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Niterary Department.

CRIME AND RETRIBUTION

A STORY OF BOTH HEMISPHERES.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER XIII. BEREAVEMENT.

The summons had gone forth, and unto the decree of Heaven the now willing and submissive heart had world faded from the eyes on which the glories of the far beyond were opening in celestial gleams, Rose, dwelling in the peace that envelops the dying Christian, grew wonderfully calm and still. With the prophetic sight of the spirit, often vouchsafed to the closing hours of life, she felt that all-overruling Goodness would fashion all things right. But ere she attained this perfect serenity of soul, she had had a long interview with her husband, in which she plead with all the earnestness of a loving heart for the , child she was about to leave on earth.

Whether it was the solemn impressiveness of her speech, or that better thoughts were gaining the ascendancy, Philip appeared moved and softened. Perhaps some lingering reminiscence of the love he had won to cast so cruelly aside, of the blooming and innocent girl he had lured from her father's arms, came over him then, and, despite of his strong will, moistened his eyes, and clouded his brow with the shadows of remorse and pity. The "one pure spot" in his world-encrusted heart was love for his child; heart;" neither is he an appaling spectre to the penthough even that was obscured by the phantoms of itent and the reconciled with God. As a calm-browhis pride and unholy ambition. On her dying day, ed, ministering angel, he comes to these, a messenger the long neglected wife did not appeal to him in of the Father's will, leading them from the accom-

"She shall never know how bitterly she has been deceived. I will not embitter her last moments with the knowledge of my danger; of the promised sacrifice of the child she has loved as her own. And if not become the victim of that hardened wretch. Des- fell so thrillingly impressive upon the ear: perate as the chance is, I will venture all-ruin or die-as fate ordains it."

said:

"Fear not; I give you my promise, Felicia shall not be forced into this repellant union. And Rose," your forgiveness."

rapidly, yet with an intense feeling. "In this hour, of those who love Him, and keep his commandall the past of sorrow and trouble is forgotten; it is ments?" to me as if it never were; you are again the husband of my youth, to whom I pledged the holy, life -only the beautiful memories of love remain. Be die! let me not live to be alone on earth!" faithful to your promise, Philip; save your child from the doom she shrinks from. If she ever again meets

Percy Macdonald, give your blessing to their union. boon of death. I know he loved her, and there was something my prayer is still, and forever, be kind, be true to rowful, bereaved, young heart."

She spoke much more; warned him against the pursuance of his mysterious and evil course of life; implored him by all that was most sacred to the heart of man and acceptable to the eyes of God, to rectitude.

an unseen and mighty power was at work, stirring shall follow you, above." his long quiescent soul into a sense of wrong and sinfulness; awakening the long slumbering remorse,

ear : " Repent ! Repent ! ere it be too late !"

and a careful step, he passed from the sick room.

be impossible to hold a wedd ng in the house where yourself unto the will-of Him--" death was waiting, had growled forth an ill-natured respite, "until the old woman was dead and buried;" but he still insisted on the fulfillment of the contract, he swerved from it in the least.

the bitterness of life. He whom she held so loftily enshrined in the innermost sanctuary of her affections, had left her, as it seemed, so coldly, without a parting word of love or hope; without a promise of return. It was her first disappointment, and heavily it weighed upon her erst elastic spirits. In those few days her cheeks had lost their reseate freshness; her diamond-bright eyes were dimmed with many tears: the curtain of a sad thoughtfulness was thrown around the caudid brow, and now the mother she idolized was about to leave her! She thought of living alone with her stern father, and she shuddered with fear; she thought of Aroabano. who had called at the gate, but had not entered the house; and as his image rose before her, she dreamt of the long sleep beneath the ocean waves. In her brave, love-consecrated heart, she registered the vow to choose death rather than a hateful life with him. She entered the chamber of Rose with a burstbent. As her remaining strength declined, as the ling heart and tear-filled, swollen eyes. She could not command her voice to address the beloved one who was passing rapidly away.

"Come hare, my child; give me your hand; let me feel your kiss once more. Dear Felicia, do not grieve too much for me! This worn out frame will be exchanged for the glory and youth of the spirit; this aching breast that the love of earth has never satisfied, will rest in the everlasting peace of God! From the heavens I will watch over my beloved child !"

"Oh, mother! mother! take me with you, for I, too, would be at rest! Do not leave me here aloneforssken-desolate! God of the bereaved, have pity ! take me in my mother's arms—up—up, beyond the reach of sorrow and despair !"

The young girl clasped her hands as she uttered the impassioned prayer of her grief, and her face was pallid as that of the departing.

There is a beautiful as well as a solemn aspect in death. He is not a king of terrors to the "pure in plished mission of earth, upwards, to the celestial plains.

The face of Rose was glorified and serene; the dark valley for her was passed, and the heavenly shores were night. Her pale and wasted cheeks human effort can avail, so help me God !"—it was the flushed with the enthusiasm of love that was even first time for long years that he invoked that sacred then angelic in its bestowal; her blue eyes were ilname-"I will save her from the clutches of Elvi- lumined with the brilliancy of her soul; the smooth, no; he is too double-dyed a villain to match with brown hair, that sorrow far more than time had silsuch purity as hers. Once, I would not have soru- vered, strayed over the pillow, curling playfully still, pled even for this, for we should live in wealth; I as in her happy, youthful days. Though her breathshould be surrounded by the luxuries that have be-ling was labored, she seemed to undergo no pain, and come the necessities of life to me. But a change she spoke in a clear and silvery voice that seemed that I cannot define is upon me. My child shall imbued with some strange, unearthly significance, it

"Come nearer, my beloved child." she said; and. as Felicia bent over her, and she caught the quick full-All this passed through his mind, but to Rose he ing rain of her tears upon her face and bosom, the mother said, sweetly reproving:

"This is not right, my darling! Oh, this is not the spirit with which our Father wills that we should he added stammeringly-"though I am not apt to offer unto him. Felicia, daughter! you have been play the weakling, yet I would-wife-I would ask the angel of my weary pilgrimage! Think you that our Father keeps not the record of your dutiful life? "It is freely, fully bestowed!" said Rose, speaking Think you there is no compensation for the sufferings

"There will be no happiness for me when you are gone. Who then will teach and guide me? Who will long yows. All is forgotten-neglect and indifference save me from wretchedness and woe? Oh. let me

And she threw herself upon her knees, and the fervent petition of her soul that hour was for the

" My child, you will live to recall this hour with strange in his abrubt departure. I will not blame regret; you will learn that the chastening hand is you, Phillp, for the time for reproaches is past; but ever outstretched in love; that sorrow and discipline are the teaching angels from on high. In the future, Felicia—be to her a futher—replace me in her sor- Felicia, you will be blest and happy, and then will you recognize the salutary uses of all trial." There was a prophetic tone in what she said.

The young girl, weeping bitterly, exclaimed between her sobs:

"There is no happiness on earth for me! I am to walk henceforth in the straight paths of honesty and be sacrificed to my father's sordid ambition. But, mother," and she threw back the tangled masses of At any other time he would have met such words golden hair that veiled her eyes, "I will seek eterwith taunting sarcasms and stinging irony; but nal repose in the waters of the sea, and my spirit

"Hush, hush! my dearest; such thoughts are sinful," said the mother, taking her small, white, tremand shouting in thunder tones of accusation at his bling hand. "Not so, my child. That dread alternative will never be. I have your father's binding promise that you shall never wed with Arcabano. What Rose during her life could never bring to pass | Fear not that danger is past. And, my beloved she achieved when death came nigh. She touched child, listen to what I tell you, and receive the last the hard heart, and aroused the soul of one who good I can ever bestow. My blessed, my obedient had scoffed at all holiness, and trampled under foot child! you have heard that the vision of the dying the laws of God and man. Blessed was the mission often lifts the veil from the hidden future? I see of the broken hearted Rose! At her request, when your life before me, now, Felicia! give not way to she had recovered from the exhausting exertion con- unreasoning and blinded grief, for my sake. Some sequent upon the long-protracted interview, Philip day-not far distant-you will meet again-with called in his daughter, and with a thoughtful mien Percy and the mystery of the past will be explained. You will be happy-united-and other joys, un-It was a week from the day of Percy's departure, dreamt of, which I dare not reveal to you-will be and the monster Arcabano, convinced that it would your portion. Trust in the Saviour's love. Resign

> She was much exhausted by the continued effort of speaking.

Felicia, bending over her, silently arranged the and threatened Philip with the atmost vengeance, if pillows, and kissed the white brow over which the mystic, grey shadows were stealing. She pondered During that week the young Felicia had tasted of deeply on her mother's words, and a ray of blessed deep feeling, of a penitential upwelling, moistened gems to the coast and to Europe, this circumstance

consolation, even amid the overwhelming terror, stole his lashes; the bold and wicked adventurer was to her tortured heart.

"Felicia," Rose whispered softly. She bent down her head.

"Call in the servants," she said.

She called them all, and they came from their sevral avocations, and grouped themselves around the room, weeping and sighing, and praying loudly to the saints.

Felicia imposed silence upon them by her gestures; but the gentle mistress, smiling faintly, said in somewhat strengthened tones:

"Leave them to the demonstrations of their honest nearts, dear child, and come hither, and support me while I say farewell to them."

them approach her one by one. She addressed a few kind words to each, bade them fulfill their duties when, breaking from his daughter's arms, he gained and be happy. To two swarthy maidens and an old the solitude of his own room. "She and Teresa! man, she said:

"I have won a boon from your master. Anita and Barbara, and you, Anselmo; you are free! When you leave me, go and thank him." They cast themselves on their knees before her and

her. They prayed for her restoration to health-for she died and kept the secret of her birth. a long and fortunate life.

Rose heard them with a heavenly smile, with the dew drops of compassion in her eyes. When they arose to go, she said:

" Pray that the good Father may receive me in his you, one and all!"

They retired, sobbing, yet restraining all violent would have moved the hardest heart to pity. Candles were illumined in order to propitiate the Virgin and toward the throne of God.

"If they are so bereaved, oh, Father in Heaven! bedside, and held her mother's hand, and saw the fondly toward him, said: mysterious shadows flit athwart the fading counte-

"All will be well?" she murmured reverently, and

Felicia gazed upon her with the agonized look that concerns you, my child!" we give to those who pass from our mortal sight for-

"My darling," she said, turning her yet clear gaze upon her, "I have been a disobedient child, and my years of punishment were many, and my trials were severe. I feel that I am pardoned now; my Heavanly Parent and the earthly father whose strength I bent, whose head I whitened by my sinboth have forgiven me. Felicia, you have been good you! Have faith, trust, patience-all will be well. And now, my beloved, call your father."

Felicia hastened to call an attendant to remain with her until she returned.

"It is not necessary, dearest," said Rose: " each of the women have offered to remain and watch with me, but I need them not. I want only you. Now that monster! And home has no charms for me call your father. Hasten, my child!"

With winged footsteps she sped through hall and corridor, till she found him, plunged in deep thought beside a picture representing the devoted wife in her never know. But let this suffice you; it is for your first youthful charms. He started as Felicia touched him lightly on the shoulder.

She was pallid as any arisen ghost. The terrible shadow of a great sorrow had obscured the lustre of and yet I dare not avow my suspicious. We must her eye, and stolen all the freshness of first youth. The escape in silence and by night. I have gold and valgolden hair floated over neck and shoulders in dis- uables enough, and this house must be left to his raorder; the blue veins' tracery shone forth on brow pacious minions. But we will find a home elsewhere." and hand; her white garments hung loosely around her, and the kerchief about her neck was saturated father looked upon her silently—then with a tone of tenderness, unheard for years, he cried :

" Felicia!" and opened wide his arms. She sunk upon his bosom, wound her loving clasp around him, and sobbed and wept in the abandonment of her soul. "She calls you -she bade me has-

ten." Felicia whispered. "Felicia, my daughter!" he said, and kissed the tear-stained cheeks, "fear me no longer. I will be father-I will atone for all, my child!"

inmistakable scal of death was upon her face i

t speechlessly, and carried it to his lips. "You will remember all you promised?" Again he started at the sound of her voice, so muically, yet so thrillingly imbued with change.

"I will, so help me God!" he oried. "And you will not cast away my warning? You coast, and pleading danger of a private character, etray you—injure you, if he can."

ease upon that point. The rascal is now away." "Will you pray with me, my husband? This once. Grant me my last request. You refused yes- mourning for the loss of their mistress, followed

me, now l" with her, as he had never prayed since he had knelt his person, while he sent a few boxes and caskets on by his mother's knee in sinless boyhood. Tears of board. As the Senor Deltano often sent specie and

taking the first initiatory steps in good.

"Farewell, my beloved Philip-husband of my heart, farewell! Remember-repent-beware! Felicia, I bless you! Father, into thy hands-forgive. Yes, yes, sweet angels, fare---'

The sentence was never finished here. The spirit of the wronged and loving woman had sped to its immortal home. And at the foot of her bed the faithful hound lay stretched in death! Only ye who have felt the pangs of bereavement, who have dwelt in the desert realm of heart-loneliness, ye alone can sympathize with the mourner by the desolate hearthstone. Ye who have sinned and suffered and atoned, ye can judge of the depth of remorse and horror by Supported on the bosom of her daughter, she bade which the guilty husband was visited.

"There are two to torment me, now!" he cried, Oh, I have wronged her-both, most vilely! But it is now too late-too late !"

Rose never knew that the holy name of wife had been to her a mockery. She was spared the final pang of shame, and fearing still further to cloud Feimplored the choicest blessings of the Eternal upon licia's life-path with a revelation of her parentage,

CHAPTER XIV. THE TARDY PENITENCE.

She was laid to rest in the Protestant cemetery of Santa Cruz, and the pomp and luxury that had Paradise, and your good wishes I accept for her, my mocked her life, followed her ashes to the grave. A child. Love her as you have done me. God bless beautiful mausoleum was erected, and her funeral was numerously attended. The splendid mirrors were covered with thick folds of white crape, and outbreaks of their grief; but, when they reached the gorgeous furniture encased in white coverings their own quarters, such a loud, wild wail arose; it of linen. Such is the custom of that Tropical land. Only the pall upon the coffin was of black velvet; the house was decorated as if for her bridal transithe Saints, and from those humble hearts ascended tion to the skies. Beneath the overhanging willow the anguished entreaty that the highest scraph in the the body of the neglected wife was laid. In the realms of immortality inclined to hear, and bear home, hallowed by her gentle presence, Felicia mourned for her truest friend.

It was on the third evening from the funeral that what am I?" oried Felicia, as she again knelt by the Philip entered his daughter's room, and drawing her

"Felicia, I know you to be strong of will, and brave in purpose. I am obliged to intrude upon the sacredness of your grief for your own welfare's sake. her blue eyes were upraised in communion with the Listen to me, and if you can, strengthen me with your cooperation and aid, for all that I do, nearly

"I am wi

in my every thought!" "I am unhappy, harassed, tormented, threatened,

even to my very life, Felicia!" She started up in alarm.

" Your life, father ?"

"Yes, even my very existence, child. I am in the power of that man. I cannot dare tell you how, or wherefore. I have ceased even to think of the oh, more than good to me. Your reward awaits sacrifice of your affections; enough wrong has been committed. I will keep my word to your-to Rose. But in order to clude Arcabano's vengeance, we must flee, we must abandon home and its luxuries; we must fly to parts unknown; change our names; es. cape from here in disguise!"

" I will go to the ends of the globe, father, to escape since my mother left. But why all this mystery? May I not know all, dear father ?"

"Impossible-impossible, my girl! No, you can sake only I would fly from here. Felicia, there is no time to lose! That man, Arcabano's spies, may be upon me at any time. I even mistrust Joaquin

"Then his words to me were not mere empty threats! Oh. father, dear, let us lose no time. I with the briny flood of her tears. For a moment, the will afford you all the assistance in my power. But dearest father, in order to carry out your plan, you must be yourself, always. You must not-"

She hesitated, and looked up deprecatingly. "Must not what? Speak freely, speak fearlessly, my ohild."

"You must beware of the wine cup, father. I can trust your clear head and steady arm, but for that fiend that so often possesses you."

"And who will never possess me again!" he declared. "Oh, child, child I you know nothing of the She seized his hand and pressed it to her throb- temptations, the snares of the world. To Arcabano's ing heart; half-supporting her, they reached the influence I owe much of what I am. It is a long chamber of Rose. Philipstarted back in alarm; the story and unfit for your ears; but I will retrieve much. Mind daughter, and do not let Joaquin see She stretched forth one feeble hand, and he took that we are planning a departure, or he may ruin our prospects. Keep your room as much as possible. I will arrange all."

So saying, he kissed her forehead, and hastened from the house. With the captain of a schooner he bargained for a passage to a distant part of the vill beware of Joaquin? He is your enemy—he will he planned an embarkation by night. A boat was to be in waiting close by the grounds of "Eden "I will dismiss him from my service, Rose; be at Rest," and for a munificent reward, they were to be conveyed away in secret. Not a suspicion seemed to have been raised; the household in deep heartterday, when the minister was here; do not refuse mechanically their several employments. Felicia, by her father's orders, packed away her mother's He yielded not ungracefully. With her cold hand jewels, and Philip, collecting a large sum of money lasped in his, his daughter by his side, he prayed and many valuables, prepared to scorete them about

ould attract no attention. Truly abstaining from all intoxicating drink, he followed out his plan with accuracy and despatch.

In her trembling eagerness to escape the machinations of the evil Elvino, Felicia had no time for regretting the giving up of her home, though in it her childhood hours and her youth's sunniest days had passed. A feverish haste and unrest impelled her on; her sleep was broken as much by the incessant terror that brooded over her, as by the recollection of her recent trial. She watched for the return of her father at morning, noon, and night, with an apprehension amounting to agony. When he appeared. and she saw by his upright bearing and clear eye that he was free from his besetting sin, she clasped her hands in thankfulness, and praised the Lord for his

If Philip sorrowed for the loss of his wife, he did not manifest it by the outward signs of grief; and many thought him, what he had been to her through ife, harsh, cold, and unloving. But to Felicia, it was evident that he grieved deeply, and that reremorse was tugging at his heart-strings. She felt it in his altered manner toward her; in his softened mood: his precautions for her safety and happiness. Had he not sworn to give her to Arcabano?—and had he not recalled that fearful vow? Even the usual sneering tone had been laid aside. He was thoughtful, often, but he was profane and harsh no more.

"A blessed change has come over him," said Feicia, to herself. "My angel mother's prayers have had effect; he will be restored to usefulness, to his daughter's love, to God!" and the filial sentiment that had been almost extinguished by his cruelty, woke to renewed life and power.

"Felica, dearest, all is ready, to-morrow night at. welve," he said, one morning three weeks from the lay of Rose's death. And the young girl's heart leaped exultantly with the blessed sense of release from the overhanging doom. That very day her father had had an exciting interview with Arcabano. who was growing more and more restive and impa-

"What the devil do I care!" said the wretch, "for the say-so of the world. The girl is mine. I have your promise, and I claim her. I went wait for any such nonsense as the year of mourning. What is your dead old woman to me? I shall call at your house next Sunday, and grief or no grief, I shall expect the senorita to receive me."

"As you will!" said Philip, heaving a sigh. " I must submit. Be it as you say." And he thought within himself, "Beforethe rising of next Sunday's sun, we shall be far beyond your reach and malice!"

The Friday of their departure dawned, stormthreatening and gloomy. The sun was obscured by flying clouds of a dull leaden hue, and the mountains were enwrapped in mist. As the afternoon waned to a close, the winds blew furiously, and torrents of rain descended; the lightning flashed, and the thunder boomed from afar. Felicia thought of the storm that had cast Percy Macdonald on those shores, but she felt no fear for herself. She was inspired with an almost superhuman courage—with the impatience of mingled hope and dread.

The night passed on. Not a star shone from the storm-decked heavens. Madame Triny had that evening visited her young friend, as she named the daughter of her former mistress, and had condoled with her on the great loss they had all sustained. As the weather was so unfavorable, she could not return home, and she would have shared the sleep. ing-room of Felicia, had not the young girl declared that she was restless at night and walked the floor. Madame Triny insisted no longer, for she was as fond of sound, undistured sleep as she was of good living and confectioneries.

"Ah, ma chere amis," she said, sadly shaking her head, "I am verce sorree you 'ave de bad habite of walking up and down de cham-bre. It is one pity: one grande blame; you must take some medi-cine, and nevare do so any more. If I should sleep in your cham-bre, I should die wid de fright-for if I see you in your white robes, I shall zink it is one ghost, and I faint away entirelee, and scream as you nevare heard. I am so fright of de ghosts." It required all the regnant self-control of her na

ture to enable Felicia to keep up the conversation: and she was much relieved when Madame Triny plead fatigue and was shown to her apartment. "I shall call you precisely at twelve, my child."

said Philip, as he kissed her good-night. "You are troubled by the storm ?" "Nothing troubles me but the fear that we may

be detected. I do not dread the wrath of the elements; I tremble only at the thoughts of that dread-"Then you can be calm; for rest assured he has

not the slightest suspicion of our movements. Arrange your disguise carefully, and, until the clock strikes, remain in your room; and-if you will-Felicia, pray for me."

"That I will, my father, and with my whole. oul!" she responded, as she sought her chamber.

The two hours of waiting were terrible in the manifold thoughts they brought. Still the stormwind howled fiercely, and the rain-showers beat against the windows. Still the sullen booming of the sea, the illuminating flash, the distant and near roar of the thunder. Felicia prayed, until the reponding angels' shed over her heart the balsamic, healing of their wings; until the peace of heaven. descended to her breast amid the warfare of the elsmental strife without.

She had donned her disguise—that of a native fisherman's wife or daughter; a skirt of a coarse blue stuff reaching but a little beneath the knee; a close

fitting crimson spencer, and a black silk mentilla thrown over her head and shoulders; her whitestockinged feet were encased in black strong galter boots, and over her golden and abundant curls she wore a skillfully fashioned wig of black long hair, that, entirely changing the character and contour of her face, descended in two massive plaits below her waist.

This costume, that might seem heavy and unfitting for a tropical clime, was made of coarse and yet light materials. To shield herself from the rain, she threw around her a rough baize mantle, such as is worn by the fishermen at large.

As the time-piece in her room pointed to the stroke of twelve, her father tapped gently at the door. He, too, was unrecognizable in his rough boatman's garb, and with the whitened hair. He took Felicia's hand, and said gently, "Come."

She took his arm, and they stepped softly through the hall and passages, the fierce wind threatening to blow out their lantern at every step they took. They reached the garden gate in safety, and Philip, raising his daughter in his arms, hurried swiftly on.

"Farewell to Eden Rest! Farewell, farewell, forever!" she answered; and she thought of her mothor's willow-shaded grave, and sighed.

They reached the beach, saw from amid the waves a glimmering light, and knew it was the saving boat. Two men approached, their figures almost indistinguishable in the darkness; they held up the carefully screened lanterns they carried; they were the honest sailors from on board the schooner.

"This is a terrible night, senor," said one, saluting the passengers.

"But I guess we can weather it," said the other in good English.

"Yes, yes, my men; only hasten. Help this lady and I will follow."

