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BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

FELICIA ALMAY;  
OR,  
CRIME AND RETRIBUTION!

A STORY OF BOTH HEMISPHERES.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER VIII.

A REVELATION OF TERROR.

Time passed on, never laying on the sunny face of Nature the blighting finger of decay in the summer lands beyond the sea. The child Felicia grew in beauty and intelligence, and Rose lived in her palace home a queen indeed. But as the years sped on, they left the impress of a sorrowful knowledge upon the face and soul of the unhappy wife, for too well, alas, she knew that he, for whose sake she had deserted her trusting father, was all unworthy of so great a sacrifice. The husband she had deemed so true, so noble, was a reckless gambler, a lover of the intoxicating cup! And when under the influence of the wine-demon, he gave way to uncontrolled bursts of fury that seemed akin to insanity. He would break the costly furniture, and trample on the beautiful, valuable and brittle ornaments around. Rose learnt to shrink from him in terror, when this mania possessed him; for more than once had he lifted up his hand against her. The lingering remnants of her love were mingled with a fear so overwhelming, it amounted almost to superstitious dread. His bright, wild eyes seemed to pierce the hidden thoughts she dared not utter—to wrest from her the inmost secrets of her soul.

The cheeks of Rose had paled beneath the baneful influence of his iron will, and cold, unfeeling heart. The step once elastic with hope and joy of life, had grown laggard and slow. Much of her fresh and youthful loveliness had fled; the sad blue eye was dimmed by haunting thoughts and unshed tears, for she dared not indulge the luxury of grief, a shrewd tyrant had brutally declared "that he would have no snivelling where he was." And he threatened her with bodily punishment if she dared to manifest the sorrow of regret.

At the age of twenty-five, all bloom had vanished from her face, all the lustre, the animation of her speaking features had given way to the listless indifference that thenceforth marked her manner. At times, when alone, she cast off the mask she was compelled to wear. Then the wrung heart wrestled bitterly. The cry of her agony and repentance surely reached the pitying ear of God!

She never heard from her father, and she deemed herself cursed, and forsaken by his love. His image, pale and dying, haunted her. It pursued her in the visions of the night, from which she often started with a groan of wretchedness. She never heard from Philip's mother, and when she ventured to inquire for tidings of her, the unnatural son would reply:

"I know nothing about her, nor do I care to know. You just attend to your duties, and never mind the rest of the world."

The torturing truth was fully revealed to Rose. Her girlish beauty and artless charm of manner had attracted him; but he was weary of her, weary of the guileless love he had won, the heart he was surely breaking. The novelty had worn away. She was no longer cherished and beloved, but most cruelly neglected and harshly treated. The only pleasure of her life, the one solitary drop of honey in the bitter cup of suffering, was the devoted attachment of Felicia. The little girl called her mother, and clung to her with all the filial love of her strong, intense nature, and the childless wife found her only unalloyed happiness in the smiles and caresses of this child.

It was Philip's command, and his word was never to be gainsayed, that Felicia should believe herself the daughter of both. To this deception Rose was compelled to yield, reluctantly, it is true, yet without the power to oppose his will.

The Senora Deltano, the "white Rose," as the house servants called her, had mastered the Spanish language. Felicia learnt that and her mother tongue at the same time. The little girl had music teachers and tutors, and beneath the fostering care of her adopted mother, she gave as fair a promise of the future as the most loving parents could desire.

It was with a love amounting to idolatrous worship, that the lone woman, lone amid the almost regal splendors of her lot, clung to the child. With an anxious solicitude she watched over her health, her childish sports. With all a mother's tenderness she sought to instill into the forming mind the loftiest principles, the noblest aspirations, the utmost reverence for good and truth.

The child was docile, endowed with compassionate feelings, a high, proud spirit, that the hand of love alone could curb.

Philip loved her in his own way. He showered presents and caresses upon her. He indulged her every caprice, but he never evinced that regard for her fiercer soul, that would have won her respect. He scoffed at all things holy; he sneered at the beautiful achievements of past and present heroism; he revealed himself in his drunken moods; and Felicia, gifted with a natural abhorrence of all things coarse and vile, shrank from him in disgust. This was a rankling thorn to his pride, to whatever of

love he bore his daughter. He accused Rose of slandering him, of making him repellant to the little maid.

One day he was more than usually moody and quarrelsome, although not under the influence of wine. He had been uttering some taunting remarks with regard to the religion of the natives. Felicia, who dared to speak to him as his wife could not, remonstrated with—

"Oh, papa! you should not scoff at anybody's belief. It's wicked; and we ought to try and be as good as we can."

"You little malapert!" he said, half angrily, "who teaches you to contradict your father? Is this some of your work, Rose?"

He cast a dark, scornful glance at the wasted form, the bending head, before him.

"I always caution Felicia against the sin of disobedience," she replied, in a trembling voice.

Alas! the memory of her own sin was with her by night and by day.

"Can't you speak more cheerfully? Must I listen to such a drawing, melancholy voice as that every day of my life? Zounds! madam, if you don't alter your course, I'll find means to alter mine, and that in a manner you little expect. Do you hear me?" he cried, placing himself before her, and regarding her with a sinister look.

"I hear you, Philip," she responded, quietly.

"I hear you, Philip," he mocked. "But I want you to obey, too—mind that! I'm tired of the sight of your lackadaisical countenance. You give me the horrors, and I'm determined to have a change. Say, answer me straightforwardly—you love this child?"

A heavenly glow suffused for a fleeting moment the wan, pale cheeks. With an expression of unutterable fondness, her tear-filled eyes rested on the little girl, as she replied:

"Do I love Felicia, my child, my consoling angel? Oh, Philip! to ask me such a question. She is dearer to me than life, better than happiness! She is all, all, all of earth to me!"

"Very complimentary to your husband," he sneered. "Now bark ye, Rose. I know where to touch you on a tender spot. Change your present course, or—I'll take Felicia from your care. I'll take her with me—"

"Not oh, my God, no!" screamed Rose, rushing forward with a frantic impulse, and clasping the child in her arms. "You will not, you cannot be so cruel. She is my life, my all! Oh, this is the worst trial yet—Felicia!"

She bowed her head upon the child's shoulder, and deep, agonizing sobs, convulsed her fragile form.

"I will never leave you, mama—never! never!" Felicia cried vehemently. "Papa, you are cruel, you are wicked! Your heart is hard! Go away! You torment my poor mother! Do not cry, sweet, darling, good mother! Felicia will never leave you. He can never make me leave my own, dear, blessed mama!" and she kissed the weeping woman, and turned upon her father a defiant face.

"You go to your room, instantly, Miss Impudence. I want to talk to your dear, blessed mama, in private. Do you hear, Felicia? Or, shall I put you out by force?"

The child's face crimsoned with indignation. Her fine lip curled with scorn. She bent down again and kissed the lips, forehead and eyes of Rose; then with the tread of a young princess, she turned and left the room.

"Now, madam," said Philip, as he approached the still crouching figure of his wife, "you and I must come to an explanation. You have often wondered at my frequent absences from home. You have marvelled at the resources of my wealth. I will unfold the secrets of both, that you may know me as I am! I go from home in order to replenish my purse, which an establishment like this often exhausts. I go under assumed names, and in various disguises. Are you listening, Rose? I'll my empty coffers, obtain the golden bounties that I need, by robbery! Ha, ha, ha!"

He laughed a wild, taunting laugh—while speechless, horror-stricken, breathless Rose, knelt at his feet, her blue eyes widely dilated, her pale lips quivering, her white hands clasped in mute supplication, a picture of terror and despair.

"By robbery!" she at last repeated, and she fixed upon his gloomy face her wildly imploring eyes.

"Oh, recall those words! Recall the dreadful accusation! It cannot be true! I have borne—oh, so much; but this, oh it will kill me. God!" she shrieked forth, clasping her throbbing brow.

"Tut, tut, you silly fool! I am no robber of the highway; no bandit of the plain. I am a genteel, cautious, gentlemanly adventurer, who by his wit gains admittance to the highest places. By skillful arts I win upon the highest stakes; by wile and cunning I ingratiate myself with those who are fortune-favored. I have made and lost many a princely dowry thus. The world would call it swindling; I give it its real name. Now you know me as I am? Do you love me still?"

"I am lost! My punishment has found me! I deemed my cup of trial filled to the very brim; but this—this—Oh, despicable man! false, heartless—"

She had risen to her feet, and indignantly confronted him.

"Hush, hush! no calling of names, or it may be worse for you."

"Oh, that I could flee—flee far from this home of glittering misery! Oh, that I could return to my native land! That I could die and be at rest!" the miserable woman cried in heart-rending tones.

"You can do so!" he coldly replied, a fiendish smile playing around his mouth. "I will send you home, give you all your dresses and jewels, and bid you God-speed upon the way."

"And the child—Felicia?" she pleaded with folded hands.

"Oh, I had forgotten," he replied with a sarcastic coldness that entered deeply into the wounded heart. "She, of course, remains with me."

"Are you the fitting guardian of that senseless child? Philip, before the all-seeing eye of the Omnipotent, tell me, dare you take charge of her? Can you teach her to wander in the paths of holiness? Can you make of her a noble woman, a Christian?—give to her the example of a blameless life?"

"None of your moralizing to me!" he thundered. "I have the first claim upon her affection and obedience."

"Not more so than I," said Rose, whose meek spirit arose courageously in defence of the only being that returned her love.

"You think so, do you? But I will tell you that will alter your opinion. You are nothing to Felicia; I am her father!"

"What!" exclaimed Rose, awed and completely overwhelmed.

"I am her father," he repeated, "and I can take her where I please."

"But you will not, Philip? You will not tear her from my arms, my heart? You will be merciful, as you hope for the Eternal's pardon? You will not rend my very soul in twain? On my knees I entreat, by every memory of our past love and happiness, by all the hopes you entertain of heaven! Philip, have pity on my soul's agony! Take from me every vestige of earth's blessedness, but in the holy Saviour's name, leave me my child!"

She sank at his feet and imploringly clasped his knees.

"She is mine!—my daughter! Do you hear?"

"Yes, yes; and I will love her all the more. But do not, do not tear her from me!"

"You will be obedient? You will yield in all to my commands? You will not speak of moral distinctions, and uphold me with the manner of my life? On these conditions, and one other—that you appear cheerful and contented in the presence of our guests, that you assume, if you do not feel, a lightness of heart, and smiling countenance—do you remain, as heretofore, the mother of Felicia, in name. And mark ye, Rose; dare not to cast one shadow of authority over the child. Teach her to be docile to my bidding. I wish to see her more loving toward me, a little less demonstrative to you. You understand me? Refuse complete and full acquiescence with my demands, and you go in the next ship that leaves this port for Europe. I wait for your answer, Rose."

"I will remain. I will bear all things for her sake. I will seem cheerful, gay, contented. I will sing and dance. I will do all you bid me, only leave me the child."

Alone in her chamber she threw aside the heartless, conventional mantle; she gave vent to the fullness of her grief. None but the Father's eye beheld the depths of her sorrow and penitence. The path of roses trodden by the disobedient daughter had led to the thorny road, the bleak, cold wastes of utter disenchantment. Rose lived for her charge alone, battling nobly with the poignancy of suffering, the inroads of advancing consumption. She overcame both to a wonderful degree, for a strong and holy purpose nerved her heart and infused an iron will-power, even to her feeble frame.

She prevailed upon the child to meet her father with welcoming smiles and filial kisses. She screened his faults, and sought to win for him his daughter's love; but she did so with inward repulsion, for from her own heart, long tried, the glory of devoted, trusting love had departed. The nobly cultured, high principled Rose, could no longer give the tribute of affection to the wicked man she was bound unto for life.

CHAPTER IX.  
A BIRTHDAY EVENT.

Still time sped on its relentless march, leaving its impress on furrowed cheeks, care-lined brows and silvered hair; but deepest on the suffering heart the remorseful spirit had left the ineffaceable signet of its retributive, avenging power, that power that no human effort can evade.

On Felicia's sixteenth birthday an almost regal feast was spread in the palace home, whose sweet name of "Eden Rest" had long since been buried in oblivion, for it had proved a gilded prison and a living tomb to the hapless Rose, who willingly would have bowed her head and died, were it not for her daughter's sake.

Philip Almay, or Deltano—as he persisted in being called—as time passed on, grew more violent in temper and more hard of heart, especially toward his meek and unoffending wife. Absent frequently on his secret expeditions, he returned sometimes exultant with the joy of gain, at other times moody and discontented. In the latter case he would indulge in frequent libations, which, serving to arouse the evil of his nature, made of him a very fiend.

He had long ceased to love Rose; only for the sake of his child, who clung to her with the most absorbing, filial love, did he tolerate her presence. Her pale cheeks and wan, drooping figure was a perpetual reproach to him; but he never lost the opportunity of taunting her severely, of directing the most stinging sarcasms toward her, of manifesting an utter and absolute disregard of her feelings. He became, to all intents and purposes, her tyrant and tormentor.

But while he thus cruelly and deliberately inflicted sorrow, he was himself tormented by the accusing phantoms of a guilty conscience. He lived in the hourly dread of detection. A form, menacing and fearful, stood ever by his bedside, whether from this world, or the realms beyond the grave, he knew not; but it wore the semblance of Teresa's figure, the marble coldness of her despairing face. Her eyes burned into his very soul; her blue lips unclosed with a sepulchral whisper:

"Give me my child!"

He was haunted by this avenging Nemesis, and a thousand strange, wild, maddening thoughts passed through his brain, when left to solitude even for a passing moment. Still in the prime of life, his countenance was worn and haggard; his blood-shot eyes betrayed his mind's uneasiness; his jet black hair was interwoven with many a silver thread; his motions were quick, abrupt, apprehensive. He was a cruel master, a household despot, whom all feared and none held in esteem.

Rose had become a pale and languishing invalid, whose only earthly joy was in the love of her adopted child. She no longer had recourse to art to conceal the ravages of disease and grief. She withdrew as much as possible from society, and under the true plea of illness, her wretched looks excited no comments dangerous to her husband's name and honor. Beneath the balmy influence of that summer clime, her insidious malady could make no very rapid progress; she lingered on from year to year, not suffering much pain, but growing wan and feeble as the weeks and months sped on, sometimes with a hectic glow upon her cheek, a fatal brilliancy within her eye. Long since, the nut-brown curls had given place to the smooth, plain bands that fully revealed the sharpened outline of her features. She was dying gradually of consumption, said the world and the physicians. God and the angels knew she was dying of a broken heart.

Felicia was bewilderingly beautiful, with her tall and graceful form, the undulating charm of movement that was her peculiar characteristic. Her eyes of deepest brown were liquid wells of thought and feeling, imbued with all the tender softness of fresh youth, and all the flashing Oriental splendor of her mother's native Spain; her fair face was flushed with the delicate tint of the rose-leaf; her small mouth was ruby red, gomed setting for two rows of purest pearl; her golden hair, rich and abundant, fell in a waved and curling mass over brow and shoulders. With her small feet peering from beneath her white or azure robe, with her diminutive hands, sweet smile, and voice of entrancing melody, she was the secretly worshiped idol of many a gallant cavalier, the envied and admired of all.

Philip loved her as well as he knew how to love; he was never violent to her; he never struck her, in the fits of his intoxicated madness; but mingling with his affection for her, were sordid, mercenary

views, worldly plans, in which neither her heart nor her wishes were at all consulted.

Felicia feared more than she loved her father, although Rose had never revealed to her the extent of his baseness. She felt intuitively that he was not good and true. For this, and for his harshness and cruelty to her gentle mother, she dreaded, and, when she could, avoided him.

On her birthday, there was a large assemblage of the gay and wealthy of the town. Felicia, magnificently attired, was the cynosure of all eyes, but her young and light heart was ill at rest. A few whispered words had chased the rose-tide from her cheeks, and stayed as by an icy hand the exultant sense of enjoyment with which she had entered upon the dance, and given the merry song. Her father, on presenting a strange gentleman to her, had said:

"This is the Senor Elvino de Arabano, my daughter."

Then bending to her ear, he whispered:

"I intend him for your husband."

A sudden chill crept over her. She looked full in the face of the cavalier, and an expression of scorn and indignation passed over her speaking countenance.

He was a man of her father's age; his coarse, black hair was whitening, and his fierce, small, glittering, grey eyes glowed like serpent orbs beneath his thick black eyebrows; his narrow forehead was wrinkled; his sallow face was seamed, not as by the hand of time, but rather with the manifold sins of a life of excesses. The same signs spoke from every separate feature. His mouth was gross; his nostrils dilated and quivering; his tall form stooped, as if an invisible weight pressed on his athletic shoulders; his voice was shrill and discordant, and a long, white sprinkled beard added to the fierceness of his looks.

Rose, who had gone through the formality of welcoming her guests, had retired to her chamber, being too fatigued to remain longer exposed to the blaze of light and the buzz of the company. She had not seen the dark and ominous face of the Senor Elvino de Arabano.

The stranger engaged Felicia's hand for the dance. She was about to refuse; but an angry gleam and a stern command in her father's eyes compelled obedience to his wishes. Again she shuddered, as the Senor touched her hand; the pleasure of the evening was thenceforth spoiled for her.

The young Felicia was yet heart and fancy free. Only in her dreams had she met with her ideal of love and goodness.

The costly chandeliers dispensed their myriad rays of light; the mirrors wreathed around with myrtle leaves and orange blossoms, reflected the bright and varied scene. The young and the beautiful were dancing; the older portions of the invited chatting leisurely, discussing politics and news. There was the exhilarating strains of music, the joyous peal of youthful, silvery laughter, the loud ha! ha! of whistled and bearded Don; exclamations from elderly seniors, and a general hilarity, which penetrated even to the chamber of the mistress of all this luxury.

Poor Rose, weak and languid, reclined upon her couch, while the diamonds on her bosom were bathed in the sad, swelling tear-flood of her eyes.

"Vain, empty pageant!" she sighed wearily; "vain, gaudy mockery! that scoffs at retribution, duty, death, or God! I am dying slowly! Soon this worn-out frame will be at rest. But oh! Felicia, my child, my blessing! what then will become of thee, when left alone with him?"

Ma'm'selle Florio, who had long since married and was settled in a household of her own, as the Madame Viotir Trin, often called and spent the day or night with her former kind lady. She had attained to the worldly importance she coveted; she had fine clothes and jewels in plenty; for the extensive shoe business carried on by her dapper and enterprising French husband, proved lucrative in the extreme. He was very fond of his vivacious Florio, and she carried her head erect, and walked the streets with a majestic step, accompanied always by a black female servant, and a boy in some sort of harlequin suit, which her own inventive genius had fashioned, and in which he looked like the trained monkey in the menagerie.

Sitting by the couch of Rose, she gently fanned the invalid, and pointing disdainfully to the mulatto girl Anita, and the child Ponchita, who were loitering about the room, she said:

"Madame, what for will you have deso negroes round about you all do time when you are not good in health yourself? Day annoy—day fret—day worry you. Anita, march! go out! leave dis chambre! Ab, I forget; I speak one lang-widge you are much too ignorant to comprehend. Go away from here, leave your mistress in peace, and take yourselves off to something useful; you great, staring, idle, good-for-nothing apes! You villainous Hotentots! You light-skinned, gaping owls! Off wid you both!"

This tirade was delivered in broken and voluble Spanish.

Anita and her companion left the room, muttering audibly—

"Mon mari" (my husband) said the parvenue lady, fanning herself vigorously, "he will not permit me to make fami-liar wid le domestics. He say: 'Monsieur Viotir Trin,' he say—'chacun—everec bodie must keep dero own place if dey will have de respect. I demand de respect, okz moi, in my maison—house; and when dey not give it in full, I punish comme ca,'" and she boxed her own ears, and made certain cablistic signs in the air, indicating the infliction of whip and cane.

Rose smiled faintly, as she replied:

"I do not think you are as harsh a mistress as



you would have me believe, Florio; you have a good heart, I know, by your love of children."

"Oh, oui, madame," she replied quickly; my art is to love good, and I do love *les petites enfans*; and as *le bon Dieu*, do good, Lord not have give me any child-rea, I take one little orphan child, and I have her call me mama, and Monsieur Triny papa, and I dress her like one little princess. But I cannot—like—I cannot abide these negroes I day are so saucy; so impertinent!"

"They are good and faithful, many of them; I love their honest faces," said Rose, with a deep sigh.

"Well, madame, ever one to dere own taste, as do old wop-man said when ebe have kiss de cow. I not love de black col or any where, except in de col or of my goos;" and the pretty dame cast a look of gratified vanity upon the neatly fitting black satin she wore.

At that moment Felicia entered—not radiant with the excitement of the dance, with joy-enkindled eyes and springing step, but with a pallid face and a listless, drooping air.

The quick ear of Rose detected the change that had come over her darling's mood before she even saw her face. Felicia, bending over her, kissed her thin hand and spoke not a word.

"What is the matter, my child? what has occurred to disturb you?" the fond woman tenderly inquired.

"Oh, mother! I am unhappy—I am wretched—unlucky!" exclaimed Felicia, bursting into tears.

"My child!" cried Rose, rising in alarm from her recumbent posture.

"Mother, there's a stranger in our saloon who is destined to bring us trouble! Mother, that man has an evil eye, a corrupt, a wicked soul! I know—I feel it! He has touched my hand in the dance and encoiled my waist. I have washed off the pollution of his touch; I could read my robes, and trample on the jeweled hand he has clasped! I have stolen away from his revolting presence to your dear, sweet, safe sanctuary, my dear mother!"

"Why, Felicia! my darling girl! I do not comprehend your meaning. I have never seen you so excited, so vehement before."

"I never had reason to be, mother. But this man—I instinctively despise him, mother. I have never spoken harshly of one human being; but this man—this vile, revolting embodiment of all that is hideous to the sight and soul—mother, I hate him!"

"Felicia! what is, what can this mean? Your face is pale, your eyes are glittering with a light I never saw in them before! What has occurred? Of whom are you speaking?"

"Of the Señor Elvino de Arcabano!" she replied, with a curling lip.

"And who is he, my child?"

"A stranger, whom my father brought here—a hideously repellant monster, whom I—"

"But Felicia, dearest! what know you of him? Why this sudden and unaccountable aversion? It is not right, my child."

"My father whispered in my ear, and my heart gave one loud throb, and stood still, with an agony it has never felt before! Mother dear! that man was presented to me as my intended husband!"

Rose uttered a faint cry, and clasped both hands to her breast.

"My father compelled me to dance with him; he gave me one of his terribly commanding looks. I have listened to that Arcabano's fulsome compliments till my heart is sick and my head is giddy. I stole away from them all, and I will not return to the company to-night."

She spoke indignantly, and with a force and energy never before manifested.

Strange and boding thoughts were whirling through the brain of Rose.

"Oh, grant me life! a respite only, till this child's future is secured," she prayed, unheeded by any. With her habitually sad, wan smile, she turned to her daughter, and said:

"Perhaps it was all a pleasantry on your father's part."

"His whisper to me was full of earnest meaning; you cannot deceive me, mother. I know my father too well. He means to sacrifice me to that wretch! Before I will consent, I will spring from the nearest cliff, and die the death of the suicide!"

"Felicia! daughter! for the love of heaven, do not speak so! You astonish, you frighten me! My child, I am not strong, I cannot bear this—"

"Oh, forgive me, mother! I forget your feeble condition. I have hurt—I have frightened you, my beloved mother! my only earthly friend! Forgive my impetuous temper—my unreasoning haste. Dear mother, I will be calm—be all myself again." She showered tears and kisses upon the pale, sad, wasted face.

