BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1862.

NO. 25.

Titerary Department.

glood eld lig Written for the Banner of Lightil is or hould sull as ass on from a bone.

A REAL ROMANCE.

abid oil was consider CHAPTER XV.

My noble father,

11: I do perceive here a divided duty.

To you I am bound for life and education; -silan hitherto your daughter; but here 's my husband." The reader will do well to go back a little."

10 11 It will be remembered that Guiseppe accompanied en Bandolo to Venice, on the morning of the tournament. As soon as he had witnessed the result of the day's doings, including Bandolo's open declaration that he was himself the bandit and outlaw whom they sought to capture, he hurried back again to his "-comrades to announce the startling intelligence. He described to them, with much minuteness, the excitement that arose upon this bold announcement, and detailed in their order the subsequent events of the trial, the final liberation of Fedore, and the condemnation of Bandolo; and it was generally believed among them that, ere this, Bandolo's head had rolled

During the exciting conversation that ensued respecifing the rashness of their former leader, now lost to them forever, they were all suddenly startled by a shrill whistle at the door of the inner cavern. It sounded just like the whistle of Bandolo. In a twinkling, every man of them started to his feet.

down the Giant's stairs.

One of the number proceeded to open the door. when Fedore entered, conducting a companion. The young page was received by the brigands with much deligne, and they lavished rude daresses upon him, will indo soos along the unit in a life and a did a After their astonishment had become in some measure allayed, they turned and gazed at the form of the stranger.

His dress and equipments were just what those not decidedly large, was certainly commanding. The Messengers were despatched in every direction to velvet cap, crested with a beautiful white plume, was placed upon his head; a scarlet tunic, fancifully by them all were, that embroidered, encirled his chest; and his lower limbs anywhere to be found. diwere encased in soft and well-dressed leggins of the whitest kid. He were a belt of shining leather see, at length came running in, saying that a litabout his waist, which was embossed with bright the packet had been found in her apartment, disilver, and fastened at his left side with a clasp of rected to the Doge, in her own fair hand. It was pure gold. In the belt was stuck a daggar, with a produced forthwith. Seizing it with trembling hands, handle of purest pearl, together with a platol. From the Doge feared greatly for the character of the conhis left side depended a scabbard containing a tents. He hastily broke the seal, and read: sheathed short-sword.

All the brigands looked at Fedore, expecting that he would explain who the stranger was. And they have long loved the outlaw, Bandolo, I need not try to

" Comrades, before this hour, Bandolo has been smitten by the axe of the headsman. I have brought you a new leader-one who has solemnly sworn to bear his name and avenge his death! Is it your . pleasure to hear him ?" All answered together:

followers of Bandolo are still loyal to his name. Speak, stranger !" cae president about that

Brave men of the dead Bandolo ! From Venice I have come to you! Much have I heard of your gallant leader, and sorely was my heart smitten when I learned that he had been doomed to death.' I knew vary well that he was no enemy to Venice, but only an enemy of her enemies / I myself have before now heard of many of his gallant and generous acts. I need no other means of judging his character. I have just left Venice to offer myself as leader to the brave men of Bandolo! I have already assumed his name, and I have sacredly sworn to be revenged on Venice for his wrongs. I know full well that I have no experience in leadership, and that no deeds of my own are yet blazoued before the world; yet revenge burns with baleful fires within my troubled abreast, and my spirit feels that it has had long years it will be idle. When this seal shall be broken, I shall of experience already. I feel myself a leader to.

As he addressed them in this style, the silence of the cavern was rent with cheer upon cheer; and at clength the eldest among them stepped forward and said:

"Comrades I ye have heard the brave words that bave just fallen from the lips of the stranger. Are you still true to Bandolo ?"

"We are!" all shouted together.

"Then shall this stranger be set up as your leader ?"

in "Yes, yes !" was their enthusiastic answer. And shall he continue to bear the honored name

of Bandolo?" demanded her fact piece it is

Bandolo forever l" answered every voice in the mediating dimensions

folia So be it then," returned the speaker as Your cholet is your own."

Then turning to Bandolo the Second, he addressed him thus before the and the control of which the

..... Welcome to this caveru, Bandolo'l !Welcome to the leadership of this our brave band! Wefoome, stock i never flowed better blood in any veins !" thrice welcome, to the scenes of thy brave profesces | nam Bet | wememder, son, that the Council have not Now I have a some to the best was I well . to The strabger replied to a good too "togiv at an indigentally they made well the may give

have thus freely shown me. As I have ever known Bandolo only to admire him, so shall it be my highest ambition to make myself truly worthy of his

All then pressed around and took their new leader by the hand. He returned their grasp with joy, though a glistening tear was to be seen in his deep blue eye, as he did so. As soon as this fraternal ocremony was over, they filled their goblets with rosywine and drank off a bumper in his honor. Thenfollowed conversation, jost, and laughter; and after that, came the song-the same one that was supgi when their previous leader, the real Bandolo, was inducted into his office.

The words of the song were as follows:

** Fill high! fill high! our comrades brave!
Fill to your goblets' brim!
We drink—we drink the joyful draught
In honor now of Aim!

To gleaming eye and sinewy arm, To person light and strong. To noble heart and open hand We raise our merry song!

Drink deep—drink deep; the dark dregs drain, In token of the vow We take upon our hearts henceforth, For ave and ever now!

Not sheeny shield, nor shining spear, Nor turrets high, nor towers, Shall pale the cheeks or loose the lips Of such stout hearts as ours !

Toss off-toss off the beaded wine Within the goblet deep, And let it give our hearts new strength, And rouse us from our sleep !

Our leader hath a heart of steel To brave the outlaw's doom, And we will ever follow him Through shifting gleam and gloom !

Fill high—fill high, our comrades brave !
Fill to your goblets' brim!
We drink—we drink the joyful draught
In honor now of him!"

The cohoes of this song, in which all heartily joined, were reproduced many times in the arches and angles and recesses of that brilliantly lighted cave, and it was not for some time that order and comparative silence were again restored.

Let us, kind reaffer, once more to Venice. As soon as the report was brought back to the Doge that Viola was no where to be found in the of a brave should have been, and his stature, though palsee, the greatest possible confusion followed.

A young page, however, who belonged to the pal-

"MY BRIOVED FATHER—You know nothing of the wretchedness of my heart at this moment. That I did not look in vain, either. In a moment he spoke. conceal from you. That I have been loved by him in return, I am as fully assured. This it is that gives the sting to my present grief-this that now determines me. Bandolo is doomed to die at the hands of the bloody headsman! Never can I be happy again. Never more could I light up your halls with joy and mirth. Wherever I may be, I shall always be sad at heart. I shall not enter a convent again-I have seen "Let the stranger speak; we will hear him. The enough of them. The world never can give me back my happiness. What, then, shall I do?

My father, I have determined what to do. I shall fly! Do you ask me whither? I know not-I care not, so I but clear myself of the awful memories that crowd about the ducal palace and the office of the Doge; so I do but outstrip the speed of the very winds, that would bring to my ears the intelligence of my loved one's death-of the death of him who was condemned by thee! Let me go even to the furthest ends of the earth, so I be but quit of the agonizing reflections that prey upon my heart here !

Excitement shall drown my misery. I will join in the hunt, the chase, the rover's life, and be in'at a true rover's death. I will never more suffer my thoughts to conquer mel: I will bid them down, and they shall obey me. I will drown all cares, all heart wearying reflections, in the wildest actions. They shall no longer prey upon me.

Look for me ne more. Make no further search; for already be far beyond Venice and the power of the Doge! Farewell! I would live only with and in the memory of Bandolo ! Farewell!"

When the Doge had finished the reading, which he did with a countenance that be rayed the most intense excitement, he looked around upon his Counoil and exclaimed:

"She has fled from Venice!"

"Fled !" several of them cohoed after him.

"Let me road," said be. And he began and read the whole letter through. Bandolo-who was of course a listener was more

moved than all the rest. Without hesitation, he spoke out: buy a god gram at the lie "Father, I must find Viola again !"

The expression, brief as it was, was preguant with meaning. His voice was busky, and his speech made on that account the deeper impression. " Why seek to find her now?" asked the Doge.

" She is no daughter of mine." of par nation Perhaps not, father 'yet nobly worthy to be. bevertheless. Never grew belter fruit out of any

pet giefflonie Beb 191 ni rat bea et nebline net geigle

heir to his honors!"

They were accordingly removed from the chamber. eral hours. No case like this had ever been presented to them for adjustment.

Up and down his apartment Baudelo paced solperplexity. His soul was 'sorely tormented. Fear Scarfs and sashes fluttered with the lightest breezes f wrecks already complete."

announcing to him that his presence was at once de their equipment. Some were engaged in arraying manded again in the chamber of the Council.

"Then they have determined my fate?" inquired

The messenger did not presume to reply to him, Doge addressed him:

"Bandolo, the Council have determined that your of richest booty. life may be spared on a single condition."

"And what is that, father?" asked he.

"I am here to declare it to you, in their name, and as the Doge of Venice. It is, that you deliver. up to the State forthwith your entire band,"

"Do they mean that I shall reveal their hidingplace ?".

Yes."

" I heeitate to do that." "But why hesitate by

"Because it were a pity that such brave men should all be condemned to death, in order that none but my life may be saved."

"Then is it true that you value their lives at a higher rate than you do your own ?" "Why not? They have been all loyalty, all devotion to me. Why should I prove untrue to them ?"

Bandelo," calmiy answered the Doge, "let me you mean," said Bandelo. counsel you in this matter," "I soknowledge that I may require my father's

counsel; yet I know what he is about to say." What is it; then ?" "That I ought hot to forget my father's name,

but should think of the name and fame of Venice." "You have said it, son! That is just what I felt, too, at such a time," said Marco.

"Ha! then I have indeed guessed rightly! But Bandolo, "as to---" what is my life worth against that of so many brave men? Absolutely nothing."

"But remember, son, that these men all plot feels the shock. against the Doge-against your own father!" "Were I to go once more among them, I promise

that never more would they think of such a thing." earned death a thousand times."

"And so have I, according to your code." "But you are now the Dogs's son-while they are ment!" he exclaimed, "Quick! master Bandolo!

nly robbers !" The head of Bandolo drooped for a moment, during which he appeared lost in thought. Then quickly

looking up at the Doge, he said: "Can I have a brief interview with Old Nancie. he southeaver 977

"Bring in the woman, then !" ordered the Doge. "No-no!" as quickly responded Bandolo. "No; would see her alone."

signified that he was willing to accept the condition manded of him, but first sent us word that we must on which his pardon was offered him.

"Say on, then," replied the Doge. "Where is the the fate that otherwise must have overtaken us unmysterious band of outlaws you have so long com- prepared." manded ?"

wond the blue waters that circle this harbor of ours." again, in the midst of it: he answered. "In a cavern they live, at the base of the proud cliff that, for long miles, overlooks the not a moment to lose!" sea. St. Asaph is the name of the cliff, and to him | This did but serve to increase the excitement alit has long been consecrated. It is a name they ready raised. Immediately all was hurry and congave it themselves."

asked.

"I will go myself and lead the way," answered Randoló.

"No; we do not wish you to do that. Venice will send thither an armed force, that shall take captive every man of them." and the presented at

" The door," then added Bandolo, " is formed by a wooden trap, ingeniously inserted within the rock. It is well calculated to deceive one by its resemblance to the stone. But it may best be known by this: before the door stands a tall tree, trimmed to its very crest of all its branches."

"What is the best time, think you, to take them?" "By day. If your force goes by night, they will entrap them into the cavern and there destroy thata "

Remove the prisoner!" Instantly ordered the Doge Challen "A prisoner still! Then am I deceived on

entired for this expedition is over, and the Doge Then thou shalt be free as ourselves."

Philadelphia, 134, 1869 CHAPTER XVL

Unarran AVI.

Unarran AVI.

1" Time tend on piorth thought, under mirlioned at And fill me, from the spann is the second of direct cruelty."

"Faccept with profound gratitude, the favor ye | them pleasure to behead the son of the Doge and sole | The slope before and around the cave that was occupied by the robbers, presented a scene of almost "Bemove him from the room!" ordered the Doge indescribable beauty. The sky was clear, the sun to a couple of attendants. '" Coadde this woman, shone brightly, and the soft southerly airs from the likewise, in another room. Have both of them sea regaled the senses and gave new exhibitantion to ready at a moment's call in the spirits. Not the slightest fleece of a cloud floated the spirits. Not the slightest fleece of a cloud floated over the crystal bosom of the empyrean. There was The Doge and the Council were in mession for sev- such a hush in the very air as commanded silence rather than words.

There was a gay sight of mingled horses and men upon the plain, in their varied dresses and equipemply and slow, thrifig the time their consultation ments. Garments of gayest colors flaunted and was going on, his heart distracted between doubt, flared in the bright sunshine. Plumes gracefully fear, and hope. He was diterally in a paroxysm of nodded with the motions of those who were them. controlled him first, and then hope glimmered faint. from the water. The jewelry shone and glittered as ly over his thoughts, yet revealed no eight but that jewelry could glitter and shine nowhere else in the world.

The attendant interrupted this gloomy reverie by | The avocations of the men were about as varied as themselves most effectively for the day; others were rolling and tossing idly upon the sward, idly chatting and joining in merry laughter. Groups, again, were discussing the motive that could have led Banbut at once conducted him to the chamber. When dolo to thus boldly rush upon death. Other groups, he was again in the presence of the Council, the still, were plotting some new encounter with some party, and wishing they might soon get a large share

Take the whole scene together—the landscape with its many charms, the balmy air, the fresh sward, the glistening armor, the dancing plumes, the neighing steeds, and the determined and feroclous looking men-it was one, certainly, of the wildest and most fascinating beauty.

The new leader of the band was sitting laxily upon the ground, conversing with Guiseppe and Marco. A cloud—a mere shadow of sorrow passed over his countenance, yet did not suffice to make it sad.

"How thinkest thou, Guiseppe," he asked, "that Venice may best be punished for the murder of Bandolo, whose name I bear to-day unworthily?"

"The time is yet to come," answered Guiseppe. "Yes, and it will not be long in coming, either," added Marco.

"What do you refer to? I am ignorant of what "I speak of the time when the Doge shall again

wed the sea. It is an annual festival, you know. That is our time." "Right!" chimed in Bandolo. "That is the time

to entrap them." "And we should be likely to make our vengeince

"Venice speaks through the mouth of the Doge!" answered Marco. "Touch him, and Venice herself, of the dampest and darkest dungcons. Not a ray of

"True-true!" chimed in Guiseppe, with excitement.

Fedore, at that moment, came running at the top "Yet their lives should be forfeit; they have of his speed over the brow of the solivity beyond, and sped like an arrow to Bandolo. "I would see thee one moment-just one mo-

> Opick !" Instantly the leader rose from his seat on the ground, and went with Fedore into the cavern.

They were closeted together there for some time.

Pretty soon they emerged again, and Bandolo came forward and called out to his comrades: "Hasten, comrades ! The forces of Venice will soon be upon us! Their approach has just been heralded to me ! Bandolo, your old leader, is not yet dead! So unusual a privilege was granted him, though His life has been spared for a time, by his consentwith much hebitation, and he retired in charge of an ling to disclose to the government the place where his attendant. In a short time he returned again, and followers are! He has, of course, done what they debe on our guard. He has secretly warned us against

The confusion, upon this announcement, was be-"They are to be found on the Italian shore, be- youd description. Bandolo forthwith called out

"At once arm yourselves for the worst! We have

fusion. The men ran one way and another, coming "But how can the cavern be found?" the Doge in contact with one another everywhere, and putting themselves to the trouble of a great deal of unnecessary labor. The expression of every brow was threatning and the eyes beneath them grew suddenly dark and gloomy. Their lips betrayed the ourl of haughtiness and defiance. Not a muscle but became fixed and

rigid, in the midst of the impending danger. The change from the calm beauty of the scene, but a few moments ago, to a scene of such mad confusion, was striking and marked indeed. The guards who were set about the violnity to warn

the body of the enemy's coming, suddenly called out: "They are upon us! They are upon us!" They all turned their eyes in the direction of the

alarm, and, sure enough, the enemy were to be seen approaching.
"To horse!" shouted their new leader,

rectionisting fleroely. Every man, however, was in the saddle as quick as the order was given, and all had joined to form a

solid array to meet the enemy when they came up. Spurs and daggers rattled and clicked. Swords leaped from their seabhards, and flashed threateningly in the bright sun. The brigands sat proudly; as well as bravely, un their steeds and appeared to be as en or se the Ventiaps could be for the final, en-

The enemy came rushing on like a thunder bolt.

obeying the commands of their leader. Instantly they charged upon the line of brigands that had been drawn up to receive them. Sword and scimetar then hewed right and left, and the ring of murderous weapons made strange music on that beautiful morning. Shields and helmets rattled aloud, stirring deeply the spirits of the frenzied combatants on either

"Death to the outlaws!"

"Down with our enemies!"

These were the two war-cries of the day. The contest was kept up, with varied fortune, for quite an hour. A great number of the Venitian coldiery had fallen, either dead or dying. But the bandits still held their own; not one of them had as yet succumbed. This very fact gave them new spirits. They felt a new vigor in their hearts and arms, and the blows they dealt out were stouter and more efective than ever.

But, by and by, Fedore falls, wounded and bleeding. Slowly does he drag himself away from the scene of the battle, laying his head down on the grass to die in peace at last. Finally, the leader, Bandolo, is captured by a bold and sudden sally on the part of the soldiery, and carried off in triumph from his followers. The band were for a moment stupefied with astonishment; and they made, as soon as they recovered themselves, one strong effort to rescue him. It proved all in vain! They were driven back in a body! Seeing that nothing was left them but to retreat, they resolved to do so at once. Slowly, and with their face to the foe, they fell back, in perfect order, and, strange to say, without the loss of a single man. Several of their number, in all, had been wounded, more or less. Fedore was missing, and Bandolo was captured; otherwise their numbers were still complete. Before any of them, therefore, should be cut down, they resolved to leave the fleid to their enemy. The flight was sudden and instantancous.

Porthwith the Venitian soldiery pushed on and entered the cavern, led by Bandolo himself, whom they compelled thus to sorve them. They immediately fell to, and commenced seizing every article of value on which they could lay their hands. Silver and gold of uncounted value formed their booty, a sort of prize-money to pay them for their undertaking, it having been already promised them before start-

When the cave was stripped of everything that was valuable in it, and having hunted in vain for the body of the failen Fedore, they hastened down to their boats again, and re-embarked for Venice. Bandolo they carried off with them as their prisoner. They reached Venice at about eight o'clock in the evening. The prisoner was forthwith cast into one sunlight entered there, from one day to another. The cell was perfectly cheerless and dark. There was not so much as a single crack, or crevice, in the walls, into which a prisoner might thrust his emaclated fingers to draw himself up to the grated window. A sort of slime sweated from the roof, chilling the air, and rendering it most unfit for breathing. It was altogether a horrid place

At a very early hour the next morning, the Doge was sitting all alone in one of the private chambers of his palace. It was before the time for which the Council were called to meet, and he had not even seen the prisoner, either: but he formed the determination to see him, before the Council came together. He knew he should be able to get much out of him that the Council could not.

Bandolo, therefore, was soon sent for, and not long afterwards made his morning appearance before the Doge. He were exactly the same dress he had on during the unfortunate conflict of the day before, with his plumed cap on his head and his sword still hanging at his side. As he entered the apartment, the Doge bestowed upon him a look of the most searching

intensity. At length he spoke: "You are in the presence of the Doge." The prisoner merely bowed, deigning to make no

The Doge this time looked at him with astonish-

"You will uncover your head, then," added he.

imperiously. The robber-chief silently complied.

" Viola!" shricked the Doge. " Viola!" and he folded her in his arms.

"Why is this deception-this fatal deceit?"/ he added. "It is you! It is ! It is! Why, Viole, have wou done such a thing as this? You have put your ife in jeopardy! Oh, Viola! Viola!"

"But, father,---" "Nay, do not call me father! Call me father no onger!"

"But why not so?" "I am not your father, Viola! I have been most wickedly deceived!"

"Would you disown me, then, because my fortune has thus changed ?" "No-oh. no! But I have been so deceived. Viola! We have both of us been deceived!"

and white the "How? Deceived? By whom?" " You are not my child at all, Viola! Bandols is. my child ! Only think of the cruelty of it! And for me to order his execution before my eyes Mioli "Baudolo'your child!" exclaimed Viola which

the reader will, by this time, understand the second. Bandolo to be, " Bandolo your child to add and north "Yes, Viola. - Nancie, the old nurse, has explained. it all. I am satisfied. I have been iduped and I

am too unhappy, even now that my true shildrings. been realized to the bare rade till you have take at bespiese need to

He sat down, and taking Viola, equipped as she

was in her brigand's diess, in his arms, went through the whole story to her. He first marrated to her the mode in which the deceit had been praticed, and how Nancie alone had kept the momentous secret. And, with his eyes brimming with tears. he told by what an accident the mistake had been discovered, and the life of his own son had been saved, as by a chance, from the axe of the headsman. Before he showed her the package, however, which had been so carefully preserved by the old nurse Nancie, he questioned her closely in referenceto the object for which she had taken up arms against Venice.

"That I might in some degree avenge the murder of him I loved-yes, of your own son!" was her an-

"But he was not beheaded." "How did I know that he was not? I was my-

self an exile. I had voluntarily estranged myself from Venice forever!" "What a sudden resolution it was!"

"Yes," said she, " sudden indeed; but not, therefore, unfortunate. I am now restored to Bandolo again !"

"No, no, indeed, Viola," he replied, though the words cost his heart a pang.

"But why not? Why not restored?" " You are a prisoner! a traitor to Venice! a

brigand and an outlaw!" Viola was lost in thought. After a moment she raised her head, and answered:

"But I shall be happy, then, to lay my head on the block where he laid his!"

The Doge was deeply troubled.

" I will send for Bandolo," said he. " Is Bandolo near?" she anxiously asked.

" In the palace." "Oh, send for him, then, at once! Pray, send

for him now !" The Dogo rang in an attendant, and gave him the

necessary order. Bandolo in another moment stood before them. Of this encounter, the day before, between the soldiery and his former band of followers, he had not heard a word, and of course he was expecting to meet none of them in the chamber; but the moment he glanced at the uniform of the person present, he involuntarily started. Instinctively he approached Viola, supposing, from her dress, that she was a man: but as soon as she lifted her blue eyes to his, he took her in his arms, with a wild cry of-" Viola! my own Viola! It is-it is she!"

"Yes, Bandolo," she gently replied, "I am indeed your own Viola." And she wept with the excess of her emotion.

"But whence came you?" he asked.

" No time now for explanations!" interrupted the Doge. "I will tell you all that is necessary for you to know. Viola was taken yesterday, while leading your followers against the soldiers of the State." "Viola!" exclaimed he, gazing into her face in

astonishment. "She was the only prisoner taken, and thus early have I sent for her, not knowing that she could be the one I had so tenderly brought up as my daugh-

"Nor sent to a convent !" added Viola.

The Doge was sorrowful with thinking of that. "But now I have you both here," said he, I must let Viola into the fortune that is in store for her, provided she escapes the block." " For me ?"

He answered only by producing the packet left by old Nancie.

Viola was overwhelmed with astonishment. She could hardly believe herself. A moment she looked

thoughtfully upon the floor, and then said: "But of what service is all this to me? I must

"Fly, then! Fly at once, both of you!" broke forth the Doge. "I will explain all to the council! Fly out of their reach, before they know of your arrest even! Fly to her new home with Viola, in Sicily, and may God above make you happy! Long and faithfully have you loved each other; it would be wronging nature herself to separate two such hearts! Once more, before you leave me, let me embrace you both. There-now fly for your lives from Venice and all that it holds!"

Embracing them, they hastily left the chamber. They proceeded to clothe themselves in complete disguise, and to place themselves beyond the reach of their cruel enemics.

CONCLUDED IN OUR MEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light. WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH THE SLAVES!

BY-ENOLA.

Why has so much distinction ever been Twixt black of heart and scarce more black of skin? Why do men call for justice, and yet dare To barter for a brother's soul? They share Lake feelings with us all ; like love, like hate, Like strife against oppression's cruel fate.

The worm will turn at last upon the foot That to its very life an end would put: And God hath made there men. How then shall we Defy His laws which constitute them free. And bind them low with iron chain and will; Out crying when they straggle: " Peace ! be still."