There were two more American seamen in the boat, and it required all their exertions to keep the frail thing from awamping. The Yankee who had spoken last, and the Spanish sailor Fermino, wading deep into the stormy water, bore Felicia safely to the

Amid the roar of the waves, the shricking of the blast, and the rushing fury of the rain, she heard not the first sounds of the skirmish on the shore. But in a momentary lull of the tempest, she distinguished the loud cries of human voices; she heard her father's piercing call for help!

"Save him ! oh, save my father!" she shricked. wringing her hands, and attempting to leap forward into the surging waves.

"For heaven's sake, young lady, sit still. Here, James, hold on to her tightly, and you, men, come along quick!" cried one of the sailors; and while James held back the terrified girl, who but for his strong grasp would have thrown herself overboard. the three men swam ashore and hastened to the res-

. The boat had drifted off, and it took them a few seconds to reach the beach. By the vivid glare of the lightening-for by this time all the lights save one in the skiff were out-they saw half a dozen ruffians circling around their passenger, who was defending himself bravely.

"Die, you accuraed dog!" thundered a loud, harsh voice, and the report of a pistol mingled with the weird sounds of the gale.

"Die yourself!" shouted Philip, and another pistol shot was fired.

The thrilling screams of Felicia reached her father's ear; he fought with the energy of desperation. for his own life and for his daughter's honor. Two of the miscroants lay cold in death at his feet. The sturdy tars grappled with the others, while one villain kept to a hand and-hand encounter with Philip, who dexterously sought to evade his gleaming poinard. A flash revealed the swarthy and bearded face

"Traitor! infamous scoundrel!" cried his master. "Oh, my poor Rose was right."

And he struggled for the freedom of his right arm, and dealt the wretch a blow that sent him headlong, but not, alas!, until he had been several times severely wounded by him. The sailors, coming to his aid. bore him from the scene of conflict, having kept off the other robbers by the main force of their vigorous arms.

"Halloo! the boat!" they shouted simultaneously. "Ay, ay !" resounded cheerily, and the light was

held aloft. . There seemed to be a lull in the storm. Still the rain flood poured down, but the wind blew not so fiercely, and the thunder peals died away in the distance.

They reached the boat without accident, and Felicia throwing herself upon her father, cried in heartrending tones:

"He is hurt ! he is killed! Oh, God! his face is white and his eyes are closed. Oh, father, father! am I left to mourn you, too?"

They laid him softly down, and his daughter supported his head. A groan escaped his lips: he looked wildly around. James held the lantern, and Felicia, trembling and overcome with horror, implored him to speak, and assure her that he was not wounded mortally.

"I cannot tell-my darling child," he whispered. "God only knows. Row, men, row for your lives, that we may reach the vessel."

They pulled with a will through the waters, then no longer raging as before; they reached the schooner's side, and with some difficulty the almost insensible Philip and the frantic Felicia were brought to the deck. The pitying captain, shocked at the danger they had all incurred, and full of sympathy for the unhappy lady, aided them in descending to the cabin, in placing the wounded man in a snug berth.

"Yes, yes," said he, shaking his head mournfully, "in Yankee-land we have no such doingssuch stabbings and trainings as this! I'll go and give my orders now; and then, miss, I'll assist you all I can."

Beneath the favoring and now lessening gale, the little craft stood gallantly out to sea.

CHAPTER XV.

THE FATHER'S CONFESSION.

"Do not weep, do not look so despairingly to heaven, my beloved child! Oh, now I feel all that shethat you have been to me. Felicia, child of my love, I am the vilest, lowest sinner on this earth! You will spurn me, my daughter; you will turn from my dying bed with horror and aversion; you will spurn and curse the stricken wretch before you! My pure, good child, you will turn from me with loathing, for I am burdened with a weight of crime!" And he writhed in the bodily torture that was the accompaniment of his mental pangs. .

"Do not talk so, dear father-ever my father, what-

late!"

She looked imploringly into his face, and wiped the clammy perspiration from his brow. Overhead the lamp shed its flickering gleams, and the little vessel rolled and pitched as she ploughed the waves. The auxious daughter had not left his side own golden hair strayed in disheveled masses from beneath the disguising braids.

"I feel that I shall not live long, my beautiful!" he fondly replied; "but do not yet give way to grief. have much, much to confess. Go and put on dry robes, my child. Nay, I beseech you, leave me, and do as I desire; put on some of your own clothes; arrange your own bright hair. I would see my Felicia as she is. It is my earnest wish."

She arose with a deep sigh, kissed his hand, and withdrew. The captain gave her the keys of the trunks that had been sent on board, and she took from one a dark and close-fitting dress and arrayed herself as usual; she combed and smoothed her glossy hair, and arranged it in the floating ringlets her father loved so well. Meanwhile he held a whispered conference with the good-natured little Yankee captain.

Felicia returned to her post, and with a feeble smile he greeted her. His strength was fast declining; he had received three ponjard thrusts from the hand of his treacherous servant, and no human skill could avail to save him. Although suffering excrupiating pain, he controlled himself by that iron willpower that had characterized him through life. He suppressed the groans that arose to his lips; only when the resistless torrent of remorse swept over ful attendant of your own sex. Go to the Metropohim, did it force from him the expressions of physi-lis, and wait upon the firm of Wells & Grattan—they cal suffering also. Often compelled to pause from excess of pain, from sheer exhaustion, he continued:

"Felicia, gather together all the noble courage with which I know you are endowed; take your religious principles, the memory of your-of Rose; think of God's mercy-that mercy that long I have disbelieved in, that I have never acknowledged, never called upon until too late-and when you have done this - and you must do it quickly, love - prepare to hear the frightful statement that brands me-your father-with present and eternal infamy !"

The daughter gazed fervently upward, and implored the strength of the Eternal's arm.

"I am ready to hear all you have to say, my father?"

"You will not curse me ?-not despise me while the life yet lingers? Felicia, you are the only being I have ever truly loved! Wayward, stern as I have been, even to thee, that one pure unporverted affect tion ever rested in my soul, the one, the only redeeming point. Felicia, in the name of the great God who has visited me with punishment, I ask your forgiveness! I would kneel to you, could I compel this wretched body to that posture of humility! Pardon, pardon, my child, for the sins I have committed promise of your hand!" against you!"

"Father, you have not wronged me. You have been generous, kind, indulgent! You' were never his forehead. harsh to me, except—and then you were not your self," she said, with a burst of emotion.

"Do not weep for me; I am not worthy; be grateful to the Lord for taking me from your life-path. The path of evil is so flowery, so inviting; it seems so smooth and lovely; daughter of my soul, it leads to untold of depths of darkness! Once trodden, it may not be retraced. I might live to bring more shame uron you; to drive every vestige of affection from your heart by drunkenness and sin. I am taken ere I can do more harm."

"Dear father, there is joy in heaven over every

"Oh, that I were not too late! Oh, that I could Felicia, in alarm, asked him if he felt worse. expiate every crime, and banish the haunting spectres that pursue me! Felicia, I have wronged you my child." from your birth!"

science. I will apply to it the sacred promises of restored. God."

" Rose was not your mother, my child !" The young girl's eyes dilated with a wondering tare-her very lips blanched; she pressed her hands together, but only a feeble moan gave evidence that she had heard and understood.

"But you are my daughter, my own beloved one!" he said quickly.

"Am I the child of shame?" she asked trembling-

"You are my daughter by my own lawful wife Teresa de Alcayda," he replied. "And she-my mother?-where-oh, mother

Rose!" she cried with a convulsive flood of tears. "Your mother, your own mother? Listen, my child-there lies my greatest sin. She was my wedded wife; and I, foul wretch, deserted her for no cause save love of novelty and change! I married Rose Palmer; but the ceremony was null and void, for your mother was living, and could have claimed her

"Is she living still? oh, father!" "How could I have been so incarnate a fiend, your ooks would ask! A false ambition, an unholy, insatiate desire for gain possessed me. I stole from your mother the moneys sent from her native place. I left her in misery and in privation. I stole you from her arms! Felicia, curse me! Trample out laid me low!" the wretched remnant of my life! I am unworthy of your pity! I am too far beneath the mercy of listening girl, there was so much almost incredible just Providence! See, child! this right hand struck my mother! This dark heart planned the hellish scheme that sent Teresa forth a beggared maniac on the world ! I deceived poor Rose!-I tore her from the safe shelter of her virtuous home, from the love of her father! I poisoned and embittered her life, and made her the slave of my caprices. I intercepted her letters, and she never heard a word from home. It forgiven trespasses. was not consumption, but I, that killed her! And morning, noon and night, have I been haunted by the spectral face, the outstretched arms, the wild. accusing voice of her who bids me return her child!"

, "I know not-but the Lord watched over her! She came to my mother's house—she was received, adopted as a daughter, by that mother. I heard from my thought-I recognized his voice. The villain-Joascoret emissaries. I fled with Rose, who never knew | quin—he was present at my marriage with Teresa. the deceit that made a wife of her only in name! I think I killed aim. Now-daughter-call the cap-She deemed your mother had been my mistress; yet tain—and leave me awhile with him. Yet stay she loved you, and adopted you as her own!"

Felicia. "But is she living, father?"

"Blessed mother! Dear saint in Heaven! never shall I cease to call her by that sacred name !"

"Felicia, I have not heard directly from my mother one kiss if you do not-despise me-all too much."

ever you be. God, who is all righteous, does forgive. for many years. Since I fied from home she has not Dare I, his frail human creature, harshly judge or known of my whereabouts, and I could obtain no incondomn? Oh, father, no matter how deeply stained formation since the time I heard of Teresa's estab--you are now repentant; you will henceforth live to lishment with her. She had wealth; her family were bless the Lord! Only tell me that you feel the hope influential; yet I blighted her life for a mere caprice. of life; that you will not die and leave me deso- I could not brook her noble, self-dependent, flery spirit. Through her affection for you I made a willing instrument of Rose."

He paused awhile to recover breath. With a pitcous look of entreaty he gazed into his daughter's face. " Have I told you enough already to inspire you with lasting abhorrence? Will you now turn from one moment, though her garments were wet and her me, and flying from my sight, leave me to the accusing phantoms of my sins? Felicial am I condemned

There was such a tearful agony in his voice, that

she seized his hand and covered it with kisses. "May the Almighty God forgive, fully as my own heart," she replied.

"Bless you-bless you forever, angel! interceding, loving angel!" he cried, and the large tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Oh, father I tell me of my mother; where is she?

Can I not find her, if she is still on earth?" "You can, and you must! My mother lives in -. Take this portfolio by my side, open it, take out the small box of sandal wood; it contains my most precious documents. Give it to me. Here, child, is my mother's address."

She took it in her trembling hands, and read: " Mrs. Mercy Almay, Linden Cottage, three miles

from C-shire, England."

"You ponder over the name!" said her father. That is my real one. The name of Deltano, like many others I have borne, was assumed. But, dear, my strength is waning fast; hearken to my last instructions, as well as to my dying confession! The good captain will see you safely on board a vessel for England. He will, also, procure for you a faithwere correspondents of mine. Some one of the firm will be in existence. Without discovering the purport of your journey, ask them to send you to shire, if you can previously gain any tidings concerning my mother or your own. And if they are both gone, you will inherit all. My poor mother was in comparatively humble circumstances for my extravagance kept her so; but Teresa is wealthy; and the few trinkets and the money I have about me, will prove sufficient for your subsistence until your claims are established. I can trust you, love! You are energetic, high-principled; God and his angels will surround you. In London, you may meet with Percy Macdonald. Felicia, pardon! I brought that

last sorrow to your heart!" "Percy !-how-what do you mean, my father?" said Felicia, her color rising to her eyes, full of conscious inquiry bent upon his face.

"He loved you!" groaned the miserable man, as the remembrance of his double treachery flashed vividly athwart his mind. "He told me so that day, and I - urged on by fear, cowardly, dastardly dread of Arcabano-I told him a falsehood-said you were engaged-and that your affection had gone with the

Again for a moment he struggled and writhed in pain, until the great drops of perspiration stood on

"Oh, too, too cruel!" murmured Felicia; but he heard her not.

"Will you still say pardon, my daughter?" The sorrowful, changed and failing voice aroused her from the tumult of her thoughts.

"I will say it now, and forever!" she cried earnestly, again taking his cold, moist hand. " And Peroy loved me, father?"

"As fondly and as purely as you deserve to be loved. If you ever meet-and I doubt not that you will-be happy, and ask him, also, to forgive me!" He now spoke with difficulty; there was a wheezing sound in his throat, and his eyes rolled fearfully.

"Somewhat," he gasped. "I will take some drink.

She prepared a glass of wine and water, and held "Tell me all; tell me all that burdens your con- it to his lips. He drank eagerly, and seemed much

"Let me finish while I have time," he said, " for you must know all. I have been connected with Arcabano for many years. First in smuggling expeditions-then in maurading-in varied and extensive robberies in the mountains! You start-you turn pale, my child! Yes; such is your wretched father! thus is he fallen! He, that villain to whom I would have sold you, he is the chief of a horde of desperadoes such as this country only can produce. Much of my ill-gotten wealth was thus acquired. Fear not, my child, to use the small portion left you. Remember that I stole of your mother's patrimony -all I could lay my hands upon. In an evil hour I staked at the gaming table all-and lost. Flushed with wine-delirious-unconscious of what I was doing. I risked my house, and lost. Then, oh, bitter, blighting shame! oh, curse! oh, infamy! I accepted what I deemed a brutal jest-I staked my child's hand and Arcabano won! He insisted upon the fulfillment of the unholy compact! I remonstrated entreated-promised-all in vain! My life was in his hands. Though innocent of blood-guiltiness. I was implicated in the murders committed by his horrid crew. I was known as a gentleman of honor and fortune, in Santa Cruz. He held me in his hands. -my life-the gallow-death-dishonor. I was an unnatural father! Now the hand of retribution has

These terrible revelations almost overcame the wickedness. She shuddered, and almost shrank from him who had committed so many outrages on divine and human laws. Then she remembered that We was stricken by the hand of death; that he was helpless and bereft of all save his daughter's sympathy, and her heart was again softened, and she looked upon him with the compassionate sorrow of

"A few words more," he said, moving about uneasily, for the pain of his wounds had become intolerable. "I have freed all who were slaves at ' Eden Rest.' Three were freed at Rose's express desire-"God forgive you-be merciful unto you !" gasped the others-know not yet-but they will soon-all the servants have been paid-but the house will be -taken possession of-by Arcabano-I know notwhether he was on the beach last night-but I before you go-once more say you forgive me!"

"I do, my father! I do, with all my soul!" "Thanks, thanks! my blessed angel! Give me

Held in the arms of the good captain, he breathed his jects of inquiry for this paper. last; and it was not until the stillness and screnity of death had settled on the face of Philip Almay, shows that Sennacherib, king of Assyria, in the that his daughter was permitted to look upon him.

The first glow of morn spread over the horizon, when his spirit winged its flight. At sunset that and troubles, clothed in sackcloth, Hezekiah sent his day there was an ocean burial, and the body of the chief ministers of State, and the elders of the priestpenitent transgressor was committed to the deep.

Felicia lifted up her streaming eyes and said: "Thy will be done!"

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

Written for the Banner of Light. LOVE! AY, LOVE! Love Not," by Mrs. Norton, in the Banne June 15, 1861.

BY E. M. W.

Love ! ay, love ! 't is the hope of the world. The gordian knot binding each fond heart to heart, In the chains of more beauty than rubies or gold-'T is the chalice of glory kind angels impart. Each breath of the morn is a love-beating throb Of the Infinite heart overshadowing all; How thrilling its presence, as mount, glen and wood Recchoing, echoes the wild warbler's call.

Love I ay, love 1 't is the lamplight of life, Still guiding our feet o'er the dark, rugged way ; Though sharp, piercing thorns with red imprints rife. Leave heart-stains of blood as onward we stray. Ask the mother, the husband, the sister, the wife. Shall we blot from existence and " love not" again? life l

If this be, oh God ! all existence is vaid !" Elm Cottage, Rochester, Vt., 1861

Original Essays.

NOTES

CRITICAL AND HERMENEUTICAL. THINK!

BY HORACE DRESSER, M. D., LL. D.

NUMBER FIVE.

GREEK TEXT.

Basileion B. Keph 19, Schi. 7, 85. 7. Idou ego didomi en auto pneuma kai akousetai aggelian kai apostraphesetai eis ten gen autou—kai katabalo auton en romphaia en te ge autou. 35. Kai egeneto nuktos, kai exelthen aggelos Kuriou kai epataxen en te parembole ton Assurion ekaton ogdoekon tapente Chiliados—kai orthrisan toproi, kai idou pantes somata nekra.

No nation, ancient or modern, having a literature. has ever failed to furnish evidence of a belief in the agencies and influence of spiritual beings. The records of the past teem with the utterances of prophets and the visions of seers. Kings, princes, priests and people have ever consulted Oracles, and given heed to their mysterious language. Their revelations have been received as the voice of Deity, and been considered as divine counsels founded on a knowledge of the ordinations of destiny. The Hebrew prophet and seer, whether a wanderer in wilthe oracles of Delphi, at Dodona, at Epirus, and other places in beautiful Greece, could learn the will of the gods and shape his conduct accordingly. Temples dedicated to Jupiter, to Apollo, and other deities, were the resorts of all those interested in the ascertainment of things pertaining to the future. Poets portrayed in immortal verse the manifestations of spirit power, and illustrated in their descriptions of the manners and motions of entranced mediums, the verisimilitude of their inspirations with those of like persons in our day. How exact is the resemplance of their appearance, in the action and exhibition of the Cumaean Sibyl, while subject to the afflatus of a spirit, which the poet fables or conceives o be a god:

Ventum erat ad limen. quum virgo, poscere fata Tempus, ait; deus, ecce, deus. Cui talia fanti Tempus, ait; deas, ecce, deus. Cui talia fanti Ante fores, subito non vultus, non color unus, Non comptae mansere comae; sed pectus anhelum Et rabie fera corda tument, majorque videri, Neo mortale sonans, afflata est numine quando

tual forces, no volume can be found more servicea-This compilation from Jewish and Greek writing, is worthy of reference and consultation in all matters of human and earthly interest, as well as in men have no idea that its expressions, "the wordof the nocturnal descent upon the Assyrian camp. Lord "-" thus saith the Lord "-" the burden which the prophet did see"-" God spake unto Moses." &c.. adicate just what is meant, in modern phrase, by such language as this: "The spirit for a person communication to me was as follows," &c. The personating mediums, and, at times, were also seers or clairvoyants? How many of them have ever informed their hearers that John, whose book of the Apocalypse contains not only what, as seer, he saw and heard in a state of entrancement or intromission, but what was penned by his hand for the Seven Churches of Asia, was both a writing medium and Ezekiel, &c., are collections of spirit communications, concerning things either seen or heard in vissome way-sometimes in words spoken-sometimes in words written. They and the Sibylline Oracles of Pagan Antiquity, have close resemblance, and, no sentation to mortals.

servations, we will now devote attention to the wish emption could hardly happen to one blasted, using

She bent over him and klested him on the death es of a correspondent, from whose communication damp brow. She pressed her pure lips to his mouth | we extract the following: y As you have the advanand cheeks, and baptized him fresh for heaven in the tage of me, in the knowledge of the Hebrew and falling tear-flood of her tender grief. When she had Greek languages and their idioms, will you oblige left the cabin, he gave way to the expression of the me by examining chapter 10 of Second Kings, verses torments that consumed him; he grouned aloud, and 7 and 85, and see if you can make other than the entreated God for speedy relief and meroy. He present version?" In accordance with this demand knew that his final struggle would be hard, and did upon us, we have placed the passages referred to at not wish his gentle child to witness his last conflict. the head of this article, in Greek text, as the sub-

The history in which the aforesald texts are found, fourteenth year of the reign of Hezekiah, king of Judah, waged war against him. In his calamity hood, also clad in sackcloth, to Isaiah, the prophet Weeping afresh for the mother-love of Rose; cling- or medium, to consult him concorning the welfare ing with a fond tenacity to the hope of meeting face of the kingdom, and the result of the invasion by to face the one who had given her birth; thrilled the haughty Assyrian. We observe here, in passing, with the blest knowledge of Percy's love and fideli- what a lesson is this piece of history, to those of toty; with a deep pity for the father she had lost, day, who fear the priests and their fellows of the churches, and dare not visit a medium or prophet, to inquire after beloved friends in spirit-life. These ministerial and sacerdotal messengers of the invaded king, find the prophet who sends greeting to their Master. His oracular words read in the record as follows: "Thus saith the Lord-be not afraid of the words which thou hast heard, with which the servants of the king of Assyria have blasphemed me: behold, I will send a blast upon him, and he shall hear a rumor, and shall return to his own land "the latter portion of which words of the prophet, the reader will discover, is the common version of the first section of the Greek which we have transcribed above. Passing over the prayer of the King, offered by him in the temple, and other utterances of the prophet concerning the Assyrian invader, we find the historian concludes his narratives of the invasion, and the deliverance of the king of Judah, in these words, showing a literal fulfillment of the predictions of the prophet: "And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians, an hundred four-score and five thousand-and when they arose early in the morning, behold they were all dead corpses. So Hush I hear the quick answer, "Ye'll crush out my Sennacherib, king of Assyria, departed, and went and returned and dwelt at Nineveh. And it came to pass, as he was worshiping in the household of Nisroch, his god, that Adrammelech and Sharezer his sons, smote him with the sword." The former part of which words of the historian, comprises the second section of the Greek at the head of this Essay. as those words come to us translated in the common English Bible. The inquiry of our friend, is, Whether the pas-

sages of history, which he has designated, Anglicized as above, convey the real idea of the Jewish historian. We take the Greek here introduced from the LXX, or Septuagint Translation from the Hebrew. which, we think, is a correct version into Hellenistic. We will try the English rendering by the test of an examination. 1. IDOU EGO DIDOMI EN AUTO PNEUMA: We take ex-

ception to the common version of these words, which is, " behold, I will send a blast upon him," that is, upon the king of Assyria. It would seem that the English translators conceived the idea that this threatening oracle given through the prophet, no matter by whatsoever phenomena its predictions might be fulfilled, related not to the person himself of Sennacherib, but to his army, of which 185,000 subsequently perished in one night. In such conception they were evidently in error. It is a denunciation personal to the king, the meaning of which we will soon make apparent. It would seem also that these learned Commissioners of the English king, believed that the words of Isaiah represented as spoken by the Lord, contained a specification of derness solitudes, or dweller in populous town or the kind of visitation or instrumentality by which city, unveiled the affairs of the Future, and exposed the concealments of coming events. The visitor of the concealments of coming events. The visitor of the indicate or specify anything in that health and not indicate or specify anything in that behalf, and besides, the historian himself in his account of the appalling slaughter of the Assyrian hosts, is silent as to the means which were employed by the angel to smite them. They funcy a method of destruction, and then distort or strain the language of the prophet, for a meaning which they think shall furnish a sufficient cause for so great mortality. Believing it to be caused by some phenomenon in nature, they search for a statement of it, in the words given by the medium to the servants of the troubled king. and suppose its kind is described by the word which they accordingly translate blast, which means, among other significations, any pernicious or destructive influence upon animals or plants. But it is not shown, nor is it intimated, what phenomena attended the loss of the lives of these myriads of men. Nothing is said of disease in the camp. It is asserted to be the act of an angel of the Lord. What elements or powers in nature were exercised by him to accomplish such an awful catastrophe, does not ap-As a treasury of spirit communications, and of pear, if exercised at all. That spirit forces were the productions of minds largely influenced by spir- employed directly or indirectly, is fully declared. That spirits are able to control matter, and to opeble, and so useful as that known as the Bible, and rate on the physical elements, we have no doubt. It accounted by all Christendom as sacred—as holy. is quite probable that the Assyrians fell on the fatal night mentioned through their engineering of the forces of Nature to bring to pass such a calamity. Be it so-and yet there is nothing in the text to those things relating to the life of the Herenfter. It evince that a blast, or puff of wind, which is one of is amazingly misunderstood, however—the masses of its meanings, was marshaled by the Angel for the

