Miterary Department.

A STORY OF BOTH HEMISPHERES.

CRIME AND RETRIBUTION

BY CORA WILBURN. 11 76 h. h. de "

CHAPTER L THE DISOBEDIENT DAUGHTER.

by the lavish tokens of a wealth whose office was to there else against me?" minister to her alone, she stood upon the verge of rethe toils and poverty of one in whom her maiden heart was bound.

child of a most estimable man, was willing to forego comer to our neighborhood, he fears, he mistrusts the happy condition of the present, for the uncertain you. He is a doating father; I, alas, ungrateful lot that the love of Philip Almay would bring; but that I am, am his only living child! Forgive his it was not this that rent the young girl's heart with anguish; it was the thought of secret flight, the sin him for my love's sake !" of disobedience, the dread foreboding of the sorrow she would inflict upon her father's whitening head, with violent pulsations.

"Leave him!" she cried; and she wrung her white hands in despair; "he has been so good, so fondly pressing a kies upon her candid forehead. kind so indulgent a father! Only this once in my "But tell me, Rose, tell me all-what does your fa whole life has he thwarted me. He cannot, he will ther suspect?—what does he imagine?" not think well of Philip! He will never, never consent; and to save my beloved from life-lasting misery, I must flee from my blessed home; I must forsake the dear father, who has been mother, friend, guar he trembles, lest---" dian, all, all to me! Oh God! I cannot leave him. I dare not! The searching eye of the Omnipotent is upon me; He will visit my deadly sin with punish, oh, do not be angry, Philip!-you might have been ment; I cannot go; Oh, Philip, I cannot !" She sank guilty-of crime!" sobbing into a seat, and covering her face with her hands, still murmured between her tears, "I can listened and faltered in your faith? You wavered not-cannot."

noiselessly; she saw not the mocking, cynical smile will bear no more; humiliations, threats, all have I that disfigured the finely-chiseled lip-the demon meekly endured for your dear sake. But now I can triumph in his eye. She was absorbed in her grief, no more! I leave you, Rose; I go back to the world, and Philip Almay, standing there with folded arms, to my misery and my solitary life; lone, lone amid regarded her as he would some beautiful picture or the crowd. Farewell, farewell, my Rose!" some fine piece of sculpture. There was no gleam of | The arch hypocrite had calculated on the result. honest love, no light of compassion within his rest. With a piercing cry the young girl barred his way, less, furtive, brilliant, night black eye; it was re- imploring him for the sweet love of Heaven not to lentless, oruel; endowed with an evil magnetism, a forsake her. He covered his brightening eyes with rare subduing power. His figure, cast in an athletic both hands. his hands and feet were aristocratically small.

of the beautiful Rose, plead poverty and toil as his loved!" portion. He was of humble parentage, he said : but self-taught and ambitious. From her luxurious home You will share the humble home I shall provide? he would convey his bride to a cottage by the sea You will become my own, my cherished wife? Oh, shore, while he embarked anew for the perils of the langels bless thee, Rose, my pearl, my gem, my queen, deep and the distant Southern climes. With all the my love!" eloquence of which he was master, with all the pleading persuasions of love, he implored her to fly angel had sadly left her side. with him; to leave the sanctuary of home, of her father's loving arms, forever. He stood before her as flood of her grief, " the only time my father wore a she sat there quietly weeping and articulating faint- shadow on his face for me, was when I asked his ly, "I cannot-oh, I cannot!"

"Rose, my beloved Rose!" said a voice that thriltones. " why this grief? - wherefore this abandonment? See, I am here to comfort and console."

ed on the handsome face upturned toward her; her you should ever change-if you should become cold filial resolve faltered and grew dim; the spell of his or harsh-if-oh, the thought is madness!-if you For him she would brave the world's contumely, her even a father's malediction!" father's curse, the bitter fate awaiting her; her only compensation would be the love that, dearer than all stroked her glossy curls. earthly ties, obscured her very hopes of Heaven. Ah, Rose i-blinded by a serpent's wiles, what shadows, weird and terrible, arise upon thy life-path, ungrateful daughter, God-forgetting heart!

But it is our duty to narrate the commission of

"Will you doom me to isolation to a blighted. companionless life? Will you think of me as desperately rushing into danger, perhaps as falling into most confines of the earth." crime, through your denial? Rose, can you cast from you the heart that worsh ps your very footprint, make me an anchorite, or worse, a desperado among men? Rose, you are my first, my only love! the ocean? go with me to another land?" See, all turn from me, because I wear not the insignias of power and wealth. You only, rich, respected as you are, have taken the poor struggler by the hand; will you not lead him on, and, as you loving-

ly express it, upward, now and forever, Rose?" curls swept the dark brow of the wily pleader; tears the exterted promise of her flight with him. rained on his face, the tears of innocence and youth, but he relented not. The outward pensive mask i

veiled the inner and jubilant triumph of the plotter's soul.

"Oh, if my father's consent could but be won! Oh, Philip, I will plead again, and weep in the dust before his feet. My father is not proud, not worldly; he would give me to the poorest peasant in the land, if I loved him, and he were worthy; these are his very words. But he has an unaccountable prejudice against you; he says you are not what you seem; he fears for my happiness; he warns me against you! Oh, Philip, if you truly love me, go and beseech of him as I have done. Tell him the history of your past life as you have told me; surely he will pity, will learn to love you."

"It were in vain; I know Mr. Harold Palmer too well," he replied, with a sneer that escaped the tearful sight of Rose. "He tells you this to soothe you, to win your love from me. Never would the haugh-In the home once consecrated by a mother's holy ty, retired English gentleman give his heiress to the love the home still hallowed by a father's guardian poorest peasant on his fields; mere matter of speech, care and indulgent affection, Rose Palmer paced her that is. What can your father's objections be to me? chamber floor uneasity. On every side surrounded I am poor; of that sin I stand confessed; what is

"He says," faltered Rose, "that you are a wannouncing all the case and luxury of her life, to share derer, of whom no one knows the resting-place; that your birthplace is unknown; your parentage unrevealed. Dear Philip! he cares not that I wed with Rose Palmer, the heiress, the idolized and only one of equal standing; but, as a stranger, a newtender solicitude, his extreme watchfulness, forgive

And she clung to his arm and looked appealingly into the darkening face and on the contracted brow that caused her tears to flow, and her heart to throb of the man who was already her tyrant and enslaver.

"For your sake all is forgiven!" he murmured,

Rose could not refuse the demand of those magnetic eyes and pleading lips. She said hesitatingly-" He fears-be thinks, not that he believes-but

"Well, well, lest what, my darling?"

"That somewhere some time in the past you -

" Of crime!" he repeated. " And you, Rose? you -in the fear that I- and thus your father has She saw not the tall, manly form that entered sought to poison your unworldly ears? No. Rose, I

mold, betokened the habit of command; his face "Do not, do not leave me!" she wept, and clung was embrowned, as by the sun of other climes; his around his knees; "without a brother, lone as thyhandsome features were marked and prominent; his self, amid the surroundings of wealth and case; unhair was black, curling in abundant masses; and sistered, motherless, I have but thee to love! Oh, go not from me with a wounded heart! I will give So might we imagine a. pirate chieftain, or a rob- up the world, all, all, even the father I shall bring to ber king. But Philip, in suing for the virgin love the grave—but leave me not, my Philip, my be-

"You will renounce this destiny of emply glitter?

She was weeping on his bosom, and the recording

"The only time," she whispered, amid the heartblessing to our union. Never, never, while I live!' he cried vehemently; and then, oh pitying Lord! he led her soul like music, so deep and tender were its kissed me, and his warm tears fell upon my hand, as he told me of the danger I incurred, of the fears he entertained; his words were soleninly warning: He knelt gracefully before her, and took her unre-they thrilled my soul with terror. Philip!" she sisting hand. The sorrowful blue eyes of Rose rest. cried suddenly, starting from his close embrace, "if presence charmed away the better angel of her life. should weary of the faithful love that for you braves

She paused, overcome by emotion. He fondly

"Am I a monster? Are you not the first and last love of my soul? Do I, like others, woo you for the wealth I see lavished upon you? Do I tempt you to take with you your jewels and costly robes? Do I not ask you only for yourself, and am I not willing wrong, the unfailing retribution that followed on the to labor for you while strength and health are

> "Yes, yes, I know you are noble, disinterested, honorable; I will trust, I will go with you to the ut-

"Stop, Rose! Reflect on what you say; some day I may have cause to remind you of these rashly spok. en words. Would you brave with me the perils of

"Anywhere-everywhere!" she cried; and her cheeks glowed with resolve, her woman heart throbbed high with the heroism of devoted love. He soothed her into calm by his whispered conso-

lations; he kissed her into submissive accord with She bowed her head, until the drooping chestnut the demands of his imperious will. He left her with

" To-morrow at midnight!" he had said. "To-morrow at midnight!" her quivering lips re-

peated, and her throbbing heart stood still; the password of her destiny was spoken; an undefinable sense of dread, a presentiment of coming ill, pressed her every faculty.

The next day Rose watched with a silent anxiety every movement of her calm-browed, hale and loving father. She stroked the thin, light, whitening locks, and kissed the yet healthful cheeks with an intensity of affection unfelt before. She looked upon him with worshipful gaze, and when he called her "darling. child," and "blessed comfort," she could have knelt to him and prayed for his protecting care against the stranger who had won her from her filial duty. Knowing that his keen sight read every passing shadow on her face, she controlled her surging emotions; she met his eye, not with untroubled calm, but with a tender tearlessness. Whatever pain her pallid cheeks and restless emotions betrayed, he atributed to the sorrowing disenchantment of her love, never doubting that his words had taken effect; unaware that his cherished daughter received the clandestine visits of one he deemed unfitting her society. That his child should leave his roof and trust herself to one she had only known three short months, he would have scorned the idea as unworthy of a passing credence. Fully and unreservedly he trusted this idolized child of the departed; he pitied her as only a father can; and he was more affectionate, more communicative and solicitous than ever. on that last, ever remembered day.

When he kissed her for the night, her emotion was too painful for repression; she burst into bitter weeping and clung around his neck; and he soothed her by his usual terms of endearment.

" You are nervous, my precious comfort," he said; but my little heart will soon revive. In a month we go to London; then my Rose shall join the gayeties, and see the great world; there she will have suitors that will wrangle for her hand, and worry her old papa to death. She will forget the dream that has cast a cloud upon her way. Now, goodnight, my comfort! God bless my darling child!" "Once more, bless me again, my father!" oried

"Once more, and every day, my blessed!" he said half gaily. But his tone was reverential, as he said, God bless my darling child!"

With her father's kiss upon her brow, with a guiltly beating heart, Rose stole from her chamber, and passing through the silent halls, crept in the shadow of the house, and the blooming summer hedges, toward the garden gate, where Philip Almay awaited her. She took his arm, and as they hurried on, the midnight bell of a neighboring convent seemed to toll the requiem of her youthful joys. Half supporting her trembling form, Philip bent his head to listen to her incoherent speech.

"Oh, never more," she cried, between her gasping breath; never more shall I hear that voice-I am no more his 'little heart,' his 'precious comfort.' I am cursed of God and him! Philip!' she cried. standing suddenly still, the moonlight falling on her ghost-like face and spectral-white attire, "let us return ! take me back! I hear my father's moans of agony! Take me home, home! Philip, to my duty, to the father, raving, maddened for my loss!"

"Hush, hush, dearest!" he answered, "it is too late now. Halloo, Joaquin! are you here?" He grasped the hand of the approaching stranger. "Where is the carriage? We have no time to lose,"

"Here, sir, close by. Is this the lady?" "Yes; hush! be quick! take her up tenderly; no, wait ; go on before."

Rose lay in a deep swoon upon the gravel path. Philip raised her in his arms and bore her to the awaiting carriage. The man Joaquin mounted the box and drove off; the gallant steeds flew like the wind, and Rose Palmer was carried swiftly from her home; and when she regained her consciousness, the dawn was breaking crimson and golden o'er the

At a wayside church, where, from all appearances, previous arrangements had been made, Philip Almay and Rose were united in the bonds of marriage. For two days and nights they traveled at their utmost speed; then gaining the sea-shore, they reached a romantic and secluded hamlet, far from the rural town where Harold Palmer's imposing country mansion stood. To a cottage home, interiorly decorated with a prodigal and almost Oriental taste. Philip welcomed his young, confiding wife. Scarcely turned sixteen, her delicate health had kept her from mingling with the gayeties of her station. To this practiced man of the world, many years her senior, she had given the first love of a pure, world-untouch. ed heart. During the journey, he had been so gentle, so attentive, the young wife could not long indulge the violence of grief. As she stepped into the charming little house, and looked around upon the magnificence surrounding her, the wealth of paintings, the ivory and gilding, the costly mirrors and the gorgeous carpets, the china vases and the silken hangings, exceeding even the accustomed splendor of her lordly home, she turned to her husband with a childlike and bewitching smile, her blue eyes wide open with astonishment, as the said-

"You are rich, you are a gentleman in wealth as well as in heart! But why-"

He stopped her mouth with kisses, bade the curteying maid show her lady to her room, and Rose. following in silent wonderment, felt that her handsome and attentive lover husband was a mystery.

> CHAPTER II. THE DISCARDED WIFE.

In a tumble-down old cottage near a mill, in a mis- that were without one particle of heart-warmth or erable wayside town, where the refinements and luxu-

ries of life were unknown, where often the gaunt hand of famine was outstretched, and the cries of the for a far different purpose. I cannot answer for my needy appealed to God, there lived a woman, still mother's whims; but this I know-she has not yet her appearance was strange. The factory operatives and the poor day-laborers looked on her with surprise and pity, for her garments were fashioned after the custom of a foreign land. She usually wore a black silk dress that contrasted finely with the complexion; her eyes were large, dark, melting and sad; the small mouth never smiled, the pale check never colored; the majestic figure, bent as by some crushing woe, was delicate and symmetrical; the raven hair was braided over a smooth and intellectual brow; the delicate hand and tiny foot bespoke her gentle lineage; the small cross of brilliants, pendant from a golden chain she wore around her neck, gave evidence of her former station, but her silken dress was worn and faded : the veil she wore upon her head was rent and mended in many places. She came in a close parriage, attended by a foreign looking man who carried in his arms a child, the miniature image lection of. Did you tell me false? Why now this of the mother. He called the lady Teresa; the little girl Felicia.

and improved its interior appearance somewhat by the floor beside him, "have you deceived my trustneat but not costly furniture, by the disposal around | ing heart? Do you no longer love me, Phillip?" of a few simple pictures, by plain white draperies of She raised her pallid face over which the briny flood muslin, and by the guitar of the Senora Teresa. of sorrow rolled, as she repeated wildly: "Do you Who she was no one knew. She gave no account of no longer love your wedded wife?" herself, and could speak the English language but | "Tut, tut! Nonsense, child! Do n't be foolish and very imperfectly. Conjecture, rumor and suspicion sentimental, I beseech you! You know it was for were rife concerning her. Even the adjacent man- your strength of character and firm decision that sions admitted the prevailing curiosity; the squire I first admired you. But I cannot control circumand his family, the clergyman and his wife, the aris- stances, Teresa." tocratic M. D. of the district, high and low, all wondered who she was, and whether sorrow or repen- in the eye, Philip! A change has passed over you tance was the cause of her seclusion. The kind within the year; a woful, blighting change to me. hearted village girl who assisted the lady in her For a year we were blest and happy, traveling tohousehold affairs, spoke of her unvarying gentleness. | gether over the varied countries; then you brought The foreign looking man had left the neighborhood; me to England, and left me, and wandered by she could give no other clue.

of Rose, a dark-browed man, enveloped in a Spanish seek my society'; in seven long months you have mantle, knocked at the door of the Senora Teresa's come to see me twice; your letters even are cold, decottage. She arose listlessly from her seat, and with void of soul! You leave us uncared for, unprotected. a faltering "Who's there?" proceeded to open. As You have forbidden me to give my name; to couple her eye rested on the tall figure at the threshold, she yours with mine. Philip! there is a mystery suruttered a cry of mingled delight and surprise; she rounding you, a dire foreboding weighs upon my threw her arms around his neck; she called him by spirits! You are not the Philip of last year to me. all the endearing epithets of love; she beckened to her playing child, and bade her go and kiss her fath- dise! When my child was born, you loved me; but er. The man returned her caresses coldly; he even unwound her clinging arms from his neck; but he stooped to kies the little circle. The man returned her caresses coldly; he even unwound her clinging arms from his neck; but he stooped to kies the little circle. stooped to kiss the little girl with all a parent's

"My dear Felicia; how she has grown," he said admiringly.

"And you, Teresa; have you been well?" he inquired. His manner was cold and constrained; he addressed her in the Spanish tongue, the language with which she had received him.

"I well ! I happy! when you are away?" she sadly made reply. "Oh, Philip-my husband! once so kind and loving, tell me what means this sudder change? In what has poor Teresa offended? Why do you absent yourself so long from me-from your child-leaving us among these rough people, the wonder and laughing stock of all?"

"You have not wanted for anything? Joaquin has provided all you needed, has he not?" the man isked harehly.

"Oh, do not speak so! Your tone is rude. 'It chills me to the heart! Yes," she said hesitatingly, "he has provided-by your orders, he said-for food and for the payment of this misorable shelter." Her fine lip curled contemptuously. "But see, Phillip, I will and the beauty of our angel will melt her heart at not complain; but this and one other are the only garments I possess; my mantilla is worn out. But I will not trouble you with these things; although I did not expect when I left my own dear native land-" she turned away her face to hide the starting tear.

A bitter, triumphant smile wreathed the mouth of the husband.

"I must have some conversation with you, Teresa," he said, regarding her curiously.

"But you will remain-you will not again leave me? At least, not soon?" she anxiously queried. "I must return this very night," he replied. "So

have not much time to spare." "Whither must you return, in such haste that you cannot even spend one day with your wife and child? your lawful wife; and now you would take from Whither go you, Philip, after an absence of so many me my child; but it shall never, never be done!"

"To see my mother," he responded, averting his

"Have you not seen her lately? Have you not yet gained her consent to receive the daughter, willing to kneel for her love and pity? Has she not yet given her approval to the hasty marriage formed by she withhold it? Am I not of good family? Was not my name honored and esteemed in Cadiz? no fear: Am I not rich?-or at least shall I not be when my uncle restores to me my mother's portion? -with one not of my faith; but he will relent, and this hesitancy in receiving me?"

The color had mounted to her very temples as sho spoke. The haughty blood of her ancestral hidalgos was aroused; she spoke loud and vehemently. Phillip made answer in the low, measured tones,

sympathy:

" I come not here to have a scene, Teresa. I come young and beautiful, whose coming was as sudden as given her approval to our marriage. I have been engrossed in business, as you know from my letters, striving to regulate my affairs; and all about that cursed property of yours; but, though I have sent your letters, your old curmudgeon of an uncle has not relented yet. I dare not ask my mother for whiteness, the almost transparent clearness of her money, so that is the reason you have been put on short allowance, Teresa."

She looked intently in his face, and said in low, and thrilling tones, all her former vehemence gone: "Are you telling me the truth, Philip?" A shadow rested on his brow.

"Why should you doubt me?" he cried, fiercely drawing away his hand from hers.

"Because your conduct is strange-is unaccountable. Because you told me when you wooed my love that your mother's heart was womanly and kind; that she would love me as her own, and replace the mother whose sainted face I have no recollong continued estrangement? Why is she so unrelenting in her pride? Or, oh, my guardian angel!" They rented the dilapidated cottage by the mill, she exclaimed, rising suddenly, and then kneeling on

"You evade a direct answer. You do not look me

yourself. And a gradual change has come over you: One day, about three months after the elopemont you no longer return my caresses; you no longer The first year of our marriage was a dream of Parafraught with desolation; but it shall bring

ty!" All of the weak, clinging tenderness of her nature was cast aside. Drawing herself up proudly, with flashing eye and crimsoned cheek, she demanded the solution of the mystery that surrounded him.

His pent up anger was on the verge of revealment, but he controlled himself by a mighty effort of his iron will. But the threatening gleam of his eye, the sudden clenching of his hand, the compression of his whitening lip, escaped not the watchful eye of Teresa.

He said in a bantering, hurried manner: "Do not be foolish, Teresa. I am harrassed with business cares. What else should ail me, my good wife?-and as for the least change in me, that's all in your imagination, little dear."

"Your manner is assumed; you are not frank. and gay, and natural, as you used to be," she said.

"Ha! ha! ha!" His laugh was forced as his bantoring air. "Come, come," he resumed; "I must tell you in a few words what I came for expressly. Let me take Felicia to my mother; the sight of her will move her to a reconciliation; she loves children, once. What say you, Teresa?"

"That my child shall never leave me for an instant!" she replied, snatching up the smiling prattier who was playing on the floor.

"ls this your wifely obedience?" he cried mock-

"Is it a just, a fair, a human demand?" she retorted flercely. "Why would you separate me from my child; the tender child that demands my care? Why cannot I go with you? Philip, if I knew in what portion of this kingdom your mother lives, I would find my way to her, though I walked every step on foot! You have surrounded yourself with mysteries; your mother's place of abode is unknown to me; you will not even openly acknowledge me as

"You talk like an unreasonable woman. Can you not trust our child with me?"

"I dare not !" she answered, tremblingly.

"Tell me why! Give me your reason-I insist. upon it! Teresa, speak!"

He had grasped her arm, and was looking into herface with all the concentrated magnetism of his. her son with the orphan Teresa? Yet why should glance. There was a stifled fury in his words, but she replied with the brave mother-love that knows. "You would never bring bor back! She is the.

only tie that draws you here-you love her wretched . He is aggrieved at my marriage with a foreigner mother no longer !" And then, as if struck mortally. by the words her lips had uttered, she leaned forward. I shall be your proud mother's equal. Why then lividly pale, and sobbing as if her wounded heart. would break.

"Will you not trust me-give me this proof of your confidence?" he said. I forgive your foolish words : . but you will let me take Felicia, only for a visit of three days ?"

"Ah! lives your mother so near?" He bit his lips in vexation.

"Givo me your answer, Teresa!" She cast herself at his feet, and said:

"Have pity on me, Philip! Pardon me if I suspect you wrongfully; but my brain is whirling, and my heart is ill at rest. Ask of me anything. Here, husband, take this cross, my sainted mother's only relict; take the treasured likeness of my father, and with them buy bread for us, until a better fortune smiles; but in the name of Heaven, by all that is pure and sacred here below, do not ask me to part with my child !"

Again she clasped her to her bosom, and showered her kisses on her rose-bud mouth and checks.

The pent-up storm burst forth. "You will not give me the child?"

She sadly shook her head, and looked with tearfilled eyes above.

"Then I will take her," he shouted; take her from your very arms, beneath your very eyes! I am her father-I have the right to claim my child. Obstinate and headstrong woman! do you think you can oppose my will?"

"With God and his angels' help, I will!" she firmly said, confronting him, and holding close the frightened little one; "only with my life shall you tear Felicia from my arms; while I live I will defend her; she is mine by all the love and agony of motherhood-you shall not wrest her from my grasp!"

He made a spring toward her. He would have seized the child, but she cried loud and piercingly.

"Hear me, Philip-hear the few words I have to say! If you take her by force, my shricke shall arouse the neighbors; the mill is tenanted-I will call assistance. I will tell my wrongs, even to the rough but human hearts around me. A mother's rights are sacred—they will revere my claim! Stop and reflect, for as God lives, I dare all things to save my child i"

"Your wrongs ?-tell, blab-speak to the surrounding boors of me?" he thundered in her ear. And what if I tell the story as it suits my convenience? What if I brand your name with infamy, and place you as my mistress before the world !- what then ?"

"I should denounce your villany!" she shricked. "Oh God! the hour of my disenchantment has arrived-my dread forebodings are realized! But know this, you vile, bad man! you cannot cast reproach upon my woman's honor. I have the certificate of my. murriage-"

"Where-where is it hidden?" He glanced uneasily around.

"Where your unhallowed touch will never find it," she cried, with a fierce triumph in her eye. Forgetful of all manhood and all shame, he struck her in the face, and upon the white, bare shoulders, from which the black silk scarf had fallen; but she never relinquished her hold upon the child. Her dark eyes wildly glaring, her cheeks glowing with the excitement, not pale with fear, she writhed and struggled in his grasp; but his hand was on her mouth, when she attempted to cry out.

"Will you give me the child?" he hissed. " Never !" she responded; " and if you kill me,

Philip, I will haunt you to my dying day!" "Pooh! what a fool I am to waste time and words." said the brutal husband. "I can find other means:

and hark ye, Teresa, I shall yet have the child!" "If you force her from me, I will haunt you to your dying day-remember that !"