We can no longer crush them ! Time has come When from their humble, far off southern home, The long, sad wail of bondage must arise And pierce the cloud-wreaths of our northern skies; Shall we prove false to this our latest trust? d And to ourselves be generous more than just?

Porbid it, law of universal Right! Porbid it, O. Columbia; in thy might ! If Afric's sons, perforce, must seek thy soil. Must bear thy burdens and must share thy toil, Let earth's few simplest boons their dark lot bless. Life, Liberty and quest of Happiness.

No institution claims indulgence now: The brand of Cain is on the Master's brow. Columbia cleanse thy tri hued robe to-day, wash its one darkest, foulest stain away, Let it deserve the name on land and sea, It long has soors with pride: Flag of the Free!

And when again thy star-gemmed banner falls In peace and safety on thy outer walls, Remember, meekly, at what wondrous price Thy strength has to the world been proven thrice. Homes may be lonely when the war is done. Elearis may ache sadly o'er each victory won, Met, brave Columbia, the thought will rise, Thou art the freest land beneath the skies!

I De careful of your word, even in keeping the most tetfling appointment. But do not blame another for a I fallure of that kind till you have heard his excelled? the en liverier and exist gulder ben group tenfill.

Written for the Banner of thit. A LIPE PICTURE. EY Z. A. KINGSBURY.

Forty years ago, Nora Kellogg was a child of ten summers. Endowed with strong feelings and acute sensibilities, yet sompelled to confine them within her own bosom, and fashion every word and sotion by the strictest Puritanic rules of the Bluest State in New England, her life was peculiarly sad and lonely. While performing her daily task of knitting the length of her grandfather's finger, on his long stocking, or sewing the seam in a linen sheet, from the web woven by her mother's hand, her thoughts,

to dwell, were often introverted with a morbid intensity. Everything in the large old-fashioned mansion was plain, antique and angular. The straightbacked chairs were placed primly against the dark wainscotting of the rooms, and the small looking glass hung at a precise angle from the wall. The tick, tick, tick of the tall, straight clock in the corner, alone disturbed the profound silence, unless we take note of the files that presumed to back and buzz in

he bright sunshine that came in through the open

having few external objects of interest upon which

windows upon the nicely sanded floor. Without, everything was alike stiff and destitute of adornment, except where the old elm tree in front waved its mighty arms proudly and patronizingly over the dark, steep roof; the rich green grass dotted here and there with dandelions, ventured to peep forth at its base, and the little flower-garden of pinks, marygolds, and ragged ladies, in the back yard, rejoiced in the protecting care of her grandmother.

Nora had laughing blue eyes, and rosy cheeks that would have been kissed by the ringlets into which her light brown hair persisted in forming itself, had not her mother conscientiously combed it back, and, plaiting it into one close braid, tied the end to the crown of her head with a brown ribbon. Her dress was invariably of a gray or sombre hue, and made in the plainest manner; for she was taught that gay or lively colors, and the relief of a ruffle or bow were means by which the Devil used to lead wicked hearts, like hers. still further on in the road to perdition. Thus her love for the beautiful, receiving no aliment, was daily starved.

One Sabbath morning, when she was about six years of age, her mother, to her great delight, arrayed her in a new dress, having a tiny blue sprig on its drab ground. Their home being near the meeting house, the minister not unfrequently called to spend the interval between morning and afternoon services, in secret meditation and prayer in the "parlor chamber." On this day, meeting her as he was returning from that room, and noticing the new dress, he placed his hand upon her head, and said, in a severe tone of voice: "Little girl, are you proud?" Had she indeed been so, this reproof. from one whom she looked upon with the greatest reverence and awe, as a vicegerent of the Great God, and incapable of doing or saying anything wrong. would have been altogether too great a punishment for the sin. Her sensitive nature was outraged was nightly crowded with trembling, terrified souls, and crushed. She felt as if all the world saw and child. With tears in her eyes, and her head bowed in humiliation and disgrace, she laid aside the pretty dress, and never was pleased or happy in wearing

calf" and little chickens that invariably made their saw a yawning gulf, where fiery billows madly appearance with the sweet spring sunshine, were rolled and roared, and in which devils damned were welcomed by her with an intensity of delight, of with pitchforks tossing the writhing, shricking vicwhich children of the present day, favored as they time of the wrath of God still further upon the igare with a thousand objects of amusement, could neous crests; while "that awful God" himself scarcely imagine. But even these simple pleasures stood above, with outstretched arms, bolding impenwere of short duration. In five or six weeks her itent sinners by one brittle thread, ready, at any certained he was being served up in the form of a pot-pie, for dinner; while the chickens, growing large, were permitted to take her precious time from work secret prayer, or reading the Bible and Catechism.

viting an attack from him. This idea, early inculcated, had grown with their growth, and strengtha means by which he, the great god Diabolus, would the still greater and more dreadful God, Jehovah, to ligious excitement partially subsided. whom it exclusively belonged, and who would then even if he did not send them immediately to everlasting torments.

ber father, entering, stooped down and kissed her. Startled and blushing, she yan into the garden, sought to hide herself from others. There, scated the hand of Apollyon. on the grass, she whispered to the buttercups and sweet cloverheads in a tumult of delight: "Father rience of this grevious bondage; that the sunlight kissed me ! Father kissed me !" Often did she after of truth has dispersed the darkness, and ignorance. wards look up at him with wistful, longing eyes, and superstitious terrors of the past, and our darwondering if he would ever repeat that blissful dem. ling ones may now revel, unchecked by tormenting onstration. But no! he never seemed to see her fears, in the love and beauty and bliss of a New Disagain, and that one kiss, the first and the last she pensation. ever remembered receiving from him, was treasured in her thoughts as a precious pearl, a fragrant, undying flower."

Carefully becluded from the society of children, admirely was been published onthe countries

in thought or sation, Mora was occasionally permitted to visit an pld woman in the neighborhood. Her parents little anappoint that this quiet creature, while smoking her pipe, and slowly knitting stich after stich with trambling hands, and obscure vision, was all the time alling the mind of their shild with the most terrible tales of ghost and hobsoblin, witch and wisard. It seemed as if her brain was a storehouse, where had accumulated every wild tradition from the dark ages to that present time, and nothing delighted her more than to fascinate her young auditor from its abundance. As Nora hurried home in the twilight, she would see a witch in every elderbush or corner of the fence, ready, with bridle in hand, to change her to a horse, on which to ride to the infernal regions; or a "raw head and bloody bones" would stare her in the face with fiendish laugh and diabolical clatter. On going to bed at night, after saying "Our Father," and " Now I lay me," she would repeat, as a kind of a charm, the words-"I guess I shan't dream bad to-night. I guess I shan't, guess I shan't, guess I shan't;" and thus drop into a fitful slumber. But in spite of the simple spell, this lonely child invented in her misery, the frightful dreams would come, and she be awakened, time and again, trembling with fear, only to see another hideous monster of colossal proportions, in the darkness before her. For more than two years she had no peace, day or night. Whether alone, or is, the presence of others, these fearful phantoms of an excited imagination tormented her to that degree, that, young as she was, she grew weary of life, and would fain have been lost in anni-

Besides this, her mind was filled with superstitious fears of Death, with all its nameless horrors. He had been represented to her as a skeleton, rattling his dry bones with a diabolical glee, and grimming horribly a ghastly smile," as his loy hand felt for the heart-strings of his helpless victims; and the signs of his approach were multiplied in her pathway. Her grandmother would come from her bedroom in the morning, with a solemn face, and mournful voice, saying:

"Ah, children! There will be a death in the family before long, for I dreamed last night, that a grey mare bit my elbow."

If a wood tick was heard in any of the walls of that large old mansion, it was a "death watch" for some one. If a whippoorwill sang his pathetic ditty from door-step, or window-seat, every one stood aghast with fear. Salt sprinkled upon the table; the blossoming of a apple-tree in September, or the sight of a gray spider, were certain forebodings of grievous calamity, if not of death.

But at length, all these gradually faded away before a new, and even greater terror. An Evangelist, as he was called, Mr. D., came into the vicinity, and his mission and style of preaching being something new in those early days, multitudes flocked to hear him. Tall, gaunt and sallow, with black hair, and bushy eyebrows overhanging deep, plercing, and magnetic eyes, he poured forth a stream of language, replete with graphic figures, and startling similes. His audlence listened breathlessly, with open mouths, and completely fascinated, yielded themselves to his magic power. The "anxious seat" eager to "flee from the wrath to come" that had upbraided her for being a vain, silly, and wicked been so fearfully and vividly portrayed; while the few who yet stood aloof, were subjected to volleys of denunciation and anathems, which it was morally impossible for them much longer to withstand.

In the midst of all this, poor little Nora, with her Her warm and affectionate nature had few living nervous system already excited to a fearful degree, bleets to which to attach itself. The one "bossy moved as if in a horrid dream. Ever before her, she darling Bossy would disappear from the corner of moment, to let them also drop into the boiling flery the barn-floor, where he had been tied, delighting furnace. The phrase, "hair-hung, and breeze-shaken her every day with his antics, and permitting her over the flames of hell," superseded, in her imaginato nat his head, and smooth his soft sides, and she tion, the "raw head and bloody bones" of former would be sent crying from the table, when she as- days, and the reign of terror-over this poor child was complete.

Outwardly benumbed, paralyzed, as it were, by its strong and wild, could no longer be cuddled into her influence, she silently shrank away from notice, only little bands, or carried in her bosom. Often had she to be drawn from her place of concealment, and catplead for a kitten. But, no; the one large, black echised and reprimanded without stint or mercy. cat. cross and snappish as he was, was sufficient to When Mr. D. visited the house, which he frequently keep the mice away, and to have another, for mere did, she was an object of his particular attention. amusement, would be a folly and wickedness. Her in the presence of her parents and grandparents, movements were closely watched, and no rag-haby, who were apparently approving spectators, he outbroken crockery, or such like vanities and nonsense raged her feelings to the finest fibre of her being, by questions, rebukes, denunciations, and, to cap the climax, by praying God to "stay" his "insulted The parents and grandparents, living together in spirit," and give her one more opportunity to escape the same house, denied themselves every pleasure of from the damnation of hell! Law's Serious Call to life. from principle, believing that the gratification the Unconverted, Alleine's Alarm, and accounts of of the most innocent desire, unless it was one abso- the dreadful death-bed experiences of infidels, were lutely necessary to life, was removing some of the put into her hands for perusal, and "Stop, poor sinarmor by which they were defended against the ner! stop and think!" "That dreadful day will darts of the great enemy of souls, and, as it were, in- surely come!" and other songs of a like character, were sung for her especial benefit.

One evening, while Mr. D. to a crowded house was ened with their strength, until it overshadowed and deploting in glowing language the tortures of the dwarfed almost every other. Natural affection, even, damned, her nervous system yielded to the terrible was looked upon by them with a suspicious eye, as excitement it had so long endured, and with a rapid succession of pieroing screams, she was carried entice them into idolatry; or, at least, draw away home. There she was mercifully confined by a nerportion of their attention and homage from your fever, till Mr. D. had left the town, and the re-

Reader, this is no fancy sketch, no exaggeration, visit them in his jealous wrath, and chasten them In but a plain, unvarnished tale of truth. A fear of his sore displeasure for such enormous wickedness, God; a fear of the devil; a fear of hell; a fear of death; and a fear of ghoets and witches, made Nora Kellogg old in misery, while yet in her first decade. And so poor little Nora grew up in an atmosphere And hers was not an isolated case, though it may whose coldness would have paralyzed her inner being, have been an extreme one. Men and women in had she not possessed a fountain of love that could those days, not only lived "real," "carnest" lives.

not, by any means, be frozen of dried. One day, but with an austerity, born'of the one absorbing dewhile standing on the steps leading into the house, sire to save their souls from hell, they trampled upon every flower in their pathway, as if it had been a venomous serpent, and armed themselves against and behind the current bushes, where she often every innocent pleasure, as if it had been a dart in

Let us thank God that our children have no expe-

Philadelphia, Pa., 1862....

An old man, when dangerously eick, was urged to take advice of a doctor, but objected, saying, "] lest she should learn of them something svil, either wish to die a natural death Mi rion com

DR. QUILDAND HIS "ABCOT LINE. MB. EDITOR-Will you allow me space for

should not get frightened at it. among thinkers and reformers. He is not endeav. When a man treads on a serpent, it is not that paroring to prove theorems, but to announce truths, ticular anake he hates, it is makinhess he abhors. and we care nothing for his method, if his moult is whether it greeps or walks, and it is this that criti-

He first startles, then confounds, then consinces. It is hardly to be looked for, that a man shall speak truth and not be critical. He is the sharpest critic heres in the spirit, (paragraph 262.) In 264 he says who conceals his weapons; the bloodiest Generals "virtuous and victous" are adjectives, and these are write the best laws.

If Emerson says things more classically, our author save them more directly. He sees a wide dif. The vice is in the mind: the organs are its instruference between profundity and fog. There is not ments. wanting in his book what can feed the most particular saint, there are not wanting texts for half a year, hung a man a century ago. His book is a maga- graph 31, and build the doctor and his book zine of explosive material which mere novices may fire to their hurt. He says in paragraph 118, that His book is a plea for sinners, not for sin. There is a little critical.

Imagine a man throwing a bombshell into his neighbor's meeting house, and then coolly saying, above the common view of things. Sir, be quiet; if you criticise me, you will be the incendiary.

He says, (paragraph 114.) that judges becken jusis war in the Church, and fraud in the Court House, but disclaims any intention of criticising those institutions.

He often outs with smooth edge, but never in the against Cæsar:

"Let's cut and carve him as a dish fit for The gods, not back and hew him as a carcass Fit for hounds."

Thus, all assassinators of creeds and laws should approach their subjects. If our critics will carve out truth, let them hew, no matter in whose face fly the chips. All things are critical. Where there are things that do not look alike, each is critic to the other. His thoughts are arrows sped on the errand his intuition builds a paradox, it builds the law for of reform. His words are not the best, and you have it, and so nothing falls into his mind out of joint. to take his thoughts from them. But the best words would make his thoughts ashamed of them. The best thoughts wear the meekest words.

He makes no attempt at rhetoric, deals but little in metaphor, and for the most part is the commonest Saxon. The idea is always before you, "whatever is, is right." This is the center of the Doctor's system of philosophy, and a center from which good philosophy will not soon slip.

He tells us a man is generally what he declaims against; that a critic is a man who makes himself a fool by calling somebody else so. He fires a chance shot, but hits and wounds none the less surely, and where his arrow finds a crevice, it sticks. Modern public opinion has not yet consulted the Doctors and most pestilent heresy. And no wonder. If an Orand made to walk through our author's book, he and the way through it is exceedingly small. If block through a machine, you would tear every limb man feels more than he the force of moral conviction, and no man damns sin with a better grace.

There is a warm and broad charity running through his book; but if "whatever is, is right," what room for charity? He writes chiefly from feeling, and there is in all he says the tinge of a generous passion. In the light of this charity, one-half the clouds that haunt his intellectual atmosphere

As a critic, there is no method in his attack—he takes you at random; and though you may be s practised wrestler, he will throw you. He scorns names and titles, and yet has the audacity to put "M. D." upon his title page, and then refers us to another book he wrote, as if what he said yesterday has anything to do with what he says to-day. He thinks war is a great evil, and tells the churchman that his meeting-house and the gunbonse are on a dead level. He has his way of getting sin out of the world. There are some reformers who make every word they speak a hound, and every sentence a pack of hounds, and with these hounds chase evil out of the world. Our author is not one of these. With him an ounce of love is mightier than globes of wrath like this. There is nothing novel in this method, and he quite piously accredits it to Christ.

He insults philosophy, but she is not smart enough to take the hint. He does not admit science into so much as the suburbs of his aerial city. He pulls religion from its proud height as remorselessly as he would crush a mosquito.

There is no mere self in the book, he has not said I or make a speech and not say I. Logic, the coldestfaced thing in Nature, smiles at his book; but the man who can weigh intuition upon logic, can get the tells you, are probable and essential. It may or weight of an argument upon Fairbanks's scales, The truth that comes from logic, comes in squares; leg; but it is essential for him to have pain in the that that comes from passion comes in curses. Our author throws off curses. He flashes sometimes, and you see only a rocket, and anon there is a deep . A man cannot think without making a book, but struck by it as by lightning.

His style has a little airing of the dogmatic, but idea religion, has made the world's polemics. not too much. He never says it seems, but it is: This is an infirmity in error, but a power in truth. Self conscious truth is the very soul of will and action. What he feels the power of within him never equivocates, in words. Truth shows itself in the power of statement, so truth is dogmatic, earnestis dogmatism in the solid. But ministers find it difficult to practice what they preach and more difficult to preach what they practice. Tertallian who first got the evil out of his eye, was the inventor. said, the more absurd a thing is in philosophy, the more credible it is in religion. If Tertullian was right, our author is not far in the wrong. What is Now I have no manner of doubt that " whatever more absurd in philosophy, than that vies and virtue is, is right," and however far Dr. Ghild, in all of

equally seek? And they must be, if they are this right; get how credible will idea when it is transcendentalised.

The Donor aims at ain not the sinner; but it these out that the sin is in the sinner. He does

not say fight, but only pulls the dogs' ears. He is third-handed from the devil, backing up the backshought or two, concerning this somewhat remark- ers, and he can do more service there than elsewhere. able book. It is remarkable in more senses than Everything a man has, has its infirmity; genius, one. It was born of Spiritualism, and Spiritualism wit, love, have their sicknesses. When criticism is an infirmity of bad digestion, it is sour and gally: The boldness and breadth of generalization the but when it comes from excess of perve and good author brings to his book, entitle him to a place naturedness, it is strong and fragrant of the truth.

> ciam puts its beel on. I do not quite agree with his theology. He save the soul is self-existent. He says also that vice indescribing words-they describe qualities of spirit, for nobody can conceive of a vicious foot or finger.

A man cannot keep himself out of his book any more than out of his daguerrectype. There is doubtnor is there wanting a passage that would have less some spiritual anatomist that can take parafrom it, as Cuvier would build an animal from a bone. gun-houses are the thunderbolt of the Church." in it no joke or anecdote. He comes not in the Now I submit to the A B C, that paragraph 118 is guise of polished rhetoric, nor in the odor of opensive language, but in the air of a blunt honesty, and with a charity and a moral power that lifts us quite

The highest truth is nature's paradox. Every time she whirls the globe she makes our senses give the lie to our philosophy. There is a vein of charitice, and wave it back by the hand. He says there table satire running through his book-a sort of irony mixed of pity and indifference. He believes a man is just as free as his circumstances. He bids the gate of paradise open at our groans. Suffering carries us to the gate, and love bids us enter. If hell spirit of wrath. Brutus said to the conspirators lies between us and heaven, then when we are nearest hell, we are nearest heaven. He throws the mantle of charity over prostitution, not as an apology for animal license, but as a recognition of the law of discipline, and the law of salvation. He believes the democracy of action consistent with the despotism of law. He does not attempt to untie the gordion knot of Providence, but cuts it with great coolness. He sees creeds, forms, customs, faiths, religions tumble about him in ruins, but he sees no chaos. When

A man throws off his own image, and then looks at it; and a rickety mind will give the rickets to his Providence. 'Tis our passion that angers God. His explanation of Providence is law; his explanation of law is justice, and his explanation of justice is God.

He does not deny merit, any more than he denies distinctions. Nature is not a dead level, but life is laid up in tiers, one above another, and the ground tier is nearest the top. He is the " Marco Polo," whose travels and hints will suggest to some philos" ophising Columbus a new world.

His book is the handsomest vindication of God that has yet appeared. He has been on trial since the world began by Egyptian, Greek, Hebrew and the D.D.s, but Modern Orthodoxy is sure that it is a Christian, and this is the first and only court before which he has been acquitted. They have called the thodox saint should be stripped to his spiritual skin, devil to the stand, and he has testified with marvelous uniformity and directness; but this devil vanishes would think himself going through the Book of Rev. before the summons of our sheriff, into a myth. By elations, with this difference, that in the ABC, this theory the devil is dead, and the burial of his there would be an excess of lightning and smoke. majesty will be the funeral of the church. When His book is a "creed crusher," wrapped in velvet, evil falls, what stands that man has built? It cous the core from the MORAL world, and takes pith and you should put a spirit through it as you would a marrow from institution, law and religion. Evil. holds our society together as the air holds a barrel. from his body. He is not an apologist of evil; no Withdraw the air, and you have staves and hoops, but no barrel. To destroy institutions is to extract the wind from empty casks, and let them fall in, and for this purpose our author's book is an "evil" air extractor.

The devil is in all religions. He is in Calvinism as gravitation is in a stone, to give it weight. Our author is a poet in the high sense, and plucks

an angel by the wing, as Byron

"Plucked Apollo by the ear."

All truth is poetry. And when she performs common things, she puts on common clothes. But poetry is no student. It may weep, and laugh, and talk, but will not study. It dresses itself in long and loose robes: philosophy cuts smaller, but science dresses in tights. Poetry in tights would be like love in iron mail. In his idea he throws his lead into the upper and unknown sea, and touches bottom. He has crossed the Red Sea which looks beyond the Jordan. When a man gets an idea, he is so much of a poet, because poets are idealists—they are inventors and discoverers, but not always lovers.

Our author is ideal with feeling, not reason. Reason and ideality construct, ideality and feeling persuade, and these are the soul of eloquence. His ideality is positive, his spirituality negative. He is more ideal than real-that is, he looks more at ideas than objects. His mind is of the subjective cast. He rarely reasons upon his perceptions, and rarely perceives his reasons. He is not constructive, but wants method. He thinks in little globes, not in links, so his product is a pile of pearls instead of a chain. His madness in his method is his insanity once, and it is a rare thing for a man to write a book His idea makes sure of existence. His idea makes sure that " whatever is, is right," but he has nothing to say as to when or where or how. Phenomena he may not be essential that one should have a broken broken limb. Legs are not principles. When man was made, his legs were the last things thought of.

exploded thunder. His book can do no harm to the he can make books without thinking. The man rabblement. A man there would be as likely to be who invented the idea commerce, make all the books ever written upon it; and the man who invented the

Dr. Child has given us an idea in direct form, and this idea will build worlds of books. I no not know who was the original inventor, but I had rather be the author if this than all others: I know what sort of man it required-one void of quarrel in himself, and by and by the world shall build shim the ness is dogmatic, science is dogmatic, and theology tallest monument. If there's no evil in the eye there's none in the heart; if there's none in the heart, there's none in the world. The man; then, He that sees nothing wrong, can do nothing wrong -not because he is unable, but unwilling on solve!

to be understood as in any wise critical. As the such reflections, constitute the dividing lines be-Doptor did not criticise in his book, and out of mere tween our spiritual days and nights. They constiexcess of good-nature and want of a devil, I hope I tute and define the different degrees of moral death have availed myself of the same large charity. I or moral life as we journey home to God through think his idea higher in its reach and firmer on its regeneration. base than anything in our theology. It is broader in its sweep, and sounder in the heart than anything in our philosophy. It is wider in its range as defined. It opens our moral sight. It reveals and grander in its discoveries than anything in our the garden of Eden, the living God, the divine sight science. It is more religious than our religion, it of the soul in the form of uncontrolled affection, is more philosophical than our philosophy. It opens called the serpent, which is not a crime, because it up an ideal world, grand beyond description, and is a necessity in that department of being. It is which spirituality peoples with angels, scraphs and the greatest good or gift possible from God to man. gods. It will live when time itself shall rot-and It is the means, or medium, through which the absoscience is as much out of place in heaven as granite lute light of life obtains a positive being in material

UNPARDONABLE SIN.

BY JACOB EDSON.

which it necessarily passes through.

Such is life! The universe of truth! The sancspiritual unfoldment in honor with God!

Original as well as unpardonable sins are condinot have unfolded his attributes in us, the image of self, which is the life of God made manifest in man.

is called sin is said to be the transgression of the law, mankind, which shall be the sanctuary of love. If so, it is such a trangression as is in accordance with the law of love and necessarily executes the law of life, as designed by the great first cause. It is such a transgression as is natural to the unprogressed personality, when freed from instinct to control, which binds the brute creation (as conscious entities) outside the moral world. They are not capacitated to die its death.

The effect of what is called sin is moral death, the lowest degree of which is spiritual darkness-inability to do or be, unaided by powers above. Moral death is an essential condition to moral life. It is a state or condition through which all the living germs of divinity must pass in its efforts to create or unfold the coming man.