Madame Triny, whose presence had been entirely overlooked, burst forth volubly—

"*Mon Dieu!* it is possible? Mademoiselle she speak dreadful—one stranger who is one monster! so hideous and terrible—and Monsieur, your father, want you to marry him? Oh, *ciel*! *ciel*! *ciel*! possible! and when mademoiselle tell she go to do cliff and shump down in *la mer* de sea—I most cry out wid aston-ih-ment—It is too horrible, too dreadful altogether!"

Felicia was still soothing her mother, when the elken hangings that served in place of a door, were thrust aside, and Philip entered. His face was reddened by the effect of his favorite wines; his gait was somewhat unsteady, his eye was lurid and threatening.

"Come, Felicia," he said, advancing to where his daughter sat, "a new dance is about forming, and you are asked for by the company."

"Please excuse me for the remainder of the evening, father. I do not wish to dance any more."

"But my guests desire your presence; and I command your return to the saloon. Am I to be obeyed, Felicia?"

He had never spoken so harshly to her before. Her lip quivered, her dark eyes filled with tears. She said in a pleading manner:

"Please, dear father, let me remain here. I am not well—I need repose and quiet. Allow me to remain with mother."

"You go to our guests, and that immediately! No remonstrance, girl! My will is law. The Señor de Arcabano awaits your coming. Be gentle, agreeable; do friendly toward him, or hark ye! Felicia, you will learn what my paternal wrath is worth! Hailloo! no whispering there! You shall not shut yourself up in this sick-room. Come, girl, take my arm. Are you coming, Felicia?" he thundered.

The young girl bent her head toward the moving lips of her mother.

"Do, child!" she whispered; "for my sake, go!"

"For your sake, then, dear mother," she replied,

and restraining the struggling tears, she said drily: "I am ready to go with you, father!"

"Along with you, then. Mrs. Delano, I wish you a pleasant evening in the company of your own relations," he said sneeringly.

"Come, Felicia, the Señor Arcabano will grow impatient, and you must not offend him for the world."

He walked away with his daughter, and Madame Triny, emerging from behind the ample folds of the window curtain, where she had hidden herself while the master was present, burst forth once more:

"*Mais*, it is horri-ble! Monsieur is a little—what you call *tipsy*! He cannot stand werce straight on his legs, and his vte-age is de col-ore of my scarf—scar-lette, wine col-ore! Oh, it is one great pitee, he take too much pota-tion—and he take Mademoiselle Felicia to see and dance wid de mons-ters she abhorre. It is one grande blame, but Monsieur is werce tipsy!"

The birth night fete of Felicia ushered to her heart the first great apprehension of the future. When at early dawn, the last of the lingering guests had departed, she stole to her mother's room to kiss her sleeping brow, and pray that she might live, and by her loving care, to ward off the misery that threatened her young life. Rose slept from utter exhaustion—for, after the talkative Florio had left, she had knelt in hour-long prayer before the mercy-seat of God, imploring His divine aid and counsel in behalf of her beloved child.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Banner of Light.  
WOO SWEET CONTENT.

BY UPTON DYKE.

A fair page, blotted by a ragged scrawl,  
A few bold words, but simple in their ken,  
Will save the poet from the sombre pall  
That shrouds the deeds and names of common men.

And nature fixes in each human soul  
A mirror-glass that, tarnished by a breath,  
Retains the mark forever on its scroll,  
And bears the record onward, to the death.

Few can be poets. Nature scatters wide  
Her gifts, but fills the poet's burdened brain  
With painful longings that the surging tide  
Of mortals strive to comprehend in vain.

Oh, better far the poor man's cheerful lot,  
Whose heaven and hope are bounded by his roof,  
Than his ambition whom the muse has taught  
Life's net-work, till he tangles in the web.

Seek not to travel up the rugged steep  
That towers above the heads of other men;  
For he who climbs the pinnacle will weep  
That heaven is no nearer to his ken.

Woo sweet content. Let simple deeds of trust  
Be mirrored on the hearts you meet with here.  
Then while the stones befall the poet's dust,  
Will drop for you that better gift—a tear.

## Original Essays.

### ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT-LAND.

NUMBER THIRTY-FOUR.

The Gentile Gods were the levers of the inequalities of men. Nemesis never lost the unbalanced scale. The pride, the pomp, the vanity of presuming mortals, were dashed to pieces at the altar of the higher law; so that the weak and the lowly saw themselves avenged in the equity of universal Nature, Providence, or Justice of the Gods.

Says the Heathen, "there is a certain Deity, or Demon, whose proper task it is to bring down all great and over-swelling human prosperity, and to temper every man's life." So, too, the Hebrew and the Christian teacher: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes." And Luke: "He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree. He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away." So of Isaiah, and Paul, and others: The wisdom of the wise is confounded, and the understanding of the prudent brought to naught; and "the weak things of the world hath God chosen to confound the things which are mighty."

This government of the lower, by the Spiritual world, has been the basis of the Lords, the Gods, the Angels, the Demons and the Ghosts. Says Cudworth, "Besides those ordinary phenomena before mentioned, which are in no way solvable by Atheists, there are certain other phenomena extraordinary, that either immediately prove a God and Providence, or else that there is a rank of understanding beings, invisible, superior to men, from whence a Deity may be afterwards inferred, apparitions, miracles and prophecies; since something of this kind hath been avowed in all ages, and many times attested by persons of unquestionable prudence and unspotted veracity." If there be once any in visible ghosts or spirits acknowledged as things permanent, it will not be easy for any to give a reason why there might not be one supreme ghost also, presiding over them all, and the whole world."

Democritus, though somewhat atheistical, admitted these things, which he called *idols* and *images*. He says, "There are certain *idols* or *spirits* that do often approach to men, some of whom are beneficent, and some malevolent, upon which account he wisheth that it might be his good hap to meet with fortunate *idols*." He was much blamed by his atheistical brethren for this concession to the theists. Democritus again declares that "men in ancient times having a sense of these apparitions or *idols*, fell from thence into the opinion of a God." In later times, when the Christian system was born, these apparitions, ghosts or *idols*, were received as spirits or angels with subtle, ethereal bodies."

Thus Paeclus declares: "But you are to know that demons or devils are not altogether incorporeal, but that they are joined to bodies, and so converse with bodies, which may be learned also from the Fathers, the divine Basil contending that there are bodies, not only in devils, but also in the pure angels themselves, as certain subtle, airy, defecate spirits," making the angels and the devils to differ only as to their different states in greater or less progression—"the splendor of the one, and the dark fuliginous obscurity of the other."

The devils of the Apostle's time were supposed by the Pharisee Jews, as Josephus declares, to be "the spirits or souls of wicked men deceased, getting into the bodies of the living." From hence, adds Cudworth, "it was that the Jews, in our Saviour's time, were not at all surprised with his casting

out devils, it being usual for them also to exorcise the same; an art which they claimed to have learned from Solomon." Solomon being the wisest of men, and also men being significant of such as were skilled in spiritual mysteries—as Moses in those of the Egyptian, and the Magi in those of Babylonian, as the Chaldean soothsayers, &c.—so Solomon, says Josephus, "taught an art against demons, or devils for the benefit and cure of men, who composed certain incantations by which diseases are cured, and left forms of exorcisms whereby devils are expelled and driven away, which method of curing prevails much amongst us to this very day."

Hence, at this very time, we find Jesus and the Apostles grappling with the devils on all sides, though charged themselves with being possessed by the same. On one occasion when the Jewish exorcists turned from the wisdom of Solomon to the name of the Lord Jesus, saying, we adjure you by Jesus whom Paul preacheth, the evil spirit answered, and said, "Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who are ye?" Here the name of the Lord Jesus failed, and the devil brushed the exorcists severely. But it cannot be denied that Jesus himself had great power over these possessions, if the record be reliable which relates them. Where his disciples failed, he was successful. The woman who was bound by a Satan, "in, these eighteen years," fled from the presence of Jesus. Jesus was also clairvoyant to see a devil about to take possession of Peter, that he might sift him as wheat. "But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." Even this prayer of Jesus did not avail. The devil got Peter under so that he swore and lied, to the great shame of apostolicism. But his speedy deliverance and zealous works quickly sufficed as atonement to wipe out this untoward score upon his soul. True, Judas repented; but instead of doing works meet for repentance, hung himself. This was a mistake, and Judas had to work out on the other side what had been more easily done on this side of the Jordan.

It was not only peculiar "to the Jews to suppose evil demons to be the causes of such bodily diseases as had extraordinary symptoms, and especially madness," says Cudworth, "but the Greeks and other Gentiles also were imbued with the same persuasion."

Apollo was cited as casting out devils at Athens, of their "tumbling down the royal porch with great noise—of his freeing the city of Ephesus from the plague, by stoning an old ragged beggar, said by Apollonius to be the plague, which appeared to be a demon, by his changing himself into the form of a shagged dog."

Cudworth shows that in his own day spiritual possessions were maintained by "two very experienced physicians, Lencurtius and Fernelius, and that the spirits possessing, speak of very high and difficult matters, declare things past and unknown, and discover the secrets of those that sit by, and speak in languages which the possessed had never known." This testimony is of some two hundred years ago, when classification of spiritual phenomena extended no further than to include in the formulae the Lord and the Devil—*par nobis fratrum*, the Devil all the while maintaining a vast preponderance of action and the Holy Ghost doing but very little engineering in comparison with the Devil.

Paeclus is cited as relating "of a certain maniacal woman, that though she knew nothing but her own mother tongue, yet when a stranger, who was an Armenian, was brought into the room to her, she spoke to him immediately in the Armenian language. We all stood amazed, when we heard a woman that had never seen an Armenian before in all her life, nor had learned anything but the use of her dialect, speak the Armenian language readily." The relation also affirms that the same maniacal person, foretold certain future events which happened "shortly after to himself." Here we find the prophetic mania and gift of tongues credited to demons, while the same phenomena in old Jewry was considered to be of the Lord—the spiritual man mad in Hosea, the divine fury of Philo-Judaeus and Josephus, the burden of the Lord among the prophets, the Holy Ghost among the Apostles, and mutual charges of demonism among rival sects—though the phenomena were manifest from the same series of causation. Jesus was charged with familiar demonism, and as being master of the house of Beelzebub, when the whole truth was, as the modern unfolding makes clear, that the Lord, Devil, and Holy Ghost, were simply the empirical way of referring to the spiritual manifestations, as inaugurated by the men, women and children of the transmundane world; and as they were more or less developed, would be their corresponding possessions of the flesh, or of vessels in rapport with themselves. The basis of Spiritualism, philosophy and religion, is very beautiful in our day, because capable of being seen and read of all men. To converse rationally with our angel friends, to seek to help and to treat kindly the more undeveloped, whom old and modern orthodox reject as demons, is not to bow to our own darkly created Gods, or to demote ourselves in the cry of good Lord, or damned Devil, when this very Devil, in the order of progression, will reach the very same mount of vision which our familiar Lord may be occupying to-day.

Fernelius relates other cases of his patients ignorant of Greek and Latin, yet in their madness endowed with the gift of these tongues; for after falling with "blisters, purgations, cupping, fomentations, unguents and plasters," to the *ecce magis*, of all medical pretensions, otherwise called science, "in the third month, it was discovered that a certain demon was the author of all this mischief; he manifesting himself in Latin and Greek, though the patient was altogether ignorant of the Greek tongue, and by his revealing many of the secrets of those who stood by, especially of the physicians, whom also he derided for tormenting the patient in that manner with frustrating remedies." See the analogous case in the autobiography of "Anna Cora Mowatt," where one of these demons is found to be an angel of the Lord; and much oftener would it so be found, were we sufficiently born of the Spirit to be rid of the veil of the old theologies. It is not the calling the inhabitants of the spirit-world hard names that advances us or them. We are all heirs of the same heritage, and must mutually help each other, for we are all children of a common parent, and the worst of the demons are but a part of ourselves. It is no merit in us, if we are graced with five or ten talents, while our demon brother has but one. Even though he hides the one, and all is taken that he seemeth to have, his is the suffering of unfolding through every status of his growth.

Cudworth declares that it is "necessary for the vindication of Christianity" to admit the intervention of spirits; that "even among the Pagans good or evil spirits were manifest, and so recorded in the

Hebrew Scriptures as "miracles done especially by Moses and our Saviour Christ and his apostles." He also appeals to "divination, oracles, prophecies, or predictions of future events, otherwise unaccountable to men; which either evince a God, or at least that there are understanding beings superior to men." And thus is that maxim of the ancient Pagan Theists, *Si divinitas est, deus sunt*. If there be divination, then there are Gods, unquestionably true in the genuine and proper sense thereof; which, in their language, was no more than to say, understanding beings, or spirits superior to men, and that it is no more strange that they should speak by "Pagan Sibyls in the West than by Balaam in the East." All these extraordinary phenomena of apparitions, witchcraft, possessions, miracles and prophecies, do evince that spirits, angels or demons, though invisible to us, are no phantasies, but real and substantial inhabitants of the world, which favors not the atheistic hypothesis."

Now Cudworth was an encyclopaedia of all learning in his day, possessing a mind of vast and comprehensive ability, and the resources of all ages pay tribute to him. He gathers from every point of view, and declares that on this head of objective spiritual beings "all history is undeniable." Dr. Henry More, alike broad in his spiritual conceptions, maintains the same ground, and we declare that the one hundred and fifty or two hundred succeeding years of progressive material science do not invalidate the essentials of ancient or modern Spiritualism. Only in the analysis, various claims may be thrown out. Animal Magnetism is rather a thorn in the flesh of the more ponderable sciences; but it is to be admitted and examined, when it will prove itself as rigidly exact and as conformable to law and order as the compounds of the chemist, the rocks of the geologist, and the rhythmic laws of health in the domain of physiology. We shall then go forward in consecutive steps, till we find the two continents, mundane and transmundane, reaching out to each other for mutual embrace.

According to Plotinus, the "idol or vehicle of the soul is an airy or spirituous body," and though apparently put on or put off at pleasure, the "soul is never disunited from all body." Porphyrus adhered "to the ancient Pythagoric tradition, that human souls are always united to some body," that the "soul being in Hades is nothing but its presiding over that idol or enlivened vaporous body;" to which Porphyrus adds, "the soul is never quite naked of all body, but always has some body joined with it suitable and agreeable to its own present disposition, either a purer or impurer one, the soul afterwards by degrees purging itself," and growing brighter in the measure of its growth of upward unfolding.

According to Philoponus, says Cudworth, "the human soul, after death, does not merely exercise its rational powers, and think only of metaphysical and mathematical notions, abstract things which are neither in time nor place, but exercises also its lower, sensitive and irrational faculties, which it could not possibly do, were it not then vitally united to some body, spirituous, vapory or airy. Let us therefore see what rational account Philoponus can give of this doctrine of the ancients." He says, "Our human soul, in those who are not purged and cleansed in this life, after its departure out of this body, is acknowledged, or rather demonstrated, to go into Hades, there to receive punishment for its evil notions past. For Providence does not only take care of our being, but also of our well-being. Therefore is the soul, though lapsed into a preternatural state, yet not neglected by Providence, but hath a convenient care taken of it, in order to its recovery. And since sinning had its origin from the desire of pleasure, it must of necessity be cured by pain." Through this suffering and cure the soul rises "to the higher celestial regions." Philoponus then proceeds to refer to the spiritual manifestations of the ancients, of apparitions, spirits or ghosts, as proof of what had been learnt from those sources. "For which cause there is great reason that we should take care of living well, as also from abstaining from a fouler or grosser diet; these ancients telling us likewise that this spirituous body of ours being fouled and incassated by evil diet, is apt to render the soul, in this life, also, more obnoxious to the disturbance of the passions."

Again, this Philoponus in his account of the ancients, says: "They further add, that there is something of the plantal and plastic life also exercised by the soul, in those spirituous or airy bodies after death, they being nourished too, though not after the same manner as these gross earthly bodies of ours are, but by vapors; and that not by parts or organs, but throughout the whole of them as sponges, they imbibing everywhere those vapors. For which cause, they who are wise, will in this life also take care of their diet, so that this spirituous body which we have at this present time within our grosser body, may not be clogged and incassated, but attenuated, or made more spiritual." As to the different forms in which spirits may appear, they "proceed from the fantastic power of the soul itself, which can at pleasure transform this spirituous body into any shape; for being airy, when it is condensed and fixed, it becometh visible, and again invisible, and vanishing out of sight, when it is expanded or rarified," to which adds Cudworth, "the ancient assestors of the soul's immortality did not suppose human souls to be stripped quite stark naked from all body;" and more at full the Orthodox, Christian, and very learned divine, like his brother, Henry More, builds fairly and squarely upon the fuller basis of the Heathen's immortality of the soul. Cudworth, in explaining the spirit's action upon the body, says "we know no reason, but we may assest here to that of Pophyry, that the blood is the food and nourishment of the spirit, and that this spirit is the vehicle of the soul, or the more immediate seat of life." The medium of this action modern Spiritualists suppose to be the electric, oily, or spiritual aura. See Reichenbach, Garth Wilkinson, and other spiritual seekers and experimenters, though we moderns would rather place the nervous system as furnishing an auric medium between the spirit and blood, the more fully developed the nervous, the more nearly the spiritual. According to the same Philoponus, there were various aspects of the human soul, sometimes luciform and starlike. Hierocles maintains that this luciform or ethereal body was the same which "the oracles call the thin and subtle vehicle or chariot of the soul." This "chariot of the soul" is the *via sacra* of physical, moral or religious contagions, the Logos or Word—the mesmeric aura of the modern magnetists and spiritual mediums—is imminent in healings and destructions—in religious revivals and physical plagues—in the influx of fevers and overshadowing of the Lord—the consuming fire of the Pentateuch—the chariot of Elijah, and the blue ruin and brim-

stone for the falling in of the Devil. Open vision, common sense and science, are about to rescue all these things from the domain of superstition and priestcraft—give them a new nomenclature, and properly classify these subtler modes of being of the mundane and transmundane worlds. We shall then see that the spiritual, no more than the electric or magnetic, is beyond the domain of law—that miracles no longer are, or ever were, except as ignorance born witness, but that all moves in rhythmic adjustment to one undivided scale, of being. The Hebrew and Gentile Seers, Jesus and the Apostles, were simply the more open vessels for the manifestation of the spirit, which took its coloring from the medium through whom it passed, according to the degree of development, growth or unfolding. The largely conscientious, benevolent and loving Jesus, speaks in full to the kindred bosom of to-day. His deep, out-gushing soul bespeaks the ever upwelling heart of affection—the sweetly living fountain—the waters of eternal life.

While the earlier Hebrews were in the dark valley and shadow of death, Job, waiting in outer darkness, conceiving "hopes of a tree, that if it were cut down it would sprout again," but of the human soul that it "would waste away; for man giveth up the ghost and where is he?" while wisest Solomon knew of no preeminence of man above the beast. The heathens, "the ancient assestors of the soul's immortality, supposing it to have," says Cudworth, "besides this terrestrial body, another spirituous or airy body, not only to accompany the soul after death, but also to hang about it here in this life, as its interior vest or tunic," and that there were yet other "luciform or ethereal bodies" to meet and be adapted to the growing or unfolding status of the soul or inner spirit. Thus Plotinus—"By this ethereal body is our human soul connected with its mortal body; the whole thereof being implicated with the whole vital spirit of the embryo, forasmuch as this is a spirit also." This is something more spiritual than the modern material formula, that would kill the spirit in embryo, or afford it only a staggering existence, unless cemented in flesh up to seventy years; thus reversing the whole order of nature, by making the body antedate the germ or spirit. Such is the outer husk of materialism, the very culmination of its death; but very different is the aspect to the discernor of spiritual things.

The Heathen Pophyry who found Christianity not sufficiently clear in its soul-life, too arbitrary in its heaven and hell, with no properly adjusted scale of being, maintained that, "however the soul be in itself affected, so does it always find a body suitable and agreeable to its present disposition; and therefore to the purged souls does naturally accrue a body, that comes next to immortality—that is an ethereal one;" and "Plato affirmed the soul to be always in a body, but sometimes of one kind and sometimes of another." So, too, Hierocles: "The rational nature having always a cognate body, so proceeded from the Demiurgus, as that neither itself is body, nor yet can it be without body; but though itself be incorporeal, yet its whole form, notwithstanding, is terminated in a body—a rational soul, together with a cognate immortal body." Plato declares this to have been the doctrine of the Pythagoreans, that every created rational being held the divine in the human soul, compared "to a winged chariot and a driver or charioteer, both together;" meaning by the chariot an enlivened body, and by the charioteer, the incorporeal soul itself, acting through it. And Proclus: "That every demon hath both an intellectual soul and an ethereal vehicle, the entrances thereof being made up or compounded of these two things." Thus we see how Elijah went to heaven in his chariot, while his sisters of Salem, the witches, scolded under bare poles, or on broomsticks.

Here is a plain agreement of the best and most religious philosophers with Christianity," says Cudworth; that the most consummate happiness and highest perfection that human nature is capable of, consisteth not in a separate state of souls, stripped naked from all body, and having no manner of commerce with matter, as some high-flown persons in all ages are apt to conceit, as Plotinus among the Platonists, "that as he conceived human souls might possibly ascend so high as to shake off commerce with all body; so did he on the other hand imagine that they might also descend and sink down so low as to animate the bodies of brutes, but even of trees and plants, too; inconsistent paradoxes, the latter whereof is a most prodigious extravagancy, which Empedocles, though otherwise a great wit, seems to have been guilty of, also."

"The Pythagoreans and Platonists have always complained of the terrestrial bodies as persons, or living sepulchers of the soul. So does Christianity seem to run much upon the same strain in these scripture expressions. In this we groan earnestly, desiring to be clothed upon with our house, which is from heaven." We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened, not that we would be unclothed, (that is, stripped quite naked of all body) but so clothed upon that mortality might be swallowed up of life. So, too, continues Cudworth, "the philosophers supposed both demons or angels and men to have one and the same *hyle*, heavenly or ethereal body." For if the soul after death have no body at all, then it cannot have any corporeal shape, or figure." The clairvoyant, or medium of Tortallian, is here cited as proving the same phenomena on Christian as on Heathen ground. The open vision of the Christian saint saw the same as was manifest to the Heathen vision. "There was," she says, "amongst other things, a soul corporeally exhibited to my view, and it was tender, and lucid, and of an arid color, and every way of human form." To the same import, too, is Irenaeus, that the souls have a human figure, or shape, whereby they may be known; as also that they remember the things here upon the earth, and their own actions; and that each kind of good and bad have their distinct and suitable habitations assigned them." So, too, Origen, another Christian Father, maintained "that souls after death had certain subtle bodies united to them," with the same characteristic outlines of being as were manifest in "their terrestrial bodies; and also that this, with the soul's immortality, may be sufficiently proved from the frequent apparitions of ghosts or departed souls, in way of opposition to Celsus, who endeavored to invalidate the scripture testimonies concerning the apparitions of our Saviour Christ, by imputing them either to magical impostors, or fanatic frenzy, or by the disciples mistaking their own dreams and fancies." To which Origen replied: "Though this might seem to have been smartly opposed by Celsus, yet are these very apparitions of ghosts, notwithstanding, a sufficient argument of a certain necessary opinion, that souls do subsist after death. Neither did Plato vainly conclude the immortality and permanency of the soul, besides other



things, from those shadow-like phantasms of the dead. For these apparitions of the dead are not more groundless imaginations, but they proceed from souls themselves, really remaining and surviving after death, and subsisting in that which is called the "lucidiform body." On this wise, also, Origen receives the resurrection of Jesus as nothing uncommon in the received beliefs of Jews and Gentiles, and finds no difficulty in the way of doubting Thomas, any more than would a modern Spiritualist, who well understands the exact resemblance which may be presented by the risen soul to the cast-off flesh. So that when Thomas wished to behold the nail-prints and side-wound, &c., it was competent to present such both to his vision and feeling. There is much in modern phenomena fully relevant to this case—of much, too, we are a witness, after many and varied tests. Says Origen, "These things were said by Thomas, not as doubting at all but that the body of a soul departed, condensed, might be seen with the eyes of sense, every way resembling that form which it had before in this life, both in respect of bigness, figure, color and voice, and oftentimes also in the same customary garments." Of course Thomas would prefer actual experience to the testimony of others. "The Jews of his time were generally," says Cudworth, "possessed with this opinion, that souls after death had certain bodies united to them, wherein they might visibly appear."