"Pshawl am I a man to be threatened with fear of ghosts, living or dead? . Halloo, there, Joaquin !" "Here, sir," sald the officious valet, coachman and

"Let us go. Is the carriage waiting near the turnpike?"

" It is, sir."

multifarious servant

Without another look at his discarded wife, without another glance toward his child, he turned from the house, and in deep conversation with his confidential man, he retraced his steps the way he had

Teresa, still holding Felicia in her frenzied clasp, sank to the floor in a deathlike swoon, that lasted until the faithful maid, returning, restored the unhappy mother to a consciousness of lost love and impending danger.

CHAPTER III. THE MOTHER'S HOME.

In the vicinity of the sparcely settled town of C-, now a flourishing city, near the main road, and almost embowered in trees, stood the well ordained cottage, for it was no lofty mansion, of the mother of Philip Almay. Here, with one faithful man-servant and his wife, she had lived, for many years. Beneath that roof her son was born, and her beloved husband departed for the better world.

Left with a modest competency at the death of Robert Almay, the fond woman devoted herself to the care of her infant son, with a maternal devotion that, exceeding even all ordinary bounds, amounted to idolatrous worship. She indulged the willful and infamous boy from earliest infancy. His desires were law; his caprices so many commands that were to be fulfilled at all hazards, no matter at what price.

Mrs. Almay was the first slave of this child-tyrant. She bowed meekly to his unreasonable wishes; and even when he was but ten years old, she trembled before him, and yielded the contested point. With such a home-education, was it not natural he should become a willful, headstrong, intensely selfish youth?

That youth did not belie the promise of his boyhood. He tyrannized over mother and servants; he quarreled with his companions; he was expelled from school long before his education was deemed half completed. He offended and grossly insulted the tutors his mother had obtained for him; he was the terror of the neighbors and the theme of many a prophecy, long before his final acts of disobedience and cruelty were committed. In his twentieth year he set out upon his travels, taking with him the few jewels his mother possessed, in order to defray his expenses. It was on this occasion that the utter selfishness, the unnatural, perverted spirit, fully revealed itself, even to the blinded mother. Not satisfied with the sum of money she presented him, he insisted upon the sale of her jewels. Mrs. Almay ventured a gentle denial. Philip grew angry and boisterous; and when the poor mother, summoning all the firmness she was capable of, refused to part with what had been her father's bridal gift to her, his rage, not satisfied with venting itself in a torrent of abuse and horrible invective, impelled him to the direst outrage-he lifted his hand and struck the mother whose life of love had been sacrificed to him I

Almost paralyzed by the shock-heart-struck by this unexpected treatment, she awakened to a sense of the wrong course she had pursued—to a knowledge of the sinful weakness that had led to the pre-. sent sorrow.

would possess him.

The mother was for a long time distant, reserved life-path of sorrow await thee now ! and cautious of her very words, while in his presence; but her loving heart could not resist his fare- a month or so previous to his visit to Teresa. well pleadings. With her arms around his neck, "I have written to apprise her of our coming; sobbing upon his breast, loving him tenderly, as of she will be delighted to see her daughter-in-law." yore, she cried with fervor :

"God bless and keep you, my son !"

But when alone, with her own accusing thoughts, husband. he could not banish the haunting and terrible memory: he had lifted his hand against her!

He wrote to her from abroad; and she kissed the world's great capitals; of the enjoyments of wealth cottage that was his childhood's home. and power; of the delights of a wandering life of of ruin.

He returned after an absence of three years, imin polished manners; but there was a recklessness tened to his frivolous speech. There was no more wardly assumed—not felt within the soul.

Again and again he roamed from home, visiting the tropic regions, and bringing from thence many rare curiosity and valuable trinket. How these the object or the place of his journey.

Yet this man was not devoid of all the better feelings of humanity. He was generous in the extreme; the grandeur and mildness of the mountain and the singularly fascinating; her small figure is erect and fumes of the East. But the one redeeming trait in her son's miniature, and a bunch of household keys, linked him to the good of earth and the compassion from her slender waist. ate of Heaven, was this :- his love for little children. an endless variety of busts and pictures of children, you as you face the mantel-piece. little cherubs, rose-winged angels, painted by some of innocence and health, with golden locks and smil-

With the most excellent foundation for the erection of a noble character, each attribute of good was perverted from its original beauty by injudicious of the love that should control, restrain, and if need lessly into the room, and stands regarding her mis-

be, chastise, as well as cherish, praise and indulge. to so varied and sinful a career, we will proceed with the eventful narrative of his life.

Rose Palmer, the ideal of a poet's dream—the sweet, frail, English flower, tenderly guarded from the wind all conscientious scruples. He wooed and won the unsophiscated girl, who, heiress as she was, had nev er mingled with the busy, plotting world. She be lieved him, trusted him, because she loved; and ing cottage by the sea shore, and surprised her with ly at his disposal.

That cloud removed—as it was for his sake only hers, for the bestowal of his blessing and pardon.

Philip promised to fulfill her every wish. She lady! Mrs. Almay, ma'am!" wrote a long, affectionate and most touching letter,

awaited the answer with a joyfully expectant hope. When weeks passed on, and no letter came in return. Rose sent another missive, still more humbly thought! his much wronged heart was broken, and before in all her livelong days!" his whitening head lay beneath the churchyard sod. But Philip made inquiry, and learned that the fath-

er was living and well. Poor Rose wept bitterly, and deemed herself for saken and forgotton. Philip Almay had never sent the letters penned by her filial love and grief.

This was the only cloud, but a dark and encircling one it was, that lowered in the sunny heavens of her life the young wife led; but its charmed avenue of ing countenance. flowers ended in a bleak, hard road, over which the dainty feet of happy Rose were doomed to wander. The romance of life was about to lead to stern and cold reality.

It was in the glowing summer-time, when the air was filled with the incense of a thousand flowers; when the July skies were blue and sunny, the fields and mountains decked with the emerald's hues, that sweet Rose passed the ivied porch of her charmed retreat. She had gathered there the abundant roses; East and West, I came home to old England to choose had decked her chestnut locks with the clematis my bride."

Thenceforth their relations were changed. The flower, and had placed upon her brow the vintage son was moody, fitful, seemingly a prey to the deep- chaplet of the year. She had dreamed and loved, est melanchely at times; then the mildest bliarity and sung the sweet home songs of her childhood. Ab, Rose, Rose t the thorns and the brambles of the

"We will go to visit my mother," Philip had said

And Rose, smiling in acquiescence, had expressed her willingness to behold the mother of her idolized

The sere leaves were beginning to fall, the autumn skies were hazy, the requiem of the summer's warmth and gladness sounded through the dim letters and wept over them with sad foreboding; for depths of the melancholy woods, when Rose and he spoke in glowing terms of the charms of the Philip left their home-bower for the distant Linden

To that quiet and sheltered spot we will transport ease and pleasure. The mother prayed in agony ourselves in the swift-sailing thought-bark ever at to God to keep him from temptation, from the haunts our command. We are within the unostentatious home, looking out from the front windows for the anxiously expected arrival. The room is cosy, neat, proved in manly looks, in knowledge of the world, and comfortable; the seats are downy; the arrange ment of the white plain curtains and old fashioned in his moods—a want of all reverential feeling, that furniture betoken good taste; but there is no display deeply grieved the watchful mother's heart. He of wealth; no carving and no gilding meets the eye; spoke slightingly of religion, of human duties, of the pictures are all portraits of the family; the oldwoman's virtue. Mrs. Almay shuddered as she lis. time clock in the corner rings out a merry tune whenever the hour strikes; the hearth is polished confidence between them; and she feared that even brightly, and a cheerful fire is glowing there, for the his expressions of affection toward her were out- evenings are chilly, though some of the days are yet

Mrs. Almay sits by a window, her head resting upon her hand. She is immersed in deep and painful thought. Her son is married. Is he happy? things were acquired he never told. And there was Will he now retrace his steps, and wander in the about him a repellant haughtiness that forbade all narrow path of goodness? And his wife-will she inquiry and barred the way to all intrusion with the not win him from the wrong by the all potent magic secrets of his life. He would remain at Linden cot- of her love? Will he now respect his mother, and tage but a few weeks or months, then return to his fulfill the cherished hope of her life? As she thus wanderings, often without confiding to his mother sits and muses, tears of mingled tenderness and regret roll down her wasted cheeks. The mother's heart has been long and sorely tried.

She is still beautiful, that elderly woman, with courageous and fearless to a fault; a lover of the her light hair parted smoothly 'neath the close-fitting peautiful; not indeed of the screne and home-invit-simple cap; her large hazel eyes wear a look of ining aspect of nature, but of her sublimer scenes- tense longing, as if in search for the lost good of a the ocean and the rugged cliff, the storm-tumult, and life; her features are fine and regular; her smile is precipice. He looked, too, more with artistic eyes symmetrical; but the coloring of health has fled; than with a prayerful heart upon the beautiful her face is wan and wasted; only the strong, wilachievements of painting and sculpture. He had a ling spirit, (weak alone where it concerned her son,) rare appreciation of the loveliness of woman; of the upholds the frail, sensitive frame. Mrs. Almay is disposal of light and shade, coloring and sunlight attired in a fawn-colored silk, a snowy kerchief He delighted in the sound of music, and in the per- around her throat. She wears a locket containing this bad man's character—the one pure spot that yet suspended from a silver chain and hook, are pendant

Philip bears not the slightest resemblance to his It amounted to a passion with him. Wherever he mother; his is the commanding presence, the piercremained awhile, he would adorn his chamber with ing eagle-eye of the father, whose portrait greets

Mrs. Almay is beloved of all. The servants, who cunning master's hand; and earthly representations are growing old in her service, would die to save her from sorrow. She is the benefactress of the poor, ing cherry lips. In marble and ivory, he possessed the mother of the suffering, the angel of the wronged rare specimens of the sculptor's skill in the portray- and sinning. Many a penitent head has shed its al of childhood; they had an irresistible fascination | tears upon her bosom; many a tortured soul has for his eye-perhaps a softening influence on his fied to her for peace and refuge. In the exercise of Christian charity she sought to make atonement for the one great mistake of the past.

Margary Plane, the honest serving woman, whose wrinkled, homely, but honest face, betokens the extraining; by a weak indulgence; by a false estimate citement of joy and apprehension, has glided noisetress with looks almost of adoration. In her best We have been compelled to return to the past re- bombazine gown, and cap adorned with purple ribcord, and write out this leaf of the history of one bons, she feels all the importance of her station. Is whose influence was wide-felt and terrible. With the she not housekeeper, maid, cook, laundress, and reader's present understanding of the causes that led companion. to "the best lady in the country?" Margary is proud of her honest servitude, as all should be who do their duty well. Labor can never He was in his thirtieth year when he met with degrade; but it elevates, in proportion to the cheer-

ful spirit in which it is performed. "La, sakes alive!" Margary says to herself, "if and rain. Phil'p Almay had long since cast aside she is n't a sittin' there like-like-I can't get the 'parison just now, or, as master Philip calls it, the simee-lee. Well, she looks like a moniment with patience-no, that ain't it neither-like patience-la me! where does the moniment come? I've got a when, as his beloved wife, he led her to the charm- memory like a sieve; all little things drop through, and all I can remember is my duty to my mistress, a display of wealth and magnificence undreamed of, and to take care of my worser half. Good sakes! Rose, never doubting his word, believed him, when land o' the living! gracious massy sakes alive! If he told her, that, to try her love and faith, he had there ain't the carriage! I'm so beslustered I can't plead poverty, while a handsome fortune was entire-breathe! Yes, Allen's there, a helpin' of them out. There's that aggeravatin', furrin numskull Joa-kin -never could get his outlandish name !-there's that the gentle wife feared poverty and toil-she en- master Philip; mercy! what a beard he's got; treated him, with clasped hands and tearful eyes, to there's the young lady-blessings of the Almighty write to her father; to unite his supplications with on her beautiful head-what a sweet smile-Lord! if I have n't nearly forgotten my own dear blessed

The mother had risen from her seat to welcome such as would have reached the inmost heart of the the long absent son and the gentle being by his side, oving and forgiving father. Her husband added a but her trembling limbs refused their office; she few lines, humbly and most kindly written. Rose sank back with closed eyes and labored breathing.

Margary sprang to her assistance. "What can I do for you, ma'am? I'll run and get the colog-ne! I'll fetch some hartshorn, and and sorrowfully, praying for his love. Again and burn some feathers, ma'am, or shall I get you a again she wrote, but no answer came; and a weight glass of wine to strengthen you? Allen says it's of apprehension settled on her spirits; perhaps her good in times of faintness; wholesome, he calls it. father was ill, was dying; perhaps, oh, dreadful Mrs. Almay, ma'am! Dear lady, she never fainted

"I have not fainted, dear, kind Margary," said the gentle mother, feebly. "I am better now; but the sudden although expected appearance of my son, after a three years' absence, and the sight of that beautiful young face, it overcame me; but I am better, much better now."

She walked across the room with a firm step, and met her children at the threshold. There she was, wedded life. The few months spent in the sea-side clasped in the strong arms of Philip; and to her cottage were paradiscan in their perfect realization own maternal heart she folded in a close and loving of the dream of devoted love. Philip was ever at- embrace the sylph-like form of Rose. With one arm tentive, tender, watchful of her health and comfort. | fondly clasping her daughter's waist, she led her to The servants were respectful; the French maid was a seat, and affectionately taking both her hands, she paragon of neatness and drollery. It was a fairy- gazed long and intently upon the lovely and blush-

> As she thus looked at Rose, the departing glory of the sunset, shedding a farewell gleam upon the fading earth, rested full and golden on the youthful head. With solemn impressiveness, the mother blest her; and Rose, gazing into the sweet, sad face, loved her from that hour and forever.

> "I have been long away, mother," said Philip; "but you see I have brought home a treasure well worth waiting for. After traveling North, South,

Rose looked into his face with a beaming smile. Margary approached, timidly dropping a curtsey at every step she took.

come to Linden Cottage, my lady," and she turned me: to Rose, her face aglow with admiration and respect. Rose gave her tiny hand with smiling grace.

"Will you see to having tea ready soon, Margary?" said Mrs. Almay, in those kind silvery tones that won the hearts of the lowly to her service.

"Certainly, ma'am, immedutly," replied the wo man, with that respectful deserence that never forsook her in the familiarity of their daily intercourse.

"What a sweet, cosy house! How grand those mountains look! What a nice garden! How very pleasant it must be here in the summer time, when t is so levely now !" said Rose, with a child-like enthusiasm.

"I am glad that you are pleased, my love," said the happy and gratified mother.

"Who would not be happy in a home like this?" continued Rose, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks glowng with delight. "Those grand old mountains and yonder flowing stream; those giant oaks and the chestnuts, not yet all despoiled of their summer leaves—it is beautiful! Then the lindens before the house! Oh, Mrs. Almay-mother, may I not call you so?" she asked with a winning grace that suffused the hazel eyes with tears.

"Call me mother; call me so always. I will be a mother to you, my darling," said Mrs. Almay, deeply moved.

"I never had a mother's care, I never had the blessing of a mother's love. I am so happy to find so good, so loving a friend in my dear Philip's mother, one whom I can love without restraint—so I decaying bodies of the dead, in ideal, was probably shall call you by that holy name. But may I not as near the fact as the blind materiality of that age say mama? That sounds still more homelike, more could approach. The continued existence of the soul affectionate; may I call you, my dear mama?"

The artless creature wound her arms around the lady's neck, and kissed her cheek. In that hour, all hearts were filled with the divinest, most forgiving love of earth.

"But we were talking about the house," said Rose, wiping away her tears and laughing merrily. Old Allen coming in to greet the master, told his wife that "the young lady's laugh was like a peal of spirit, for a time, is true; or no individuality lives silver bells." He was a poet in his humble way.

Further conversation was somewhat interrupted

Rose told of her distant home, sighing as she re- leaves the earth-body-that they have not estabcalled her father's love. She told of the sea-side lished a dividing line between the mortal and imfairy residence, and of the pleasant days passed mortal, so as to show conclusively what is good there.

"We should have been to see you long before this, mama," she said; "but the truth is, I never knew until after we were married. And then, mama, I And I trust that at some future time my guides will took some time to give me the necessary courage. more lectures on the "Philosophy of Disease." But when I heard how good and gentle you were, I could not control my impatience to see you. How long is it, mama, since Philip came to see you last?"

At this sudden and unexpected question, Mrs. Alvailed, and the mother said falteringly,

"Over three years, my dear." "Three years! three years from home! is it possible, Philip?"

most of the time, remember."

lonesome ! What would become of me if you were dium. As tests, I give the following: to stay away so long-from me?"

speaking of the beauty of this house," there was a with epilepsy for twenty years. When a child (the touch of irony in his voice, " and talking of absence, friends told me), she was fair and beautiful, active reminds me that I have business to see to, which and intelligent. When I saw her, she had all the leave her here, in the congenial society of her dear from the fits, she moved gradually around the house, mama, or return to the fairy bower, as she pleasantly calls her home?"

"Must you go? Cannot you send Joaquin?" "No, fairest Rose, I cannot; I must go myself on in errand of mercy, as well as business. A friend whose affairs are involved needs my assistance. I do not feel warranted in resisting the call."

"Oh, go, go by all means, if it is on such an erand," said the impulsive, tender-hearted child claimed "that a spirit had attached itself to her 'And, Philip, leave me here with mama; I shall when it left the earth-form, and was the cause of enjoy her company so much, and all the splendor of her lack of speech." Through the "tips of the taour marine cottage will be valueless to me while you ble" he invoked the spirit, conversed with it, and

"So be it, then," said her husband; and they sat together pleasantly chatting until midnight. Then Rose received the good-night kiss of her new-found mother, and Philip received the maternal embrace. There was no invading shadow in the peaceful home

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Banner of Light. REPLY TO LOLA DEFORCE.

BY ROBA T. AMEDRY. Sister Lola, having journeyed To the realms of light above, Where no pain nor sorrow cometh, Where no blight is cast on love, I can answer all your questions, If you ask me many more. For I've been an active spirit

Scarcely did I lose my senses Ere I woke to beauty grand; Hardly lost I earthly whispers Ere I heard a minstrel band Breathing strains of richer music Than I ever heard below; Quickly lost I all of sorrow-Soon forgot my every woe.

Since I reached the Angel-shore.

You have asked me, sister Lola, And there's meaning in your words, If earth's travelers, who are groaning 'Neath the burden of their loads, Will find rest across the waters, Find the love they ask for here? Many join with me their voices, Baying - " Fear not, sister dear ;

Meet thy trials bravely, nobly; Battle well with every tide. Give no room for thoughts unholy, Stand erect in conscious pride; And when earthly life is over. When the second birth is nigh, I will join the band who 'll bear thee To thy glorious home on high."

Odiven through a medium at Lyons, Mich., July, 1861.

"UPON WHAT DO SPIRITS LIVE!" I am pleased to notice that some of my remarks at the St. Charles Festival are attracting the attention "Welcome home, master Philip," she said, and he of the non-immertalists of the Boston Investigator; extended his hand and shook her's heartly. "Wel a sample of which a friend has kindly forwarded to

A QUEER NOTION.

Mr. Entron-The singular doctrine or delusion of Spiritualism brings out many queer notions. Take the following, for instance, which I find given in the Herald of Progress, as some of the proceedings at a late Spiritual meeting :-

"L. K. Coonley opened the Conference by some in-"L. K. Coonley opened the Conference by some interesting experiences and remarks, in substance as follows:— The question is often asked. How do spirits live? By facts which I have seen, I am convinced that they feed on the magnetism of the living. I once knew a little girl in Kentucky, who had a ravenous appetite, and who, after eating a hearty meal, would be thrown into spasms. By the aid of my clairvoyant powers I determined that the spirits of two negro women were feeding on the magnetism of the child, which induced her to eat such quantities of food. By talking with them, I soon persuaded them that they talking with them. I soon persuaded them that they were injuring the child, and when they sought their food elsewhere the child immediately recovered. They did not know as they were doing wrong. I believe this to be the source of much disease."

I have read of the fabulous ghouls that were reported to eat the bodies of the dead : but it would seem, according to Mr. Coonley, that the dead are eating the living and also afflicting us with disease! What nonsense men run into when they give up their reason and indulge in the vagaries of Spiritism!

Respectfully yours, Although Bro. Leland did not report me entirely correct, yet it is sufficiently so for practical use. I was directing attention principally to "obsessions," as will be seen by reference to my report in the Ban-NER of Oct. 19th. The Eastern fable of the (Ghouls) demons, or spirits of the departed, living upon the was admitted, else not the Ghouls; and if the soul or spirit still lived, then "REASON" would say to "B. W." " what did it feed on?" That is the question to day-" How do spirits live?"

That the immortal part, known as Individuality, carries to the advanced life its peculiar idiosyncracies, is evidenced through every personating medium. That the habits of earth-life continue with the beyond this life. Scientific facts alone must determine which is true. And, although we may be subby the entrance of tea and lights. Allen was most ject to the very wise conclusions of the "B. W.'s," graciously received by the young mistress; and the our "vagaries of spiritism" are being recognized as genius of contentment tarried by the hearth that the realities of life. I know that many Spiritualists cannot accept the facts yet, that the spirit retains Philip recounted many stirring adventures, and any of the evil, disease, &c., (relatively so) when it enough to maintain immortality.

As a clairvoyant physician, I have endeavored to seek out the causes of disease; and I am vain enough my Philip was happy in the possession of a mother to believe that my efforts have obtained some success. stood so in awe of the idea of a mother-in-law, it permit me, before a Boston audience, to give one or

My experiences and investigations have brought me to the conclusion that earth and spirit-life are blended as intimately as the arterial and venous circulation of the blood in our bodies; that if you may flushed, and Philip bit his lip; but truth pre- affect the one, you correspondingly affect the other; that a spirit retains in spirit-life, psychologically or physically, for a time at least, until cured of the idea or fact, the disease or appetite, which was peculiar to the earth-life; that the mental condition of "Why, what is there so astounding in that, my that soul, when in contact with the earth-conditioned lady-bird?" said her husband gaily; "my mother mind and body, distributes enough of the selfhood of does not complain. I was many miles from England its mentality to reproduce the germs of its disease, or appetite-thus seeking gratification and produc-"Oh, how sad she must have felt, how sad, how ing derangement in the normal functions of the me-

While in New Orleans, two years since, I was That is not likely to occur, my dearest. But called to visit a French girl, who had been afflicted will take me from my Rose for a few days. Shall I appearance of a coarse, dark mulatto. When free muttering broken sentences of French swearing. My spirit-vision revealed to me the form of an old negro, as her obsessing spirit!

Between three and four years since, Mr. Asa Fitz, author of "The Harmonial," visited a city near Boston, where he performed some remarkable cures in a very singular way. He was called to see a lady who had lost her speech some three years. He made an agreement for the spirit to leave her. A promise to do so was obtained. The woman immediately recovered her speech.

I am acquainted with a lady in Syracuse, N. Y., who talks with spirits as tangibly as with mortals. She has prepared meals many times and sat down and ate with them for their aid. She is a delicate woman, and moves in the most respectable society of the place.

In this county (McHenry) a few days since, I visited a lady afflicted with the dropsy. While looking at her clairvoyantly, I saw and described the spirit of her husband's father, who, in earth-life, was afflicted with the dropsy. She is a medium, through whom, it is claimed, the spirit referred to often communicates. I avoid names. It would not yet be acceptable. I might give scores of well authenticated facts.

Marengo, Ill., Oct, 26. L. K. COONLEY.

Hawthorne.

The newspapers inform us that the English admirers of Nathaniel Hawthorne, (whom the London: Critic pronounces one of the best of American novelists) are getting up a splendid testimonial to this gifted son of Essex. It is to consist of a large marble medallion portrait of the author of the "Twice told Tales," "Scarlet Letter," &c., by Kuntz, one of the most famed sculptors in the old world. Hawthorne, though not in the way Poe worked, is one of the leaders of modern Spiritual romance. Nothing has so gone to the heart of man as his "Scarlet Letter." It is in no sense a story of incident, like the romances of Scott, or the novels of Dickens and Thackery, but its entire aim and purpose are to lay bare to the spiritual vision the motives and workings of the human heart. Some critics insist this is not the healthy purpose of fictitious literature; but we are not inclined to think that man was born to be stuffed and sickened with the sugar-candy of "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," and such like tales, and never made to reflect seriously upon what he is and whither he is tending.

