, and where, is God? There is
an unseen, acting power that is manifested through
everything that has existence. There is a wisdom
manifested in all the works of nature, in the min-
eral, vegetable and animal kingdoms. There is a
producing and reproducing power, that in wisdom
goes far beyond the intelligence and capacities of
men and women. This power moves this ponderous
earth faster than a cannon ball goes, and wisdom
makes the motion serve a useful purpose. This
power holds and moves all the stars and suns of
heaven easier than we can hold and move marbles;
and wisdom directs the motion, and they roll them-
selves around each other forever, in silent, perfect
harmony. These mighty worlds are made and held
and moved by an unseen power, and their design,
use and harmony evinces a wisdom that to me is
grand, awful and sublime. This power and this wis-
dom, also, make rose-buds and butterflies unfold;
make running streams and shady groves; make
lands and seas; mountains and valleys; all the fishes
of the mighty waters; all the birds of the air; all
the wild beasts, and the tame beasts; all the un-
counted millions of little creatures that live and
breathe—and also the great family of human beings.
All these creations bear evidence of an awful creat-
ing and sustaining power and wisdom too, both of
which are unseen. How wise is the order of the vege-
table world! How life springs forth! Each grow-
ing thing is obedient to the laws of its own nature,
is restrained to law; but even the vegetable world
begins to manifest instinctive knowledge. How cu-
riously, wonderfully and variously made is the crea-
tion of animals—all endowed with peculiar mechan-
ism, with instincts and knowledge equal to the de-
mands of each.

These creations are not made without power, nor
without a wisdom that controls and directs the power
that is in the work. And this wisdom and this
power are inherent in these productions, and inseparable
from Nature. Power is of Nature; wisdom is of
Nature; all presence is of Nature. What is Na-
ture? I cannot do better than call it God. For Na-
ture covers the whole ground of power, wisdom
and presence. Nature holds all the attributes as-
cribed to God. These three attributes of Nature are
Infinite. Nature is my father and my mother; my
support and my life; my guardian and director; my
Saviour and my God. All her works are good
and useful; all are true and beautiful. In Nature
alone can we behold our God—and nowhere else can
we look and find him. If we look elsewhere we fall
to see him. Infinitely good, infinitely wise, infinitely
powerful, and infinitely present, is God. If we look
for God in Nature, wherever we look we see him;
wherever we go we find him; and we learn that in
whatever we do we obey him, and wherever we are
we are in him. Christ was one with God, truly; so
is every person, every thing that has existence.
Christ said, I and my Father are one—so is God
identical with every living soul. Christ was beau-
tiful, so is God, for so is everything, in spirit, that has
existence. In this view of God, he is everywhere.
No other view can reasonably ascribe infinitude to God.

Nothing comes by chance; all comes by the wisdom
and power that is in Nature. In the bosom of Na-
ture are unlimited power, wisdom and presence.
These attributes given to God we find in the bosom of
Nature, if we look; and there, without a question,
without a doubt, sure, certain, abiding forever, we
find a God that is a reality, a God that no reason-
able man can call a phantasy, a myth.

Dr. GARDNER.—I am not acquainted with the in-
dividual that the Orthodox church has given limits of
personality to, and called God. But I probably have
as much real knowledge about him as any one. I
agree with the views just advanced by Dr. Child. All
nature constitutes what we may call God. We may
call the vast material universe the body of God, and
the vast world of spirit the mind of God. I cannot
agree with Mr. Edson, nor with the old Bible idea
of a personal God that is moved by prayer to favor,
or by our evil deeds to curse us. In this view of
God, we are talking about that of which we know
nothing. Paul hit it when he said, "I see an altar
erected to the unknown God." I believe in a provi-
dence that is general, not special. I cannot see the
force of the reasoning that, claims the existence of
special providences. I do not think that power we
call God can be a respecter of persons. I believe in
angel administrations, and that every one has angels
around him, that have wisdom and foresight beyond
that of mortals, and can aid beyond our own powers;
but at the same time I believe that angels are under
the control of fixed laws. I cannot conceive of a per-
sonal God that is infinite; the idea is absurd, and
implies a contradiction. I can conceive of no God
save that manifested to me through Nature.