Moral life and moral death are the extremes of conscious being, within or above which is the absolute good. God, the absolute father, who exists ev erywhere, and in all things, below or outside of which are finite sparks of divinity, kindling into consciousness in virtue of his presence, is present in such a sense that he may be said to have neither centre nor circumference. Though God, the central essence or substance of love, is, so to speak, the personal cause and veritable centre of the moral world with him, in it, there is neither beginning nor end, neither centre, nor circumference; no past, present, nor future, but one eternal now. In this now he begets the Christ which unfolded the Holy Ghost, thus revealing himself to himself, without progression. Such a revelation supposes an eternal death, which we will call original sin, a pre-existence in an unconscious state of the entity, unto whom, or through the substance of which, the revelation is made.

There is no new thing under the sun. The newborn Son of God is the manifestation of the new wine; the old bottle must be broken, else the birth of the Son of God, which is the Son of Man, could not occur. Then, and not till then, is the sea of glass, the Holy Ghost, made apparent; then the pure in heart see God and feel his inspiring presence flowing through the spheres of life-a personal reality in the hearts and consciences of all men.

What is called original sin, evil, or the uncreated tendencies of the maternal department of creation may be defined to be the mother of God, or the condition of substance in which the word, the Son, or second person in the Trinity was begotten, made fiesh, and lived in material existence as an embodi ment of absolute love. Such a begetment and birth was, so to speak, a death of God, not of the divine essence, but a change which may be called a crucifixion in which the Christ, the unborn essence which exists in the bosom of the Father, was slain in the foundations of the spiritual world. Such a death, or birth, is the legitimate result of what is called original sin. It causatively slays the Serpent, transforming its loves through mediatorial conditions or effects of the Light of Life. Such a transformation mained triumphant.

Sin, vice and evil are the opposite of light, life and love, and constitute the night-side of nature or competition and over-production can never be esmother-part of God. Original or uncreated sin is a caped from but by communism in some form; and necessity which exists in spiritual darkness, and is having passed three years of my life in one of the not of itself a substance, though it appears to some experiments which had its hirth in the teachings of to be. It is an unenlightened condition of mentality, the noble philanthropist, Robert Owen, now gone to in which may be begotten and brought forth the sub- the spirit-land, I have concluded, stiff and clumsy as stance which in reality exists, though it does not in my fingers are with farming, to place through your that condition of existence appear to be.

san rose; we know the earth moves. Truth is eter- servation on this subject. nal. The light of life existed before the sun in the heavens. Our condition changes on the eternal dial weekly papers at the news depot at Peru, over a of life. The finger of God, his Son, is ever and eterunly the same. As the universe of spiritual truth have thought to stop one of them, but can't decide dawns apon us, our horizon becomes enlarged, de- which to stop, and so shall keep taking them both. grees of moral truth are expressed, and the mists of midnight darkness are dispelled by the rising Son | bold and manly frankness in publishing unpopular

of truth in used that he were the agent. It is natural that the spiritual roul should pause good; but when he talks of "seventeen and half dollars and half dollars. to entemplate the good and use of life, to reflect the large clear profit per sore, in farming, when hirling divine beauty of the eternal sun over the heavyne all the work done; and says the West is the beauty of the eternal sun over the heavyne all the work done; and says the West is the beauty place for the experiment," when we are selling the

his statements, may be from the right, I do not wish sinks below the spiritual horizon. Such pauses,

Sin against the Father and the Son was a necessity. It is the effect or manifestation of original sin existence, and through which said being unfolds the absolute ghost of eternal good, as a positive personallty in the outer world. The unpardonable sin, or ain against the Holy Ghost, is disobedience to the divine influence, and differs in degrees corresponding to our willfulness in opposing its will, which is the Sin against the Holy Ghost, or the unpardonable manifestation of God's divine right to rule, and may sin, is a subject that opens the whole question of evil | be divided into as many degrees as the soul is steps -its cause and effects for our consideration. Of sin from God. These steps, so to speak, are gulfs of and its effects, we know nothing, except by experi- supposed iniquity that cannot be forgiven, either in ence or inspiration. The soul in travail passes many this world or in the world which is to come. There a gloomy spot before it is enabled to see its good and is no court of divine chancery, through which the use. Life presents many a cup of mingled joy and sin may be made null and void; were it so, life grief, which human nature fears to drink. Mother- would be a failure and religion a curse; humanity earth labors in pain as she travails in bonds-swad- would keep on sinning and repenting, so that no dling bands of infantile being in existence—but the flood of grief could save the brooding spirit from its birth of the coming man, the exhibition of the sea watery grave, for it is the law, as by it Moses turns of glass shall compensate each soul for the trials the water into blood. It is the effect of original sin, a blessing and not a curse as it is.

Grace and truth as by Jesus Christ, turn water tuary of love and the great teachers, sin and pain, into vine, and the world of thought has drank of its that each student must graduate at last through cup and gone mad in all manner of thelogical device but sin. The uncreated, the original and unpardonable exists in thoughts, words and acts, and must, tions of causation essential to the external existence until, through the gift of God, the Holy Ghost shall of absolute being. Without them we could not have turn water into love. Then, and not till then, will obtained a conscious love; without them God could the light of life flow in and through our regenerate natures, because we shall have been begotten by the his being could not have revealed himself unto him. Word, and have been born of the blood, and transformed through regenerating births into the expres-Original or unpardonable sins are the unexplored sive image of his person. Then, and not till then, will rock of ages, upon which we base our immortality | sin and death have been dispelled, and the kingdom and lay the foundation of future good. That which of Heaven be set up in the hearts and consciences of

> Love, Light and Life, oh God, thou art, And there's our home in Heaven; Thou art the jewel of our soul,

Its diamond point deriven. The Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Which in our thoughts we see, They are the One in Three.

Faith. Hope and Love flow free to all, There from the Father riven; Though naught but sin could let them in, Thine be the praises given.

The Serpent is our Saviour, God, That came into the garden Love.

It was the work of Sin to show Our beauty and our power; Thus it beguiled our souls in love,

That very day and hour. As naught but Sin could have done this. We let the sin be damned; And we'll swim up the river Love, Toward the better land.

But, as God forgives us sinners, We'll give to God the praise;
And journey on in love and peace, Through never-ending days.

The God of Love within us reigns, His life includes us all; So not a sparrow nor a dove. Can be allowed to fall.

The germ of things to be; His life's our light, we are its flame: It burns, that all may see.

With love we unto other's burn, Our spark, though small, is sure; For in God's heart we have a part. And all its parts are pure.

We love, when God hath given us. Sweet thoughts of him akin.
Which ope the living Fount of Life— Our heart of hearts within.

We love, as God doth give us, His life to light our aphere.
To spring the blending bow of Hope.
Around our pathway here.

We love the thoughts that yield us: The life of God within; Which ope the gates of Paradise, Freed from the Serpent Sin.

We love to look in spirit-lands. Through starry glimpies peer; And long to see the fruits of Love. Its angels standing near.

Our "God is Love." He in us, is Our bosom's brooding dove; Oh, clothe it mete at sersph's feet. For angel arms above.

There's nothing from this world we'll take, Except this brooding dove;
'T is God's external voice that speaks, Take it my child, 't is Love.

FARMING ASSOCIATIONS.

I see in your excellent paper, and in the Herald supposes mediumistic conditions of love, personal of Progress, frequent mention of a new, or, reorganentities, spiritual states, which constitute, so to Ized association for procuring a livelihood, educaspeak, the key-board of creation, through which the tion of offspring, mental and moral improvement, Kather-God could unfold, himself, his life, the uncre- &c., &c. Now one project, now another. This is all ated light which is the life of man, the substance of well, but there seems a want of a right beginning, which must necessarily reveal the eternal God, its or way, by which to ripen minds to a fitness for the "Prince of Peace" and the Holy Ghost in, an indi- undertaking. We ought to have laid before us a vidualized or personal form, without which spiritual correct history of the various attempts made in darkness-inability to do or to be-would have re- modern times to establish cooperative societies, and the causes of their failure.

Having believed for many years that the evils of paper and the Herald of Progress, before the in. We think we progress. Our fathers thought the quiring minds in the land, my experience and ob-

I have taken regularly, both of these choice year. Times are so hard with us farmers, that I And here let me say that I love Dr. Child, for his opinions. I love him because he delights in deligh

teen dellars, you will infer that I regret that he has said a word about the profits of western farming.

I strongly suspect that when the first successful approach the application of our remarks to your own sountry. ommunity is established, it will be by a body of country.

It will be remembered that the foundation of this leaves. men and women who have rolled up their sleeves, and engaged with little money and big heart, in a five years struggle. There are many things of which I wish to speak that are alone learned in an experi
not occur as a first consideration; but it was generally thought inconsistent with est blished ideas of freedom

munity, Stark County, Ohio, from 1825 to 1828.

1836 to 1839. Then I edited the "Annals of Animal Magnetism" from 1838 to 1840—three years before any other periodical on that subject appeared in
this country. Have probably made more experithis imitation on freedom of trade, nevertheless they
have acquiesced in it as necessary for purposes of revements on that subject that any other man in America. Traveled by magnetic and clairvoyant experiment out of the rankest materialism into a full belief of immortality and spirit-communion, before they had brought the country to the verge of revoluthe rappings commenced. In 1839 was appointed tion, and South Carolina, especially, always somewhat intractible, refused to pay her portion. But the diffichairman of a committee by the State Medical Society of Ohio to investigate and report upon Mesmer- and South jogged on amicably together as far as this ism. I had made successful experiments for seven was concerned years, at that time. I have lectured nearly twenty taxation, being universal, easily borne, and not di-

How can we maintain that individual sense of fracdom most favorable to self-improvement, whilst
yielding entire obedience to rules of organization,
and following the lead of those who are appointed to
and following the lead of those who are appointed to
and following the lead of those who are appointed to
are of itself, believing that such a perfect Constitution
attend in no need of his support, and entertaining no direct each department of business? Nothing can be better proved than that success attends the Shakers; the monks of various orders who labor; the Kapites of Economy near Pittsburg; the Zoeribs in Ohio, and the Swedes at Bishop's Hill, in Henry county, Ill. But all these are religious sects, with, seended from the original stock of Puritan or Cavalior. in the beginning, what they believed to be inspired leaders. In this way, in this order, under a species of theoretacy, success crowns nearly every effort. But can a society succeed with inspired leaders? ored of the glory and beauty of free institutions, and But can a society succeed with inspired leaders? This is the question yet unanswered. I think, however, that I will answer the question, that, in order to succeed out of sectarianism, all the members ought to be inspired. What I mean is, that, unless the members acquire a condition of mind in which seed to the extent as delighted making others. each can, to some extent, so delight in making others them to those whom we forbear to characterize; all happy, that they are ready to make great sacrifices your representatives have been of this super-patriotic for this pleasure, they will not succeed. When men business is mostly in their hands; until the people and women seek happiness in trying to make each other happy, they will have discovered the great secret, hid from human ken for ages. All distinction from property must disappear. Each must be val. the roar of cannon and the roll of the war-drum. Till this crisis came, they believed the country secure. ued by their capacity for usefulness. Distinctions, from any calamity—the affairs of the Treasury congrowing out of our fitness to lead, will create no ducted with regard only to its welfare; and so they jealousies. Purity of life, capacity for usefulness in have been content to pursue their avocations, and almost coat their votes without saking questions. every department will excite respect, love, reverence.

In future articles, should this appear in your paper, I propose considering the difficulties that have proved insurmountable in such as have failed. I cannot say wherein its defects consist.

What a glorious thought—to banish poverty, and ignorance, and the fear of want from all. Furnish all the luxuries of mind and body without stint, so far as they may healthfully conduce to our usefulness and happiness. A blending of love and wisdom in active exercise, shedding blessings on all around in active exercise, shedding blessings on all around up his mind to such an interference. The freedom of us. In my next I may show some of your readers action, of speech, and of the press, has been among why they are unfit subjects for communion.

Fraternally yours, SAMUEL UNDERHILL. Mt. Palatine, Putnam Co., Ill., Feb. 1, 1862.

DIRECT TAXATION-ITS FRUITS.

A Lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, at Dodworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Evening, Feb. 23, 1862.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

The love of gain is natural to the human race and necessary to its progression. When we hear men declare that they do not desire to possess earthly material wealth, we may set them down as either knaves or fools. for every one wishes so subsist in this world comfortably and happily, and to shine among his fellow beings in the collective mass of humanity. And, as in the eyes of the world and the true judgment of men, there is no more melancholy condition for an individual than to have an empty purse, so a nation can be in no more deplorable state than that of bankruptcy. From the beginning of the world, and the inception of its carilest forms of government, down to the present day, one the purpose; and through that very system will the question has been most intimately connected with all purge be administered, and your body politic be repolitical propositions, viz., that as to the ways and lieved of the vampires who profess patriotism and pracmeans of relating revenue. Every consequence of the vampires who profess patriotism and pracmess of relating revenue. est forms of government, down to the present day, one question has been most intimately connected with all means of raising revenue. Every conceivable form tice robbery.

In proportion as a man is made to feel that he is paythis object, in order to sustain real and imaginary gove ing to support a Government, he wishes to under
the conceivable form tice robbery.

In proportion as a man is made to feel that he is paythis object, in order to sustain real and imaginary gove ing to support a Government, he wishes to under
the conceivable form tice robbery. this object, in order to sustain real and imaginary govering to support a Government, he wishes to under-ernments, and of some of them we propose briefly to stand what it is administered. When

speak.

In the primitive condition of humanity, the mutual obligations of men, the simple exchange of productions for the supply of each others wants, was all

and have been for months, at sixteen cents per bushel, so that one hundred bushels won't raise but aixteen deliand was will infer that I regret that he has

wish to speak that are alone learned in an experithought inconsistent with est blished ideas of freedom
that there should be an arbitrary power in Government to enforce the payment of tribute. This princi-We are very badly educated; don't fit together ment to enforce the payment of tribute. This principle was so fully conceived and adopted that the representatives chosen by the people themselves have the exclusive privilege of laying taxes, imposing duties, assistance in their labors. Not so our wives and daughters. I am very familiar with the Shaker system. With the history of Rap's Society, twenty them. With the history of Rap's Society, twenty the control of the co miles west of Pittsburg, Germans, I know not their present status, but they became rich. I was familiar with the very successful experiment at Zoar, in Tuscaroras County, Ohio, Germans. With Bishops Hill society, in Henry County, Illinois, also very such Hill society, in Henry County, Illinois, also very successful, Swedes. Know something of the phalanx at
Nauvou, called Icarians, French, which failed. I was a member of the Porrestville society in Coxsackie in some way, and the public lands which had been Green County, N. Y., afterwards of the Kendall Computer State Parks of the Kendall Computer State Parks of the Kendall Computer State County Objection 1998 to 1999 munity, Stark County, Ohio, from 1825 to 1828.

I am well acquainted wich Josiah Warren and his system of pure selfishness, or Individuality. I have carried out still more directly at variance with Democratic feelings, viz., that of establishing what is called read and reflected much, and am sixty-six years old, a tariff, or duties upon imports. The first protective and ought to have some ripe thoughts. I was editor and proprietor of the Cleveland Liberallst from terests being greatly favored by it, and the agriculture of the country.

years on that subject, seventeen of which I have had rectly felt by individuals, has been almost a matter a little farm on the prairie, where I now live.

Having thus played the trumpeter to give you some idea of him who addresses you, I will resume the subject on which I commenced. I shall not attempt from the guest and coffee, smoke taxed cigars, the subject on which I commenced. I shall not attempt from the guest and introduction in this switch but. tempt more than an introduction in this article, but mur. But these people, so contented with tranquil will say that the great difficulty to be overcome is, while men who lived upon pork and drank cidenes.

sarv to repeat, but it is well known that at one time

culty was composed by a compromise, and the North

simply cast their votes without asking questions.

It is astonishing, also, that, after a war of a The cold isolation of Josiah Warren's system has duration, the resources of the Government are already and always will fail. There may be useful facts when the people are looked to for some other means of providing a sufficient revenue. There are one drawn from his experiments. I said to Greeley and hundred and fifty millions of dollars annually to be Brisbane in 1812, "Go ahead, but you will fail. paid in some way, by the people directly. We have always said that great good comes out of seeming evil. But something will be gained."

our financial disasters illustrate the rule.

The House of Representatives has been for four months, trying to devise some way of relieving the Government of its load of pecuniary responsibility. know not the history of Adin Ballon's society, and with expenditures going on at the rate of \$2,000.000 a day-an enormous army waiting for the hour of crowning conflict which will soon arrive. They must appeal to the people for assistance, and the only ra-tional and feasible solution of the problem is to be found in direct taxation. It is a hard pill for a republican people to awallow. It is difficult to reconcile it emocratic ideas on the subject. It is difficult for the monied man who has been accustomed to regard all that he has accumulated as his alone, to make the unspeakable glories of your country, and it will be hard for your people to throw aside their cherished ideas about taxation. But it really matters very little in what form the burden shall be imposed—it must come, and must be borne by willing hearts and sturdy arms; and with a firm purpose to sustain the Govern-

It is well to bear in mind that the vast amount of taxable products and materials. Your papers, your books, the very words to which you listen from any speaker, and perhaps the light of heaven, itself, it may be, will be taxed to sustain your present enormous exbeing prepared, it will not be improper to consider

"We won't stand it." cries the newspaper man; "it won't do to suppress the freedom of the press." The merchant cries that he will not endure it! The lecturer and stump-speaker protest againt interference with their vocation, and thus, from every department of active life and individual interests, there must come something, however little, in support of the Government; but yet this burden will be so uniformly diffused that it will not bear oppressively on individuals; those most wealthy will be well able to support it, while the poorest will have the least to endure.

Thus a general and judicious system of taxation throughout the land is the only one which will answer

taxation becomes general, all the people who have been slumbering while the chariot of State was guided In the primitive condition of numanity, the mutual obligations of men, the simple exchange of productions for the supply of each others' wants, was all that was required; but as advancing civilization in the was required; but as advancing civilization brought in more complicated forms of government, it was necessary to have some universal representative of the yalise of objects to be exchanged, and, at the of the yalise of objects to be exchanged, and, at the present day, the preclous metals constitute such a circulating medium, in all parts of the earth.

The Emperor of Morocco, the Bey of Tripoli, and the Padishah of Turkey, raise their regenues by simply sending forth their Mamelukes of Janizaries, to ply sending the tribute which usualina the expenses of those who are to represent them. Direct tax-alian, more than anything else will effect this purpose. In every kingly government, the sovereign possessed the contractive of the people, and the summer to adopt but the may seem at first a poor results and the contact of the people and the content of the people and the contract of the c by unakilled or reckless hands, will arouse them

(because monarchial) Constitution, which places the exercise of political power almost wholly in the hands of those who have the heaviest material interest in austaining it; and while England is under aristocratic rule, and does not listen, except on compulsion, to the volce of the people, yet her Government, such as it is, is the best administered of any in the world.

Now your own country, which has the best founda-tion of government, with an equally wise administra-tion, would certainly be the best, the wisest, and the tion, would certainly be the beat, the wisest, and the happiest on the face of the earth. Throw obstacles in the way of the designing, curb dishonesty, and the rogues who prey upon the public will fall to their proper level; while the honest laboring man. Who seeks to be a good citizen, and so most truly represents the government, will be called forth to assume office and take an active part in public affairs. Instead of those heaviling demagones who really start for the those brawling demagogues who really stand for nothing but their own selfish interests, you will have men versed in the affairs of daily life, and in whom every one will repose confident reliance. At every election you will ask, "Who are these people who represent our interests ?-we are willing to give our money to uphold our Government, but we must know to whom it is to be entrusted!" This is what will be the unanimous voice of the people, as the consistent result of taxation; when the people shall find that a uniformly quiet and honest method of administration is better than being the constant prey of political vul-tures, there will be, first, a desire to find honest men. How long it will take to find one, we are not prepared to say, especially to find one willing to be a politician; but it may be that, when the new order of things is established, there will be discovered, for every office of importance, one in whom the people will place such confidence that they will not, under any circumstances. run the risk of removing him, in favor of political vampirea.

Gentlemen, the great difficulty this country has to contend with is, that not only once in several years, but as often as every two or four years, new persons have been elected to office from this needy, noisy crowd, who, with no real virtue or qualification, have erowd, who, with no real virtue or qualification, have been seeking to rob and plunder at the expense of the government, and therefore much of our public expenditure has been foolish and inappropriate. The people have been slumbering, while the Government went to ruin; and now, the stook market may be stunned for a time, by the change of action, but the final results will be most beneficial. It is like a man who persists in regularly and constantly taking her feed and the like the larly and constantly taking bad food and drink; the penalty is not immediate, but, by and by, he finds his constitution suffering; at last, some disease breaks out and the only remedy is a general purgative. Just so, this government has been gorging itself with all kinds of political corruption, tili gradually, and almost in-sensibly, its veins became full of polson, and, at last, the noisome, noxious plague breaks out; and it came nost assuredly, from mal administration. Now, the purging process has begun in downright, wnolesome style, in the shape of taxation.

You who have been accustomed to laugh over the blunders and regueries of public men, and to leave politics alone, you who have often neglected even to deposit your votes, will be at last aroused. You may have been good citizens, in a negative way, inasmuch as you may never have been indicted for actual crime, and may have quietly pursued your honest avocations. but no man should lay claim to the title unless he sustains the Government by the utmost exertion of his individual influence, and by seeing to it that worthy representatives are placed in office. It is not sufficient to attend a mass-meeting of your party, applied the nomination of some gentleman with a foreign sound-ing name, and then vote for him, because the Democratic or Republican ticket must be sustained. You should ask, Who is this mun? From what scenes does he come forth? What interest does he represent? How much does he pay toward the p. blic expenses? And when you find that he is a poor creature, who can hardly read the Constitution, or write his name legibly, perhaps you will think a little before placing your money in his hands, and you will perhaps say, "Here is an honorable man in good business standing, and of transportable man began to the shall be one." irreproachable private character, and he shall be our representative."

The American people, in this way, will establish a foundation which cannot be shaken, by obtaining the bonor or violate the sacred principles on which your institutions are based. This will be as inevitable as the dispersal of the mists of morning by the rising sun. It may seem difficult at first—prejudices will be offended; great contention will arise, and long delay may intervene—but the reform will surely come, though all the herds of loud-talking patriots may cry out, against what is consistent and just, ... Down with

Every thinking, earnest, industrious man, who has something to loce and something to gain, will agree with us that this is true: and, though we do not stand on the pedestal of prophecy, just as surely as this unholy rebellion is destined to sink into its own mire, so surely will the political miscreants who have brought you to the brink of ruin, and who are even now waiting a renewed opportunity, be driven from position to some far-off refuge, and your country left purer, better and wiser than before. You all love her institutions: you all know that they represent the nighest and best principles in the world, and you know they can only be sustained by the efforts of the people, in affording an adequate revenue to the Government. If these of forts are made freely, honestly and generally, they will not be found beyond your strength, and if they result in such an amount of good as we have pictured, it will be the surest evidence that the power of the Almighty

is always on the side of justice.

It must be remembered also that persons who are satissied with the Administration of a Government, do not usually desire the constant excitement of a change at short intervals, such as is called for by the hungry volves of faction. When it shall be found that an honest, conservative and generous administration will recommend to popular favor the requisite amendment of the Constitution, you will appoint the President for Why, that would be equivalent to an elective monarchy! cries an objector. By no means. If the ascertain before the election) why not good for life? and so with the Vice-President and other high officials. Who shall say they should not retain office as long as they have the confidence of the people, and if they should not continue to justify it, impeachment is the lawful remedy. Why should the people be jostled ont of their senses every four years to find a better man? All this periodical furore will subside in favor of a conistent system of administering to the wants of the people, nor need the President or any other official bave public mind has been aroused to these considerations. and the storm now sweeping over the country shall have passed away, your cheri-hed institutions will come out brightened and purified, ennobled by the contest, and stronger in the eyes of all the nations of the earth; let them now condole or triumph as they may, they cannot then be blinded. Your financial credit will be renewed, and you will be capable of meeting any foe. Such is your future-such the design to be out by Providence—such unquestionably the desire of those unseen, yet constant, workers of another sphere. who haver near you, and, by their benign wisdom, have turned this country from the course of ruin, and snatched it from the very jaws of destruction. And such is the wish of every honest lover of this land; nor will it be long ere those who are now bitterest in their opposition will see the reason and justice of the plan. as the only one which can raise our declining nation

ality.