LECTURES ON EDUCATION AND MARRIAGE

BY EDWARD LAWTON, M. D.

EDUCATION.

Quid munus Respublica majus melius vel affere possumus quam el juver tem docemus et bene erudimus

How can we more essentially benefit our country than by educating

How can we more essentially benefit our country than by educating and giving a right direction to the minds of our youth? The first thing that presents itself to the mind of a thoughtful parent in relation to his ollapring, is their education and choice of business for life; and the child, as he gradually rises in the world and observes what is passing around him, is naturally led to think of the means of his future support, and the qualifications required to fit him to sot well his part in the great drama of life. It is then the mind, un prejudiced, enters upon the pursuit of knowledge with cheerfulness and alacrity, and youth is the time to acquire learning, while the mind is free from the cares and duties of maturer years.

The first step toward the attainment of an education is the course generally pursued in our common schools, which exercises a far more listing influence, and is of far greater consequence in the formation of our characters, and of our final success in the world, than is commonly imagined. For which reas on a teacher should be chosen who is well qualified to teach; whose mind has been well disciplined, and who is unaster of his own passions, and one who has the education of the country at heart, and has chosen teaching as an occupation for life. One whom no labor can fatigue, nor disappointment overcome; of a lively, cheerful temper; fond of the sciences he is to teach; of indisputable courage and integrity; kind-hearted; a good speaker; profoundly national and patriotic in his habits and opinions. Of the forty-five boys educated with me under such a teacher, each one furnished with a programme or set of rules by which he was desired to regulate his daily conduct through life, five were physicians; seven were lawyers; eleven were teachers; fourteen were farmers; and eight merchants; and although they were scattered into almost every State then in the Union, and after the lapse of fifty years eleven only survive, yet every one of them while living were respectable, and not one of them was e Congress; two are lawyers and two doctors; one judge of the Circuit Conrt, and the others in various occupations. Of those who died one died a member of Congress, and one judge of the Supreme Court of his adopted State.

In the second place, those books should be chosen, and that course

adopted and steadily pursued which reason and experience have shown to be most useful under the circumstances of each individual case. The choice of books, I regret to say, has become a matter of great difficulty, from the multiplicity out of which a choice is to be made, and the continued efforts of interested and reckless individmade, and the continued efforts of interested and reckless individuals to increase the number, regardless of their quality, or of the public welfare. For let any one look at the variety of text books in our schools and colleges, and see the ten thousand volumes which weigh down the shelves. Then turn his attention to the Northern colleges, and survey the forty to sixty thousand volumes of duodecimo, of folio and quarto, upon Art and Science, upon Fiction and Poetry, which the labor and industry of ages have accumulated—then, if he is not confounded with astonishment, let him look into the monthly and quarterly list of new publications which are constantly monthly and quarterly list of new publications which are constantly soliciting his attention and bewildering his choice. Then go into society two or three weeks in any of our fashionable towns, and in one circle he will hear nothing but Railreading. Canaling and Banking; in another, Politics, Secession, War and the Naval Service; in another, Byron, Moore, and the inimitable beauties of the Greek and Roman Classics; in a fourth, the morits and demerits of the last forty novels discussed, as if that particular subject eclipsed and threw all others into the shade. Then, if he is not dead to every elegant accomplishment that gives grace and influence to the character of a gentleman, he will become excited by the discussion of these themes, some of which are inherently interesting, and others absolutely essential to the progress and happiness of the country, and naturally wish to become familiar with each of them.

But this will never do, for no man ever can be fully master of all arts and sciences; and he who attempts it will become bewildered and plunge headlong into a dozen studies, and fill his mind chaotically with scraps of knowledge, which he can neither arrange nor use advantageously, and he will find, too late, that he has trilled away his time, and is, practically, unfit to shine in any of these circles. If you would be learned, wise and useful, you must avoid the vortex of fashionable life and dissipation, and reject everything which does not form part of a well arranged course of study, which has been previously laid out for you by yourself or some judicious friend, with regard to your present condition and future prospects in life, till your education is complete; then you can mingle advantage-onsly with society.

ously with society.

No error can be greater than to suppose a multitude of books are necessary to perfection in any art or science. Casar, Cicero, Gibbon and Bonaparte used but few books. Cicero formed his style entirely from Thuoydides, whose works he transcribed eight times with his own hands, and there is no scholar who would not rather have his works to day on Oratory, Moral Philosophy, &c., than all that has been written since on those subjects. By reading a great number of books, we are deeply interested and fully master of none; but by choosing a few of the best books on any science which we wish to acquire, and studying them profoundly, we gain the knowledge and spirit of the author, and can, at any future time, call it to mind and use it as we please. Whenever a new book or study is presented or pressed upon you, remember the saying of a great philosopher, viz., magna into maxima pare supientia est quadam equo animo nescire veller.

i. i., that it is the greatest part of wisdom to remain ignorant of some things. If you were to read fifty pages every day for forty years, you could only read 1450 volumes of five hundred pages each—a small part really of the millions of volumes that litter the libraries of the world with trash—and that if you were to read all the time van could not keep run with the trash multished daily. Of course, you could not keep up with the trash published daily. Of course, the motto of every prudent man should be, select well what you read. As a general rule the student should never spend a moment's time on any, book which had not been' passed upon and pronounced excellent by able reviewers, and well adapted to promote a knowledge of those

But let fools, and those who never intend to do anything for them selves or their country, read trush. The novel reader lives in a land of fiction; there is nothing real or substantial about him; he has no of heten; there is nothing real or substantial about him; he has no pleasure in the study or pursuit of truth or any science, and no joy in the ordinary occupations of every-day life, which constitute half the happiness of every well-balanced mind. "It requires great fortitude," says the learned Hevelius, "quietly to remain ignorant of those frivolous accomplishments which are valued by the multitude; but it is absolutely necessary for one who values truth, or aspires to No one, however humble his station, should cease in his pursuit of knowledge, or consider his education complete, until he can speak and write his mother tongue correctly; for language is one of the strongest links in the chain that binds these United States together. There is no part of the habitable globe where a man can travel over the same extent of All young people should be exceedingly careful not to degrade and country by the use of a single language. Even in England, if a man insult Nature by excessive familiarity, for like all over-wrought in country by the use of a single language. Even in England, it a limit goes thirty miles from home, he can scarcely understand, or be understood by the people; but here there is uniformity throughout this wast nation, and this is owing to the almost universal use hitherto made of Webster's spelling books and dictionaries, and Murray's grammers, and the unlimited distribution of the Bible; and it should be the practice, as it is the duty of every American, to frown down and discourage the introduction of every home that would in any

country, as one of the surest and noblest means of preserving the Union of these States, and the liberties of our people.

A good knowledge of Arithmetic should be given to every one. A superficial acquaintance with Astronomy, Chemistry and Geology, or a slight view of the great outlines of the Sciences, is all that can be obtained in a common school. Some knowledge of the Constitution of the United States, and of the State in which he lives, with as much Law as is contained in the American Form Book, should form part of every boy's education in this country. After these studies, a few good books to read at home will fit him to be a useful and honorable man. But if his condition or inclination call for more, he should then take the regular Academical and Collegiate course, and graduate, for the College Diploma is the American patent of nobility, and is a passport to respect and protection all over the civilized

world. "That wisdom," says Sidney Smith, "is better than riches, it "That wisdom," says Sidney Smith, "Is better than riches, is not only a very ancient and deeply seated feeling in the human heart, but is sacredly true." To be acquainted with the passions and conduct of men and nations in ages that are past; to know why some nations have risen, whilst others have fallen; to know what men have discovered in the heavens and in the earth; to be able to unfold the marvelous properties of matter, and to comprehend the wonderful Laws of Light, Heat and Motion; to behold in imagination the productions of different and distant countries; to analyze the hardships and average dissourced in some countries; to analyze the hardships and poverty produced in some countries by fanaticism and tyranny; then to feel the glow of heroism as we study the fears, the reasons and eloquence that swayed the democracies of the Greek and Roman world, and compare them with the progress modern republics are making by the general diffusion of useful knowledge—then to rise upward with the great reasoners through the medium of the Mathematical Sciences to the great first cause of all, and to verify to your own satisfaction the number, weight and density of the Planetary Bodies; the diminutive size of some, the stupendous magnitude of others, and the wonderful regularity and amazing velocity of all their motions; then to see amidst the dissolutions, the changes and decays, and the cruel separations that are constantly going on around us, there is one thing unchangeable and everlasting, and that

Is Truth. That is Learning.

That we should strive hard in the days of our youth for the attain-That we should strive naw in the days of our youth for the attainment of this knowledge of Truth and Science, is right and rational; and I appeal to any one who has been rightly educated: who has passed laborious days and sleepless nights, and paid his money freely to attain this knowledge, and who has long exercised his mind in the pursuit of Truth and Wisdom, to say if he ever regretted it; if. on the contrary, he does not admit that he receives from this source the greatest satisfaction of which his nature is succeptible, and that the noblest object of his being has been answered by it, for his faculties have made him acquainted with the powers of Creation and the Universe, through the medium of which he is at least partially introduced to the Delty himself; for at every step we take in Astronomy, Geology and Chemistry, we meet incontrovertible evidence of divine power and wisdom in the construction and government of the Universe. In the purpose he have no age, but in the Mariago generally improves but heaves by placing them are also for the product and the mages of good society have thrown around to protect and divine power and wisdom in the construction and government of the Mariago generally improves but heaves by placing them are also for the mariago generally improves but heaves by placing them are also for the mariago generally improves by placing them are also for the mariago generally improves by placing them are also for the mariago generally improves by placing them are also for the mariago generally improves by placing them are also for the mariago generally improves by placing them are also for the form of the mariago generally improves by placing them are also for the form of the mariago generally improves by placing them are also for the form of t Universe. In the pursuit of learning you injure no one; but in the acquisition you fit yourself to do good to all. A man who dedicates

haust and fasten feeble health and angulah of heart on thousands in the decline of life. The learned man will secure to himself a happiness permanent, as far as anything human can be permanent, which no malignity of fees or fortune can take away, and which will remain with him and grow in strength as he grows in years, enhancing every good, and diminishing every evil of his life. Besides, Learning refines, liberalizes and ennohes all our faculties, and as a general

rile in all ages and countries, the greatest learned men are the best citizens, the truest patriots, and the most renowned législators.

Cicero says, in his oration for Archias, ... The hours which others employ in pleasure—in celebrating public solemnities—in refreshing the body—in unbending the mind—in midnight banqueting—in discretize and gening the peaced in surface in the satisfaction. the body—in uncending the mind—in inlangit banqueting—in diversions and gamling—he passed in reviewing his scientific studies, and that he derived from them not only power and ability to serve his friends and country, but more lasting pleasure than from every other earthly pursuit, and the experience of my whole life proves every word of this is sacredly true."

Every scholar should keep in his house, to refresh his mind, Plato,

Homer, Horace, Cicero, especially his book of offices; Davie's Legendre; Olmstead's Astronomy and Philosophy; Dick's Works; Good's Book of Nature; Humboldt's Comos; La Place's Mechanics; Celeste Lyel's and Hugh Miller's Geological Works; Rogers's, Campbell's and Pope's Poetical Works. The man who studies these works and makes their truths the guide of his life, will never be carried away with any of the isms of the day. But he will watch the pulsations of popular delusions, and see a fourth part of the community, like ant insane rabble, running after such men as Heenan, Morrissey, Murphy, &c., and a larger portion of the public journals devoted to the celebration of their barbarisms, than to all scientific questions together. questions together.
See the German Gymnastic insanity of Chicago and other places,

See the German Gymnastic insanity of Chicago and other places, and the general tendency of the foreign population to convert Sunday into a day for feasting, drinking, &c., and the change these practices are operating on the integrity of our national character. True, every one should learn those military exercises which will render him an able defender of his family and country, but without becoming a sot or a fool. These books are the keys which unlock the portals of the skies and introduce us to the beautiful temple of nature and in some degree at communion with the great Architect. portais of the skies and introduce us to the beautiful temple of nature, and, in some degree, to communion with the great Architect of the Universe himself. Wealth and title may, and often do, descend to the profligate and unworthy, but ability is seldom, and learning never, hereditary. It is alone the reward of industry and a patient cultivation of natural talent, and is, of all earthly distinctions, decidedly the most desirable, useful and honorable.

"Lured by its charms, we sit and learn to trace
The midnight wanderings of the orbs in space;
Boldly we knock at wisdom's inmost gate. With nature counsel, and commune with fate; Above, below, o'er all our studies rove, In all find God, and find that God all love."

MARRIAGE.

Felices ter et amplius Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis Divulsus querimoniis, Suprema citius solvet amor dic. Horace.

Thrice and more than thrice happy are those whom an indissoluble connection binds together, and whose love, undivided by implous complainings, does not separate them sooner than the day of death. The institution of Marriage is an all-important one, though one into which people generally rush as blindly as into any other, and often with a stock of knowledge that qualities them badly for its cares and duties. And, first, the time, observations, and the history of many

early marriages, assure us that very young people ought never to marry, though some philosophers recommend it as a guard against crime; but that part of education which teaches the control of their passions, is a far better safeguard.

As a general thing, in this climate, Nature does not fully qualify the female for the all important station of a wife under twenty or twenty-one, nor the male under twenty-five to twenty-seven, and even then their intellectual faculties are not always fully developed, and it is impossible for them to transmit to their offspring what they have not themselves received. The children of very young parents

have not themselves received. The children of very young parents are generally endowed with weaker intellectual powers and stronger animal propensities than the offspring of middle age. The laws of the land and the usages of society may sanction these premature marriages; but the physical laws of our nature being violated, the penalty necessarily follows, and the interests of society must suffer for it, and the reputation of the family degraded by a more vicious and profligate progeny. Besides, premature marriages are followed by early physical infirmities. As a proof of this, we know the English women commonly marry about four years later than the American women, and are as plump and beautiful at forty-five as the American women are at thirty-five. Nor should very old people ever marry, because their bodily infirmity would be added to mental imbecility.

But in marriage, as in many other things, it is best to embrace a suitable opportunity to form a promising alliance a little earlier or

suitable opportunity to form a promising alliance a little earlier or later than nature might seem to indicate. The character, intellectual and physical capacity, manners, habits, fortune and prospects of the parties, should always be freely and fairly considered, and attachments should not be formed nor suffered to grow up where the above named circumstances are not favorable, and where there is not a strong or suffered that the parties are hight hopproble, and shiet or extense suffered that the parties are hight hopproble and shiet or extense suffered that the parties are hight hopproble. named circumstances are not involute, and where there is not a strong evidence that the parties are bright, honorable, and able to get a living fairly, with a full determination to do so. Then, if fortune and other accomplishments can be added, so much the better; but wealth without character and ability should never be an object. Nor should run away matches ever be made, because three-fourths of all

Nor should consins or near relations ever intermarry, because Dr. Bemis states that five per cent. of the blind, fifteen per cent. of the idlotic, and ten per cent. of the mutes in all our State Institutions are the children of near relations, which proves that they are ten times more liable to produce a diseased progeny than persons not related, and that it is a violation of Nature's laws and the will of the pursuits to which he is devoted, and not till that judgment had been Deity, which should at once deter all prudent people from consent-sustained by the general consent and common use of his country- ing to any such union. Choose the industrious and moderate—being to any such union. Choose the industrious and moderate—because the excessive indulgence of conjugal affections produces muscular weakness, with sorofulous and cutaneous diseases, disqualifies the parties for study or labor, degrades the dignity and sacredness of the marriage contract, and populates the world with a feeble, diseased, unprogressive progeny, who naturally fall into the prisons and poorhouses. But choose the man who unites strength and manly courage with modesty and simplicity, with temperance, and not the faded, blasted imbecile abuser of Nature's laws, whose every aspect proves that he is the victim of all these excesses, and whose offspring would be the essence of his own physical infirmities. Nor should men ever choose a doll, without health, strength or beauty, whose mind is a toyshop for hair oil, hoops, novels, and corsets—a thing fit only to be painted and set up as a sign, to show how far ignorance, folly and fashion can degrade the most lovely and beautifel of Na-

ture's works. dulgences, it invariably fastens premature physical infirmities on the parties, and often leads to the supposition that they have not obeyed (as the cant phrase goes) the proper offinities in the choice of partners, and that they must shift off those they have rained, and ruin somebody else, to make themselves happy, all of which is the results of their own folly and imprudence. If I should state that one-half of be the practice, as it is the duty of every American, to frown down and discourage the introduction of every book that would in any way disminish this uniformity, and his pride to preserve and perpetuate, unaltered, to the latest generations, this language of his country, as one of the surest and noblest means of preserving the within the limits of truth. How important is it, then, that they should select their associates with discretion?

Notwithstanding all the rhetorical flouri-h and sophistical arguments in favor of a more accessible system of Divorce, the united testimony and experimental knowledge of a large majority of prudent men are everywhere against the supposition that the happines of the parties in more than one case out of five could be promoted by divorce, and that in four cases out of five their griefs and misfortunes would be increased by a separation. It is in vain to look for bliss where the mistress does not delight in managing her little household affairs, so as to render home neat, clean and comfortable and every girl should be so raised as to believe her happiness in great measure depended upon her love of, and her skill in the management of her household duties. As few men and less women can have their first choice and heart's desire in this matter, it often becomes necessary for them to live single or to love and repent—to be true and faithful to those who first love and choose them, and to remember that no light or trivial circumstances should ever discour age their civilities, and that, of all things, show of good feeling in one that pays best. This is happily illustrated by this old verse:

"Tom loves Mary very well, But Mary she loves Harry, While Harry sighs for bonnie Belle, And finds his love miscarry."

Yet marriage is an alliance which ought never to be made at any time or age without similarity of manners and educational training, with a promising prospect of doing well under the influence of a well-founded attachment, for while they are single there is a hope that a suitable opportunity may offer; but when marriage is one consummated, it will be found to be one of the most unmanageable of all contracts. It cannot and ought not to be annuled but for weigh ty and grievous consequences, for it generally involves one or both of the parties in ruin. To improve or amend the manners or principles of the parties after marriage, though in some cases a duty, will often prove a laborious and vexatious business, requiring a degree of patience and perseverance which few possess; and these things should

well considered in advance.
2d. The great object of life is to do good, to be happy, and this is best done by a compliance with the laws of nature in having some thing to do—some one to love, and by whom we are loved; for unless the affections have some object on which to rest, and by which they are reciprocated, life itself becomes wearisome at last, though the great Creator has planted those affections between the sexes, which are stronger than any compulsory obligations can be, and more likely to fulfill the first and greatest commandment, to love one another with an affection before which all others fade away. Yet the history

Marriage generally improves both sexes, by placing them under the acquisition you fit yourself to do good to all. A man who dedicates his life to Science becomes habituated to a refined and elegant pleas, which carries with it no reproach, and it preserves him safe from those enervating and sensual gratifications, which prematurely ex. Rightly conducted, it is undoubtedly one of the holiest and most ex-

alted associations our nature is capable of forming. But in common life it is too much like our atmosphere, with its periods of clouds, cold and sunshine, which alternately spread a gloom over the fulr face of nature. So the mind and body, particularly of the female, is often depressed by the cares, duties and changes in the moral as well as in the periodical vibrations of her physical system, which at times oppress and render her unfit for any enjoyment but that of consolation; while ignorant men, thoroughly anticipating uniformity in all their actions at all itimes, seek them for enjoyment, which they are in no condition to afford, and which often undermines their health, destroys the stamina of their offspring, and tires and disgusts them with the very being whom it is their duty to love and obey, and begins a system of recrimination, which but too often ends only in death, or the separation and ruin of the parties.

3d. The treatment of a wife should always be kind, courteous and free from decett. A wife is generally sincere and confiding at

OF LIGHT.

and free from deceit. A wife is generally sincere and confiding at first, and has a right to expect sincerity on the part of her husband, and she is miserable when she finds she has not been trusted and confided in as she desires and has a right to be in the real condition of their mutual interests. A wife delights to see her husband distinof their mutual interests. A wife delights to see her husband distinguished for courage, strength and judgment, and qualities which adorn the masculine race. A husband, father or brother, should never utter harsh words to those he loves best, simply because the security of love and family pride will prevent him from getting his head broke. It is a shame for any man to be more impolite to his wife or sister at any time than he is to other ladies. By such conduct the honest affections of a man's nature prove a weaker protection to a woman in his family circle than the restraints of society, and a lady so situated is usually indebted for the civilities of life to neople outside the pale of her own household. This treatment often people outside the pale of her own household. This treatment often contributes to establish a turning point in the love of some women commonly between the ages of trenty-five and thirty-five, when they are easily estranged and often induced by slight circumstances to look for biles in other quarters; but it is the duty of every one to watch and guard herself against these unhappy proclivities to change, as it is the husband's duty to avoid wounding the feelings, the pride, and the taste of the wife.

Kind words are the elections medium between two continues.

the pride, and the taste of the wife.

Kind words are the circulating medium between true gentlemen and ladies at home, and no polish exhibited in society can atone for the harsh language and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in between those bound together by natural ties of blood, and still more sacred bonds of conjugal love. "Before using harsh! words, remember how, in the first blush of maiden beauty, she left the hallowed shrine of home, turned aside from the haunts of pleasure and the fond caress of parents, brothers and sisters, to follow your fortune through the world. Think with what blended hope and anxiety you followed her from place to place, watching her every look and pondering the meaning of her most careless tones and actions, until, won by your importunity, she placed her hand all trustfully in yours, and said. I am all your own. Think of the cares and physical sufferings she has endured for you, and do not desert her now, when her ings she has endured for you, and do not desert her now, when her cheek is faded, her step lost its elasticity, and she sits an uncomplaining sentinel over your best interests—a self-incarcerated prisoner, to

ing sentine over your best interests—a self-incarcerated prisoner, to nurse and watch over your children in her own home."

A man is never fit to have a wife or family until he learns to govern his own passions—is master of himself, and has proper respect for the rights and privileges of others. Nor should the wife, amid her more important duties, forget that a snug fitting dress, a gracener more important duties, forget that a sung fitting dress, a graceful bearing, and proper harmony of colors and complexion, are still
necessary, because pleasing to the world and her husband. A wife,
says a great man, looks prettiest in a neat morning dress of calico.
Many an unmarried female first wins the heart of her future husband
in some simple, unpretending attire, which, by its accidental suitability to her figure, face and carriage, greatly increase the force of
her youthful beauty. If the ladies would study taste in dress, and
suitability to circumstances more, and costliness less, they would
never regret it. never regret it.

4th. We not only learn from the Bible that Marriage is a divine institution—the sins quanon—the corner stone on which the edifice of civil society is based, but we learn from every department of animated nature that it is a part of the divine will in the government of the universe. With a few domesticated exceptions, all the feathered races, and a majority of animals in every clime and country, pair off and live together; nor do they ever attempt marital enjoyments unless the instincts of nature significantly indicate the suitable health and condition of the parties. The bluebird, says Goldsmidt, is never divorced. A pair of robins were marked by cutting off their third toe, and they returned and built their nest for three consecutive summers in wy fother; comband. A pair of well-ways were walked to summers in wy fother; comband. mers in my father's orchard. A pair of swallows were marked; they went off, and after one summer returned and built in the same barn. Though polygamy has long prevalled in many eastern nations, it evidently has a demoralizing tendency, and operates as an insuperable bar to the progress of civilization, and is clearly contrary to the debar to the progress of civilization, and is clearly contrary to the designs of the God of Nature. For, lat, we find nearly an equal number of both sexes born of every race of living creatures. 2d. In seven cases out of ten they choose and live with one mate, nor could the various races of birds and animals continue to build, to provide for their young, and to act in this manner from age to ago, unless it were the will of the Deity, for all of them are incapable of forming or pursuing any course of conduct that could bind the actions of their posterity for ages: nor could such an infinite variety of races adopt the same line of conduct from chance. Besides, all birds and animals, if approached while tending their young, manifest signs of approbation and satisfaction in exhibiting their young, and seem to indicate that they think they have done the greatest act their nature is capable of, in raising and defending a family of their own kind.

These are important facts, and will convince any one who will investigate them fairly. Therefore, never speak lightly of the marriage contract, but regard it as the greatest blessing of God to man, and as the main pillar in the fabric of social civilization, and never, under any circumstances, molest or meditate disturbing the domestic der any circumstances, molest or meditate disturbing the domestic felicity of any one, nor dirty your bands nor contaminate your mind by associating with the miscreant who will, but eject him from your by a sociating with the miscreant who will, but eject him from your society as you would a vile adder, or shoot him as you would a mad dog, for disturbing the peace of your family. But let everyone strive to decorate and adorn his home, and by industry, economy and polite usage, to render it the abode of neatness and comfort, where the strife, if any, shall be to see which shall do most for the mutual benefit of all, and never, under any circumstances, think of happiness or look for bliss beyond the precincts of your own dear home.