We accept the meaning given to the word, didomi, but prefer to vary the language, and to give the tense as used in the Greek-the present instead of the future-to read thus: I dispatch. The proposionce an inhabitant of this earth | said to me"-" the | tion en is erroneously translated upon. It should read, unto. The word blast, has been used for pneumultitude might forever remain thus ignorant, if ma, in the Greek-its proper meaning is spirit, and left to be truly taught by their clerical teachers of such is its version, usually, in the writings of the the Pulpit. How many of these instructors of the Bible, or so-called Sacred Scriptures. In this place people are aware, and, if aware, dare tell them that it should read spirit, a personal entity, or inhabitant the Hebrew prophets were writing, speaking, and of spirit-land; and not blast, an elemental phenomena, or result of forces physical or psychical. Such usage, it will be seen, harmonizes the words of the prophet, and makes common sense of his utterances. The clause will then appear thus: "Behold, I despatch a spirit unto him." It should be remembered, as we have said, that this language is expressly applied to the Assyrian king, and not to his army. clairvoyant? The books of Isaiah, Jeremiah, In all the words of the communication by the mys. terious medium, nothing of evil is predicted to befall or happen to him personally, till after he shall reions by those prophets, and coming through them in turn home, and then it shall come, not by a blast, but by the sword. Nor is anything of evil occurence recorded of him till after his return to Ninevch. Nowhere does it appear that while he was abroad, prosdoubt, have the same spirit-origin and modes of pre- ecuting the war in the campaign against the king of Judah, that he was sick for a moment, or in any Having prefaced our present notes with these ob- way affected, in his health, by disease. Such exsort of suffering. We are satisfied that the word other Bridgets. does not convey the idea of the prophet, and that no proper translation thereof.

words, and he shall hear a rumor, entirely misleads clothes, will give all the overplus of their carnings the reader, as they do not give the idea or thing in to feed an aged, dying parent. All the poor, toiling a spirit was to be despatched to the Assyrian aggres- old, who gave her all into the treasury of alms-givsor. This fragment of the prophecy explains the er- ing. So do these generous souls do in this age and rand of the invisible visitor. It was to carry a mes- generation. And whenever the Gospel of Christ is sage of some sort, as the word aggelian imports: in | preached, received and practiced, these alms-giving this place and in this connection, it signifies, not from suffering souls shall be felt and loved and adsimply a message, but a forewarning message, de- mired, and "shall be told of" in a language more nunciatory, oracular, and forshadowing the future. "Coming events cast their shadows before," is a maxim founded on the experience and observation of of such a thing as having the reputation go forth for the ages. The king is to receive a spirit message in giddy world to hear, "I am an alms-giver." some way. He shall hear it, akouselai, but probably not with the external ear. If it be asked after the manner of Christ's approval; not people how the spirit-messenger shall communicate with who are rich in earthly things. A rich man never the king, we answer that among the methods fre- gives "his all" into the box of poverty; he never quently adopted, are dreams and visions of the gives half; he never gives a quarter, an eighth, or a night. So it might have been in this case. Our sixteenth. Should be by the pressing force of cirversion of these words, is, and he shall hear its fore- cumstances give a tithe of all his riches for the rewarning message. There is no foundation for the lief of the diseased, the hungry and the naked, he rendering of the word aggelian, a rumor. It would would wish to have all the newspapers in the land seem to the reader of the common version, that by herald his mighty alms-giving; while the real almsreason of some rumer which should go abroad in the giver, such as Christ approves, that gives all, never land, and which others might hear as well as Sen- had a thought or desire that her deeds of alms givnacherib, that he would become frightened and vol- ing would be published. untarily return to his own land; but the words of the prophecy, in the original, warrant no such inference. His return or departure is declared in the oracle uttered by Isaiah as one forced upon him from some cause, as will appear in the next place.

8. KAI APOSTRAPHESETAI EIS TEN GEN AUTOU: These words are given to the reader of the English man will give half of this barrel of flour away to Bible thus: " and he shall return to his own land." The verb here used, is in the passive voice, showing penury, want, starvation and suffering, is heavily action upon or against, by some force or power; and laid, without a single thought that he has done a nobesides, it cannot be used to signify return, its ble deed; without a thought that he has any more meaning here being, "shall be beaten back—shall be than obeyed an ordinary demand of duty. A man driven away." The event which followed the fore- worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars will warning of the spirit, viz.: the fall of one hundred and put fifty dollars into the contribution box, rolled up eighty-five thousand men, in one night, shows the in a piece of paper, on which his name is written, motives for departure from Judah, and how it came to pass. The word apostraphesetai, calls for the change that she has "over," without her name accompanying we make in the reading: " and he shall be driven it. One puts in less than a thousandth part of what away into his own country."

4. KAI KATADALO AUTON, &c.: These words, in the main, are properly translated. Kalabalo should read, missionary reports; the other does not think of it. "I will strike down," instead of "I will cause to To reduce the parallel to a plain and common-sense fall." Though the king's death is reported by the truthful sentence—the rich man gives no alms, while historian to have come to pass by the hands of his his poor; hard-working washer woman gives alms like sons, the prophet declared the Lord as saying, in the a Christian. first person, and without intermediate causes or agents, " I will strike him down." Either version The poor have evidently the harder side for earthly is philosophically correct—that which we have given glory; but for the spiritual side, they have a brightis literally and grammatically correct.

the historical statement of the destruction of the in the ruling of these things, and as they are, they greater part of the army of the Assyrian prince. are right. Our criticism upon them will be brief, because our version of them is not much variant from the common reading. We except, however, to the rendering of nucles, by the words, "that night." There is no word of limitation or of particularization in the original. authorizing the use of the word that, in connec vention. The most remarkable phenomena witnessed in the physical world, and commonly considered as iniraculous, have a spiritual origin or cause. The scenes so often recorded in the Hebrew annals and chronicles, were set in array and carried to completion by the vitalizing energy of spirit-power. Observe what happened for the deliverance of the fugitives from Egypt at the Red Sea; the occurences at Mount Sinai, upon the giving of the law; the manifestations attendant upon the crucifixion of the Nazarene, &c.

... We shall not fail in our version, to vary kai orthriean toproi, kat idou pantes somata nekra, from that given by the profound Commissioners under his Majesty, James, King, &c. They make the words read: "And when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses!" This looks like a Hibernicism: [Quere-were any of the learned Commission natives of Ireland? | We render the words, thus: "And when day first dawned, behold, indeed, all were dead bodies." In order to a proper judgment in the premises, when doctors disagree, let the reader please examine what we have noted above, and compare with the English text of his Bible, the translation which we derive from the Greek text at the head of this paper, as follows:

Behold, I despatch unto him a spirit, and he shall hear its forewarning message, and he shall be driven away into his own country, and I will strike him down with the sword in his own land. And it ocourred at night that the Angel of the Lord went out and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred and eighty-five thousand, and when day first dawned behold, indeed, all were dead bodies."-ver. 85.

ALMS-GIVING.

Rich men, with one hand put vall! A penny in the urn of poverty,"
And with the other take a shilling out." Self-gain is the object of alms giving with the rich but with the poor it is self-snorifice.

the "The poor man's breast is brawny, But its currents flow

Generously for human woe. His hand is hard and stiff with honest labor, But it drops the last penny in the urn of poverty. And goes to work to carn another."

Who gives alms? The man or woman who by hard and honest toil has more than carned enough, but has scarcely received amough to satisfy their own hunger. The hungry man, who has but two crackers to eat, will give one to another hungry man; the woman who is but half clad and almost freezing, will divide her own scanty clothing with a child, when it is freezing with the winter's cold. Toiling, down trodden, crushed young women, who work hard all day, for rich men and corporations, and get twentyfive or fifty cents, will divide their hard carned cents with other young women who can get no work to do, or with those who from over-done toil are fast falling to the grave with the gnawing pains of some fatal disease. The faithful Patrick and the dutiful Bridget, whom the rich call their " servants" will give yearly miracle of the blossoming of Aaron's rod, re-

the term in a bad souse and as significant of some and mend the misfortunes of other Patricks and

Many young women in large towns and in Boston. word was uttored by him requiring its use as a who are taunted by being called "shop girls," and earn only a little more than enough to pay for the 2. KAI AKOUSETAI AGGELIAN: The English of these meanest board, and suffer for want of necessary the mind of the prophet. We have shown above that and oppressed, are alms-givers-like the woman of powerful than words. These alms-givers desire no living trumpeter; they ask none; they never thought

It is people poor in earthly things that give alms

A man of uncounted riches thinks that he has done a deed that will lift his soul to the highest heaven, when he has given a barrel of flour to the poor man that has done ten times as much work in his store as he has done himself, for which he has paid him only a dollar a day; while this same poor another man, on whose family the ruthless hand of while his washer-woman will put in two cents, all

he has, and the other puts in her all; one wants to have his great deed of alms giving published in the

Such is life as it is in the direction of alms-giving. er, clearer, better show, I know. It is hard, some-6. KAI ECENETO NUKTOS, &c.: These words contain | times, to say that all is well; but there is a wisdom A. B. CHILD.

IN MEMORIAM,

EDITOR OF BANNER-I send you a beautiful poem. ccasioned by the early death of MISS CAROLINE E. RICHARDSON, of Newburyport, noticed in a recent tion with night—the time is left indefinitely. It number of your paper. It was written at my special should the rather read, "by night—at night;" that tached to it, and to me is a delightful tribute to an is, on some night. We accept the cause assigned for amiable and affectionate relative and friend. In a letthe fall of so great a multitude of warriors in the ter inclosing the poem, the writer says :--- The morning camp of the Assyrians. The angel-world was then, ing subsequent to the reception of your letter, while as it is now, a mighty agency to influence the affairs passing by my little flower-garden. I spied a beautiful of this world. Its legions have ever been actively pansy, or violet, in full bloom, despite the beaded frostengaged for the weal or the woo of the inhabitants of work that lay, like a covering of rare gems, over the earth" History is full of instances of spirit-inter- entire bed; and thoughts of you and your grief being dominant at the time, the flower somehow mingled in the company of passing ideas, and left its impress on my fanciful memory, to be caught up by my pen at a later period and usefully embellished. If the little memento pleases and interests you, my reward will be two-fold, for it is a pleasure to know that I have not quite lost my power to gather the fancies of my brain G. K. P. into song.''

> Dear little violet, lifting your head Up to the azure, less bright than your eye. Why have you bloomed when the summer is dead. And the white breath of the winter so nigh? Did you not know that the summer flowers sleep? Have you not learned that the year is grown old? Did some lone fay sit beside you and weep, Until your heart in its pity grew bold, Venturing out from its earthly retreat, Clad in the beautiful colors of spring, Wrapping in velvet the lonely fay's feet, Gemming with fragrance her gossamer wing?

Nay, little violet—well do I know Why you have opened your beautiful eye. When the winds murmur so mournfully low. Telling that white bearded winter is nigh: Out on the frost-beaded breath of the morn Floated the soul of a beautiful maid: And you have blossomed to tell there is born An angel in Heaven, from the fair form we laid Sadly away in the damp, shady tomb, Laving with tears the cold pillow we gave. Murmuring in our bereavement and gloom. That our great love could not cherish and save.

Beautiful bud of November's chill morn, ... Brief is your life, but your mission how kind! Unto our hearts from your fragrance is born Sweet consolation by Heaven designed. Frail your existence, oh, beautiful flower ! Frail was your own, darling CARRIE, but fair ! Better to die thus in beauty's full power. Than live to forget all but sorrow and care: Better to wing the pure spirit's lone flight. When all your beauty and grace will be sung,

Than linger till love and hope, lost in the night

Of helpless old age, finds in sorrow no tongue.

So while we mourn for you, darling and fair. Chanting the rhymes that your death knell has rung, Hope gently softens the wall of despair-Alas, that the beautiful perish so young!" And as the autumn's sweet flowret will bloom Fragrant and fair when the winter is o'er, So will the flower we laid in the tomb, Bloom in the garden of God evermore. Thus from our grief cometh holier love : Thus from our loss cometh heavenly gain; Having a treasure so precious above.

There will our foud hearts aspire to attain. ANNIE M. DUGANNE. Dover, N. H., Nov. 21, 1861.

Some people' sensibility is a mere bundle of aversions, and their memory a row of hooks to hang grudges on.

. Wonderful is the advent of the spring-the great all their little earnings to mitigate the sufferings peated on myriads of branches.

New Nork.

"THE DESTRUCTION OF EGYPT BY THE OBSTINACY OF PHARACH."

Reported for the Banner of Light.

On Sunday evening, December 8th, Rev. Dr. Cheever preached to an overflowing congregation, from Exodus x: 7-8: "Pharach's servants said unto him, How long shall these men be a snare unto us? show that not twenty years would pass before the Let the men go, that they may serve the Lord their whole world would be wondering at our prosperous God. Knowest thou not yet that Egypt is destroyed? condition in consequence. The opportunity is grant-And Moses and Aaron were brought again unto ed now under the most favorable circumstances pos-Pharach, and he said unto them, Go, serve the Lord sible-with respect to churches, free schools. &c. your God-but who are they that shall go?"

could thus remonstrate with their government and own soldiers' lives. Why was not the Hatteras extell it of its mistake and duty; and yet it does not pedition followed up by the conquest of North Caroappear that they were called rebels or friends of reb- lina? John Brown would have carried his men and els, because they told their master he was ruining his principles to the very heart of the Southern conthe country by persistency in slaveholding. They federacy. Why is not the whole State of South Carwere not mealy-mouthed-they spoke out boldly, as olina, that nest of rebellion, conquered, and Charlesit was their right and duty to do; and they proved ton captured? Why is the blow delayed until the their good sense by not obeying the voice of party. Rebels have had time to cancentrate their forces for The matter was beyond endurance; they would defence; and the attempt must be attended with the speak out; and they might well be taken for an ex- massacre of thousands? Why are not the commandample in this age and country. These old monarchi- ers of those expeditions brought to account? Would al idolators might teach our Christian nation a les- not that be as just as it was to dispossess that Genson as to the style of petition proper to be adopted eral who dared nobly to proclaim freedom to the opat this crisis. They saw their ruler persisting in pressed? crime, and drawing down the vengeance of heaven, and they spake out, demanding an edict of emancipation, so that Pharach dared not any longer hesitate. He let the men go and serve their God.

The most absolutely governed people may speak property; slaveholders are addressed as "proud and out, so that the most absolute despot must obey. generous citizens of a hospitable, sovereign State," Let dur people call for a decree of emancipation, and and, instead of protecting their miserable victims. it must pass. The government is theirs-committed to them by God, and He will not suffer them to let the responsibility pass out from their hands, mitted such a complication of folly and wickedness The claims of God and Humanity are to be heard at all times; and if that divine voice is silenced everywhere else, from the pulpit it should be sounded louder. But especially if the question concerns the continuance of a vast national crime, then ohurches and ministers cannot innocently remain speechless. A Gospel that men are afraid to bring out at a time when the earth trembles beneath the tread of armed men, will have lost its influence in a season of returning prosperity and peace. This must be my apology (if any be needed) for the persistent application of these truths from this pulpit—which may God keep free for the proclamation of all truth; every word and every syllable of it!

The proposition to yield up everything into the

hands of politicians is a suicidal proposition for the camp, and take our texts from the orders of the day, as the army takes its marching orders!

This is not the position we can consent to take. God's will now, any more than in the days of Moses and of Pilate. The tribe of Egyptian priests as truth and threaten the destruction of the countrymen of corrupt mind, reprobates concerning the faith." but we trust, with Paul, they shall proceed Jannes and Jambres also was.

anti-emancipationists prevailed, even to the death of at Washington is crowded with poor victims of that the first-born and the rain of the country; opposing same law, thrown into prison to pay their jail fees, the direct command of God to let the people go; and some of them by Mason himself. Gordon, the slavejust so, now, we are called on to " break every yoke captain; is sentenced to death for the crime of stealand let the oppressed go free." But the question in | ing negroes with intent to make slaves of them; and, Egypt was, should the measure be carried by consent of the Government and people, or over them and their desolated households, and the Red Sea roll over their chariots. The results are known; and President of Heria College, a free man, in a free these things were written for our admonition.

Moses would have been hanged for it, if Pharach had got possession of him. Sometimes the hour The rule for nations, as well as individuals, is, "Work out your own salvation;" but now, when a make you feel a greater responsibility than ever. cause of freedom, even where it had begun its triumphant march-bring on us fearful, renewed calamilitionism has put back the sacred cause half a cenwere the men, and such was the policy, that confirmed Pharaoh in his course. Again and again he negroes the blessings of freedom. thought to let the people go; but he was led to modbres and his tribe.

So it went on till God's forbearance was exhaust ed, and the last plague made concession too late for have been careful, for the sake of their reputation. Egypt, though not too late for the Jews. And let us to rid themselves of any complicity with a movoshall see the fulfillment of God's prediction in the their nation, honored in Church and State. They inflictions of famine and pestilence, as well as of the apologize for having been found in the movement at ing of freedom to all the inhabitants of the land.

laying across the great track of the country's des tiny. We cannot set the train going without determining whether we shall admit these men to a share lition. God grant that Congress may be brought to in our privileges, or attempt to ride over them -an see this! There is our hope against the danger of attempt which will result in throwing us off the despotism and standing armies. Let the people take track. The question is being asked by the whole care. If we let this opportunity pass, in a little world-" Will this professedly free, Christian nation time the possibility of crushing rebellion and redo justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with their constructing the Union will go forever. The God, or is their boasted freedom only freedom to country is lost unless we abolish this wickedness make slaves of others?"

ing seen and known how much gold is in them. Bome say our Government has no power to prevent slavery. if the States wish to establish it. If so, the Government of the United States could not prevent any of us from being made slaves, if the Government of the State chose to decree it. For the sake of avoiding the necessity of giving freedom to the black man, there are those who deny that Government can rightfully give freedom to the white man.

We may not only bless and save the negro now,

but the results of emancipation in the West Indies The whole Southern society might be transformed, This passage shows a remarkable degree of free- intellectually and morally. But, so far, we have dom in the servants of an absolute monarch. They been more tender of rebels' property, than of our It is because such a course would have destroyed

Slavery, which Government is resolved to protect and maintain. Our army and navy have become a mere insurance company for the benefit of slaveour commanders give them up. The darkness of Egypt never beheld, Pharach himself never com-The conduct of the Government is treason in not providing the slaves with the means of defence against their savage masters; and leaving them without direction to revel in a perfect chaos of plunder and conflagration-compelled to insurrection, if they would not be flung back into the hell of Slavery. Instead of striking rebellion to the heart, we are contriving how we may please the loyal slaveholders, by putting them forward as a shield against every blow. Better that they were among our avowed enemies, than thus remain to paralyze our Government and bind us hand and foot! Their loyalty is only anxiety that their human property nay be protected.

But, thank God! the people are beginning to thunder at the gates of this Bastile. The danger is morals of the country. You would have us abjure that they may have the ruins snatched from their the truth because there is war! We must watch hands by some compromise-some modification of our opportunity, like the sutlers and followers of the the plan of freedom-involving a sacrifice of its very principle. Therefore, it is no time to cease our efforts. We must not stop short of entire, complete and unreserved abolition. Without this, the war The word of God is not to be deprived of its prerog- itself will be our perdition. Our hope is, that God ative and power. It is our duty more than ever to will permit no half way settlement. The right demand Immediate Emancipation, as our right, as of man to the proprietorship of himself must be es-God's right. Submission to sin is not submission to tablished. For 6000 years this has been denied and every kind of oppression has sprung from the denial. Every glorious motive-humanity, piety, the cabinet ministers have not gone out of existence; hope of salvation, here and hereafter-constrains us but, now, also, as Jannes and Jambres withstood to persist to the last moment in the abolition of Moses, so do these idolaters of slavery resist the slavery, as a thing we must and will have, and the only conclusion of this war that we will suffer.

Our Government, thus far, stands pledged to protect the heart of Rebellion. We still execute the no further, but their fall shall be manifest as that of Fugitive Slave Law. We have captured Mason and Slidell-arrogant types of the barbarism of slavery, In Egypt there were two parties. That of the authors of that law-and at the same time the fail at the same time, the commanders of our army are seizing and making slaves of negroes. The noble, venerated, philanthropic and learned Dr. Gordon. state, is thrown into prison and heavily fined, under There had been a Harper's Ferry affair, too, in authority of the President, for the crime of interfer-Egypt; an insurrection somewhat out of time; and ling to protect a poor negro from the Fugitive Slave Law. What is going to become of us? All this monstrous mixture of oppression and hypocrisy our comes before the man, and God calle for him in vain. Government is guilty of, and our people do not even remonstrate against it! All this must certainly

leader determines to crush rebellion by crushing I call attention, also to the implously arrogant blavery, our Government deliberately proceeds to tone of our journals, civil and religious. If it be crush this Providential agent, and thus ruin the proved that either slavery or the Government must perish, slavery, they say, is doomed. Note the intense implety of such a deliberate view and deterties. May God have mercy on the defenders of free- mination on the part of a Christian nation. A dom in those regions! The Government is pledged purely benevolent measure, safe for all periods, and to the aid of slaveholders. Their property is the yet so thoroughly ingrained and devilish is the love. most sacred of all property! "Your ill-timed abo. of slavery, that, before abolition is thought of, they must be driven by necessity. They prefer the tury! If it had not been for your demands and agi. slaughter of their countrymen, the prostration of tation, all would have been well and quiet !" Such industry, the bringing of the whole country to the verge of perdition, rather than give four millions of

Under the delirium of the worship of Slavery our ify and cut down Moses's plan, by the advice of Jam- leading priests of religion and politics have taken a vow to abjure the common sentiments of mercy to which all other nations have been aroused. They go on for six months longer in this hesitating man- ment which has arrayed in its ranks such men as ner, and let our army be employed as now, and we Wilberforce, Clarkson, Buxton, the foremost men of sword, upon a nation that refuses to extend the bless- all. It was only relf-interest. They abhor fanaticism. It was the compulsion of the angel, sword in The business of fighting God is a costly one, and hand, who made even the beast that carried them with every delay the cost and danger are greater. into office speak out. They avow they would per-A few months ago, a permanent peace might have petunte slavery, if they could with safety to the been effected without another battle. To day, our country and themselves. But if the measure of insane protection of Slavery renders the continu- emancipation must pass, it is only as a last resort; ance of War, or a shameful compromise, inevitable. and the object is, how to do it with the least possi-What shall be done? There are four millions of men | ble mixture of justice, mercy, regard to God and

There is no salvation for the nation save in aboand this is the one question: Shall slavery be de-Republicanism and religion are on their trial; stroyed or our country? God give us grace to an all our principles are in the furnace; and it is be wer it aright; with noble energy, with fervent

prayer, with holy determination. So far as it depends on us, let us, by mass meetings, petitions and personal efforts, exercise our rights and fulfill our duties; and then we may safely trust the result to God, submit to His will, and wait for His salvation -when we have done all that lies in our power.