Men of America, who constitute its strength in danger, who have furnished the sinews of this war, who in supporting the Government, have patiently tained even its perfured officers, and are now awaiting. in silent determination, the decision of the sword, r member that you are capable of bearing any burdens which may be necessary in upholding a just Govern-ment and equal laws. Their cause, supported by the intelligence and honesty of the great mass of the peo-ple, will be finally triumphant, and they will be cohsecrated in all future time to the nighest and holiest

secrated in all future time to the highest and nonest purposes of humanity.

It may seem strange that from a question of soney, so sordid and trivial a consideration, in itself, should arise such great results; but remember, as, little by little, the coral insect raises the structure of a continent from beneath the waves; as, little by little, the burdened camel toils on its sandy path; as, little by little, the honey bee gathers fragrant treasures from the summer fields, so do honest and industrious citizens amass the means which they contribute to the sup-port of their country, in an boar like this. Be prouder than ever, to day, that you are Americans, and that you are called on to sustain such a Government, and be more desirous that there should be placed in office those who shall represent the heart, voice, and effective strength of this great nation, and not those who would pervert their privileges to purposes of plunder and roin. Take up your burdens with willing and grateful hearts, and so surely as success must ever crown, the beneat toiler, so surely this people shall march on an

honest toller, so surely this people shall march on un-daunted, and come forth at last renewed and triumphant, fit lords and masters in .. the land of the free and the home of the brave.!" The pair on board is a great

To kept warm on a cold day, women double the bepe

BRV. ADIN BALLOU AT LYCEUM HALL BOSTON.

Sunday Evening, February 23, 1862.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

THE PERSONALITY OF GOD.

The lecturer announced his theme as above, and based his remarks upon the words of Jesus: "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

He said: I find four distinct conceptions of God prevailing. First, that he is a social being, having mind and body, seated on a throne in the centre of the universe, omniscient, omnipresent, and infinite. Second, that universal nature, with its inherent forces and laws, considered as one vast whole, is God. Third, that the ruling forces of universal nature constitute God. Fourth, that the original essence of illimitable being is God-imminent in all space, and permeating all substance, infinite in all forms, and possessing in all parts the essence of personality.

The first and fourth assert the absolute personality of God, with the difference, that the first makes it local-giving him only the traits of manhood, magnified, while the fourth views him as perfect master alike of spirit and materiality. The second and third definitions declare the power of God particularly as a figure of speech, denying to him what are, in our minds, his highest, his noblest attributes.

What are the essentials of personality? First, a consciousness of existence; and whatever has no consciousness of its existence, cannot be said to have personality. The human being has this, while the beast, the plant, and the rock, though existing, have it not. Secondly, it must have intelligence, wisdom. Thirdly, affection is essential, and, in the fourth place, a moral sentiment, blended with the other qualities, constitutes personality. Either, without the others, is nothing. All these characteristics are necessary. As, for instance, we cannot say of an animal that it has personality; it has none of those requisites. It has individuality, but that is not personality. Personality is of the mind, and not of the body, and can never be connected with the body unless mind itself is.

I reject, then, the first statement, that God is a local being, possessed of omnipotent functions. These two ideas enjoined, are in antagonism with each other. This conception I say I reject, because it limits God by confining him to one organized form and local habitation. It seems to be narrowing to any mind to entertain this conception of God. He is supposed to be located in the centre of the universe, and casting out his vision, which radiates from the centre to the circumference of space. This claim renders him finite-limits him to a narrow norm. You cannot conceive of a universe with a given centre. If space is illimitable, where are its boundless lines? Where is its centre? Go up, down, around the vast profound in search of it. It seems to me that if I were to take the wings of the most distant star, and fly with the swiftness of light ten millions of years, I could not then reach even a conception of the vastness of space. I can place no bounds to it, nor can I conceive of God as throwing the rays of his life and love from one given point outward, without those rays of goodness or of light, losing their intensity on the outermost part, and thus making the Infinite a partial Deity. Why, it dwarfs the mind to contemplate such an idea. The common religionists cannot carry the history of their Deity further back than about six thousand years, and if he existed previous to that time, his was indeed an insignificant, unimportant existence. Theology teaches that at that time, God formed a plan for creating a world, and put it into action; that he chose the world for the scene of his experiments-this world out of the vast infinitude of worlds; and that, at the expiration of seven thousand years or so, this world is to be consumed, and all its millions upon millions of inhabitants are to be judged. The gates are to be shut down, and his creatures to be parceled out, some for heaven, and some for hell-and all according to his foreordained will. Now it is hard for me to sunpose a time when God did nothing. This scheme of theology is distasteful to mo; and as I cannot accept the idea that God is a radiating wheel in the centre of the universe, I must reject the first of these definitions of Deity.

I cannot accept the second or third, because they confound mind with matter. If I believe the four ingredients of personality-that is, consciousness, wisdom, affection and morality-exist, I must look for the cause. We know the human being, even the little child, has these faculties more or less strongly developed; yet here is a Delty who does not know of his own existense. If we believe this power to be selfexistent, we need look no further; but we can find the beginning. So the idea of a ruling God destitute of mind and personality, brings you directly to the realization that you have in fact, no God at ail. I cannot accept this idea.

It is true, if we analyze the human mind, we find a believing department, a worshiping department, and a hoping department, all of which call for a mind superior to itself. These faculties call for prayer and worship; yet to offer prayer to such a being would be the height of absurdity, would it not?

I embrace the fourth theory of Deity, because it is free from all the objections to which the others are open. It shows God to be the inmost, primary essence of substances, as well as of mind, and the delicate fibres of soul, wisdom and instinct. We can dissect the particles of gold and silver and find there all the particles of the mind; yet we cannot comprehend an infinity. With this conception of a Deity, our religion does not come in conflict with nature, mor does it contradict itself.

This view of the Deity I find infinitely beautiful and lovable, from my point of vision. I find his restless spirit is always at work, and we may yet see new beings in new worlds. His power governs all, and his wisdom lights all. When I see this, I and he is worthy of my worship, and I rejoice that I have the disposition to offer up worship to such an infinite mind. Is the idea of a race of human beings. existing only six thousand years, and born, perhaps, for never ending torment, consistent with such a conception of God? Is it possible a God of such infinite power can be so impotent or else so willful in his results? Are we to be measured by the standard of Jasus, and then condemned because we are not so good as Jesus? We hear the idea advanced that if we do n't love God, he will hate us. Our love is not appealed to, but demanded—required. A strange kind of love is this, truly, that we are taught to put an alimply as a preventive against damnation! Love wwwy men love each other under all circumstances. The parent loves the child through ingratitude and selfishness; and is our Pather in beaven less than

the parent of earth? Is the mortal better than his

God? The noblest human feeling is self sacrifice for mately concern our conduct, day by day. What we the good of others, and that religion is morbid and say, has not yet become very closely assimilated un healthy which incorporates malice and revenge with what we do; which has made us talkers beinto the soul of Deity.

The world has changed much in its organic structure, and it will change as much in the future, and according to its own ratio. So is the mind of man expanding and his soul enlarging. We have every- of the sweet Summer skies. Therefore they have thing good to hope for, and no evil to apprehend.

thousand years, to serve a God who knows no limi- of others, and this everlasting selfishness that keeps tation either in his wisdom, power, nor love. Such a men so far asunder, and makes them, for no good God is that I have spoken of and whom I feebly hope reason, so odious one to another. It is from this that to serve—who teaches us to do good, to bless and to we get our ignorant contempt for refinement of mancurse not.

HOGAN'S AUSTRALIAN, EUROPEAN,

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JOHN HOGAN, Sele Proprietor. Andress-Tasmanian Hotel, Portland, Colony of Victoria,

Banner of Night,

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THE WEAKNESSES.

We trust that all the readers of the BANNER perused the Lecture of Cora Hatch, as given in our last week's report; for there were both hits and hints in that same lecture, which it behooves the tional character, as hitherto developed, and not in body of the American people to understand and inwardly digest. We will touch on two or three of them once more, if but to keep all parties awake to their importance.

There is the point of Politeness, for instance; it does seem to us, at times, as if men thought it no hetter than a sign of weakness to be at all polite, one to another. If A runs against B, with an excellent chance of depriving the latter of both wind and limb at the same time, he does not, as a general thing, deprecatingly ask to be pardoned for his negligence, or rudeness; but we may sooner expect to hear him utter an oath, of some degree or emphasis or another, that B was not looking around to take himself out of the way. We can see plenty of instances of this rudeness, wherever we turn,; in the cars, in the lecture-rooms, at church, at the concert-it is all selfishness-selfishness-selfishness. People seem to scorn to do a civil act. if it costs them the least ef-

Here is where the trouble comes from, of which oth- in the cars across the country?

er nations complain so much. Nor, on this very account, are we satisfied with the happy and healthy mean of any two courses. We must forever be going to one or the other extreme. We must either be swept away in the maelstrom of drunkenness, or else become accetics and gen- fornia on or about the twenty-seventh of the present eral denouncers of every beverage known save cold month. Mr. M. is so well known throughout the water. We cannot be amused, as the French are, country as a very reliable medium, that it is unnecand think ourselves happy for the slightest social essary for us to add our testimony to that already pleasures that offer; but we must either be floun- given by many honest and candid seekers after truth dering in a boiling sea of excitement, steeped to the who have tested him; but we will simply say to our very lips in maddening riot-or else draw away al- California friends and the public generally in that together from life's ordinary and most simple pleas- quarter, give Mr. Manefield a fair trial and von will ures, and occupy ourselves with sourly, and even not be disappointed at the result. He goes to the malignantly denouncing what we are not sufficiently Pacific Coast with the well-wishes of hosts of friends, self-restrained to reasonably enjoy. We do not ap- many of whom have been made happy by receiving pear to have come into the full possession of our communications, through his instrumentality, from reason yet, although we can use reason skillfully those of their loved ones who have passed to spiritcoough in treating matters that do not very inti- life.

yond a proper measure, so that our talk has become inflated and unreal.

Our manners, of course, catch the hue of these facts, as readily as meadows in June catch the hues taken on this present bluster and brag. Therefore People speak of breaking loose; but think of break- comes this inconsiderate rudeness, this unwillinging loose from a God who has only lived some six ness to pay any respect to the unexpressed feelings ners altogether, and that makes us prefer the coarse and rude to what is more generous and refined.

Being fast, of course it does not suit our ideasthat is, it is not fashionable—to respect upright and plodding honesty. The shrewd man, who makes his money quick—it does not so much matter by what methods and means-is esteemed the best fellow. It is he that can marry into what are termed the "best families," and carry off the most of the social honors. We have no reason to complain that business has been so long conducted on the plan it has, for we are all of us engaged in lending it a hand toward being just what it is, in point of character. We raise up men who answer to and reflect the average popular sentiment; not much more nor less. If we are confronted at almost every turn with pasteboard men, we cannot deny that it is as much our fault as theirs. Few are very much ahead of the spirit of their own generation.

What we want, in particular, is more development and better balance of the faculties. "Better," as Mrs. Hatch tersely expresses it, " that all the errors and weaknesses of our people should be made known and remedied by a process of moral, social, and political education, than to go on proclaiming their praises, and leaving everything false, superficial and unsound, until brought at last to nothing." It will do none of us any harm to be criticised from the true side; as for progressing, when we are standing all the while in our own light, it is out of the question. Where we are weak, pray let us know it, and consider how we may become strong. We can never hope to cure our diseases by persisting in our false beliefs that we are not diseased. Lay the knife to the part that is to be cut away, and let it come out. What hope can there be of health, if we will not admit it when we are really sick?

The Danger to Liberty.

It has been said before, and we endorse the statement on conviction, that a commercial people are in much greater danger of parting with their liberties than a people purely agricultural. And there are many reasons for it; the main one, that as men of trade are chiefly engaged about making money, and that by exchange, and not by outright labor, it is entirely for their interest that the existing order of things be kept permanent, if possible; and, in their wish to keep it so, they are too ready to pay almost any price, even at the cost of their real liberty. They have but one pursuit, and that engrosses them : whereas a community of agriculturists have time to reflect upon social theories, ideas of independence. Agents remitting us two dollars for one year's systems for their own amelioration, and the like. subscription to the BANNER, or one dollar for six They are not in the continual fever which makes months' subscription, will be entitled to twelve and commercial men generally so unfit for legislation, but a half per cent commission. Take no single sub- find, when they come to the hard places, that they are all ready to go straight over them, at any cost, Those who form clubs of four, or more, can, at any instead of seeking to shun them at any cost. There

Virtue does not, as a general thing, come out of e palaces, but the cottages. Nature a to keep her choicest things out of sight. The developments that have recently been made relative to fraud and corruption in high places, would be very wrongfully charged against any party, because it is not partisan, but national; it has its root in the naany mere organization of party. Hence, the plain inference is, that we lack nothing, in this country, so much as a high moral tone for our actions; we need to cease this compromising with crime, for the sake of the immediate advantage it brings to the pocket. We have been actually demoralized by our past prosperity, so that our common morals have become shoked by the rank weeds springing up around and among them; this present national trial will serve as a wonderfully efficient corrector of our false ideas, and we shall find ourselves greatly improved by having been compelled to swallow a tonic that is tasting so bitterly. That appears to be the pretty general opinion of reflecting persons, and we have long since adopted it as our own.

For our own Delight.

When a rich man erects a costly structure for a dwelling, calling in to his aid the science and skill fort or sacrifice of feeling, lest they shall be esteemed of practiced architects and builders, it is only that inferior to those on whose behalf they practice such the rest of us, who chance occasionally to pass that way, may pause and admire its proportions, and let We are all addicted to the permicious habit of ca- our minds receive the impress worthy to be made by aggeration, too. We cannot find words strong enough such a creation. He cannot do all of this for his own to convey our emphasis in. Hence, so many employ selfish gratification alone, if he would; for not until vulgar caths. Hence so many overstate the case, he can pluck out the eyes of all men but himself, however simple and trifling it may be, lest it may need he think he can stop the current of other men's not be taken for as much as it is worth. Hence the admiration. Do you suppose he would be at the employment of so many long-backed adjectives, of pains and expense to erect such a dwelling, if no men so much coloring matter in phrases and sentences, were going to view its fair propertions save himself? and of so much more nerve and energy than is ac. Furthest from it. He lays out his money in this tually called for. Perhaps the habit arises from the way for the public gratification; and we are all surplus of nervous force with which, as a people, we blind-either with jealousy or ignorance-if, when appear to be stocked; but it has led us gradually we pass that way, we refuse to enjoy to the full along into brag, bluster and bullyism, and has given all that he has set before us at such expense and us a name for vulgar and offensive demonstrative- pains. Why not give a thought to these matters, as ness, which it will take generations to shake off. we pass idly along the public streets, or are whirled

A Trip to California.

We understand that Mr. J. V. Mansfield, the medium for answering sealed letters, whose office at present is No. 12 Avon place, intends visiting CaliOdd Impulace.

They who suppose they are laughing at certain practices, or customs, or ideas even, common to the beliavers in the power of spirit over matter, know nothing what they do, but merely betray their ignorance when they would heap up ridicule. For example, looked at from what some very wis persons affect to style the "common sense" view of things. how supremely ridiculous does it appear for a man novelists of that language so full of romance, philosoto throw up his arms when he is particularly pleased, phy and song. The story is entitled: or slide down into the depths of his chair and toss up his heels, or swing his hat, or slap his knees, or perform any one other trick which, to the stern eye of unmitigated "common sense," looks so monkeyish and unmeaning! Now, is it the body merely that " outs up" in this way, or is it the free and impulsive action of the spirit through the members? of these matters give us a little information.

Sterne makes his brain-child, Tristram Shandy, say of such matters, that by no other means than these would Nature obtain relief for herself. "She, dear goddess, by an instantaneous impulse, in all provoking cases, determines us to a sally of this or that member, or else she thrusts us into this or that place, or posture of the body-we know not why; but mark, Madam, we live among riddles and mysterics the most obvious things which come in our way have dark sides, which the quickest sight cannot penetrate into; and even the clearest and most exalted understandings amongst us find ourselves puzzled and at a loss in almost every cranny of Nature's work." And yet our wiseacres stubbornly refuse to see anything but what has to do with the very commonest of the five senses-tasting and touching, and pass their judgments on those whose sight is infinitely below their own, as freely as if they were themselves demigods, and the others children! Well might we all despair, if this materialism was to be the law and the prophets forever. The only hope of the race lies in the superior power of spirit-in that glancing sight which can take in all things, as it were, at a and friends cannot box up and lay away, in a state of incipient corruption, in the ground.

Spring-Sweet Spring!

We join with the host of Nature's lovers, in offering welcome, thrice welcome, to the new Spring. March is rude and boisterous, but, as Bryant says in his beautiful little poem by that title, it is a precious month because it belongs to the triad which bears the gentle name of Spring." We always welcome back the Spring, however glad we were to the author has now sent it out upon the throbbing greet the just gone Winter, with its comfortable sea of literature, "for praise or blame." We underpromises of long evenings, sociable firesides, cheerful stand it to be published for gratuitous circulation. friends, and companionable books.

With the first blue skies, the first blue bird, and the early crocuses of March, we are made glad be cause they open the view to the grassy banks, the purling streams, the numerous leaves, and the sweet midsummer moonlights, that are so soon to come. We are aware how we are encouraged and discouraged, how we hurry forward to enjoy and then are cruelly put off, how we pass through unseasonable snow banks and are chilled by many varieties of raw winds before we finally reach May, and, better than that, June; yet in this very dance after the delights by the "Country Parson," and another of the famed we know the value of when we get to them-in this very chase forward in quest of what we are a long time in getting, lies a great deal more of satisfaction than at the time we are aware of, but which memory is exceedingly kind in bringing back to our attention the moment we have the least misgivings. lest we may not finally reach what we so ardently

Hail, first blue bird, with extremely blue coat and vest! Carol away, up there in the leafless apple tree! The buds, already getting resinous and gummy, will soon feel the inspiring delights of thy cheery notes, and begin to burst and unfold in ruddy blosgolden dandelion in the grass. Soon the brooksdear prattlers in the sweet solitudes-will be wholly of the alder jungles, as if they could no longer keep their wintry secrets. Soon the nests will be buildat sunrise and the sunset.
Our hearts are open to the heavenly influences

let the full day of such delight enter freely in !

Variety in Character.

some single routine. We exist only, we do not really the enemy wanted, and would be sure to balk the that show themselves most pliant and flexible. And times, it is an altogether different affair, and so so it frequently turns out, in the course of our ob- they will be forced to view it. servations, that such men, when we see them engaged about some particular pursuit, appear to have Mrs. A. A. Chirr ler at Lyceum Hall, Sunday, been born for that special purpose alone; yet they will take hold of another as readily, and appear just as well adapted to that alone. We do not often, at best, follow nothing but our own inclinations; and tion as a trance-speaker in the cities and towns therefore it is all the more necessary that we should be prepared to take hold of more than one object, day were liberal in their regrets that we had been when "needs must," and become expert in the work- deprived of her society so long. In the afternoon ing out of more than a single purpose. Idleness, to she spoke upon the "Progress of Spiritualism," and persons thus qualified and prepared, is the hardest labor of all. And still, meditation may be the most serious effort, because, in that case, the mind has to the same time original manner. We forbear pubsupply its own resources, and find the instruments lishing a full report of her lectures, as we intended to work with beside.

Two Ways at Once. It is a hard case, when you feel that you have two

time, each voice being, so far as you can discover, of and evening. These meetings are free to the public. about equal volume, and yet find yourself entirely unable to decide which way to choose. "Nobody"says a well known author-" but he who has felt it, can conceive what a plaguing thing it is to have a man's mind torn asunder by two projects of equal strength, both obstinately pulling in a contrary direction at the same time; for, to say nothing of the havoc, which, by a certain consequence is unavoidably made by it all over the fiber system of the nerves, which you know convey the animal spirits and more subtle juices from the heart to the head, and so on it is not to be told in what a degree such a wayward kind of friction works upon the more gross and solid parts, wasting the fet and impairing the Canal street, New York, work above to the design strength of a man, every time, as it goes backwards and forwards." It is just as true now, and with all men now. This looking two ways at once is the hardest kind of work, and soon breaks down, or Vols. 5 and 6 can be procured at this office. Train wears out, a person's character and and a sold to control of the sold galacted and to the bas whose

THE LOT OF LIANTNEW STORY. The story now being published in our columns win end with the next number, which is the end, also, of the tenth volume and of the fifth year of the BANNER's extence. We shall commence with the new volume, the publication of a new translation by CORA WILBURN. from the German of Zschokke-one of the very heat;

and is one of Zschokke's best. That author has a power of inter-blending the most intense detail and incident with the healthiest philosophy and morality, and of draping his ideas, too, in those images which always remain in the chambers of the soul like treasures, We would like to have those who take the low view, ever new and sparkling. ... A thing of beauty is a joy

New Publications.

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF BOOK-KEEPING COM-BINED. By Aaron Sargent. Boston: Swan, Brewer & Tileston. 1862.

This book is designed not only for the business man, but for the use of high and grammar schools, for the purpose of laying a correct basis for actual business practice and experience of every man. It is simple, plain, and easy, and yet it is well adapted to every department of trade and commerce where book keeping is needed. The system is so simple that but little study is required to make any one a proficient and thorough book-keeper. The book is very accurate, thorough and precise, like the author himself, who we have the pleasure of knowing to be one of our most correct and thorough business men. It might be hard to find a man in our city who has had a more thorough experience both in trade and commerce than the author of this book has had. So his own experience has rendered him eminently capable of producing exactly such a work on bookkeeping as is needed. Without any long-winded preliminaries, the author goes, business like, direct look—in the perpetual pledge that the better and to his work, and presents the whole perfect system greater part of man is that which meat cannot feed, of book-keeping in a clear and lucid manner before he covers the forty-third page of his book. The book is precise and concise, and yet it is amply large and explicit for all the practicable purposes of book-

> GOD SAVE OUR NOBLE UNION, and other poems for the times. Also, Metropolitan Notes of Men and Things in Washington, etc., by Henry Clay Preuss. In a letter from this gentleman, copied into the BANNER a fortnight since, from the Washington National Intelligencer, was promised this little publication, and and have no doubt Mr. Preuss would be pleased to send it to all who address him at Washington, D. C.

> THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR MARCH contains a full freight of literary wares, of more than ordinary value. There is a poem by Whittier, an article on "Taxation" by Edward Everett, (though nothing very wonderful, or new,) an article of much interest to the general reader, on the "Rehabitation of Spain," by Hazewell, a paper by Agassiz on Natural History, in continuation of his previous interesting and valuable ones, an essay on the "Sorrows of Childhood," "Biglow Papers." Other contributions help to enrich and diversity the present number, which will secure for it a wide perusal.

Mrs. Day's California Hosperian for January, has just come to hand. It is embellished with a portrait of the late Gen. E. D. Baker, contains its usual quota of patterns, besides a great variety of interesting literary matter. The ladies should subscribe for this excellent monthly.

Grumbling of the Press.

We have heard a good deal of growling on the part of the press, of late, on account of the seizure of soms and green leaves. Soon we shall spy the first the telegraph by the Scoretary of War, and the Gov ernment's determination to keep its military movements to itself. It does us good "like a medicine." free, and will romp down through the meadows, out however, to see the same papers squirm that but lately laughed to see others squirm for fear of being rubbed off the slate entirely. "What is sauce for ing in the branches, and the robins will be singing the goose, is sauce for the gander." " Curses, like chickens, always come home to roost." We have as Fourth-of-July-ish notions about the dignity of the press, the freedom of the press, and the power of the press, as any other; but it does n't follow from that, that a newspaper has a right, in very tight times We must not think it so necessary to pursue but like these, to publish rumors and facts-indiscrimione course in life—that is, fasten ourselves down to nately jumbled up—that might be exactly what live, when we succumb so readily to this seeming ne- designs of our own commanders. In peace, the cessity. Those natures are the best and bravest papers may report what they choose, and the people which carry in them proofs of the greatest variety, may credit as much of it as they choose; but in war

March 2d.

This lady made her first appearance in Boston, to-day. She has long enjoyed an excellent reputawhere she has spoken; and those who beard her toin the evening on "The Rights of Women." Both themes she treated in a careful and judicious, and at to do, at her own request.

Lecturers.