The all-absorbing pursuit of wealth—the all-pervading idea of sudden officence.

den affluence-enslave the minds of our merchants, traders and farmers, and degrade all other pursuits, in their estimation; consequently their whole time is passed in one continual bustle and ex-citement, which render them strangers in their own homes, and they often know less about their own families than boarders do of the family at their hotels; and while this kind of life is going on, their children grow up in idleness about the streets and grog shops, and, by the time they are fifteen, are fit only for a fillbuster army.

But this, however niced, are nt only for a fillouster army.

But this, however popular, is all wrong, People have something, to do besides make money. They must educate their children to habits of honesty, industry and economy, or all their fortunes will soon go to the four winds of beaven. The best education, says Lord Brougham, is obtained from the example and influence of good parents at home. The truth is, our homes, rightly managed, are our greatest, most sacred and influential republican institutions, and every father and mother should devote to their homes a greater share of their time, care and influence, commensurate with the welfare of its Whatever leads a man to regard his home as of secondary importance, will not only detract from his own happiness and that of his family, but it will at last recoil upon the real good of society, and destroy the true greatness and honorable elevation of his country, as we see in the distracted condition of our own political hemisphere.

"THE SPIRITS' HOME."

In the Bannen of the twenty-sixth of October, I read with much interest and pleasure an article entitled "The Spirits' Home." by Hudson Tuttle, most of the ideas of which I believe are eminently philosophical, and which I have not the slightest doubt will before long be generally received by the intelligent as fundamental truths. I wish, however, to call his attention to an error or two of fact in his communication, which, if he perceives, he will readily correct, though perhaps it does not materially affect the analogy in illustration; still, the matter under consideration, as it stands, subjects the article to hypercritical remarks. I refer to that portion of the article where he speaks of the mean rate of spirit-traveling in the spirit-world, as being one hundred thousand miles per second-a velocity which he states is greater than light itself, which, he also says, " moves at the rate of ninety thousand miles per second."

I wish simply to observe that, according to the most approved text-books on Astronomy and Natural Philosophy, light travels at more than double that rate, or one hundred and ninety thousand miles per second, or nearly eight times around the earth in that period-[vide Olmstead's Philosophy, p. 317, § 419; Parker's Naturol Philosophy, p. 107, § 530.]

Now, often, in debating with many of my skeptical friends upon this very subject of the power of spirit locomotion, with a multiplied times greater velocity than even light itself, I have asked, why we should attempt to limit the power of Omnipotence-with reverence be it spoken—to "propel" matter, to even this inconceivable rapidity? Is light the only material substance—though extremely refined and subtle, and concerning the nature of which Dr. Franklin said: " I am very much in the dark." Is this the only material substance, I ask whose velocity cannot be exceeded by that of any other material substance within the range of All-mighty power? And as the spirit matter (for it is matter, or else it is no thing-nothing) is far more refined than light, as Mr. Tuttle justly observes, why then doubt its endowment with-I was about to say-inconceivably greater volunting power?

Some fifteen years ago, a little English work-but now out of print, I think-by an anonymous writer, though introduced to the American public, by Rev. Thomas Hill, of Waltham, Mass., now President of Antioch College, entitled "The Stars and the Earth."

came under my observation, with which I was much interested, and which initiated me into a more profound reflection upon the subjects of light and spirit power and essence. Its design was, under this very theory of the inherently greater power of the spirit. divested of its material body of earth, to show that we hereafter may yet see the images of Adam and Eve as they were in Paradise -as well as the light of stars in the infinite realms of space, which has been traveling sixty or a hundred thousand or more years toward, and just renched us-of stars which themselves long ages ago may have been blotted out of existence.

I hope that none of the readers of the Bannen will be too much etar-tled by the thought of the realization of this theory, for though it possesses the elements of recondite truths, it should be borne in mind that the idea itself is predicated upon the hypothesis that we must possess the sense of vision, as well as other powers, in a far higher degree than we do in the present state of being, as doubtless we shall, when, divested of mortal array, our spirits will be enrobed with all the bright essentials of immortal energy and

Old Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 4, 1861.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE DYING SOLDIER: A TRUE INCIDENT OF THE PRESENT WAR.

BY SUBIE VERNON.

[A soldier lay dying in the hospital at Washington. A faithful friend and comrade sat beside him and administered to his wants. As the last rays of the candle of life shone with flickering brightness from his eyes, the watcher thought he detected an expression of anxiety, and asked with tender sympathy if there was ought that he could do for him.

could do for him.

"Bring me my knapsack," said the dying man. It was brought, and with his feeble, trembling hand, he drew from thence a Bible, a copy of Washington's Farewell Address to his Army, and a picture of a young and beautiful maiden. "This Bible," he murmured in almost inarticulate tones, was my mother's gift; its cheering words have given me strength amid the conflict, and now shed brightness over the waves of Death. This scroll was my father's token of love; the watchword of its author has been mine. This picture"—and his voice faltered, while tears gushed from his cyce as he beheld it for the last time with his mortal vision—"is that of my behrothed. Lay them beneath my pillow, that my head may press them in the hour of death. When I die, bear them to my parents, and tell them I am not afraid to die—I have done my duty, and am going home."

Then with a smile of peace and joyful anticipation lighting up his

Then with a smile of peace and joyful anticipation lighting up his wan features with celestial radiance, the young soldier closed his earthly eyes, and soared with his angel guides to heaven.]

The morning sun shone clear and bright, and as a golden ray Shone through the draperied window, mid the raven locks to play, The dying soldier raised his head and fixed his death-glazed eye With anxious look upon the face of one who lingered nigh. · What wouldst thou, comrade?" said his friend; " tell me, I pray, if aught

Can ease the pain of thy last hours, where shall the boon be sought? Speak freely, friend; thou know'st that I have faithful been to thee, And deem'st thou not I will be true in this extremity?" A smile of gratitude and love lit up the pallid face Of him who lay upon the couch awaiting Death's embrace, And faintly, as the watcher placed his hand upon his breast, He whispered forth the few brief words which told his last request; My hours are few; before the sun goes down the western hill Life's earthly tide will cease to flow, my beating heart be still; But in my knapsack there are laid some treasures from my home. On which my eyes would gaze once more, ere that last hour shall come.

T was brought—the knapsack to his side, and from its folds he took A Bible—" 't was my mother's gift, as she her last did look Upon my face, and in a voice all choked with gathering tears, She said, . The Lord, my precious son, be better than our fears. Her prayer is heard; though we no more may clasp our earthly hands. Far better in our country's cause, to die with freedom's bands, Than to resign the glorious right, and in inglorious case Sit down, while Liberty lies prone our traitorous foes to please; This precious book has been my shield in dark and dangerous hour. And when the tempter sought to lure my soul, to trust His power; And now, though on the shadowy brink of Jordan's pathless wave. I know no fear. Death has no sting, nor victory the grave!" He ceased, and to his icy lips his friend a cordial pressed, And laid with tender, anxious search, his hand upon his breast; But yet he lingered-still the tide flowed feebly through his veins, And in life's glass remained e'en yet a few swift dropping grains. He roused again; from out the sack a treasured scroll he drew, And well the faithful looker on that ancient relic knew. My father's gift," the dying man in trembling accents said ; And as his hand unrolled the page, he feebly raised his head. Triumphant smiles lit up his face, and fires of patriot birth To his fast glazing eye-balls gave a lustre not of earth. Tell thou my father, friend," he said, " his watchword has been

Who won the victory for our sires in days of auld lang syne." Again his hand relaxed its hold—he closed his pallid eyes; Again his comrade thought his soul had sought its native skies; But the cordial gave him life again, and, summoning his strength, He from a secret, inner fold, drew forth a case, at length; And as his hand with reverent care the golden clasp unlocked, The tear-drops from his eye-lids stole, his feeble frame was rocked With strong emotion, such as ne'er his friend had seen before, Though side by side they two had fought, amid the cannon's roar. It was a face of beauty rare—the gentle eyes looked out From silken fringes, thick and dark, and not a trace of doubt Or fear lurked in their depths, to mar the child-like, trusting love, Which made her wear the semblance of an angel from above. · It is my own, my sweet betrothed, my fondly cherished one! She by whose side I hoped to walk, beneath life's setting sun ! Oh, how her tender, loving heart will by the blow be riven ! Would, would that I could bear away her soul with mine to heaven!" One long, long look of love upon that fair, sweet face he bent, While the comrade with his dying friend his tears in silence blent : But as the sun from shadowy clouds again in triumph breaks, E'en while the tempest's fearful power in wrath all Nature shakes, So, soon upon his face, fair Peace her gentle seal impressed-His tear-drops ceased, and anxious care retreated from his breast; And in a voice as low and soft as Summer zephyr's sigh, While lay the picture on his breast, he sent this prayer on high: Father, I trust her in thy hands. I know thou wilt command Thine angels o'er her path to watch, till in the better land Again thou bring'st her to my side, no more to part while years Glide on in one eternal flow, where Death is not, nor fears. This Bible and this ancient scroll, oh, comrade, place beneath My pillow, that my head may press them in the hour of death. And when my body is bereft of that which gives it life. Then to my parents kindly bear the tidings of the strife In which their son a martyr fell, and let their aged hands These gifts enclose, which link my soul to theirs in deathless bands. Tell them the ray which shineth bright from out that sacred page. Lights up the Jordan's shadowy stream, and caims the tempest's rage; But let the picture of my love e'en in the church-yard rest Beneath the shroud whose snowy folds enwrap my pulseless breast; Tell her that for her sake my soul would fain with death have striven, But now in perfect trust I leave her in the care of Heaven! Fight nobly, comrade! give not o'er; still keep thine honor bright; The God we serve will give success to Freedom and the Right! And now, my faithful friend, good-by-one long, one tender kiss-My franchised spirit soars from earth to taste immortal bliss!" The closing eyolids shut from view the light which 'neath them,

poured. As to the realms of upper air his happy spirit soared; But on his youthful face there lay a look of peace divine. Which even to the victor, Death, the clay might not resign. Full long the comrade gazed upon that form to him so dear. And o'er the lifeless ashes dropped full many a sorrowing tear : And as he knelt beside the couch, with prayers his tears did blend,. That the mantle of that martyred one might on his soul descend.

DMMA HARDINGS AT ALLSTON HALL.

Bunday, October 27, 1861.

APTERNOON DISCOURSE.

Miss Hardinge's theme this afternoon was "The Reformers of the Ninetcenth Century." Her text was, "For behold I create a new heaven and a new earth. The former shall not be remembered or come into mind."

Alluding to the discourses of last Sabbath, as opening up one channel of service to God, she called the audience's attention to another manner of developing the goul to Godhood-that of aiding the human race through the varied channels of reform.

She characterized this century as particularly the age of reform. She asked, Is there an absolute standard, and can humanity approximate to it? She answered both in the affirmative, and recognized the perfectness of God as the absolute standard, of which love, wisdom and power make up the trinity. And in the aspiration of man upward, she recognized the propelling power that urged man up this perfection. "The Reformers of the Nineteenth Century," she deemed a mighty subject, and called upon the superior intelligences to aid her in its treat-

She believed these could be classified in their order, and named, first, land reforms, as the grand reform from which all others must eventually spring. It recognizes that the earth is enough for the sustenance of man, by culture, and from the tillage of the land have sprung the most important discoveries mankind has made. Is there not a patent of nobility growing out of this ownership and right to the

There is something monstrously pernicious in the miasmatic dews of the crowded city, where the waving trees and fragrant herbage of the blooming and musical earth are unknown. As a matter of moral and social purity, we demand land reform. that all mankind may have a home to live in and beautify, and pure, free air to breathe. We should, then, again recognize upon earth men with giant strength of mind and body, and worship with the healthy religion of Nature's God. There is no moral side to a city life. So, then, the land reformer, how ever inefficient his labors, is the tool, in the hand of the living God. We desire to see land reform built on the idea that God made this beautiful earth for the enjoyment of all his children, whether they vote at the next election or not.

Next in order comes the reformer who beautifies the homes of the poor. The speaker had visited the tenant-houses in the large cities, where numbers of males and females were crowded together promiscuously, drinking in the poisonous fumes of intoxication and blasphemy. Can you expect purity, honesty, and nebility of character, to blossom from such a bed of corruption? This is the mistake of city

Let the land reformer take these blasted inmates onto some Western prairie, teach them the dignity of honest toil and the nobleness of possession of the soil, and the result would be greater than a miracle. Sanitary and land reforms are hinged together, and go hand in hand.

The next reform is that of prison discipline. It is only in late years that the attention of man has been called to the world of cause, and he knows but little of the hopeless corruption the prison disciplinarians have to enc unter when they would substitute reformation for punishment. The world has said, " Hunt them down and thrust them out of the way.". But humanity has been taught to look upon the criminals as God's children, whose lives and careers have been turned awry by unkind circumstances, but in whose soul there is the latent germ something can yet reach and call into action.

The next branch of reform we shall notice is called Anti-Slavery; but the name is a misnomer. Who pleads for one section, pleads for all, and they have no right to claim for one class what they do not allow to all. The man who holds property in the black man, would hold property in his white brother if he could. It is ignorance which holds men slaves. We shall not speak of the means taken by the abolitionists, but the cause is divine. The rights of one man belong to all, and the wrong of one man is a pang in the bosom of all humanity.

There is another reform called " Woman's Rights," and here we desire to enter our protest, unless the word is more strictly defined. Woman has a right to use all the faculties of her nature, and is responsible for what she leaves undone. She is deprived of her rights, she says, by the world's systems of legislation. But she has to go back to the origin of history, where strength was the only wealth of the world, and there was no need of her fruitful brain. We have now but to show that this is a century of right and soul, and not of muscle and physical strength, and we have no doubt woman will receive all that is hers. But has woman taken the right course to achieve her freedom? Is she not too much afraid of what the world will say? It is not legislation, but public opinion, that crowds woman down; and so long as woman is herself her own enemy, she must reap her own reward.

We have seen the fashionable and talented woman pass scornfully by the female sinner, and take the male sinner by the hand; public opinion repudiates her, but dotes upon him; and because woman is the greatest foe to her own sex, she herself is an obstacle in the way of gaining her rights.

Perhaps we are behind the times in our ideas of this subject, but we are conscious of their correctness.

The next reform to which we shall allude, is that of the perfection of the human body-the Hygienic Department of Nature. The science of health is at present too much in the hands of the quacks. Books are insufficient, yet conservatism rules that the teaching of hygiene must be narrowed down to the books. We point to the conservatives on the one side, and find their efforts neutralized by their devotion to books; and, on the other side, too much a traffic-a struggle for gold. But, like the alchemists of old, in their attempts to transmute the base metals, now and then, perchance, they stumble upon some valuable scientific discovery, that is of incalculable service to the world. But it is declared, now, that soul and body are both instrumental in the production of other human bodies. There is gradually growing up a new school of hygiene, angel taught, that the sins of the fathers rest upon their children, and all disease springs from the mind. Physicians chave too often only glanced at the surface; have seen man a waif upon the ocean, and inquired not where he is going, or whence he came.

We have before taught that the effort of the mind. which is thought, weighs down the body, and can perform more wonders than aught else can. All | good, but he has left them to ultimate and perfect | ner of it was circumstantially described, hours before

science pales before the disembodied-mind, soul, themselves. The rocks outworked their condition, call it what you will. Science stands veiled and and their sin caused death to break up the mineral abashed before the subject, and flees to the church, kingdom, and be the prelude of the vegetable kingnone than they are more ignorant.

shall not be remembered, nor come unto mind."

But we cannot close until we allude to that which life. classes-Infidels, Unitarians and Spiritualists. The leave the ground free for that which is the truth, which those who follow after will be free to erect.

The Unitarians have rejected that which seemed self for bread for a dying mother. inharmonious in the attributes of Deity. But they have not gone far enough; they still must needs cling table, and that every part of God's work is immuta- of some new virtue. ble, and every one who applies the work of proclaiming a rational theology for the good of mankind, goes beyond them, and they will learn that they have been only conservatives, and not reformers.

Spiritualism is the grand reform in which all the rest are to be knit up as a complete whole.

The icy pyramids of the pole are far more warm than the toy heart that sees the human breast pierced with pain and offers no release. This is the religion of the spirit-circle—the religion of Doing Good.

It is this religion that helps on the land reformer, and the advocate of sanitary reform. It is this re- resume their unburdened, healthy pulse. ligion that teaches man his connection with man, to face of the sorrowing. In the meantime, it is grow- triumphs of earth. ing very fast-faster than the world can receive it. Yet we do not censure the world for disbelieving it, and hugging the empty darkness instead; but still it is the great reform of the world, and will never betray you. Oh, reformers of the nineteenth century, you have all taken upon your shoulders the heavy cross, but the burden has given you strength to build up a new manhood.

EVENING DISCOURSE.

Miss Hardinge's subject was "The Battle of Life." Her text was, "The wages of sin is death." She spoke of the seal of selfishness and sensuality stamped upon the brow of the mass of men one meets in the busy street; the bargain between brain and money, between innocence in poverty and villany in wealth; and she asked what else we could liken life to except a battle-field, where all are foes and all are foemen?

A battle-field cannot be, unless there is a victory to be gained, or a defeat to be sustained. One sets up his God in a shining star or many-colored ribbon, another in clinking wealth, another in place and position; and then, these gained, he battles his own bitter discontent that he has no more to win. One wars for love, another for fame, another for authority, and when they are won they must fight to maintain them. Neither is to be gained without a bitter conflict, nor retained without continued warfare. Each carves out his victory through the channel of his own individuality - one with treachery, one with open · boldness, shrewdness, perseverance or diplomacy. Most men struggle for a home, or that which is to decorate the home; but whatever fights for, he jostles against some struggling brother, working in his own way to achieve his own victory. The schoolman fights though the ocean of literature, and wins his laurels in a few empty initials, which hedge him in from other men, the solitary victor over words and forms. It is so with he who fights for the gaining of mere intellectual lore. If he perseveres, and throws obstacles in the way of all his cotemporaries, he gains his victory in an isolation from all the world on a naked pinnacle of fame!

In the game of gold, the warrior throws stumblingblocks in others' way, and if not himself tripped up, will be a victor. God has not been prodigal in gifts to his children, and when you find the plus, you will find the minus somewhere else. Where you find the millionaire, you will find he has absorbed the wealth of the million. The victor best knows how God's good gifts have been adulterated.

Alas, the warriors in the cellar and the garret! The sempstress with her worn-out fingers, pondering over her dream of bright, green fields, absent ones who love her, and the brave and true ones, over the sea, while she stitches her life away! The poor. widowed needle woman, the companion of the drunkard, the mother and the beggar! Oh, the dreadful battles that are fought in garrets and cellars! Oh, God pity the girl who battles with her own loathing soul, and drowns her sense with drink.

What wonder that the poor warrior seizes the sword of crime and rushes out to murder right and truth, when those whose strength should have made them his aids and assistants onward in the pathway of manhood, have struggled over him in their in the gutter hugging to his own despair!

only by that the soul can carry into the hereafter. the artist's pictures the sculptor's marble, the main like mocking fiends to laugh in the faces of the

We have said every individual fights his battle in gle of life. But the same God that tuned the tender consciences of all his creatures to gush with their farewell!" own melody. It is its multiplicity that makes up the variety of the world. Two tones alike are noise, and ruin.

and calls upon the priesthood to be arbiter where dom; and, in turn, its sin it had cutworked, drove it into the animal life. All death dies into newer Give man pure air and healthy dwellings, teach and nobler life; and what is good in life cannot be each to study the relation of the body to the sore- dispensed with or decomposed—not one discovery or reign will; then we shall recognize the coming of benefit ever bestowed upon the race can be taken the time of which our text speaks-when there shall away till it outworks its natural life and purpose. be a "new heaven and a new earth, and the former Every leaf you turn over has inscribed upon it a new lesson, and every death you die heralds you into new

lies at the bottom of all reform. Nearly all civilized The Evil dies, and Virtue alone remains. Each nations have adopted what the earth calls Christi- creature strikes upon the great diapason of life, to anity. This, in turn, is subdivided into seets innu- try its tone. The discordant note you smother, but merable; and this is one evidence of reform. Re- remember its silvery sweetness through eternity. formers, then, properly resolve themselves into three From every future outgrows some high aspiration. You know not this is true, for you judge of all men Infidels have constituted the grandest power of all. by yourselves; but the clairvoyant eye recognizes all In the great scales they call Reason they weigh the sturdy conflict of life, as so many gospels calling everything, and, if found wanting, reject it at once. the soul nearer to God. And all men recognize some-The Infidels cause man to think, by not acknowl- thing higher than the emptiness of the victory they edging that which Reason will not approve, as built have won. When old age comes, the millionaire sees upon the sand; and if their mission is to destroy, they his wealth a bauble, and a new battle-field looms up before him. And the poor prostitute has led one weaker than herself to her garret, and has sold her-

All have loved something. The hardened criminal, though his stony brow bears no signet of romance. to the skirts of the old till they are fairly landed suffers somewhere, and sees how he has lost his battle upon the new. They cannot see that God is immu- of life; and sin is there, as everywhere, the parent

> There are the warriors you know not of-ministering angels who die the second death in you; the guardian angels who haunt the prison cell and cellar of crime as well as the pillow of the dying saint. Each sufferer is a ministering angel, who comes back to warn life's mariner of the rock on which itself was wrecked.

Out of affliction will come man's best lesson. This is the lesson your nature is learning—to bring sin to the surface, and then plunge the knife into the festering mass of corruption, and make the fevered veins

"The wages of sin is death," but the way of God blend every department of human life in one, and is eternal life. Remember the lesson taught you, pronounces amen with every smile called upon the and you will win a better victory than the fleeting

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER! 16, 1861.

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

PREMONITIONS.

Some of the journals are waking up to these matters as if they were a new and startling discovery. We find an article in a late issue of the Springfield Republican, for instance, recounting two recent occurrences—with which the public are already more or less familiar-as wonderful affairs. It styles them to employ its own language-" Remarkable Presentiments." Now to all believers in spirit communion and its every day realities, we need not say that such things are neither new nor strange; they are as " familiar as household words," and do not pass unheeded, either. The Republican says that " some of those things we call presentiments are evidently only remarkable coincidences; it is only the presentiment that has some subsequent coincidence in fact, which we notice and recollect, while many of our premonitions are unfulfilled and therefore are forgotten." Poor reasoning enough; as if we were to believe only what we actually knew had come to pass, and to regard as idle and foolish what we did not happen, on account of circumstances, to see and know! That is taking what makes for our side, and throwing away what does not, with a vengeance! In illustration of its remarks-based on so unfair

a mode of reasoning as this-the Republican cites the very interesting case of Gen. Baker, who fell at the head of his brigade, in Virginia; and quotes the following extract from the obituary notice written by his friend, George Wilkes:

" It was our good fortune to know Col. Baker well, and we had the honor to entertain him as our guest vain conflicts for wealth and position, and left him at dinner, on an afternoon in the month of August last. On that orcasion, when we expressed (in view of the recent disaster at Manassas) a natural concome, and the victory—the gain will be measured without I have a planted of his troops, he said: I am to play in this extraordinary war ; and I want The ermined robes drop from the king the ruler's you to bear in mind that what I now say to you is ribbons, the scholar's titles, the merchant's gold, not the result of any idle fancy or vague impression. the artist's pictures the sculptor's marble, the It is doubtful if I ever again take my seat in the Senate!' To the look of surprise which I turned upsempstress's work; the murderer's doom is spoken; on him at this expression, he replied: 'I am certain the crust of bread for which the pure girl sold her I shall not live through this war, and if my troops virtue lies mouldering on the garret floor—all re-should show any want of resolution, I shall fall in the first battle. I cannot afford, after my career in Mexico, and as a senator of the United States, to turn my face from the enemy!' There was no gloom or depression in his manner, but it was characterized his own way. Perhaps conscience and honesty will by a temperate earnestness which made a deep imnot let you throw down your brother in this strug- pression on my mind. Lo! before October has shed its leaves, his sword lies upon his pulseless breast, and his toga has become the cerements of the grave. strings of your hearts and consciences made the Good friend! brave heart! gallant leader! hall and

Then, in continuation of this most interesting subject, it brings up the touching case of Mr. Stone, of and not music; two forms alike are disaster and Melrose, in this State. "A similar, and, in some redeath, for there is then no action, and quiet is rust spects, more striking case of presentiment occurred" -says the Republican-" a few days since, at Mel-The world has yet to learn that sin is not confined rose, in this State. In this case there was something to the moral nature alone; God has made all things more than a vague apprehension of death. The man-

it occurred, by the wife of the man who was accidentally killed, and, after the event, she announced it before the report bad reached her by the ordinary means of information. The man killed was David an idea of McClellan and Beauregard-men who, just Stone, Jr., who was run over and almost instantly now, hold the most prominent positions of any on killed by a horse railroad car."

to give the account of the case just as it was given Russell says.—" To my mind there is something of at the time in one of the papers of Boston. It was as follows: "Not many hours before his departure, the wife

of Mr. Stone informed him that she had experienced a scene which, in defiance of her reason and philosophy, had produced such an impression upon her mind, as to fill her with the deepest anxiety on his account. She had seen him suddenly overrun and killed by a horse car, in a place where he was a stranger, and unknown. The whole scene was so ivid and startling to her mind, that the reality witnessed by her could scarcely fill her with greater horror or distress. The husband, of course, said what he could to banish so unlikely an apprehension from her mind, but with little effect. The vision and been too vivid, and too much like dread reality, easily to be shaken off. On the morning of the 2d about six o'clock, as Mr. Stone was leaving his home, his devoted wife accompanied him to the outer door, and expressed her apprehension of some disaster, in consequence of the feelings which the scene referred to had wrought upon her mind. Here, again, the ever kind husband endeavored to relieve her mind of what he could not but regard as a groundless apprehension; when she urged upon him the utmost caution, and the earliest possible return, that her fears might be allayed, he replied that he would endeavor to return early, and on parting with her, playfully said, 'Do not think I am not big enough to look out for a horse car l' and he left the house. After his departure other circumstances transpired to make the sad impression of coming sor row more deeply seated on her mind. Later in the forenoon of the same day, a gentleman came to the house, a stranger, whom she met at the door, exclaiming, 'my husband is dead.'"