Prof. CLARENCE BUTLER.—Among our many theo-
rets concerning God, or the spiritual force of the
Universe, there is no wiser saying recorded than
that of Simonides, who, when asked by Hiero to de-
fine the Deity, demanded a day to consider, and then
two, and the four, and so on in geometric progres-
sion. For if we cannot comprehend ourselves—if
the essence of our being, the inscrutable mystery
within us that calls itself "I," eludes all definition
and baffles all analysis, how shall we be able to com-
prehend the infinite and unimagined cause, centre,
and circumference of universal creation? I know
that the awakening thought of man, opening itself
with awe and wonder upon this stupendous universe,
which is itself but the realized thought of God, for-
evermore struggles to name and think out the Un-
nameable and Unthinkable Fact which flames in upon
him through all the avenues of his being. But all
that he succeeds in doing is to throw around his con-
ception of God the limitations of his own human
personality; to invest Him with his own human at-
tributes; to belittle Him to the measure of his own
human comprehension. Thus all our speculations
and conceptions in regard to the Deity are but sym-
bols, more or less refined, of the inconceivable First
Cause whose splendors haunt all our lives. I doubt
whether the most enlightened mortal that ever fell
prone before his wooden idol, ever took such idol for
more than a symbol; or thought that God was more
than merely embodied by it, suggested through it, in
some way or other. Suppose we, with our wider vi-
sion, call God (as Fichte does), "the Divine Idea of
the world that lies at the bottom of its Appearance,"
it is mere terminology; we have pushed the bound-
aries of our ignorance a little further than the sage,
in the direction of metaphysical nomenclature, that
is all; for we, like him, stand cowed in front of the
Infinite and Limitable, baulked and baffled,
stammering and dumb.

Mrs. G. G. G. Quion, the celebrated founder of the re-
ligious school of the *Quintessence*, used to define the
providences of God as God, by which I suppose she meant
to say that we could have no idea of the Divine Be-
ing other than that which we gathered from the
outer vesture of the Universe in which He clothed
Himself. I think this is true; and I am therefore
inclined (with Mrs. Child and Gardner) to the Pan-
theism of Jean Paul Richter, who named God as the
vital soul of Nature, and stated His providences
to be the methods and operations of Nature's laws.
For myself, upon this vast subject, I can say with
Tennyson—

"Behold! I know not anything:
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last, far off, at last to all,
And every winter change to spring:
That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not a leaf shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

J. WETTERBERG, JR.—I have been disposed to be a
listener to-night, to see what rays of light I could
detect in the remarks upon this mighty question—
as Milton truly says: "Thou great first cause, least

understood." I do think it important to have ques-
tions beyond human power to comprehend and grasp,
and therein I differ from some who have spoken to-
night. Suppose we submerge from the written histo-
ry of human experience all that was logically false,
all that was impracticable, all fiction, everything
that proved not to have been based on truth's foun-
dation, leaving only the practical and absolutely
true—how much would remain? We go through a
train of errors and reach truth. What truth? Fur-
ther light submerges it, and we are still swimming.
The shore apparently near is never reached. I
never feel myself on any solid foundation when cogi-
tating or talking upon the subject of "God and his
providences," except it be what is called the Panthe-
istic, the universe filling infinity—being composed
of mind and matter. Mind is conscious God; mat-
ter his externality. Yet instinctively I believe in a
personal God, as I believe in a personal man; as you
and I are personalities; not the body by which we
are known. That is a temporary arrangement, for
a longer or shorter period; and we can say, "It was
his," 'tis mine, and has been shared by thousands."
That is, the atoms composing it have come down
through all time, and may have contributed to the
forms of men, animals, and plants, for thousands of
years. So our spirit body is the future embodiment
of the man; we know not the changes that will sub-
mit to in countless ages.