> Writton for the Danner of Light, LIBERTY.

. BY CORA WILBURN.

Sweet Liberty 1 since the first conscious glow Of Inspiration quickening into life, Thought, feeling, action, I have knelt before The splendors of thy sempiternal shrine. In lowliest worship of the heart and eye. And o'er my brow, thought laden as it was With sordid cares, with dim, foreboding fears Of earth-life and its toils-there played the airs. Rapt and Eolian, of that blissful clime; Where thou, oh, angel! star-crowned with the light Of Immortality and Joy. doth dwell for ayo. Oh, ministering spirit of the True. The Good and Beautiful | thy realm of hearts Is vast, is boundless as the unfathomed sea; Thy worship world-wide : wheresoe'er the name Of God is hallowed, thine is the acclaim Of hearts imbued with love of the Divine !

Oh, seraph linked unto the Infinite One I Soul-star of nations! lo, the Southland leads Her rebel hordes against thy sacred form And laws immutable; the thunder-cloud Of battle, flerce, unsparing, overglooms The mountain heights, the valleys of our land. Can feeble man's faiting oppression cope With Principles eternal? Vain your leagues. And marshaled hosts, ye traitors ! doomed to sink Into the pitfalls that yourselves have formed leaders at The holy emblem of a Nation's love, A world's deep reverence, our own Starry Flag. a ded Shall wave from every corner of the land, in the land, Proclaiming Freedom unto all that live! Its rays of morn undimmed in prestine glow, Its stars of light shall herald to the world The dear fulfillment of the Patriot's hope. The Poet's dream, the Nazarene's desire-Compliance with our Father's Law of Love.

Kneeling before the shrine, the viewless throne Of Liberty, my idol ! this poor heart Is strengthened by the promises that thrill With songs prophetic of the coming time : Its ofttime wavering faith and failing trust, God ! 'neath thy Father care and Mother love, I, with the millions rest secure in peace, Though round us rage the battle's tempest shocks: Thou over all. And clad in mailed suit Of righteousness and truth, thine Angel leads within Through gory fields, onward to Victory !

A Social Gathering.

DEAR BANNER-Knowing all condensed reports of free meetings and social gatherings to be acceptable to your numerous readers, I have made out the fold. lowing brief report of a social re-union of Spiritualists recently held at the house of Sariel Howard and his good wife, in Winchester, N. H. 2004 and the mile ; man

Mr. Howard lives in the south-west corner of the town of Winchester, two and a half miles from Northfield, Mass. He has long been a benevolent friend so has Mrs. Howard-to the cause of Spiritualism. Last winter, feeling that he had occupied the old house long enough, he decided to tear it down sind! build a more convenient and comfortable mansion. In due season, the house - which was built in revolutionary days - was torn down, and a stately mansion erected, and almost finished, but finished enough for a band of liberal friends to have what is called among country people a "house-warming."

Therefore, on Wednesday afternoon. Dec. 4th, the Spiritualusts from Winchester, N. H., and Warwick, Mass., began to flock to the house of our worthy friends. It being extra good sleighing, and a beautiful day, there were many more present than it was auticipated there would be, on account of several being advanced in years, and having quite a distance to ride. However, all were happy and glad, and felt like saying, "I feel that it is good to be here." The time until evening was passed in social intercourse. Then we partook of a good supper, provided by our worthy friends, Mr. and Mrs. Howard, for the occasion; after which we were entertained with music, instrumental and vocal. Our friends were then called to order by the writer of this, when Mr. Hervey Barber, of Warwick, Mass., made a few dedicatory remarks, and then delivered a short discourse. His subject was, " Woman; her influence in effecting reform." It was handled in a masterly manner. We then had some singing, and the writer followed with a few remarks pertinent to the occasion. Dr. Ira Russell being called on, responded in a jovial way. making the friends feel quite merry. The remainder of the evening was passed in dancing, in which old and young alike participated.

Thus ended as harmonious a time as, I venture to say, a party of Spiritualists ever had. Hoping for many more such, and that the benevolent friends in their new home may live to take an active part in them, I close, with fraternal feelings toward all markind. Most cordially yours, J. H. RANDALL! 1

Northfield, Mass., Dec. 6, 1861.

The Wife. What man understands the soul of his partner as he can? Has he rested secure, for such a long course of years, in the stability of her affection? How does he know that newer and constantly fresher manifestations of love from himself would not even increase the volume of her own, and he be thus made the possessor of a wealth whose largeness, he now knows nothing of? Love begets love, just as hate does hate, or indifference begets its like. If a man thinks he does not receive at the hands of his wife that ever fresh joy of heart which a different heart than her own might perchance afford, can he not see that it is the part of the bighest nobleness to insist on giving up so much the more of his own heart to her?-and can he not understand, too, that this is the very way, and the only, by which to surprise a naturally limited nature into a sudden expansion that will both astonish itself and bless him? Dickens saw where he was weak, if not wrong; and no doubt he is a thousand times happier now than if he had persisted in his foolish resolution to leave his wife altogether.

DUTY TO THE ERRING. When society assumes the prerogative of punishing crime, they should not lose sight of the just and benevolent principles of retribution as exemplified in the laws of Nature. They should see in the crring culprit a member of our so-cial compact—one who has some rights still left to him. When we punish, we should do it solely as an imperative act of self-defence—to protect our association against the aggressions of misguided men. So much restraint as is necessary to prevent repetition of the offence, we may inflict, and what exceeds this is tyranny—a usurpation of power beyond our rights .- Boston Investigator.

A BASKET OF FRAGMENTS.

The Phosporescent Explanation. The following paragraph is from the New York 'Correspondence of the Philadelphia Inquirer:

Mr. Robert Dale Owen, who is now in this city, and staying with a celebrated "rapping medium." and one or the original "Rochester knockers," is an enthusiastic believer, and explores the secrets of the other world with ardor. One of the latest "manifesta-tions" in the dark circles has been the appearance of a starry light quivering in the air, and echoed or followed by the raps. The other evening, while the ex-diplomatist was gazing, transported, on this phenomenon, the sudden descent of a heavy body to the floor startled him from his celestial observation. When the light was turned down, he was still more surprised to find on the floor the fragments of a very earthly looking bottle, containing phosphorus! Mr. Owen mused deeply on the incident, but his faith in the medium is too strong to admit the idea that there was any cheating on the received. ing on the occasion.

The uninformed reader might naturally infer that this correspondent had made himself familiar with Mr. Owen, and that he was an eye-witness of what he describes. But our own knowledge of that gentleman does not justify such a conclusion. Mr. Owen is certainly no enthusiast. On the contrary, he is a cool and critical observer of Spiritual Phenomena, as he is of everything else. He was always distinguished for a rational skepticism; and we have no evidence that his knowledge of the Spiritual mysteries has either rendered him more credulous, or less severe and searching in his investigations. The native force of his rational faculties, and the reliability of his judgment, have neither been impaired by age, the bewildering influence of popular delusions, nor the incorrigible self-conceit that so generally distinguishes the newspaper correspondents who attempt to subvert the public faith in all spiritual realities. Precisely what the American Ex-minister did discover, we are not prepared to announce; but we are quite certain that the Inquirer's correspondent is not the first one who has been called to contemplate the light of Spiritual Phenomena through a bottle.

Spiritualism and the Spanish Spirit.

It appears that the Roman Catholics of Spain have undertaken to exorcise the spirits by a flery ordeal. We extract the following from Frank Leslie's News-

Spain has set her face against spirit-rappings and all things therewith connected. This occult science has been inscribed among the Cosas de Espana which are not permitted. On the 9th of October four hundred volumes of Spiritualist literature were burnt by order of the ecclesiastical authorities, and under the direction of the Bishop of Barcelona, on the public esplanade of that city, and in the place set apart for the execution of criminals. This penal bonire was superintended by priests in full canonicals, with a cross in one hand and a torch in the other.

If the process of combustion was the only one whereby the "Spiritual literature" could be made to enlighten those benighted priests, their act may be justified, as we would excuse the rats in the Library, should they make a nest of the classics. We only expect people to put everything to the best use they can; and we are particularly thankful that the superior intelligence and humanity of the age did not permit the Church of her Catholic Majesty to burn the authors with their books.

CLERICAL CAVALRY .- According to the New Orleans Delta, the Reverend President of the Methodist University of Texas, and two of his clerical brethren. have seceded alike from Christ and the National Gov. ernment, and are now engaged in raising a regiment of mounted ministers. These cavallers of the white cravat are to constitute a part of the Jefferson Davis Cavalry. When the saintly cavalcade is ready to move, Satan may give thanks, seeing that each minister has turned his back on the Man of Calvary. and his face toward the perdition of the first Iscariot.

A NEW CURE FOR NEURALGIA. - Dr. Little, of Edinburg, Scotland, in his treatment of neuralgia, is accustomed to use lint saturated with chloroform which he places on the part affected, and over which he places a watch crystal, holding it down for ten minutes, so that the periphery may press against the surface in such a manner as to prevent the circulation of air. It is said that this produces a sensation of intense heat, and with rare exceptions results in completely removing the pain.

THE PRESIDENT ON A STRING .- One of our milliners has made an expensive bonnet for Mrs. Lincoln which has already found its way to the White House On the strings the fair donor has woven a likeness of our esteemed Chief Magistrate, encircled by a wreath and surmounted by the national shield, the Olive branch, and other expressive emblems.

A SINNER IN THE CHURCH .-- Not long since an unregenerate individual, by the name of Seeley, carried off the alms-box from St. John's Church, in New Haven. In addition to the sixty cents, which he realized by the operation, the public gave him a short lease of a part of the state mansion, and will provide him with such rations as may be needful to sustain life and spiritualize his nature.

BEAUTIFUL SUPERSTITION .- Some of the Ancients in their soft interpretation of death, conceived that Aurora so loved the young that she often called them to her embrace. Hence it was a beautiful custom with them to bury the remains of the early dead at the hour of morning twilight. 8. B. B.

Rold Prophecies.

On Wedesday evening, Dec. 11th, Mr. Colchester gave manifestations at the private house of a gentleman in this city, in the presence of about a dozen invited friends. Twenty-five or thirty pellets, on which were privately written names and questions, were promiscuously deposited in a plate in the centre of a large table.

Mr. Colchester's hand was moved, and wrote answers to and names corresponding with the contents of these pellets. First writing the answer, then selecting the pellet to which the answer belonged: then pushing it to the person at the table who wrote it. Among the pellets were the two following:

1. "Daniel Webster, can you tell me how soon ·there will be a big battle, and at what place?" Ans .- "There will be a battle on the Potomac within two weeks-the greatest on record here."

2. "Daniel Webster, can you tell how soon this war will be over, and how it will result?" Ans.—"Our country will soon be safe. In eight months this war will be over. The South will be subjugated, and return to the Union."

Mr. Hassaurck, the new minister to Ecuador. thanked the President, " for having appointed him to the highest place in his gift," that is, 9,500 feet above the level of the sea-the altitude of Quito, the

Bunner of Right.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1861.

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T5
Moneys sout at our risk; but where drafts on Boston or Money's sout at our risk; but where drafts on Boston or New York can be procured, we prefer to have them sent, to avoid loss. No Western Bank Notes, excepting those of the State Bank of Ohio, State Bank of Lowa, and State Bank of Indiana, are current here, hence our Western subscribers and others who have occasion to remit us funds, are requested to send bills on the above named Banks in case Eastern money cannot be conveniently procured. Canadian bank notes are current here. Postage at amps.—page. and threes notes are current here. Postage stamps—ones and threes only—of the new issue, will be received for subscriptions; subscribers will please send sone of the other denomination

rom one town to another, must always give the name of the Town, County and State to which it has been sent. ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the most favorable terms. ZATALL BUSINESS LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS MUS

"Banner of Light, Boston, Mass." ISAAO B. RICH.

To the Public.

Publisher for the Proprietors

In consequence of the large number of letters retendered us, at a time when we most needed it.

GREAT THINGS AND SMALL.

The difficulty is, to say which is the great, and sensible and pointed reflections: which the small; for what we call trifles and nothings of life are very likely to turn out the truly important matters, and the only important ones. There are hundreds of faithless persons, who believe if one should chance to err, we should use kind sincerely and at bottom in nothing at all, but incline. at the very threshold, to cast ridicule upon the grand aguin. Such a course will exert a far better influtheme of Spiritualism because, forsooth, its early manifestations to the material senses came through the instrumentality of nothing more than a table. They care little for the substance of things, but they do care for the shows. If Spiritualism is real, then let it come to them by a mysterious process, proving persecution, he flies to the wine-cup, with the hope itself by grand symbols, like the locks of Samson's hair the handwriting on the wall, the burning bush. or the speaking ass of Balaam. But as for these foolish tables and chairs, these rappings and tippings -unless ery, and there, perhaps, loses his life in some drunkthey can have the soul's immortality demonstrated to them in some better and more dignified way than that, let the subject pass altogether.

not know how to turn, or which way to go; nor does, he understand what instruments are at his hands to use, nor how he is going to extricate himself from his present difficulties. Suddenly, however, without any previous notice, a string-ever so light and delientirely new quarter. This was the very last quarter.

circumstance. We do nothing strictly of ourselves know, and indeed never will. and absolutely; but all is of occasion, the product Walking in the woods and along the hill-sides. confointly of time, necessity, and fate. So that when now, in such haloyon days as the little handful they are of no particular account, or even when we of December, we should have looked to see the rabhe professes to believe.

The little things; ab, if we heeded them and their significance more! Take care of the minutes, says the adage, and the hours will take care of themselves. It is the same with the small circumstances of human life: if we look carefully after the little things the great ones fall into place of their own accord. In fact, in one sense there are none great, but all are little: and the attention which these latter require, is just the attention which life itself takes and demands at our hands. Let us but regard with particular pains the very circumstances and objects which we are wont to look upon as of no account: and then we shall find that we need give ourselves no trouble about those which have heretofore engrossed our anxious thought. There are no such obstacles to overcome, if we are constantly ready for them; it is when we sit with folded hands that the difficulties erect their heads and the dangers yawn at our feet. Preparation generally renders any after-action needless.

If men were as anxious to discharge the duties of unknown positions with care and fidelity as they seek to be installed in positions where duties will be piled and loaded upon them without stint, the result would show itself in character at all points. We are all so apt to think that the place we hold is beneath us, and therefore go off exploring for something which we never were born for and never can master. Herein is the essential difference between great and small-in our imaginations alone. An idle notion possesses us that we were born for what we never yet attained; something, of course, a good doal larger than what has yet fallen to our fortune. And so we go on in our mistakes, till we arrive at the end of our destination only to find that we have have seemed to find nothing actually worth accom- good thing for the youngeters, and worthy of their

The Backblier,

Who does not loathe, hate, despise the backbiter? -the creature who lives by making mischief, and feeds off the green pasture lands of other men's honor? What society can endure him? What company will not spit him out? Whom has he for his friends? Friends? What knows or cares be for frindship at all? What sacredness is there in it for him? What meaning, even, savo as it may furnish him with opportunities for gratifying his malig. nancy? The English language has not the terms in which to characterize the practices of a wretch so justly and so thoroughly despised. It cannot furnish words and phrases adapted to the portrayal, or even to the condemnation, of so unworthy a crea-

Slander, and vituperation, and secret scandal, dealt out unsparingly, and without any heart at all; poured out upon one's betters, and even one's friends-upon those of the same faith and household; slime, spread in the path of unsuspecting persons; foul words, as hard, too, as foul; deliberate perversions of private talk, and out-and-out falsehoods upon those who give the expiration of the time paid for.

Subscribers in Canada, or other foreign countries, will not even a guilty occasion for them—these are the add to the terms of subscription 52 cents per year, for pro-payment of American postage.

Bubscribers wishing the direction of their paper changed per in society, and compel every one who cares at all for his own feelings to shun him as he would a pestilence.

And, for all this, loathsome as the character is admitted universally to be, the entire community is infected with the practices it secretly engenders, and may be said to be poisoned with its virus. No class of people but are sufferers. Tattling is practised almost without qualification; and even by those who would scorn to be thought guilty of it. It is so easy, ceived by Mr. J. V. Mansfield of late, he has been and withal so tempting, to drop an envenomed word obliged to withdraw his proposal to answer sealed in the ear of a friend about another friend; hoping letters for our subscribers three months, gratuitously, it will go no further, perhaps; not thinking whether and the offer expires on the 12th instant. Parties it will leave a lasting impression or not; but exinterested will therefore govern themselves accord- periencing a sense of relief that the bosom has been ingly. We take this occasion to say that we are "cleansed of such perilous stuff." What wonder truly grateful to him for the aid he so generously that backbiters are as thick as they are, and that they swam, like the locusts of Egypt, in every community under the sun? An exchange has eloquently treated this topic, and out of it deduces the following

"It is a besetting ain for us to to censure the faults of others; but alas! how seldom we notice our own. It is an old and true saying-'All have their failings.' Some, it is true, are worse than others, and words, and endeavor to get him into the right track Human nature revolts at the sneers and taunts of men, and however firmly resolution may have been set for the better, the victim gives way to angry passions, and abandons his resolutions in despair. It is often the case when one is thus smarting under of drowning his sorrows by intexication. Soon he cares neither for himself nor any one else. Goaded by sneers and hisses, and maddened by wine, from thence he plunges into houses of crime and debauchen row. Reader, could you bear to have a hand in making such a picture? Surely not. Then avoid speaking ill of your neighbors in their absence. that, let the subject pass altogether.

Should they chance to trespass against you, 'reA man comes to a place in his life at which he does turn good for evil.' 'All things whatsover ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

Such Weather!

Indian Summer, as sure as we're alive! We have just got through with a brief series of real hazy, cate-is placed in his hand, and he seizes hold of it golden, dreamy days, such as beguile the hearts of without knowing why or wherefore, and keeps hold all who have ever learned to prize the gentle lessons of until he is led to a point, or turn, at which his whole the outer world. Some small flock of bland October fortune turns and the light beams on him from an days must surely have strayed away from their sunny companions, and just fluttered in among these too. from which he expected aid, and just the last wintry days to surprise and delight us all. We ofmode in which he expected it to be given. So de- ten hear persons speak of "Winter lingering in the pendent are we upon circumstances, and to such an lap of May," but it is far more beautiful thus to beextent are we mere flies, enmeshed in a fine and com- hold the pensive Autumn coming back to take yet plicated web from which there is no possible escape. one more, and one more leave of the year. Memory What looks small, is not small merely because it is, on the whole, pleasanter than Hope, for it is inlooks so. All things are relative, in the network of laid with dear associations, which Hope does not yet

we pass over the little things, and say of them that which came like bright gifts to us in the first week do not deign to notice them at all-little things like bit springing forward from his quiet burrow in the a sudden turn in the weather, the failure of a friend little glades and along through the shaded woodto be punctual to his engagement, the missing of a paths; and for the chattering squirrel-saucy rasboat or train of cars, or the casual coming upon some | cal !- who must have come out and sat boit upright one in the streets-we are unaware that it is these on the rail-fences and the stone-walls that abound that give shape to our destiny and lead us forward, in rustic scenery; and for the sable-winged crow, silently and without any of our will, to positions and with his hoarse ory among the naked tree-tops. Evconditions for which we did not labor and of which ery animal that went into winter quarters, late in we certainly had no thought. Can it be said that November, must have come out to enjoy this fine these incidentals of life, so important and real, after | weather, instinctively knowing that such occasions all, are not prepared for us by unseen powers, that offer but seldom, and it is best to make the most of surround us continually and prepare the way for us them. It is quite as interesting, and a far more inwhere we are to go? Most certainly; and he who nocent pleasure, to watch these dumb creatures at could not so say, only testifies to his total unacquain- their work and their play, than it is to study the tance with the ministry of the very angels in whom peculiarities of the human family, with its various cross-motives and purposes, its selfishness and cold calculation.

Alloy in Everything.

Considered from the material, not from the spiritual, plane, all things earthly are made base by reason of the alloy that is in them. "Our extremest pleasure," says one who thought he knew, " has some air of gronning and complaining in it; would you not say that it is dying of pain? The most profound joy has more of gravity than gaiety in it; the most extreme and most full contentment, more of the temperate than the wanton. Even felicity, according to Seneca, unless it moderates itself, oppresses. Ease chews and grinds us, according to the old Greek verse, which says, The gods sell us all the goods they give us; that is to say, that they give us nothing pure and perfect, and that we do but purchase them at the price of some evil." Very well, but we know that this which we call evil is not evil, for it leads us to courses which we should not otherwise take. Even if we feel the lash and the goad, it is that we may receive just the stimutus which we need; if we could get on without it, then there would no longer be whip or spur for any of us.

Speakers. LEO MILLER will lecture in Providence, R. I., the

ning, 22d inst.

two last Sundays in Dec. MR . FANNIE B. FELTON will lecture in Williams Hall, Cambridgeport, on Sunday afternoon and eve-

"THE GAME OF REBELLION."-We don't mean the Southern rebellion -- that's nearly " played out;" but Messrs. A. Williams and Co., the enterprising publishers at No. 100 Washington street, have issued a accomplished nothing, for the very reason that we new game for the children, with this title. It is a

Literary Notices.

THE MIGHT SIDE OF NATURE; or, Chosts and Chost Philadelphia. Scers. By Catherine Crowe. Loudon: Routledge, Warne and Routledge. For sale at the Banner of

Every reader of the Banner has, of course, heard ipon whose natures the story of ghost sights has oot already made a lasting impression.

The authoress enjoys a wide and high reputation in letters, and her style of treating this most interspeaking of the ridiculing unbelievers, who are inmust be the result either of our intuitions, or of observation and experience. Unless founded upon these, the opinion of the most learned theologian, or the most profound student of science that ever lived, is worth no more than that of any other person. They know nothing whatever about the mysteries, and all a priori reasoning on them is utterly valueless. The only way, therefore, of attaining any glimpses of the truth in an inquiry of this nature, where our intellect can serve us so little, is to enter on it with the conviction, that, knowing nothing, we are not entitled to reject any evidence that may be offered to us, till it has been thoroughly sifted, and proved to be fallacious."

from its preface the following:

"There are few persons, no matter what their calling or their education, who do not occasionally find themselves at a loss for information of the commonest kind, on any of the subjects pertaining to the practical arts of daily life—knowledge which was, perhaps, familiar to them in their school boy days, but which has been forgotten or become obscured through the lapse of years. For example, how few persons can tell, without consulting books, the cubic inches contained in a bushel, the square yards in an acro, or how to measure the contents of a corn crib, or guage a cistern? Nor is the inability to do so any reflection upon either their native capacity or their education. It is simply impossible to carry all these things in the memory so as to apply them when occasion requires. Hence the necessity for 'Hand Books,' 'Mechanics' Assistants,' 'Pocket Companions,' &c.