The demons of the Greeks were the angels of the Jews, as per Philo, Hierocles, Simplicius and others; the terms being used indifferently as synonymous, and setting forth, according to Cudworth, "that these demons or angels are not pure, abstract, incorporeal substances, devoid of vital union with any matter; but that they consist of something incorporeal and something corporeal joined together."

How completely the chain of all past being has its links projected in the present, binding all nature fast to the one supreme principle of being, with manifestations according to mediumistic surroundings. No exclusive word of God—no chosen people—no special scheme of salvation, except to seek and live the highest light, unintercepted by the dark ruins of church and priest, the fossil remains of the old formations, which yet cast their shadows into the living day. Slowly these sink to the ignorance in which they were begotten. Small by degrees they grow, and beautifully less. Rome and Geneva are already in the "slough of despond," affording sweet presage of the day-spring from on high. C. B. P.

## IMPLEMENTS OF HAPPINESS.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

### ARTICLE ONE.

I take it for granted that Happiness is no boon of chance, luck, fortune or divine favoritism, but rather a voluntary achievement, the sole method of which is the **ART OF LIVING**; and since every art becomes available in the use of its peculiar tools, it appears to be in no wise sufficient to acquire a just and rational conception of life's end, without a practical understanding of the kind of implements which are to be employed in its attainment. The most ingenious cabinet-maker would be likely to make very clumsy furniture, if he had only an ax, a saw and a jack-knife to work with. The first printing of little Ben West would have done him more credit, even in the worthy estimation of his mother, had it exhibited no lack of colors and other needed preparations for its execution. So will every man show a reader skill in the *Art of Living*, when he comes to know exactly what implements are adapted to his purpose.

The natural implements of Happiness are so numerous, it would be impossible to name them all within the proposed limits of this dissertation. I can only advert to them in the most general terms; and to do this briefly as well as effectively, I shall reduce them all to four great classes, of which the first in order of usage is—

### BUSINESS.

There is no such thing as absolute rest in Nature. Nothing material is without its use; and use is always identified with some degree of motion, which culminates in enjoyment. Activity is therefore the very essence of life and spring of Happiness. The more we act, the more we live, and to be happy, we have only to act wisely—that is, naturally. Inaction is equivalent to nonentity. "The Castle of Indolence," if not an air-castle, is the worst of all penitentiaries; for the common notions of Ease are absurd. The easiest thing in the world is an immovable rock; and the nearest approach to human ease, if ease is at all akin to rest, is a fool; not that one who is said to be "happy that he knows no more," but one that knows too little to enjoy anything.

Exercise is the very element of consciousness, and when it is natural, it becomes the essence of universal delight. Every sentient being as naturally seeks something to do as to breathe. See how the hens keep scratching from morning to night. Hear the birds sing, hour after hour, and observe how diligent they are otherwise, when building their nests and rearing their young. Look at the kitten cutting alert capers with her tail, and see the vigilance of the old cat intent on making a meal of a mouse. How the dog runs to and fro, leaping and barking to show his willingness to serve his master in any active way that he is capable of. Such is the business of brutes. No form of life is without something of the sort, some way of working for a living; and the higher the grade of development, the more exigent is this demand for self-supporting exercise. Even among insects we find good examples of systematic labor, as in the ant and bee. Why then should a man think of being happy with nothing to do?

In fact, we are born to work, and grow by working. Babies busy themselves with crying, until, as they advance in age, they find better employments for their developing faculties, in learning to play. The girl must have her miniature nursery and kitchen, and the boy his more noisy and athletic sports. Play is the proper business of childhood, though it is very apt to get the name of mischief, for its unwitting interference with older interests; and since children cannot penetrate the mutual disguises of indiscretion, it is only pitiful that quarrel often puts an end to play. What better, forsooth, can he said of manhood? He must be blind indeed who does not see that *PLAY*—the play of all the self-concerning faculties to the end of sustenance, is the only lawful business of mankind; and, more than pitiful, it is shameful that few old heads have yet grown wise enough to look through the filmy veil of error which hides a loving soul; so that half the actual business of men is quarreling, just like children, save that the quarrels of manhood are more malignant, and end with greater wrong. How long ere the world shall discern the simple fact of adult indiscretion,

and learn to treat all human "crimes" as mischiefs of child-born error? But my pen wanders.

Give a boy his natural liberty, with a hoop, a kite, his bat and ball and skates, and see what a business he makes of play! Give a man the same liberty, with a little more reason, and see what a Play he makes of Business! We all talk about "working for a living," as if this were the consummate end, and that only the vexatious means. Nobody realizes that the working is what makes nearly all the value of the living. Yet by reflecting upon our own experience, we learn not only that we enjoy best whatever we have fairly earned, but that the better part of enjoyment is in the very act of earning what we want. The happiest man is one who knows his interest, and pursues it with the greatest diligence and probable success: the most unhappy is one who is out of business. Ungainful effort is better for the time than no employment; and this is why many who know not how to set themselves to work wisely, often act with apparent disregard of their own best interests and the welfare of others. Not schemes of folly alone, but villanies of most atrocious cast, come of this untutored want of Business. In this world of avarice and competition, it requires no little tact to get a living by the vocation of individual choice. This difficulty and the rareness of character adapted to its removal, is the ground of inducement to many to work for others at callings for which they have little taste. Habit, however, renders every situation agreeable which is not immediately painful; and the chief misfortune of the operative is the inability to lose one's place. How disheartening to one of this class of dependents is a sudden discharge from employment, none can understand without some experience of the sort. It is certain that it begets a worriment and confusion of mind which, as the newspapers occasionally remind us, lead their weaker victims to suicide; and why should not the same predicament instigate some harder and more selfish wights to perpetrations of a social bearing? If I am right in this suggestion, one has only to follow the clue of crime it represents, through all its rational windings, to be convinced that all the wickedness in the world is chargeable to the want of worthy Business.

The normal business of mankind—that which every human being wants and must have in order to be happy, is such a method of earning one's own living as Reason may certify to be effective and Conscience may justify as being generally useful. Let none expect to find enjoyment in any wrongful pursuit which may have got the name of Business among men, nor in following ever so lawful a calling in an unnatural manner. The world exhibits great want of discretion both in choice of vocation and in wielding this Implement of Happiness. In seeking employment, one should not ask *how to get rich*—what kind of labor is likely to be lucrative merely; but furthermore, *what will be useful*—what will benefit others as well as pay the laborer. By giving no attention to the natural wants of mankind, and discarding all notions of utility but those which make for self-interest, many have become mere panderers to the perverse appetites and vicious desires of a sham development of habitual error called "second nature," in which service there can be no consciousness of well-doing, if haply there is exemption from that of ill-doing. Then there is flagrant error in the unrelenting toil of many who seek to be usefully employed. Everything in the name of Business is greatly over-done, to the laborer's present disgust, as well as to the ruin of his hope. Moreover, it were wise, by shortening the customary season of toil, to allot more time for improvement by other equally important Implements of Happiness, the natural uses of which will become the consecutive topics of other articles in this projected series.

## INSANITY IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY PROF. PATTON SPENCE, M. D.

The readers of the BANNER have already been informed of a reformatory movement which Mrs. Spence has been impressed to make in behalf of the mentally and morally diseased. Convinced of its importance, and knowing that valuable practical results must grow out of it, we have entered earnestly upon the work.

Our first need is, of course, the co-operation of others. That we can only secure by convincing them, 1st, that the field of labor which we propose to enter, is a vast and an important one; and 2nd, that the methods by which we propose to cultivate that field, promise a larger yield of good results than are at present obtained by the methods now employed.

In these days of the mighty power of the press, every public enterprise looks to it for help. Without that help, even the best and the wisest plans for the accomplishment of any important result may fail, or, at least, be very slow in attaining the end that is aimed at. The surest and most effectual way, therefore, of reaching the public and securing their co-operation in behalf of the mentally and morally diseased, is to address them through the press.

As the movement in which we are engaged is reformatory, and as it is of a spiritual origin; and as, moreover, the proposed reform enters into the mental and moral departments, in which all lasting reforms must ultimately, and in which the spiritual press has already contributed so largely to the working out of vast and important reforms, we know of no more appropriate channels through which to explain and advocate the proposed enterprise, than the spiritual papers. We are assured that they will be open to us for that purpose.

1st, then, is the field of labor which we propose to enter, a vast and an important one?

In answering this question, I shall simply lay before the reader the facts by which he may judge for himself. I will begin with the statistics of insanity in Massachusetts, as they are probably more complete and reliable than those of any other State, and will therefore furnish us with a more correct basis from which to calculate the statistics of the whole United States, in the absence of official reports.

The following statistics of insanity in Massachusetts are taken from the July number of the American Journal of Insanity for the year 1861. The Journal gives as its authority, a "Memorial of the Boston Sanitary Association." The statistics are for the year 1861.

Number of Insane in Asylums, not in	1,360
Total in and out of	1,271
Fresh cases annually taken to Asylums, not	700
Total number of fresh cases, Annual expense of those in Asylums, not in	1,300
Annual expense of those in Asylums, not in	\$245,257
Total annual expense, not in	\$272,100

I have given six hundred as the number of fresh cases annually occurring, which are not sent to Asylums. I have no authority for the number; it is simply an estimate based upon the statistics which precede it. It will be readily understood.

The Journal already referred to gives the number of insane in Asylums in the United States in the year 1860, as eight thousand five hundred. It is probably nine thousand at present. As compared with Massachusetts, the number of Asylums in most of the other States is very limited; and therefore the total number of insane in all the Asylums of the United States, gives us no correct idea of the actual number of insane in the United States, both in and out of Asylums; and as there is no authentic source from which that number can be obtained, (except the United States census of 1860, which has not yet been published,) I will endeavor to come as near to it as possible, by the following calculation.

The population of the United States now, is about twenty-five times that of Massachusetts in 1861. Therefore, all other things being proportionally the same, the number of insane in the United States, and the number of fresh cases annually occurring in the United States in 1861, are about twenty-five times those of Massachusetts in 1861. In the same way the total expense of supporting the insane of the United States may be calculated upon the basis of that of Massachusetts in 1861. Such a calculation will give the following as the statistics of insanity in the United States for the year 1861.

Number in and out of Asylums, not in	65,775
Fresh cases annually occurring, Annual expense of insane, not in	32,500
Annual expense of insane, not in	\$7,210,896

It is probable, however, that there are more insane in Massachusetts, in proportion to its population, than there are in the rest of the United States, in proportion to its population. This arises from the fact that the causes of insanity, such as political, commercial, religious, literary and other excitements, are more numerous and more intense in Massachusetts than in most of the other States.

We will make a liberal allowance for this source of error in the above statistics, and will, therefore, reduce them 25 per cent. They will then be as follows:

Number in and out of Asylums, not in	50,000
Fresh cases annually occurring, Annual expense of insane, not in	25,000
Annual expense of insane, not in	\$5,400,000

The above statistics embrace only the number of persons laboring under those forms of mental disease which are included by the medical profession under the term "insanity." It is a fact not generally known, perhaps, that the medical profession, (I speak of those who have made insanity a specialty of study and practice) with but few exceptions, deny that there is such a thing as "moral insanity," or moral disease; the large majority of them contending that there is no insanity unless there is an "intellectual aberration." The courts of justice are still more unanimous on this subject; so that, in the eye of the law, there is no such thing as "moral insanity," or moral disease, uncomplicated with "intellectual aberration." The judges, in both criminal and civil cases, hold a person to be sane so long as his intellect is unimpaired. Upon this subject, Dr. Thomas Mayo, an English writer of considerable celebrity, uses the following language: "I have seen no reason to question the importance of this rule, which certainly tends to maintain the boundaries of vice and madness, so that a murderer should not escape justice on this kind of a plea, (moral insanity) unless he had, superadded to the phenomena of moral, those of intellectual disorder. This appears to be the prevalent doctrine with the judges."

This "prevalent doctrine with the judges," amounts to this, that mental disease is madness, which is not responsible for its acts; but that moral disease is sin, vice, depravity, which is responsible for its acts. It is easy to perceive that the doctors and the judges have got their moral philosophy from the theologians. The theologians have, all along, sent the morally diseased to hell; and the doctors and judges send them as near there as the limits of their jurisdiction extend; that is, to the gallows, the prison, the penitentiary, and the work-house. The cry which is raised against "moral insanity," is, that it is dangerous to break down the old established "boundaries between vice and madness." It is but the old stereotyped wail and lamentation of the theologians, whenever science and philanthropy have interfered with its time-honored "boundaries." But the system of moral philosophy, which had its origin in the infancy of the race, must give way to a true moral science, just as the Genesis of Moses has given way to the geology of to-day.

Probably the number of morally diseased in the United States is as great, if not greater, than the number of "insane," or mentally diseased; and the number of fresh cases of the morally diseased is equal, if not greater, than the number of fresh cases of "insane," or mentally diseased. If this is correct, then the estimated statistics of the mentally and morally diseased of the United States, for 1861, would be as follows:

Number of mentally diseased, not morally	50,000
Total mentally and morally diseased, Fresh cases annually of mentally diseased, not morally	100,000
Fresh cases annually of mentally diseased, not morally	25,000

Total of fresh cases annually, 75,000. Surely, then, it will be admitted that the field of labor in which we are about to enter, is a vast and an important one; and it is obvious that much the larger portion of it is destitute of laborers of any kind whatever. The thousands of mentally and morally diseased, who are now dead to themselves and lost to society, have claims upon society to restore them to the full possession of all their faculties, and to the healthful enjoyment of all the relations of man to man.

I shall reserve for another article the second point which I proposed considering, namely: that the methods by which we propose to cultivate this field, promise a larger yield of good results than are at present obtained by the methods now employed.

Dr. Cotton Mather was remarkable for the sweetness of his temper. He took some interest in the political concerns of his country, and on this account, as well as because he faithfully reproved iniquity, he had many enemies; and many abusive letters were sent him, all of which he tied up in a packet, and wrote upon the cover, "Libels!—Father, forgive them."

"Sir," said a lady to a would-be wag, "your jokes always put me in mind of a ball." "Of a ball, madam! Why so, pray?" "Because they never have any point."

## OUR CONSTELLATION.

BY WM. H. MELLE.

The surging whirlwind of chaotic strife  
Hud swept Europe's groaning empires o'er,  
Till the last spark of Freedom's sacred life  
Seemed quenched in swollen floods of human gore;

While agonizing walls of wild despair  
Went up to God from peasant, patriot, sage,  
And desolation reigned in climes most fair,  
Laid waste by tyranny's remorseless rage.

The brightly lordling, swelled by pride of birth,  
Tore from the trembling poor his grand birthright  
Of Liberty; and hatred ruled the earth—  
Hope's sun went down in despotism's night.

Usurpers bowed brave Poland in the dust,  
And from her royal crown forged galling chains;  
And tyrants, drunk with power's insatiate lust,  
Did feed and fatten on her torn remains.

Man, bowed in bondage, turned his longing eyes  
O'er the Atlantic's wildly heaving sea,  
And lo! within the Occidental skies,  
Our Constellation glowed repleantly!

The Genius of Freedom, banished far  
From Oriental lands, did gladly twine  
A wreath of glory round each radiant star,  
Uniting all in union divine.

Hope thrilled the heart of nations, as the light  
Of the new Constellation brightly shone,  
Piercing the darkness of her Stygian night,  
Oppression trembled on her gorgeous throne.

Then shall this beacon light of Freedom pale?  
And shall this Constellation sink again,  
Whose rise enslaved mankind did gladly hail  
As the high advent of fair Freedom's reign?

No! by the hallowed groans of Patriot sires!  
And by our hallowed forefathers' grand  
By sacred Freedom's consecrated fires!  
By all the grandeur of our noble land!

Th' advancing arm of justice shall strike down  
All vestige of oppression; and the slave  
Shall wear upon his brow the radiant crown  
Of Liberty, omnipotent to save.

Then shall our Constellation own its shine  
With brilliancy undimmed in Freedom's sky;  
Each star move on in harmony divine,  
And discord, anarchy and treason die.  
Vermont, N. Y., Nov., 1861.

## LIZZIE DOTEN AT LYONHALL.

Sunday Evening, November 17, 1861.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

### JESUS AND BARABBAS.

The lectures commenced the exercises with a unique prayer, purporting to be from the spirit of one of the old Puritan ministers. She said: "From those who make long prayers to be heard of men, good Lord deliver us; from unwomanly women and unmanly men, good Lord deliver us; from dishonorable politicians, who sell their birthright for a mess of cotton, good Lord deliver us; from the power of the almighty dollar, and the cotton that shuts out the teaching of right, good Lord deliver us; from the lower law that stands in the way of the higher, good Lord deliver us; from bigotry, superstition, and the dominion of the dollar, the cotton and the devil, forever and forever, good Lord deliver us. Amen."

She said: Seldom in the history of humanity has there been held up so clear a mirror as the life of Christ, where so many characters so diametrically opposed to each other are brought together. Grouped around the name of Jesus of Nazareth are many names glorious and despicable among men: Peter who denied him, Simon who bore his cross, Judas who betrayed him, Pilate who condemned him, Barabbas the murderer who was released to the people, that Jesus might be crucified. How many there are who have the Peter in their hearts, when the time of emergency comes; how many of you there are prone to deny Spiritualism when it is attacked, or when the wolves are detected in the fold. How often the soul has risen up to become a betrayer and sell its benefactor for less than thirty pieces of silver—how many, like Esau, are ready to sell their birthright of truth and of national honor for a mess of cotton! Peter was warm hearted and impulsive; and who can blame him for his actions? And are there not those who can see the good even in Judas? Every play has its angel and its devil; every picture its brightness and its background. Barabbas, the robber, as the record says, was guilty of sedition and murder, as well as of robbery; and when the people were asked, whom they would have released unto them, Jesus or Barabbas, they chose the latter.

Oh, poor world! How much have you improved since the day of Christ! How often do you not clamor for the release of your Barabbas, and the crucifixion of the Saviour of humanity! You say you would not commit the crime of your fathers; yet no reformer of his time comes among you, but you clamor for his crucifixion, even while grim old errors are allowed to stand in his place.

The reformer cannot build up till he has torn down. Carlyle, it is said, always finds fault, but never suggests amendment. Your own beloved Parker presented a system, and you were prone to accept it, it was so beautiful. Jesus lived many years ahead of his time, and was above the comprehension of the wisest of his contemporaries. Men trembled and feared; and it is hardly a wonder that they crucified the truth-bringer, to keep the old intact. Old creeds are the Barabbas, and new truths are the Christ. The poor people—the masses, accepted him gladly, but the leaders—the conservative souls who rule the flocks of humanity—clamored for the death of the one at whose coming their own power paled and trembled.

Oh, self-interest, is there a greater King than thou? Humanity feels its own baseness, feels its inability to live without a King; humanity has desired a King—and self-interest is that King. Man's selfish nature clung to him in the days of Jesus; but there is a higher question than this involved. Why does God allow these things? No answer is found with mortals, and the angels can only just understand it. Why was Jesus crucified, and Barabbas released? There are some men who serve humanity more in their death, than a thousand lives are worth. Oh, Christian Church, do not think the blood shed on Calvary will cleanse you; but every drop springs up with an abundant harvest of truth. How often have you played the Pilate—condemned the Jesus to die, and gone away from the judgment, lest you should be upbraided for your infidelity to the right! How often have you bowed in prayer, hoping to deceive the ear of Deity with its well-turned sentences,

instead of humbly and truly beseeching the Father; "God have mercy unto me, a sinner."

But aside from the religious nature, how often in the business of life do you crucify the Jesus and let the Barabbas go? Self-interest is the Barabbas—a robber. But let us speak of the Jesus and Barabbas of your political sphere. Do you not hear the doom coming to you from the future just beyond you? "Even as ye have done it unto one of the least of these poor swarthy children, kneeling in the canals and cotton-fields of the South, ye have done it unto me?" How often have you let the Jesus of freedom go bound and burdened to prison, while the Barabbas of Slavery goes free! Ah! "crucify Liberty," you have cried, "and give us Union." The Union as it has been in the past, is a robber, and you feel it now. What is it that is stripping your homes of the young and noble men who are going to fight the enemy on the plains of the South? What makes the noble-hearted mother weep, and the young wife sorrow? What makes your strong men watch and pray, and draws the furrow-lines of care over their brows? Ah, you are sending your young men forth to meet the swords of the enemy, and feed the herbage of the battle-field. Oh, there are more robbers than one, but they are skillful robbers. They have robbed you of your peace, of your noblest spirits, and yet you have comprehended it not. Our own noble Massachusetts has slept long; but she has roused at length, and will wipe out the stain of blood with blood. God bless the old Commonwealth, ready as she is to give her young men, her capital, her all, in the good cause of right, justice and truth, at last. When, years ago, her citizens were outraged in the port of a sister State, she sent down her Judge Hoar to treat with the people of Charleston, and he was sent home; the old Commonwealth pocketed the insult, and waited a little longer still—allowed the Jesus to be crucified, and the Barabbas to escape. When the time came that the Court House was in chains, cannon were planted in your streets, and the military were marched up and down your streets, and your city presented the spectacle of war, that a poor, trembling slave should be returned to his master, then again you crucified your Jesus and let the Barabbas go free.

The Constitution has been a robber, and we will tell you why. You have sacrificed principle to interest—have bowed right to policy; humanity has been secondary to the claims of self-interest; and so you have released Barabbas, and left the Christ to bleed upon the cross. But thank Heaven! your eyes are open, and your ears can be stopped with cotton no longer, and the right will triumph, though the struggle will be hard. The spiritual and real will stand upon the ruins of the material.

We will tell you of an incident. Men of Massachusetts aided in establishing at the beginning of the present century, a chapter of Royal Arch Masons, in the town of Beaufort, South Carolina. In the obligation the brothers assumed, they promised to be good and lawful subjects of the government under which they lived; not to move in any act of sedition against the supreme legislature of the land. But gradually, Southern institutions rose uppermost, and oh, Masons of the South, how have you perjured yourselves!

The question was put them, Whom will you have released unto you, the nation's ruin, or the freedom of the world? And their response was, "Crucify Jesus and release unto us Barabbas." And, Masons of the North, what gift have you just presented to your brothers in Beaufort, South Carolina? Oh, Masonry, thou art not yet perfect, when thy adherents send messages of hot shot and shell unto your erring brothers there! Jesus is not yet your choice!