This and the previous case of Gen. Baker are but two instances of the premonition of coming danger by friendly spirits, and are to be received as such. and nothing else. They happen to strike some minds, just at the present time, as entirely new things; whereas they are but the multiplication of practice which spirits have long been given to, and which they make to operate advantageously for all true and trusting souls who will hear them.

We will give still another instance-trifling enough ly connected with the present citation by the Republican. A medium, connected with this office, feeling kept his resolution through the entire day; but when power of the spirits to follow out his impression, and as well he might-what would come next.

power outside of himself, and he began to turn over much like swearing, we submit that that was not a pile of exchanges lying near him with great rapid- the occasion for it. Oaths may mean emphasis, but ity, until the Springfield Republican of Oct. 26th, was they do not always express it; we have seen the touched by his hand—the very paper, and number time, and very often, too, when to leave them out enof the paper, containing this account of "remarka- tirely would have been the best investment imaginable presentiments!" He took up the paper, of ble. Why will not people give a thought to all this, course, opened it, and began to read it over. After and, if needful, practice a little upon it, too? a while, the extracts above given met his eye. He sat and perused the whole calmly and thoughtfully, when he felt his right hand again influenced. Taking a pencil and paper, he proceeded to write-without the slightest degree of will on his own partthe following words:

field Republican that what he has seen fit to call only remarkable coincidences,' were real spirit manifestations. Gen. Baker was influenced to say to Mr. Vilkes what he did. It was most certainly no vague impression. So, also, in the other case: Mrs. Stone | ualistic field is sufficiently large for both the Banner -who has great medium powers-foreseeing what was to happen to her husband, gave him warning, through the influence of her spirit friends. He heeded not the warning voice, and the result is related."

These things have long ago ceased to be strange, ave to those who refuse to give them any heed until they are presented to their attention in what appears to them a strange way. But the laws that govern them are fixed and from eternity. We may have constant access to spirits, and to just such spirits as we are worthy of; it argues nothing to the impossibility of their making their voices heard, or their influences felt by us, that we cannot get near to them; how do we know that the fault is not our own, and that we are ourselves responsible for the interposition of obstacles and hindrances?

But it is undeniable, with other things, that these momentous matters are being made apparent to us imperative now as in other days of the world __ nounce next week. Seek, and ye shall find." Certain it is, that no finding of any real value comes but by seeking. We that which we most resemble. It is vastly imporourselves perfectly unspotted before the world.

Winfield Scott.

The war-worn hero has retired from active service. and given place to younger men. He knew the charplace them in the way of the vigorous prosecution of casion. the measures adopted by Government for the suppression of this rebellion. So he went upon the retired list, still ready, however, to give the President the benefit of his sage counsels in whatever pertains to military operations in any part of the land. Scott leaves a glorious name as a priceless legacy to the younger men of the nation. Since he first gave himelf to his country, he has seemed to labor but to prove himself among her most worthy sons and patriots. There is no tarnish upon his glittering sword. His blood has made sacred our battle fields, and his person bears to-day leaden evidences of his exertions and sacrifices for his countrymen on the field of battle. Let our young men contemplate his long and undeviating career with all seriousness, and learn the lessons of truth and steadfastness and honor it teaches. The name of Winfield Scott will go down to posterity, linked with those other great names that were " never born to die."

Napoleon was not so extravagant as many people imagine, when he declared that in modern times beautiful country. He is a liberal man and a trus "bayonets think." Is it not evident that every pol- Christian. His residence, for the present, is Newished bayonet is capable of reflection?

Russell on the Captalus.

Russell is a graphic sketcher, whatever one may think of his opinions. He has given, in a few lines, the continent; and yet, men who, a short year ago, To make the whole matter plain, it may be as well were not thought of, even if known to the people. resemblance between the men. Both are below the middle height. Both are squarely built, and famed for muscular power since their college days. Beauregard, indeed, is lean and thin-ribbed; McClellan is full and round, with a Napoleonic tendency to embonpoint, subdued by incessant exercise. Beauregard sleeps little; McLellan's temperament requires a full share of rest. Both are spare and Spartan in diet, studious, quiet. Beauregard is rather saturnine; and, if not melancholy, is of a grim gaiety; McClellan is genial even in his reserve. The density of the hair, the squareness of the jaw, the firmness and regularity of the teeth, and the outlines of the features are points of similarity in both, which would be more striking if Beauregard were not of the true Louisiana Creole tint, while McClollan is fair com-

Beauregard has a dark, dull student's eye, the dullness of which arises, however, from his formation, for it is full of fire, and its glances are quick and searching. McClellan has a deep, clear eye, into which you can look far and deep, while you feel it searches far and deep into you. Beauregard has something of pretension in his manner-not hauteur, but a folding arm, meditative sort of air, which seems to say, Do n't disturb me; I'm thinking of military movements.' McClellan seems to be always at leisure; but you feel at the same time you ought not to intrude too much upon him, even when you seek in vain for the grounds of that impression in anything that he is doing or saying. Beauregard is more subtle, crafty and astute; McClellan is more comprehensive, more learned, more impressionable. Beauregard is a thorough soldier; McClellan may prove that he is a great general."

Strong Language.

The simplest is the strongest, always. Few words tell the longest story. When a man is mad, he does not hesitate in picking out fine rhetorical phrases; in itself and its consequences, to be sure, but direct- he has somewhat to say, and he is sure to take the shortest out to it, too. At the same time, we do not believe one's expressions receive any more pith or not altogether well, concluded that he would not energy by stuffing oaths in them. Some persons afleave his house at all, on Sunday, Oct. 27th, and fect to do so, and therefore make a point of swearing - when they would say something particularly night came, he felt an unusually strong desire to go strong-as hard as they can. Witness Mulligan's to the office. He was sufficiently obedient to the answer to Price's demand for him to surrender, at Lexington. Mulligan simply told him to "go to went. Opening the inside door, he proceeded to hell." Now all of us would have thought much light the gas and quietly seat himself, wondering- more of Col. Mulligan's bravery, brave even as he showed himself to be in that fight, had he returned In a few minutes his hand was influenced by a Price a civil and simple answer. If he felt ever so

What is the Trouble?

We are somewhat surprised that Bro. Davis, of the Herald of Progress, should covertly attack us through an anonymous communication in his last paper. Wherein lies the secret of this new move? Bo his "We wish you to state to the editor of the Spring inspirational teachings inculcate selfishness of this sort? It seems to us not. What is the trouble, friend Davis? Out with it at once.

We are liberal enough to suppose that the Spiritwe could consistently do so. But it seems that some unfriendliness has taken the place of love in our brother's heart, as he thinks the said communication deserves a little attention " from his readers.

Mr. Mansfield's offer was entirely voluntary and prompted by disinterested motives. We considered it a perfectly legitimate transaction, and accordingly accepted it as such. Consequently we view the attack upon him, and especially over a fictitious signature, unjustifiable, to say the least.

A Complimentary Benefit. Dr. Gardner has nearly finished the fitting up of

the new hall, hereafter to be used for the Spiritualist meetings, in Phillips Place, off Tremont street, nearly opposite the head of School street, and the to-day in more numerous instances than before, and place formerly known as Cochituate Hall, will be for the very wisest purposes. The old things are hereafter known as Lyceum Hall. It was announced fast becoming new. It is undeniable that the real in our last week's issue, that the hall would be ded-"redemption draweth nigh." Whatever offers, it loated on Thursday evening, Nov. 21st; but as that cannot be questioned that the Almighty Father over | happens to be Thanksgiving Day, on which occasion ooks and overrules all; even when events appear one or more lecturers are engaged, who were to be more than ever incomprehensible, they are not the present, it has been thought advisable by the Doctor less true or full of meaning. The injunction is as to postpone it to a future time, which we will an-

Under the circumstances, a number of friends of Dr. Gardner have secured the hall for that evening, are surrounded by spirits at all times, and we have and have made arrangements to tender him a complimentary benefit, as a mark of their appreciation tant, then, that we keep our very thoughts pure and of his labors as standing in the front of the battle. and carrying on the spiritualist lectures here for the last seven years. On this occasion, therefore, the hall will be under the management of a competent committee, and the friends of the Doctor will mingle. in the pleasures of the dance, and pass the evening noter of his own infirmities, and was unwilling to in that and other social enjoyments befitting the oc-

The Regiment of Spiritualists.

We are daily in receipt of letters from all parts of the country, manifesting the liveliest and deepest interest in this movement. Many consider it to be a work in which the powers of the Spirit world are specially engaged. It is proposed that that a brigade be raised composed of regiments from some of the larger States; and that such brigade shall go to the battle ground under the leadership of a man fully inspired for the work.

Persons desirous of taking an active part in such work are invited to address a line to this office.

REV. J. C. FLETCHER.—This gentleman has resided in Brazil twenty years, and is intensely and charmingly interesting in his lectures on that country. We do not know whether his services can be obtained as a lecturer; but if they can, Lyceums and soientific associations, in these dark days, cannot do better than to hear what he has to say about that. buryport, Mass.

Mir. Charles II. Woster's Mennces.

One lady, before going to Mr. Foster's rooms, went into her room alone, closed and fastened the doors and windows, and sat down and wrote the name of her deceased mother in full, and carefully and the spirits read names written in short-hand on pathoroughly scaled it in twenty envelops. She then per. Another name, written in the same characters, probably said to herself, "Nobody on earth can tell me what is in these envelops; Spiritualism, I know, short-hand by a pencil held in the medium's hand, is a humbug." The moment she came into Mr. Fos- and traced the same characters on his arm, in the ter's presence, (he being a perfect stranger to ber.) he said, "Madam, there is a spirit by your side; ethereal substance of an invisible world. she speaks to me, and tells me that she is your mother, and her name is ----," calling it in full; "that it is in your pocket, written on a piece of paper, enclosed in twenty envelops. Look ! the name is written on my arm." The name was indeed written in full upon his arm. The lady was so affected by this palpable test of unseen intelligence, that she did not recover from the shock for many days.

A gentleman said, as he sat down with Mr. Foster, "Please lay aside your cigar, Mr. Foster, for smoking is very offensive to me; and I think that pure spirits cannot come, if they can come at all, in a cloud of smoke." Mr. Foster replied, " If you oblige me to lay aside my cigar, perhaps that beautiful child, now leaning upon your side, cannot talk to me so easily as she now can. She says that her name is Ann Eliza B; that she died of scarletina, four months ago; that she was five years old; that you are her father; that you love her, and she loves you. She tells me that your name is W. H. B"

This gentleman was a stranger to Mr. Foster: but every word that Mr. F. had told him, he knew was true; he recognized unmistakably the presence of his dear departed child, and the reality of commun- actual communication with such spirits. We could ion with the angel-world, smoke or no smoke. In the overwhelming delight of meeting his angel-ohild in recognition again, he would not probably have been sensitive to the smoke of a dozon cigars.

On another occasion, two gentlemen were very per-

sistent and importunate in saying to Mr. Foster, "You make the letters come on your arm by first all other mediums, "humbugs." Mr. Foster said, have come to test the fact of spirit communion, and we will try to comply with your desire." Mr. Foster made bare his arm, which one of the gentlemen stood before, taking Mr. Foster's hand in his, and the other gentleman stood behind, taking hold of Mr. Foster's elbow. "Now," one of the gentlemen said, " we have you, and we will show to the world that these letters cannot come on your arm without some outside application, which you have now no possible and looking for the letters till the two gentlemen became rapturous with the triumph of their wise experiment-no letters having appeared-Mr. Foster said, "What will you have?" One of the gentlemenreplied, "Anything-no matter what. We know that, nothing will appear upon your arm while we thus hold it; but if anything can come, let it be something for us; something that shall be true, and that, shall be a test; something that we are not thinking about." The words "Two Fools" immediately appeared upon his arm, resembling large full-faced printed letters, as perfect as any type could They got what they asked for : something for themselves : something that was true ; a test ; and, finally, something that they were not thinking about.

One of the best tests of the reliability of Mr. Foster's mediumship-and of the undoubted presence of unseen intelligences-occurred recently at his rooms rong skeptic, having prepared preclude all possibility of the matter being read by or five numbers of our sheet. the medium, and laid it on the table, remarking: "If these questions can be answered, I shall be satisfied-not otherwise." Immediately Mr. F.'s hand was influenced, and he wrote, "The first question is, reached his hand over the table, without reading the kind." names of the streets on the list, and immediately scratched all the streets, except the right one. That, he said, was the street where the spirit had lived. The gentleman admitted the fact. The second question was to ascertain the name of the deceased. It was instantly given in crimson letters on the arm, perfeetly distinct, to the utter astonishment of the skeptical beholder. He at once admitted its correctness, and remarked. "It's very astonishing! I am forced to believe.": Other tests, equally convincing, closed the seance.

The editor of the Boston Transcript, in his paper of Sept. 10th, says:

A friend who visited him this morning, says that Mr. F. gave the most unequivocal test of wonderful clairvoyant powers. Names of deceased friends, of whom he could never have heard, appeared written in crimson letters on his arm. The name which our informant selected to test the phenomena, was the extraordinary one of Arria. The success was perfeet; and the conditions precluded the possibility of trick or deception.

Mr. Foster's seances in Chicago, Ill., in June last, were very satisfactory. The editor of the Evening Journal of that city, visited his rooms, and received some striking manifestations, a long account of which we find in his paper of June 17th. We have only room for a single extract:

During the sitting, the medium informed us that a female spirit was desirous that we should furnish her our handkerchief upon the floor, together with a lead pencil. Anxious to accommodate the female spirit, we complied with her request. If we can trust our senses, the handkerchief remained upon the floor, untouched by any one present, until we again received it. Upon opening it, we found the female spirit's autograph thereon, and shall piously preserve it in our collection.

The Chicago Times of June 20th also publishes a long account of the result of a visit to Mr. Foster's rooms, which was of the most satisfactory charac. Journal. ter. Did our space permit we would give the artiole entire ; but we can give but a brief extract:

Medium-Is there any friend of this gentleman (Mr. 8) that can write his name on this handkerchief? Ans -- Yes. A white handkerchief was then placed on the carpet under the table, after having been examined to see that it had nothing previously written upon it. Upon being taken up, the letters "S. P. S." could be seen written on it. The medium then wrote, " Well, you may be convinced, for to day you are receiving a glimpse into heaven's truths and mystories. The veil is uplifted, and spirits can re-

friends for their good. I am often with you. Bylvestor 1'. 8." Mr. 8 -- He died in 1830, and no one ever heard

me mention that name in this city.

A remarkable demonstration followed, in which was spelled out in blood red letters on the medium's

arm. Subsequently, the spirits wrote the veritable mysterious letters which came and went like the

A correspondent of the Herald of Progress, writing frem Chicago, says:

Rev. J. H. Tuttle, paster of a leading Universalist church, has visited the medium, and received such remarkable tests from departed relatives, that our correspondent writes, "He wept like a child and exclaimed, What a glorious thing it is to know that we are to live on through eternity!"

Rev. Mr. Livermore, editor of the New Covenant, has also witnessed striking manifestations, and is said to be convinced beyond a doubt that spirits can and do communicate. Whether he will permit the readers of his paper to know of this change in his opinions remains to be seen.

The editor of the Western Railroad Gazette, also adds his convictions that spirits do communicate, in the following emphatic language:

For an hour we literally conversed with spiritual friends. We were in the full possession of our faculties, with every sense of touch, sight, hearing in a condition of perfect health-neither alarmed nor excited, but self-possessed as now. After the first moment of astonishment, we felt nothing but the liveliest interest in our new found spiritual friends listening to their words, and receiving from them manifestations of the most beautiful and gratifying nature. No one can convince us that we did not hold not think of, nor ask for more overwhelming proofs, than were freely given us. The man who says we were cheated, deceived, or humbugged in the slightest degree during this interview, is himself a concelted bigot. We know such a thing to have been absolutely absurd and impossible.

We might go on giving more evidence of the reliability of Mr. Foster's mediumship, on the best ausoratohing the skin." They boldly called him and thority; but it is unnecessary. None but the most consummate bigots, after a full investigation, would "If you treat me so ungentlemanly, I shall go out repudiate such conclusive evidence of spirit-presence of the room and leave you." They replied, "We and control as has been given at Mr. Foster's seances. Mr. Foster leaves for London on the 16th inst.

Book Notices.

THE PRACTICAL SINGING CLASS. Being part first of the Festival Chimes: a new collection of secular and sacred music. By S. Wesley Martin. Chicago : H. M. Higgins, 117 Randolph street. 1861.

This is a tasty and judicious compilation of music, songs, choruses and glees, for elevated and advanced classes and musical festivals. Sixty-four pages, chance of making. We know that no letters can pamphlet form. The selection is made up of some come on your arm while we hold it." After waiting of the best modern music, and much of it is origi-

> We have received a duet, "The New Star Spangled Banner;" words by Edna Dean Proctor, music by J. P. Webster. It is a fine song, and worthy of a place by the eide of those patriotic melodies that make our heart beat so wildly, and that double the tension of loyal muscle on the battle-field in defence of the

"Invincible Banner-the flag of the free." THE HESPERIAN. Edited by Mrs. F. H. Day, San Francisco, Cal. October, 1861.

All reform readers should place themselves in the way of perusing this Pacific Monthly. The present make them. These gentlemen were quite satisfied of number embraces among its contributors, Mrs. Fanthe truth of spirit communion by this manifestation. | ny Green and Cora Wilburn, both familiar names to our readers. It tells us that Mrs. Green is now visiting San Francisco, and is proparing to deliver a course of lectures on the "Incarnation of Divine

Our New Story.

The opening story in the present number of the in our resence. A gentleman of our acquaintance, BANNER, from the facile pen of Miss Cora Wilburn, whose writings are well known to our readers, we questions addressed to a spirit-friend of his, at our consider one of the most interesting of this gifted suggestion folded his letter in such manner as to authoress's productions. It will run through four

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

It is seldom we call attention to the sterling essays · Where did-you reside the last time I saw you before on various subjects, which from time to time appear your death?" The gentleman admitted this to be in this paper, but we cannot refrain from referring correct. Mr. F. then requested him to write a dozen the reader to the one on the sixth page of this issue, or twenty names of streets, and amongst them the by Mrs. Amanda M. Spence. It is article seven on one referred to, which was done. Mr. F. then "Spirits as Cultivators and Workers with Man-

Dr. H. L. Bowker continues to draw full houses at 14 Bromfield street, on Tuesday evenings. His next lecture will be on the Nervous System, embracing the philosophy of the " Healing Power." Our outof-town friends would do well to secure some of these lectures.

Domestic life is like an Æollan harp. When the genial breath of love, affection and kindness play upon its strings, it sends forth melodies, as it were, from a thousand strings; but if the rude and gusty storms of quarrels touch it, though ever so lightly, it flings off harsh notes of discord.

Oh, human life ! . . Who shall thy solemn heights and depths profound With pinion scale, or heavy plummet sound? Alas, we ask in vain. Man's soaring mind Which boasts of strength and freedom unconfined, No more is potent to the rugged task Than buzzing fly to pierce the Sphynx's mask. We know we're born and live; we dread to die, For death but opes to newer mystery. We eat, and drink and sleep-in sleep we dream,

LIFE'S MYSTERY.

And sailing down life's sometimes crystal stream, Our dreams seem but the wheel within a wheel Which makes all life complexer, till we feel-In self-release, that only ignorance Is wisdom, in this world of vain pretence, And from the grazing head example borrow. Who feed to-day quite thoughtless of to morrow.

The Herald of Progress heads its marriage notices, FLAX COTTON .- Excellent prints are now manufactured from the newly invented Fibrilla or flax cotton, with an admixture of twenty-five per cent cotton. The cloth is stated to be decidedly superior to

for seven cents per pound. So says the Providence A Fish Stony .- A letter from on board the whaling barque General Pike, of New Bedford, reports that they took a right whale in the Kodiac Sea that

cotton fabrio, while the raw material can be afforded

made two hundred and seventy-four barrels of oil. Connection .- In our notice last week of Miss Hardinge's lately published discourse on "America and her Destiny," we stated the price at \$3 per thousand. This of course our readers will know, was an error of the proof reader, and should have been \$3 per hundred.

turn to earth and use their influence over their Thanksgiving in this State November twenty-first.

HOTEL OF THE INVALIDES, 407 Fourth street, New York, Nov. 4, 1861. EDITOR OF THE BANNER-In this latitude, electrical phenomena seldom accompany storms, except in the summer months; but certainly one of the prin-

cipal thunder-storms of the present year occurred a month after the autumnal equinox. This is quite as unusual as the absence of similar phonomena when the sun approaches the solstitial point, or is commencing its return from the greatest northern declination. The relations of electricity to physical forces, and its agency in the curious processes of the natural world, are as yet but dimly perceived and imperfectly comprehended. Enough, however, is known to suggest the great importance of further research

and more accurate information. Among the earlier and more important results of clentific investigation, in this country, was Dr. Franklin's demonstration of the identity of lightning and electricity. In the light of that discovery, it soon became evident, at least to philosophic minds, that the subtile element must sustain most intimate relations to various atmospherio changes, and to a large class of meteoric phenomena. The more recent discovery of the practical use of Electricity, as as a scientific discovery, while it has obviously led to more stupendous and beneficial results.

But other and greater discoveries have been made in the department of Electrical science. These sustain more intimate relations to man; and hence they nore deeply concern our vital well-being. The philosophers of Europe have at length clearly demonstrated, by scientific experiment, what was more than suspected from a long course of observation, namely, that the nervous force or fluid in human and animal bodies and electricity are homogeneous elements, and hence that all the mysterious, complicated and beautiful phenomena of vital and voluntary motion and sensation, directly depend on the presence and action of this subtile and powerful agent.

During the past summer, electrical phenomena have been uncommonly rare, very few storms having been accompanied by disruptive discharges of electricity. As all living bodies that exist on our planet, and inhale the vital air that surrounds it, are of necessity influenced by the electrical state of the earth and atmosphere, we must conclude that a negative condition of the surrounding elements will inevitably induce a similar condition of the vital constitution. From observations on the electric state of the earth and air, in the months of May and June last, the writer did not besitate to express the confident opinion-in presence of several medical gentlemen and others-that the prevailing forms of dis ease, during the summer and autumn, would be of an electrically negative type, or such as result from a want of this agent, and its proper action on the body. And this has been verified by experience. The most prevalent diseases have been those that indicate a want of electrical or nervous power, such as published for one dollar each, and this is an offer unusual prostration of the vital energies, and indisposition to voluntary effort; general debility, dyspeps ia, paralysis, diarrhoa, chlorosis, typhoid fever, and other ills that proceed from a sluggish state of the system, or a want of vital force. Violent fevers, inflammations, and all diseases of an acute characa ter, have been exceedingly rare. The writer may be pardoned for introducing the following extract from his treatise on MAN AND HIS RELATIONS :-When thunder-storms are of rare occurrence, in the

summer months, indicating an unusual absence of at-mospheric electricity, this agent passes imperceptibly from the living body—rapidly, if the atmosphere be in a humid state—until the electro-vital power is so far reduced that negative forms of disease everywhere prereduced that negative forms of disease everywhere prevail. Cholera is well known to be a cold, negative state of the system. In this essential characteristic it is the opposite state to a fever. It is attended with a slow, feeble pulse, general lassitude, and a rapid decline and suspension of all the voluntary and vital functions. It is a well-known fact that the year 1832 (in the summer of which the cholera raged so fearfully in this country) was distinguished by an almost total characterist purpose of detertical phenomena or in it it was a root.