Besides the labor involved in the almost daily necesservation and experience. Unless founded upon

This is the basis of her reasoning; and who can deny its soundness? Speaking of this contemptible fear of ridicule for investigating or espousing a new belief, or theory, Mrs. Crowe declares that the Germans "do think independently and courageously, and they never shrink from promulgating the opinions they have been led to form;" the natural consequence of which, in their country is, that "what is true lives and is established, and what is false dless and is forgotten."

The matters treated of in this little volume are the necessity for calculating arithmetical, mensural and other results, and the constant liability to error to which even the competent scholar is subject, the time required in the process, in this ago when time has emphatically acquired a money value, is no inconsiderable desiders. Pocket Accountants, "Calculators" Assistants, "&c. In presenting this volume, a chief aim of the author was to combine the Manual with the Reckoner, as to furnish the inquirer, in brief, with all the necessary rules and data, and the elementary facts and axioms relating to almost every branch of industrial science, and particularly that of agriculture, and, at the same the labor involved in the almost daily necessity of calculating arithmetical, mensural and other results, and the constant liability to error to which even the constant liability to error to when the less the labor involved in the almost date with the results, and the constant liability to error to whence the ne

the various kinds of prophetic ireams, presentiments, second sight, and apparitions; and, in short, all that class of phenomena, which appears to throw ome light on our psychical nature, and on the probable state of the soul after death. German authorities are quoted with great freedom. The whole scope and purpose of the gifted authoress has been to present a clear and candid exposition of a subject to which she has given long and close attention, and to induce others to reflect upon it.

We need add nothing more. All our readers will desire to place this high authority on their shelves. where they may have it for ready reference, even after they have perused it many times. The instances by which the subject is illustrated are so startling, vet so well supported, that they will pass for authority as long as her famous little book shall be re-

LIGHT IN THE VALLEY: My Experiences of Spiritualism. By Mrs. Newton Crosland, author of "Partners for Life," "Memorable Women," &c. London : G. Routledge & Co. For sale in Boston at the Banner of Light office.

Here we have a second beautiful little volume-a fit companion volume for the other-from the English press. It does not happen to enjoy the reputaion of " Night Side," yet it in is the same vein and works to the same end-which is furnishing evi- est stores of Boston, by a bold and skillful operator, dence to support the theory of spirit-communion. Who could make precious stones come out of a secured The examples adduced by the writer are remarkably cabinet, as easily as he could himself make living striking for their originality and beauty. She treats rabbits and doves skip and fly out of an empty hat I in her attractive pages of the ancient character of The town condemns the thief, of course; but we fear the "raps," of Bible evidence, Bible illustrations of a great many persons would like to have him caught Spiritual manifestations, the mystery of hair, spirit | more to admire him for his genius than to be satiswriting, of Christ, of the Trinity, of spirit emblems | fied that he was going to Charlestown. and symbols, personal atmospheres, prayer, and the birth of harmony.

They who love to read the inner experiences-so weird and wonderful-of a human soul when in the whatever in one's self is just about as bad, and, for state of direct mediumship, will be fastened to these the individual, it is undeniably worse in practice. pages as by the secret power of a spell. In treating How to hit that happy line that is stretched across beof spiritual manifestations, she does not presume to tween too much of an opinion of one's self and too sider some of the circumstances which have disin of the old Greek philosopher, and find yourself out; clined one large section of the community from paying having made a thorough and accurate estimate of any attention to well authenticated reports of spirit. ual manifestations, and to examine the influences which have prevailed over many persons who profess to have investigated the subject, but have neverthe to bear on any mundane topic, must irresistibly have swept away all incredulity.

The most cusual reader cannot but he deenly interested in this little volume, and we conscientiously want long felt. In the section of the field it has selected for treatment, it has at present no rival.

Both the above valuable English works on Spiritual topics may be had at the BANNER OF LIGHT office. Boston.

THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW, for December is at hand. We have this fresh Review from its first number, and would not pass a single issue. The contents of the present number are-The Men and Women of Homer, Fallacies of Buckle, Burial Customs. Modern Italian Literature, Necessity for a General Bankrupt Law, Russia on the way to India, Berkeley's Life and Writings, Count de Cavour, the Morals of Trade, and the usual excellent table of book notices and Reviews. For sale by A. Williams

"THE A B C of LIFE." A notice of this new, little volume from Dr. Child's soul and pen is deferred, from necessity, till the next issue of the Banner. Our readers are in the meantime directed to the ad vertisement of the work in another column.

J R. Gilmore, No 110 Tremont street. Boston, has issued the prospectus of a new magazine, to be called the "CONTINENTAL MONTHLY." It will be under the editorial charge of Charles G. Leland, and promises to keep up with the times. The services of Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, Hon. George Bancroft, Hon. Horace Greeley, Richard B. Kimball, Esq., John G. Whittier, Bayard Taylor, Rev. Henry W. Bellows, Charles F. Browne, Hepry T. Tuckerman, and others, have been engaged on its pages. The January number will be issued in a few days.

"JUAN, THE WHITE SLAVE," is a good morsel for the voracious readers of sensation literature. Pub- The more external planets were formed first, hence

lished by Wm. D. Reichner, No. 104 No. Tonth street,

"THE GRAND SECRET; OR, PHYSICAL LOVE IN HEALTH AND DISEASE."-This is the title of Dr. P. B. Randolph's last publication, bearing a San Francisco f Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature," even if ev- imprint. It is a work full of trite suggestions conery one of them has not read it. It is a little book, cerning topics the world cannot know too much but a wouderful one. The phenomena connected about, since love is the foundation-stone of human exwith ghost seeing have, for generations, excited the istence. It is an eclectic classification of great uperstitious wonder of the world; and there are truths, arranged on a string of the author's own ow men, women, or children in existence to-day, peculiar phraseology. Dr. R. is now stopping in San Francisce, and copies of the work can be procured of him.

We refer our Agricultural readers to an advertisement in another column of a new book just esting topic is of itself a strong attraction. In issued from the press in New York for their especial benefit, entitled "THE FARMER'S MANUAL ANE READY variably the ones that have never looked into the RECKONER," by W. S. Courtney, Esq. The name of subject they so flippantly condemn, she is sarcastic the author alone will be a sufficient recommendation beyond their own range, and deals them out blows of his work to many. They may not be aware, howthat lose none of their force because they are given ever, that he whose clear spiritual perceptions have with the best intentions. Of our general conception | helped many a doubting and wandering soul to the of and belief in God, she remarks that "all the in. paths illumined by the sun of truth, is equally at formation we have on these and kindred subjects is home in the scientifics of the natural world—yet such comprised in such hints as the Scriptures here and is the fact. A work of more manifold use than this there give us; whatever other conclusions we draw has seldom been published; it must become the Farmer's vade mecum. To show its scope we extract from its preface the following:

Besides the labor involved in the almost daily neces-

time, whenever it was possible, to compute and tabu-late the results for him in the same connection. Hence late the results for him in the same connection. Hence he will find in the ensuing pages the axiomatical or elementary propositions, the data, the standards, the units, &c., of almost every useful and practical art with which the farmer may have to deal, clearly stated, together with their simplest rules, illustrated by examples and solutions and, wherever it was practicable, the arithmetical results calculated and tabularized.

To any person who needs a work of this characterand what farmer does not?—we recommend it, believing it to be indeed a labor saving book. The publisher is B. Urner, 248 Canal street, New York, who sends the work post-paid on receipt of the price.

The Art of "Prestidigitateur-ing."

It is funny enough, what a contagious gift is the gift of genius, No sconer is a bright book, poem, or what not, published to the world, than-presto!all creation tries either to copy it or parody it. No sooner had Mr. Herrmann, the "world-renowned Prestidigitateur," come to Boston, exhibiting his presents, jewels and things, from King this and Queen that in one of our best known gold and silver establishments, than up starts an unlooked-for rival near his throne, and straightway beats the Prestiwhat-d'ye-call-him? at his own game. Herrmann lost six hundred dollars worth of his jewels that were on exhibition, in broad day, in one of our larg-

A good Opinion, or None.

Conceit is unendurable; but to have no confidence question that they do truly take place—she takes all kittle, is just the problem. How shall it be solved? that for granted-still, she proceeds to carefully con. Well, then, the first thing is to begin with the maxim one's own capacities and worth, the next step is easy. For almost all our mistakes proceed from not taking an "account of stock" often enough: that ought to be done at regular intervals. High less resisted a mass of evidence, which, if brought and low, rich and poor, whoever has the slightest desire for actual progress and improvement, we must all begin there at the bottom of the question, and work slowly up, according to the laws of nature herself. Then, conceit soon manages to work its own commend it as one that will be likely to supply a cure, and a too humble opinion soon corrects its too obvious deficiencies.

Contradictory Communications.

In our messenger department of November 16, a spirit declares the EARTH to be the only inhabited planet, and the moon to be more developed than any of the planetary bodies. We would not have our readers consider these communications infallible. They are presented as received, without alteration or comment, and we believe them to be just what they

The spirits who communicate may be ignorant or deceived. They are subject to the same sources of error as we, and of course disagree, for agreement among individuals can exist only when they are perfectly developed.

We ask this spirit a question, which he answers to the best of his ability; but he is ignorant, and mistaken. We are not to consider a message from a spirit of any more value than from a mortal, except in things of which the spirit may best know. Even then we should receive their words with caution, and receive only such ideas as bear the test of searching

On this question there is one process of inquiry: Is it true that the earth is the only inhabited planet? The only rational theory of creation teaches that all the planets were evolved from a common gaseous ocean; hence they are formed of similar matter (not precisely the same quality of matter). Henco creation and development must go on in all alike. The development of the earth must be repeated by all the planets, with only the variations caused by dissimilarity of conditions.

must have first become peopled. If any planets are without inhabitants they are those situated between the earth and sun, they being of later origin. The use of our earth, and, it would seem, the end of its creation, is for the purpose of being inhabited. We know of no other purpose to which the planets can be assigned. Hence in the absence of all positive knowledge, we must be taught by analogy, and consider our earth as a type of all the other planets.

Those who read our messages understandingly, will perceive that, taken as a whole, they inculcate a deep philosophy, and present a perfect representative of the condition of spirits in the next sphere.

Mr. Colchester in Boston.

This remarkable medium has just arrived in this city and taken rooms at Mrs. Denham's, 75 Beach informs us if the statement made by the spirit is street, where he will receive the public to' wit- correct? A note from him upon the subject will be ness the startling and unmistakable manifesta- thankfully received. tions of deceased friends. His manners and manifestations are like those of Mr. Foster, who, by his medium powers, has recently, in this city, satisfied 8th, which we print in another column, is a producthousands of the fact of immortality, by proving tion of much merit. It is to be set to music immedithe existence and identity of "departed" friends. Letters and words, distinctly written, will flash upon Mr. Colchester's hand, arm, forehead, without a moment's premonition, and disappear almost as suddenly. Every letter and word thus appearing is an evidence, is a positive test, of some intelligence outside his own. His lips and tongue are used by spirits to speak words and call names of spirits, which names are startling tests to his sitters. His hand is moved answers to questions concealed from his knowledge.

His manifestations are, almost without exception, correct, and they are made with a remarkable case and rapidity. The answers to questions are often made simultaneous with the presentation of the questions.

I wrote the following on a piece of paper, folded it closely, and laid it on the table: "Will my father write his Christain name on the medium's arm?" I know it was impossible for Mr. Colchester to have seen what I wrote; but immediately when I laid this upon the table, he said to me, " You must write your father's Christian name on another piece of paper. I do not know why I ask you to do this." I complied with the request, and wrote the name with guarded secresy, and put it in my vest pocket; and the name I wrote so secretly and hid in my pocket came out in large, clear letters on the medium's arm; and this name was written in exact imitation of my father's peculiar handwriting, as Mr. Colchester had previously remarked that it

My father has been dead twenty years, and Mr. Colohester knew nothing of his Christian name, or of his handwriting.

On another pellet I privately wrote, " Where is the devil ?" Mr. Colchester's hand was instantly seized spirit-life, and have not found the devil. Mortals tion. will answer your question, by telling you that the devil may be found in others -in persons whom they hate. You may have devils on earth; but I am certain that there are none in the spirit-world."

I wrote the name of an old friend, who died many years ago of delirium tremens. Mr. Colchester scream ed the name out as if by an involuntary spasm. Then his hand was seized and wrote, "Old friend, how are you? You see, when called upon, I come. You know we were friends in by-gone years, and we they close so soon. are friends still." I asked the spirit if his earthly course of life had been a benefit or an injury to his dismal swamp, upon whose margin they walk, maka benefit to my happiness yet; but it has been lake.

made, which there is not room to here relate.

Mr. Colchester is said to have wonderful prophetio powers, particularly in the way of political and business transactions. He is a man of extreme sensitiveness-quick, clear perception, affable, intelligent, and in every sense a gentleman.

Dr. C. Conklin, of Waverley place, New York, is Mr. Colchester's companion, and, with his strong healing powers, will mitigate the sufferings of the afflicted who may apply to him.

Mr. Colchester has reduced his charges, while in Boston, for one sitting, from two dollars to one dollar. A. B. CHILD. About the

Mealing with the Hands.

The statement which we publish below derives strong confirmation from the marks which Mr. Parker bears upon his person, and from the testimony of competent witnesses:

ANOTHER STRONG CASE.

Now York, December 10, 1861.
New York, December 10, 1861.
To whom it may concern :—I certify that in the year 1835 I became conscious that there was some unnatural formation in or about the region of the stomach, which soon after occasioned no little uneasiness of helds and mind. It creatly increased in eigen and of body and mind. It gradually increased in size, and became so troublesome that at length I went to the Julius - Why, de left-tenants, ob course. Royal Infirmary at Glasgow, in Scotland, where I remained under treatment nine months. The physicians in the institution concurred in the opinion that the cause of my sufferings was a tumor; but their treatment gave me no relief. I employed the services of no less than eight different doctors of the Alopathic

school, but in my case their celence availed nothing.
After coming to this country I was—in 1852—re celved into the Massachusetts Hospital at Boston. where my case was treated for five weeks, but without success. At last I applied to Dr. John Scott, now of 407 Fourth street, New York. His treatment brought the disease to the external surface, and the process of suppuration developed an abscess about six by eight inches, from which an immense quantity of purulen matter was discharged. Under the treatment of Dr. Boott the flesh soon healed, and it is now nearly two since, under his hands, I was made whole after years since, under his hands, I was made whole same suffering for twenty-five years. JOSEPH PARKER.

Te Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

E. C. BROOKLYN, N. Y .- The method you have de signated is perfectly proper, and often successign. Our invisible friends must derive magnetism from those in mortal, in order to communicate. Letters sometimes aid them in this respect, but not always.

EBENEZER WHITMAN, PHILADRIPHIA, PA .-- We are not informed in regard to the spirit-artist, W. P. Anderson, his method of taking portraits, &c. Should any of our friends possess the desired information, they will please address as above.

C. C., HYDE PARK, Vr.--The tests you speak of are satisfactory. But we do not think them any more remarkable than many people have had through Mr. Foster's mediumshin.

paper, and we are compelled to decline them.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Our old and regular visitor, the Albany Argus, has changed its place of abode within a few days, and now comes to us from New York City, dressed in new type, and looking as fresh and goaheadative as the Republican party is; but, unfortunately, it is on the wrong track. It don't like the new Mayor; sorry for that. Opdyko's election is a great triumph for the friends of progression, and, in our opinion, much good to the city will result therefrom. The Argus's New England correspondent is a racu writer; but we fear the boat he has embarked upon will run him into a snag.

Will the clergyman who is referred to in the communication of Alice L. Brewster, on our sixth page,

The Patriotic Hyun given through Miss Lizzie Doten while in the trance state, at Lyceum Hall, Dec. ately, and may be had at this office.

The readers attention is called to a very ablo Essay on our second page, from the pen of Horace Dresser, M. D., LL. D.

Our Boston readers who dance will be careful not to neglect the Levee to be given at Lyceum Hall on Tuesday evening, 17th inst.—the first of the " Union Sociables." Those who attended Dr. Gardner's benefit a fortnight ago well know the merits of the new by spirits to write names and communications and Hall, and those who remain in ignorance cannot learn too soon.

> At the Howard Athenaum the Circus Company now performing is immensely popular, and, as usual with this company, the houses draw crowded au.

Do n't locate yourself on the back of a wild horse, unless you want to be dis-located.

> CORNWALL EPITAPH. Father and mother and I Lie buried here asunder; Father and mother lie buried here And I lie buried yonder.

Success.—Every man must patiently abide his time. He must wait, not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant steady fulfilling and accomplishing his task: that when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. It is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about fame; about what the world says of us; to be always looking in the face of others for approval to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say; to be always shouting to hear the echoes of our own voices .- Longfel-

A greater truth was never uttered. It should be printed in letters of gold, and placed in every family by a spirit, and wrote, "I have been many years in parior for the constant study of the rising genera-

> "I am afraid, sir, you are in a settled melancholy." "No, madam, my melancholy wont settle; it has too much grounds."

The cheerful are the busy; when trouble knocks at your door or rings the bell, he will generally retire if you send him word, "engaged."

It is perilous to make a chasm in human affections - not that they gape so long and wide, but that

There are melancholy men to whom life is only a spiritual progress. He answered: "It has not been ing signals to death to come and ferry them over the One hour lost in the morning by laying in bed,

During a sitting of half an hour, many striking puts back all the business of the day. This is the reason early risers always prosper in the world.

A BRIGHT SENTINEL -At one of the camps on Staten island, a new recruit was placed on guard a few nights since. An officer, wishing to be satisfied that the recruit understood his duty, walked to the post and passed by, meeting with no resistance or objection. Looking at the sentry for a moment, he asked him if that was the way he performed his

Oh! I 'm performing my duty," was the reply. "What did you let me pass for? Did n't the sergeant give you the countersign?"

"I know nothing of your countersign," was the reply, "but the sergeant told me the first man who came along would give me brandy and wine, and not a drop of either have I seen, although half a dozen have passed me. Hang the wine! I only want the brandy."

The password was "Brandywine," and the new aspirant for military honors had only comprehended in the sense probably the most familiar to him. The expense, to the Federal Government, of this

war, is now about two millions of dollars per day.

We notice that there have been a great many WARD Meetings " in Boston since Artemas Ward's lecture here. The showman made quite a stir among the people, it seems.

Julius-What portion of de army do de landlords dread de most? Sam-Do n't really know, nigga.

An experienced old stager says, if you make love to a widow who has a daughter twenty years younger than herself, begin by declaring that you thought they were sisters.

To keep fish from smelling-cut off their noses. Sweetening one's coffee is generally the first stirring event of the day.

If you are conscious of being green, and don't want folks to see it, try to be an invisible green. Money is nothing in itself; it is useful only when

it departs from us. A man might frame and let loose a star to roll in its orbit, and yet not have done so memorable a thing before God, as he who lets go a golden-orbed thought

to roll through the generations of time. Those young men who go on a lark at night, are never up with the lark in the morning.

A lady eighty years of age, residing in Maine, who knit stockings for Washington's army, is now knitting similar articles for the Federal army of to-

SERMON BY HENRY WARD BEECHER .- "Sampson was on an errand of love. He was interrupted by a lion, which he slew; for love is stronger than a lion."

EPITAPH ON WILLIAM BUTTON. O, sun, moon, stars, and ye celestial poles, Are graves then dwindled into button holes?

The Arcana of Nature. This volume, by Hudson Tuttle, Esq., is one of the Mr. Foster's mediumship.

W.D. P., FISKVILLE, R. I.—Your affectionate lines we appreciate and admire; but the subject of them have been already the object of considerable notice in our paper, and we are compelled to decline them.

This volume, by Hudson Tuttle, E.g., is over the best scientific books of the present age. Did the reading public understand this fact fully, they would have the work without delay. By reference to the seventh page of this paper, last column, the reader will find an enumeration of its contents. This work has found its way into Germany, been translated into the Germany.

man language by a gentleman well known to the selentific world, and has been extensively sold in that country. We will send the book by mail to any part of the United States, on the receipt of \$1,00.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYGEUM HALL, TREMORT STREET, (opposite head of School street.)—The regular course of lectures will continue through the winter, and services will comminue at 2:45 and 7:15 o'clock, P. M. Admission 10 cents. Lecturer engaged:—Miss Lizzle Doten, Dec. 32 and 20.

evening, at 71-2 o'clock. (The proceedings are reported for the Banner.) The subject for next Wednesday evening is:— "Astrology."

MARDLEHEAD.—Meetings are held in Bassett's new Hall.
Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. M. Macumber, the last Sunday
in Dec. and first Sunday in Jan.; F. L. Wadsworth, last three undays in June.

Lowell.—The Spiritualists of this city holdregular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall, Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Augusta A. Currier, two last Sundays in Dec.; Belle Scougali, first four Sundays in March. NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spirit-ualists. Conference Meetings held Sunday mornings, and speaking by mediums, afternoon and evening. The fol-lowing speakers are engaged:—Miss Bello Scougall, Dec.

LEOMINSTER, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Leominster hold egular meetings on Sunday, at the Town Hall. Services ommence at 1 1-2 and 7 1-4 p. m.

NEWBURTPORT.—Regular meetings are held every Sunday at 2 1-2 and 7 1-2 p. m. at Essex Hall. GLOUGESTER.—Spiritual moetings are held every Sunday, at the Town Hall.

PORTLAND, Mr. .- The Spiritualists of this city hold regular PORTLAND, Mr.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Sons of Tomperance Hall, on Congress, between Uak and Green streets. Conference in the torenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 21-4 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—G.B. Stebbins, during January; Belle Scougall, during Feb.; W. K. Ripley for the three first Sundays in March; Miss Emma Hardinge, two hast Sabnaths in December, and the two last in April; Miss Bannie Davis for May; Mrs. M. M. Macumber for June.

Fannic Davis for May; Mrs. M. M. Macumber for June. Phovidence.—Speakers ongaged:—Lee Miller in Dec; Mrs. A. M. Sponce, in Jan.; Mrs. M. M. Macumber in Fob.; Frank L. Wadsworth in May.

New York — At Lamartine Hall, corner 8th Avenue and 20th street, meetings are held every Sunday at 101-2 A. M., Sp. M., 71-2 P. M. Dr. H. Dresser is Chairman of the Association.

At Dedworth's Hall 806 Broadway, Mrs. Corn L. V. Hatch will lecture every Sunday, morning and evening.

will locture every Sunday, morning and evening. CLEVELAND, OHIO.—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 "Pen. stralium," No. 1231 Chestnut street, below 13th, north side. MILWAUKIE, Wis.—Meetings are held every Sunday at lood Templars' Hall, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock r. M. St. Louis, Mo.—Meetings are held in Mercantile Library Hallevery Sunday at 10 1-2 o'clock A. M. and 7 1-2 F.M.

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BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC—Washington street, Herrmann, the great Prestidigitatour. Performances every seeing, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Prices— 30, 25, and 15 cents.