We have given you a discouraging view of human nature to-night; but we are willing to turn the tables. We do not expect the little children to understand the mighty depths of science. Humanity is a growing tree. The seed was planted long since on earth, and we can now see the stars of truth gleaming brighter and brighter through its branches, in the sky above. A portion of your nation's glory may for a time be torn away, but we know it will be better able to take care of itself forever after; and whatever struggles you may pass through, you may know it is for the best, for He whose judgment is above your will, doeth all things well. Oh, then, poor suffering humanity, even as we see the Jesus of the spiritual crucified, and the vile robber of materiality allowed to go free, we know there is a purpose in it all, and still we say, "Glory to God." Even as Barabbas was a robber, murderer and traitor, he is here to-night, and we grasp his hands in brotherly tenderness. He is one of you. He is human; once had a father, and slept upon a mother's breast. He was subject to all the failings and weaknesses of humanity; and when he came into our midst we did not shrink away from him and hold in our sanctified garments lest he should pollute them.

Oh, humanity, you are all performing your right mission on your own plane; but we who stand upon the battlements of a diviner life, see all things in a different light. Had Barabbas not lived, the picture of Christ would not have stood forth in so glorious a light. Let us be thankful to the Almighty for the shining glories of Jesus's nature; let us be thankful for everything as it is. As we do this, we will be blessed, for we have done justice to both the Jesus and the Barabbas of humanity.

### What a Family?

England has as much on her hands, we know, as she can attend to, and doth business but indifferently at that. She has been adding to her colonies, and of course, to her population, since the time "whereof no man's memory runneth to the contrary." At this day, the entire population of the British Empire amounts to 275,000,000. Of these the number in the British Islands is 29,260,000; the North American Colonies, 3,735,000; the Australian group, 1,275,000; West Indian, 1,000,000; while the aggregate number of British subjects in Caylon, Mauritius, Hong Kong, and the African and European possessions, amount to 3,200,000. In British India the number is 135,000,000. Just look at that, now. What an enormous family! They are peaceful, probably because they are kept so far apart. But it must require a great many and diverse faculties to govern so vast a population, and do it even decently. So much of her attention does it engross, that it is now impossible for her to go on with her labor of colonizing further, and she therefore gives herself up to the troublesome care of what she has still, say what we may of her management, it is undeniable that old Mother England, stimulated by selfishness and ambition alone, has been the schoolmaster for many a nation that is to make "itself great and happy in the far off future of the World's history. And so may our system of slavery prove, in the end, to be the guardianship of Africa's liberty.



LIZZIE DOTE AT LYCEUM HALL,  
BOSTON.

Sunday Afternoon, Nov. 24, 1861.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

## THE ANGEL GABRIEL.

This was the subject announced for Miss Dote's lecture this afternoon.

"I am Gabriel that stand in the presence of God, and am sent to speak unto thee, to show thee these glad tidings," were the words chosen for her text.

Man is but an infinitesimal speck, a single globe in the great ocean of God's being. Man cannot escape from his surroundings. There is not one sensation, or one experience but all are affected by it. So is it with each individual in humanity. Each takes unto himself the experience of the mighty whole. Not one among you but has his or her ministering spirit, according to and harmonious with the atmosphere of your own souls—the degree of development of your own minds; and as man is a microcosm—a small world in himself, so is he also a macrocosm, a great illimitable world, of which he is the apparent center.

When men have set themselves apart from the world, become monks and hermits, they have had a clearer perception of the communion of spirits, because withdrawn from contact with mortality. Men can so educate themselves that they may live in constant communion with spirits. Man's body is but a great stream through which spirits are constantly passing; immediately; but sometimes they appear immediately, as they did to Daniel, to Mary the Virgin, and to Zachariah. The Angel Gabriel is as near to every one here, as he was to Daniel in the temple; as near to every woman here as he was to the Virgin Mother, when he stooped to hear the annunciation of the birth of the Messiah.

Many spirits are as far from perfection as they were on earth. Some are as willing to mislead, and as anxious to make proselytes as they were on earth. Many of you have doubtless felt a desire to move in a different rank from that in which you do move; but you find yourselves unable to do so. You must change your nature, first, and as you do, your old friends will fall off, and you will naturally gravitate to your proper sphere. So it is with the denizens of the spirit-world; if you change your condition physically and morally, your spiritual associations will change—they will get starved out, as it were.

Did you ever experience an unlucky day, when you could do nothing well? It seemed as though evil influences were around you to pervert all you say or do. And it is true. Let a man's stomach be full of bile, and his brain overtasked, or if you make the temple of your body vile and unchaste, you will be taken advantage of by such spirits, until, on the power of your own roused individuality, you can say, with Christ, "Get thee behind me, Satan." If you are licentious, or a glutton, you are beset by those ever willing to drag you down into hell.

The angels are the teachers of the spirits, and they come from the Infinite down to the midst of man, and appeal to his external, without waiting for the divine influx to work into their souls. Such was the Angel Gabriel. He was no myth, but an intermediate messenger-bearer from God to man. When Daniel had been prepared by the fiery furnace test of pain, he was allowed to receive wisdom from the Angel Gabriel.

Some have believed the spirit-world was inhabited only by the departed denizens of earth; but children of this poor earth, remember that whole armies of planets were wrecked upon the eternal shores, and the caskeys of souls were gathered in the Almighty's hand, before this earth swung into its orbit.

Who is the Angel Gabriel? You may ask us if we have seen this glorified being, or heard the chime of his harp-strings. We have met those worthy of the name, and the mission of the Gabriel of old.

There are heights of glory and depths of degradation. You do well, sometimes, to think of a personal God and a personal Devil. But in the heart even of the incarnate fiend, you find a faint glimmering spark of the Deity; and after you have trodden all the intermediate spaces between the depth of degradation and the height of glory, you will yet strike hands with him, in his purity and redemption, and claim his fellowship!

Even now, some ears can detect the musical swinging of the gates of the temple, to let out the Gabriel who shall come now to testify to mankind what is true. Another kingdom is to be established, another reign of righteousness commenced; and even now the Angel Gabriel comes burdened with the messages from the Eternal. There is a rushing to and fro, and great speculation concerning what is to be. Many are set to learn their lessons over again; and the spirits are gathering around him, to be examined as to their qualifications.

There is to be a great and glorious change in the midst of humanity. He comes to bring glad tidings concerning the incoming of the Spiritual Kingdom; and even as God and his angels seem to be deserting the temples of the old, it is a good sign of the true Spiritualism that is coming to awaken up the world, and bring all men nearer up to the homes of the angels. The Angel Gabriel has thrown his mantle from the Spiritual home, and you can hear it fluttering downward to the earth. His coming will not be in the external, but even the spirit must become flesh. Even now one is rising up in his giant strength to meet the exigencies of the hour. He may not call himself Gabriel, but will show his credentials, which authorize him to go out to preach the truth to mankind. He is not far off. Oh, even now we hear the sound of martial music, and a light is shining forth into space. Oh, Gabriel, give us patience to wait for the coming of the golden hour, and strength to meet the eternal morning. We are awaiting with the Prince of the Power of darkness. Oh, Michael, hasten with thy strength of serried columns, to the rescue of the weak and weary ones who long have waited for the boon of liberty. Oh, Lord of Sabbath, make haste to shed thy light upon the earth. Oh, God, hearken unto the cry of thy children. Let thy will be done upon earth as it is in Heaven above.

We all are Gabriels. The Lord is our spirit and helper, and we stand in your midst to speak glad tidings forever.

Miss Dote's evening Discourse, on Abandoned Women, was a powerful production, and we will give room to it next week.

## Lyceum Hall.

Miss Lizzie Dote is announced to occupy the desk at Lyceum Hall, next Sunday. The Hall is now thoroughly finished and renewed, and rivals in taste and neatness, any other place of the kind in Boston.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1861.

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LUTHER COLBY, . . . . . EDITOR.

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ISAAC B. RICH,

Publisher for the Proprietors.

## THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

On no banner but that which the armies of freedom bear in their van, whether they go forth to do battle for the country or for man, for State or religion, for political or spiritual freedom, does the pure light of Heaven fall in smiles of promise and benison. They who lift a banner that expresses treason, be it against State or Humanity, are certain to fall before the onward march of the hosts that advance in the name of rational liberty and spiritual progress.

Few banners, the world over—if, indeed, any—are as beautiful as our own—the endeared colors of our own America. It seemed an inspiration in the brains of the men who caught its colors and symbols from the skies, and displayed them, fresh in their eloquent significance, to the admiring world, all its emblems are skyward: the stars, the stripes of ruddy light, the blue field in which the stars are set, and even the noble bird that surmounts its staff, the bird of that Jove who sits on giant Olympus and thunders his decrees alike to gods and men.

Other nations have been content to represent their character and aspirations with pictures of saints and flowers, of dragons and bees; and they have floated their flags with unconscionable pride around the world, trusting in no higher strength than their own, desirous of asserting nothing better than their own superiority and demonstrating by force the inferiority of the rest of mankind. We have the meteor flag, with all its potent associations of a rich historic past; we have the two-headed eagle, that expresses—what was it ever, but duplicity? and we have the gay colors of *la belle France*, with dancing rhymes in the beholder's heart about lilies of white and bees of gold—but not one of them all equals, or can equal, in both beauty and grandeur, the superbly graceful flag of "our own dear native land," that hides in its radiant folds the most precious promises of a long-suffering world, that flings out on the breezes of heaven a gentle benison for all the weary sons of earth, and borrows the livery of Heaven only that the world may see and know of what a lofty destiny it was born the lawful laborer.

But should this banner be unworthily borne—should they to whose hands it is entrusted suffer it to trail in the dust—should any of us be forgetful of its origin, of its promises, or its blessings—then we be to us as a nation forevermore! For ours is a new flag in the winds of heaven, telling of the new Age that has truly come. The world has had nothing like it, in the past, on which to feast its eyes. All that the olden standards have aimed to express, or represent, has been merely the power of the governments—not of the people—in whose proud names they were borne; in one case, a determination to extort wealth from a weak but unwilling people; in another, to thunder at the gates of opposing monarchs, and take vengeance for his encroachments and wrongs in the past; but all the while in the interest of brute power, speaking chiefly, or only, for strong governments that had built themselves up on an unresisting and an almost uncomplaining people, and daring and defying all other powers of the earth to assail them, with cause or without.

It may be—it must be, that such an unworthy use for national symbols and emblems has finally come to an end; to the beginning of the end at least. Let us earnestly hope it may be so, and labor with all our hearts to make it so. It should be so, at any rate. The Banner of Light, on whose folds of red, white, and azure, are written the lineaments of heaven's own promises to man—so pure and clear in its expansion—so suggestive, as it waves with majestic grace in the air, of noble aims for a whole people, of lofty inspirations, of generous endeavor, and of legacies such as were never before bequeathed by one generation to another—this glorious banner cannot surely fade, either in star or stripe, so long as the blue cope of the heavens bends over the head of man. As the single star led the wise men of the East to the manger at Bethlehem, where lay the Saviour and hope of the world—so does our own superb standard bring the people of all countries and lands under the shadow of its protecting folds, and assure them that they may be ransomed indeed, if they will but endeavor to ransom themselves. This same noble banner opens wide the gates for all nations and all tongues to walk in. It pledges the various peoples of the world to a re-union around one common board, at which all may feast off of sympathy and love.

If our flag means anything, at this day of our history and the world's progress, it means everything. It is not mere bunting—it is no mere rag, for the sake of show and vanity—a bauble to tickle the fancies of beholders; but as it was born of inspiration itself, so the heavenly powers that impressed the conception, gave it likewise a meaning above all other conceptions, and, to-day, it stands for Liberty to the people everywhere who choose to be free.

Long may the old flag wave triumphant! We have no fears of its being soiled, or struck down, or trampled under foot of traitors. Can serpents and scorpions hiss and strike against the heavens?—or unclean birds rise to the cry of the eagle, who builds among the crags and peaks that sleep in the

skies? It is a noble banner, because it stands for freedom alone. Let us all take care that we do not remain slaves, while yet we make but a mouthing boast of our freedom.

## Not Dead Yet!

Some few of our very genial exchanges and friends—take the Boston Courier for an example—appear to be filled with joy when they feel able to say, judging from superficial appearances only, that Spiritualism is dying out, falling into unpopularity, yielding to the greater pressure of the times. Did such unfriendly commentators understand what this new belief really means, did they possess a largeness of vision capable of comprehending the vast forces that are at work for mankind, through these self-same instrumentalities which they despise—they would lament in terms of disappointment, which no human tongue ever yet framed, their sorrow at the folly of which they have been guilty, and profess their readiness to make what small amends might lie in their power.

The fact is, though it may not be—and we should expect it not to be—patent to the eyes of scoffers and unbelievers, that Spiritualism never was in such power and vigor, never had such a hold on the hearts of the million, never wrought with so potent and steady an influence on the minds of people as at this day. Look through the churches; look into the senate chambers, the halls of legislation, and even the courts. Look anywhere, where men proceed by intellectual and rational methods to advance the condition of the people; it will be plain enough to any person of perception, that the spiritual principle is that which vitalizes and energizes all the movements of the time, and that the angels above are doing, through the instrumentality of man, a constant work which is to be felt through the ages.

Spiritualism dead! It never was more alive in all its history. If there are those here and there who have fallen away from their former faith, it cannot be because of its insufficiency to satisfy them, but because they went in pursuit of ends that had no connection with that faith. It is only in themselves, that they are thus, or thus, and not in the faith which they have hitherto professed. Men change, but not principles. Truth is eternal. We may not be able to comprehend it all, but it is none the less truth, for all that.

## Discretion vs. Cunning.

Let us run out a contrast between these two endowments. Discretion is a most valuable quality for actual service to a person, standing him in good stead at all times and under all circumstances; cunning, however, merely marks the man of little, mean, and unfurnished mind, who trusts nothing to Providence and puts no confidence in his fellows. "Discretion"—in the language of a well-known moralist—"points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them; cunning has only private, selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon; cunning is a sort of short-sightedness, that discovers the minutest objects that are at hand, but is not able to discern objects at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it; cunning, when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain man. Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life; cunning is a kind of instinct, that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense and good understandings; cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the feeblest removes from them. In short, cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom."

Could more be said in a smaller compass? After pondering upon plain and practical distinctions like these, between qualities of character so totally at war one with the other, who could doubt that there was little use, or benefit, in cultivating what is so undesirable both in his own eyes and in the esteem of everybody else? After all, the plain things are worth the most. Candor goes a great way further than cunning. Frankness is a powerful quality in the human character, and mere foxy craft cannot begin to keep up with it, in the long run.

## Beauty in a Home.

It is as needful to consult taste and sentiment in the construction of a home, as it is to take care that the cold and wet are effectually left out, and that comfort is made to abound. A good-looking roofline adds as much expression to the dwelling as the draft does serviceable value to a chimney. Much lies, too, in the characteristic expression of a door, a window, though most people are apt to pass such matters by with no other thought than one of practical convenience. The late Dr. Dwight said, after traveling over New England and making up his conclusions on what he heard and saw: "Uncouth, mean, ragged, dirty houses, constituting the body of any town, will regularly be accompanied by coarse, groveling manners. The dress, the furniture, the equipage, the mode of living, and the manners, will all correspond with the appearance of the buildings, and will universally be, in every such case, of a vulgar and debased nature. On the inhabitants of such a town, it will be difficult, if not impossible, to work a conviction that intelligence is either necessary or useful. Generally, they will regard both learning and science only with contempt. The very fact, that men see good houses built around them, will, more than anything else, awaken in them a sense of superiority in those by whom such houses are inhabited. The sense of beauty is necessarily accompanied by a perception of the superiority which it possesses over deformity."

Few think of the influence of a proper domestic structure upon the hearts of those who daily, or statedly, view it. It may be a standing poem, or a standing eye-sore. It is competent to work public mischief, or to add to the stock of public moral health. Besides, what a new world of love and pure sentiment is opened in the heart of the person who dwells in a structure erected according to the canons of taste; what delights steal silently and unceasingly into his heart, contemplating the harmonious relations of his life and his dwelling; what secret happiness he draws about himself, like a garment quilted with warm comfort, as he regards the daily and nightly action of his home-influence upon his impressive heart! The house is a loud preacher, not less to those without than within. It can neither be silenced nor put aside.

## Dr. H. F. Gardner.

It is with feelings of a peculiar character that we take pen in hand to bespeak for our good friend—and the early and constant friend of Spiritual Progress—Dr. Gardner, that personal attention on the part of Spiritualists which his labors in the cause, his manly and generous traits of character, and his unremitting exertions and sacrifices on behalf of believers and inquirers so richly deserves. Dr. Gardner has been superintending the reconstruction of old Cohasset Hall—now called "Lyceum Hall"—for lectures, dancing, and general amusement, and for spiritual speakers exclusively on Sundays; and his many friends, eager to take advantage of the hint so good an opportunity offers, have conspired, out of genuine gratitude, to make him the recipient of a popular Complimentary Benefit in his own Hall, on the evening of Wednesday, December 4th. We learn that Walker & Davis's famous Quadrille Band is engaged to be in attendance, and all who desire can have their fill of dancing on the spacious floor.

As this has thus been made the occasion for the friends of Dr. Gardner to testify their regard for him in a substantial manner, we should feel that we had left a positive duty unperformed, if we neglected to improve the same occasion to testify, in this public manner and in these columns, the obligations under which believers in Spiritualism in this country, and the cause itself, both rest to the Doctor. He is one of the courageous pioneers: when other hearts faint, his grew strong; when other hands fell down at their sides, his were stayed up all the more steadily by the power of his faith. At the great work of releasing human souls from thralldom, he has been instant both in season and out; and, what has served to give his many years' labors so much more value, he has at all times united practice to theory, and ever labored to have the seed sown spring up and bear fruit. And it has done so, an hundred fold.

All Boston Spiritualists, as well as those of the surrounding towns, and, indeed, all such as may happen to be in town in Wednesday next from a distance, ought certainly to flock to Lyceum Hall early in the evening, each gentleman paying one dollar and carrying two ladies with him, and there join one with another in proffering such a kind, cordial, substantial, and timely testimonial to Dr. Gardner as shall gladden his heart as long as it beats in response to the sentiments of friendship.

The following named gentlemen have consented to act as floor managers: W. Arnold Knight, George A. Bacon, A. Osborne, H. C. Clayton, T. Morton Wells, Horace Hall.

Tickets may be obtained at the Banner of Light office, or at No. 14 Bromfield street; also, of the following named Committees of Arrangements: John Wetherbee, Jr., No. 5 Devonshire street; Wm. D. Crockett, No. 4 Williams court; W. O. Lane, Central House; Luther Colby, National House; H. C. Clayton, corner of Court street and Court square; John T. Gardner, No. 6 Phipps place; A. B. Child, No. 15 Tremont street; George A. Bacon, Post Office; S. S. Russell, No. 93 Broadway, South Boston; George L. Cade, Cambridgeport; Mr. Sargent, Charlestown; W. Arnold Knight, Roxbury.

## Looking Ahead.

We once fell in with a business man, and he was a person of wide experience, too, who said that, whatever might happen to him, he always looked sixty days ahead, rather than sixty days behind. This was sensible, and there was profound philosophy in it. For the habit of looking on the dark side of matters soon begets a despondent feeling in the heart, and disinculcates a man to make any exertion at all. To look forward to better days, however, and to a turn of fortune for better times, is naturally calculated to inspire one with enthusiasm, to stimulate one with the new wine of hope. It makes all imaginable differences, whether a man desponds or hopes. Hence, when a blast of trouble comes, the true way is to turn your back upon it, to refuse to have anything to do with it, to forswear all connection with its threats or promises. Look ahead, and look up! What is gone, is gone; there is no help for the bad luck. Work for better, and the bad will desert you in absolute disgust with your unimpressibility.

## What of a Smile?

Why, very much of it. It expresses a good part of a person's character. If we meet with one that seems as if it were indelibly set on a human face, it is a repulsive feature, rather than the contrary. Nothing so prejudicial to the sincerity of another, as to see on his face, an eternal grin. A smile is not the same thing. A smile, when it is an inspiration—as all unthought of smiles are—comes from the very soul. It is a birth of its own; and radiates a genial influence, to which scarce anything else can be compared. If those who dispense these sweet favors over society could but be conscious of their secret power, blessing hearts everywhere they go, we should see more gifts of this sort scattered generously around, and live to know that both givers and receivers are made happy by the bestowal. What a mystery is folded away in the wrinkles of the face, in the mere play of the facial muscles! Even a glance, a turn of the head, can make one happy or wretched, such is the secret power of unspoken language.

## "The Artist and the Angel."

A friend, writing to us from New York, under date of Nov. 27, alludes to this Poem, which we published in our last issue, in the following laudatory terms:

"The name, *BELLE DUSH*, whether real or fictitious, is hallowed forever. 'The Artist and the Angel' has filled me with delight. I cannot refrain from telling everybody that I have unexpectedly come upon an apparition of wondrous beauty. The last fifty years have not seen anything more lovely and enchanting rise out of the unknown world of thought. Though the BANNER is but the canvas upon which the picture is painted, yet it shares some of the income of worship which goes up to so beautiful a production."

## The Kingdom of Heaven.

The Kingdom of Heaven, or the Golden Age, by E. W. Loveland, is, in many respects, a remarkable book. The author illustrates several chapters of the teachings and miracles of Jesus Christ, in an original manner, giving them a spiritual or philosophical bearing. Subjoined to these are several essays: the Ages of Iron, Silver and Gold, one Family in Heaven and Earth, Spirit Impression, Guardian Spirits, Consulting God, Progression, Selfish Loves and Appetites, Prophecy, etc. The whole work is neatly printed in large type, on stout, durable paper, and for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT office. Price thirty-seven cents.

Confidence is the companion of success.

## A Winter Garden.

In the summer, the whole earth is a garden, and it is delightful to walk anywhere; but in the winter it is different. Then it is desirable to regale the imagination, through the eye, on scenes that offer so much and so free enjoyment in the summer. To this end, almost any one who has a little ground and about as much taste, can perform miracles to the view of common persons. It is comparatively easy, with the aid of firs and pines, and a little laurel and holly, so to transform a patch of winter ground, that the very fairies shall appear to have been at work there. It is delightfully suggestive, at least, to look out upon such a garden scene from the windows in winter, even if one cannot conveniently get out of doors to walk in it. It is not necessary, either, to cram a place with nothing but evergreens in order to effect this result, for that surfeit and overloads the sense of sight and affords no stimulus whatever to the imagination. We have seen this thing done, however, and well done, too. It is within the reach of any one who wills to have it, and has a bit of land to have it on; and he will be surprised, year in and year out, to find what a blessing it will prove to his heart and his home.

## Great Abilities and Small.

When we hear a person uttering complaints because he did not happen to have the intellectual endowments of some other person whose lot and position in life he clearly envies, it causes the thought to rise in our mind, that such person has not yet found out how much he has to be grateful for that he is placed in the world just as he is. For instance, great abilities are coupled with great responsibilities; as a man hath, so is it required of him. And although one may, it is true, plead for more power in order that he may have more influence, and so assume a greater responsibility; his very uneasiness betrays the fact that he would be the wrong person with whom that influence, or responsibility, ought to be trusted. The wishing is one thing, and the having quite another. It must be considered, too, that the man who is commissioned with great abilities to go out into the world for service, is as capable of doing great mischief as great good; and which it shall be does not at all times rest entirely with himself to say. We can do no good, at any rate, by regretting, or fault-finding; let us take our parts in the world just as they are allotted us.