Mrs. Fannie B. Felton will speak in Lyceum Hall. very "loud calls" on your attention at the same in this city, on Sunday next, March 16th, afternoon Miss Lixie Doten will address the Spiritualists of Charlestown, the three last Sundays in March. commencing next Sabbath.

Miss Belle Scougail is lecturing in Lowell; abe is to speak there two Sundays more, the 16th and 28d of March.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend will speak in Bassett's Hall,

Notice. The ray of MT shifts

Our friends in New York will find the Bannes for sale at the office of the Hanard or Propagate, 274

The Banner of Light: " at adart to Bound Volumes of the Blanker for the year 1889Procisent Polton.

The death of the President of Harvard College arrests the attention of Spiritualists. He has been our antagonist. His intellectual wealth and high carriest and unqualified opposition to Spiritualism our next issue. and its receivers. He is known by us therefore as definitely as by those with whom he sympathized and cooperated. They will soon pronounce their high eulogies upon his merits as a scholar, and a man. Your readers, many of whom have known him only as their sweeping denunciator, may not find it easy to give oredence to the many good words which friendly pens and tongues will hasten to say of him. Yet it may be wise to receive them as well

merited. The writer of these lines knew the President well from boyhood up. I have been an admirer of his powers as a linguist, of his facility and force as a in another column. writer, of his genial spirit, and of his good heart. If have known him too, and measured pens with him your hat to a young lady in the street, and allowing on the subject of Spiritualism. And though the a couple of dirty collars and a pair of socks to fall Professor (for such he was then) was often hasty out upon the sidewalk. and harsh in his attacks, I have never doubted that! he was honest, or that he had the good of humanity nish aid in forming a cavalry regiment. He replied, in view as the end of his attacks. He manifested "Friend, thee knowest that I cannot give thee money, the not uncommon oversight of attempting to prove or horses for war-war is wicked-but as for my a negative-and thus forced himself to assert over four horses, it is true that two will serve my needs; and over again that facts never did occur which a and, friend, I will say this to thee, that my stable hest of good witnesses averred that they had seen, door is not looked; and if I see thee on one of my In such a fix few men could keep cool and be cour- horses, and thy friend James on another, I will teous and just. And if Professor Felton failed here keep the peace toward both." -He had a protetype in Saul of Tarsus, who was "in all good conscience" "exceedingly mad" against finished his usual prayer at his mother's knee, when the Spiritualists of a former age. The brightness- she said : "Now, Willie, pray for grandfather and "above the brightness of the sun"-did not perhaps grandmother." He did as directed. "And now for fall upon the mortal eyes of the President, and his all the cousins." His petition went up for this outer ear did not hear the heavenly voice, yet we have faith that the inner eye and ear have now his mother. Wearied out, perhaps by the length of caught the vision and the sounds which will make his exercises, he exclaimed: "Mamma, it's just as his spirit a convert to our faith, and prompt his much as I can do to pray for our own 'lations." philanthropic soul to put forth its energies to help on the cause which he once opposed. Peace and joy be his. The ministrations and teachings of good spirits be his; and when his soul recovers its strength, and learns the ways of spirit telegraphing, we hope for his benediction upon the faith which brings together those in the life that is, and those in the hereafter. Rozbury, Feb. 28, 1862.

At Home and Abrend.

What a man may pass for, or really may be, when abroad, is nothing to the purpose; it is important chiefly to know what he is at home; that is the surest test and touchstone of all. The life in private that conducts itself with exactitude and equalness, is the exquisite and perfect life; as for the appearance in public, not one but may take a part in it and make as much out of the game played as he chooses. On this stage, a man wholly false and hollow may assume the character of an honest person, and manhome, wholly within himself, having put off his externalities of profession and the like, he cannot deceive those who come close to him if he would. " No man is a hero to his valot-de-chambre." said Marshal Catinat; in other words, very few men have been admired by their own domestics. They betray all their weaknesses and peccadilloes at home, whereas they take especial pains to keep them from the what the Scripture says, that " a prophet is not with out honor, save in his own country."

New Music.

"The Patriot's Chorus"—words and music by James words by U. S, music by J. R. Thomas. "Josiah's Courtship," as sung by Mrs. Lottie Hough for three hundred consecutive nights at Laura Keene's Theatre, New York-composed by S. Markstein. Polish Liberty March, (der Sensentrager) arranged for piano by Kiel Barnekoy. "The Vacant Chair"-in mem ory of Lieut, William Grout, Fifteenth Massachusetts Regiment-words by Henry L. Washburn; music by Harley Newcomb. "The Warrior's Triumphal March," as played by Gilmore's Band; music by Thomas H. Howe. Serenade Militaire pour plane, par Charles tette-words by J. G. Whittier, from the Atlantic gitive slaves. Monthly, by permission; music by S. K. Whiting, SOME NEW AND INCONTROVERTIBLE PACTS. DISCOV-"General Burnside's Victory March," for the piano -embellished with a fine portrait of the hero of Roanoke Island.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to roturn rejected manuscripts.]

A. S., TECUMSEH.-We do not believe that Mr. M. would be guilty of doing as you state. There is no necessity for it in any case. Spirits can do the business for him much easier and more correct than if deception was used. We know this from our own personal observation. However, we will send your letter to him, and he can answer for himself.

We have many interesting letters from correspondents on file, some of which we fear we shall be unable to print, solely from lack of space. Those know lots of old bachelors and antiquated maidens who are disappointed must not attribute the non | who have n't even phosphorus enough in 'em to appearance of their productions to a desire on our make a match." part to suppress them. Such is not the fact. We shall be obliged to condense much of our correspon-

A correspondent has sent us for publication a copy the original copy.

A fast Irishman, in a time of revival, joined the church, but was found sinning greviously not long had the impudence to remark that he could sell them afterward. "Did n't you join the Methodists?" inquired a piquely-disposed person. "Faix an' I did; I j'ined for six months, and I behaved so well that they let me off with three!"

ON SOUTHERN UPHOLSTERY. Gid. Pillow may ride.
With a sword by his side And with pistol-butts sticking from holster; But 't is plain, after all, Can never be used for a bold stir! New York Sunday Times.

er he would advise him to lend a friend money to his father, exclatming: "I know what snow is, "What I lend him money? You might him an ham, "one What, my soon?" " It is popped; water, emetic, and he would not return it." " it is not soon to be proposed; water, and he would not return it."

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

PRINCIPLES OF ORGANIZATION AND THEIR RELATION TO SPIRITUALISM."-Essay No. 2, subject " Governposition gave him power which he long put forth in ment," from the pen of Dr. Freeland, will appear in

> " Ancient Glimpses of the Spirit-Land, No. 38, has been received, and will be printed in the first number of our new volume, for the week ending March 29th.

We learn from a correspondent at Providence, that many of the first families of Rhode Island are investigating the Spiritual Phenomena, and not a few have become firm believers. Names are given in this connection, but we deem it of no consequence to make them public.

See notice of a Spiritualist Convention at Bangor,

Carrying politoness to excess is said to be raising

A wealthy Quaker of Indiana was asked to fur-

A three-year old nephew of my friend had just class. "And now, Willie, pray for the world," said

A boy and a girl of tender years were disputing as to what their mothers could do. Getting impatient, the little damsel blurted out by way of a climax and a clincher: "Well, there is one thing my mother can do that yours can't-my mother can take every one of her teeth out at once!"

It is now said that Buckner at Fort Donelson, to be prepared for any turn of fortune, had a couple of flags tied to opposite ends of a long pole-a coat stolen from a neighboring farmer for a black flag, and a shift stolen from his wife for a white one. While the Federals kept at a distance from the fort. he displayed the coat end of his flagstaff, but, as they approached, he-shifted .- Louisville Journal.

Young Giles, who is just beginning to learn French. wants to know how it is, if they have no w in that

language, that "them chaps can spell wagon." When a wise man plays the fool, a woman is gen-

erally at the bottom of it. FALSE PROPHETS .- The learned savans of the Richmond Enquirer recently entertained their readers by age to pass for such in reality, no questions being the publication of the astounding fact that General asked beyond a certain limit, as expected; but at Burnelde first saw light under an evil star. His great victory has dissipated even this cold morsel of temporary comfort, and they must seek something else than astrological speculations to console them.

EMANCIPATION.—We assume that the downfall of slavery in the United States will be an inevitable and not long deferred consequence of the present war. Slavery has proved so dangerous and costly an element of disturbance that the public sense of the couneyes of observers abroad. 'It is all of a piece with fry will not tolerate any other efforts to prolong its life unhingement of great social, pecuniary and commercial interests that will be affected by its extinction .-

An enraged parent had jerked his provoking son Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street, Boston, have across his knee, and was operating on the exposed just published the following sheets of new music: portion of the urchin's person with great vehemence, when the young one dug into the parental legs with Willard Morris. "Byron's Farewell"-song, by J. his venomous little teeth. "Blazes! what're you H. McNaughton, "The Sunny Side the Way"-song, biting me for ?" "Well, dad, who beginned this 'ere WAT ?"

> A Methodist minister, in presenting to the war department a new shell that he had invented, is reported to have said that he had preached hell in the abstract a good while, and was now anxious to give a little of it in a concrete form.

The U. S. House of Representatives, have, by a vote of eighty-three to forty-two, passed the bill, establishing a new "article of war," forbidding any person connected with the army or navy, on penalty of dis-Fradel. "Old Massa on his trabbels gone"—quar- mission from the service, alding in the return of fu-

ERED BY QUILP.

Brazen stop cocks do not crow; (Fact perhaps you did n't know.)
Churchyard ·· sleepers' do not shore;
(Ever heard of that before?) Running water" has no feet.
(Wisdom there that can't be beat!) Bianding armies" often move; (Statement you must quite approve !) Jolly tars" ar! n't always merry; (Very wise reflection -very !) Congress "Speakers" seldom speak; (Sage remark, but rather weak!) Now my wit is quite run out: (Fact there is n't one will doubt I) -Post.

The body of a middling-sized man contains a pound of phosphorus, which, if in a free state, and inflamed, would burn him up and everything around him .- Ex

"Can's bel" says the Hartford Times. "We

The rebels do n't like to hear unpleasant truths, if we may judge from the following quotation from the dence in future, if our friends who write do not do it Richmond Examiner: "One of our ingenious military friends thinks the colporteurs are doing great harm in our army by circulating terrible tracts in of Burns's beautiful poem through Mrs. Hyzer. It the camp, and on the eve of expected battles conwas published in the Bannen several years ago, from fronting our men with little pamphlets, entitled, Are You Ready to Die?' Sinner, You Are Soon to be Damned,' &c."

> A good fellow not on good terms with his boots, easily enough because they had been half-soled once.

> "What church do you attend, Mrs. Partington?" "Oh! any paradox church where the Gospel is dispensed with."

> A storekeeper painted the lower part of his store red and saved seventy-five per cent in the consumption of wood thereby during the winter. The illusion was so complete that one man tried to make him pay for a pair of boots that he had burnt.

A little boy, who had been in the habit of regaling himself on popped or parched corn, during the list A story is told of a person asking another whath | penutiful fall of large feathery snow went running

A horse-fancier, visiting Montpeller, started out one morning to visit the famous statue of Ethan Allen. As the marble figure of the old general was pointed out, and his mistake appeared to him, he turned away with a look of great disappointment. saying: "Is that it? Only a man? It's too bad; I thought it was the horse."

Married.

In Lynn, March 5th, by Rev. Charles H. Leonard, of Chelsea, John Henry Hickox, Esc., of Downleville, Gal., to Carrier F., daughter of Hiram Marbles,

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DE. M. A. BEADFORD.

March 1. 8m No. 14 Enceland street.

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JOSIAH BRIGHAM, OF QUINCY.

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have a starry alphabet. The Resolution which
have to answer, Nature. The Bosicricians. Personality of Delty. He is still creating worlds; and of what
these worlds are made. He hears a wondrous music voice
in the air. The extraordinary thing it spoke. A glorious
sentence as ever was written. He sees the speaker—a mag sentence as ever was written. He sees the speakerpificent woman, and wonders if her husband does not com ninoent woman, and wonders if or masked does not come to deep grief on her account. Jealousy—the lady talks about love. A masterly analysis of the constituents of Heaven, and of the human soul. A splendid definition! The freed soul fears he shall fall down and be dashed to monentity. "All thifigs lighter than air must ascend." A spirit is lighter than air, how therefore can it descend through air, which is than air, how therefore can it descend through air, which is denser than itself? A series of very frequent questions concerning the "physique" of the soul are answered! What a human spiritual body is made of. Can a flame be soaked in water? The magnetic sun and electric moon, in the human body—very singular—something for the philosophers. A soul passes through a cold three thousand degrees below zero, without being affected! Its fire proof nature! Why flandrach, Meshach, and Abednego did not get burned up! Definition of a Monad? How the soul gets burned up! Definition of a Monad? How the soul gets into the body, prior to hirth. The process described. Size, color, and shape of a soul germ! Ghosts—real ghosts—graveyard ones! Their nature. How to eatch the spiritual body of a plant or flower. to pirin. The process accolined. Bize, coin; and singe of a soul germ? Choesia—real khosts—gravepard ones? Their nature. How to eatch the splittual body of a plant or flower, A startling assertion—the oak, acorn and man! Dreams and dreaming. Visions. When the soul goes, and what it does when we sloop! If dogs dream—have they therefore souls! Beply. Do souls eat and drink? The answer. The disentralised one returns to his body. The slumber—the awakening. How long it takes a soul to go from one state to the other—and the number of these states. Children begotten and born in the spirit-world—their nature. Man, like God, had no beginning. The soul's form. Do dead infants have spiritied badies? Reply. How and when every man's soul leaves his hody without his knowing it. How a man can be seen in two places at the same time. Are there demons? Answer—two kinds. Explanation. The "Commune Spiriti"—a fearful truth—and its statement. Common Sense, versus Public Opinion: Adultery. Murder. Conscience. Remorse. The choking!

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would be gained by the supplied of the hards of all who de-error grapple.

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These messages go to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond—whether good or evil.

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MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

Monday, F.b. S.—Invocation; "The Rights of the Sovereign Blates under the Constitution;" Questions and Answers; Richard Burt, Worcester, Mass.; Charlette Stevens, Chica-

Richard Burt, Worcestor, Mass.; Charlotte Blevons, Chleago, Ill.; Isaac McPheison, Third Now York Regiment.
Thesday, Feb. 4.—Invocation; "Immorality among Spiritualists." "Horeditary transmission of Spiritual Diseases;"
Julis Folson, New York; Thomas West, to his wife in Hancock, Ohlo; Joseph II. Verrialia, Baltimore, Md.
Thursday, Feb. 6.—Invocation; "Magnetism and Electricity;" Alexander McDonald, Philadelphia; Stephen Gwinn, Hamilton, C. W.; Louise Durand, actress, New Orleans; A.
Jane Root: Laura S Mercer.
Thursday, Feb. 29.—Invocation; "Did General McClellen really have such a dream as was published in the Banner?"
"Was such a map given to Gen. McClellan?" "Will general emsnetpation result from this war?" Joseph. White, Bacramento City, Cal., of Col. Baker's regiment; Martha Wise, Machiaa, Me., to her father, Capitain Wise; Jeremiah Connelly, New York City; Amolia Davis Train, to her mother, in New York.

York.

Monday, Feb. 24—Invocation; "The Use of Prayer?"

Pamella (on Montay, 100, 24—invocation; The or it is a first will you explain the philosophy of prayer?" Pamella Conway, Philadelphia, Pa., to her husband; John L. Tiverton, Chester Eng.; Fidelia Hoberg, to her mother in Georgetown,

D. C.
Tuesday, Feb. 25—Invocation: "The origin and cure of
Consumption as incident to the human body;" Charlotto
Shaw, to her sister Anna Boston, Mass.; Patrick Daly, Dublin to his uncle Patrick Dally; Julia Austin, Fredericktown,

Thursday, Frb. 27—Invocation; "The Resurrection and the Judgment—not that spoken of in the ancient records, but that of the ever-present and the ever-future; "Is the doctrine of the Trinity true or fall e—and from whence did it originate?" Lewis Flynn, Sacramento, Cal.; Busan Coffin, Nor Buttend Manual

originate? Levis Figuit, Encrancing, Call; Susan Comb. New Bedford, Mass.

Monday, March 3.—Invocation; Miscellaneous Questions; "Is the power of inspiration a peculiar gift inherent in the constitution of certain individuals, or is it acquired?—if so, in what manner?" "Is it possible for a human form to be horn and grow to manhold and not possess a spirit, as in the case of fools or iditute?" "Has the mind any connexion with the acquire." "Is not the soul of man a compound of all class. the soulf" "Is not the soul of man a compound of all cise in the universe?" Daniel Russell, to his father in Michigan; Charlotte S. Ropes, wife of Captain John Ropes of New York

Edith Burt.

My name is Miss Edith Burt. I am the daughter of Alexander Burt, of Memphis, Tennessee. I was eighteen years of age when I died. My disease was paralysis of the brain. I was sick fourteen days. I carnestly desire to communicate with my parents. I

am told, sir, that your list of letters reach Tennessee; may I hope that mine will reach that state? [Is there anything urgent, for there are so many spirits in advance who are waiting to have their letters published, that we find it difficult to accommodate all, the precise time they may desire? A favor I 'il ask, sir; will you publish my letter? [If anything special, I will do so at once.] I beg pardon, sir; I am anxious; however, I will wait. [Your request shall be complied with at once]

I would ask that my father lay down his weapons of war; if he does not, he becomes his own brother's murderer. If he goes into action again against the Federals, he will meet and kill his own brother. Will you not publish, early? [Yes.] O tell him this, for he does not know that his brother is in the Federal army. Oh, I hope my warning will prove of avail, but oh, I am fearful! but God will take care of all. I've been in the spirit-land only a few weeks. My death was caused by hearing the false announcement of my father's death. March 4.

Invocation.

Oh, thou unsolved mystery of the Universe, thou Spirit of Power, by the will of whose inspiration the intelligent spheres of life are continually rising higher and higher; thou of whom we desire to know, and yet art infinitely beyond our scope of vision; thou divine Parent of universes, we again come into the temple of our own being, and there worship thee; and though we fail to know much that concerneth thee, we will forever and forever worship thee, and call thee our Father, for we feel that there is an eternity beyond us, and our vision will become clearer day by day. We feel that thou leadest us, through all the various avenues of life. Wherever we go, whether we reside on earth, in heaven or in hell, or whether we profess any form of religion, we know thou art still our Father, and we thy children, and by the right hand of thy power we go on forever and forever. And by that power we come unto thee in prayer. We ask no blessing, for we feel thou art continually blessing us. We ask no proof that we shall at some time be celestially happy, for there is that within us which tells us there is a place of rest for all thou hast created. Oh. spirit of love, around whose great heart all things are continually revolving, we again would raise our simple song of thankegiving unto thee, knowing thou will accept it and it will bring to us the bread of eternal Jan. 9.

Miscellaneous Questions.

Have the friends a question for discussion this af ternoon? We are ready for such. Ques .- What distinction do you make, if any, be

tween mind and spirit? Ans .- Mind, to us, is the manifestation of the spirit or in other words, mind is the vehicle through which the spirit manifests itself. Mind, according to our idea stands in a nearer relation to mortality than spirit. It is a medium between the two, or a some-thing which unites the external and internal faculties, and gives to the soul its peculiar form of expression. Mind may be called the magnetic body of the spirit. Through that magnetic body, the spirit man-

ifests the peculiarities of its organic life. This is the simplest definition of mind, or the distinction between mind and spirit, which is apparent unto us. Are there more questions? If so, we are ready.

.to receive them. Q-Spirit-power: how far does it move upon 'mortals to act and speak ?

A. Or, in other words, how much power do the spirits have over humanity? When the inhabitants of the abirit-world shall come into possession of knowledge that is requisite to the government of material forms, then the power will be understood Now it is lim-Ited, because that knowledge is limited-because they are not yet acquainted with the laws by which existence in spirit is governed. Spirit! What can it not overcome? Is there anything in the vast universe that the power of spirit, when once fully unfolded, can not hold its subject? To us, there is nothing. True the material world is in close rap-port with the spirit-world; and as the spirit world holds that relation to you; so far, then, can the disembodied act upon the embodied, and influence according to their will and pleasure. Man can him. self draw about him the aid of spiritual power, by gaining to himself a knowledge of the laws govern-ing. A greater portion of humanity are blind to those laws now, and may remain so for a time, but there is no such thing as an eternal blindness. Again we say, when the inhabitants of the spirit-world These passessed of sufficient knowledge to overcome all obstacles of material life, then the power of the pirit shall be unlimited. At present, it is limited.

Q-Do you believe in a distinction between soul The Bights of Man, is Succession Phings dear day viewers ered. The obligation as A...A. del intany the bospelve that the soul is a part of home, and to Zu Delty; the divise part in adminity. But, is an in now. Good, by.

dividual, I believe the soul and spirit are one. Go on-Q-What is the life-principle in the mortal ?--and does it remain with the disembodied?

A .- That part of the life principle of God necessary to the unfolding of the spirit, goes with the spirit; sought out ways and means by which I have occait leaves the mortal forever. That part necessary is simply communed with certain of my descendants, to remain with the body, the dead form, remains with a view to help them—not, as they supposed, in with it. Life is everywhere. You look upon the the way of gold and sliver, and corruptible things, with it. with it. Life is everywhere. You look upon the the way of gold and silver, and corruptible things, form that is apparently lifeless. It was once the but in the way of spiritual things. I came to entenement of the one you loved; and now you say it lighten them, and not to load them down with the is dead. But you speak ignorantly, for it is indeed dross of earth. living, in material. A certain part of the life-prin-olple is left with the body. If it were not so, it certain statements regarding certain papers that would remain forever and forever in its present condition; but as it is, it is resolved back again into its primary elements, to be worked over again and again, forever.

Q-This is all the resurrection of the body there will ever be, then, is it?

A .- Yes, but not according to the creeds. The ody rises again in the form of grass, flowers, you the nutriment it had derived from your ances- will satisfy them. I cannot, and I would not if I tors. All beings are thus resurrected, according to could. the law natural; but the old idea of the resurrection of the body is one devoid of sense and reason.

been given out that the soul is as much a covering to the spirit, as the body is a covering to the soul. to cast it off, and I have been enabled to look at Now do not these differences of opinion coming from things in a more real light, and less to the things the spirits, make discord in the angel spheres?

A .- Most certainly not. Each and all perceive everywhere else in Nature. No two flowers are less harmonious? Are they imperfect because not alike? No two leaves, nor human forms, and faces. are alike. Are they imperfect in consequence? Certainly not. Each and all have their own peculiar kingdom to dwell in, and are useful and equally important in the eye of the great God over all.

Q.—But in matters so important, what criterion have we as individuals, to judge of the correctness of the communications given to us by different minds?

A .- Weigh each and all you receive in the balance of your own reason. What appears reasonable and right to you, accept; what appears wrong, decline to receive till it commends itself favorably to your judgment-till such a time when you may per ceive it right and not wrong. The truth will com-mend itself to man always; if he is not ready for it, men and women are one and the same. Jan. 20.

Thomas Daskin.

I should like to send something to my folks, if I could. I was a private in the Second Michigan Regiment. My name was Thomas Daskin.

since—it's only the last of December. I was up off a little on the Mississippi, at a place where the In-dians used to bury their dead. Mound City—yes, that's the place. On the Mississippi River.

I want to send the news to my folks if I can. badly off. Disease? Yes, I died of the worst kind. would cry unto thee in the agony of his spirit, how I lost one foot and one arm, and I had a bad fever. and then more seemly is it in thy weaker children? Can we be expected to the weaker children? Can we be expected to the whole better? Can we pened at Cairo. D-n the luck, I ought to have expect, oh, our father, that if thy beloved son was been alive now! I expect I came from Bucksville. burdened down by despair so that he lost from his and that's where I'd like to have my talk go. I soul the sight of the power, and cried unto thee in tell you I'm badly off here. I've got a good many little things I'd like to square up, but I can't get them together now, I feel so bad. I's well enough before I came to this medium, but now I'm badly off the always to see thy hand in our chastenings? Yet, oh, our Father, we ask, nay, demand of thee just as I did before I died. Here is the sould be stronger than he, and be able always to see thy hand in our chastenings? Yet, oh, our Father, we ask, nay, demand of thee to so strengthen us that we man account to -feel just as I did before I died. How is it, stran-

Well, I'll say what I've got to, and be off as soon as I can. I tried to come back pretty soon after I was killed, but you do n't all get back when you want to -that's the amount of it. It 's so strange here, you get lost a little.