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oner.

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The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the Hannsa we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through kigs, 5. II. Commer, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tosts of spirit communion to those friends who may re-

as tests of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

We here to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their eart: life to that beyond, and to do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than runrabelogs. We believe the public should know of the spirit-world as it is—should learn that there is ovil as well as good in it. We sak the reader to receive no decrine 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.

Our Oircles.—The circles at which these communica-tions are given, are held at the BANNER or LIGHT OFFICE NO. 158 WASHINGTON ETIEST, ROOM NO. 3. (up stairs.) Overy MONDAY, TUESDAY and TEURSDAY afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED. The communications given by the following named spirits

will be published in regular course:

Monday, Nov. 4.—Invocation; George Williams, Williams, burg, N. O.; Philip Higgins, New Bedford, Mass.; Charlotte L. Haskins, New York City, to her uncle; Henry Wetherell, New York City; William Wheeler; Busic Lane; James Arnold. Tuesday, Nov. 5.-Invocation ; "The Constitution and the

War;" Major Christian, Alabama; Clara F. Evans. Man-chester, N. H.; Jimmy Hobart, Canton, Mo.; Sarah Norton,

chester, N. H.; Jimmy Hobart, Canton, Mo.; Sarah Norton, Bridgewater.

Monday, Nov. 7.—Invocation; "Is there any difference between a Material and a Spiritual Truth?" Poter Riley, Lawrence, Mass.; Thomas Paine Stephens, Montgomery, Ala.; Mary Adaleide Wallace, Kingston, N. J.

Monday, Nov. 11.—Invocation; "Forgotfulness, Despair, and Fear;" Bill Sewall, Brownsville, Mo.; Mariam Lester, Philadelphia, Pa.; Horace Cameron, Queenstown, Pa.

Tuesday, Nov. 12.—Invocation: "Viciation of Law;"
"Death and Immoriality;" Georgie Vail, Charlestown, Mass; Horace Plaistoad, Walker street, Now York; Alice Kensington, Fail River, Mass; Mary Murphy, Cro'ss street, Boston.

Thursday, Nov. 14.—Invocation; "Moral Disease;" Frank Germon, actor; Dr. John Thayer, Dedham, Mass; Amelia Davis, St. Charles, Texas; Hiram Dudley, Now York City; Andrew C. Lincoln.

Davis, St. Unstein.
Andrew C. Lincoin.

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.; Mendum Janvrin, Portsmouth, N. H.; Frances Cecilia Babbitt, New Harvard College.

vin. Fortsmouth, N H.; Frances Cecilla Babbitt, New Haven, Conn.

Tuesday, Nov. 10.—Invocation: "The Redemption of Souls from the desire for Stimulants:" William H. Coates, C. S. A., Gaston, Greeusboro Co., Ala.; John Lee Taunton Insanc Asylum; George Barnard; Eva S. Walker, Salem, Mass.; "Irone."

"Irone."
Tuesday, Nov. 20.—Invocation; "Development of Animals and of Mon;" Thomas P. Hopewell, Bentonville, Ohio; William T. Sands, New York City; Mary Jane Lovejoy, Concord, N. H.; Jonathan Ladd.
Thursday, Nov. 23.—Invocation; Joy H. Fairchild, to a friend in Dedham; Matilda Mason, Lunenburg, Pa.; James Flynn, Now York; Geo. M. Bidwell; Archibald De Witt, to bia son.

Monday, Dec. 2.—Invocation; "First Manifestation of God to Man's Physical Senaes;" Geo. W. McFarland, Trenton, Mo.; Henry Wright; Charlotte K. Tapley, Brookfield, N. Y.;

sday, Dec. 3.—Invocation; "Is the Progress of the Spirit immediate, or is it by divinct degrees?" Will Elec-tricity ever be used in the movement of large Material Sui-stances?" Reuben Price, Johnson, Vt.; Patrick Smith, New York; Charles Pettes Anderson, Georgetown, D. C.; Maria,

to Louise Moore.

Thursday, Dec. 5.—Invocation: "What is a Miracle?"
Herr Schradstall, New Orleans; Elizabeth S. Mason, to her
father; Herbert Langdon, Chesapeake City, N. J.; Lizzy

Porter.

Monday, Dec 9—Invocation; "Was there ever a Universal Deluge?" James Rafferty, Moon street, Boston; Jenny Bigelow, to her mother, Frances Ryder; John M. Whittemore, Cambridge; Isaac T. Hopper (published in No. 13).

Isaac T. Hopper.

Friend, thou wilt please say Friend Hopper meets thee this day. He comes to give proof to an old friend in this city, where he once made his home, that there is an hereafter, and to tell him that the old man comes to the spirit world within twenty days. He desires to know if Friend Hopper visited him at the hour of midnight three days ago. He did make such a visit, and wishes now to say to him that he is coming to the land of souls at such a time. Fare thee well. Dec. 9.

Invocation.

Oh, ye countless multitude of angels, who are scattered through all the planes around us, and whose mission is to assist the weak and soothe the suffering, come near unto us at this hour; and come not only near us, but come nearer and still nearer to all humanity. Oh, knock at the portal of each human soul; enter there and unfold the flowers of love, purity and faith, which are the all in all of God. Oh, ye spirits of the mighty past and glorious present, come, oh come to earth and shower down bright thoughts of wisdom, for the earth pants for the benison; and the Great Eternal will reward you in the celestial spheres to which ye hasten.

"The Saviour of the World." " Was not Jesus Christ the Saviour of the World-the

mediator through whom humanity must receive pardon fo, all sin, and enter the life or condition of perfect peace?" This is the subject that has been presented for consideration. The truths, bright, glorious, never-fading truths, that were taught through Jesus, or that he gave to the people, were indeed a means of salva-tion. But our good brother and questioner believes, and honestly, too, that our good brother Jesus Christ was offered up voluntarily as a sacrifice for human sin, and that, without the sacrifice, none could be saved, none enter heaven. Oh, materialism, how long will ye find a dwelling place in the souls of men? Materialism, how long wilt thou stand up against the world spiritual? The past ages have lived in a world of materiality, and bowed before material gods and idols-gods they could handle and create; and these they have worshiped instead of the God of the spirit: they have desired something more; but have long failed to find any other than the God builded upon their depraved humanitypicture angels do not love to look upon. Again we say, in one sense, Jesus Christ was a Saviour of humanity, but in only one. So far as he was instrumental in unfolding man's immortality to him, so far he was your Saviour, and no further.

The past hath not only given you a Christ, but the present has presented you a Jesus also. Truth never passes away-never decays. It is always with you, and will always prove your Saviour, though you may crush it for a time and ten thousand times be neath the feet of materiality. It is never slain by power of man, but is endowed with a never-ending existence, throughout eternity. The glorious truths you receive to-day are so many blows to unloosen the fetters of materialism, and bid the soul go free. There are great unfoldings continually around you, and pointing you to the eternal fature. These bright and glorious truths you receive are only so many Saviours; and there are as many Saviours as there are truths; and each and all may become a Saviour to a certain extent. If capable of ascending in the scale of being yourself, you are of necessity a Saviour to some one weaker than yourself. There is no soul, however clouded around by material darkness, but may be a Saviour to some one. Who can see the divine spark within, save those who have learned to know their God?

Oh, there are a vast number of blessed Saviours scattered among mankind. Each age is hallowed with them. All-all are Saviours; and when you shall unfold upon a high plane of mind, you will perceive you are no less glorious yourselves than was the glorious teacher of Nazareth. He was a Saviour according to his capacity, and so is each one of you. Oh, measure your own soul's capacities, not those of any other. Set up the eternal light within your own bark, and go forward, fearing not the scoffs of the materialist or the Christian; for what are they compared to the persecution and opposition Jesus met with long ago, and which have rested upon those like him in every day and generation? Oct. 22.

Bill Saunders.

Taint any use to wish to live your life over again, cause that is impossible, I take it, stranger. I never was hitched up to an engine like this, before. My name was Bill Saunders. I used to drive stage from

Burlington to Norwich, in Vermont. I have been dead as long ago as 1831. I haint changed much
—not but precious little. For a good spell of time I
I was trying to make the best of my way back to
live over again what I have lived, but I 've found out that it's no use. I aint hardly satisfied, but it 's no use talking: there's no chance to get back, if I want to. You may stand still as long as you want to, but

you can't go back an inch.
I don't know as I had any particular vice when I 's here; I don't know but I did as well as I could. I'd sometimes drink a little too much, and that's the way I lost my body. One day when it had been raining pretty bad, I got wet, and felt bad, and drank too much. I was driving pretty hard, when something happened to the team, and I managed to break one man's leg and my own neck.

Now I find myself in the same condition with those only they say I killed myself in a different way,

I lived a pretty hard life, but a pretty jolly one; makes. One turned out excellent cider: the other of liquor in their lives, and did n't get their necks broke. We started together, and you would n't have known there's any difference between us, but there to what there is in him, and how he is put together.

I've been told, since I've been in spirit, I could do something for somebody-I don't know who I 've got three nephews who have just heard something about this coming back, and they want to know poor way, and could n't seem to do much. I thought | death is nowhere. 'd come here and try to tell one of them what I tried to, some time ago. He's pretty well along in life, but it's never too late to do what you want to

I'll tell you what it is; there is something you call a medium, and I want him to go where he can find one, and there he'll meet somebody who'll show him all about these things, better than I can. And about his son I want to tell him. He died in a poor kind of way, and he's in hell; but there aint no real flames in hell, like you used to hear of; but all who did n't live right have to go there. Now, he's shot in a gambling place, in Louisiana, somewhere; that 's the way he came to his end-but it 's only another way of getting higher unfolded. He is in a bad sort of a place. If his father wants to help him out, he can easily do it.

I've tried hard to come back before—but the way I took was a slow coach. Then I tried to get into this coach, which suits me better.

you get where I am, I'll show you all around. Now I want to tell him where to go, and if he goes, I'll tell him what comes next, but it won't do to tell too much at once.

I died somewhere on the road between Burlington

Well, he's looking for my message, and will get it. You need n't worry about it. How soon will it come out? Well, two or three months is a little while compared with thirty years. It took me little while to get out, but thirty years to get back. Oct. 22.

Mary Henrietta Laurehnes.

Monsieur will pardon me. I no Protestant. I wish to speak to my friends. I promise to come. I die in June, 1861. I die of pulmonary hemorrhage. I live in St. Mary's Institute, Mobile. My name, Mary Henrietta Laurehnes. I still believe in God the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord; who satisfied I could not get well, but must pass away, was conceive by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin he exacted from me a promise that I would return Mary; suffere under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, and give a brief sketch of my life through a stranand buried; he descend into hell; the third day he rose again from the dead; he ascend into to give him some ideas, if I could, of the spirit-heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Fa- world. He desired to know what was meant by the ther Almighty; thence he shall come to judge the spheres spoken of by controlling spirits and by Spirliving and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost; itualists. As far as I have been able to learn, those the Holy Catholic Church; the communion of Saints; spheres are not locations, but different states of the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; mind-different degrees of happiness or unhappi-

Protestant means, your medium, because I have none

Monsieur will please say Mary Henrietta Laurehnes comes to day. Say she is at peace, and desires to help the friends that they may come as she does, when they are here. She wishes to give them knowledge of the present hour, that each and all can come the high, low, rich, poor, bond, free, all-all can Oct. 22.

William H. Cook.

I find it very difficult to take charge of and speak through a body so unlike my own. I have little or no experience in these things, having been myself a resident of the spirit-world a little more than one week. I regret not having informed myself more extensively of these things before leaving, and would carnestly enjoin it upon all my friends to seek to know something of the world of spirit. I have been informed here that information regarding the spiritworld is within the reach of all, and all who come here without knowledge, do so because they have not tried to receive it.

It is very hard for me to keep possession here. I cannot say one half I desired to; but I offer my thanks to my brother Odd Fellows, and to each and all of the dear friends who were so kind to me and to the body I have left. I hope to be able to pay interest-some of them, at least, before they shall be called to the spirit-world.

I am William H. Cook, of Boston, Mass.

Charles Sherburne.

Dear Maria—I would like to speak with you in rivate. Go where I can. Yours truly, Oct. 22. CHAS. SHERBUNE.

Harvey Burdell. Written:

Helen, go to see Mrs. French. Go soon. HARVEY BURDELL.

Invocation.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, everywhere do we perceive thy law; everywhere do we perceive and acknowledge thy presence, and power, through out humanity. Notwithstanding seeming discord find God, and then to find a chance to come back. rules, oh Lord our God, we would not only offer That I have got, but I have n't seen God yet, so I thanks unto thee this hour, but through all the vast can't give much of an idea who, where and what he it unto thy bosom, and call it good. Oh, our God, need we ask thee to bestow consolation upon thy suffering children? Need we ask thee to wipe away the tear of sorrow from the cheek of the brokenhearted, and to heal the wounds made by despondency, and what seemeth misfortune? Nay, our Father, for we perceive thy love is wiser than our from the darker side of mortality, yet it is radiant more, till it took me off, with love, and we know thou wilt accept it. And I have got a wife and two children, and if they unto thee, forever and forever be endless praises have no objections, I would like to send a message

There is no Death.

A friend in mortal sends us the following question. We receive it in this wise: "The spirits tell us there is no death. Is not the

body dead after the epirit has left it ?" The hour is fast drawing night when all intelligent men and women, whether in or out of the body, will agree with us, when we say there is no death death is become obsolete. Mortals are hungering to know more of life, and thus they are preparing to see the mysteries of life unfolded.

While the spirit holds control of or dwells in a mortal form, the law of attraction is in the ascendancy, or is predominant—is the ruling power. Hence the particles that go to make up the human structure, are held together—held by a positive and un-yielding law of attraction; but when the spirit who cut their throats, and poison or hang themselves; leaves the form, then the law of repulsion is in the ascendancy, or is the predominating power. Then every atom is becoming an individualized atom—is being refined for another sphere of action, and thus and one learns to drink before he knows it. I suppose if my lot had been cast in a different spot, that
i'd come out a different individual, would n't 1? My
and countless as the sands upon the scashore. Now father used to own two older mills—two different if there were such a thing as death, all nature would be palsied and all her functions deranged. If there did no such thing, but a miserable kind of stuff—full were such a thing as death, there could be no motion of motes and chips. Now you see people are like —for all motion is life. There is no period in the these two cider mills; one turns out well, the other life of the human being when its powers and functions are all the states and the states are death but bad, anyway. Now, some of my companions I used tions cease to act; the body knows no death, but to know, turned out first-rate—never drank a glass lives in countless forms through endless ages through life eternal.

The body is declining. What causes it to decline? Not death, but the spiritual life. We have sought was. Everybody has got to turn out just according for the mystery of death, but found nothing within you which is not good in every particular—not only in the human body in its present condition, but in all times and in all conditions.

The time is coming when man shall no longer fear the idle dream of death. God is life, and life is something more about it. I have been in a sort of eternal. Surely, then, if he is everywhere, then

Alice L. Brewster.

I feel thankful to be able so soon to return and fulfill a promise I made when in possession of my

own body. My name is Alice L. Brewster. I was born in Lexington, Mass. I was twenty five years of age, six weeks before I left earth. When I was three years of age I lost my mother. My father was then agent for a firm in New York. At my mother's de-parture my father removed to New York. Some three years afterward he married and was blessed with the gift of a son, on whose birth the mother yielded up her spirit, and again my father was left, as it were, alone in the world. When I attained the age of sixteen years, my father was called to the spirit-world, and I with my half-brother was left in the care and guardianship of an Episcopal clergywis coach, which suits me better.

man—a friend of my father's. I remained most of Well, I'm much obliged to you, stranger, and when the time, thereafter, an inmate of that clergyman's family, till I left to join my father and mother in the spirit-sphere.

Some three years ago I ascertained by accident that I was a medium-or a person through whom spirits could manifest with sounds and other demonand Norwish.

Well, good by to you. I sha'n't hurry out, for I do n't want to get confused, as I was when I left bedon't want to get confused, as I was when I left bedieve they were unsuccessful. This sudden action of the invisibles through myself, in the family of the invisible throug my dear friend and guardian, enabled him and his to become somewhat interested in the phenomena of Spiritualism, so-called. Sometimes I believe my dear guardian was impelled to believe that it was indeed the spirits of our departed friends who so often demonstrated through me and others. He at one time said to me: "Alice, I would give the world. if I had it to give, to know whether Spiritualism be true or false.

Many times during my last illness—which was consumption, following after a fever, he has talked with me on this subject, and seemed very earnest and anxious to know if there were indeed truth in these modern demonstrations; and when they were ger, and send the sketch to him privately, and also Monsieur, I no Protestant. Many of our order be-lieve in the communion of departed spirits. I promised them I would come. I do come and use your judge. I believe all spirits who dwell in the seventh has sphere or degree of unfoldment, are in perfect harmony with all their surroundings, which are happy, and seven is a number indicative of a divine harmony in mind and soul-it indicates harmony and peace to the spirit. I suppose the spheres are conditions of mind; one sphere superior to and above the other, in regular gradation. I confess I am not able to comprehend all these mysteries; but from what I have been able to learn, I think this is so.

He wished to know if there were schools or institutions of learning in the spirit-world, and if so, what kind of institutions they were. The spiritspheres are a glorious institution of learning, in which all may learn anything and whatever they choose. Each and all are teachers according to their capacity, and all are learners. Whoever has a truth to impart that I do not possess, that person is my teacher. I belive there is no one, however low and illiterate an individual he may be, but is capable of teaching some one. It may be they are capable of teaching no further than to a certain degree, but whatever power they have, is called for and required to be used.

He desired me to mention the names of some of his family, who were dear to him, who had passed from earth, but to keep his own name silent. I regret this, and many, many of his spirit-friends regret that he has a fear to own a partial belief in one of God's greatest gifts to mortals.

I have seen Louisa, his daughter, who passed to the spirit-world before I became a member of his family; Stephen, his brother, who left earth a long time ago, and Betsey, his mother, who passed from earth, reclining in his arms. They all—all send messages full of love—too full for me to bear to him properly. I have met many others, also; but I do not deem it necessary to give their names. I need not ask that my dear friend and guardian will believe that I have indeed returned—that I have not passed away forever.

Spiritualism is a great, glorious and everlasting truth, and I am sure that he will believe it. I am sure'l have overturned the last obstacle that was in the chamber of unbelief in his soul, and for this I can only thank the Great God of love for his infinite mercy. Farewell, sir. Oct. 24.

Richard Parker.

Well, I've been looking around to see if I could find God, and then to find a chance to come back. eternal future we would be found praising thee. is. I don't understand him, unless he is a princi-Though even that praise be silent, like the offerings ple, or something that sets the whole machinery of of the bright blossome, oh, our Father, we know it is acceptable unto thee. We know thou wilt receive the God there is, then I suppose I know him; but as yet I can't comprehend him. When I get a little further along, and see things differently, I'll work the harder to find out the truth of it.

I was no Christian. Take that to start with. My name was Richard Parker. I've been dead-well, I've been dead a little above two years. I died of disease of the stomach and bowels; they called it wisdom, and thou carest for all thy children in thy chronic dysentary, I believe-something of that sortown way. Oh, God, once more we would ask thee to I first encountered the trouble at Chagres, and it accept our song of feeble praise; though it comes made me occasional visits, and I suffered more and

Oct. 24. to them-a letter, or what you call it. I am as hap-

py and contented as I desire to be. I suppose I'd been a little better off if I'd just attended to some things before I went; but I'd provide for them now, f I can do it. I have a few business affairs to reg-

terest me, and that I want to have Stephen Kennard, who died in 1851, received through Mr. Mansfield, respectis now, I believe, in San Juan, California, give my ing a will made by him at the time of his death, that I believe belonged to me; and if it did, it be- I stated that I had "in my possession other evidence longs to them now. I suppose they are in St. Louis, besides these spiritual communications, which tend with my wife's eister. He knows where the money is, and will know where to send it.
I am a straightforward individual—do n't make

two bites of a cherry; and if I want a man to do a pertain thing, I don't go all around the barn to ask now deceased, and in the hands of Mr. Osmyn Brewshim to do it. Now the friend whom I come to knows I aint easily to be put off. He knows I want the him before the Judge of Probate, and is on file at the three thousand dollars sent, just as soon as he gets

I'd like to have a talk with my wife, if I could. get rid of. I suppose she 'll be all the happier, too. for getting a word from me. Now if she'll avail

string. Good day. Oct. 24.

Julia O'Brian.

If ye'll place, sir, to tell me mother me father is in New York, I'll be much obliged. My mother is Mrs. O'Brian—Margaret is her name. My name was Julia. I live in Boston—last, on Lucas street. I am most eleven years old. Me father has gone away, and me mother do n't know where he is at all. he didn't send no money to us at all.

wants me mother to know where me father is, and ing to \$500,000 or more, to his own and his wife's she'll soon hear from him, and she'll not go to the relations, and some to the public, and that his son, praste at all to ask about me coming here.

I likes very much where I am now. Everybody is very kind, and you feels very happy here. I do n't may come back where I lives. Good by, sir.

Charley Todd.

The following communication is from Charley Todd, "the Stutterer," and has reference to Dr. David R. Brown, who is now serving out a sentence in Charlestown State Prison, for manslaughter:

Well, they told me after I took a little time to some things. I do n't wish to do anybody injustice, as some folks thought, and I do n't feel that I have sooner, and go up all the straighter. That's all there is about it.

I was told by a gentleman at one of these seances that before three months I'd come back and regret my actions and feelings toward Brown. It's more his will, and giving, as I understood he intended to,

good, to let him know I take an interest in him. Well, give my compliments to friend Brown, and tell him I'm alive, will you? and if he don't believe it, I'll give him better proof. Do you know where he is? Very well; you are mistaken if you think your paper don't go there. I understand the had any such claim. he is well satisfied with his condition; I told him he'd be there a good while ago. Now give my love to all humanity, and to Brown in particular. good day. Excuse me -my name is Charley Todd. Oot. 24.

Josephine Adams.

Written : My dearly loved parents, I do not wish to see yo uke-warm in the great cause of progression. Seek for all the gems; and, though you find much that is worthless, you will also find many diamonds. Your loying daughter, Josephine Adams.

LITTLE WILLIE WAKING UP.

BY REV. E. H. SEARS.

freshest glow.

God is nearer little ohildren than their parents ever

can teach,
And a sort of mystic wisdom, trickle through their careless speech. How it is I cannot answer; but I knew a little child,

Who, among the thyme and clover, and the bees, was running wild— And he came one summer evening, with his ringlets o'er his eyes, And his hat was torn to pieces, chasing bees and but-

terflies. · Now, I'll go to bed, dear mother, for I'm very tired of play!" And he said his · · Now I lay me," in a kind of careless

And he drank the cooling water from his little silver oup, And said gaily, "When it's morning, will the angels

There he lies, how sweet and placid! and his breathing comes and goes.
Like a zepher moving softly, and his cheek is like a

But his mother leaned to listen if his breathing could be heard -

Night within its folding mantle hath the sleepers both beguiled. And within its soft embracings rest the mother and the

Up she starteth from hor dreaming, for a sound hath struck her ear— And it comes from little Willie, lying on his trundle

Up she springeth, for it strikes upon her troubled ear again. And his breath, in louder fetches, travels from his lungs in pain. And his eyes are fixing upward on some face beyond

the room, And the blackness of the spoiler from his cheek hath chased the bloom. Nevermore his .. Now I lay me" will be said from moth

er's knee. Nevermore among the clover will he chase the humble-Through the night she watched her darling, now

despairing, now in hope,
And about the break of morning did the angels take him up.