## A Better Spirit.

Whatever we may all of us think of rebellion, and with how stern sever measures we would all see such an unjust rebellion as the present one put down! It cannot but gladden every truly humane spirit to see and feel the change in public sentiment that has been taking place for some time past, in relation to the rebels at home and the rebel prisoners. What we simply mean to say is, that, while there is not the least evidence of any intention to relax in the vigorous prosecution of the war against disloyalty in all its forms, but, rather the contrary, there is much less betrayal of a sort of blood-thirsty malice toward our erring brethren of the Southern States which was so common at the first breaking out of the war, and which all good men, however intense their patriotism might be, deplored from the bottom of their hearts. There is just as much determination to hold out in a good cause, as there ever was, but the signs show that it is not so much vitiated by the passions that generally disfigure even the good aims with which well-meaning persons set out. The improvement in the public feeling is a most welcome one.

## Correction—To "A. J. S."

We thank you, brother, for calling attention to the inaccuracies in an article, "The Spirit Home," in our issue of Oct. 26th. Whether the mistakes were made by the copyist, or were overlooked by the proof reader, we know not, but the true reading is:

"Hence some spirits can move with much greater rapidity than others; two hundred thousand miles in a second is the mean rate of velocity." "Previous to the demonstration that light moved at the rate of one hundred and ninety thousand miles per second, . . . the idea of the possibility of such swift movements would have been discarded as fanciful, so infinitely do they transcend the motions we are accustomed to observe."

## The Spiritual Reasoner.

This work by E. W. Lewis, M. D., of Watkins, N. Y., is a record or journal of spirit-teachings, communications, and conversations, in the years 1851, 1852, and 1853, through N. S. Gardner, medium. These conversations are held between a band of intellectual investigators, and the spirit of John Locke, Lorenzo Dow, Osceola, etc. Many interesting queries were put to the higher intelligences by this little band of inquirers, and the answers are pregnant with thought. The volume is for sale at the Banner of Light office, Boston, at thirty-seven cents a copy.

## Artemus Ward in Boston.

The distinguished showman will exhibit his wax figures before the people of Boston, Friday evening, Dec. 6th, at the Tremont Temple. Artemus Ward is the *nom de guerre* of Mr. Charles F. Brown, the witty editor of Vanity Fair, New York, and having entered the lecturing-field this winter he intends on the above named evening, to make his obeisance to the good people of Boston. See card in another column.

## To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

W. S. K., WATERBURY, N. Y.—You are so entitled; but you must bear in mind the important fact that spirits communicate only by aid of the magnetism of their earth friends. Let your will go out earnestly to the one with whom you wish to come in rapport, and doubtless in good time you will get a response. We have no control over the matter to which you allude.

BRO. WILLIS will please excuse us for the non-appearance of his letter until this late date. It was given to the printer some time ago, which accounts for the error in our note to him, attached, wherein we refer him "to last week's Banner" for Hudson Tuttle's report.

E. B. F., NEW YORK.—Your essay—"The Office of Spiritualism," has been received and placed on file for publication. Thanks, for your words of encouragement.

HONORABLE DRESSER, M. D., NEW YORK.—"Notes Critical and Hermeneutical" (No. 5) received. Filed for publication.

W. S. A., BOSTON.—Yours received. Entered on the docket, and will be reached in due time.

It is said that corn is so sensitive that it is shocked at the appearance of Jack Frost.



## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Three sterling articles may be found under the head of "Original Essays," in the present number of the BANNER, viz: "Ancient Glimpses of the Spirit-Land," "Impliments of Happiness," by George Stearns, Esq.; "Insanity in the United States," by Prof. Payton Spence, M. D.

An interesting story, by Miss Lizzie Doten, will be printed in the BANNER as soon as the one now running through its columns is completed.

The Rising Tide editor says: "How the BANNER could conceive the idea that the Tide was suspended, when they were regularly receiving it, and as regularly forwarding their paper to us, is above our comprehension." To which we reply, we did not see it, for the very good reason that we did not "regularly" receive it, the assertion of our worthy brother to the contrary notwithstanding. However, it's all right now, we hope, and we gladly comply with our brother's request by copying the following from the Tide:

"And now, that the Banner is assured of our continued existence, and that we never have 'suspended' our regular publication, we hope we may acquaint our readers with the fact, that we may both 'go on our way rejoicing,' each doing his appropriate work; he, with his 'Banner,' encouraging and cheering on the hosts who battle for free thought and untrammelled utterance—and we, with our 'Rising Tide,' submerging, demolishing, and washing away the last vestige of a bigoted and intolerant theology, which would dwarf, cripple, and enslave the mind of man, which our God made to be free!"

Our readers in Boston and vicinity, must not forget that Mr. A. H. Davis, of Natick, Mass., is to give a lecture at the Hall, No. 14 Bromfield street, next Sabbath afternoon. The subject will be "Evidences of Man's Future Existence."

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR DECEMBER contains the following table of contents: The Home of Lafayette; A Field Night in the House of Commons; A Legend of the Lake; Ages of Sorrento; A New Counterblast; The Wolves; A Story of To-day; Health in the Hospital; A Story of Thanksgiving Time; Song in a Dream; England and Emancipation; Union and Liberty; How to Rough It; Self Possession vs. Prepossession; Review and Literary Notices. The January number will contain articles from Hawthorne, Agassiz, and Dr. G. B. Winship.

Mrs. E. M. T. Harlow, Clairvoyant Physician, No. 48 Wall street, we cordially recommend to the public as one of the best mediums of her class in the country. She has previously won a high reputation as a test medium, but has given up her business in this capacity to devote herself exclusively to medical practice.

In our last week's number we called the attention of our readers to an advertisement of Dr. F. W. Urann, of No. 10 Harvard street, who formerly was with Dr. J. R. Newton, and expressed our belief that he would accomplish much good. Dr. U. has been among us only about two weeks, and we already begin to have proof of his healing powers. We have several letters before us received from different parts of the State, speaking in high terms of the benefits derived from the Dr.'s treatment. Among them, are several cases of spinal disease, fever sores, blindness, weak eyes, and heart complaint. We also have a letter from W. P. Homer, No. 50 and 52 Federal street, of this city, who for many years has been troubled with heart complaint so bad at times that he was unable to attend to his business. He states that he is entirely cured, and by only one operation. Dr. Urann's terms are such that all can avail themselves of his treatment, and the poor are cordially invited free.

We have seen the "Spiritual Reformer," printed at Hopkinton, Mass. It is a neat little sheet. May its shadow never be less.

As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will illustrate a person's character. Indeed, character consists in little acts, daily life being the quarry from which we build it up, and rough-hewn the habits that form it.

It is generally as true of those who are dogs in soul, as of dogs in form, that they fall to barking because one of their fellows does.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of this city have made arrangements with Dr. H. L. Bowker to deliver a course of lectures in their hall, No. 2 Elm street, commencing on Wednesday evening, Dec. 4th, and continuing on Wednesday evenings of each week. The doctor's public examinations, aside from his lectures, are sufficiently interesting to draw a large audience.

"Your behavior is most singular, sir," said a young lady to a gentleman who had just stolen a kiss. "If that is all," said he, "I will soon make it plural."

"Have you Goldsmith's Greece?" asked a gentleman, on entering a book store. "No, sir; but they have some excellent bear's oil in the next door," replied the counter boy.

REMARK.—In reference to the funeral services, Mr. Francis Jackson left the following characteristic request, which, of course, was complied with to the letter:

"At my decease and burial, I desire that forms and ceremonies may be avoided, and all emblems of mourning and processions to the grave. Such irrational and wasteful customs rest on fashion or superstition; certainly, not on reason or common sense. The dead body is of no more consequence than the old clothes that covered it. Nothing should be wasted on the dead, when there is so much ignorance and suffering among the living."

John Slidell's father was a tallow chandler, and this, probably, is the reason his son is so wicked.—Boston Post.

A NEWSPAPER at PORT ROYAL.—Five numbers of a neat little paper, entitled *The Camp Kettle*, and "published every opportunity by the field and staff of the Roundhead regiment, Col. Leisour, commanding," had been issued at Port Royal, S. C., previous to the sailing of the Atlantic.

If you would be pungent, be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.

SLEEPY DAYS.—The days that try men's souls.

A "TOUCHING" SCENE.—Firing the Parrott gun.

Pretence places Bedrickshire in the same category with Benedict Arnold and Judas Iscariot. If Judas has any descendants living, they should bring an action against Pretence for defamation of their ancestor.—Bath Times.

A young lady who had just finished a late novel, which spoke of Spanish belles as using cigarettes, called at a tobacconist's store lately, and inquired, "Have you any female cigars?"

Good lawyers are often bad legislators; many know perfectly what has been established, and very imperfectly what ought to be.

## WHO SHALL BE MAYOR?

A journal devoted to the discussion of moral and philosophical subjects, and the dissemination of literary, scientific, religious and general intelligence, should be free from any complication with the partisan contests of time-serving and selfish politicians. So far as it is employed in this direction, its influence should temper the passions and restrain the headlong impetuosity of excited multitudes, that they may be able to discern the material relations and moral bearings of every political contest. The journalist of this class occupies a position above the scene of partisan warfare, from which he overlooks the prize-ring, where political jugglers and gladiators play to deceive the public, to amuse themselves, and to secure the objects of a sordid and soulless ambition. But, when the manifold interests of a great people—like the population of the city of New York—are deeply involved, as now, every good citizen must feel a profound interest in the issue of the contest, and we cannot disregard the obligation of the hour. As citizens and public journalists, having a desire to promote the material prosperity of this great community, and also to elevate the standard of public morals, we cannot remain idle, or regard the result with indifference. The duty of upholding law and order, is binding on every citizen; and the obligation to conserve the public interest, by all rational means and methods, rests on the individual with a weight proportioned to his comprehension of the public necessities and his ability to promote the common welfare.

We are now about to decide the question whether Mayor Wood is to remain in office, or be succeeded by a man whose unquestionable ability, high sense of justice, and untarnished moral record render him worthy of so high a trust. In canvassing the respective claims of Fernando Wood and George Oppenheimer to the support of the patrons of this journal and all good citizens, we conduct the controversy on moral grounds, without the slightest reference to political parties and affiliations; at the same time we base our judgment of the unworthiness of the one, on his past official record; and of the perfect fitness of the other, on his clear judgment, superior executive ability, and sterling integrity. The present incumbent certainly makes his nearest approach to the sublime in the cool presumption and hypocrisy of his professions. He claims a disposition to retire from public service, chiefly for two reasons, which he does not attempt to conceal. First, the great city of New York has no power to confer "any new honor" on him by reelecting him to the same office. The second reason for his seeming willingness to resign the Chief Magistracy into other hands, is not disguised—the Mayor has not power enough over legislation and the disbursements of public money, and hence he is unable to carry out his own grand scheme of reforming our Metropolitan society! A passage from his recent speech—addressed to a delegation appointed by the Mozart Convention to inform him of his re-nomination, will sufficiently enlighten the reader, in respect to the reasons why Mr. Wood is ostensibly indifferent about the result of the ensuing election:

"I have, therefore, no desire to remain in the office, especially in its present condition. The Mayor has now no power to do good to the City of New York, or to reform the many abuses which no one better than myself knows to exist here. I think that it makes no difference to the people of New York, under the existing City charter, who is Mayor. One man is about as good as another. The duties of the office at present are merely clerical. The Mayor has no control over the public departments, no control over the disbursements of public money, no control over legislation. Indeed, although ostensibly the head of the City Government, he is, de facto, the tail of the City Government. If the office had the power, dignity and character which it has in the estimation of the public, there is no place that could be more preferable. I think that any ambitious man might build a high monument to his name in the office of Mayor, provided he had the power to enforce the laws, and administer the affairs of the Corporation, in a proper manner. No other position offers greater scope for the exercise of executive talents. I have, however, other reasons why I desire to retire. My private affairs have been very long neglected. I have my children to educate. I feel that I require relaxation and an opportunity to enjoy life as I desire to do, and not to devote so much time to the discharge of public duties, conscious as I am that I could render no good to the public."

We incline to the opinion that the Mayor will have to furnish a moral penance for the evils of his early administration; or he will be required to subject the people to a lethean spell that shall render them oblivious of his antecedents, before they will be disposed to trust him again. Yet the uninformed reader of Mr. Wood's speech would naturally infer that he was an illustrious saint already, and that he has only failed of becoming a municipal saviour of us all, because the city charter fixes narrow and arbitrary limits to his redeeming powers! He appears to sigh for retirement as ardently as a love-sick swain pines for the fair object of his heart's desire. But he is willing to be Mayor once more, if he can be invested with sufficient "power to do good to the city of New York," and to save the Union! He wants relaxation, but the interests of the people are so near his heart, and he has such a paramount desire to "reform many abuses," that he is still willing to neglect his own business, and even suffer his children to grow up in comparative ignorance, if he can be an efficient minister of public beneficence. There is something deeply touching in this unselfish sympathy for the people, and this profound devotion to their interests. We are slightly overwhelmed on this occasion, and we are, moreover, extremely unwilling that this great People should be outdone in acts of civility and generosity, more especially by "the de facto tail of the City Government." It would be ungenerous on the part of the public to demand such sacrifices, or to so much as allow this devotion of a tried public servant to longer postpone the realization of his heart's desire for repose. We trust that our readers will not stand in the way of his retirement, but that each will help him along to the full extent of his private and public influence. Let him have an opportunity to attend to his own business, and to supervise the education of his children. That "high monument to his name" is sufficiently conspicuous already, and we would add nothing to that wooden memorial.

According to Mr. Wood, "it makes no difference to the people of New York, under the existing City Charter, who is Mayor. One man is about as good as another." Of course where there are so many equally well qualified, he can certainly be spared. But after representing the Mayor as a mere ephebe in the conduct of our municipal affairs, he proceeds to say that it would be "a great public calamity" should the opposing candidate "obtain possession of the government of the City." We extract another passage from the speech to the Mozart delegation:

"I, for one, am ready to contribute my feeble power to prevent what I would deem a great public calamity—any purely sectional man, or any purely sectional party, from obtaining possession of the Government of the City of New York. Therefore, for public reasons, against my own private interests, against my own feelings and wishes, and not only of myself but of my family, I have finally concluded, gentlemen, to accept your nomination, and to permit myself to be placed again before the people of New York for their suffrages, hoping and believing that the legislature will give to the office the necessary authority it requires, and that during my next term, if elected, I may be instrumental in aiding the restoration of the Government, and of peace to the troubled councils of the nation."

The Mozart Candidate has been distinguished for his inordinate lust of power, rather than for his disposition to exercise the same with a single view to the accomplishment of righteous ends. It was his abuse of power, especially in the early part of his administration, that rendered legislative interference necessary to save the city from the despotism of himself and his emissaries. Not only did he confederate with the enemies of the public peace, but he set an example of disobedience to the laws, refusing to permit the proper officer to serve a legal process upon him, until he was honored by a visit from General Sanford, at the head of such a military force as made "discretion the better part of valor." After the establishment of the Metropolitan Police Commission, and the consequent limitation of the powers which had been so shamelessly abused, Mr. Wood evinced his hostility to the people and government of the State by recommending secession to the Empire City. Nor did his treasonable designs terminate here. In the month of January last, when the New York Police seized a quantity of arms that were consigned to the State of Georgia, and which were designed to be employed by the Rebels in their unholy crusade against the government of the country, Mayor Wood condemned the act of the authorities, and characterized the transaction as an "outrage." In his letter to Robert Toombs, he said:

"I have no authority over the police. If I had the power, I should summarily punish the authors of this illegal and unjustifiable seizure of private property."

Thus an act of loyalty to the General Government is denounced as a criminal offence, deserving of summary punishment at his hands. And this man—sustained by the classes whose explosive passions are liable to jeopardize the best interests of society—now offers himself to a population of nearly a million of people, as a candidate for the office of Chief Magistrate. It is not without substantial facts and an appearance of justice that a strong suspicion of his loyalty is still widely entertained. An examination of his official record will lead many to conclude that it is to further the designs of a selfish ambition, and with a view to treacherous objects, that he now proposes to serve another term, and earnestly calls for a further dispensation of magisterial prerogatives.

At this crisis there is probably only one man in the vast population of New York, who—aided by her order loving citizens—can prevent the election of the Mozart Candidate, and that man is Mr. George Oppenheimer, who has been nominated alike by the Republicans, the People's Party, the German League and the Tax Payers. Mr. Oppenheimer—by nature and experience—is eminently qualified for the office; and, if elected, will discharge his duties with strict fidelity to his own enlightened sense of justice, and with a wise reference to the interest and honor of the city. He was once before a candidate for the same official position, and was supported by the votes of more than twenty-three thousand citizens. Indeed, he would doubtless have been elected at that time but for the mistaken apprehension of many that Mr. Havemeyer was the only candidate who could terminate the reign of Fernando Wood.

We need make no apology for the addition of another paragraph in this article, since it is possible that some of the New York readers of this journal—who may realize the necessity for a change in the administration of the city government—may not be altogether familiar with the character and claims of the gentleman we recommend to their most favorable consideration.

Among the more distinguished merchants of the Commercial Metropolis, Mr. Oppenheimer holds a prominent position. His industry, economy and integrity enabled him, at an early period, to lay the foundation of the ample fortune which he has since acquired in the legitimate course of business. As the head of a large mercantile establishment he has never been free from the cares of business; yet he has found time for grave studies and public duties. He is the author of an interesting treatise on Political Economy, and his Papers on the Currency have been widely read and influential in moulding the opinions of others. His keen perceptions of character, reliable judgment of men and things, and his practical views on all commercial and financial questions, have contributed to enlarge the sphere of his personal influence, and to sustain an enviable reputation. Though naturally unassuming, and in no ordinary sense an aspirant for either political influence or official authority, he has been called to represent the City in the State Legislature, and for several years has been a leading member of the Chamber of Commerce. Few men in any community are so well fitted for the grave responsibilities of a commanding civil position. If elected, he will be sure to perform the chief executive functions of the City Government with the distinguished ability that results from the possession of superior intelligence, great moderation, and the capacity for decisive action.

S. B. B.

Notice.  
Dr. F. W. URANN, formerly with Dr. J. R. Newton, has returned to this city, and is 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, Liver Complaint, Consumption, Bronchitis, Dropsy, Diabetes, Spinal Difficulties, Female Weakness, Epilepsy, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Fever Sores, &c. 3t 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 Bela Marsh, till January 1st. His engagements for the Winter are not yet complete, nor the route West determined on.

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.

Married.  
In Hopkinton, Mass., evening of Nov. 16, by Rev. Adin Ballou, Dr. Ezra A. SARRIS and Miss FANNIE DAVIS, now both of Allford, Me.

HEALING AND SELF-LABOR MAINTAINING INSTITUTE. The subscriber having a place well calculated for an Institute, with buildings and land suitable for the purpose, within forty miles of the city, where one or more persons who have the means of furnishing the same, to take hold with him to carry out the undertaking. For further information address EDWIN D. RUSS, Boston. 2t Dec. 7.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYONS 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:—Miss Lizzie Doten, Dec. 8; Mrs. Wannie A. Conant, Dec. 15; Miss Lizzie Doten, Dec. 22 and 29.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, Boston.—Spiritual meetings, held every Sunday at 10:15 A. M. Conference meetings at 8 and 7:15 P. M. H. Clark, Chairman. The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening, at 7:15 o'clock. (The proceedings are reported for the Banner.) The subject for next Wednesday evening is—"Can Spirits or Angels foretell Events?"

CHURCH LECTURES.—Sunday meetings are held regularly at Central Hall, afternoon and evening. Speaker engaged:—Emma Houston, in Dec.

MANCHESTER.—Meetings are held in Bassett's new Hall. Speaker engaged:—Mrs. M. S. Townsend for Sunday, Dec. 8. Foxcroft.—Meetings in the Town Hall. Speaker engaged:—Miss Lizzie Doten, Dec. 15.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sunday, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall. Speakers engaged:—Miss Emma Harding, 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 medium, afternoon and evening. The following speakers are engaged:—Miss Belle Scougal, Dec. 8th, 15th, and 22d.

LOCOMASTER, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Locomaster hold regular meetings on Sunday, at the Town Hall. Services commence at 1:15 and 7:15 P. M.

NEWBURYPORT.—Regular meetings are held every Sunday at 1:15 and 7:15 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, between Oak and Great streets. Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 2:15 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—G. B. Stebbins, during January; Belle Scougal, during Feb.; W. K. Ripley for the three last Sundays in March; Miss Emma Harding, two last Sundays in December, and the two last in April; Miss Wannie Davis for May; Mrs. M. M. Macomber for June.

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 30th street, meetings are held every Sunday at 10:15 A. M., 7:15 P. M. Dr. H. Drosser is Chairman of the Association.

At Dotworth's Hall 800 Broadway, Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch will lecture every Sunday, morning and evening.

GREENLAND, ORO.—Speakers who wish to make appointments at Cleveland, are requested to address Mrs. H. F. 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 "Penn. Spiritualism," No. 1201 Chestnut street, below 13th, north side.

ALBANY, N. Y.—Meetings are held every Sunday at Good Templar Hall, at 3 and 7:15 o'clock P. M.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Meetings are held in Moranoite Library Hall every Sunday at 10:15 o'clock A. M. and 7:15 P. M.

## AMUSEMENTS IN BOSTON.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Tremont, between Court & School streets. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra and Reserved seats 50 cents. Performances commence in the evening at 7:15 o'clock, and 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 OPERA HOUSE.—Nearly opposite the Old South Church. Tickets, 25 cents.

BOSTON ATHENAEUM.—Beacon street, near State House. A fine collection 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.

## ARTEMAS WARD.

THIS gentleman having been invited to appear before a Boston audience, his friends have the pleasure to announce that

MR. CHARLES F. BROWNE,

The Original and Only

"ARTEMAS WARD,"

Will Lecture in

TREMONT TEMPLE,

ON FRIDAY EVENING, DEC. 6th.

SUBJECT,

"CHILDREN IN THE WOODS."

Tickets 25 cents; for sale at Redding & Co.'s, 8 State st. A. Williams & Co.'s, 100 Washington st., Loring's Bookstore, 319 Washington st., and at the door.

Lecture to commence at 7:15 o'clock. Doors open at 6:15 o'clock. Dec. 7.

## THE HERALD OF PROGRESS,

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Medical consultation free. Office hours from 10 A. M. to 9 P. M. 3m Nov. 9.

MRS. B. SMITH,

CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.—Residence No. 6 PAVANIA Place, Jersey City, New Jersey—attends to calls from 10 to 12 o'clock A. M., from 1 P. M. to 7 P. M., and from 7 to 10 P. M. every day of the week, Saturdays and Sundays excepted. She will hold circles Tuesday and Friday evenings, for Spiritual manifestations and communications. Admittance 10 cents.

Examination of diseases and prescriptions, \$1. Patient present; if absent, or by lock of hair, \$2. Can see and describe friends, in the trance state. 3m Nov. 9.

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Medicines can be fully packed and sent by Express. Dr. Main's Office hours are from 9 A. M. to 12 M., and from 2 to 5 P. M.

Patients will be attended at their homes when it is desired. Dr. CHARLES MAIN, No. 7 Davis street, Boston, Mass. Nov. 9.

## New Books.

JUST PUBLISHED.

"AMERICA AND HER DESTINY," INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSE, given extemporaneously, at Dedworth's Hall, New York, on Sunday Evening, Aug. 25, 1861, through EMMA HARDING, by THIR SPIRITS. Price, \$3 per hundred, or 5 cents single copy; when sent by mail, one cent additional.

Just published and for sale wholesale and retail at the Banner of Light office, 128 Washington street. If Nov. 2.