New Revenue, Music Mall has been blied by the Strick. ansence of electrical phenomena; nor is it less a matter of fact and of history that during that season there were no fevers—or, at least, the cases were exceedingly rare. About the first of September there were violent electrical storms in different parts of the country, and the choiera speedily disappeared.

Assu Bedford.—Music Hall has been bired by the Spiritualists, Conference Meetings held Sunday mornings, and speaking by mediums, Afternoon and Evening. The following speakers are engaged:—Miss Belle Scougail, Dec. Posterior Meeting and State of the Country, and the choiera speedily disappeared.

The opposite electrical conditions produce fovers and inflammatory states of the body; and these phases of vital derangement differ as widely in their symptomatic aspects as in their essential causes, from the class previously described and characterized as negative dispreviously described and characterized as negative discases. The disorders which result from an excess of
animal or vital electricity in the body as a whole, or
from an undue concentration of this agent on some
particular organ, are accompanied by a higher temperature, a strong and accelerated pulse, great rapidity in

AMISEMENTS IN ROSTON the molecular changes, and irregularity in the organic action. The extent of this derangement may be estimated by observing the perisystole as the electro-the-mal currents—from whatever cause—rise and fall. The diseases of this class are always most general and fatal when the atmosphere is in a highly electrical state, as evinced by frequent and violent thunder-storms.

The demonstrated fact that electricity is homogeneous with the nervous fluid, points to this agent as the great remedy for a large class of vital and functional disorders. When this agent is eliminated from possesses a renovating power that is of more consequence to suffering humanity than all the drugs in the market. Indeed, electricity generated by artifioial means, if applied with the discrimination that results from a proper knowledge of the relations of this one of the most important remedial agents; but it becomes indispensable to success when the negative BOOKSELLERS' AND NEWS-VENDERS' AGENCY forms of disease are most prevalent, as at the present time. Moreover, without the ability, on the part of the practitioner, to distinguish the positive and negative forms of disease, or to make a diagnosis on electrical principles, any system of treatment must be wholly uncertain in its results, if not absolutely dangerous to the patient. The practice of medicine is but a succession of doubtful experiments until we dispatch. Orders solicited. perceive the forces and comprehend the laws which regulate and determine the specific effects of the agents we employ. Ignorance on this subject has rendered physic a species of exorcism, whereby many spirits have been abruptly turned out of their own appropriate dwelling places; and we may rest assured that the people who have unexpectedly made the voyage to another world by water, were not all

Not only does an extremely positive state of the atmosphere tone up the nervous system to a higher tension, and intensify the activity of all the voluntary faculties of the mind, but it greatly increases the tendency to popular excitements. It is difficult to arouse the multitude to a state of impressible feeling, when the surrounding elements are in a negative state. In a very humid atmosphere, for illustration, the vital electricity rapidly escapes from the body, and we soon find the muscles relaxed and the nervous system in the condition of an untuned lyre.

UITABLE for a small church, vestry, hall or parlor, in good order, and will be sold low. Inquire at Plympton's, It would be quite impossible to raise a great political 314 Washington street, where it can be seen. If July 27.

LETTER FROM PROF. S. B. BRITTAN, commotion when the air is loaded with aqueous vapors; and religious excitements-obedient to the same natural law-are sure to languish in a long storm. The condition of the atmosphere, since the commencement of the War, has neither been fitted to inflame the passions of men nor particularly favorable to great physical activity. This may assist us to account for the prevalence of mild measures and the early want of vigor in the presecution of the war. Hence, also, the surprising coolness of our people in a time of such extreme peril as the living generation never witnessed before.

Praying for a further revelation of the Gospel of Health, in the actual Healing of the Nations, I re-Yours sincerely, main. S. B. B.

A Generous Offer.

Mr. J. V. MANSFIELD, the well known medium for answering scaled letters, has generously offered-for the space of three months-to answer gratuitously a scaled letter for every subscriber who remits us two dollars for the BANNER one year. Three 3 cent postage stamps must accompany each letter to prepay return letters. Mr. M. makes this offer solely to aid us in extending the circulation of our paper, which is the best way to benefit the cause.

Those sending letters to be answered, should be careful to write the address of their Spirit friends in full, in their sealed letters-not on the envelopsin order to prevent mistakes, as there are many a telegraphic agent, was certainly no less surprising. spirits who answer to the same name, which is the cause of a majority of the mistakes that occur. The controlling spirit of the medium cannot possibly know every spirit who is ready to respond to the call of his or her friends, any more than can those in the earth-life, hence, we repeat, correspondents should be particular in this respect.
All letters must be addressed, "Banner of Light,

Boston, Mass.," to insure a prompt response. .

Free Lectures.

In answer to many questions concerning my lectures, terms, dc.. I take this method to state to the public generally, that I will go to any place within a convenient distance of Boston, where the friends will got up a lecture and defray my expenses, and give them one free lecture, with experiments in Psychometric and other Phenomena. These lectures and experiments are of such a nature as have neven falled to interest all classes, and awaken a deep interest in the great move classes, and awaken a deep interest in the great move ment of the day. Parties desiring Sunday lectures I will arrange with on terms to suit the times. Address me at 7 Davis street, Boston.
H. L. BOWKER.

The Arcaun of Nature.

This volume, by Hudson Tuttle, Esq., is one of the best solentific books of the present age. Did the reading public understand this fact fully, they would have the work without delay. By reference to the seventh page of this paper, last column, the reader will find an enumeration of its contents. This work has found its way into Germany, been translated into the Germany and beneficially thought to the cell. man language by a gentleman well known to the scientific world, and has been extensively sold in that country. We will send the book by mall to any part of the United States, on the receipt of \$1,00.

Inducement to Subscribers.

To any one who will send us three dollars, with the names of three new subscribers for the BANNER OF LIGHT, for six months, we will send a copy of either, Whatever Is, 18 Right, by Dr. Uhild, The Argana of Nature, by Hudson Tuttle, or, Twelve LECTURES, by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, with a splendid steel engraving of Mrs. Hatch. These works are all worthy the immediate attention of our readers, for we shall continue it in force only two months.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROWFIELD STREET, BOSTON.— Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at 10 1-3 A. M. Conference meetings at 8 and 7 1-2 P. M. P. Clark, Chairman The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening, at 71-2 o'clock. (The proceedings are reported for the Banner.) The subject for next Wednesday evening is:— "Whatever is, is Wrong." Foxnono.—Meetings first, third and fifth Sundays of each

month, in the Town Hall, at 1 1-2 and 6 1-2 P. P. Speakers engaged:—Prof. Clarence Butler will speak Nov. 17; Miss Lazzle Duten, Dec. 16. NEW YORK .- At Lamartine Hall, corner 8th Avenue and

20th street, meetings are held every Sunday at 10 1-2 A. M., 8 r. M., 7 1-2 r. M. Dr. H. Dresser is Chairman of the Asso-

ciation.

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

Lowell.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meet-

18t., 8th, 16th, and 22d.

PORTLAND, MR.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Laucastor Hall. Conference in the forenceon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 3 and 71-2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Miss Susau M. Johnson, the three last Sundays in November; Miss Emma Hardinge, two last Subbaths in Dec.; G. B. Stebbins, during January; Belle Secondle during Education. Scougali, during Feb.

AMUSEMENTS IN BOSTON.

BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC-Washington street. Lessee and Manager, Janes M. Nixos. Performance are ovening, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Prices 50, 25, and 15 cents.

0, 25, and 15 cents.

BOSTON MUSBUM - Tremont, between Court & School treets. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra and Reserved seats, 51 cents. Ferformances commence in the evening at 7 1-2 o'clock, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3 o'clock, HOWARD ATHENAEUM-Howard street, near Court street. Lessee and Manager, E. L. Davenpour. Prices— Private Boxes \$1; Dress Box Chairs, Orchestra Chairs, 1st Circle Boxes and Parquet, 50 cents; Ramily Circle, 250: Doors open at 7: curtain rises at 7 1 2 o'clock

trai Court. Living Whales, Animals, Reptiles, &c. Open from 9 a. m. to 10 r. m. Admission 23 cents; Children under 10 years, 15 cents. MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL AND TROWBRIDGE'S OPERA HOUSE—Nearly opposite the old South Church. Tickets, 25 cents.

BOSTON ATHENAEUM-Beacon street, near State

ROSS & TOUSEY, 121 Nassau Street, New York, General Agents for the BANNER OF LIGHT,

Would respectfully invite the attention of Booksellers, Dealers in Cheap Publications, and Periodicals, to their unequalled facilities for packing and forwarding everything in their line to all parts of the Union, with the utmost promptitude and

INVALIDS, OR OTHERS,

7 ISITING New York, requiring rooms or board, can be accommodated on reasonable terms at OR HAYDEN'S, 66 West 14th street. West corner of 6th Avenue, where every attention will be paid to their conflort. Patients visiting DR. J. R. Newton's, will fird it very convenient to his residence. Nov. 2.

ATTENTION, SPIRITUALISTS!

RIFTY RECRUITS WANTED to fill up a company organizing to Join a Regiment, all the Officers of which are Spirituaties and Mediums.

Different Companies of this Regiment will go from different States contralizing in New York. New E gland recruits may address themselves to SAMUEL F. CLARK, Weston, Mass.

2m Oct. 26.

BOOKS.

BOURS.

DELA MARSH. No. 14 Bromfield street, keeps constantly for sale a full and complete assortment of SPIRITUAL and REFORM ROUKS, at the lowest prices.

Also—MEDICIN'S that have been prepared by Mrs. Massi, and those prepared by Mrs. Merres.

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May 25.

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the Baunga waclaim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mas. J. H. Conart, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends who may re-

as taste of spirit communion to those triends who may recognize them.
We have to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond, and to do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than printra beings. We believe the public should know of the spirit-world as it is—should learn that there is ovil as well as good in it. We ask the render to receive no dectrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

will be published in regular course:

Thursday, Oct. 3.—Invocation; "Are the accounts in the Scriptures of Translation true?—or did ever any one depart this life by any other process than the death of the body?" Simeon Comer, Beifast, Me.; Nanc, Bullard, Medford, N. H.; Maria Thompson, San Francisco, Cal.: Augusta Walton.

Monday, Oct. 7.—Invocation; Marriage Affinity; Obstacle of unbelief; Isaac Herrick, Cincinnati; Emily Shorey, Konnebunkport, Me.; Little Ida Carter, Canton, Mass.

Tueday, Oct. 8.—Invocation; "Come unto me, and I will give you rest?" Thomas Holly, East Boston; Ann Maguire, Boston; Marietta Barreti, New Haven, Conn.; Edward Holbb.

Hobbs.

Thursday, Oct. 10.—Invocation; "Variety in Soul Principles," Rev. Moses Hallock, Plainfield, N. H.; Robert Collins, to his brother Richard, Cloveland, Ohlo; Wallace Perkins, Morristown, N. J.; Abby Shuto; Botsoy Woodward, to John Woodward,

Wood ward.

Monday. Oct. 14.—Invocation; "The Philosophy of Magnotism;" Robert Arlington, Blackwell's Island, N. Y.; Willio
Roberts, Sandwich, Mass.; Hannah Pillsbury, Manchester, N. H.; Eliza Bickner.

Tuerday, Oct. 15.—Invocation; "The existence of the hu-

Tuesday, Oct. 19.—Invocation; "The existence of the in-man soul provious to birth in material form;" Daniel Dough-erty, Lowell, Mass.; Josephine Lyman, Sacramento City, Cal.; Lemuol Goss, New Orleans. Thursday, Oct. 17.—Invocation; "The sexual functions in Spirit Life;" Hiram Burgess, Hartford, Conn.; Lilly Wash-burn to her mother, Fall Rivor, Mass.; William Wheeler,

burn to her mother, Fall River, Mass.; William Wheeler, (published in No. 6.)

Monday, Oct. 21.—Invocation; "Hope;" John Francis Wherly, London, Eng.; Frances Semers, New York City; Eddy W. Locke, Boston; Fatlence Ripley, Yarmouth, Me.

Tuesday, Oct. 22.—Invocation; "Jesus the Saviour of the World;" Bill Saunders, stage driver, Burlington, Vt.; Mary Henricita Laurehnes, St. Mary's Institute, Mobile; Wn. H. Cook, Boston, Mass.; Charles Shorburne; Harrey Burdell.

Thursday, Oct. 24.—Invocation; "There is no Death;" Allee L. Brewster, Lexington, Mass.; Richard Parker, to Stephen Kennard, San Juan, Cal.; Julia O'Brian, Lucas st., Boston; Charles Todd, Beston; Josephine Adams.

Monday, Nov. 4.—Invocation; George Williams, Williamsburg, N. C.; Philip Biggius, New Bedford, Mass.; Charlette L. Harkins, New York City, to her uncle; Henry Wetherell, New York City; William Wheeler; Susie Lanc; James Arneld.

neiu.
Tuesday, Nov. 5.—Invocation; "The Constitution and the War;" Major Christian, Alabama; Clara F. Rvans. Man-chester, N. H.; Jimmy Hebart, Cauton, Mo.; Sarah Norton, Declaration.

Invocation.

Mighty Jehovah, thou great Eternal Ruler of the Universe, again we come into thy presence, presenting our soul offerings unto thee. Again we come to thee on the wings of prayer and worship, feeling that thou art divine and all righteous, and we know thon wilt accept the offerings of mortality, humble and trivial though they be. All things have been created by thy thought, so all are acceptable unto thee. Our Father, our Friend, thou great Source of life, who art in heaven and in hell, on earth and everywhere, we approach thee this hour, not because thou hast any especial need of the praise of thy children, but because our souls are raised higher in purity and holiness by coming into communion with thee. Oh, our Father, when darkness seems to be broadcast in the land, when that which seems to be evil is overshadowing our souls, may we be enabled to see thy hand in the chastening; and teach us to thank thee, because we know, oh Father, that out of the pain and suffering thou wilt bring forth peace and joy. Therefore, oh our Father, we will render ceaseless praise.

Spirit Development. If there are any questions to propose, we are ready

" How is the spirit improved by being brought into con-

tact with earth ?

You are assured that the two spheres of life, spiritual and material, are connected. You may suppose, as some believe, that there is a wide difference between the two worlds, spiritual and material, but this is not so. The two are inseparably wedded together; and that same law that brings you in the material world up to a high standard with mortality, is used to bring up those who have passed into the spirit world. About nine-tenths of those spirits who leave your earth, leave it before they are matured as regards the things of the world-before they have received all the spiritual force or discipline necessary to their happiness, or peace of mind, if you please. In consequence of the vast number who leave the earth in this condition, it is necessary that a highway be opened over which they may return and come in direct rapport with the earthly bodies necessary to their unending progression. Having left this plane of life, we will say, before they ought to have left it-before nature designed they should leave it -- it is necessary that they should return to earth and take from thence their starting point toward the new condition of life into woich they have entered. Hence, many spirits at the hour of change, or death, particularly if that change be brought about by violence or by violent means, retain a large amount of vital or magnetic power, and it is theirs for use as much as it was before they left the earth-sphere, or laid off their mortal body. Now, this magnetism is taken on by some body the spirit can come in rapport or sympathy with. Such a form takes it on and retains it for the use of the unfortunate one in the spirit-world, and when conditions are right, or, we will say, the law is right for them to re turn, they must of necessity return, taking on the magnetism from which they receive aid in all earthly conditions. Oftentimes the spirits are compassed about by a veil of dense moral darkness, or they are in a condition almost entirely void of light; and when the light appears, it must act upon those spirits in their own sphere, or they will remain for years, for perhaps hundreds of years, in their half

Scarcely one in the land but is a medium for the aid of the spirit world. People exist to-day who must take on the magnetism of those who have lived upon earth, before nature calls them higher-to the second condition of spiritual life.

Why is it that sometimes the mediumistic body actually feels at times the very pangs of death, or change, when some individuals return to them? Why is it when some individuals return to them? they somtimes feel as if their own spirit was about to take its departure to the upper spheres? Perhaps you will in after years understand this law bettor, when you have experienced the sensations of your own passage from this life into the next : but we can only say this is produced by the mediumistic body taking on the cast-off magnetism of the departing spirit. And so it is that the spirit returns to benefit or strengthen itself by the law of its own magnet-

The present age is overflowing with the magnetisms of those spirits who have long since inhabited the spirit-world-overflowing with that spirit magnotism that has been cut off by violence in the past and present. What, then, is the result of this sudden change of condition or existence upon the spirit, except that earth is peopled by thousands of spirits, held, as it were, in a state of partial unconsciousness, until, through the great law of magnetism we have alluded to, they are released from their bond-age. It is by that law of magnetism that they make all the manifestations that you of to day witness. In the beautiful and grand economy of nature we see more and more clearly the great purpose of Deity in linking humanity together by a tie none can sever; and, as we work for the redemption of others, we ourselves are redeemed. Sept. 24.

Patrick McGinness.

Faith, it's a long time I've been getting round! Mister, I'd like for you to tell me what I'll do. Faith, I'm Patrick McGinness. I expect I die in

The most I want here is a praste—that's all. I filled when on earth. We mediums do not

all. If the praste can't tell me, who can, then? I do n't want anybody but a praste. Faith, I think I's in purgatory. I do n't find what the prastes used to tell me I'd find, and I'm in an unquiet came to greet me, because I had some time in the

have the rites of the church.

wa' n't a drinking man. I behaved well enough.

I drive a coal cart for Mr. Chaffee. Faith, I drive it meself, but I've had me last drive. Sept. 24.

Addie Wilson.

Next time when it's my turn to come, next to a me to do so. Good day, sir. oaddy, I sha'n't come, now! If everybody wants me to, I sha'n't! I don't want you to tell my mother, mister, that I come next to that paddy, for he went away before I come, and he aint any relation to me. Next time I sha'n't come, if it is my turn.

I'm Addie Wilson-that's who I am, and my mother lives in Augusta, and I's six years old. I eason I got you to write. I can write, if I want to. 'm sick to-day, so I 'll let you write for me. When get well, I'll write her a good many things; but I

mother. afraid; but next time I wont talk next to paddies. do n't live with paddies, nor niggers, either.

because we ain't there, but right round where she is. She thinks I've gone way off somewhere, and left

died when I's a baby.

There are folks that take care of things here. about coming, they tells us. They pass us along close to the light, and hitch us on, and we come and talk.

I want to go, now. I'm tired. We have to sit still, and all they let us do is talk. Niggers can

Well, I'll ask my teacher. She never bringed us

Invocation.

Father, for the blessings of the present, and for those we know will come in the future. Oh, Father, in be-half of all thy family we praise thee—for those who ail to see thy love in the dark hour of sorrow. Oh. Father, we offer our thanks unto thee, for we are able to see thee as a God of tender mercy. We know thou hast given us to know of the material and spiritual world, and hast taught as of thy great law. We know the darkness of the present will pass away, and in its place will burn the light of the future with a radiance the world hath never yet seen; and oh, our Father, unto thee be endless praises. Amen.

Are the Planets Inhabited? Are there any questions to be propounded to us?

If so, we are ready to hear them.
A visitor asked: " Are any of the planets of our solar system inhabited by human, beings ?- and, if so, what is their condition?"

We know of no planet which is inhabited by humans, save the planet Earth. That will soon pass out of its present orbit, and the moon will follow it, or take its place, in the order of law, or in pursuance of natural causes. We find the moon is in higher degree of development than any other planet save the earth, but it hath not yet so far refined it self as to be able to sustain animal life. Vegetable life exists there now, though in a crude, primary We say soon, and it will be soon, when compared with the millions of years that have trans pired since the beginning of the creation.

We have so prophesied. You must wait for time o prove it to you, long after you have passed from earth. Again we say, we know of no planet that is inhabited by humans, except the earth.

George A. Redman.

Good afternoon, sir; Mr. Berry is not here, I see. Being somewhat acquainted with him, I thought I would inquire after him. I suppose you take his place. I am not used to communicating, myself, very well. I used to be an instrument through whom communications were given. I feel a little odd in this female apparel, too; but I am very glad to get here, without throwing my feelings upon the subject us thy children with the consciousness of thy pres-l have been endeavoring to come here ever since I once. We ask that thy children may be made to

left my body, but never succeeded until to day. I have no very near relative to return and com- souls, and that where evil seems to abound, love and mune with, except a sister. If I have a desire to goodness will much more abound—that the God with commune with her, I can through herself; but I had in is one to which humanity may at all times come, Boston. It's almost three years now, since I went. a strong desire to come here and try the ropes of the and where its wants may be felt and answered.

I expect I live in Washington Village. It's one machinery I had so much to do with when I was here time I lived on Bea street, and another on High myself. I said before, that I was a medium; and I street, and I lived down in Salutation street a time. And myself now put to service in the same capacity I's told I'd come here and get all I wanted. I want leased by death, it seems. I often longed for death a praste. That's what's dealed me when I's here, to come, to release me from my condition as a mea praste. That 's what 's desired me when I 's here, and I 's been in had luck over since. I want a praste. I might as well tell you as not. I'd like to though not the physical body to contend with. As have you get me a praste, in the first place, to confess to. I know I 's a spirit. I wont confess to you, for you 're no praste at all. Faith, I wont tell anything here at all, till you get me a praste.

Faith, I had no family at all. I had a brother idea of again being called upon by all classes, and leave of the risk parts the great and the same as on the John, and a sister Margaret. We leave a father in made to serve the good and the evil, the same as on the old country, and a mother, too, and come here. earth. We who have, as the old saying is, been I's most twenty-three, so I think. I was not long through the mill, have to suffer considerably on the slok, sir. I took cold and got myself wet. Faith, Journey through. I pity the poor mediums here. It I've no crimes to confess, only I need a praste, like seems as though I had as much tangible life as ever, any honest Catholic. It'd do me good. Here I am, though I miss the old body. I was surprised and but I do n't know where I 'm to go or what to do at disappointed, and am meeting continual disappoint-

state of mind. I'm not happy at all, for I didn't past been of use to them-aided them by my medium ave the rites of the church.

I suppose John is a waiter. I do n't know where hardly realize where I was for some time. Soon as he is at all. I've been in a bad state ever since I came to consciousness, I found everything new and came here, and do n't find out much.

No need of the praste, you say? Well, it's plain habitant of the spirit-world. Then I said to myto see you're no Catholic. I'll be a Catholic as long self, "Now I'll know all about spirit. I am not a as I live. It's a bad way I'm in to find folks here, medium any longer." But I was informed I had got for I can't find meself here. I'm as low as I can be. to perform the same mission in the spirit-world I I do n't know what makes me so unhappy here. I had in mortality. But I am trying to reconcile mywa'n't bad. I behaved meself well all the time. I self to it. We must do what we find before us, and Wa'n't a drinking man. I behaved well enough.

I don't want to send any word to anybody. I those who need my services; and what good I can walking all around in a coal cart, here. I know do to the class to which I belonged I shall do. The very well I's talking to Protestants, and so you're spirits are waking up, as it were, and thousands are saying just what you do. I'm much obliged to you, anxious to return to earth, that see no way open for but I think you do n't know as much as I do about them. I tried hard to avoid the duty thrust upon me, but I found it was no use. Some of the good Faith, I want to get out of where I am. I can't doctors here Dr. Fisher, in particular said to me. hardly find myself. A praste could help me, and I when I met him here, that he had just begun his want one. Faith, I say me prayers. I save meself, work in the spirit-world, and was as much needed eh? It's a poor save I get, if that's the way. now as ever. Perhaps I can do something toward Well, I'm disappointed—that's all I can say about curing sick souls. I was in more demand as a medium than as a physician.

Well, sir, I'll bid you good-day. Excuse me. My name is Redman—George A. Redman. Offer my respects to this medium, and tell her I should be pleased to commune with her privately, if she will enable Sept. 30.