THE MYSTERIOUS WILL.

Mn. Epiron-In a communication from me, published in the Bannen or Liquit some weeks since, re-Well, then, to come right down to matters that in- specting a spiritual communication purporting to terest ine, and that I want to have settled. I'll say, come from my uncle, Mr. Ebenezer T. Andrews, who to made it very probable, but not certain, that he made a will at the time of his death." This other evidence consists of the Journal of Mr. Charles Ewer, ter, one of his executors; which was produced by Probate office; the deposition of Mr. William Thomas, President of the Webster Bank; and the answers of There are a good many things 1'd like to say - a Mr. William T. Andrews, a son of Mr. Ebenezer T. good many things that trouble me some I'd like to Andrews, and also the answers of Mr. William Thomas, before the Judge of Probate, and which are also herself of the opportunity—that is, go to a medium, on file there. As these latter documents are very so that I can speak to her, if there is anything voluminous, I will at this time give only the Journal wrong I'll make it right. of Mr. Charles Ewer, and a small portion of the an-Until I hear from my friend or my wife, I'll stand swers of Mr. William T. Andrews, in relation to a ust behind the curtain, walting to pull the next part of this Journal. These, however, are of themselves sufficient to confirm my statement, and do, in fact, constitute the main ground upon which it was

al and corroborative evidence of it. The following is a copy of Mr. Charles Ewer's Journal, relating to the Will of Mr. Ebenezer T. Andrews. " Boston, June, 1851 .- Mr. William Thomas (Presiident of the Webster Bank) speaks to me upon the subject of Mr. E. T. Andrews making a Will, which He's been gone since before I lost meself. He's to this time he had omitted to do, desiring me been gone most three year. He's to work there, and to speak to him respecting it, stating that he was now disposed to make one, and to leave a considera-Me uncle Patrick helps me to come here, but he ble portion of his property, which was large, amountwant her to go, for he 'll tell her to mind nothing at all about it. I do n't want her to go at all, but will, and do liberally for, or give such part of his property as he might be disposed to, to them and to various public charities.

made, though the other documents afford supplement-

I agreed, in compliance with Mr. Thomas' wishes, have much to trouble me, only when I come back and as above stated, should a favorable opportunity ocsee me mother when she works very hard. She do n't cur, to speak to Mr. Andrews upon the subject of know where at all me father is, and I 's told I must making his Will. Considering as I was distantly come here and tell all I knew about it. The gentle- related to him, it was a delicate and difficult underman what lets me come here, tells me if I 'll be good taking. I was backward to engage in it, I therefore. only engaged to do so, conditionally; that is: Should Mr. Andrews open the way for me to speak to him upon the subject. This he did one morning, shortly after, by remarking, in relation to his claim against Mr. John Bumstead, that I had the charge of; that he wished it settled before he made his will. Previous to this, however, and subsequent to Mr. Thomas's request that I would speak to him upon the subject, I found in an old English magazine an article on the duty of persons of property making their Wills. Well, you've got a new place since I's here; but This book I put into the hands of Mr. Thomas, that who are you? You take down what's said the same as the other man did, I suppose? Yes, I unclein-law) when he should next converse with him clein-law) when he should next converse with him in relation to his making his Will, which, after havling read it, he agreed to do. This book remained in think it over, I'd think a little differently about his possession some time, without being used for the purpose proposed, Mr. Thomas not finding a convenient opportunity to read this article to his Uncle. done injustice to anybody. I don't think I feel a (Uncle-in-law.) A day or two after the remark made bit harder against Brown than I am justified in to Mr. Andrews as to making his will, I took the feeling. Besides, you say one is made happy through | book from Mr. Thomas, and carried it to Mr. Ansuffering, so the more I torment my friend Brown drews's house, and said to him that I had found an the happier he 'll be. If he did take my propery to article in it upon making a Will, which I thought his own use, I do n't believe ho'll ever get the best very good, and wished him to read it. He signified of me. If he goes to hell all over he'll come out the that he would. I put a piece of paper in it where sooner, and go up all the straighter. That's all the article commenced, and left it with him. I understood afterwards that he had read it. I left the book at his house, where it now is.

I spoke to Mr. Andrews again about his making

than six months now, and I don't feel yet that I did a portion of his estate to his own and his wife's rewrong, or did anything more than just what I ought lations. He repeated or affirmed his intention to do to. I would gladly be an instrument of doing him so, and said he was willing to make such a disposit. so, and said he was willing to make such a disposigood; and if I do come in this way, it's for his own tion of his property as four impartial men should good, to let him know I take an interest in him. privilege of altering what he might deem wrong.

I spoke to him inquiringly as to his wife's relations having claims upon him in point of justice or equity. He did not seem aware or admit that they

paper does go there, and he !!! be as sure to get this as that I came here to-day. He !!! be pretty careful or his wife's relations made any claim to share his property: that he was free to give or withhold. He was disposed to give, but did not know how to proportion what he intended to give among his wife's relations. I agreed to make out a list, and set such amounts for his consideration and inquiry as I might think right, which he assenting to, I after-

wards did. At another time, stating to him that the difficulty he found in proportioning the amount he intended to give them might be lessened or removed by his fixing upon the proportion he meant to give to his son, I mentioned \$400,000 or \$350,000. On my naming the last sum, he said with much warmth, "He sha'n't have so much. I wont deprive, or I have no idea of depriving my poor relations, or do them wrong, that he may have the means to swing away, or live in splendor or extravagantly."

1851. September 15th, (about three weeks before his dtath.) Visited Ebenezer T. Andrews at Dorchester, in the afternoon of this day, between four Some have thought that in the dawning, in our being's his signature and acknowledgment to a deed conveying to John Bumstead, Esq., his interest in all the land held in common by them, called the White know,
And that if you listen sharply, better things than you estate, together with the fee in the passage way leading from Winter street, to said Bumstend, to be by him conveyed to the Boston Music Hall Association. Mr. Andrews, on account of the inconvenience of procuring a magistrate to take his acknowledgment, proposed to postpone the execution of the deed till morning, which was agreed to.

Mr. Andrews was in such a state of mind as induced me to speak to him on the subject of making his Will, upon which I had before had several conversations with him, in which he had declared his wish and intention to dispose of his property by Will. I had put into his hands a statement of the proportions of his estate, to be given to his wife's relations. and to his own, respectively and individually, and the form of a Will. On this occasion, I offered to assist him still further if he wished me to do so. Remarking that the main point was to know from him—assuming that he did not intend to leave the whole of his property to his sou-what portion should go to him, he suggested that I should ascertain or ask his son what part or amount he expected or would be satisfied with. I told him that I had conversed with his son on the subject, and that he would be neard—

O!" she murmured, "if the angels took my darling at his word!"

of his vroperty to his mic's relations and to his own. of his property to his wife's relations, and to his own, and such char table institutions as he should judge most worthu. I had in view the statement I had put into his hands as to the sums to be given respectively. He seemed pleased that his son was willing that he should give to others a large part of his estate. And said that dividing it so as to give three parts to his son, and one to others, appeared to him to be right or nearer right. He wanted the business I was upon settled, before executing a Will, fully and strongly declaring his intention to make one. I took the liberty to remind him of his infirmities and advanced age, of which he expressed himself fully sensible, dropping an indistinct remark as to some change or indication of his dissolution occurring as

the proper time of consummating the business." Boston, Dec. 24th, 1855. I hereby certify that the preceding is a true and faithful transcript of the memoranda made by the late Mr. Charles Ewer, of sundry interviews with the late Ebenezer T. Andrews, in regard to his (Andrews) making a Will.

OSMYN BREWSTER Mr. E. T. Andrews died on the 9th of October following the last entry, Beptember 21st, mentioned in the foregoing Journal; that is, about three weeks after this entry.

Mr. Ewer as here given, is incomplete in not saying informed that we make no charge for their notices. Those whother a Will was made or was not made, and does named below are requested to give notice of any change of not contain all that must have taken place in regard their arrangements, in order that our list may be kept as corto the Will, whether a Will was or was not made at rect as possible. to the Will, whether a Will was or was not made at that time by Mr. Andrews. In regard to this circumstance, in a communication purporting to come from him through Mrs. Hayden, a medium, about the time that a copy of the Journal was produced before the Judge of Probate by Mr. Brewster, he says is a communication by Mrs. Brewster, he says is a communication by Mrs. Brewster, he says is a communication of the Journal was produced before the Judge of Probate by Mr. Brewster, he says is a communication of the Journal was produced before the Judge of Probate by Mr. Brewster, he says is a communication of the Journal was produced before the Judge of Probate by Mr. Brewster, he says is a communication of the Journal was produced before the Judge of Probate by Mr. Brewster, he says is a communication of the Journal was produced before the Judge of Probate by Mr. Brewster, he says is a communication of the Journal was produced by Mr. Brewster, he says is a communication of the Journal was produced by Mr. Brewster, he says is a communication purporting to come the Journal was produced by Mr. Brewster, he says is a communication purporting to come the Journal was produced by Mr. Brewster, he says is a communication purporting to come the Journal was produced by Mr. Brewster, he says is a communication purporting to come the Journal was produced by Mr. Brewster, he says is a communication purporting to come the Journal was produced by Mr. Brewster, he says is a communication purporting to come the Journal was produced by Mr. Brewster, he says is a communication purporting to come the Journal was produced by Mr. Brewster, he says is a communication purporting to come the Journal was produced by Mr. Brewster, he says is a communication purporting to come the Journal was produced by Mr. Brewster, he says is a communication purporting to come the Journal was produced by Mr. Brewster, he says is a communication purporting to communication purporting to communication purporting to communication purporting to communication purpor in regard to this Journal, that "it gave a full account ford, Ill. of the Will I made, and who the money was given to, and the exact amount I gave to each. That the leaf was torn out by ____, and ____ paid him for tearing it out, after the death of Mr. Ewer. Mr. Ewer will confirm the statement, for I have conferred with him to-day." Mr. E. T. Andrews then proceeds in the same communication to give me a list of all the legacies contained in his Will, amounting to \$78,000, to individual legatees, and \$50,000 to religious and benevolent institutions. The latter as given in the Banner of Light of September 21st last. Whether this communication, purporting to come from him, is true or not, it is of course impossible for me to know, but I find myself totally unable to account for it upon any other supposition than that it did come from him. The amount of the legacies, it will be perceived, is about the same as he intended to give, according to Mr. Ewer's Journal, that is, onefourth of his property; and those to religious and benevolent institutions, were, with one exception, to the same ones that he gave of a smaller amount in two or three sketches in the form of a Will that he made at different times of his life, long previous to his death, and which were produced before the Judge of Probate under his order at my request, by his son, Mr. Wm. T. Andrews. These two circumstances in. crease very much the probability that the communication came from him. In his Auswers before the Judge of Probate, Mr.

Wm. T. Andrews, in answer to the interrogatory whether he did not consent that his father should make a Will giving away "one-fourth of his property to his wife's relations, and to his own, and such charitable b institutions as he should judge most worthy," as it is etated in Mr. Ewer's Journal that he did consent.

.nlist My only consent was in saying that I should be d'sposed to be guided by my father's wishes, and if the making of a Will should be proceeded with, I should not think such a division so unreasonable, that A should feel inclined to oppose it. I thought him andt to make a Will, but I felt and said that I should make, or attempt to putit aside, unless it was grossly unreasonable. It must be an extreme case to induce me to do it. I always supposed Mr. Ewer dropped the matter of the Will, on learning my opinion."

Now it will be perceived, that this Answer of Mr. Wm. T. Andrews is in direct contradiction of the etatement made in Mr. Ewer's Journal, that he, Mr. Ewer, had conversed with his son on the subject, and that he would be willing that he should give one-fifth or even one-fourth of his property to his wife's relations, and to his own, and such charitable institutions as he should judge most worthy." And that this statement is made in his Journal by Mr. Ewer on the 21st of September, three weeks only before the death of Mr. Andrews.

And further, Mr. Ewer says in his Journal, on the : 21st of September, about three weeks before the death of Mr. Andrews, that "Mr. Andrews was in such a state of mind as Induced me to speak to him upon the subject of making his Will." In other words, that Mr. Ewer considered him at that time fit to make a Will.

As to Mr. Thomas's Answers to the Interrogatories im in his Dangsition and in his fore the Judge of Probate, it would require too large a space in your columns to point out in what respect they contradict Mr. Ewer's Journal, and in what respect they virtually contradict one another, and also in what respect they contradict remarks made by him to me, in conversation with him upon the subject of the Will.

.... Mr. Ebenezer T. Andrews has been dead now ten years, and during that time I have had communications purporting to come from him, through at least a dozen different mediums, all telling the same story about his Will, and giving me minute and precise information respecting all the proceedings of all those persons in relation to this Will, who in any way were parties to these proceedings. And the information contained in these spiritual communications, taken in connection with the other evidence that has come to my knowledge, leave hardly a doubt on my mind, that he made a Will at the time of his death, and that I have had correct information respecting the provisions of it. During all this time I have endcavored in every possible way to induce and oblige his son to carry out what he well knows were his father's intentions in respect to the disposition of his property, and to which he expressly gave his consent, according to the Journal of Mr. Ewer. In doing this I have the sustaining consciousness of discharging my duty to my uncle, to his legatees, and to myself. And also of acting in conformity with his wishes, expressed to me, as I believe, in the Spiritual communications made by him to me. And further, I firmly believe that, in so doing, I have also followed those Providential indications which have been given to me by the circumstance of my finding Sketches of a Will'made by him at different periods of his life, and also by the circumstance of the Journal of Mr. Ewer, coming to my knowledge, as I have no doubt, by his especial Divine interposition.

But thus far, from various causes, and as I believe by the efforts of interested and unprincipled persons. I have failed to effect this purpose. And in this way individuals and religious and benevolent institutions have been deprived of the legacies which were intended for them. Whether this iniquitous course of couduct shall always continue to succeed, must be left to the disposal of an all-wise and righteous Providence, who can, if it please, ultimately baffle the arts of the most cunning and sagacious, and in a way least' expected by them, bring 24 to light the hidden things of darkness," and confound the crafty by their own devices.

WILLIAM S. ANDREWS.

PURITY. Innocent child and snow white flower ! Well are ye paired in your opening hour; Thus should the pure and the lovely meet, Stainless with stainless, and sweet with sweet.

A man with an evil habit fixed in his soul is at badly off as a nut with a worm in its kernel.

Seize opportunity by the forelock, if you can; if you fail, grab him by the nape of the neck.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BAHHER, and are requested to call atten-It will be perceived that the foregoing Journal of tion to it during their lecturing tours. We hope they will

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Rockland, Me., the two DIABLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Rockland, Me., the two last Sundays of Dec.; in Camilen, the first Sunday in Jan; in Union, the second Sunday in Jan.; in Stockton, the third, and in Belfast the last Sunday in Jan.—will make arrangements to speak in that vicinity during February and March, also for week evenings. Will make engagements to speak in the Eastern or Middle States during the Byrlug and Summer. Address as above, or Livermore Falls, Me.

F L. WADSWORTH Will lecture every Sunday in Battle Orcek, Michigan, until further notice; at Providence, R. I., four Sundays of May; at Taunton, Mass, first two Sundays of June; at Marblehead last three Sundays of June, Address accordingly. He will answer calls to lecture in New England during the Summer of 1882.

MRS. MANY M. MACUMBER Will lecture in Marblehead, the ust Sunday of Dec. and the first Sunday of Jan.; not engaged for the three last Sundays in Jan.; Edo, in Providence, I. I.; Jung at Portland, Me. Address, West Killingly, Conn. Miss Emma Handings will locture in Lowell, Chicorce, Mass, and Portland, Me., in December; in New York, Philadelphia, Concecticut, &c., during the Spring of 1862. Address, care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

Mus. M. S. Townsend will speak in Norton, Mass., Dec. 23; in Stafford, Conn., Jan. 5 and 12; in Somers, Jan. 16 and 20; in Taunton, Mass., March 23 and 30. Intervening Sabbaths spoken for, but not positively ongaged yet.

Wannen Ollage lectures in Taunton, last two Sundays of Dec.; in Boston, Sunday, Jan. 5; in Charlestown, Jun. 18; in Foxboro, Jan. 10. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

MRS. FLANCES LORD BOND intends to pass the Fall and Winter in the State of Wisconsin, and those wishing her services as a lecturer will please address her at Medison City, Wisconsin, care of T. N. Bovee.

Wisconsib, care of T. N. Lovee.

Mrs. Fannie Burdank Felton will lecture in Taunton, Mrs., Jan. 5 and 12. The last three Sundays of Dec. are not engaged. Address 25 Kneeland street, Boston.

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

Miss Emma Houston will lecture during the month of De-emborin Charlestown, Mass. Bhe may be addressed for the present, at Manchester, N. H., or East Stoughton, Mass.

Mn. and Mns. H. M. Miller may be addressed at Pen-Yan, Yates Co., N. Y., for the present, or Conneaut, Ohio, care of Asa Hickox, permanently.

care of Asa Hickox, permanently.

Miss M. A. Canlex will receive calls to lecture in the vicinity of Boston until Dec. 29th, after which she will visit New York and Philadelphia.

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

PROFESSOR BUTLER's address is care of Dr. Child, 15 Tremont street, Boston.
H. L. Bowken will give ticket lectures, or otherwise, on Mental and Physical Anatomy. Address, Natick, Mass, Mrs. E. A. Bliss, (formerly Mrs. E. A. Ostrandor,) Spring-

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Oct. 19.

REMOVAL.

REMOVAL.

R. H. L. BOWKER has removed his office to No. 9 Hudson street, Boston, ('ormerly at 7 Davis street.) Medical examination free, at the office, daily, Surdays excepted. Examination by lock of hair, will be sent to any address for \$1. The poor can have an examination free, if they will judiclously distribute twenty-five copies of my cards. Psychometric Readings of character, \$1. Medicine sent to any party stating their case, on reasonable terms. Patients furnished with board and treatment. If Dec. 14.

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coording to the time employed. No. 7 Dix Place, opposite 558 Washington st., Boston.

Aug. 10.

CAMUEL GROVER, Trance, Speaking and Healing Medium, at Rooms No. 17 Benneit street, corner of Jefferson Place, (near Washington street) Boston. Hours from 9 to 12, and from 1 to 6 r x, Sundays excepted Circles Wednesday evenings; admittance 10 cents. Terms for Examinations, \$1.

B. Grover will also visit the Sick at their homes, if requested, and attend funerals. Residence, No. 8 Emorson street, Somerville.

Oct. 12,

MRS. M. NEWMAN, from Providence, R. I., the Prophetic Clairvoyant, has taken rooms at No 182 Friend street, where she is prepared to examine and prescribe for the sick, and where she can be consulted on all business matters of whatever nature they may be. There will also be public Circles at her rooms overy Tuesday and Friday evening; 10 cepts admission.

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HEALING BY LAYING ON OF HANDS. At Mrs. Hyde's, 44 Harvard street. (1 tf Dec. 14. MRS. FANNIE B. FELTON, Trance Speaking and Socious Ing Medium, will receive her friends on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at No. 25 Kneeland Street.

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

MRS. E. M. T. HARLOW, (formerly Mrs. Tipple.) Clair voyant Physician, 48 Wall street, Boston. Patients at a distance can be examined by enclosing a lock of hair. Examinations and prescriptions, \$1 cach. If Feb. 10

MRS. L. F. HYDE, Writing and Trance Medium, may be found at her home, No. 44 Harvard street, leading from Washington street, Boston. It Bept. 14.

MRS. M. W. HERRICK, Clairvoyant and Trance Medium, at No. 17 Bennett street. Hours from 9to 12 and 2 to 6; Wednesdays excepted. Terms, \$1. 3m° Sept. 28.

MISS E. D. STARKWEATHER, Rapping. Writing, Test Medium, No. 22 Pitts street, near Green street. Hours from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Torms 50 cents. tf June 1.

MRS. E. GETCHELU, Tranco Modium, No 2 Chapman at, corner of Washington street, Boston. Terms 50 cents per hour. 8m Nov. 2. M R8. C. A. KIRKHAM, Seeing and Trance Medium, 140 Court street, Boston, Mass. 11 April 13.

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corribms or fleur albus, &c. Likewise, epilopsy, hysteria and nervous spasms.

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PLEASURE AND GRIEF.

When Astrea to the heavens, her birthplace bright, With earth disgusted, took once more her flight, Pleasure, that with her here had made abode. With her the azure vault again retrod.

The Virtues to detain her gathered round; And Faith and Love wept kneeling on the ground. But all in vain, since she on flight was bent-Yet dropt on earth her mantle ere she went.

Grief found it on her way, and round her form, Shivering and cold, to guard her from the storm And hide her shriveled shape, haggard and old, Wrapt the rich garb in many a glistening fold.

Thence in her wanderings many an error rose-Pleasure's gemm'd mantle covering Grief's deep woes: And the deception every one betrays Who follows heedlessly in Pleasure's maze; Thence oft in seeking bliss we find but pain, Since her lost form on earth is sought in vain. [Mrs. Allston.

Hath He endowed thee with wisdom? hath He enlightened thy mind with the knowledge of truth? communicate it to the ignorant for their instruction; communicate it to the wise for their own improve-

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash, With smile that well her pain dissembles. The while beneath her drooping lash One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles, Though heaven alone records the tear, And Fame shall never know her story. Her heart has shed a drop as dear As ever dewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword, '... 'Mid little ones who weep or wonder, And bravely speaks the cheering word, What though her heart be rent asunder-Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear The holts of war around him rattle. Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er Was poured upon the plain of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief, While to her breast her son she presses, Then breathes a few brave words and brief, Kissing the patriot brow she blesses, With no one but her secret God, To know the pain that weighs upon her, Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod Received on Freedom's field of honor! [T. Buchanan Read.

True wisdom is less presuming than folly; the wise man doubteth often, and changeth his mind; the fool is obstinate, and doubteth not; he knoweth all things but his own ignorance.

PASSING AWAY. Passing away are the loved and the trusted. Passing away to the spirit-land; Earnest and faithful, with courage unfaitering, How can they be spared from the noble band?

God says to the fruit-tree, blossom and bear; and to the human heart, bear and blossom—the soul's great blossoming is the flower of suffering.

LIZZIE DOTEN AT LYCEUM HALL, BOSTON.

Sunday Evening, December 8, 1861.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.] SPIRITS IN PRISON.