## A NEW BOOK.

A extraordinary book has made its appearance, published at Indianapolis, Ind. The following is the title: AN EYE-OPENER;

OR, CATHOLICISM UNMASKED. BY A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

Containing—"Doubts of Infidels," embodying thirty important Questions to the Clergy; also, forty Close Questions to the Doctors of Divinity, by ZEPH; a curious and interesting work, entitled, "In Flux," and much other matter, both amusing and instructive.

This book will cause a greater excitement than anything of the kind ever printed in the English language. When the "Eye-Opener" first appeared, its effects were so unprecedentedly electrical and astounding, that the Clergy, in consultation, prepared buying the copyright and first edition for the purpose of suppressing this extraordinary production. The work was finally submitted to the Rev. Mr. West, for his opinion, who returned for answer, that the Book submitted for his examination, threatened, it was true, the demolition of all creeds, nevertheless, in his opinion, nothing would be gained by its suppression. Said he, let truth and error grapple.

The "Eye-Opener" should be in the hands of all who desire to think for themselves. Price, 40 cents, postpaid. The trade furnished on liberal terms. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 128 Washington st., Boston. If Sept. 14.

Essays on Various Subjects.

INTENDED to elucidate the Causes of the Changes coming upon all the Earth at the present time; and the Nature of the Omnipotence that are so rapidly approaching, &c., by Joshua, Quaker, Franklin, Washington, Paine, &c., through a



## The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. Conway, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their own life to that beyond, and to do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than six feet high. 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.

## MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

**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. 21.**—Invocation: "Hopes." John Francis Whorly, London, Eng.; Frances Rogers, New York City; Edw. W. Locke, Boston; Pauline Ripley, Yarmouth, Me.

**Thursday, Oct. 23.**—Invocation: "Jesus the Saviour of the World." Bill Saunders, a stage driver, Burlington, Vt.; Mary Henrietta Lawhorne, St. Mary's Institute, Mobile; Wm. H. Cook, Boston, Mass.; Charles Sherrin, Harvey, Burdell.

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

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

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

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

**Monday, Nov. 11.**—Invocation: "Forgiveness, Degrade, and Fear." Bill Bowdler, Bromfield, Mass.; Marjaret Leitch, Philadelphia, Pa.; Horace Cameron, Queestown, Pa.

**Tuesday, Nov. 12.**—Invocation: "Violation of Law." "Death and Immortality." George Vail, Charlestown, Mass.; Horace Plaisance, Walpole, N.H.; Alice Kinsing, Fall River, Mass.; Mary Murphy, Grove street, Boston.

**Thursday, Nov. 14.**—Invocation: "Moral Disease." Frank Gorman, actor, Dr. John Thayer, Dedham, Mass.; Amelia Davis, St. Charles, Texas; Hiram Dudley, New York City; Andrew C. 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.; Edmund Jauvin, Portsmouth, N. H.; Frances Cecilia Babbitt, New Haven, Conn.

**Tuesday, Nov. 19.**—Invocation: "The Redemption of Souls from the desire for Stimulants." William H. Coates, C. S. A., Gaston, Greensboro, Ga., Ala.; John Lee, Exton, Indiana; Asylum, George Barnard; Eva S. Walker, Salem, Mass.; "Irene."

**Tuesday, Nov. 26.**—Invocation: "Development of Animals and of Man." Thomas P. Hopewell, Benningville, Ohio; Ham T. Sander, New York City; Mary Jane Lovjoy, Concord, N. H.; Jonathan Ladd.

## Our Circles.

The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 168 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.

Infinite Jehovah, thou hast implanted in our nature that which must forever and forever rise in worship unto thee. Thou hast, oh, our Father and Mother, tuned with thy own fingers of love the lyres of our souls, and forever and forever must the holy chords of harmony vibrate unto thee. Oh, Lord, our spirits would worship thee eternally. That which thou hast sown within us, like the blossoms of the flowers, will forever and forever rise unto thee—and it will be an acceptable offering, we know.

Oh, ye spirits of the mighty Past and living Present, we ask thee to gather around this our beloved subject; oh, give her to feel that strength, physical and spiritual, so necessary in this dark hour of her spiritual existence.

Oh, our Father and our Mother, who are comprehended in thy love and wisdom, would offer our highest gifts unto thee. Yea, we would lay all upon thy altar, feeling that we care for that we thy children have bestowed. Oh, Lord our God, make us ever ready to receive that which thou wilt bestow through the vast future upon thy children, at the hands of thy ministering angels. May they not only come to us from the lower and intermediate spheres of life; but when we ask for the presence of the mighty angels of the past, may they come into harmony and communion with us.

Oh, Lord, we offer thanksgiving unto thee; and we feel to praise thee for thy care for us—and we know that thou wilt accept our praise and thanksgiving, even as thou dost not forget the little blossoms that bloom in the garden of thy great heart. Oct. 14.

## The Philosophy of Magnetism.

For a few moments we will hold ourselves in readiness to answer what questions the friends present may desire to ask of us.

A visitor asked to be informed concerning "The Philosophy of Magnetism."

The philosophy of magnetism is a subject large with interest—too mighty for the few fleeting moments before us. Magnetism is the mother of the Universe. Whether material or spiritual, we say it is the mother of the Universe—or, at all events, such we conceive it to be. It is that ruling power that calls the Universe onward. The electrical force is that which repels you; the magnetic that which attracts—not only in the present, but even in the great eternity of time. Magnetism, again we say, is too mighty for us to compass in the brief space of time allotted us. We would like to speak long upon it, for it demands not only the closest attention, but time and leisure. It is a subject of time and of eternity. What is that that bids you all look into the future? What is it that inspires you with hope? Nothing more nor less than magnetism—your material mother. It is your kind guardian, always protecting, but never compelling. What is that that draws you here at this hour? It is the same law; and you feel the motherly tenderness and filial love drawing you here to answer her demands.

When your mother magnetism departs forever from the physical structure, there is only one power left; that has been properly termed electricity, and by the power of that law, decomposition takes place, and the component atoms are resolved back again into their primary condition. After the mother magnetism has left the body, it adheres to the spirit, and departs with it to the land of souls; and is there again in beautiful use, in bringing souls into communion with other souls.

Magnetism! What a word! How much is embraced in that little word! Oh, it is more than you mortal beings can comprehend—more than human senses can measure, whether mortal or devoid of mortality. Oct. 14.

## Robert Arlington.

Yes, I know where I am; but I suppose I've got a right to examine into things, if I like? It's some time since I had the privilege of a great deal of liberty. My name was Robert Arlington. I suppose you want to know that, don't you? I was born in Castleton, Berkshire County, England. I was between thirty-seven and thirty-eight years of age; had been in America since 1843. I hail from Blackwell's, in New York Harbor. It's October, '61, I suppose? I left there in May, '61. I died there. I was in for forgery, arson and manslaughter—that is, enough, wasn't it? I was sentenced for ten years, and had been in two. I killed myself, and I'd a right to. Hadn't I? I had rather be where I am now than stay there ten years. What's life worth there? I am bad enough off where I am, but I'd been worse off there ten years with nothing to make life endurable. I said when I first went there, that if they found me there ten years, I'd a fool, that's all. I'm out now in borrowed clothes. See here, I

promised to tell the truth, and I will; but if I am insulted, I'll be apt to defend myself. I did, four years ago, and sent somebody snapping onto the other side. We're both here now, and have shaken hands. We've settled it, and it's nobody else's business, is it?

I've got some friends on this side of the water, and some on the other. They don't know I'm here, though they knew what happened to me some years ago. I'm here sooner than is natural; but no matter, so long as we can get coaches to come back in, it's all right, isn't it?

Folks on this planet have got something to learn, and the officers of your criminal institutions, too. When they learn some things, they'll get along better. Instead of trying to drive a man, they'll try the other course, and be kind to him, they'll get along a d—t easier. Do you suppose I'd get cool if one of those cursed officers should rap me over the head with a whip? Either he would die or I would.

Well, but I'd like to send a few words to a man I used to know. I want to send my compliments to Mr. Dorne. They say he knows something about this thing, but I should n't think he did. He knows about this paper, and he'll get my message. I want to tell him he'd better turn around a little, and instead of using so much of that kind of power that propels, he better use that that says "Come along," and he'll do a good deal better. I want to tell him he knows a good deal, but not so much as he will when he comes here. He knows that some folks can come back and talk, but he don't know as much about the thing as he ought to.

I do n't come back here to say I did right, but I'll say I did as near right as I could under the circumstances. If I could n't get along any other way, without cutting a man's throat, I'd do it. I suppose I'm born with combativeness pretty large, and it had to work out. I suppose I'm a good deal better off than if I'd stayed in prison ten years. I do n't approve of taking lives, your own or anybody else's, but I chose the least of two evils, for ten years confinement in that damnable hole was worse than a dozen deaths. Parents had better start their children right, and they'll get right all the way through. I had good parents, but they did n't know everything, more than folks do now-a-days.

See here, sir. I've a brother in Baltimore; his name is Charles. If he do n't object to hearing from me under these circumstances, I should like to ask him to let me talk with him. I shan't leave him any worse than he is; and if I do n't make him better, he'll have talked with me for nothing, that's all.

This is sort of a novel way you have of doing this business, it seems to me. You put the same body to all sorts of uses. The two planes of existence seem to get mixed together, the high and the low, the pretty good, and that which isn't so good. I belonged to the latter. They say the first thing is to make a good start; and I think I've done that, and can come back easier next time.

Now if my folks want to know if I'm sorry for anything I did on earth, tell them, No; for I could not do any other way than as I did. If I'd been started right, I'd have done differently, I suppose. If there are any here that are parents, let them remember what I say about starting children right at first.

Did I tell you I'd like to talk with Dorne? I'd like to tell him some things he did n't think I knew about him. Did I tell you where I'm born? I've got plenty of uncles and aunts there, now. There is Uncle Robert, to begin with—a regular, stiff old Christian. Tell him his nephew has come back from hell with his compliments, will you? Good afternoon, sir. Oct. 14.

## Willie Roberts.

I guess my mother will think I haven't got into good company, 'cause I come next to that man that came from prison; but it do n't make any difference. Folks here do n't look upon folks like him as folks do on earth.

I had the diphtheria—that's why I died. My name was William Roberts, or Willie Roberts, as folks used to call me. I was nine years old. I lived in Sandwich, down on the Cape. I've only just come this once. I've got some brothers older than me, and my sister is younger than me; and I've got a mother, and I've got a father in California. My mother's name is Coriella; my father's name is Isaac. I've got an uncle William I'm named for. I have been around home a good while, trying to get a chance to talk to my folks, but I could n't; then I tried to find a body like my own, and I could n't; then I tried to make noise and sounds, and I could n't do that; and this is the first time I have come at all. They tell you you've got to come here if you want to be heard. They told me I could tell my mother to go to a medium so I could talk, if I wanted to, and my father, too. They say there is a medium, a lady, where he is, I can go to, if I want to. I've tried a good many, but if I go to anybody who do n't know me, it ain't like coming here where you have your letters printed. If I'm a man, I'd come and go just when I wanted to. I would n't wait for anybody. You can do just what you want to, if you only know how; and if I'm older, I'd know how.

Now you need n't be afraid to tell her about me. I won't tell her anything to frighten her, if she'll let me talk to her. She do n't know anything about spirits; but she'll learn, I guess, after I come. I've been dead here, since the spring—since the snow was on the ground. My father is in a place called Mokelumne Hill, in California. He's been there four or five years. He was mining in the first place, and then speculating. He had a rancho of hogs. Well, he had; you need n't laugh. He did, and used to make a good deal, sometimes, and I'd give most anything if I could go out there and see him. I've tried, but I never could see anything till I came here, and now I can—I mean, see good, clear. I should think you'd a schoolmaster, you're so particular. I was n't cross-eyed. I can't talk as well as I'd like. I'll tell you one thing I did lose, the first joint on the fore-finger of my right hand. I chopped it off with a hatchet, when I was a little bit of a fellow. I remember all about it. I'll tell you another thing, too; when I was a little I had the rickets—need n't laugh; I did. That's when your joints are loose. I would n't tell you, only you asked about my being cross-eyed. I did n't have it when I died—only when I was very little.

Can you go when you want to? Do you sit right up and go? I feel funny with these kind of clothes—so many. Must I tell my mother who to go to? I do n't know of anybody. If she goes, and calls for me, anywhere, I'll know it, shan't I? That's what they told me. Oct. 14.

## Hannah Pillsbury.

I want to speak with my children. I have three—two daughters and a son. I have been a spirit since 1850. I died of consumption; was sick thirteen months. My native place was Chelsea, Vermont. I died in Manchester, New Hampshire. I moved there, to give my children an opportunity of earning their living in the mills. When their father died, I found, after paying his debts, that there was very little left for his family, so I tried to have my children get something to do. The change had a bad effect upon me. After the first two months I began to fail, and I laid continually, until I died. I think I might have lived some years longer, if I had n't moved. I was happy and contented while he lived; but we cannot tell what is best for us to do. Some times we wish to know the future; but if the future were to be made plain to us, I fear some of us would be more unhappy than I am, and I do n't know. "Oh," I used to say, "if I could only see into the future, I would be content." But I thank God, now, that he veiled the future from me, for I should have suffered much more than I did, as it was.

My children are young, and still need a mother's counsel and a mother's love; and though life's highway is in a great measure before them, they have seen much suffering; much to pain them; and if I could be an instrument in the hands of God to soothe and strengthen them here, and make them feel a

mother's care, I should indeed be happy. Ever since I knew I could return, I have been very anxious to come to them; but what means have been presented to me, I could not accept until today. I have now made my first trial, and hope it may be successful. If it is in the will of the Father, I feel I shall succeed; if it's not, I hope I may be able to say, "Thy will be done."

I suppose my children have heard something of this new philosophy, and I desire that they should seek to find an instrument through whom I can manifest personally to them, and tell them what it is not in my power to give to-day.

I am not able to control this subject or medium long. I feel, too, something of the weakness that belonged to me when I was last on earth. I know not why it is, but sometimes I feel as though carried back to the hour of my death, thirteen years ago.

If a mother's prayers will accomplish anything—and I feel they will—I do believe my children will come to the Spiritual world with more light than I had. I do feel I shall be allowed to guide and counsel them, and that they will be assured of my presence. Oh, I have prayed God to grant to me this boon, and I feel that he will. It is only a question of time.

My name was Hannah Pillsbury. Oh, Lord, hear thou my prayers, and grant me an answer! Oh, Lord, may it not be long before I may know a way by which I can come to my children and give them knowledge of that which may be of use to them!

My son's name is John; my daughter's are Susan and Adelaide. I believe they are all still in Manchester. Farewell. Oct. 14.

## Eliza Bickner.

The following was written to a lady present:

DEAR SISTER—When I see you here, I can always find a something within me that bids me thank God that I was called from earth as I was, for had I lived longer, I might not have been of so much service to those I have left on earth.

All are happy, and all send love from the spirit's home. From ELIZA BICKNER. Oct. 14.

## Invocation.

Thou mighty Spirit of all things, by the throbbings of whose great heart all nature lives, moves and has its being; by the fullness of whose love the music-strings of the soul are made to vibrate in unison and harmony, our Father and our Mother, again we present the song of thanksgiving and praise unto thee; again we draw nigh unto thee in obedience to thy invitation. Thou hast taught us to demand all that is necessary to our unfoldment. Oh, our Father, we demand the high and holy things that thou hast placed in our way for our good and our advancement. Oh, our Father, we demand to know all of the past, the present and the future, that it is for our happiness and thy purpose that we should receive. As thou hast taught us to demand what we require, thou hast also taught us to receive what we demand. And unto the divine Spirit of creation, in the future as in the past, we will render endless praise. Oct. 16.

## Ante-natal Existence.

We have been requested to consider a subject at this hour which has not only absorbed the minds of men in the past, but is calling into action thousands of minds in the present. We propose to speak very briefly upon the subject, as we have but a limited amount of time. The subject in question is this:

"Did the human soul or the spirit of man have an existence prior to its birth in human form?—and, if so, in what form did it exist?"

We believe that all which is before us in Nature, spiritual or material, not only had an existence forever, but ever will have. We believe the human soul is not alone immortal, but all that ever lived must live eternally. The human soul or spirit of man, is what we conceive to be a divine image or spark of the Creator, and with him, eternal—with him, never having had a beginning, it will never end. We will ask our questioner if he can conceive of a time when God was not, or a place where he is not? If he can conceive of a time when God had no existence, then he may conceive of a time when the human soul had no existence. The spirit of man we believe has always existed, only in a different form. The interior life—all there is, in reality, of the human being, always has existed from the most remote period of time. The life of the smallest particle before us has had an existence forever. If this be the case, why is it not eternally so with the human soul, the greatest and best of God's unfoldments?

But it is impossible to demonstrate fully to our questioner the specific form in which the soul exists prior to taking on the human form. We may say it existed everywhere. We may say there is nothing marked with life in the broad Universe anywhere, that has not a portion of the human soul in it; for the human soul is a part of God, and all life is from the same God. To believe that there ever was a beginning of the human soul—to believe there was a time when it was called into existence, would be to believe that the human soul was not immortal; for what has a beginning must have an ending. So we are compelled to believe that the soul ever has lived, and ever will live; but the precise form it occupies previous to its embodiment in the human form, we do not undertake to determine, or even to understand. We cannot explain the form in which it lives before its earthly embodiment, but the science of spirit proclaims that it ever has lived and ever will live. Oct. 16.

## Daniel Dougherty.

Faith, then, I'd like to know who I was before I was myself! That's all I could think of while the gentleman was talking. Faith, I know who I was before I went away from my body, but who I was before I was myself at all, I do n't know. I do n't know about these things, but it's because I want to come back that I'm here. I ain't American—I'm Irish; but I suppose I'm all the same for that. I'd like to know, in the first place, how to go somewhere else than here. I'd like to talk to my wife and my children. They are young. She is in Lowell, I suppose. I died there myself, and I suppose she's there now. I have three children. I've one brother and sister here, and one in the old country. I heard something about the dead coming back before I went away, but I thought I was too bad to come back.

How will my wife get my letter? Do you print it in a paper? Just what I told you? I did n't know that, at all. I was told to come here, but was n't told you printed what we said. What's the name of the paper you print it in? What's its religion? I do n't know as my wife will read it, if it's a Protestant paper. Not Protestant? Is it infidel, then? Oh, I understand; it's a paper, neither Catholic nor Protestant, nor infidel, to read the news in. Well, how will my wife know I went here to talk? Will you send it to her?

Well, then, tell her I'd like for her to go to a medium, so I can talk, and tell her I'm here myself, neither in heaven, hell, nor purgatory. I can't tell sure, where I am. It's not dark—light enough. I have all that is necessary to make myself comfortable; but then I ain't hardly satisfied where I am, and I do n't find anybody that is. Faith, I do n't know as there is any punishment after we die; but where we go to I can't tell at all.

My name was Daniel Dougherty. I was turning my fortieth year. I want of much account. I tried to do right, and do as well as I could; but, after all, I want of much account. There's a good many better than I am, and some not so good. It's a long time to be here eight months; I seem to have been here eighty years, and I haint come back till now.

The most I want is to talk with my wife; also with my children. There are a good many things that want to be explained, and she'll know what they are, as well as I do. But I do n't want to tell all here, and some things not at all. I suppose I have a right to keep something to myself, haint I? I do n't know but you'll think that I died in a low place,

but I did n't. I died in the "Acres," on Lowell street. I once lived on Suffolk street. It's not for me to say I'm a good or bad—I'm bad enough, at any rate; but I believe you're no confessor, and so I'll not confess to you at all.

Will you send to my wife? Her name is Margaret. Did I suffer much getting out of this? I was a tailor—worked for Mr. Baxter, before the old man took his departure. There's an old man and a young one, and the young one carries on the business. I worked for Mr. Burbank, too; and in Boston for Mr. Armstrong—did a few jobs for him. Tell you what, the trade is dull here. Nobody wants a coat or pants made here, and tailoring is not worth much. Well, good-by to you, sir. Oct. 16.

## Josephine Lyman.

Oh dear, I wish I had n't come, you've got so many folks here. I want to write a letter to my mother. I do n't want you to see what I write. Oh, dear, how does everybody that comes? Does everybody talk?

My mother lives in K street, Sacramento City, California. My name is Josephine Lyman; mother's name is Josephine, too. I want her to go to a medium for me. My father's name is Richard. I'm eight years old. I died of inflammation of the brain, two years ago. He kept a hardware store—old kitchen and family goods. I never was well after I left home. I'm sick on the way. My home was in Patterson, N. J.; we used to live here in Boston, too. My father went out there, and then he came back after me and mother, and I'm sick all the time. I want to talk to my mother. My little brother is with me, too. He was a baby, and don't remember his father nor mother nor me, because he did n't live long enough. He tells me he is twelve years old now. I never see him till after I died, but I heard my mother tell of him a good deal. I want to go to my mother to-morrow. I do n't take me so long to come from there here now, as it did when I went out there first. Are you going to send my letter by the steamer? Why do n't you send it the way I go? She do n't know I can come back here this way. When she does, she'll know me. I'm going to tell her all about it. She ha'n't got any children now. Will you be sure and send that to my mother? Shall I come again? Can I write when I learn to? Well, I want to go, now. Oct. 15.

## Lemuel Goss.

Nothing in the world is so deceivingly perplexing, as to be kept in constant expectation, to judge from your conversation with the little girl, in relation to her letter, that I've got to wait some time yet before I reach my friends. But I do n't know but we ought to expect to wait the harvest before we gather the grain; and it's devilish fatiguing to have to wait so long. Well, I suppose it won't hurt me more than any other, to wait. My folks say I'm dead, now; but I do n't see but I'm as live now as I ever was, though to-day I happen to be dressed up like a lady. I claim to be a gentleman, in appearance, at least. I am just as I was before I left my body; but that can't be seen.

Well, to proceed to business, at once. I was a sporting man by profession. Well, have you any objections? Well, then, I want to use your shop, here—what do you call it?—post office? Well, I suppose that's a good name, seeing so many are waiting for a chance to come in here. Have I a right to talk on business matters, or must I confine myself to general things? Well, suppose I have got private matters, and do n't want them published, what then? Do n't give them, eh? Well, that's good advice. It's no use to give them, unless I'm sure they'll get where they belong. I have a friend in New Orleans. Can I reach him, do you think? I've got to find a way to reach him, for he is n't a Spiritualist. I'm in a deuce of a fix, then. Do n't your paper go there now? Could n't you smuggle it across the lines? I used to be smart at some things; perhaps I can do it. It will require some wisdom, I s'pose, but I'll try it. S'poin't! Give you his name, and as high as can be, his whereabouts. Well, he's known to me by the name of Charley Hammett. He was formerly of Massachusetts—a sport, like myself, of course. He was a printer by trade, but it's some time ago, I guess since he stuck a type.

Well, you want my own name, do you? It was Goss—Lemuel Goss. I hailed from New Hampshire, originally; that is to say, I passed the earlier days of life in my body in New Hampshire, in Exeter. I was thirty-nine years of age when I died, as high as I can reckon. When I was nine years of age I moved to Springfield, and thence to Buffalo, and there lost an uncle. I got into a certain class of company there, and from thence I pointed South. I do n't care to tell you exactly what I want to say to my friend, but I'll trust to luck about meeting him.

There's another person I want to talk to, in St. Louis. Him, did you say? Beg your pardon, sir, she is a lady, in every sense of the word, too. Her name is Charlotte Louisa Canton. I can't tell you where she came from, but I want to communicate with her. Will you send my message to her? Give me your hand on that, and don't you deceive me.