I've got a boy six years old, and I've got a little girl about three or four. Now, stranger, if, there 's any way in God Almighty's world you can get me a chance to come around where I want to, and take care of my business till I can get hold of somebody to take care of it for me, I'll be eternally obliged to you. There's no need of their calling for me, for 'm around, now. I'll ask my wife to go to a medium. So I will. That 's right-and I'll meet her. You've got the right of it, stranger; I can do so

If it was n't for the d-d hard treatment many of us wounded ones had, we might just as well have lived. But what in H-Il's the use of living with one arm and one leg? I am better off as I amthat i. stranger, when I am away from these bodies. My God, I hope to live to see one thing-that is, to see Jeff Davis's neok stretched out about a yard. It ought to be, and, between you and me and the post, stranger, d-dif I do n't think I shall try and help do it. Legs or no legs, arms or no arms, I'm going to be there when it's done! Talking of resurrections, my God, I'd like to know where he'd find my missing parts. I do n't know where they are; and if God does, he 's smart. If he wants to try to coax them together again, he may: I never should.

I find myself well off in the spirit world, but -n the place here. I do n't like it. They cheat you a little when you come here. They say you do n't have any of your old feelings; but I do, and it?

pretty tough. Well, stranger, if Susan will go-God Almighty knows where, I do n't—well, to some medium, so I an talk, I'll tell her, as nigh as I can about some husiness matters, and also about the children and the old man - her father. He's living with her, and is a little insane, sometimes, and d—d if I know how she'll get along, unless I tell her. Well, I'll tell her, if she'll let me.

Well, I ain't going to stay any longer. It's too tough. I'm going [Take away the pain, and not leave any of it with the medium.] Take it away?

D——d if I want it. I'll get rid of it if I can. Well, stranger, I'll remember you when you get

Mary Lee.

My name was Mary Lee. I was eleven years old. My father was Major Robert Lee, of Nashville, Tennessee. In March I shall have been away from here one year. My mother's name is Elisabeth Lee. She's a daughter of John-T. Ferrier, of Memphis,

I want very much to talk with my mother. My brother Robert wished me to say he wants to talk also. He left at four years of age, and was he living now he would be eighteen.

The doctors say the cause of my death was inflam. mation of the lungs. My grandfather, my father's father, was a physician, and he's here, and says it was inflammation of my throat only. They said I are different degrees of electrical force; but the es must say what I died with, so it 's why I tell. sence is one and the same. There are different de-

Bolomon Ringe. It is near twenty-one years since I took my departure from earth. I claim Keene, N. H., as my native place. My name was Solomon Ringe. I have sought out ways and means by which I have occa-

I have been called upon to come here and make were in my possession at the time of my death, and that were taken from my residence about that time by some person or persons to them unknown. I say I have been requested to come here and unfold the mystery. I here declare, if I could, I would not. I come not to fill their pockets with gold and silver. but to fill their souls with light from the other world -to give them what is better than the wealth of earth, a knowledge of the hereafter. I have sought fruits trees, air, of each and every form and phase of to give them light and not darkness; but they have ife. Each zephyr that fans your brow is laden with sought for darkness, and now they have desired I its emanations, and each thing you eat returns to should come here and make certain statements that

death. I believe I was not fully ready to go. Al Q-You have given it as your opinion that the though I was somewhat clouded around with the soul and spirit are identical—are the same. It has mysteries of a religion which is all superficial and external, yet twenty-one years have been ample time which are unnatural and visionary. My descendants have some of them made a re-

I was eighty-four years of age at the time of my

and teach what to them is lawful and right. In the quest for proof, and Solomon Ringe comes here to sphere of intellect, there is a vast variety, as there give them proof, but not such as they may wish. Therefore may my coming prove a double test-in made to look alike. Are their colors and perfumes the first place, that I do come, and that the spirit world is open to morisls; and, secondly, that I come to elevate them, and not to crush them down. Jan. 20.

Thomas Knox.

Written: My dear wife, I would comply with your request I could do so. Thomas Knox of Pembroke, N. H., To Abby Knox, of Prattville, Ala.

Invocation.

"My God, my God, why hast thou foreaken me?" Not alone, oh, our Father, from Christ thy servant do we hear these words, which are sounding through the dim vista of the past, but down the living present do we hear the cry from the lips of mortality : "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" mend itself to man always; if he is not ready for it, truth can well afford to wait—he, only, is the loser. One returns, declaring there is no heaven and no hell. Another returns, proclaiming there is such a thing as heaven or hell. Each speaks the truth, according to the amount of it he is capable of receiving and giving out. The other, because he has seen just that amount of light. The spirit and soul of the where thou art indeed to be found, they look for thee where thou art indeed to be found, they look ing they look in the spirit and soul ing these where thou art indeed to be found, they look of man none can ever comprehend. No one meas-ures them—none can fathom them. They are Deity, for thee only in the external? Oh, Father, need we and like him, Infinite. Finity may hear and know of ask thee to draw nigh unto suffering humanity and Infinity, but cannot hold and limit it. But again I manifest unto them-to come and dwell with husay, as an individual, I believe the soul and spirit of manity, and remain there forever? Nay, oh most holy one; but we will ask this much of thee—that poor blind humanity may be taught to look up from the dark world around them, and perceive thee dwelling in their midst. Oh, our Father, we ask thy ministering angels to teach each and all of thy children that thou canst not forget them nor forsake them; and though they reside in hell, thou art there; I am hard up, here—hard up. I do n't know if in the world beyond the tomb, thou art there, much about talking this way. I've only been out. Though darkness in all its gloom be around them, thou art there, and the right hand of thy wisdom shall lead them unto a haven of rest, and they shall be made to feel that thou art with them continually. Oh, Great and Infinite Creator, thine own life is in the oreatures of thy hand, and thou canst not depart 'm very well off when I ain't here, but now I 'm from them or leave them. If Jesus of Natareth thanksgiving and joy the lessons thou wouldst teach us, and be made to feel that thou doest all things well. Oh, our Father, we feel thou art able to wipe away the clouds that hide thee from the sight of the children: but thy purposes we feel are infinite, and we thy finite oreatures cannot essay to censure or criticise thee. Make us to feel that confidence in thee a child should feel for its beloved parent. Tough every soul with a live coal from off the altar of truth, and change the sorrowing wail coming up from the lips of thy childen, into a glorious anthem of thanksgiving.

Miscellaneous Questions.

Have the friends a question to propound to us? QUES .- What has become of Mason and Slidell. and are they safe?

Ans.—They are safe-alive-in the body-and nearing the shores of old England. Q.—What is their true mission? Is it known to

A .- They are important actors upon the great stage of civil war, and they have their part to perform, which will be done, and done well. What is to be done, will be done well. There is a great power governing all things, and though there is a semblance of evil with you, it is only because poor mortality is unable to see clearly.

Q .- Do spirits know our thoughts? A.—Sometimes they do. "When they are in rapport with the individuals, they are then to a certain

extent able to read the tablet of thought. Q.-Why do we never hold communion with the

spirit of Jusus?

A .- You are continually having communications from that self-same spirit; but were he to come among you and declare himself Jesus of Nazareth, where your faith? What certain good would he then be able to accomplish? The good resteth not with the name, but the deed.

Q.—Has artificial or electrical light the same effeet, material and spiritural, as natural light? A .- All light is positive, and all its manifesta-

tions, whether atmospheric, magnetic, or electric. It is positive always, and always has precisely the same influence. Q.—Will you speak upon Light as a Motive Power? A .- Light is the positive electricity of material

life-the great motive power by which all your changes are brought about. Without it, there would be no life, no change, no sign of progress. We may call it the right hand of Deity; without it, there could be no power in the left. Do you understand Q -- Has light power to move ponderable bodies?

A .- Undoubtedly it has. There is nothing it cannot move, when you know how to use the power centred in light.

Q .-- Are the spirits moved by it? A .-- They are.

Q-Is there any difference between light and electricity?

A -There are different degrees of light, and there sence is one and the same. There are different de-My father is not a friend to your folks. He is grees of human life—infancy, childhood, manhood, in the army, and perhaps you won't send my letter? will you send to Major Robert Lee, of Nashville, one as the other. So it is with light. There was no remarks one as the other. So it is with light. There was no peculiar form of life in the universe till, after the birth of light, although life has always existed, and and mine, too. She a come since it died, and she says she d like to speak, but only to my mother, at home, and to Zuke—that a her bey. He is man, till light was born. Light is the free were void till light was born. Light is the free motive now. Good by.

Q .- Does light produce all the subterraneau move-

A.—To a certain extent it permeates all universes.

It dwelleth in the stone, in the heart of the granite, and slumbers under the manufacture of the granite, and slumbers under the manufacture of the granite. and slumbers under the mountain. There is no I know what I'm about. I wa'u't coming here to place on earth or under earth, where light is not felt.

The centre of the earth is not dark, but light; ever burning seas of fire are at work in the heart of your earth, and all the material formations between the surface where we stand and that burning mass, have came here to tell the truth, and I 'll be desired if I came here to tell the truth, and I 'll be desired if I been tempered and regulated by heat and light; therefore there is no part of the universe, material or spiritual, where light does not exist. Jan. 21.

Well I book a hursied loans of this blate and the burning mass, have came here to tell the truth, and I 'll be desired if I came here to tell the truth, and I 'll be desired if I lead to the mass of the burning mass, have came here to tell the truth, and I 'll be desired if I lead to the mass of the latest the lead to the mass of the burning mass, have came here to tell the truth, and I 'll be desired if I lead to the mass of the latest the latest the mass of the latest the

Antonio Murreli.

There is very much religion in America, and I expect to get some justice done by coming here. It is pleasant to live in a place where you will not have to look out for a bodee, but it is well to live as long as you want to here in the bodee. It was said of me, I was loss overboard by sleeping on my watch. I will say for myself I was knocked overboard by the second mate.

My name was Antonio Murreli. I was Portuguese. I was a seaman, and earned an honest living

I was sometimes in the habit of taking something when I could get it, in the shape of spirits-not the kind what come to talk with you, but another kind— but at the time I am coming to talk about, I was not in liquor, but had some words with the second mate, whose name is Perkins, and he struck me with a marlinspike, and it's the last I knew till I found myself here, without a bodee. The story was that I slept on my watch, and fell overboard. I have told a strange story, but a true one. Perkins was noted for his quick temper and harshness among the crew, when he could get a chance.

We were, as nigh as I remember, about four days out from Cronstadt. The vessel was-I have it-what do you call your star? The Saturn-bark; belonged, I suppose, in New York. Capt. Mercer. Very good -very good himself. I've nothing to say says, "if they do, will little Olive come and tell what against him, but I would like to have a settlement with Perkins—I like to have a settlement. It is just, I know and feel it. I'll come till I get it. He's hereabouts on earth-not where I am. His name is Bill-William; that is it, I am sure. I

still, but unhappy. It's not right, say some, to come back and open up the secrets of human hearts. 'Tis right! 'Tis child money that was named for her; but I don't right! Better settle it now than by and by-better, much better. Perkins had seen as many years as I, and I was forty two. I do n't know his age sure, but he was white here [head] some. I do n't know where he is and can't tell, but he's here somewhere. I send a challenge for him to meet me -- not after he and everybody that 's good does. die, but as he is. I want to meet him, and will set-

tle with him myself.

I have no friends here in particular to talk tonobody to call me back, and like for me to come and talk; but I ask for him to come where I can speak, and I'll settle with him. Asleep! I was never known to sleep upon the watch in my life. have him when I's at home. But I've seen him.

Oh, Perkins, you forget sometimes dead folks talk or you do n't know it. I tell you—I tell you they He 's a little boy, now. Good by. Jan. 21. talk! That's all.

Lucy M. Pendleton.

was dead, and felt extremely disappointed. I had around me by the church. taken laudanum twice before without the desired effeet. It is only something like three weeks ago since I came to consciousness. Since that time I have made attempts to commune with some of my acquaintances in Albany, but have not been very successful; and feeling so ill at ease, I thought I would

come here and see what I could do. I don't seem to be at rest anywhere. When I came to consciousness, I found there was no peace here for me, and no place of rest, because I had n't stayed on earth as long as I ought to. I feel like a coward. None but cowards are suicides, and I was

It seems my acquaintances in Albany are making very great exertions to find out where I was bornsomething about my folks-on account of some papers that were found with my clothes after my death. can tell them my father's name was David Pendleton, and he belonged in New Bedford, but moved from there when I was quite young. I was thirty-one years old when I died. My father is in the spirit-world, and I have no sisters nor brothers, and of the rest of the family I have no desire to speak. There is no necessity for their trying to hunt up my

people, and they had better let the matter rest. As I said before, I made imperfect attempts to communicate to them, so they won't be very much surprised to hear from me here. They wish to know if I am happy. Yes, I am. If I am not, it 's no matter.

I would not counsel any of my friends or acquaintances to come over the bridge I came over. I am sure if they have not got courage enough to live on earth, they have not got enough to live comfortably with in the spirit-world. It requires less courage to live with the body than when you have none to manifest through, and feel it is through your own ignorance that you are deprived of it. Good-day.

Samuel T. Judson.

It is your oustom, they say, to ascertain who comes here! Well, my name was Sam T. Judson-a thief by profession. This is a free institution, is it? I understand a thief is just as welcome here as an honest man—provided you can find any such on earth. I doubt if you can not excepting those present. Have charity? I had too much of it. I was a thief by profession—a genteel thief, and, if you please, an honest one. Now, I suppose you'll want to know how I make that out. I was honost, because I never professed to be anything else.

I halled from St. Louis, stranger. It's only a short time since I've been fortunate enough to shake off my old clothes and get new ones. Let's see-three months at the longest. What's your time? January? A little short of three months, then. Well, stranger, thieves sometimes have people they care something about; I suppose you know that, do n't you? I have got a family-that's one thing that brings me here-a wife and three children. Perhaps it 's a bad move, my coming here and owning myself to be a thief; perhaps it may have a tendency to injure my children when they shall come up to years of understanding-I say perhaps, but I do n't think so.

Now, there are three individuals that I used to call my friends—three good fellows in their way. One goes by the name of Ned Lovejoy, though I believe that is not his correct name; at all events, that 's the name I knew him by. Another is McDonald. His first name I have not in my memory. It's no matter about it. And another is Clark. I have not his given name; but they 'il' all know who I mean, stranger. They're my friends, and I want them to look out for my family and see that they don't want anything. Now those three friends, if soon I may call them, belong to the same profession Indid, and follow it more or less. I want them to be sure, and lock out for my wife and children, and see to it that they do n't suffer. If they do n't do it, so help me the devil—if there is one, and I suppose there is one, for a good many have the devil in them—if there is. I 'll get him to play the odds on them. If they had made an appeal to me, I'd attended to it, and I want them to do as much for me.

I do n't know whether, they, believe in this or, not, but if they do n't, I 'll make them believe. Believe —they ve got to. I come liefe and give you what nobody but me could give had they know it; and if it aids me thay ornes, whereas hell is it? Litat's all. if they can find inny other may by which you could get my communication than my giving it myself, it

proper position, and continually ascending—that is all right, and they need n't believe it 's me. But it 's proper position, and continually ascending that the say, being made purer, diviner and more perfect. Just here: When they happen to fall upon this thing, they all the subterranean more. they all get into the heart of it, and know all about

tend to it one way, they will another.

Well, I took a hurried leave of this little earth. Is that enough, or shall I explain further? Nery, well, then, I rode all night in a hard rain, took, sold, and was quite sick for a few days, then I ruptured some internal vessel—do n't know, nor care, what and went out very soon after that. How's that?is it definite enough?

Are you a pious man-a church-going man? Well, I do n't know much about religion. I guess there are ways of doing more good than that.

See here, stranger, when I's young-from fourteen to sixteen, or between sixteen and seventeen years of age, the world used me pretty rough. I tried to be honest, and get a decent living; but I'd be d-dif I could do it-no sir-could n't do it. It seemed as though there was but one way before me, and I had to walk in it.

Beg your pardon for swearing, and will do so no more. I appreciate the company of the ladies, and beg pardon for any incivility. When next I meet with you, you shall hear no profanity. I don't like it very well, myself. Jan. 21.

Olive Dwight.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." When the minister preached over my body, he preached from these words, and since then, my mother has heard that the angels come to earth, and she was the subject of discourse at her funeral, and what is on her tombstone, and then I will believe." "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." That was it, and it's on my tombstone, too.

I's seven years old. My name was Olive Dwight. happen one, two, three year ago. I live in a sort of jumpin' state all the time since—not settled nor lt is two years ago since I died. I lived in Brooklyn. It's two years ago since I died. I lived in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Willow street, and I was named for my mother's aunt. She was to leave me money, or the want it now. I am very happy, and I see everybody that 's good all around me, and I 've seen Jesus, too. I 've seen him, but he is n't like other folks says he is. He is n't great, and do n't sit on a throne. He's

like anybody else, and he says he loves little children, I want my mother to give all my things to the poor, and not keep anything, because they only make her cry, and they 'll do the poor good. I don't like to hear people swear, and I told that gentleman not to swear, for I did n't want to come, if he did, and he said he would n't any more. Tell my mother I 've seen my little brother. He 's a baby, and we did n't

Samuel Sprague.

I have many times sought to come to you when In September, 1861, I got tired of living, so I took here, but never could until now. Oh, how I wish I my life. My name was Lucy M. Pendleton. I was could speak with you, for it was you who first let born in New Bedford, and died in Albany. When I me see the light since I came to spirit life—for I died first became conscious after death, I was not sure I in the midst of the most dense darkness thrown SAMUEL SPRAGUE. To Philo Sprague.

> Written for the Banner of Light. DOWN IN THE HAUNTED CHAMBERS.

The bell-tones, telling the midnight hour, Come ringing down from the chapel-tower. The earth is silent—the city sleeps— But the night-world wakes to its nether deeps. The revels of terror and blood begin; The spirits call you. U man of sin! Cast the mask from your face away; Crush the smile from that brazen brow : Visions await you that shun the day: Come, for the spell is working now!

Yonder are Memory's galleries fair ; Pictures of beauty and light are there": Stars that glitter, and crowns that blaze, The visioned triumphs of vanished days. And memories holy of younger years, Ere life was darkened with shame and tears. There upswells an anthem-tone. From the temple, solemn, and sweet, and lone, Where the censers awing and the spice lamps shine. And your spirit bows to its hidden shrine, While dirges by unseen choirs are wailed O'er broken idols and pictures veiled. Here are the solemn, radiant halls Where the magic moonlight of Fancy falls. In shapes of beauty unearthly wrought By the power of the arch enchanter, Thought. O, beautiful rooms has the human soul f But linger not in their peace and light. Nor question the power, whose strong control Calls you to other scenes to night i

Come, they are awaiting! Tread with care Down the slimy and creaking stair. Turn the key, with mold grown o'er, In the rusty lock of the rotting door. So-vou stand in the mist and gloom Of your own spirit's dungeon-tomb.
Why that fixed and fearful stare? What do you see in the darkness there ? " I would in! Is it a tombatone, gleaming cold, it is stated white H That those curtains of vaporous gloom infold faren. With the name inscribed, to the world unknown; Recognized but by you slone? work and ow Is it a shadow, stretched before, Trailing over the stony floor? . 244.47 No ; she is there, forever there. Crouched at you feet in wild despair. Just as she kneeled, in the Long Ago, Wailing her deep and measureless woe. With her long black hair, like an abon cloud. Tangling round her its sable shroud; Wailing ever, an endless moan, To a heart that was only steel and stone. 1. 1. Ha! has it vanished? Look again! auff fo What is that fearful crimson stain Spreading and spreading the pavement o'er? Does it drip from your fingers, that curdling gore? Not all the rivers, whose torrents roll From the inles of palm to the loy pole, it was A. Nor the seas that toss in the upper day and a second Can wash that blood from your soul away! any with What I are you frozen with terror dumb? A town! Hist! they gather ; the spectres come! Gibbering, writhing, a ghastly train.
Writhing around that crimson stain i And all night long, through the glisly scene. In the cavernous depths of the subterrene. Voices numberless sink and swell" Like the lava-tide on the lake of Hell langua. And brand this sentence on brain and brow Thou art the man! 'Tis thou!'t is thou!"

The morn will rise in the stellar deep. And again the shadows will sink to sleep. The lips will smile, and the eye will gleame !! And onward the daily life-tide flow, Lindwich in And men will look in your face, non dreem; tad vi " Of the charmel horrors hid belowd on bus pisone

Departed to spirit-life, on the 23d of August 1801.

Miss Orfur Tuttle, of Conewango, N. Y., in the
lift year of her age.

During a painful and protracted illness, she kept
bright her hopes, and steadily trusted in the time when
the angels should bring relief. In answer to a long
cherished wish, her vision was opened, and she saw
the dear ones waiting to take her home. So spotless
had been her life, that even the narrowest advocates
had been her life, that even the narrowest advocates
had been her life, that even the narrowest advocates
of endless woe, assigned her a place in heaven! The
desth-bed scenes were the most touching and impressive lessons that can find the heart of man. All eyes
more wet, but hers, while she plead with her young
associates to trust and rejoice in angel-communion.
During her sickness, her father became a medium, and
she soon manifested her presence through him.
Bro. Geo. Taylor, of Shirley, N. Y., delivered the
address, predicated upon a beautiful wreath of fresh
blooming flowers that lay upon the coffin. A solemn
joy breathed through the audience, as the death-pall
was lifted by the speaker's words, and angel-voices
touched the key of hope with the magic wand of impressioned sympathy.

The following lines, improvised by Miss Libbie Low
the day after death set his cold seal upon the body, are
deemed worthy and pertinent here. The writer knew
not of Orpha's departure at the time the lines were
written:

Her vestal wings, all tipped with gold,
Will bear her from our sight,
To realms o'er which the heavens fold
Their smiles of gorgeous light.

We love her every foot print here, But angels love them more, And softly call her to their sphere, To walk their shining shore.

But o'er a rainbow arch she'll come Love's rarest gems to bring. To drop within her childhood's home, And round you faith-robes fling. Sweet hopes are budding in her soul,

Nor ever will depart Like those born but for earth's control That wither round the heart.

There is no faithlessness above, No graves upon life's hill— No tarnishing of human love Or slaving human will. No bloody battles there are fought,

Or malice arrows buried;
But: purple waves of living thought
Surge through the angel world! The stars sing softly over head.

Beneath white feet live mosses spread, And here the lost are found ! The flowers, 'neath Aurora's kiss, Unfold their fragrant leaves,

And not one thorn of bitterness In all the garland weaves! White-bosomed birds fly through the air, And pour sweet songs, in showers, Upon heart-alters throbbing there,

And on the breathing flowers. Sages and sires, young again, Meet in soul-confidence too, And pleasure springs from every pain, While all the world are true!

Our dear ones, whom the earth turns pale, There blush with brighter love; The widow's cry, the orphan's wall,

Are changed to songs above ! O, Angel Death ! I welcome thee. And take earth's parting kiss; With smiles of joy, and spirit free, I'll follow thee to bliss!

LYMAN C. HOWE.

SPIRIT-BIRTH.—On Wednesday, Feb. 12th, in the 23d year of her age, the spirit of Rosaliz, wife of

dull habiliments of earth, and was arrayed in the bright garb the angels wear.

Until within the past two years, this beautiful and gifted woman was an earnest believer in the doctrines and teachings of the Roman Catholic Church. Born of Catholic parents—imbued with Catholic principles—she had no conception of any broader path that led to the bright gardens of the eternal home.

Indisposition, and the absence of her husband with

to the pright gardens of the eternal home. Indisposition, and the absence of her husband with the army, caused her to become the inmate of his father's home, where gentle spirits hold daily converse with the friends they have left on earth. Attracted by the novelty of this intercourse with the departed, and impressed by the tranquility and happiness which it seemed to impart, she made deep researches into the principles of that Divine Philosophy which is being principles of that Divine Philosophy which is being

deduced from spirit teachings.

Possessing an unusual clearness and scope of intel.

Although the season of the se lect, she not only perceived but could readily grasp the grand idea of infinite Love, Infinite Wisdom, and Infinite Power, producing, through the operation of immutable laws, the ultimate harmony and perfection.

Address at Xenia, Ohio, until further notice.