Aunt Milly.

Massa, I come for inf'mation. De Lord says in de Bible, all dem dat want to be saved, come to him. I don't know where to find de Lord.
I live in Carleton, Mississippi, massa. I tried to

find de Lord ever since I been here. Dey told me, wa'n't a paddy. He was—that man was that's massa, you'd tell me where de Lord is. I come for I guess I've lived here most a year. My |de inf'mation. I know de spirit of de Lord is in evfather's lived here longer than that. My mother erybody, but dat aint what I want. I want de Lord lives in Maine, and I want you to tell her that I hisself. Can't find him, never? Massa, aint I never some here, and that I'm sick to-day, and that's the to be saved? I ain't any happy, massa, at all. l'm disappoint, massa, dat 's all.

Where is do Lord, massa, out is un.
Where is do Lord, massa? Den de Bible lies, massa.
It's put all kinds of 'structions upon it, massa, don't want you to see, or anybody to see but my but I don't find de Lord nowhere. I put all kinds of 'structions upon it. Massa, dey tell us de king-I seen ever so many folks my mother knew, since dom of heaven is within ye. I know de spirit of de I's dead, and they all send their love, every one of Lord is in ye, but I want de Lord hisself. Well, them; and they all want to come and talk to my massa, I live most eighty years, an' I serve de Lord mother, and my father does, too. He wanted to 'bout all my life, and now I don't know where to come before, but said he could n't do well. I wa' n't find de Lord. Massa, I don't like dat! De Lord bress you, massa, de big spirits won't come to me, to teach me. I tried to find Missy Kent; but I I want my mother, if she can, to come here so I could n't find massa, could n't find missy, and can't can talk to her; and I don't want her to keep find de Lord. I disappoint about de Lord. I wish I mourning because we are dead and gone to heaven, never knew about de Lord. Massa, is n't ligion good? Is n't 'ligion true? Massa Kent tell you it is good. Massa, where be dis? Boston? Ob, de Lord bress her, but I ha'n't. I want to make her happy, and you, massa, I don't want to stay here-I don't I have good teachers here. One of them my mother used to know when she's here. Her name is dem. Oh, de Lord put de bonds on de nigger, and Grace Fernald. She 's a singing lady—no, that aint right, but what they call a musical lady—that 's it.

She used to sing in meeting.

My mother's first name is a singing lady—that 's it.

Mister-I want a chance to go out a little while. I like to go down Battery March street. I like to see me mother. I want to tell her about meself-how I It's pretty easy when you want to speak. They am, and I want to tell her about the Catholic Reli-do n't allow us little boys and girls to ask any quest gion. It's not true at all. No good, no sir. I want tions of them, but if we want to learn anything to tell her not to pay any more money to the praste. I ha' n't seen a praste at all since I been here. I a nienty that was prastes, but the when they 're where I am. I been here most two years, and I learned something. It's most that. I know when I 's here. I'm dressed up like a lady, talk here, and paddies-everybody. When I got but I'm not a lady at all. Me name is Fagin-Mike here, I's mad, to think I had to come next to a pad Fagin. I's thirteen years old when I went—thirdy. No, he did n't speak to me. If he had I would teen, mister. I like to tell me mother it 's a fine n't spoken to him. No matter; he ought n't to place here, and you learn about everything you likes come when I do.

| Place here, and you learn about everything you likes much to be here. I do n't want me mother to believe what the prastes say at to any paddies before. Perhaps she 'll say I's all. They try to humbug the folks. We know so, naughty. I'm going, now. Maybe I'll come again. because we find out all about things here. They see folks is poor and ignorant, and it 's all very good for them to do so; but it 's not very good for them, when

they come here. They 're ashamed of themselves Our Father, who art in heaven, we thank thee for then, for everybody knows just all about them. I likes something better than this. I do n't I likes something better than this. I do n't like to go out with these things on. If I go alone I can't see her, sir. I 'll go home if you 'll let me, but I

wants the body to do it with. I seen plenty of me cousins, and two uncles. I got one uncle who is just as much of a Catholic as ever he was, and we have some hard brushes. I tells him thy love is not limited to the few, but extends in its the prastes are humbugs. I wants to know why magnitude over each and all. We thank thee that there 's no practes where we are. I know there are folks that were prastes here, but they ain't prastes any longer. Why are there no prastes here? That 's what I want to know. One of me uncles what died before me, I remember about the praste's denying him conscerated ground. Then I know me aunt mad a great fuss about it, and got sick, because he's not buried in ground the praste had blessed.

Now I do n't care where I 's buried, but I 'd like to have me mother know how I 'm getting on.
Unless ye write very plain, she 'll not be able to read it at all. Me mother's name is Catharine, sir, if that's what you like to know. I don't know where me father is at all. His name was Daniel. He never does much of any thing-sometimes shovels snow and brings in coal, and saws wood. He drinked too much, and most of the time he 's nobody. I do n't care to say much about him.

So you won't let me go back, mister? I want ome other clothes, so me mother would know me. I'd talk to her, and she 'd know me very quick. Then will me mother come here so I can talk to her? I do n't know as I can make out with another [medium], sir. I like her to come here. Good worning, sir, if I must go, good morning, sir. Sept. 30.

Eunice P. Pierce.

Written: My dear father and mother-I have many times ried to come to you, but could not in this way until to-day. Oh, I wish I could see and talk with you, I have so much to tell you about my new home. All is beautiful; and I would not return to earth if Oh, give me a chance to talk with could to dwell. you; then I will tell you all, and you shall no longer Your daughter in spirit.

EUNICE P. PIERCE. Publish in Banner, I lived in South Danvers, Mass. Invocation.

Thou spirit of Truth, thou mighty and glorious Creator of the universe, we ask that thou wilt bless feel that thou art ever within the temples of their

Ob, our Father, we thank thee for all thou hast bestowed upon us; for that which thou wilt ever bestow upon us-for sorrow as for joy, for sin as for goodness, for hell as for heaven. We thank thee for every manifestation of life, believing theu ever hast done and ever will do all things well.

Momory.

We are now ready for what questions the friends nay have to prepound to us. A visitor proposed:

" Memory and its laws, in a spiritual state."

The spirit can never forget, because memory is a part of its life. Without it, it could not exist, or without it the soul would be devoid of wisdom, or God. All things that have once passed through the brain physically and spiritually, are retained upon the spiritual brain. They are nover lost. Every thought that has once been impressed upon your spirit, remains there eternally, and there are conditions or circumstances when each and every thought may be called up for use in the present.

Those spirits who passed from your earth thousands of years in the past, often return, giving you account of things that took place in their time, place and generation. Now, if memory were not ever-lasting, or a part of the God in man, given to him for an eternal inheritance, how would it be possible for the individual spirit to recall those actions of things that took place more than a thousand years

Memory is one of God's great laws; none can inringe upon any one of God's laws. The individual ero may, through the physical, cease to remember Particular things which may have passed with him or her, may have become entirely obliterated from the mind. But when the material conditions are put aside, like a cloud wiped from the way, then all these things shall be remembered again, for memory is immortal and eternal.

It hath been said by men of science in the past, and even of your day, that with the decay of the powers of the mind decay, the power of rememberng those things which took place in the past. This is, in one sense, true; but the screen that covers the physical form is so artificial, so grude, that it is hard to realize the faculties of the spirit when shrouded in the mortal; but when it comes to throw off the mortal form, the spirit and all its functions assume natural form and attain their normal perfection; then all that is artificial and crude melts away, and that which seems so real now, shall be all unreal, then you come upon the positive, real sphere of life.

Jessie Cook and Harriet Page.

I want you to write for me. I want you to write to my father. Tell my father and mother I come here. I am Jessie Cook. I lived in Troy, New York. was eleven years old. I went in April, 1861. I've two sisters—Laura and Louisa. My father and on for the purification of this people, mother do n't know anything about Spiritualism. I Spiritualism has been an agitation want you to write and say I'm happy, and want to say something to let them know I can come and talk. ne talk.

I would n't have died if I 'd been doctored right. All the trouble was in my throat. I want to tell my mother how to save other folks that are sick as I was, if she 'll let me talk to her. There's a gentleman will tell me, and I'll tell her.

My father's name is Andrew H. Cook. He's a trader, on Bennett street. He do'nt keep, himself. I mean, it ain't his own store. I do n't know who owns the store—I can't tell. It's commission—a commission store. I can 't talk well here, there 's so many folks. I want to see my father and mother alone. I want them to go to Miss Morris's, and I'll go there, if you'll please to write that.

Here's a young lady that can't talk, and wants me to for her. If you'll write a letter for her, I'll tell you what she wants to write. Sign my name,

She died sixteen years ago, on South sixth street, East Cambridge, Massachusetts. Her father's name s William Jones. Ho's a cabinet maker. She lived only three months on earth. Her name would have been Harriet, if she 'd lived; but, as it was, she 's not named at all. She has four brothers and five sisters. She wants to come to her father, or any of her brothers or sisters. She can't speak so I do for her. You'll please, sir, to be particular about everything she's told you. She died sixteen years ago, of chol era, and was three months old.

I'm going, now. My father will pay you, if you

Jack Collins.

is this? Tuesday! By hokey, I died this morning. Died in Virginia, in the hospital. I was sick two months or more, but I fixed things to come here as oon as I could.

By gracious, this is Boston, sure! Well I tell you what it is, I'd little rather be in New York; but I won't complain, since I'm so well off. Yes, I know all about this thing. Cotch me being round here in

My name's Collins-Jack, or John. Oh, I'm a rough. Might as well tell the truth as anything else. hain't got the edges smooth yet. I want to know which is the best move to get round to all my folks. This is the best, is it? Well, my father's name s Hiram. He's out West, I suppose, in Michigan want to come to him; there's another I want to ome to, but I know it's no use. It's a lady who's done much for us down in Virginia. She 's sesesh, but mighty good. It do n't make a mighty sight of difwhether one is sesesh or not, when a fellow and she 's afraid something has happened to him. I want to find out about it, and let her know.

I shot here like an arrow! Well, I swear I died some time after ten. I remember hearing the clock strike nine, sure. I's wounded, and had sort of a cholera morbus, and the mortification took place. Well, I belonged to those hellions, the Zouaves. tell you what I used to be. I ain't ashamed to own it, but I ought to be. I belonged to the class they call the "Dead Rabbits."

You think we did n't know about spirits coming back, but I tell you we were just the kind to look into these things. I've been up there on the Fourth Avenue, to Mrs. Porter's, more than twenty times. Look here; tell the boys I'm dead, will you, and it's no use to look after me anywhere but here, now. Can't ye give me a drink? I feel devilish weak. What's the matter? Now, look here. Can you help get a message for me into Virginia, if I 'll come here again? I want to look round and find out about her son. Do all you can? Give me your hand

Well, all day to you. Three cheers for the Union l Well, here I go.

A letter from Rome, in La Presse, says: "The ex-King of Naples appears very seldom on the Pincio, hiss his Majesty. One day, on his return from a walk, he found on his table a sort of placard, with these words in large type, " Francis II., by the grace of the Vicar of Christ, King of the Brigands."

He who puts aside his religion because he is going into society, is like one taking off his shoes because he is about to walk over thorns.

Character, like porcelain ware, must be painted be fore it is glazed. There can be no change after it is anger, resentment, exasperation, triumphant exultaburned in.

upon men.

Written for the Bauner of Light. BRUEZES FROM LAND.

DY E. A. KINGSBURY.

A delightful sound bath the swelling sea To the weary wanderer, when, tich and free. Comes a spley breeze from the distant shore. And Hope, almost perished, revives once more.

He welcomes the wild surge that speeds him along, With its foaming crest and its mournful song; For he hears the low whisper of winds that tell Of a vine-covered cot in a flowery dell.

Bright visions of home, and the green household tree, The meeting and rapture that soon will be, Are painted in colors of light by the breeze Laden with fragrance from mountain and trees

And thus, while on Life's wild waters we sail. Our souls are oft cheered by an odorous gale From the Summer Land. A current of air Celestial, fans gently the brow of care.

Music melodious floats from that clime, Thrilling the soul with a rapture sublime. Minds are inspired with thoughts noble and grand, it Rich zephyrs are wafting from that Better Land.

Nearer and nearer we come to the shore. Hark! A warm greeting from those gone before. Is borne on the silent air, once and again, As gladly we speed o'er Life's billowy main. Philadelphia, 1861.

Original Essay.

SPIRITS AS CULTIVATORS AND WORK." ERS WITH MANKIND.

BY AMANDA M. SPENCE.

ARTICLE SEVEN.

In our last article, we spoke of spirits as Cultivators and Workers with nations. We took this nation as an example with which to illustrate the kind of work which is done by the Workers, and the methods which are pursued by the Cultivators when operating upon nations, without any especial regard to particular individuals. The commotion and agitation which we then spoke of, as growing out of the present military, commercial and financial disturbances, are, however, but a part of the work which has been done for this nation, and which still is going

Spiritualism has been an agitation from the beginning; and it was designed to be such by those want them to go to Miss Morris's, in Troy, and let who control all of its great and valuable results. Those results, as we have said, are internal, and must therefore be looked for, not in the governmetal, the religious, or the social forms of the nation, or in any other external things, but in the life and loves of men and women. Spiritualism, we say, has been an agitator from the beginning. Spiritualism has rudely swept the cords of every human affection. An interior power, with unseen hands, has reached down into the deepest and warmest places in the hearts of mer and women, and laying hold of things long cherished, and treasures closely hugged, and private idols secretly and fervently worshiped, have said to those worshipers and lovers of perishable things, "You and they must part." Then commenced the struggle which stretched, to the highest degree of tension, the cords that bound men and women to their idols and to their earthly loves. In this struggle, the Cultivators have ever been inexorable-have ever been deaf to the pleatings of human affection-ever insensible to the agonies and the anguish of the human heart as it tenaciously clings to perishable things long cherished, yet sees that they are fast receding from it, and sooner or later must leave it forever.

The first rap, which was made by spirits, was an agitator and an alarmist. People had already graded and localized the dwellers in the unseen Halloo, how are you? By hokey, I'm here the world, and given them a fixed character and an unsame day I died. Round pretty quick. Much as I changeable occupation; and hence the plain and can do to handle this thing. By gracious! I got nouncement, which the simple rap made, that the round here pretty quick, did n't 1? Say, what day in this 2. Therefore Review of the land of work which the creeds had assigned him, made people question their creeds. Now we all love our creeds and opinions, no matter how we may have acquired them, or how unreasonable they may be. The longer we have held a certain belief, the more tenaciously do we cling to it, the more indignantly do we resent the slightest intimation that we are loving an error, and the more resolutely, blindly, and madly do we defend it. With a full knowledge of this tendency of the human nature to fight for its opinions, the Cultivators, in the very outset, struck at the world's opinions in religion and in philosophy; and immediately the warfare began. Hell, the devil, the divine inspiration of the Bible, the efficacy of prayers and forms and ceremonies, the God-man, the character and attributes of God, and even the existence ... s down sick. She's got a son in the rebel army, of a God, were all, in due time, questioned and disputed by mediums. We are all familiar with the agitation, the strife, the contention, and the bitterness of feeling which such a disputing of the world's opinions has created, and still is creating. Nor is the agitation allowed to subside, except as it subsides in those who can no longer be agitated-those who have shed all the selfish, contentious and discordant elements of their nature. As soon as one point is yielded, another is presented which renews the conflict, and stirs up the indignant, the combative, the destructive, the resentful, the vindictive, and all the ungenerous and limited feelings, passions and prejudices of those who possess such elements of the human nature, and who, therefore, need such purifying commotions. It was enough, at first, to question the existence of a hell and a devil; but as the interest in fighting and contending for and on that. If you lie to me, I'll fix you when you against these subsided, more important questions were raised with regard to the merits of the Bible, and of various religious teachings, the character and attributes of God, the divinity of Christ; and among the latest, but not the least exacting, is the question which has been raised by some mediums, as to the existence of a God, the question as to whether since some wicked wags began to take the liberty to "Whatever Is, is Right," the question of non-immortality, and a variety of others which need not now be mentioned.

The simple fact that a person is a Spiritualist, is, of course, no evidence that he has shed the human nature. Spiritualists have their creeds and their fixed and unyielding opinions, which they love with a selfish, human love, and for which they fight and contend with bitter and unforgiving feelings, and with an intense combativeness, destructiveness, tion over a victory and mortifying depression over a defeat. These are all expressions of human states. Praying to God is but poor amends for preying and are evidences that Spiritualists, like other people, still need agitation and commotion-still need

asporation, denunciation, condomnation, pride of opinion, love of victory and fear of defeat, will all have departed from them, and will be superceded by impartial and universal loves, and a superceded by impartial and universal loves. child-like readiness to receive the present manifestation of truth, even at the expense, if necessary, of-everything that had previously been regarded as the truth, not only without a determination to defend any present belief or opinion, but without any desire even that the present belief or opinion out any desire even that the present belief or opinion
shall be the truth, or any fear or uneasiness that it
word has the truth, or any fear or uneasiness that it
sundays of Dec. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner may not be the truth; but simply a love of the truth, a willinguess to know the truth, and a readiness to accept it at all times and from any source whatever. If a person desires his present opinion to be true, or desires that some other opinion may not be true, the desire, in either form, is selüsh, human, limited, and stands in the way of his receiving the real truth when it does come, if it has not already come to him. To the man who has shed all the selfish loves, feelings, partialities and prejudices of which we have been speaking, there is no such thing as victory or defeat in the sphere of thoughts. ideas and opinions. He loves but the truth, and desires the truth only; and, therefore, if to-day he accepts a truth or gives up an error, it is no defeat; and if to-morrow he gives a truth or takes away an error, it is no victory. He stands in defence of nothing, neither is he at war with anything.

The Cultivators and the Workers have also entered the social, as well as the religious and the political spheres of this nation; and the agitation and commotion which they have stirred up in that sphere, is a part of the past bistory and of the present life of Spiritualism. Systems of social reform have been presented through mediumistic persons, and novel movements in social life have been publicly inaugurated, and new theories of social life have been privately put in practice, until society has been shaken to its centre, and the world has stood appalled at the openly avowed theories and the occasional disclosures of the hidden practical lives that form a part of the great purifying, regenerating conflagration which the Cultivators and their Workers have kindled in the human loves that bind men and women together in the social sphere.

With a boldness and a determination never before witnessed in this country, the question of the relations of the sexes has been discussed; the absolute freedom of the affections, and even of the passional attractions, has been claimed by men and women, from the desk and through the press; and the merits of these questions and claims have been privately canvassed with still greater freedom and familiarity by men and women, who, ten years ago, would have been shocked even at reading in print, or thinking in the privacy of their own minds, what they now, freely and without reserve, say to each other face to

There is no rest for the conjugal natures of men and women, except in that monogamic marriage, which is based upon an adaptation and a matedness of Internal natures. This I have always advocated, and do still advocate, in all my private as well as my public teachings; and my own experience in such a monogamic relation, assures me of the practical truth of this principle, which spirits first taught me in theory only. Still, I hesitate not in saying, that free love, in all of its modified forms, and with all of its apologies, defences and extenuations, is an emanation from the spirit-world-a firebrand reached down from the interior, and touched. here and there and everywhere, to the lusts, the passional attractions, the physical loves, and all the secret, slumbering, sexual emotions of men and woen, in order that this department of their human nature may be purified, and in order that they may ultimately be brought to realize the true monogamic marriage, in which a perfect adaptation fills the measure of each other's wants, so far as the opposite sex is concerned, and in which marriage of one man with one woman, all other men and women become brothers and sisters, in reference to whom all idea of sex is lost sight of by the parties thus truly

The simultaneous agitation of large masses of men and women, the tension of the human feelings, passions, emotions, loves, partialities, prejudices and affections of whole nations, and the alternate exaltation and depression of entire communities in all the faculties and powers which constitute the human nature, all tend to the same results, that is, the death of the human and the awakening of the divine natures of men and women. And these results are produced, no matter how the agitation, the tension and the exaltation are brought about, and no matter for what purpose they are brought about. If they proceed as natural consequences from the clash and conflict, the hopes and struggles, the ambition and the desires of individuals and of nations, without any reference to, or consciousness of interior results, still interior results follow as an unavoidable effect. If, on the other hand, the agitation, the tension, the exaltation are designedly brought about and controlled by superior intelligences, by Cultivators, who look to interior results, and who labor for interior results, those results must follow as equally unavoidable effects. The important difference, however, is, that when these national purifying and regenerating movements are planned, brought about, and controlled by the Cultivators, a greater good is done to a larger number, than would be if everything was left to the blind principles and elements of nature, and to the equally blind, human loves, passions and affections of men and women, and of undeveloped spirits.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. We hope they will use every exertion possible in our behalf at this particular time. Lecturers are informed that we make no charges for their notices; but if any one feels it a duty to pay, he or she may remit whatever amount they please. This statement is

made in answer to many inquiries upon the subject. Lecturers named below are requested to give notice of any change of their arrangements, in order that the list may be as correct as possible.

MISS BELLE Sceng ALL lectures in Providence, R. L. the four Miss Belle Socuall lectures in Providence, R. I., the four Bundays of Nov.; New Bodford, Mass., the four first Sundays of Dec; in Truy, N. Y., the last Sunday of Dec, and the first Bunday of Jan. 1862; in Cambridgeport, Mass., the three last Sundays of Jan.; Portland, Mo., the four Sundays of Feb.; Lowell, Mass. first four Sundays in March; Philadelphia the last Sunday of March and the two first of April. Will receive applications to fecture in the Kastern States during March of 1862. Address as above, or Rockford, Ill.

MES. MARY M. MACGERER WILL lecture two first Sundays of November in Burrilville, R. I., and the two last in New Bedford, Mass.; Staffurd, Conn., two first Sundays in Dec.; Marblehead, the last Sunday of Dec and the first Sunday of n.; not engaged for the three-last Sundays in Jan.; Feb., Providence, R. I.; June at Portland, Me. Address, West

the purifying fire to melt down and consume the limiting, circumscribing and selfish elements that and Portland, during part of November and Describer, and overlie their more universal and expansive natures, when this shall be the case, anger, resentment, ex-

vomber in Boston, and requests that all friends in the im-mediate vicinity of that city, desirous of obtaining her ser-vices as a lecturer for the Sundays in that month, will apply as soon as possible at Box 422, Bridgeport, Conn Mns. Frances Lond Bond intends to pass the Fall and Winter in the State of Wisconsin, and those wishing her services as a lecturer will please address her at Madison City, Wisconsin, care of T. N. Bovec.

H. B. Stonen, inspirational speaker, will lecture at Lowell, first three Bundays of November; Chicopes, the 4th Bunday of November. Applications for lectures elsewhere; should be addressed to him at New Haven, Conn.

S. Phelps Leland. Friends desirng lectures on Geology or General Reform, during the Fall and Winter, will please write seen. Address Cleveland, Ohio. MISS EMMA HOUSTON will lecture during the month of De-

present, at Manchester, N. H. or East Stoughton, Mass. MRS. H. C. MONTAGUE, care of P Clark, 14 Bromfield street She will lecture at No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston, Sunday mornings, Nov. 10, 17 and 24, at 10 1-2 o'clock. CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in the vicinity of Stoughton through November. Address as above, or Livermore

Falls, Mo. LEO MILLER Will speak in Summersville, Conn., Nov. 17th and 24th; Providence, R. I., five Sundays in Dec. Address, Hartford, Ct., or as above.

MIS. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON WIll lecture in Charles-town, Mass., Nov. 24; in Boston, Dec. 1st; in Putnam, Ct., Dec. 8. Address 25 Kneeland street, Boston.

Mn. and Mns. H. M. Millen may be addressed at Pen-Yan, Yates Co., N. Y., for the present, or Conneaut, Ohio, care of Asa Hickox, permanently, Mns. Augusta A. Currier will lecture in Chicopee, Mass., Nov. 10 and 17. Ad Iress box 815, Lowell, Mass.

PROFESSOR BUTLER's address is care of Dr. Child, 15 Tromont street. Boston.

Mont Street, Boston.

H. L. Bowken will give ticket lectures, or otherwise, on Mental and Physical Anatomy. Address, Natick, Mass. REV. E. Case, Jn., Florida, Hillsdale Co., Mich., or care of Mrs. James Lawrence, Cloveland, Oalo. Dn. E. L. Lyon, may be addressed care of Wm. Crowell, Geneva, Ashtabula Co., Ohio.

Miss L. E. A. DeForce's address until further notice will be Vincennes, Ind., care of Wilmet More,

MRS. C. M. STOWN may be addressed until further notice, at Surgis, Mich.