I tell you what it is; you people in the North here are deucedly in the dark, fighting for what you are fighting for. You'll lose more than you gain by it. You never can conquer them; or if you do, not a d—d one of them will ever recognize your authority. You may hold the Southern slaves to you by force, but never will hold them any other way. All they want you to do is to let them alone, and they'll let you alone. You never can conquer them. You've got some pretty stiff necks among you of the North, and so have they of the South, and they'll have to break before they bend.

Well, no matter about that, I only tell you what I think: What's the charge, mister? How will I pay? Shove up some of these duds I've got on, I suppose. I'd do it if I had up.

Well, good day, ladies and gentlemen. Oct. 25.

## THE MEN OF MARBLEHEAD.

## A Fact of April, 1861.

BY R. W. RAYMOND.

It was the middle of the night,  
And deep was slumber's spell;  
The sexton from the steeple's height  
Tolled loud the old church bell;  
And quickly crowded young and old,  
Ere yet the echoes fled,  
To hear the thrilling story told  
They knew before so well.

What ho! ye men of Marblehead,  
Who fought so well of yore!  
Are all the father's virtues dead,  
And will they wake no more?  
The traitor's hand hath dared to stain  
The starry flag ye bore:  
Will ye not spring to draw again  
The sword ye drew before?"

The stalwart men of Marblehead  
Took down their guns and swords,  
The weapons of the patriot dead  
Long gone to be the Lord's;  
They kissed their sweethearts and their wives,  
With few and tender words:  
They went, to huri a thousand lives  
Upon the Southern borders!

'T was midnight when the summons came:  
The morn his chariot sped,  
And lancing with an eye of flame  
Across the ocean bed,  
Saw bright the well-known colors play—  
The blue, and white, and red—  
And steel gleam through the morning gray  
Where grimly trod the Southward way  
The men of Marblehead!

All hail, thou Banner of the Stars!  
Long may thy colors fly!  
Thou leadest our fathers to the wars;  
We will not cast thee by!  
No! let the soil grow crimson red,  
And lurid flash the sky,  
With thy fair folds above us spread,  
Like the brave men of Marblehead,  
We'll conquer, or we'll die!

[New York Independent.]

## Correspondence.

## Settings from the West.

DEAR BANNER—A long time has elapsed since my name found a place in your columns—not once, I believe, since the memorable days of the excitement consequent upon the action of Old Harvard in closing her venerable and classic walls upon my humble self, because, forsooth, there were more things in heaven and earth than she had dreamed of in her philosophy.

Yet my long silence has sprung from no feeling of indifference, I assure you, for through your weekly visits, from the day your folds were first flung to the breeze of free thought, I have kept up an intimate acquaintance with you, and though I have been silent, one who helps me to bear the burden and the heat of the day, has sent you many a token from her ready pen. But the spirit at last moves me to break this long silence and send you a word of friendly greeting, and, through you, to many a kind New England friend, who, perchance, knows not of my whereabouts.

Three years ago this last October, I came to Michigan. Here in this large and flourishing town—now a city—I found a little band of earnest souls, only forty in all, who had found the ways of old theology altogether too dark and devious for them to tread in longer. Famishing for the living manna, which they believed to exist somewhere in fresh and bountiful supply, they resolved to leave the dry husks and seek the Father's house, where there was enough and to spare. They invited me to remain with them six months, to help them along the way. I did so, and at the end of six months we felt that we could not part company yet, and I remained for another year, and that year lengthened into another. And now we have entered upon a fourth in our mutual labor of helping and being helped.

But think not the days have all been sunny and bright. Ah, no! It is not possible for a society of free minds to spring up in a community like this, where sectarianism for long years had ruled with an iron hand, and move on under serene skies mid peaceful elements. Truth comes, not "to send peace on the earth, but a sword." Many were the dark days in the early history of our movement here. Scorn pointed her long finger at us. Hatred hissed her bitter word. Contempt curled her sneering lip. Ridicule rung all the changes of her mocking laugh. Bigotry, that cold, heartless twin sister of Ignorance, that crushes all the kindly feelings of humanity out of the soul that yields itself up to her withering influence, in the name of the religion of the gentle, Crucified One, drew her pharisaical robes closely about her, and passed by on the other side, unwilling even to walk by the entrance to the Hall in which we were then holding our meetings. But more potent by far than all these hostile elements was the influence of the unseen ones, who for a long time had been laboring to prepare the soil here for the reception of seed-grains of higher and nobler, because broader and more humanitarian truths than this community had heretofore known. And when the hours seemed darkest, the assurances of final triumph would come the strongest.

At length we felt that the time had come for us to build a place of meeting of our own. The hall was rather inconvenient of access for old people and invalids, and a very hard place for weak lungs like mine, to fill. A subscription was started, three thousand dollars raised with but little effort, a fine lot of land secured, and a neat, pretty building of brick erected, with a spacious cheerful basement which was designed for social purposes. We finished that off for immediate occupation, and are now holding our stated meetings therein, the main part of the house being still in an unfinished state, the war having diverted all available funds into other channels.

Our little handful has swollen into a large and harmonious society, thanks to the very opposition that at times seemed so hard to bear. If its words meet the eye of any who are situated as we once were, let them take courage and persevere. There is a vital power in the glorious truths of the spiritual philosophy that can withstand any amount of opposition, if its adherents will but prove faithful.

Let me congratulate you upon your rapidly improving sheet, and wish you all reasonable success. Yours truly, FRANK L. H. WILLIS.

Caldwater, Mich. Nov. 3 1861.

[We omit your interesting account of the dedication of the Hall to Spiritualism and Reform, at Kelley's Island, Oct. 26th, having previously received and printed full details, as you will see by reference to last week's BANNER.—Ed.]



who wallow in the slough of crime and infamy every day in the week; and Spiritualists should be careful, lest, like the church, it should fall into no great error. The mission of the angels to this world, if it is to accomplish anything, is to help the down-trodden of the race, they whom the accident of birth has thrown into the lowest stratum of society, and whom the melodious voice and the oratorical flourish of the salaried priest, the voluptuous notes of the paid choir, or the manipulations of the skillful organist, can never reach.

Through the instrumentality of mediums, the highways and byways of life must be sought out, and the helping hand extended to the squalid, the abject, the miserable. They are God's children not less than we. They have souls and spirits like ours, thoughts, aspirations, ambitions that have been crushed, idols that have been ruthlessly broken, and hopes that have been well nigh destroyed. These must be fostered, nurtured, revived, and made to rise once more to a condition of vital power, and that through the laborers in the new and beautiful vineyard of Spiritualism. Institutions may be well in some instances, but their general tendency is rather to sink individual effort, and cause supineness of individual action. We must all be missionaries in the cause, individual workers in the elevation of the race and the dissemination of great and practical ideas.

Especially is this true of the lecturers—men and women. They must go forth endowed with warm hearts, earnestness of desire, holiness of purpose, stability of mind, and harmony of thought. In them and through them the world must see and feel the inspiration of the angels. By their great truths must be expounded, thought originated and hope revived. Some will be the exponents of philosophy; some will treat of the Arts and Sciences; some will be sons of consolation, and go forth with healing power; and some will thunder the new truths of the nineteenth century at the doors of obdurate hearts—but all must be missionaries of love; all must whisper the precious word of life, that speaks of hope, happiness, harmony and joy to come. Then may we expect the advent of a power far eclipsing anything before known in the past or the present. Days of Pentecost will no longer be confined to the primal ages of the world's history, but will be revealed wherever great truths are uttered by earnest and faith-abiding souls, and the voices of the angels may once more be heard singing "peace and good will on earth to man."

The broad banner of light is being unfurled to the minds of thousands of intelligent men and women. Symbolical of that emblem is the BOSTON BANNER OF LIGHT, which is made the medium of our utterances by the laborers in the spiritual vineyard. It is to be hoped that its beams of light may penetrate to the furthest recesses of the earth; that sorrowing ones may gather beneath its folds, and read thereon the words of peace and comfort from friends long since passed to the higher life, and that the breathings of its new philosophy may lead many a one—now a wanderer on the mental sea—to make sure his latitude and longitude, and lay on his course for the better world, under the guide of the purest and best intelligence to which the soul can resign itself. I cannot close my letter, Mr. Editor, without urging upon Spiritualists the great necessity that exists for them to come up to the help and support of the BANNER OF LIGHT. The manner in which your paper has of late been conducted, is all that the most sanguine friends of the cause could ask. As a journal of literature and general intelligence, and, consequently, as a free press, appropriate to the home and families of all, it is unsurpassed. As a philosophical reasoner, an exponent of great truths, and a defender of the best interests of the race, it stands unrivaled, and should receive the united support of all who desire the development of progressive truth.

Faithfully yours, I. B. CHARLES MAIR.

7 Davis street, Boston, Mass., Nov. 1861.

#### LINES

GIVEN BY A CHILD IN SPIRIT-LIFE, TO ITS MOTHER ON EARTH, THROUGH A MEDIUM.

The empty crib, the vacant chair,  
No more my placid limbs shall bear;  
But I hover near you, pure and bright,  
Dressed in a robe of spirit's white.

The coo-ket fair you laid below,  
No more of sorrow e'er can know;  
Back to the mother earth I've given—  
My spirit found its home in heaven.

O, could I tell you, my mother,  
What heavenly glories round me hover,  
You would not wish me back again,  
To suffer death, or writhing pain.

My heavenly Father deemed it best  
That I should out do him on earth,  
But blossom in a fairer clime,  
Where pure celestial cherubs abide.

A mission he prepared for me,  
Another now awaiteth thee;  
With patience bear—the stroke is given  
That you may draw more close to heaven.

Middlebury, Vt., 1861. M. A. W. D.

#### Obituary Notices.

In Newburyport, Nov. 13, 1861, CARRIE E. RICHARDSON, aged 21 years and 4 months, laid by the frail coo-ket that had for ears so feebly bowed her to earth, and passed on to a brighter phase of immortality. For some years before her exit, the blighting hand of disease had thrived her laid heavily upon her, which she bore with that patience and fortitude that had always marked her former life. Though the disease did not often confine her to the house, and only a few days before her last struggles she was visiting some of her friends, yet she noticed and often spoke of the gradual change it was working on her body, and as often expressed a desire to go. She had much to live for—kind, loving parents and a large circle of friends—warm friends to whom she was tenderly attached; yet death to her had been robbed of its terrors. She looked forward to it with pleasure; and often in conversation would refer to it as a change as necessary as birth; and in a letter to her sister, says, "I think of me after death as going on a pleasant journey."

Her hope in the future was bright and peaceful. A smile would often light up her fair features as she spoke of the change she was so soon to pass through. Only a few hours before the spirit had burst from its confinement into new life, an uncle, of the Methodist persuasion, standing by her bedside, advised her to put her trust in Jesus. She turned her bright eyes up to him, and in a clear, calm voice, said, "Uncle, I put my trust in God and a bright immortality." She was, to her last moment—here, strong in the belief that this change would not rob her friends of her presence, and that she would be permitted to watch over them; and in speaking to her sisters of the happy hours they had passed together, in singing or playing at the piano, she expressed them to be the same, and at each time to think of her as with them.

She left letters to her family, some dating back over a year previous to her decease, stating the manner in which she wished to have the funeral services conducted; what ceremony to officiate; how to dispose of her things, and of her belief in the glorious light that she was to enter into, and her confidence, though not always agreeing, yet she always appeared to manifest the same noble, gentle spirit—entering into whatever she spoke of, with her whole soul's earnestness. She

had read and gathered a large share of knowledge, for one of her years; and her ideas, filled with deep thought, would glow with a gentle, glowing light, and she would seem to soar far above her sphere. She was, indeed, a brave, true-hearted girl; not afraid to stand out and face the storms of popular opinion, by giving to the world her honest belief. The funeral services took place on Friday, in the forenoon, (as she had requested) commencing at ten o'clock by the solemn singing of one of her favorite pieces, accompanied by music on the piano. The Rev. Mr. Bruce, the Universalist pastor, officiated. His remarks were very liberal and touching, dwelling long on her past life, remarking, whatever others might think of her religion, it was to her a fact—a consolation in sickness; by it she had lived a life worthy of imitation. His words of consolation to the afflicted family, (they being of the same belief) encouraging them to live up to and defend its great principles. The services closed by playing Carrie's most favorite air, on the piano—"Departed Days." All that was visible of our loved Carrie was then placed in its narrow home in a lovely spot in the cemetery.

ANON.

Died, in Whitinsville, Nov. 12, 1861, LYDIA L., wife of CHARLES T. CARY, and daughter of Luke and Amy Prentice, aged 23 years, 5 months and 8 days.

In the silence of the midnight,  
When the stars of day are o'er,  
In my soul I hear you come,  
Of the loved ones gone before;  
Hear their words of comfort whisp'ring,  
That they'll watch on every hand;  
And I love, I love to list  
Voices from the spirit-land.

Loved ones that have gone before me,  
Whisper words of peace and joy;  
Those that long since have departed,  
Tell me their divine employ  
Is to watch and guard my footsteps;  
Oh, it is an angel band!  
And my soul is cheered in hearing  
Voices from the spirit-land.

#### MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS

Parties noticed 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. Lecturers are informed that we make no charge for their notices. Those named below are requested to give notice of any change of their arrangements, in order that our list may be kept as correct as possible.

Miss BELLE BOGARDUS 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 first Sunday of Jan. 1862; in Providence, R. I., the first Sunday 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 and during March of 1862. Address as above, or Rockford, Ill.

Mrs. MARY M. MACMURDO will lecture in Stamford, Conn., two first Sundays in Dec.; Marlborough, the last Sunday of Dec. and the first Sunday of Jan.; not engaged for the three last Sundays in Dec. Address, West Killingly, Conn.

Mrs. EMMA HARDING will lecture in Lowell, Chicago, Mass., and Portland, Me., in December; in New York, Philadelphia, Conn. etc., during the Spring of 1862. Address, care of Rev. Mr. May, 14 Broadway, Boston.

F. L. WARDWORTH will lecture every Sunday in Little Rock, Michigan, until further notice; at Providence, R. I., four Sundays of May; at Taunton, Mass., first two Sundays of June; at Marlborough last three Sundays of June. Address, care of Rev. Mr. May, 14 Broadway, Boston.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND will speak in Norton, Mass., Dec. 22; in Taunton, Jan. 5 and 12; in Somers, Jan. 10 and 17; in Taunton, Mass., March 23 and 30. Including Sabbath school speaker, for not possible to attend.

Mrs. FANNIE DUNBAR FETTER will lecture in Putnam, Conn., Dec. 23; Taunton, Mass., Jan. 4 and 12. The last three Sundays of Dec. are not engaged. Address 26 Kneeland street, Boston.

Mrs. FRANCES LOMB ROYD intends to pass the Fall and Winter in the State of Wisconsin, and will give her services as a lecturer will please address her at Madison City, Wisconsin, care of T. N. Joyce.

WARREN CHASE lectures in Lowell, Mass., Dec. 8 and 15; Taunton, last two Sundays of Dec.; in Boston, Sunday, Jan. 6. He will receive applications for the Spring of 1862.

PHILIP LEBLANC, friends desiring lectures on Geology or General Reform, during the Fall and Winter, will please write soon. Address Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. EMMA HOBSON will lecture during the month of December in Gloucester, Mass., and will be addressed for the present at Gloucester, N. H., or East Saugham, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. MILLER will be addressed at Putnam, N. Y., for the present, or Connecticut, Ohio, care of A. Hicks, permanently.

Mrs. M. A. CARLEY will receive calls to lecture in the vicinity of Boston, Mass., and will be addressed at 18 Devon Place, by including \$1 and four cent postage stamps. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M.

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

PROFESSOR BUTLER's lecture is care of Dr. Child, 15 Tremont street, Boston.

G. L. BOWKER will give ticket lectures, or otherwise, on Mental and Physical Science, and will be addressed for the present at Gloucester, N. H., or East Saugham, Mass.

Mr. H. P. GARDNER, 46 Essex street, Boston, Mass., Dec. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31. Address, 46 Essex street, Boston, Mass.

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#### Mediums in Boston.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM,  
Physician to Body, Mind and Spirit.

CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS. Advice, Communication, Directions of Character, Descriptions of Spiritual Influences, Disposition, Temperament, &c. Also, Mediums, as from friends and guardians in the Spirit Life. Visitors will receive more or less in each of the above departments. Terms \$1.00.

"THE HEALING POWER."  
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 effected. Those who have never felt this delightful and powerful force, become highly conscious of its effects, under her manipulations. When with other means have failed, try first JEFFERSON, No. 202 WASHINGTON ST., Corner of Bedford Street, Boston, (over Joseph T. Brown's Apothecary store.) Nov. 2.

DR. CHAS. H. CROWELL,  
Medical Medium,  
128 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,  
(Banner of Light Office, room No. 8.)

Mr. C. is controlled by a circle of reliable Spirit Physicians, who will examine and give diagnosis 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. Examinations and Prescriptions, at office, \$1.00; family visits \$2.00; by letter, \$1.00 and two three-cent postage stamps. Famously practiced respectfully solicited. The best of references given. June 22.

A CARD.  
ANY person sending me a lock of their hair and \$1.11 will receive from me a correct medical examination of their diseases, with advice as to treatment, &c. Any person sending \$2 may have three cases examined. These persons who are diseased, and destitute, can have an examination in body, or mind, or both, and receive five copies of a card. Verbal examinations are given daily at the office, 7 Davis street, Boston, from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Particular attention paid to Diseases of the Liver, Nerves, Urinary Organs, and the Female System. Address, Dr. H. L. BOWKER, 7 Davis street, Boston, or Natick, Mass. Nov. 2.

MRS. J. S. FORREST,  
PHYSICIAN.  
No. 12 CORNHILL PLACE, BOSTON.

WHERE she is prepared to treat Diseases of a Chronic nature, by the laying on of hands. All those afflicted in body, or mind, or both, who desire medical treatment, as she has never been known to fail in giving relief (if not a permanent cure, which can be testified to by many in Boston and vicinity. Sep. 19.

MRS. J. H. FOSTER,  
CLAIRVOYANT, PSYCHIC, AND PROPHETIC MEDIUM.  
Whose powers have been long known and well tested, has taken rooms at No. 75 Beach street, where she will be happy to receive calls from those who wish to communicate with their friends. Verbal communications are given daily at the office, 7 Davis street, Boston, from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Nov. 2.

PROF. GEO. MILLER, Psychical and Business Medium.  
Will receive visitors at his residence—will answer inquiries by letter in relation to social and domestic and all business affairs of life. Those who require prompt and delicate attention, will find him a most reliable and successful medium. Address, 141 Devon Place, Boston, from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Nov. 2.

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## Pearls.

—elegies—  
And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,  
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time  
Sparkle forever.

## DOING GOOD.

'T is never too late to do good—  
We all have our time to improve,  
'T doing no more than we should,  
Progressively onward to move.  
'T is folly to forlornly grieve;  
Be hopeful and you will be wise;  
The lower the station we leave,  
The greater the merit to rise.

We all might be better—in fact  
More loving—more friendly—more kind;  
With a little more feeling—more tact—  
To manage the heart and the mind.  
'T is noble to earnestly strive  
By labor or learning to rise;  
The gem-seeker deeply must dive,  
Or never look out for a prize.

The seeds of great events lie near the surface; his-  
torians always delve too deep to find them. No history  
was ever true.

## TO AN AUTUMN ROSE.

Tell her I love her—love her for those eyes  
Now soft with feeling, radiant now with mirth,  
Which, like a lake reflecting autumn skies—  
Reveal two heavens here to us on earth—  
The one in which their soul's full beauty lies,  
And that wherein such soulfulness had birth.  
Go to my lady, ere the season flies,  
And the rude winter comes thy bloom to blast,  
Go, and with all of eloquence thou hast,  
The burning story of my love discover,  
And if the theme should fall, alas, to move her,  
Tell her, when youth's gay budding-time is past,  
And summer's gaudy flowering is over,  
Like thee, my love will blossom to the last!

[O. F. Hoffman.]

Be wise; for gaining wisdom you also gain an emi-  
nence from which no shaft of malice can hurl you.

## WINTER.

Lo, winter comes! and all his heralds blow  
Their gusty trumpets, and his tents of snow  
Unroll the fields from whence and Autumn flies—  
Autumn that finds a Southern clime or dies.  
The streams are dumb with woe; the forest grieves,  
Wailing the loss of all its summer leaves;  
As some fond Rachel on her childless breast  
Clasps her thin hands where once her young were  
pressed;  
Then flings her empty arms into the air,  
And swells the gale with her convulsed despair.

[T. B. Reed.]

God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it  
into the nest.

Miss not the occasion; by the forelock take  
That subtle power, the never-halting time,  
Lest a mere moment's putting off should make  
Misance almost as heavy a crime.—[Wordsworth.]

PREJUDICE AND SPIRITUALISM  
IN ENGLAND.

BY EMMA HARDINGE.

## NUMBER TWO.

In my last article under the above caption, I had  
not space to offer in illustration of the suicidal char-  
acter of religious and scientific prejudice in interpret-  
ing Spiritualism, the experiences of my own country-  
men, neither should I feel justified in doing so at all,  
believing, as I do, that the antagonism of English  
conservatism is little more than a transcript of our  
own experiences on this side of the Atlantic, now  
happily passing away; but, as I find "the worst  
foe we can cherish to the influx of truth is prejudice,"  
and the worst form it can assume is the tremendous  
shroud of sacred mystery, so whatever serves to un-  
mask this hideous phantom, and arraign its ghostly  
unrealities at the bar of reason, will serve to strength-  
en the vacillating, and perhaps sever one link of the  
chain which fetters the prejudiced to their own un-  
reasoning habits of thought.

To those who recognize in the marvelous spread of  
Spiritualism (and that without the ordinary human  
modes of proselytism or leadership) a proof of its  
supermundane character, it will be interesting to  
learn that mediums are being rapidly developed, and  
the facts of spirit communication openly acknowledged  
in numerous circles in Great Britain, France, Italy,  
and Germany. Possibly, other parts of Europe may  
participate in this faith; but I write only of places  
from whence I have received reliable information.

In England, as I am informed, much interest is felt  
amongst just that class of persons whose education  
peculiarly fits them for investigating its profound  
depths, and whose social position and high standing  
places them beyond the obnoxious charges of char-  
latanerie, or such interested motives as are often  
fastened upon us poor "hewers of wood and drawers  
of water," having to live by our time, whether it be  
employed in teaching the alphabet to children clothed  
upon with natural bodies, or reciting it for men  
and women, ditto, with spiritual bodies. And this  
brings me to a point that involves a good deal more  
than the mere question of whether it is right to re-  
munerate mediums for their time, or not.

I am informed, (and that from sources sufficiently  
reliable for me to make this matter one of assertion)  
that our English friends object to "professional me-  
diums," not because stigmata is a characteristic of  
the English nation, but because they deem Spiritual-  
ism, or, at least, the idea they cherish in connection  
with that word, as something too sacred to connect  
itself with money, or a means of livelihood.

In an article written for the Banner, many months  
since, entitled "Compensation of Mediums," I con-  
tended what I now feel even more strongly than at  
the time of that writing, namely, that we have erred  
in making our religion separate from life and its  
duties; I pleaded not for the subversion of religion,  
but for its extension to all our acts and deeds, and I  
still firmly contend that the godlike nature of life  
will never be fully realized, until we fashion ALL our  
acts to a sacred standard, and abolish the Pharisaic  
distinctions between what the world now calls  
"sacred and profane." Life is sacred; God's works  
are all sublime; consequently, every moment is Sab-  
bath, every thing, even to a grain of dust, holy.