The lecturess commenced with a unique invoca tion, of which the following are the chief points:

"Oh Lucifer, thou son of the morning, who fell from thy high estate, and whom mortals are prone to call the embodiment of evil, we lift up our voices unto thee. We know thou canst not harm us unless by the will of the Almighty, of whom thou art a part and portion, and in whose economy thou playest thy part; and we cannot presume to sit in judgment over Deity. From the depths of thine infamy streams forth divine truths. Why should we turn from thee? Does not the same inspiration rule us all? Is one in God's sight better than another? We know thou art yet to come up in his expanded creation, purified by the influence of God's love-for his love is not perfected while one of his children writhes in misery. So, oh Lucifer, do we come up and stand before the throne of the Ancient of Days, hand in hand with thes. As thou hast been the star of the morning thou wilt again become an angel of light. Oh, Satan, we will subdue thee with our love, and thou wilt yet kneel humbly with us at the throne of God."

The medium's remarks were builded upon the following text:

" Being slain in the flesh he was quickened in the spirit, and he went and preached to the spirits in prison."

She said: Humanity is apt to go to extremes. Once, mankind clung to the cross, and adored the form of Him who was crucified on Calvary, as a God. But reason asserted its supremacy, and the world declared it would not have this man to reign over it any longer; and then, like a pendulum, humanity seemed to swing to the other extreme, and the world, or the greater portion of it, relapsed into a profound skepticism. Men have cherished wrong ideas of Jesus in the past. They have repeated the Lord's prayer for generations, as the words of inspiration; but Jesus only compiled the short sentences from the traveling maxims of the dayfrom the words of the philosophers and scholars of the time; and even the great Golden Rule of Christ was but a maxim borrowed from Confucius, the old Chinese philosopher.

Thus Jesus has become only a man, stripped of all false pretensions, and we have even aspired to stand by his side on the Mount of Calvary. He was the son of man, as he claimed to be. His disciples loved him, and their children idolized him. Jesus knew not the great tendencies of his being, but wrought as the spirit was upon him; and if men are true to themselves, they will sometime feel the purposes of their life, and the expressions of divine life through all their members, even as did Jesus. He obeyed the promptings of his life, and he came to preach to the

spirits in prison. Every age has seen its prison. Men have gone through the world like the turtle, with their prisons on their backs. You can all remember the time when the greatest boasts of freedom came from the vantage ground of slavery. So liberty is the boast

not the virtue and glory of freedom, is unworthy to be free, and you must be first a slave in order to feel the following true freedom. Whenever a man resolves to live nobly, he has made a crevice in his dungeon, and he sees some of the light of heaven steaming in upon him.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1831, by Hi. V. Galdner, M. D., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.]

Jesus preached to the souls in prison; and so many came out to meet him, that they were too prone to rush into strange and mad extremes, like children, just let loose from the irksome confinement of the school-room. Jesus preached to the souls in prison, teaching them the worship of the Great Spirit in spirit and truth, instead of the slaughtering of His cyric is built where no fee can invade, bullocks and lambs. Many souls are unworthy of Nor traitors prevail, with the brand and the blade! their freedom; and they turn back to feed on the vapors of their dungeons again, even as the ancient Israelites to the onions, garlic and flesh pots of Egypt. The free wings of their spirits are bound to their sides, and the light of God's truth who has not warmed them out of their chrysalis life of the body.

Oh, woman! you who do not understand the might and glory of your divine nature, we see you are yet in prison. Men created with excessive tendencies either for good or evil, which either wing them to sublime | Guard, guard it from danger, though war-rent and worn, heights or plunge them into the filthy pools of sinyou are in prison, too. Who put you there? Your fathers and mothers, with their depraved tendencies, have built up the walls around their children, and hedged them in ! They reach out through the windows, to grasp the Great Eternal, but are unable to feel aught but his sunshine. All the world may condemn you, but God and his angels are looking down with hope and pity.

Go to the State Prison in yonder town, and look into the faces of the criminals gathered together there. Their faces are a living tablet of sorrow and despair, they know not why. They have beaten their spiritual foreheads against their prison walls, but still the walls of stone close around them, and seem almost to absorb their spiritual vitality. To such came Jesus. The whole had no need of a physician, only they that were sick. He walked among Your might shall be felt to the ends of the world, the suffering and needy; and every ray of his strength and purity was absorbed into some weak nature that needed his love.

Heaven, hell and earth are three indissoluble degrees contiguous to each other. We must go through hell to reach heaven. We cannot leave earth without going to hell first, for that is the ante-chamber to heaven. All must walk to heaven over this one road; else, when heaven were attained, we would know it not. Many of you are sufficiently acquainted with hell in this world. To such, the sojourn in a future hell will be brief. You know its experiences, and have profited by its revelations. Now if you can call anything in this world a sin, that thing is inharmony in your nature; and if you allow inharmony to come into your hearts, or your households, remember you leave the door open for the devis and hell to come in also. You will understand in the very name, of pleasing mystery—like some this thing in all its b arings, when your spirit will haunted or sacred spot whose legends connect the have passed out of your body. It is in these expe.

past with the present—like some classic stream, now
past with the present—like some classic stream, now
past with the present—like some classic stream, now
past with the present—like some classic stream, now riences you undergo here, on your way up to a no. bler manhood, that you learn your highest wisdom. You, go into the spirit world; and if your nature is days when earth was young, when heroes and demicorrupt and vile, you go to hell. The one who has gods and winged horses, centaurs and satyrs enentered upon his future life, purified and ennobled, goes the same way, but does not feel it. As the good, bad and indifferent are mated together here, so 't is not all a fable or a dream. The unseen world is pathway which runs through the lowest hell to the celestial spheres, and over which all must pass, and will fall the blessing or the curse.

We will say there is no lower hell than you experience in this world. You never will see any seething Eternal flery hell of misery. No devil that | mapped out the heavens, christened the Pleaides and you see there is placed there to torment you forever; for God has created no being without a spark of his own eternal love, and no creature can be beyond his purpose. No devil that you ever meet will torment on the patience of Uz. By the same law, the conyou like the consciousness of an ability to do good tiguity of spirit or higher life, there may be, and I without its exercise. To be able to do good and do know there is, a deep hidden truth in the teachings it not, is its own punishment—is the worse devil that will torment you.

that little children cannot be heirs of immortality. To-day, some philosophers state that there were nations born in the past, with but the capacity of little children-with souls as small in capacity. To go on still further, while man in the present day is fitted to enter the celestial world, when the future will so far transcend him as he now does the infutile past of not counted one. But it is as old or older than huthe universe, what will be the standard? Who shall be saved? The angels cannot be happy while there unfoldment, but immortality is the life of God, and upon you, either to bliss or perdition. But, thank God, we can bear witness to the contrary. Man cannot save himself, but God and his angels can. Love to heaven; and they teach us that all are to be required of according to their capacities. According to the laws of a moral momentum and gravitation, each will go to the place where he belongs. If one heaven. As the Esquimaux would be in terment beneath the luxurious palms of the tropics, and long for the ice-clad hills of his native home, so would Astrology—not enough to endorse it, but enough to the one unfitted for the bliss of heaven, be in torment satisfy me that the subject is worthy of some considif misplaced there. They are prisoners, when the eration. I had always looked upon the story of the walls of paradise round them in. It is a dull, weary life, and the spirit will grow sick and find heaven is the lowest hell.

Oh, blessed mission, to stand by the side of the angels in this holy cause of redceming the souls of men from their prison houses. Have you ever felt child to be the father of the man. But an interview yourselves so free that you could go and come among the vile and sinful, and feel no stain? Go down in the haunts of shame, and the purlieus of vice in your large cities, and test your strength and purity. of the gods, or the primrose path of dalliance Too often, alas, a breath will destroy your strength, and a glance blast your purity, when you meet the cold blooded pharisaical world!

Let us go forth, then, and release the spirits in prison. The stained, suffering souls shut in and finding no way of delivery we will go to, and bid them to be of good cheer. The angels will strike hands with mortals; the walls shall fall down, and oftentimes of men who have it not. He who knows | the redeemed sing praises to God. Amen.

The medium then, under another influence, recited

PATRIOTIC HYMN.

Oh, Land of our glory, our hoast and our pride, Where the brave and the fearless for Freedom have died, How clear is the lustre that beams from thy name How bright on thy brow are the laurels of fame ! The stars of thy Union still burn in the sky. And the scream of thine Eagle is heard from on high ! Chorus-

The Eagle of Freedom, in danger and night, Keeps watch o'er our flag from his star-circled height. From mountain and valley, from hill-top and sea, Three cheers for the Eagle, the Bird of the Free ! Hurrah ! hurrah ! Hurrah for the Eagle, the Bird of the Free!

Mount up, oh, thou Eagle, and rend in thy flight The war-cloud that hides our broad banner from sight ! And see that no star from its azure is torn ! Keep thy breast to the storm, and thine eye on the sun, Till true to our motto, THE MANY ARE ONE! Till the red rage of war with its tumult shall cease, And the Dove shall return with the clive of Peace!

The Eagle of Freedom, in danger and night, Keeps watch o'er our flag from his star circled height. From mountain and valley, from hill-top and sea, Three cheers for the Eagle, the Bird of the Free! Hurrah ! hurrah !

Oh, sons of the mighty, the true and the brave ! The souls of your heroes rest not in the grave; The holy libation to Liberty poured, Hath streamed not in vain from the blood-orimsoned

Hurrah for the Eagle, the Bird of the Free!

sword: Henceforth, with your Star Spangled Banner unfurled, And rising Republics, like nebulæ, gleam, Wherever the Stars of your Nation shall beam !

The Eagle of Freedom, sublime in his flight, Shall rest on your banner, encircled with light, And then shall the chorus in unison be-Three cheers for the Eagle, the Bird of the Free! Hurrah | hurrah !

Hurrah for the Eagle, the Bird of the Free! BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, WEDNESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 11, 1861.

QUESTION .- Astrology.

Mr. Wetherses -Astrology and Alchemy, weird sisters of an olden civilization! I freely own the subject now before the meeting has, to me, a peculiar fascination. There is a magic spell suggested, or ancient story once peopled it with nymphs and naiads-made sacred by the songs of poets in the

As with some such a stream, so with this subject; in the spirit-life they meet and mingle in the jostling very near us. The voil is very thin in some places -almost transparent. The light behind illuminates the picture of passing, and sometimes of coming events—we may not see the torch, but the subdued whose goal all must one time gain. You go forward light through the canvas is very apparent. The with all your teachings, all your wisdom and expe. Promethean fire of human thought, ever groping rience; but ye who go unwhipped of justice, here into the hidden and unknown, brightens as time get the full meed of desert on the spirit side. The rolls on, and now many an ancient myth, living only, rule is immaculate-eternal. You cannot carry been a real presence - whose influences, coming any pack of deception there on your back, for the through the murky atmosphere or mentality of long road is too narrow for you to do it. All your sinful ago, took uncouth shapes, and generation after gengarments are stripped away, and on you as you are, eration admired the poetry that could people those incient streams with b poet's dream, after all. The seer was but making footfalls very near the boundary of the spirit-world So with Astrology, which, in the world's infancy, hung up Orion in his place, and circumscribed the journeyings of Ursa Major long before Abram dwelt in the plain of Mamre—or Satan, by the poet's pen, was a member of God's cabinet, and experimented of Astrology that future investigations may make clear, and the sages of old, who could take such fire from heaven as they did and give it to man, the A strange theory is being advanced in your midst, generic taint running through the ages, tincturing not little children cannot be heirs of immortality. modern Astronomy through and through with the fragrance of that early illumination, suggests that then, as now, bright streams of heavenly light shone through the thick darkness of that early age, and were the mediumistic sources.

I am not prepared to say that Astrology is a soience, or whether it ever will be. I know that it is man history—it is the mother of Astronomy—the soil out of which that sublime tree has grown, now radiant with the fruit of Copernicus, and La Place. is a single cry coming up from the spirits in prison. and Keplar, and Newton, and other lights who con-True, there are degrees of enjoyment as there are of stitute some of the red letter names of human history; and on that account, if for no other, the subject deserves our attention and tender handling, notuniversal. It has been said this world is a proba- withstanding its association, in later times and totionary state, and from it you go with your evils day, with gipseys and fortune-tellers, neoromanoers and magicians-beneath the notice of the scholar, and left in neglect by the high names of the day, to gravitate to the low and dirty outskirts of human not save himself, but God and his angels can. Love thought, to be caught up by the poor and ignorant, will yet turn all evil into good. There are great the material for incarnalized superstition, the unrevelations from the spirit-world—the ante-room educated and neglected, who are ever fascinated by the mysterious; and as for that, the same of all the world. There is no shaking it out of the human mind. no scholarly attainments-no scientific or philosophical soul, ennobled with a knowledge of the laws and principles of the Universe, ever providing it is out of place, he is in a hell of uncomfort, anyway. with food for thought, but what is also hemmed in Hell is a paradise for some of those not yet fitted for and attracted by the mysterious, which surrounds us on every hand.

I am not going into the details of my own experience. I have had some few evidences of experimental Empress Josephine, where, on an interview with a fortune teller, when a young girl, it was predicted she would be a queen, as not entitled to credit—invented after the fact. We all know how common for the great, those filling the niches of worldly renown, to have their early lives worked over for specimens of incipient genius or royalty, to prove I had once, when the events proved astonishingly true, will forever prevent me from crying imposture or delusion at such things. Never again when a gipsy reads on my palm the steep and craggy paths when the old lady sees jewels and sweethcarts at the bottom of the cup-never, when Andrew Jackson Davis reads the events of a life of his future, unseen wife, in a glass knob, will I say "imposture!" Rather, like Coleridge, will I say:

"Ah, never let me rudely chide his faith. In the sight of Stars and Angels, This visible nature and this common world Are all too narrow."

The universe is all intertinted and interpenetrated; everything is mysteriously connected with every

other thing—even individual entity. Any man who has not discovered that fact in his own being, has not looked very deeply into himself. That alone would suggest the possibility of planetary influence, and had her health allowed, would have been one of would suggest the possibility of planetary influence.
But whon we see the fact demonstrated in the influence of sun, moon and stars, on tides, vegetation, and soil, and material life, and even on mind, as in some of the phenomena of lunary, the possible grows into the property of the property and organic described. She had suffer the property and organic described. the probable. This may not prove fortune telling, ed terribly from nervous and organic derangement of it opens a possibility. Investigation and experition and often longed to go to the other life, and no doubt moved to go to the other life, and no doubt moved to go to the other life.

the relations which these surroundings held to them ings of a reunion in heaven. and also of the effects they were likely to produce, on Lawrence, Mass., Dec. 12, 18;1. social, governmental, and individual destinies. The influences emanating from the stars, from the earth, from the minerals, and from all natural substances and their affinities, was more perceptible to the ancient seers, magicians and astrologers, because they lived more in the love of them-more in the affection , childlike sphere of intuition, than in the cold, intellectual realm; so that, by a peculiarly fine sensi-tiveness, they were enabled to seize upon some of those subtle threads which connect all spheres, all universes, all existences in the close and intimate relations of cause and effect. They were more loving children of great mother Nature, so they pressed closer to her bosom, and would listen to the beats of the heart of the great soul and cause of all things in its even and harmonious pulsations; for Nature was to them not a dry, dead corpse, to be dissected as some of our scientific men of the present day seem to think, but a being, instinct with life, and hope, and vitality, along whose pulses bounded the stream of ever fresh, ever renewed life. The situa tion and aspect of the planets formed but the indices so to speak, on which results were predicted, and as these aspects were changing, as even the heavenly bodies suffer change, so is it necessary that the science should, in its turn, accommodate itself to all these mutations.

The eternal mathematics of the sky are very careless of the fate of individuals. The eternal laws move on in silent and majestic harmony, whether the result is to create or to destroy. And how much of these vast cycles can we comprehend? Alas, Reason may say, I believe; Intuition boldly says, I know the eternal laws as yet have only been com-prehended by snatches. The grand anthem of the whole mortal ears have never heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive; and though our learned men may smile at the pretensions of the Astrologer, yet there have been some at least, who have vindicated their claim to have read at least a verse out of the heavens lucidly reflected in the calm, still mirror of their own consciousness and have there seen portrayed the shadows of the future—that future about which we are all so anxious, and which ever vells itself in mystery and hope

For the intellectual and scientific man of the present day to seek to reconstruct Astrology, on his own premises, would be simply impossible, because he manner, giving them a spiritual or philosophical could not vivify it with its pristine life; and as well bearing. Subjoined to these are several essays: the might he take the bones of the prepared animals in Ages of Iron, Silver and Gold, one Family in Heaven scientifically together, think to obtain life and mo-tion. The occult, the hidden, that which seems law less, because bound by no law that we know ofthe forces in and about, and around, and beneath us, can be weighed by neither troy weight nor avoirdu pois weight; our human instincts are too coarse to penetrate the finest part of their relation to ourselves, and nature. The eyes of the intuitive soul alone can form a dim foreshadowing of their vastness,

to note the results. The old Astrology was not only the relation of stars to the concerns of men, but also earth, and their relation to the products which are being constantly evolved from its bosom which are always changing, for there is a constant growth, and Light office, Boston, at thirty-seven cents a copy. grows and decays. Stones grow, gold grows, as plants grow, only more slowly. Products change, rise, pass off. Nature, hardly ever appears long with the same face. She is a true Proteus, ever changing, over young, and ever new, so that the Astrology of the Chaldeans would not be the Astrology of our day.

Miceting at Greensboro', Indiana.

Dr. James Cooper, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, will speak at the New Hall of the Progressive Spiritualists, at Greensboro', Henry county, Ind., on Saturday and Sunday, January 4th and 5th, 1862. He will take the Manuary of the Banner of Light," and have the late works on Spiritualism, Reform, &c., for sale. throwing off in the earth as in the human body.

Also the old Astrology implied a knowledge of previously existing conditions, of which the stars ere merely the symbols or signs, and this last, was the soul of the science, deprived of which it is indeed dead. All that the man of learning of to-day who uriously turns over this among the other fossils of route West determined on. antiquity, and knowingly examines them with his cientific eye-glass, can say is, that it is dead—an un-The Astrology of to-day is dead mistakable truth. as a science. Whether or no it will ever be aroused from its long slumber with requirements suited to he age, is another question.

Mr. Baker .- Some people believe everything comes ound once in so many years. My study of history has not taught me that, as a truth, I must go back to believe what they did. If I believed it, I might o regulate my conduct. Astrology would then have an effect upon me, like a creed; and what a man believes, influences him. I cannot believe any nan can foretell what will happen-those who do believe so, I find, are very easily satisfied with what bility. hev get.

Dr. Gardner.-It was very evident that the speakers thus far had not much practical knowledge of this subject. I know there is something in it, for I have the evidence. I went to see Mr. Lister, found him a modest and rather serious-minded person. I gave him the day and hour I was born, and he gave me a history of my past life; and the facts, to say the least, were very astonishing for their detailed truthfulness. He told me a death would occur when I was about ten years old—it must be a father. My father died when I was eleven. At about fifteen I was in danger by sea. At that age I was cast away, and came very near losing my life. He also stated some things in the future, and they have now become a part of my history. I noticed a discrepancy of about a year in the events, the events being very accurate, but the time varying about a year, all the way through. When informed, he said I must have given him my nativity half an hour wrong, and ipon inquiring of an old aunt, such proved to be the fact. I was told not to travel, or do so very carefully, for about two years, as I would be in danger of falling bodies. A large cake of ice fell off and smashed a horse, and came within an ace of smashng me. I had the curiosity to look at my nativity, and found it occurred at the time referred to. have no doubt that there is a truth in the effect of planetary influences, and that events can be foretold y the process of Astrology, because I have had and neard of experiments to prove it.

Mr. Burke.-I, like the others, will begin by statng that I know nothing of the subject, because there s nothing to be known. How can any one know anything that does not exist? Referring to Dr. G.'s experience, a man may very safely foretell that ice will fall off of a house, and in the course of life it will be pretty sure to prove true. A man is very much inclined to favor what he believes, in Astrology, or Spiritualism, or anything else; and by a little straining the facts will be wonderful, and in keeping with their wishes.

Obituary Notices.

Another noble soul and early pioneer of the Spiritual Gospel has gone to dwell with our teachers in a
superior life. Permanently tranced up from this world
of pain and suffering, to a haven of rest from weary
years of physical suffering, Mrs. Sophia N. Morrill,
of Lawrence, Mass., left her body at her earthly home
in care of her husband, J. S. Morrill, who for many
years has shared with her all he could of earth's trials
and conflicts, and side by side, hand in hand, and

It opens a possibility. Investigation and experiment must prove it true or false—like spirit intercourse with man. Any one who believes in immortality, admits the possibility—experiment alone will demonstrate it. As with angels, so with stars.

Mins. Williams.—In the times of old, when the minds of men were much more in rapport with the influences which emanate from material surroundings, and, therefore, more susceptible of being affected by them, they were in a better state to judge of the relations which these surroundings held to them and also of the effects they were likely to produce, on Laurence, Mass., Dec. 12, 18:1.

Died, in Salem, Mass., CHARLES HERBERT, only son of Robert and Elizabeth C. Colby, of Franklin, N. H., aged 19 years 6 mos.

Brother, in thy life's fair morning Thou wert called from us away, Called from these, the scenes of mortal, To the land of endless day.

Heads and hearts are bowed in sadness, Everything a sorrow wears, And we strain our ears to listen, To thy footsteps on the stairs.

Nevermore, oh, angel brother, Shall we see thy pleasant face; Nevermore thy form so lovely, Shall we clasp in our embrace!

All is silent, all is lonely— Empty places meet our sight, While our fondest expectations Are enshrouded now in night.

Yet, dear Charlie, we'll not wish thee Back to our cold world again, For we feel thy clay-freed spirit Is relieved of every pain.

We will try our griefs to smother, And will dry our falling tears.
For we know that thou art happy In the glorious spirit spheres.

Oh! be near us, darling brother, Round us thy sweet influence shed, Till we join thee in that other Brighter country overhead.

Departed this life, on Sunday, June 30, 1881, MARTIN E. PERRY, son of Martin Perry, of Dover, Vt., aged 8 years and 5 months.

a jandi

The Water

J. D. S.

The function was largely attended by friends and neighbors, who listened attentively to sweet words of Epiritual truth from our sister Neilie J. Temple.

Died, in East Greenwich, R. I., Nov. 13, 1861, MR. FEORGE J. JACKSON, aged 42 years and 9 months.

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 ils cabinet of Natural History, and by putting them and Earth, Spirit Impression, Guardian Spirits, Consulting God, Progression, Selfish Loves and Appetites, Prophesy, etc. The whole work is neatly printed in large type, on stout, durable paper, and for sale at the Bannen of Light office. Price thirty-seven cents

The Spiritual Reasoner.

This work by E. W. Lewis, M. D., of Watkins, N. Y., is a record or journal of spirit-teachings, commu-nications, and conversations, in the years 1851, 1852, and 1853, through N. S. Gardner, medium. These their relations to us and to each other, and use human mathematics as the old Astrologers did, simply conversations are held between a band of intellectual investigators, and the spirit of John Locke, Lorenzo Dow.Osceola, etc. Many interesting queries were to the temperatures and effects they produce on the 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

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 lecturers 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

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LUTHER COLDY, EDITOR.

Though the pressure of the times, which has proved so lisastrous 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 Bannes on a foundation of solidity and respecta-

We have resolved to make every personal sacrifice and selfdenial 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 BARNER 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-anonymously or otherwise—from some of the brightest minds in this and the spirit sphere.

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