Mr. and Mrs. fl. M. Miller may be addressed at Northern Mi of all forms of life, of all conditions of matter. Then, the dogmas of the Church were laid aside, and the

apirit, in freedom, sought knowledge of God's works in every field that met her mental vision.

As the material form was gradually fading from earth, her mind grew calm and strong. Neither hopes nor fears disturbed the sweet serenity of her soul; but, with the knowledge of her birthright, as a child of the Infinite One, she passed to her giorious inheritance be-

On the Sunday previous to her departure she was asked if she did not desire the consolation or rites of the Church in which she had been raised. Her answer

. I have stepped from darkness into light; would you have me return from light into darkness?"

Just before the spirit withdrew from the form sh gave utterance to the earnest wish of her heart, nearly in the language of Whittier, thus:

.. Fold me, oh, Pather, in thine arms, And let me henceforth be A messenger of peace and love To human tearts, from Thee."

Instead of the usual gloomy badge of mourning, he passage to the Summer land was announced by a rich white silk scarf at the door; and the ceremonies over her remains were consistent with the beautiful idea of the ANGELIC BIRTH!

After an appropriate and gracefully pronounced discourse by the Rev. Mr. Bowen, of the Unitarian Church, the released spirit spoke cheering words of love and consolation to these friends who had mourned der as lost because she had laid aside the religious faith of ker fathers. Through the mediumistic powers of Mrs. Washington A. Danskin, Sen'r., she also offered a grateful tribute to him who had unfolded the divine philosophy to her view, and for the motherly love and care which had soothed her hours of sickness and suf-

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fering.

Previous to her transition, she ofttimes saw the spirits of her two vilttle ones," playing about her bedside, or gliding to and fro between the celestial and terrestrial worlds-and now she comes to us giving bright pictures of her present home, and speaking with rapturous joy of the change from the narrow cones of her earthly chamber to the unbounded freedom Of the augelic spheres. Baltimere, Feb. 28, 1862.

Died. in Washington, D. C., Dec. 23, 1861. WIL.

LIAM N. CALL, of Allenstown, N. H., aged 23 years, 1 month and 8 days. It is seldom the lot of mortals to be called upon to record the departure of one in whose nature were em-bodied more of the Christian graces, more of the sub-lime virtues which make up a Godlike character, than the ene whose obituary notice stands at the head of this. When the intelligence of the fall of Sumter this. When the intelligence of the fail of Sumwer reached the ears of voung Call, and that the folds of our starry banner had been wickedly trampled beneath the feet of base traitors, his whole soul was fired with the pure spirit of an unselfish patriotism, and he resolved to give his aid and influence to the cause of his bladding and outgood solved to give his aid and influence to the cause of his bleeding and outraged country. In the earlier days of this intestine struggle, and at the period of President Lincoln's first proclamation, his health was such as to preclude the idea of an immediate enlistment, and the disappointment to his noble and patriotic heart was shitter indeed. Fully determined, however, to become one in the great army of the Union, he, by medical the light and early had so far recovered by out-first health. akill and care, had so far recovered his original health and attempth as to be able to enter the ranks of Company E., lat New Hampshire Sharpshooters. But he was not destined to remain there long. Other and higher honors awaited the young and devont soldier. The angel of death, as if sensible of the purity and beauty of the patriot's character, and of the exalted aspirations of the patriot's spirit, hovered pear, eager to bear away his immortal soul from the turnoil and aspirations of the particle of the unending glories of the grave.

strife of battle-life to the unending glories of the Ray. H. S. Marria, lows Oity, Iowa, strife of battle-life to the unending glories of the Ray. H. S. Marria, Iowa Oity, Iowa, land of universal liberty. Calmly and peacefully, in W. A. D. Hunz, Independence, Iowa, land of universal liberty. Calmly and peacefully, in W. A. D. Hunz, Independence, Iowa, land, of the silence of evening, his spirit mounted the siries.

The silence of evening, his spirit mounted the siries.

The silence of friends to mount his early departure.

The silence of his character, and the nobility of the stream Mortisjean Juan, Terrala Dec. Cal.

The silence of his character, and the nobility of the stream Mortisjean Juan, Terrala Dec. Cal.

Departed to spirit-life, on the 25d of August 1861,

Miss Orran Tuttle, of Conewango, N. Y., in the 19th year of her age.

During a painful and protracted illness, she kept by her hopes, and steadily trusted in the time when the angels should bring relief. In answer to a long cheriahed wish, her vision was opened, and she saw cheriahed wish, her vision was opened, and she saw cheriahed wish, her vision was opened. So spotless tained and strengthened him in his last struggles with mortality, illuminated his passage through the shadow of death, and brought a consolation in the hope of being able again to converse with the loved ones of the earth-life. May his bright spirit indeed be near us, to comfort us in this our hour of bereavement, and still give his patriotic influence in behalf of his country, now severely contending for its national existence, and for the triumphs of freedom and right.

" How sleep the brave who sink to rest, By all their country's wishes blest.'

" Their dirge shall be the freeman's sigh, Their monument the myrtle-tree; While truth and virtue weeping nigh, Shall close the Patriot's obsequy; Nor shall one tear less sacred fall

Upon the grave of worth,
Because unblazoned is its pall,
And titleless its birth." JOSEPH D. STILES.

LECTURERS AND MEDIUMS. Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. We hope they will use every exertion possible in our behalf. Lecturers are informed that we make no charge for their notices. Those named below are requested to give notice of any change of their arrangements, in order that our list may be kept as cor-

Miss Emma Hardings will lecture in Philadelphia during the month of March; address, care of M. B. Dyott, Esq., 114 Bouth 2d street, Philadelphia, Pa.; in Lowell and Portland in April; in Boston, during May; in Quincy and Taunton, in June. Address, care of Mrs. E. J. French, 5 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Mrss Inzers Doren will lecture in Charlestown, March 16, 23 and 30: in Boston, April 20 and 27; May in Springfield; in New Bedford, June 1 and 8. Address, care of Banner of Light, Boston.

P. L. WADSWORTH will lecture every Sunday in Battle Creek, Michigan, until further notice; at Providence, R. 1., four Sundays of May; at Taunton, Mass, first two Sundays of June; at Warblehead last three Sundays of June. Address accordingly. He will answer calls to lecture in New England during the Summer of 1862.

W. K. Bipler will lecture in Portland, Me., the three first Readers Mach. Bertland by Carthey Control of Mach.

W. R. RIPLEY WILL SCUTCE IN POTUNDA, Me., the three aret Sundays of March; Bradley, the fourth; Kenduskeag, the last; Bangor the first and third Bundays of April; Kendus-keag, April 13. Will auswer calls to speak in Maine during June and July—Massachusetts and Connecticut in Septem-ber and October. Address, Snow's Hill, Maine.

Mass, M. M. Woon (formerly Mrs. Macumber,) will locture in Quincy, March 23 and 30; Foxboro', April 20 and 37; Staf-ford, Conn., July 6 and 18; Somersville Conn., July 20 and 27; Fortland, Me., during September. Mrs. M. will make no en-gagements for the disengaged Sundays of March, April, May and June. Address, West Killingly, Conn.

MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND will speak in Marblebead, March 18; Taunton, March 23 and 30; Now Bedford, April 6 and 13; Willimantic, Conn., April 20 and 27; West Randolph, Mass., May 4 and 10; Providence, R. I., the five Sundsys in June. Miss Brile Scougall lectures in Lowell, Mass. first four Sundays in March; Philadelphia the last Sunday of March and the two first of April. Will receive applications to lecture in the Eastern States during March. Address as above.

WARREN CHASE's address for March. at Centralia. Illinois. He speaks in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, April 6, 13 and 20; Waukesha, April 16 and 17; Grand Rapide, Mich., April 37. His address for May will be (as usual) Battle Creek, Mich. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light. PROF. BUTLER's address is care of Dr. Child, 15 Tremont

st., Boston. Speaks in Providence, during March; Taunton, April 6 and 13; Putnam, Conn., May 4 and 11; Charlestown, during July. Intervening Sabbaths not yet engaged. MRS. A. P. Thomson will speak in North Haverhill, N. H., one half of the time; at Bath, N. H., one fourth; at Danville, Vt., one fourth, for the present. Also, will speak on week evenings, and attend fonerals, if desired, by addressing her at North Haverhill, N. H.

wherever he may be called. Address, Fort Huron, Mich.
MRS. Augusta A. Currier will lecture in Portland, Me.,
last two Sunday in March and first in April; Chicope c, Mass.,
four Sunday of May. Address box 815, Lowell, Mass.
MRS. FARRIE BURNARK FRITOR will lecture in Boston,
March 16; in New Redford, March 30; in Randolph, April 6.
March 23d is not engaged. Address 25 Kneeland St., Boston. A. H. Davis will answer calls to locture on Spiritual Phenomens, Evidences of Future Life, and other subjects intimately connected. Address, Natick, Mass. MISS L. R. A. DEFORCE will speak in Vincentown, Mt. Holly.

DR. H. P. GARDER, 46 Essex street, Boston, Mass. DR. H. F. GARDMEN. 46 ESSOX street, Boston, Mass, DR. O. H. WELLINGTON, No. 194 W. Bpringfield st., Boston, Mrs. Frances T. Young, trance speaker, 56 Myrtle street, Mrs. A. H. Swam, care P. Clark, 14 Bromfield st., Boston, Mrs. H. G., Mortague, care of P. Clark, 14 Bromfield street, Dr. L. U. Bruce. Address care of Banner of Light, Boston, Miss Lizzis M. A. Carley, care Dr. A. B. Child, Boston, L. Judd Parder, Boston, care of Bela Marsh. Bry. Silas Tyresll, 40 South street, Botton, Lewis B. Monroe, 14 Bromfield St., Boston, Oralder H. Crowell, Boston, Mass, Bry. Danyorth, Boston, Mass,

BENJ. DANFORTH, Boston, Mass. Dr. O. C. YORK, Boston, Mass. J. H. CURRIER, Cambridgeport, Mass. Mrs. Susan Stricht, trancespeaker, Portland, Maine. CHARLES A. HAYDEN, Livermore Falls, Me. ALOREO R. HALL, East New Sharon, Me. Ray. M. Taylor, Stockton, Me.

Mas. Clipton Hutchinson, Milford, N. H. MRS. J. B. SMITH, Manchester, N. H. R. F. BICHARDSON, care of Dr. C. E. Grice, Franklin, Vt. J. H. BARDALL, care of L. K. Scofield, Pittaford, Vt.

DAMIEL W. SMELL, No. 6 Prince st., Providence, R. I. MRS. J J CLARK, care Wm. E. Andruss, West Killingly, Ct. MRS ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK, Box 429, Bridgeport, Conn. MRS AWA M. MIDDLERGOK, BOX 438, Bridgeport, Come H. B. Storen, inspirational speaker, New Haven, Conn. Mrss Flavia Hows, Windsor, Poquencek P. O., Conn. Mrs. Heles E. Monzil, Hartford, Conn. Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, Stratford, Conn. Mrs. Eliza D. Sinons, Bristol, Conn.

J. S. LOVELAND, Willimantic, Conn. MRS. J. A. BANKS, Newtown, Conn. LEO. MILLER, Hartford, Ct.,

MRS. AMANDA M. SPRECE. Address, New York City, MRS. M. L. VAN HAUGHTON, 806 1-2 Mott st., N. Y. Olty, MRS. A. W. DELAFOLIE, No. 176 Varick street, New York. MISS ELIZABETH LOW, Leon, Cattarangus Co., New York. WM. BAILEY POTTER, M. D., Medins, N. Y., care C. S. Hosg. WM. BAILEY FOTTER, M. D., Medina, N. I., care O. B. Ho H. CLAY BURCH. Smith's Mills, Chautauque Co., N. Y. A. D. Hume, Fredonia, N. Y., care of E. W. Meacham, Mrs. S. L. Chappell, Hastings, Oawego Co., N. Y. Ray, J. D. Sawyer, Courseckle, N. Y. J. W. H. Tooher, Penn Yan, N. Y. John H. Jerks, Jenksville, N. Y. Jared D. Gase, Onelda, N. Y.

URIAH CLARE, Auburn, N. Y.

MES. E. A. KIHOSEURY, No. 1905 Pine street, Philadelphia.
MES. O. A. FITCH, No. 231 South 9th street, Philadelphia.
MISS FLAVILLA E. WASHEURY, Windham, Bradford Co., Pa. REV. JOHN PREEPONT, Washington, D. C.

MRS. CLARA B. F. DARIELS, Westfield, Medins Go., Ohio.
B. WHIPPLE, West Williamsdeld, Ashtabula Co., Ohio.
DR. B. L. LYON, CARE Of Wint. Orowell, Geneva, Ohio.
ALERET E. CARPANTER, Columbia, Licking Co., Ohio.
A. B. FRENCH, Olyde, Sanducky Co., Ohio.
Mas. Sarah M. THOURDON, Toledo, Ohio.
LOVELL BERSE, North Bidgeville, Ohio.
MRS. H. F. M. BROWN, Oleveland, Ohio.
MRS. H. F. M. BROWN, Oleveland, Ohio. 8. PHERFS LELAED, Clevoland, Ohlo.
DE. JAMES COOPER, Beliefontaine, Ohlo.
WILLIAM DENTON, Paluesville, Ohlo.

Dr. N. B. Wolff Cincinnati, Ohio. . E. Whitfie, Cleveland, Ohio. ADA L. HOYT, Chicago, Illinois, Mas. A. P. PATTERSON, Springfield, Ill. REV. HERNAM SNOW, Rockford, 111. MATTIE F. HULETT, Rockford, 111. REV. E. CASE, JR., Florida, Hilledale Co., Mich.

Mas. C. M. Brows, Sturgis, Mich. H. P. Fatspirld, Sturgis, Mich. A. B. WHITING, Albion, Mich. E. V. WILLOW, Deltoit, Mich. GEO. Marsh, Adrian, Mich. MRS. J. R. STREETER, Orown Point, Ind. JOHN HOBART, Indianapolis, Ind.

MRS. F. L. BOND, Madison City, Wis., care of T. N. Boyes.
MRS F. WHERLOOK. Medical Clairyoyant, Waukesha, Wis.
E. B. WHERLOOK. Wauassha, Wisconsin.
DR. P. WYMAN WEIGHT, Brodhead, Green Co., Wis.
MRS. S. E. WARNER, Delfon, Bauk Co., Wis.
G. W. HOLLETGE, M. D., New Berlin, Wis.

SAMPOND MILES, Salem, Olimsted County, Minnesota. A. W. CURYISS, Marion, Olmsted Co., Minnesota, Dr. Jons, Mariew, Wyoming, Chicago: Co., Minn.

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Physician to Body, Mind and Spirat. CLAIRYOYANT EXAMINATIONS, Advice, Communica-tions, Delineations of Character, Descriptions of Spiritu-al Burroundings, Development, Latent Powers, &c. Also, Messacs from friends and guardians in the Spirit Life. Visitors will receive more or less in each of the above departments. Terms \$1.00,

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Mrs. Latham is naturally endowed with great vital, or magmetic force; and is also highly receptive of the "HEALING
POWER," the value of which, as a remedial agent, can hardly be estimated. It is deserving a more general attention, as
under its influence an improvement or recovery of health
is sure. Those who have never felt this delightful and potent force, become highly conscious of its effects, under her
manipulations. "When all other means have failed, try this?"
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Corner of Bedford Street, Boston, (over Joseph T. Brown's
Life Constructions of the second street of the second street.

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Life Constructions of the second street.)

DR. CHAS. H. CROWELL, . Medical Medican,

(Banner of Light Office, Room No. 8.) (Banner of Light Office, Boom No. 3.)

35 Mr. O. is controlled by a circle of reliable Spirit Physicians, who will examine patients, give diagnoses of all diseases, and prescribe for the same. Those who reside at a distance and caunot convenionity visit his rooms, may have their cases attended to just as well' by transmitting a lock of hair by mail, by which method the physician will come into magnetic rapport with them.

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

doing.

Thanks.—Examinations and Prescriptions, at office, \$1.00; family visits \$2,00; by letter, \$1,00 and two three-cent post-

age stamps.

Family practice respectfully solicited. The best of references given.

June 22. AMUBL GROVER, Trance, Speaking and Healing Me-

MAURI GROVER, Trance, Speaking and Healing Meddium, at Rooms No. 17 Bennett street, corner of Jefferson Place, (near Washington street) Boston. Hours from 9 to 19, and from 1 to 6 p. m., Sundays excepted.

Terms for Examinations, \$1.

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

MRS. J. S. FORREST. PRACTICAL MAGNETIC AND CLAIRYOYANT PHYBI-OIAN, 91 Harrison Avenue, first door from Bennet at, Boston, Mass., where she is propared to treat all diseases of chronic nature, by the laying on of hands. Patients furnished with board while under treatment, if desired, 8mº Mar.l. SPIRIT INTERCOURSE.

MR. JAS. V. MANSFIELD, of Botton, the world-renowned Letter-Writing Test Medium.—certified by thousands of actual writien tests—may be addressed at 12 Avon Place, by inclusing 8t and four 5 cent postage stamps. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. If June 8.

DR. H. L. BOWKER, Office No. 9 Hudson Street, Boston. Medical Examinations free at the office; by letter, \$1, inclos-ing a lock of hair, Patients furnished with board and treatment.

17 Feb. 8.

M 188 M. C. GAY, Business, Clairvoyant and Trance Me M ISS M. C. GAY, Business, Clairvoyant and Trance Modium. Also, attends to examination of diseases. No. 824 Washington street, piposite Common street, Hours from 9 to 12 A. M., from 9 to 6 P. M.; from 6 to 8 on Monday and Friday evenings. Terms 50 cents. Circles on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, commencing at 71-2 o'clock; admission 10 cents.

MRS. E. M. T. HARLOW, (formerly Mrs. Tipple,) Clair-voyant Physician, 48 Wall street, Beston. Patients at a distance can be examined by enclosing a lock of hair. Ex-aminations and prescriptions, \$1 each. if Nov. 23. MRS. MARY A. RICKER, Trance Medium, 145 Hanover btreet, Boston. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 6 r. m. She will, also, offer her services as a trance lecturer. 8m Feb 22. Mil. 3180, Offer ner services as a transfer of the services and the services are services and the services and the services and the services are services and the services and the services and the services are services and th

M RS. ADA JONES, 80 Washington street, Writing and Test Medium. Hours from 10 A. M. to 9 P. M. Dec. 21

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

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WILD FOREST BALSAM.

THE wonderful potency of this compound is without a parallel in the history of Theoremics as the present day. The virtues of a remedial agent peculiarly adapted to disease of the surfaces on all the interior organs of the structure, opens at once a new and interesting feature in the Science of Medicine, especially when presented by a Band of eminent Physicians of the higher spheres, ministering through this agent effects and results which carry to the suffering in this life "NATURA'S OWN CURE" Facts of a remarkable character, clear, satisfactory and conclusive, will be made public, which the skepticism of the age possibly may undervalue, but that which, when realized, will be subtained by the extraordinary effects of this simple yet efficient and harmless but that which, when realized, will be sustained by the ex-traordinary effects of this simple yet efficient and harmless compound. Much time and care have been employed to pre-vent and dotect a fallacy as regards the Wild Forest Balsan, by the friends of Mr. M. Information beyond the ken of the human understanding has been revealed with an accuracy, a determination and careful illustration of its virtues which and determination and cardon intestration of its virtues which cannot but make it pre-eminent as a ratiorative, alike healing and cleansing, soothing and invigorating to every irritated surface, thus allaying pain and removing disease and nervous debility in a manner scarcely credible—only as its application is made to confirm the truth. In Coughs and Lungular irritations, it is valuable as well as that which refers to their and more delicate organs. form to other and more delicate organs.

For sale at his rooms only. Price \$1; sent by express to any part of the Union. 12 Avon Place, Boston, Mass.

Feb. 1. 4w

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BANNER OF LIGHT, Would respectfully invite the attention of Booksellers. Deal

ers in Cheap Publications, and Periodicals, to their unequal ed incilities for packing and forwarding everything in their line to all parts of the Union, with the utmost promptitude and dispatch. Orders solicited.

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AND PERSONS OUT OF EMPLOYMENT WANTED.—Active and industrious men and women to sell The Farmers' Manual and Ready Reckoner, (see

man. It will be sold to traveling agents at a low figure. This is an excellent opportunity to persons thrown out of employment by the rebellion. Bend for a circular, which gives prices and terms, to This work will sell wherever there are Farmers or Lumber BENJ. UBNER, 248 Canal Street, New York.

N. B.—Circulars furnished to agents to assist them in seling.

Lf Dec. 21.

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From the Louisvillo Journal. BOY BRITTAN.

Boy Brittan-only a lad-a fair-haired boy-sixteen, In his uniform ! Into the storm-into the roaring jaws of grim Fort Henry— Boldly bears the Federal flotilla-Into the battle-storm !

Boy Brittan is Master's Mate aboard of the Essex.
There he stands buoyant and eager-eyed.
By the brave Captain's side:
Ready to do and dare—ay, ay, sir, always ready— In his country's uniform!

Boom! boom! and now the flag boat sweeps, and now into the battle-storm!

III. Boom! boom! till River, and Fort, and Field, are over-clouded By the battle's breath; then from the Fort a gleam
And a crushing gun, and the Essex is wrapt and
ahrouded In a scalding cloud of steam!

IV. But victory! victory!
Unto God all praise be ever rendered—
Unto God all praise and glory be!
Soo. Boy Brittan, see, Boy, see!
They strike! Hurrah! the Fort has just surrendered!
Shout! shout! my Boy, my warrior Boy!
And wave your cap and clap your hands for joy!
Cheer answer cheer and bear the cheer about—
Hurrah! hurrah! for the flery Fort is ours. Hurrah! hurrah! for the flery Fort is ours;
And "Victory!" "Victory!" "Victory!"
Is the shout.

Shout - for the flery Fort, and the field, and the day, are ours-

The day is ours—thanks to the brave endeavor
Of heroes, Boy, like thee;
The day is ours—the day is ours!
Glory and deathless love to all who shared with thee, And bravely endured and dared with thee-The day is ours—the day is ours—

Glory and love for one and all ; but-but-for thee-Home I home I a happy "Welcome—welcome home"

And kisses of love for thee-And a mother's happy, happy tears, and a virgin's bridal wreath of flowers— For thee!

Victory! Victory!
But suddenly wrecked and wrapped in seething steam,
the Essex
Slowly drifted out of the battle-storm: Slowly, slowly—down, laden with the dead and the dying;
And there, at the Captain's feet, among the dead and

the dying.

The shot-marred form of a beautiful Boy is lying— There in his uniform! VI.

Laurels and tears for thee. Boy, Laurels and tears for thee! Laurels of light moist with the precious dew
Of the inmost heart of the Nation's loving heart. And blest by the balmy breath of the Beautiful and the Moist-moist with the luminous breath of the sing-

ing spheres
And the Nation's starry tears!
And tremble-touched by the pulse-like gush and start
Of the universal music of the heart, And all deep sympathy.

Laurels and tears for thee, Boy.
Laurels and tears for thee—
Laurels of light, and tears of love, for evermore,

And laurels of Light and tears of Truth. And the Mantle of Immortality ; And the flowers of Love and immortal Youth, And the tender heart tokens of all true ruth-And the everlasting Victory!

And the breath and bliss of Liberty, And the loving kiss of Liberty,
And the welcoming light of heavenly eyes,
And the over-calm of God's canopy; And the infinite love span of the skies That cover the Valleys of Paradise— For all of the brave who rest with thee; And for one and all who died with thee, And now sleep side by side with thee; And for every one who lives and dies On the solid land or the heaving sea, Dear warrior-boy-like thee !

VIII. Oh, the Victory—the Victory Belongs to thee! God ever keeps the brightest crown for such as thou-He gives it now to thee!

He gives it now to thee!

O, Young and Brave, and early and thrice blest:

Thrice, thrice, thrice blest!

Thy country turns once more to kiss thy youthful brow,
And takes thee gently, gently, to her breast:

And whispers lovingly: "God bless thee—bless thee

My darling, thou shalt rest !"

New Albany, Feb. 18, 1862.

LETTERS FROM WARREN CHASE.

Over the Hills.