Can we, ought we to make any distinctions in  
times, except such as the expediencies of our occupa-  
tions demand? Should we admit of any other differ-  
ence in our acts, than good and bad motive, beneficial  
or injurious results? Let ALL of our lives be religion,  
and if Spiritualism be true, and we reap in the here-  
after the exact results of every act, word and thought  
of the present, how vain are hours set apart for the

duties of an eternity, which, with unyielding severity,  
demands a judgment for every second of our earthly  
existence! The men or women, then, who earn their  
bread by the disposal of their time, should be  
paid for it, and that in the same ratio for uttering  
messages dictated by a spirit, as words dictated by  
themselves; for writing a letter for a spirit father,  
that they would receive for a mortal one; for pro-  
ducing raps from the spheres, in exactly the same  
proportion that they would if producing raps  
through Morse's telegraph, while the epithets of "sa-  
cred" or "profane," should be applied with the same  
unflinching justice to letter, message, or communi-  
cation, according to its character and effect on the  
recipient, whether it comes from the St. Giles's of the  
spheres, or the St. James's of London city.

Now I am aware that these sentiments are abomi-  
nations in the eyes of synagogues worshipping, "new  
moon" and "Sabbath observance," loving Ortho-  
doxy; but as they are the views which my spirit  
guides open up to me of my tribunal in the here-  
after, I give them to the world for what they are  
worth, and if haply they should meet the eyes  
of some of my Island countrymen, thrilling their  
souls with horror at a Church of England woman's  
fall from grace, I would humbly submit to be judged  
by the 22d chapter of Matthew, verses 37 to 40,  
wherein I have yet to find anything outside of the  
pale of religion, anything in life which should not  
be a constituent part of it.

American Spiritualists will be at no loss to es-  
timate how far prejudice is drawing its lines of pro-  
tection and safety around the fortifications of sacred  
mysteries, by glancing at the Spiritual Magazine  
(published in London, England,) of June, 1861,  
where we find extracts from a pamphlet by the Rev.  
Edward Nangle, Rector of Skreen, Ireland. 'T is the  
old story of religious prejudice, or religious dis-  
honesty, so often acted out on this Continent over  
again, to wit: admitting, nay, defending the super-  
natural character of the facts, but attributing them,  
as usual, to the universal solvent of all lay miracles,  
the indefatigable, versatile, kind, scientific, modern  
expositor of immortality, and exhorter to pure life,  
the Devil. In the same Magazine we have an essay  
"from a spirit," who, in commenting on the modern  
manifestations, informs us that "table-rapping and  
other physical modes are dangerous, as they bring  
man into contact with spirits of a low order." "Such  
spirits are best left quiet." "Another great misuse  
of the subject, is that of using it as a means of gain."

"Of spirit-impression-  
ation, I do not think much, as I judge it to be rather  
an exaggeration of a spiritual power from the  
medium giving way to wild feeling, as it may be  
called." "The mirror and crystal I consider  
the highest mode of communion, and if the seer be  
of pure mind and intent upon good, he or she will per-  
ceive high spirits in them, and receive beautiful and  
instructive communications."

I quote these sentences rather as an evidence of  
the struggle which Spiritualism has to make through  
the fetters of prejudice, than as proof of the philo-  
sophy of English Spiritualism. I believe we have  
heard similar sentiments amongst ourselves, and  
have but recently learned that "high" and "low  
spirits" communicate through the spiritual tele-  
graph, very much as princes and peasants do through  
the electric telegraph, giving messages characteris-  
tic of themselves, and correct, in proportion to the or-  
ganism rather than to the morality of the battery used.  
That the "low" raps and tips are the very corner-  
stones of the science of the communion, that person-  
ations (of which our British spirit does not think  
much) have brought more souls to a knowledge of  
immortality in ten years, than theology has done in  
a century, and that the purity of mind or good in-  
tentions of a seer can no more be reflected on, or in-  
fluence "the spirits of the crystal," than Baalam's  
idolatry stood in the way of his being a medium for  
what he called a vision of the Almighty. As to  
using the gifts of mediumship for gain, consult the  
Archbishop of Canterbury, or the Bishop of London  
—as these Right-Reverend Divines receive the large-  
est share of gain for dispensing the gifts of the  
spirit of any two persons I know, they are better  
judges of such matters than a poor medium like  
myself, who travels, writes, talks, and labors more  
like a locomotive on a busy road, than a Right-Re-  
verend Divine, and all for whatever my poor five cent  
audiences can afford to bestow on me.

A very instructive article on this last point may  
be found in an extract from a popular work, called  
"Traits of Character," in which the authors, af-  
ter professing her utter astonishment at "the readi-  
ness of the human mind to crave after table rap-  
pers, tilting mediums, scratches and dots on paper,"  
&c., goes on to state that, "as to clairvoyance, it has  
the respect and belief that her personal experience  
entitle it to." Then follows an account of a seance  
with a clairvoyant, in which certain information  
necessary to the recovery, (not of a lost soul) but of  
some material wealth, was obtained, for which exer-  
cise of the soul's faculties, (for it was evident the  
spirits and not the body's eyes were the agents of the  
clear sight,) the lady was glad to pay the modest  
sum of £1 6s.—that is to say, about six and a  
half dollars, being one and a quarter dollar for the clair-  
voyant, and five and a quarter dollars for the surgeon  
who stood by.

Take notice, American mediums! it is perfectly  
legitimate for a Professor of a Medical College to re-  
ceive five dollars for doing nothing, but standing by  
while his patient gives information that enables  
some other person to save her property, but only le-  
gitimate, for the informant herself to receive one-  
fifth of that amount for doing all the work; and if  
that informant happened to be out of the mortal  
body, instead of in it, it would not be legitimate for  
the mouth-piece of the informant to receive any fee at all.

This would be "a misuse of the power," and would  
bring the whole matter, very probably, to the exact  
issue demanded both by the church and schools, to  
wit, to keep all the fees to themselves. I have given  
my opinion concerning fees to mediums for their  
time and labor, not with any reference whatever to  
myself or my poor struggling brother and sister me-  
diums, every one of whom as well as myself, could, I  
know, earn better bread under far more agreeable  
circumstances, if a livelihood were our sole object;  
but because I am determined to defend the principle  
of making our religious science and daily duties  
ONE; because I have and will enter the strongest  
protest the times will let me, against land-monopoly,  
school-monopoly, church and every other species of  
monopoly; because I conceive life spent in and sus-  
tained by honest labor, is the noblest and most dig-  
nified of existences, and that religion which enters

St. Giles's, the Five Points of New York, and  
North street of Boston; St. James's, the Fifth avenue,  
and Beacon streets of America.

into every act of life, the only true and acceptable  
one to God; and finally, until the bench of Bishops,  
and chairs of solence shall dispense their God-given  
lights free to the world, I do not think the respect  
long prejudice has yielded to their claims will entitle  
them either to grasp all the fees, and only mete  
out to the eyes that discover material, hidden treas-  
ures, a poor fifth, and to the yet keener eyes that  
find out immortal treasures, nothing at all.

Whilst I know from experience some of the tan-  
gled and thorny paths in which Editorial feet are  
compelled to wander before a single blossom of truth  
can be suffered to shine out from the image of popu-  
lar prejudice, I cannot but admire the tact with  
which the editor of the publication I have quoted  
above, preserves his own integrity of opinion, here  
and there, glancing forth like a star in the dark firm-  
ament of conservatism, and yet suffers the crude the-  
ories which his English correspondents crowd upon  
him to tell their own tale, until any American Spir-  
itualist would be forced to admit, both the spirits  
and the editor have a somewhat hard time of it.

In a yet earlier number of this Magazine, than the  
one I have quoted, is a choice morsel, in which Ortho-  
doxy and Spiritualism are trying to shake hands  
across the vicarious atonement, the full details of  
which for the enlightenment of the reader, the patience  
of the Banner Editor, and the instruction of Chris-  
tian Spiritualists generally, I shall reserve for  
another paper.

Wishing Messrs. Dickens, Farraday, Edward Nau-  
gle, and other Reverends, A. B. &c., a pleasant vic-  
tory over the spirits, I am one of the deluded and  
deluders.

EMMA HARDINGE.

## BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,

WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 27, 1861.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

## QUESTION.—Can Spirits or Angels foretell events?

DR. BOWEN.—My experience as a medium during  
a period of ten years, has convinced me that spirits  
can and do foretell future events. Their position  
seems to enable them to see causes now in operation  
and determine their future result. All events in  
the Universe take place in accordance with fixed and  
unchangeable laws. The events of to-morrow are in  
germ to-day; and spirits, or mortals, if they are  
clairvoyant to Nature, and can see the inside world  
—the world of causes—can determine what will be  
the future result of this or that course of action,  
just so far as they can comprehend the present,  
which goes to make the future.

A prediction, simply because it comes from a spirit,  
is no extra evidence of its validity, for there are  
many in the form whose power of mind and com-  
prehension exceeds that of many spirits who commu-  
nicate with us. We must learn to select our counsel.  
There are spirits in the other life whose counsels  
have never proved false to me; I have learned, after  
a great deal of trial and vexation, to designate this  
class. They do not come at my bidding, but when I  
do obtain their counsel, it is full of wisdom and  
truth. I have realized much aid from them in pre-  
scribing for the sick, and I would give more for their  
advice in a difficult case, than for all the M. D.'s ex-  
tant. When they have given a prediction that this  
or that would take place, I have never known one in-  
stance where it has failed; and probably this expe-  
rience is common to thousands in our land.

This becomes evidence to me, that above the trash  
and nonsense that sometimes come from the spirit-  
world, there are a class of wise and truthful spirits  
who can and will, at times, impart to us knowledge  
of the past and present, of priceless value. I do  
not believe in surrendering our individual judgment  
in any case; but I believe in receiving truth and  
light that shall extend our vision, and enable us to  
judge more correctly. If we go to the spirit-world  
for truth, and truth alone, we can get it; if we go  
there for selfish ends alone, for fame or gold, we  
shall be led astray by false teachings, our councils  
shall be as naught, and our words of wisdom like  
vain babblings.

JACOB ED. ON.—Can the future be foretold? The  
history of ancient and modern Spiritualism is full of  
well authenticated facts, which in connection with  
the foretold occurrences that happen to all earnest  
seekers after spiritual truth, are sufficient to warrant  
the conclusion that spirits, in, as well as out of the  
form, can perceive and describe the future. Such  
being the fact, the question arises, how and why is  
it? What is the law? How is it operated, and by  
whom is the operation performed? These and many  
other questions suggest themselves to the inquiring  
mind. How shall they be answered? Where is there  
a foundation upon which we may stand and construct  
a philosophy sufficiently religious, or a religion suffi-  
ciently philosophical and comprehensive as to satisfy  
the demands of our nature and its spiritual aspira-  
tions for a purer life? A personal God, perfect and  
unalterable in every conceivable attribute is the only  
hypothesis upon which it may be done. An almighty  
Mind, so within all causes and so connecting all  
things as to be outside of any and all effects in time  
and space, and yet so connected as a conscious loving  
entity in all effects as to unfold conditions of being  
through which he may shadow forth the purposes of  
his unalterable will, is the only consistent foundation  
I can find to stand upon. I grant we may not have  
any adequate idea of infinite power. The human  
soul, its conscious love, is the only definition the  
divine lexigrapher can give of his personal existence.  
It is all that is necessary, for through its unfoldment,  
the truly loving soul sees God—his order, his con-  
structive will in the works of creation. The poor in  
spirit, the mourner, the meek and the merciful.  
Yes! All who hunger and thirst after righteousness  
and desire peace on earth and good will to all man-  
kind, feel his life-giving presence; his "peaceful  
flow" coming to them through the hearts and con-  
sciences of mediatorial minds, through whom the  
ever-present Father defines his existence, the place  
and state of his abode, and the how, through "daz-  
zling inspirations, he enlightens and lives within the  
human soul."

DR. GARDNER.—There are none who have had much  
experience of spiritual manifestations, but have seen  
many remarkable circumstances bearing upon this  
question. That events are and have been circum-  
stantially foretold, there could be no doubt. Some  
may have been disappointed, the doctor said, but his  
experience for the past ten years was full of prophe-  
cies and their correct fulfillments. In 1860, events  
in his life had been foretold. When he was a medi-  
cal practitioner, and with no desire or expectation of  
change, it was told of him that he should abandon  
it, move to a large city, keep a hotel, and take the  
leadership of meetings. He gave no particular  
thought to these forebodings, and when he left, it  
seemed by accident; and the circumstances of his  
past life have been the developing of the truth of  
what was so long ago prophesied by spirits, and given  
to him to be a test of their existence and their power  
to thus foretell. Not only the events of his life, but  
the state of the country and its present condition,  
have been again and again, through various sources,  
correctly foretold. Any who see the laws of causation  
can foretell events. The raindrop, by an unalterable  
law, reaches the ocean. It may be hindered by cir-  
cumstances, absorbed on its way, and fall a drop  
again, but it finally reaches the ocean bed. So, it  
seems to me, is the law of prophecy—causes produce  
certain effects.

MR. WETTERBERG.—I do not think spirits or men can  
prophecy or foretell future events, in the common ac-  
ception of that word. Of course, there are mysteri-  
ous fore-shadows, premonitions, dreams with meth-  
od in them, but they appear to be the operation of a law  
in the original adjustment of things, beyond men and  
spirits, not consecutive enough to be generally reli-  
able, or to commend their action to the faith of man.

blind. They seem to come now and then, to satisfy  
the human mind that there is an intelligent power  
behind the throne; but not reliable enough, as I have  
already said, to be practically available. Our brother  
Barker has premonitions, and they never fail him.  
I have premonitions, and they never prove true.  
Still, within my experience and reading, I do know  
of forebodings, the details too complicated to be  
coincidences, that have come to pass; and yet where  
I have known one such, I have known ten which  
were otherwise. I do not think the ten mistakes  
weigh down the one which was true; but it satisfies  
me that spirits cannot, as a general thing, prophecy  
in a reliable manner. There appears to be an at-  
tempt on the part of spirits now, and in Bible times,  
to do so; and now, as then, they are generally ambig-  
uous, and the shoe do not fit into the foot-print with-  
out a good deal of doctoring. The straight-forward  
prophecies in the Bible, and now, do not, in my judg-  
ment, answer this question in the affirmative.

DR. FINLEY.—I believe in premonitions—have had  
some very singular ones. I used to account for them  
once very differently from what I do now. I do not  
see, if we have spiritual guardians for material mat-  
ters and spiritual matters, why they should not be  
able to communicate future events, believing as I do,  
that man is not sent into the world without chart or  
plan, but has both; and if he has, the events must  
be known, and may be communicated. The spirits  
seeing the birth of Napoleon and Washington, and  
other great movers of the revolutions and politi-  
cal changes which they brought about, could be cal-  
culated the events so dependent upon the men who  
produce the events. At any rate, to me it appears  
reasonable, and I am inclined to think, for wise pur-  
poses, events may be and are foretold.

MR. CHAPMAN.—I have no experiences to offer. I  
have none. The power to prophecy belongs to God,  
not to man or angels. Spirits have a good deal to do  
with this world, and may have a great deal to do  
with the bringing about what they foretell. It may  
be part of their plan, and foretelling it is not prophe-  
cy. Prophecy means to foretell; if it is foretold, it  
is not guessed at. Christ foretold the destruction of  
Jerusalem, and the destroying of the temple. Now  
when the city was taken, Titus wished to save the  
temple, but a soldier threw a brand into it, and  
burned it up. Now to foretell that event, all the  
circumstances must be foreknown, the mind of  
that unborn man, and all men. At once you see it  
is the infinite God alone that can do that.

MR. PACKARD.—Because this brother has not the  
gift of prophecy, does he suppose there is no prophe-  
cy? As there were false prophets in Bible times,  
so there are now; but does any one doubt that the  
Apostles and Prophets foretold events truly? Does  
not history prove the fact? Can any one put their  
finger on any one of the prophecies that has not been  
fulfilled, or will not be? If we can foretell one day,  
can we not one week? If one week, one year? If  
one year, then five hundred?

## Quincy, Mass.

The early settlers planted this town between huge  
rocks of granite, by them considered worthless ob-  
structions; but many of their descendants have blast-  
ed and hammered fortunes out of them since. There  
is a faculty in Massachusetts for getting rich out of  
rocks, and ice, and hemlock bark, and shoe pegs, and  
match-boxes, or from almost everything they can  
work upon. Even saw-wood can be raked out, and  
made to turn into dollars.

Quincy is an old town and has some of that petty  
aristocracy which is made up from wealth or distin-  
guished ancestors, without merit, or talent, or any  
other valuable quality, except fashionable religion—  
a kind of aristocracy quite common in Old and New  
England, but exceedingly rare in the Western States,  
and in a state of quite rapid decay in New England.

The old granite church (Unitarian) which keeps  
the religion of the Adamites and the Quineys, is the  
most popular and conspicuous monument in the  
town, and so far as anything living or progressive is  
concerned, is of about as much value as the tombs  
in the graveyard near by it; both hold fast the  
forms consigned to them, as a sacred duty. Speak-  
ing of the graveyard, reminds me of some of the curi-  
ous and absurd inscriptions on the old mossy tomb-  
stones, some of which are quaint enough to make a  
saint laugh. The attempts of persons who could not  
write prose, to make their religious feelings jingle  
into words in rhyme, is exceedingly amusing. I am  
writing this in a snow-storm, or I would step over  
and copy one or two for the use of those who need  
model epitaphs. There is one of modern date that  
shows as much folly as any of the old, mossy ones.

It stands by the remains of a couple of suicides, and  
holds up these words: "Deluded by the writings of A. J.  
Davis." I hear that the author, in Ohio, who  
sent the order and had this put up, some years ago,  
has not paid the engraver's and sexton's bills yet.  
Probably he thinks the town can afford it as a warn-  
ing to the young not to read the writings of A. J.  
Davis, lest they should be deluded, and commit sui-  
cide. There are no doubt scores, if not hundreds in  
the same yard, of whom it might more properly be  
said: Deluded by the writings of Christian authors,  
or deluded by the Bible, or deluded by preachers of a  
false Christianity.

It makes a great difference, whether a belief is  
popular or not, but not the least whether it is true  
or not, so far as public feelings go toward approbation  
or condemnation of victims. It seems a young  
couple came here from Ohio several years ago, and  
finding it very difficult to support themselves by  
such work as they got to do, they foolishly took  
their own lives, and went to try the other country—  
"over the river." In their possession was found  
a copy of Nature's Divine Revelations, and this was  
sufficient for the pious father of one of them to or-  
der up the above inscription, as a terrible warning.  
But it does not seem to have killed Spiritualism,  
or destroyed the influence of the writings of A. J. Davis,  
for I have sold six copies of his last work here,  
and had not enough for the demand.

Our friends have kept up meetings Sundays for five  
years past, and have already raised by voluntary  
subscription the necessary amount to continue them  
during 1862, hired a hall for the year, and are  
engaging speakers till January 1863, so neither the  
grave-yard warning, the old popular church, nor the  
war and hard times, can break them up in Quincy.  
My lectures during November have been attended  
by audiences of which any church in the place would  
have been proud. For intelligence, integrity, earnest-  
ness, and all the essentials of religion they could not  
be excelled by any in the town. To the speakers  
and many friends who have visited Quincy, and to  
all interested, I can say for them truly, Wo "still  
live."

WARREN CHASE.

## Encouraging Signs.

Please inform your Western readers, Mr. Editor,  
that the pressing demands for lectures in many places  
this way have caused us to postpone going West  
until another Fall. Our time has been continually  
taken up with meetings and lectures. Scarcely have  
we had an evening to ourselves since last August.  
We are to spend the Winter in this State, mostly.  
Are, now, going to give some farewell addresses to our  
volunteers, in camp at Elmira, N. Y., (our address

for the present.) We find an increasing interest in  
behalf of your excellent paper. I have increased  
your circulation several hundred, and hope to be able  
to get as many thousand subscriptions for you.

Yours for Light and Truth,

Penn Yan, N. Y.

H. M. MILLER.

## Remarkable Healing Powers.

In behalf of the friends of Progress and suffering  
humanity, we are constrained to add our mite to con-  
firm the growing interest everywhere manifested, in  
a greater or less degree, in the new light which is  
spreading itself broadcast over our land, and al-  
though in this instance, attention is more particu-  
larly solicited to that portion of it which relates to  
the healing power, and the improved method of ob-  
taining a true diagnosis of disease—all proper defer-  
ence is allowed to other phases equally interesting.

We have in mind, at this time, a small town in  
Massachusetts, known by name as Athol, in Worces-  
ter County, where resides a lady medium, Mrs. M.  
Drew, lately from the City of Boston, who possesses  
remarkable powers, and has been performing won-  
derful cures, including surgical operations, heredi-  
tary humors, chronic and inflammatory diseases, to-  
gether with other ailments—and in some instances  
where the disease had baffled the skill of many of  
the regular physicians. Not only was she eminently  
successful in the above named town, but several  
cases from other places were submitted to her for  
treatment, and with equal satisfaction and success.  
It is also due her to say, that after a correct examina-  
tion of a case has been made, the principal remedy  
applied is the laying on of hands. Medicines are  
very seldom used; but, when used, are of the most  
simple character.

We are commanded to let our light shine, and in ob-  
edience to this command, we feel it to be our duty at  
the present time to make public the plain and simple  
truth, which may easily be substantiated by refer-  
ence to the patients themselves, who have received  
the benefits, and can but desire that the world may  
know the means whereby they have been restored.  
That one so weak, physically, as this medium is,  
could accomplish what has been done through her  
organism, without aid from the spirit-world, is im-  
possible.

BONA FIDE.

Athol, Mass.

## E. V. Wilson at the West.

Our correspondent "Vindex," writing from the  
West, says:

"The religious element of Wisconsin is on the  
wane. The priests will deny this, yet it is true, to  
the letter. And I have heard the ministers of the  
Gospel lament, in bitter terms, the great falling off  
of their numbers. The Methodist Camp Meetings  
have not returned their usual quota of converts dur-  
ing the past Summer. Universalism has hardly a  
foothold in the State. And all this falling off is  
charged home 'to the cursed influence' of Spiritual-  
ism, and I am satisfied that if we could get a fair  
expression from the people at large, we should find  
more Spiritualists in Wisconsin than followers of  
any other religious set."

Theology has a powerful and able antagonist and  
opponent in E. V. Wilson, who has proved more than  
a match for theology and her advocates, wherever  
they have dared to take up the gauntlet and join issue  
with him. It is conceded that he proved more than  
a match for all the churches of Waukesha, under the  
leadership of their pettifogging priestly champion,  
the Rev. Mr. Drew, backed by the Rev. Mr.  
Walker, and others; that he rubbed the very nose of  
theology in Maquanago, and all the reverend defend-  
ers of the church militant dare do or say was to  
clap their hands out doors, hiss, and cry out, 'You  
will have to call on the spirits again!'

Bro. Wilson is traveling on a circuit, has meetings  
at given points, and speaks once in two weeks in each  
place. His circuit is in one of the most populous  
sections of Wisconsin. He asks no fee, as a general  
thing—taking what the people choose to give him.  
He tells me that his pay is not large, but enough for  
his family's support."

## THE BANNER OF LIGHT,

The oldest and largest Spiritualistic Journal  
in the World,  
IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT BOSTON, MASS.

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 yet 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 its subscription money, as  
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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