The real man is the combination of faculties
through which we think—our thought-life. That I
feel to be a personality—the real personality of the
man. I can give it no form. So of God. I have, as I
have already said, an instinctive belief in our "all right,"
brother, that it presupposes forms, lines and curves.
The form of the real man is beyond our comprehen-
sion; how much more must the form and being of
God's existence and personality be, provided there is
one, and he has any?

I find no impediment, like the brother, who said,
"If God was infinite and a personality, where is the
room for you and me?" Chemistry teaches us that
a tumbler full of water may still absorb some grains
of sugar, a considerable quantity of alum and several
other ingredients, and the bulk in no wise be in-
creased. That, to my mind, on a small scale, is a
solution for the infinite personality on a large scale,
and no crowding.

I know nothing of God, objectively, and I might
add, or nature around me. I can touch nothing.
This clay tabernacle, which is not myself, comes in
contact with external life. The retina of my eye
photographs the images of external things thereon,
and the shadows merely, or images, reach the real
eye. I feel, and I think, and I am; that is my con-
sciousness, and it is purely subjective, and I feel I
am somehow connected with the great God in my
soul—not out of it. The thought of Deity has ever
been a widening one, and ever will be. The world's
idea of God is greater now than it could have been
in an age when the universe was limited to this
world, and the sun, moon and stars were hung up
like chandeliers to give us light, and so I ever expect
it will be; always enlarging the boundaries of our
knowledge, and correlating with that progress, will
have more extended and comprehensive ideas of
the cause of all causation; but still ever and ever
to be the incomprehensible One; the great first cause,
least understood.

Obituary Notices.

Died, in Bridgewater, Vt., Oct. 24, 1861, Mr. WIL-
LIAM T. PIERCE, aged 40 years.
Pious, hope, joy and grief, alternately filled his
spirit, as he gazed at the gateway of death through
which he was so soon to pass. Fear, for the suffering
wife and two dear children whom he was forced to leave
behind; grief, because they would not be comforted;
hope, that he might labor for and with them, even in
his home above; joy, that he should so soon meet his
three angel-children, two of whom passed on only four
months before. Not only did he possess a heart of
his own household and immediate friends, but also the
confidence and respect of all who knew him. The town
elected him representative by an overwhelming majority,
last Spring.

The funeral was largely attended at the Church. Af-
ter the services, a large concourse of citizens and
friends repaired to the burial ground, where, with sing-
ing from the choir, prayer and remarks from the invis-
ible, we consigned his body to its mother earth.

Mrs. CLIFTON HUTCHINSON.

Mrs. MARY JANE, wife of Mr. ISAAC WILCOX, of
Taunton, passed to the spirit-world Nov. 2, 1861, aged
61 years and 6 months. She leaves three or four chil-
dren to mourn her mortal absence.

She has not a fit thee, brother!
She has only gone before,
To rest her weary nature
On the angel's happy shore.

She will come to thee with blessings
From that bright spirit-land,
And with the fond assurance
That there's no broken band.

Like a star of richest beauty
She will shine around thy way,
Until in Heaven you meet her,
When you, too, pass away.

M. S. TOWNSEND.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

The oldest and largest Spiritualistic Journal
in America and the World,
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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Though the pressure of the times, which has proved so
disastrous to many Newspaper Establishments in our
country, has made us feel its influence severely, we are proud
to say we have surmounted all obstacles, and are now able
to keep the BANNER on a foundation of solidity and respecta-
bility.

We have resolved to make every personal sacrifice and self-
denial for the good of the cause, and only ask our readers to
meet us in the same spirit; for they know, as well as we do,
that the BANNER is well worth the subscription money, as
any more labor is expended on it, we venture to say, than on any
other weekly paper in America, it being generally filled with
entirely original matter, and often—anonymous or other-
wise—from some of the brightest minds in this and the spirit
sphere.

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