After an excellent meeting in Baltimore, and taking leave of many friends, bidding adieu to the hospital and head quarters of "Camp Kettles." I made about thirty miles on the snowy road into Maryland, to the home of my old friend and your able correspondent, A. P. M'Combs, where a short visit, long talk, and agreeable time, were soon disposed of, and I took the iron track that winds its snaky path over, around, and through the Alleghanies. To my surprise, the snow decreased gradually to the summit, and down the western slope to Pittsburg the dry land appeared as in Spring, with green fields of wheat, and full brooks of water. The cattle and Bheep were trying to rake unmown hay with the rake teeth Nature had so kindly set in their heads, but they seemed to make little progress in filling the mows or maws. Soon after noon, we reached Pittsburg, whose bottom was mud, and top smoke; hetween the two we passed through without seeing much else that was more pleasant than either.

This sooty Birmingham of America burns and sells a vast amount of coal, melts a vast amount of ore, and casts everything that requires hot fires, from a glass toy to huge guns or a toad-shaped mortar. But the people have so much to do with fire and smoke, that they know little about Spiritualism. and seem to depend on Christian sects to save them from the fires in the other life of which they see so much in this.

Still journeying westward, we reached the snow before we reached Ohio, and it thickened all night. notwithstanding that " lesser light" which God hung in the heavens to help the stars light the night, was rounded out to a full, and proved a great blessing to travalers in a night that would be dark without it. At such times, I often think (sometimes aloud) what a pity God made such a mistake in hanging it, when he could have given us a full moon every night, at least by putting in seven as he did for Japiter, where Christians, say there are no human souls to be maved, or bodies to be resurrected-so Jesus did not have to go there and die for sinners: But I often wish two had her moons, such little things commantly open the thoughtful mind to "the wonderful plan of salvation," and oreation, and somehow I see . a great many: mistakes: in the Christian scheme of

On residing the O. C. and O. road, I turned southward, and will arther the longitud hall multiply bunked in the sleeping car, the axie broke and soon shook

made the loaded trees glisten like the scenes sometimes described by clairvoyants, as belonging to that transparent world where spirits dwell, and of which some of us occasionally have a slight and momentary view.

Saturday the railroad fulfilled the contract and anded me in Cincinnati, and with Bro. Meader I ism met at Kenduskeag, February 14th, and continued

belles run, we made our way down into the smoke, and at the new hall on Fifth street met about twelve baskets full of the fragments of broken and scattered Spiritualists, of which, like the loaves and fishes in the Christian fable, there are more when broken and scattered. We had two good meetings, and one big circle, and prepared for more. Our friends here have not had speakers employed or much meetings for a short time, for they have or much meetings for a short time, for they have been passing through a season of trial of strength and patience, probably taking care of the dead and wounded and prisoners of the enemy who fell into their hands at the Solferino battle, which a writer for your parer said was gained by our sister, Emma liardinge, when she was last here, and of which the sectarian enemy do not yet seem to be aware. Orsectarian enemy do not yet seem to be aware. Or- On the contrary, there were many other accompany-der, effort and system will soon be restored here, and ing and unmistakable indications of healthy growth WARREN CHASE. the work go on again.

Cincinnati, Feb. 18, 1862.

Egypt, U. S. A. Not down on the Nile in the land of the Pharaohs and rush bed of Moses, but out in the West, in the land of the Suckers, with its long line of railroad, junction of great rivers, and its Cairo quarter of the great army of the nation. One would think that Cincinnati better deserved the name, judged by the ten days I spent there on my way here, only two of which had a sunshine in them; the others were mixed from the pavement to the sky, beginning in mud, black with fallen soot, and ending with pure air. Along the stratum where human beings walk and stores and steeples stand, it is a dense mixture of clouds and smoke, about equally mixed, compeling a person to breathe through the mouth, instead of the nose. At such times it seems a real blessing

group of intelligent and ignorant, idle and busy worshipers of the birth of Washington, their heads covered with all sorts of hats, caps and bonnets-hats tall and short, bell shaped, with muzzle up and muzzle down, and bonnets from the Glengary style to singing, through Mrs. Morse. The lecture for Saturba modern scoon shovel and faces under all very day afternoon was given by L. P. Rand, and followed much such as a Catholic Church would save, absolve, and send to heaven to praise the Lord for the mysic- was able and instructive. Subject: The science of the ries of salvation. The feet were covered more alike, as nearly all were covered with mud, and the broad skirts of one sex and narrow skirts of the other were about equally spattered from the bottom upward. The newspapers said it was a great day of rejoicing, and everybody was glad. Perhaps it was so, but I thought some were hungry, and some I know were tipsy, and some I saw looked mad.

Next day was Sunday, fair and clear, and a few got up agricultured by the form of the form. were about equally spattered from the bottom up-

Next day was Sunday, fair and clear, and a few and many others, so that the time of the forenoon was got up early enough to go to church, and we had our hare of them, but it, and all, were small, so we the audience, and addressed us in a very pleasing manhad about equal evidence that Christianity and a ner. giving briefly her experience, and announcing the Spiritualism had died out in the city of Cin. But I had abundant evidence, out of meeting, that Spiritualism had not.

Tuesday I took one more long ride westward, and landed, late at night, in this Centralia spot, known. a little way off, as being in Egypt ; but like the localities once subject to milk-sickness, the precise spot is difficult to find: it is usually a little beyond or a little back of where you are. Whatever people may call this south part of Illinois, I can testify from former visits, and confirm by the present, that in soil and climate few sections of the Free States are as good, and in improvements and intelligence few are behind it, and in honesty and morality it is at least a good average with Christian communities. Half a million of Yankees would soon make it the fruit garden of the nation.

The spring birds are here before me, (in February) and the grass is already green. The weather is spring-like, and the ploughman is waiting for the soil to dry. Many people suppose this region is a flat prairie, but they mistake. There is plenty of timber in Southern Illinois, and the land is rolling, their means, in participating in the labors and blessoften quite hilly. There is also an abundance of ings of this religious season.

The Universalist meeting house, now occupied by coal. For peaches plums, grapes and small fruit, it cannot be beat by any section out of Dixie. (What evergreens, and adorned with appropriate symbols and that can do I will not now say.) For grass and grain it is good; corn often fails for want of late summer rains, and the same cause brings some sickness in late summer, but on the whole, it does not seem more sickly than many sections called healthy. If people would observe a few simple rules of living, they would be as well here as in New England, and could get rich or get a living here with less than half the labor required there.

This section was originally settled by the poor or lary and illiterate Whites from Slave States, but as Northern enterprise has crowded in among them, they are fast developing new elements of character. Fences, dwellings, orchards, schoolhouses, villages, churches, newspapers, books, and last, but not least. Spiritualism has a foothold, and the rich treasures of the soil and soul are coming to the surface for the use of the next generation.

Young, or even middle-aged people who have becom tired of the anows and rocks of New England, and who can live without rum, tobacco, pork and coffee, and can keep their bodies clean and minds calm—
who love to work and read, and be well paid for both, can find a good country in this region to rear families and plant homes. Most of the people here polson their bodies with tobacco and pork, and many with whiskey and coffee, but they are all bad for this climate, and would be almost ruinous to eastern

And now the meeting has passed, but it has left an impression upon the community for good which can not be erased. There is great power in such a meeting has passed, but it has left an impression upon the community for good which can not be erased. There is great power in such a meeting has passed, but it has left an impression upon the community for good which can not be erased. There is great power in such a meeting has passed, but it has left an impression upon the community for good which can not be erased. There is great power in such a meeting has passed, but it has left an impression upon the community for good which can not be erased. There is great power in such a meeting has passed, but it has left an impression upon the community for good which can not be erased. There is great power in such a meeting has passed, but it has left an impression upon the community for good which can not be erased. There is great power in such a meeting has passed, but it has left an impression upon the community for good which can not be erased. There is great power in such an extending its testimonies go forth, and thus truth is dissembled from faith to faith. Sike or eight hundred with great from faith to faith. Sike or eight hundred with great from faith to faith. Sike or eight hundred with great from faith to faith. Sike or eight hundred with great from faith to faith. Sike or eight hundred with great from faith to faith to faith. Sike or eight hundred with great from faith to faith. Sike or eight hundred with great from faith to faith. Sike or eight hundred with great from faith to faith. Sike or eight hundred with great from faith to faith. Sike or eight hundred wit people who come here to live; laziness is bad enough here, without adding these destructive habits to it. Some of them, or even all, and swearing, also, may be tolerated among the hemlocks and loes of the North, but are badly out of place among the peach trees, bland precess and alluvial soil of this power that will crush all that does not belong to the dispensation of truth, righteousness, and inspiration.

Finally, in behalf of the essential friends of this matter.

them into wakefulness. We left the crippled car, blown roses? Who would turn hogs or drunken men but took the sleepy passengers, and in the early into a flower-garden, or silence pleasant dreams morn I landed in the snow and mud (about equally with narcotics? No wonder people have the ague. mixed), a few miles from Cincinnati, to visit an old in the rich valleys of the West; they often need friend, long an invalid, whose gladdened face greeted something to shake them till they will obey the me as the smiling sun shone over the snowscape, laws of life and health; then diseases will be scarce. Centralia, Ill., March 1, 1862. WARREN CHARE.

SPIRITUAL MASS MEETING AT KENDUSKEAG, MAINE.

Agreeably to appointment, the friends of Spiritual climbed over the many hills that skirt the great city of Cin-oln to his house and home among, or above, the clouds of smoke, at least seven stories above the roofs, and three above the steeples of the right-angled part of the city.

In the Sunday morning, when the bells rang and the sunday morning at the Town Hall—white sunday morning, when the bells rang and the sunday morning at the Town Hall—white sunday morning the least seven stories above the universalist meeting house, but as it was densely crowded, and many were obliged to go away without entering at all, the meeting was adjourned, after two days, to meet on Sunday morning at the Town Hall—white was also filled to its utmost capacity during the entire day.

which was also filled to its utmost capacity during the entire day.

Many towns in Penobscot and vicinal counties were represented at this meeting. Many mediums resident in our State were present, and some from abroad. On the whole, it is believed that the three days meeting at Kenduskeag was the best we have ever enjoyed in the State since the commencement of the modern spiritual movement; and the beat meeting wheld in Maine. We speak sincerely: we think more general intelligence in relation to spirituality, and a broader, clearer view of life, death, immortality and heaven—in short, a higher conception and realization dern spiritual movement; and the best meeting ever

and steady progress exhibited, not only in the deep re-ligious feeling and the unusual degree of harmonious aspiration after truth, but the great breadth of sympathetic and charitable regards which were most manifestly felt and so liberally and widely exchanged on

The speakers present displayed a very screenble, and doubtless profitable diversity of gifts; almost every phase of mediumistic power hitherto developed being

our first discourse was given through Bro. M. Taylor. Subject: "For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face." The dark night of error and superstition had about past, and men were beginning to see face to face; and to see, as not in former times, see face to face; and to see, as not in former times, their loved ones in heaven. This discourse, full of pathos and stirring facts, was delivered in the afternoon of the first day, and followed by inspirational remarks through Mrs. Morse, of Searsport. Both speakers evinced that they occupied important places in the field of labor.

The lecture for the evening was given through Mrs.

Laura M. Hollis, whose spirited and devotional style
so favorably introduces her lectures to the masses.

Subject: The impartial beneficence of the Divine Being -his spiritual blessings given anciently and to-day.

of the nose. At such times it seems a real blessing to have a mouth, even though you do not want to eat, and have nothing to say.

It was an interesting sight on the 22d of February to see the streets lined and filled with the motley many others, concurred to make our morning conference specially interesting and profitable. At half-past ten o'clook, A. M., we listened to a discourse of much power and beauty, through the organism of Bro. Greenforce of much power and power and beauty. leaf, of Lowell, Mass. This discourse was also followed. much to the satisfaction of all, by improvisational by remarks through Dr. George Hopkins, of Old Town. The evening discourse given through Bro. A. P. Pierce.

Sunday morning, at the Town Hall: In some way, the idea seemed to prevail in the community that on Sunday we were to experience a special outpouring of the spirit, and, accordingly, at an early hour, hun-

object of her thrilling mission. Her brilliancy of speech, and the accuracy with which every sentence goes to its mark, remind us of the point, wisdom and energy that were exhibited in the characteristics Joan of Arc. At this time, also, we were favored with remarks from L. Barker, Esq., of Stetson, who, in his usual happy style, discovered that he was not unacquainted with the laws and facts of Spiritualism, and the incalculable blessings that have already resulted to the world through its renovating power. Sunday afternoon: This space was occupied chiefly

by the lecture given through Bro. Greenleaf. Subject:
And the books were deened." This discourse was listened to with great interest, as it abounded in state-Bro. Greenleaf. Subject: ed." This discourse was ments of facts of unspeakable importance touching the ments of tacts of unspearable importance touching the improvement and elevation of our race. Many volumes in one: The books of geology, chemistry and astronomy contain the burning thoughts of God, through inconceivable ages. The science principles of man's natural body and his relations to all other things, chiefly occupied the speaker in this discourse. How our friends in Kenduskeag will be rewarded for

all their pains and kindness in doing so much to make so many happy, I will not undertake in this connection to say. Bros. Palmer, Dolliver and Tilton-a turee fold cord not easily broken-entertained, each, not less than fifty or sixty persons continually at their own homes, and many more, i imagine, partook at their tables during the meeting.

I have not the names, and cannot mention many

the Spiritualists, was trimmed at much labor wit mottos, affording fruitful topics for remarks, touching the unfolding and incorruptible destinies of man! There were many whom I saw in that audience, and

whom I have long known as faithful laborers in the cause of truth, in both evil and good report, not even whose names shall I be able to mention in this brie report, but whose names are written, and will remain vorthily written, in the book of their own life's expe-

I was pleased to see the familiar countenance of a Severance, a Hopkins and Colson, and many others of kindred gifts and labors, I know their labors of love and patience, and the great good that has come from their efforts, not in healing the sick merely, but in sowing the seed of truth and faith. also, wherever sowing the seed of truth and faith, also, wherever they have labored. Rather than to die or have their friends die, many people send for a healing medium, and thus skeptic become acquainted with the power of Spiritualism, and the work goes on.

Bro: Hodges, of Appleton, though anxiously expected, was not at the meeting. He must be at our next. We can't consent to spare him yet.

Bro. W. K. Ripley, who has labored with the people much at Kenduskear was meent but did not consent.

much at Kendurkeag, was present, but did not consent to be the channel of spiritual truth at this public con-vocation, as many desired he would be, but he will be found in his place, as a star whose light, far reaching,

is to chilven and to guide.

And now the meeting has passed, but it has left an world to man!

Of what avail are the dogmas and church-forms of

ecclesiastical rubbish before the power of this revelasection. Who would think of swearing in a per meeting let it again be said, many thanks to those funed atmosphere or under the industries of gentle stance; many thanks to those mediums who were the channels of inspiration and the windows of heaven to

L. P. RAND.

Important Message from the President. March 6th, the President transmitted to Congress the following message:

Fellow Citizens of the Senate and House of Representa-

Resolved, That the United States ought to co-operate with any State which may adopt a gradual abolishment of stavary, giving to such State pecuniary aid to be used by such State ers who may favor the Convention with desirable serior and discretion to compensate for the inconveniences, publicand critical and state of the inconveniences and state of the

ic and private, produced by such change of system, If the proposition contained in the resolution does not meet the approval of Congress and the country, there is the end; but if it does command such approv al. I deem it of importance that the States and people immediately interested should be at once distinctly no tified of the fact, so that they may begin to consider

whether to accept or reject it.

The Federal Government would find its highest in terest in such a measure, as one of the most efficient means of self preservation. The leaders of the exist-ing insurrection entertain the hope that the governnent will ultimately be forced to acknowledge the in-

The Arcana of Nature.

The Arcana of Nature.

This volume, by Hudson Tuttle, Esq., is one of the best scientific books of the present age. Did the reading public understand this factfully, they would have the more southern, that all the States tolerating slavery would very soon, if at all, initiate emancipation, but that while the offer is equally made to all, the more Northern shall by such initiation, make it certain to the more Southern, that in no event will the former ever join the latter in their proposed confederacy, because, in my judgment, gradual and not send to the service of the present age. Did the reading public understand this factfully, they would have the work without delay. By reference to the seventh page of this paper, last column, the reading public understand this factfully, they would have the work without delay. By reference to the seventh page of this paper, last column, the reading public understand this factfully, they would have the work without delay. By reference to the seventh page of this paper, last column, the reading public understand this factfully, they would have the work without delay. By reference to the seventh page of this paper, last column, the reading public understand this factfully, they would have the work without delay. By reference to the seventh page of this paper, last column, the reading public understand this factfully, they would have the work without delay. By reference to the seventh page of this paper, last column, the reading public understand this factfully, they would have the work without delay. By reference to the seventh page of this paper, last column, the reading public understand this factfully, they would have the work without delay. By reference to the seventh page of this paper, last column, the reading public understand this factfully, they would have the work without cleap. By reference to the seventh page of this paper, last column, the reading public understand this factfully, they would have the work without cleap. By reference to the se

pecuniary view.

Any member of Congress with the census tables and the treasury reports before him can readily see for him. the treasury reports before him can readily see for him gelf how very soon the current expenditures of this war would purchase at a fair valuation all the slaves in any named State. Such a proposition on the part of the General Government, sets up no claim of a right by Federal authority to interfere with slavery within State limits, referring as it does the absolute control of the subject in each case to the State and its people immediately interested. It is proposed as a matter of perfectly free choice with them.

perfectly free choice with them.
In the annual message last December, I thought fit to say, "The Union must be preserved, and hence all indispensable means must be employed." I said this not hastily, but deliberately. There has been and continues to be an indispensable means to this end. A practical re-acknowledgement of the national author-ity would render the war unnecessary, and it would at once cease. If, however, resistance continues, the once cease. If, however, resistance continues, the war must also continue, and it is impossible to foresee all the incidents which may attend, and all the ruin which may follow it. Such as may seem indispensable, or may obviously promise great efficiency toward ending the struggle, must and will come.

The proposition now made, though an offer only, I have it may be externed no offer only as whather the

The proposition now made, though an offer only, I hope it may be esteemed no offence to ask whether the pecuniary consideration tendered would not be of more value to the States and private persons concerned, more value to the States and private persons concerned, than are the institutions and property in it, in the

present aspect of affairs.

While it is true that the adoption of the proposed resolution would be merely initiatory, and not, within itself, a practical measure, it is recommended in the hope that it would soon lead to important results. In full view of my great responsibility to my God and my country, I earnestly beg the attention of Congress and the people to the subject.

(Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

and my country. I carnestly beg the attention of Congress and the people to the subject.

(Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A Cail.

For the consideration of those intending to go to California, and are friendly to the great cause of reform, this call is made.

For twenty years I preached Universalism; but for the last six years I have been a believer in the great, life-imparting, and soul-expanding doctrines of Spiritualism, and lectured occasionally. Last Spring I started out with the intention of devoting my time exclusively to the work; but the violssitudes of the climate have revived an old bronchial tudes of the climate have revived an old bronchial complaint, which admonishes me to seek a milder climate. And, in obedience to that admonition, and because I wish to remain in the form as long as I Lecturers dealing engagements phase address Albert Morten. can, and retain my position as a lecturer, in such a manner that it may be truthfully said when I pass from hence, that the world has been benefitted by my having lived in it, I make the following appeal. Not that I ask charity, but simply an opportunity to help myself and family, and at the same time assist those who may render me the aid I ask, thus bringing into action the beautiful law of reciprocity.

Those noticing this call, who are going to Callfornia, and would like to have lectures on the journey when circumstances would admit, and have the lecturer with them when they get through, can now have the opportunity.

Now what I want, is a team fitted out at a fair compensation, to take my family, not being able to do it myself, and get the outfit.

If I cannot succeed in this, as it respects the family, I wish to obtain a situation as driver of a team, or hand of all work, and thus work my passage through, with a boy between nine and ten years old. For although I have been a preacher so long, and am now a lecturer, yet I do not consider it degrading to do anything honorable, whereby I can render myself useful. I am a tolerable hand with a team. and have had a great deal of experience in moving. Address H. S. Marble, Iowa City, Iowa.

Editors in the West, noticing the above, and feel. ng a willingness to help roll on the car of Reform, will confer a favor by giving it an insertion.

H. S. MARBLE. Iowa City, Iowa, Feb. 24, 1862.

Cheever and Lincoln.

N. P. Willis paints men and things with a deliate, yet vigorous hand. Speaking of the recent abolition lecture of Cheever in Washington, he says. in his "Lookings on at the War," in the Home Journal:

With the charm of novelty, as to time and placethe additional relish, that is to say, of "game and season"—I have had, to-day, two warm experiences, for mid-winter, at Washington-a summer stroll through the grounds of the Capitol, and the hearing of Cheever's abolition sermon in the House of Representatives. June never had a softer or supple lay than January twelfth, and a more volcanic outburst of human utterance was probably never lisened to, than Cheever's astonishing of those legis. ative chairs, this Sabbath afternoon. Whether the hearer did, or did not, believe, in the parallel drawn rom the text-that Lincoln was "Pharach, Fremont "Moses," Rebellion "the Red Sea" and river of blood," and that abolition would be the letting God's people go," at the now last command of an angry Jehovah—the persuading thereto was ratorically tremendous. At the close of the service, the portable melodeon of the "Hutchinsons" was brought into the centre of the Representatives' Hall, and the four famous vocalists broke forth with a quartette of Wendell Phillipsism (an anti-slavery hymn) by way of doxology. It was exceedingly well sung—only, a little perplaning to remember, that this musical family had done the same thing for the just denounced "Phersch," a few nights before—
bringing in their melodeon (as I had innocently been delighted to see them: do,) and doxologizing, our paper one years it will be formanded to see them: do,) and doxologizing, our paper one years it the advertisement wanted.

us on that occasion, and many thanks to those ministering angels who hovered over us and breathed upon us the spirit of that wisdom which is from above. May their influence still be over us, as the inspiration of the Divine Presence.

L. P. RAND. olusion of this latter song, I saw the eyes of our tall "Pharaoh" brimful of tears!

Convention at Bangor, Maine, 14: The undersigned Committee hereby extend a cordial invitation to all Spiritual lecturers, mediums, believtives:

I recommend the adoption of a joint resolution by your honorable bodies which shall be substantially as follows:

I recommend the adoption of a joint resolution by your honorable bodies which shall be substantially as follows: provided for all speakers, and as many others as possi-ble. Collections will be taken up to help needy speak.

L. STOCKWELL, G. B. F. BROWN, Co. ROBERT DAVIS.

Quarterly Meeting.

The friends of Progress will hold a Quarterly Meeting at Greensboro', Henry County, Indiana, in Seth Hinshaw's Free Hall, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, 11th, 12th and 18th of April. Frank L. Wadsworth and Mary Thomas will be present to speak to the people. Other speakers are cordially invited,
Come all who can and let us have a feast of good
things. By order of the Committee.
SETH HINSHAW.
DE. HILL,
VALENTINE NICHOLSON.

AGNES COOK, VALENTINE NICHOLSON.

American Steel Pens.

We have been using these pens for some time, and find they are not only better, but cheaper than foreign manufacture. We also, learn that Snow's Pens have

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYCRUM HALL, TREMONT STREET, (Opposite head of School street.)—The regular course of lectures will continue through the winter, and services will commence at 2:45 and 7:15 o'clock, P. M. Admission Free. Lecturers engaged:—Mrs. Fannie B. Feltun, March 16; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, March 23 and 30; H. B. Storer, April 6 and 15; Miss Lizzie Doten, April 20 and 27; Miss Emma Haruinge in May; Rev. J. S. Loveland, June 1 and 8.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROWFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—
The Spiritual Conference meets every Wednewlay evening, at 71-2 o'clock. The subject for next evening is:
Is Suffering a Necessity?"

MARBLEREAD.-Meetings are held in Bassett's new Hall,

Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. S. Townsend, March 16; F. L. Wadsworth, last three Sundays in June. Foxnore.—Meetings in the Town Hall. Speakers engaged: Henry C. Wright, March 16; Miss Lizzle Doten, April 6; Mrs. M. M. Macumber Wood, April 20 and 27.

Lowert.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Bundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall, Speakers engaged:—Belle Scougall, during March.

ST. Louis, Mo.—Meetings are held in Mercautile Library Hall every Sunday at 10 1-2 o'clock A. m. and 7 1-2 r. m.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Though the pressure of the times, which has proved so disastrous to many Newspaper Establishments in our conntry, has made us feel its influence severely, we are yet proud to say we have surmounted all obstacles, and are now able to

keep the Banner on a foundation of solidity and respecta-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

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