WM. E. WHITMAN, trance speaker and healing medium, Athel Depot, Mass.

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

MRS. E. A. BLISS, (formerly Mrs. E. A. Ostronder,) Springfield, Mass
DR. H. F. GARDNER, 46 Essex street, Boston, Mass
DR. H. F. GARDNER, 46 Essex street, Boston, Mass
DR. O. H. WELLINGTON, No. 194 W. Springfield, st., Boston,
MRS. A. H. SWAN, CATO P. Clark, 14 Bromfield st., Boston,
L. Judd Parder, Boston, care of Bela Marsh,
Rev. Silas Transll, 40 South street, Boston,
Lewis B. Monnor, 14 Bromfield St., Boston,
Lewis B. Monnor, 14 Bromfield St., Boston,
CHARLHS H. CHOWELL, Boston, Mass,
O. H. Dellyfield, box 3314, Boston,
Benn, Dangorth, Boston, Mass,
J. H. Curnier, Cambridgeport, Mass,
MRS. Sarah A. Byrnes, 38 Winter st., E. Cambridge, Mass,
WM. E. Rice, Roxbury, Mass,
WM. E. Rice, Roxbury, Mass,
CHAS. T. Inish Taunion, Mass, care of Staples & Phillips,
Miss B. Anna Ryder, Plymouth, Mass,
Mrs. Alizie Doten, Plymouth, Mass,
Mrs. Alizie Doten, Plymouth, Mass,
Mrs. Alizie Doten, Plymouth, Mass,
Rev. Stephen Fellows, Fall River, Mass,
Rev. Stephen Fellows, Fall River, Mass,
Rev. Greenlear, Lowell, Mass,
N. S. Greenlear, Lowell, Mass,
N. S. Greenlear, Lowell, Mass,
Mrs. Auge, Mass, Mass,
Mrs. Auge, Mrs. Mass,
Mrs. Auge, Mrs. Mass,
Mrs. Auge, Mrs. Mass,
Mrs. Auge, Mrs. Mrs. Mrs. Mrs. Auge,
Mrs. Auge, Mrs. Mrs. Mrs.

ISAAO P. GREENLEAF, LOWOII, MASS.
N. S. GREENLEAF, LOWEIL MASS.
MRS. ADRY H. LOWS, ESSOX, MASS.
J. H. RANDALL, Northfield, Mass.
H. A. Tucker, Foxboro', Mass.
F. G. Gunney, Duxbury, Mass.
J. J. Locke, Greenwood, Mass.
MRS. M. B. KENNEY, Lawronce, Mass.
MRS. C. CLARY, LAWRONCE, MASS. MRS. E. C. CLARK, Lawrence, Mass.

M. B. J. Chare, Lawridge, Mass.
M. M. J. Pupper, Hanson, Plymouth Co., Mass.
M. Bartha B. Chase, Wost Harwich, Mass.
W. Bailey Potter, M. D., Wostboro, Mass.
Rev. John Pierfont, West Modford, Mass.
M. B. B. Sawyer, Baldwinville, Mass.
M. B. B. Sawyer, Baldwinville, Mass.
M. B. J. B. Kanseworth, Sitchburg, Mass.
Frederick Robinson, Marblebead, Mass.
M. S. Townsend, Taunton, Mass.
M. B. Townsend, Taunton, Mass.
Charles P. Rickerson, Worcester Mass.
Charles P. Ricker, Worcester Mass.
M. S. J. Clark, Caro Wm. S. Everett, E. Princeton, Mass.
M. S. Suban Bleight, Unioconoaker, Portland, Wains.

Mns. Susan Stricht, trancospeaker, Portland, Maine, ALONZO R. HALL, East New Sharon, Me. Mns. A. P. THOMPSON, North Haverhill, N. H. Mns. CLIFTON HUTCHINSON, Millord, N. H. Mns. J. B. Smith, Manchester, N. H. CHARLES T. IRISH, Gratton, N. H. BRANK CHASE, Sutton, N. H.

EZRA WILLS, Williamstown, Vt. Miss Flavia Howe, Windsor, Poquencek P. O., Conn. Mns. Helen E. Monell. Harlford, Cenn. Lewis O. Welon, West Windham, Conn. Mns. M. J. Wilcoxeon, Stratierd, Conn. Mns. Eliza D. Simons, Bristol, Conn. J. S. Loveland, Willimantic, Conn.

J. B. LOVELAND, WILLIAM IG, UORIL.

MRS. AMANDA M. SPENCS, Address, New York City.

MRS. M. L. VAN HAUGHTON, 306 1-2 Mott st., N. Y. City.

MRS. BUSAN M. JOHNSON, NO. 28 Green Street, N. Y.

MRS. J. E. PRICE, Watertown, Jofferson County, N. Y.

ALEY'R G. DONNELLY, Bennettsburg, Schuyler Co., N. Y.

MRS. S. ELIZABETH LOW, LOON, Cattaraugus Co., New York.

H. CLAY BURCH, Smith's Mills, Chautauque Co., N., Y.

MRS. S. L. CHAPPELL, Phognix Y. Y.

Mrs. 8. L. Chappell, Phonix, Y. Y. J. W. H. Toohey, Ponn Yan, N. Y. John H. Jenks, Johksvillo, N. N. Janed D. Gage, Oncida, N. Y. Mns. E. A. KINGSBURY, NO. 1905 Fine street, Philadelphis. Mns. C. A. FITCH, No. 231 South 5th street, Philadelphis. Mnss FLAYILLA E. Washnurs, Wudham, Bradford Co., Pa. Ds. N. E. Wolpe Columbia, Pa.

Mns. H. F. M. Brown, Cleveland, Obie. MBB. H. F. M. BROWN, Oloyoland, Obie.
MBB. CLARA B. F. DANIELS, Westfield, Medina Co., Obio.
E. Whiffle, West Williamsfield, Ashtabula Co., Obio.
ALBERT E. CARPERTER, Columbia, Licking Co., Obio.
A. B. Frenou, Olydo, Sandusky Co., Obio.
DI. JAMES COOPER, Bollofontaino, Obio.
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And quoted odes, and jewels five words long, That on the stretched forc-finger of all time fiparkle forever."

ELIZADETH BARNETT BROWNING. The morning blushed out from the heart of the summer. And rippled its rosiness over the world: It dawned where the shadows slept under the murmur Of cadenced white waterfalls, silvered and curled.

It stroked its white fingers o'er beards of bowed barley, And rippled its breath over billowed wheat seas ; O! never a day has stooped o'er us so fairly, With peace in its sunshine, and balm in its breeze!

The core of the year, with its affinent gladness-Its beauty, its music, its plumage of corn-Passed deep in the shadow of infinite sadness; For she, our Queen Poet, went up with the morn.

Oh! pale grew the robing that folded the mountain, And wrapped its grieved face in a sorrowing spray-Exhaled the last heart-drop from poesy's fountain, When she sang with angels at breaking of day.

O Freedom! thy priestess lies dead at the altar! And well for thy temple her life had been long. When Liberty chanted, her voice did not falter; Transfigured, God made her Archangel of Song.

And well may Italia bow low in her weeping ! And well may the summer grow pallid with ruth! Cayour rests in silence, and Browning is sleeping-The foeman of tyrants, the singer of Truth.

Be hers in Valhalla the throne-room of glory-The sceptre of poets-the crown she has won-The purple of spirits; and ours be the story, The sweet rhythmed life which at morning was done. [Mrs. Gildersleeve.

The belief that guardian spirits hover around the paths of men covers a mighty truth ; for every beautiful, pure and good thought which the heart holds is an angel of mercy purifying and guarding the soul.

CHANGELESS.

I was fever-parched and weary, With a loveless, drooping head, Mourning for its stolen .treasures-Can you love me now? I said. Tenderly he twined my fingers, Telling me how much he missed me. Home was desolate without me. And he smoothed my hair, and kissed me.

Dry, parched lips, ye had no sweetness He could garner, well I know, But from off his lips of sunset To my hollow cheek of snow, Stole a glow which stayed and deepened Every time he bent and kissed me, Softly breathing the assurance That in sickness he had missed me. Each blue veinlet on my forehead

Boothingly his finger traced, One by one each tangled ringlet Coiled around his finger graced. All my soul went out in blessing For the love which will not falter, Burning through time's myriad changes On the soul's decayless altar .- [Emma Tuttle.

The world, though rough, is after all the best schoolmaster-better than study, for it makes a man his own teacher.

Reported for the Banner of Light. BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 6, 1861.

QUESTION .- Whatever Is, is Wrong.

Dr. Child .- "Whatever Is, is wrong," so says history in selected fragments. All sayings are lawful in themselves, to themselves; so all that is said to itself is true and right. Thus the saying, whatever is, is wrong, is true-true only to that condition that pulsates with the conviction. A man in green glasses says the world is surely green; this saying is true to his glasses. A man in red glasses says, just as truly, the world is surely red. A man in pure crystal glasses says, just as truly, too, the world looks natural and right. Color the aqueous fluids of the eyeball, and the color is always reflected upon the retina. This reflection makes all things that color.

As a man's affections are, so are his reflections of the world around him. As a man's morals are, so he will have the morals of the world around him. As a man's religion is, so he would have the religion of the world around him. Thus it is that some see wrong everywhere; some, somewhere, and some nowhere. It is right that things should so appear, for everything that is, is in the wise ordering of nature, and thus the truth is clear, that to the vision which sees wrong, wrong is rightly seen to be. Range creation all over, and there is not a thing therein to be found that by somebody has not been called wrong. All the good things of this world, as well as the bad, have been called wrong. Even God has been called a God of vengcance, an angry God, and has been cursed. Christ has been called the prince of devils. a deceiver, a blasphemer. Spirits and angels have been called evil. The Bible has been called a pack of lies. The amiable Mary Magdalen was said to have entertained a room full of demons. Some have said that the mother of Jesus was a recreant woman. St. Paul was called a murderer; Peter, a drunkard, and St. John a visionary liar. Now all these phenomena have been true to those who thought they saw them-true to the tints of the seer's own vision; and the utterances that tell of these sights have, I doubt not, been sincere and are all true to the natures of those who spoke them. And as they have a place in wisdom's orderings, who can say, with crystal glasses on, that they are not right. It is earthly dyestuff that colors human spectacles, and that makes them appear wrong. The light of heaven's sun makes us see all things spiritually, intrinsically right. But it is necessary that we should all be soused in earth's dye-pots, first, and see with colored glasses. The shadows of earth make things look

. The members of Christian churches have been called self-rightcous bigots. The Universalist church says that the Orthodox church is wrong; the Orthodox church says that the Universalist church is wrong. Religious men say that sinners are wrong, and sinners say that religious men are wrong. The Infidel says that a religious faith is wrong, and a man of religious faith says that infidelity is wrong. Love has been and is now called wrong and wicked; Charity has been called treachery; Virtue has been called prudery, and Benevolence a sham, used only for the sake of reputation. The devotion and constancy to our own households, given so clear an exposition of the character of Spir- to think that because things could be improved, they

American liberty were called wrong. Horse railroads because they understand. were called wrong. There was once an edlet passed against the use of Irish potatoes, because they are sary? poison before boiled. Spiritualism, the most beautiful gift of God to man on earth, is called very wicked and wrong-very dangerous and very devilish. There is nothing under the starry heavens or among

Men are just as they were made, and they are made to do as the world makes them do, and I can- I think of this question, for I think that almost evnot see wherein all the callings of humanity are not erything is wrong is capable of being made better. right to humanity. It is right that everything erything is called right.

mands it. He cannot bear fresh food. Some one than that which says whatever is, is right. must digest it for him-as mothers digest food to glass condition of youthful spirits.

"Audacious indeed is the man who dares to say," says one, "that God made whatever is in wisdom. glass. And this is a great and good thing, too, for charitable, comfortable, peaceful ground. when we shall see clear enough to see that we are to first dive into ourselves for truths for ourselves, we have found the starting point of an avenue for a new order of truth-finding; we have found the spectacles we can look through and see that whatever is, is right. Every one is ever true to self. When we have discovered and acknowledged this truth, we see that everybody is right, for every one is true to self: and it is no matter if one does say, whatever is, is wrong, and another says, whatever is, is right; for what each one says and has said, is ever true to the sayer, and is only necessarily true for the sayer. So we must conclude that he who says that everything is wrong, has got a vision that is capable of producing what he sees, and he who sees that some things, only, are wrong, has got a better vision, and he who sees nothing wrong, has got a vision that is about right.

MR. BOWKER.-I do n't like the form of the question. Truth exists independent of men's opinion; and it is a bad use of language to say whatever is, is right, or whatever is, is wrong. The conviction of each individual is a better guide than any form of speech can be. We have a power to choose; and if we do not conform to our conviction of right, we receive penalties. We choose nutritious food instead of poison, and are made better by the wise choice; but if we choose poison we suffer in consequence.

If there is wrong in the physical world, there is also wrong in the moral world. We do not conform to Nature's laws when we do anything wrong. Limit is not law; we have limits beyond natural law, and we violate law when we go beyond our sense of right. To say whatever is is right, or whatever is is wrong, is a violation of language, of morality, of the usage of men and nations. There is of necessity an opposite to good, and that opposite is evil. Vice is essential to the support of virtue; and it is necessary. Good tends to the support of life, and evil to its destruction. Evil unbalances the human system. and it tends to disorganization in conseque

DR. CHILD .- Is it not natural and right that the physical system should be dissolved?

Dr. Bowker.-No, it is unnatural and wrong. DR. CHILD .- Then do I understand you to say that what we call death is unnatural and wrong? Dr. Bowker. -Some deaths are so.

REV. MR. THAYER.—I have a desire to be honest in what I say. I cannot endorse the saying, whatever is, is wrong, nor its opposite, whatever is, is right. both are wrong. How absurd it would be to say that the whole universe of God is wrong! I cannot entertain the idea. God is not wrong, and Nature is not wrong-and when we act in keeping with Nature's laws, we are not wrong. Many things are right, and many things are wrong. Good actions are right, and bad actions are wrong; good motives are right, and bad motives are wrong.

Dr. Child.-Is God the author of bad motives any less than he is of good motives?

REV. Mn. THAYER.-I take a course between the two extremes of right and wrong, which I think is the only common-sense course.

Dr. Child.-Do you not feel thankful that you are held in the current of common sense, while others' less fortunate are out of it? REV. MR. THAYER .- Yes, I do.

Mn. Wernerbee.—Is there anything in existence that cannot be improved?

REV. MR. THAYER.—Were I to answer this question fear I might be too personal. If everything is right, ly wise, good and powerful. I freely grant it is a there can be nothing wrong; and if everything is wrong, there can be nothing right.

Dr. Child.-I would like to have Mr. Thayer tell what holds him when he stands outside the laws of nature?

Mr. Bunke .- Dr. Bowker said that everything must have its opposite-if there is good, there must be evil; if there is virtue, there must be vice. Did you not say so, Dr. Bowker?

DR. BOWKER.-Yes, I did.

Mr. Burke.—Then, if it is a necessity to have vice where virtue is, and evil where good is, I cannot see know the proper means to produce the required rewhy these necessary opposites of virtue and good- sult; infinite goodness would prompt Him to make ness should be called wrong. Whatever is, is right, and whatever is, is wrong, are sentences that sound harsh at first; but, on further consideration, neither inconsistency in believing that "Whatever is, is sound very bad. I think there is truth in both. Be- right." fore this war began, almost every one would say that war was wrong; now, almost every one says war is right. There is no outside standard for right and duce some other thing totally and essentially differwrong among men; it depends upon contingencies ent from itself, is too ridiculous for me to entertain think that, not with standing all the ungenerous and bitter opposition that Spiritualists have thrown at independent of mind, and if mind is simply a result Dr. Child, he has the best of the argument. It is of matter, then matter must have been capable of strange to me that Spiritualists should so boldly op- | producing something wholly and essentially unlike pose the doctrine, whatever is, is right when its itself. whole teachings tend to that end. Dr. Child has

called over-selfishness. A birth into this world is and oppose him. Most all reference say that Ralph called wrong, and a birth out of it is called wrong. Waldo Emerson is right. He advocates the doctrine The useful additions to science that Copernicus, of Optimism, and the people accept him because they Harvey and Jenner made, murky, muddy, smoky do not understand him. Dr. Child advocates the ignorance has essayed to stigmatize by calling them doctrine of Octimism clearly - brought out to the undreadfully, dangerously wrong. The struggles for derstanding of the people; and the people reject him

Dr. Bownen.-Is a thing right because it is neces-

Mn. Bunke.-Yes.

Mr. WETHERBEE - I must confess that the question whatever is, is wrong, is truer to me than whatever is, is right. But I think that there is a medium men that has not, by somebody, been called wrong, ground that is better than either extreme; think there is a difference in things. I am staggered when

The man does n't exist that comprehends the whole should be called wrong, if it is called wrong; and it of history. We can take history only in fragments, is right that everything should be called right, if ev- as the doctor says. I think that we must take it so, and if we do, we must say with some truth that He who says that whatever is, is wrong, does but whatever is, is wrong. Everybody says that they reiterate the sayings of the past; he is only a histo have done wrong. The past has been wrong as a rian; he eats the food that other men have ate, over whole, and the future will ever be a type of the past. again. But it is not wrong, for his condition de- I will conclude by saying that this question is truer

MR. COPELAND .- I think the great difficulty lies in make milk for babes. Sum up the babyhood reli- the definition of the words, right and wrong. All gion of our land, and it is a sentence of two lines, the phenomena in the world may be referred to viz : "God has created whatever is, in wisdom, and chance, or to fixed laws. Some say that everything whatever he has created in his wisdom, he has created comes by chance. Philosophy says not. Science, wrong." But this religion is right to the smoked if prosecuted will enable us to find a cause for everything. To fixed laws we are bound and fastened, in all actions and in all relations. Whatever is in accordance with those laws, we say, is right, and the and whatever he has made he has made right." reverse is wrong. The latter cannot be. For nature There is one thing, however, that history reluctant- is the whole world, and is ever obedient to fixed ly and sparsely proclaims as wrong, and humanity laws; we cannot go out or away from these lawsvirtually never admits to be wrong. It is what ev- so all that we do is natural and is right. I like to ery one sees when he or she looks in the looking take the ground, whatever is, is right, for it is a

> MR. THAYER.—In obedience to what law does one man murder another?

MR. COPELAND.—Nature's law. There is a cause behind, in Nature, that moves the murderer's hand to do the deed.

JACOB EDSON.—Every Spiritual state that can be improved, is comparatively wrong. In this sense there are none absolutely good or right, save the Infinite. It is right to outwork our highest ideal of justice, mercy and truth. Anything short of this is wrong. But as truth, or right, is a thing, or condition of degrees in the process of unfoldment, perhaps the unregenerated soul who says in his folly, "There is no God," no spiritual judgment, no prepared place in our "Father's house," where each soul shall take the effect of its doings, is as true to its degree of spiritual enlightenment as the brightest star which shines in the spiritual firmament is to its. Surely we should not condemn others if we stop to consider how insignificant and wrong we are, compared with the better and best of the more congenial souls with whom we delight to associate and com-

DR. CHILD.—Was not the step we took in progression, yesterday, necessary for that of to day, and that of to-day for to morrow? Mr. Edson.—Yes.

Dr. Child.—Then why call them wrong?

Mn. Epson. - Because, compared with the better or more truthful, it is so. The fact that it was a necessity, does not effect the quality or moral tone of the act; the wrong consists in the motive by which the soul is actuated. If the unregenerated soul acted up to its highest idea, the act would be right, and the effect good. But so long as we permit present passionate gratification to overbalance Spiritual good and blessedness, it is wrong, all wrong, so long and often as continued.

Rev. Silas Tyrell.—The subject under consideration must naturally turn upon one of two points. The first is, that there is an eternal self-determining activity, that is possessed of infinite wisdom, goodness and almighty power, who determines not only his own course of action, but also the actions of all other things and beings in the universe. This is the first point, and upon it is based the doctrine of Whatever is, is right.

The second point is, that there is no supreme intelligence who is possessed of infinite attributes; that matter is Eternal; that Spirit is the ultimate of matter, and that mind is an effect produced by matter and spirit combined. This is the second point, which entirely discards the idea of a God outside of humanity. Materialists take this view of the subject.

Now, the whole professedly Christian world have endorsed the first point for over eighteen hundred years; and yet they have ever strenuously denied the conclusion that must necessarily be drawn from their premises. They point to the disorder, confusion and inharmony that exist in the world, and tell us it is all wrong. They tell us that human suffering and wee are the result of sin, a something which exists in the world in opposition to the will of their infinitely wise, good and all-powerful God.

Truly, when I view the subject from a theological standpoint, I am led to exclaim, with Ralph Waldo

Emerson, " Poor God, and nobody to help him!" I endorse the first proposition, viz., that there is a Supreme Intelligence in the universe, who is infinitebegging of the question; for inasmuch as we are finite beings, it is impossible for us to measure infin-Ity with a finite standard. But in view of the fact. that there is a voice ever speaking from the depths of my own soul, assuring me that God is-that he is my true Father, and also the Father of all humanity, I accept the proposition. I believe that God had a specific object in view in forming the earth and placing man upon it—which object was the individualization and the happiness of the whole human race. Hence, infinite wisdom would enable Him to see and use of those means, and infinite power would enable Him to accomplish his undertaking. Thus, I see no

The idea that nothing ever produced something, or that some specific thing ever did, or ever can profor a moment. For if matter existed eternally and

Brother Wetherbee, and also Brother Edson, seem our own friends, and our own country, has been | ualism, that it startles its followers, and they reject | must necessarily be wrong. As well might you say | Davis, 28,277.

it is wrong for man to be born an infant. It is a Reception of the Bluss. Twenty-fifth Regi-Cared and eternal fact that every man must exist in the infantile condition before he can become an adult. And it is just as necessary that man should be ignorant before he can become wise, as it is that he should be a baby before he can become a man. The law of progress will carry the infant on to maturity, and, through experience, will impart wisdom to the

No one has ever denied that there is a difference in things. We know that there are existing in Nature what are called opposites, such as heat and cold, pain. And it is necessary that they should exist. Goodwin's speech: for the world would be imperfect without them. It is only by contrast that we know the one from the other. They are all absolutely necessary in order to perfect us in knowledge and happiness. As thorns are always connected with the fragrant rose, and filth and fetor with the water lily, the best and truest emblem of moral purity; so what is called sin, wickedness and crime, are always connected with the school of human suffering, shall become the unfolded angel.

MRS. SPENCE-I regard all questions suggested by Spiritualism important. I have regarded the saying, town—so in these times before us—in the events of Whatever is, is right" not as a battle-axe to cut and tear down that which is useful and good. The question, whatever is, is wrong, has its use. I am on the side of each question. Yet I do not exactly in the streets of Baltimore. As she shed the last endorse the ideas of old theology, that there is an infinitely great, good man-God; and an infinitely great bad man-the Devil; I have no confidence in either. All doctrines are effects-causes. Everything reflects that which corresponds with itself; and people according to their reflections, only quar-rel about effects. The question, "Whatever is, is, inith is, the Fifteenth Massachusetts deserves to right," is a sharp sword, and as it is now presented, stand with it side by side. The men of the Fifteenth right," is a sharp sword, and as it is now presented, deserve to stand side by side with the Grecian heroes is cutting up theological tenets. The advocates of Thermopylæ; they deserve to stand side by side over their opposers. I have ever admired Dr. Child's Balaklava, where some one had blundered. tenacity for the all-right position; the unflinching grasp by which he has held the weapon that unseen wisdom has put into his hand. Spiritualism has put different weapons into different hands, and they have all been judiclously distributed. This earthly body hold, nor friends nor sacred home." must decompose and die; and then a higher life comes forth. Just as you are trying to kill out old opiate of nature, wisely administered, to soothe the intenser sufferings of humanity. That which now may appear to us most palpably wrong, may sometimes appear to us most essentially right; our enemies shall be our saviours, and our curses our bless-

The New America.

Miss L. M. A. Carley, of Ypsilanti, Michigan, gave question that time alone may answer. The lecture represented three orders of human development, viz: the Triangular, the Square, and the Circular. The of the New Dispensation, scarcely yet recognized, the circular. The two former are but preparatory for the latter, which, when recognized, is the long looked for millennium; it shall begin a new creation; it shall institute a reign of unity and peace among men. America is apparently distracted and broken by the struggles of cruel warfare. This is necessary to bring about the great and important change. of things. This government is now in a transition state; a new government shall come forth. The edifices of past ages cannot answer the demands of cheers of the men and the swelling music of the government has been a government of bachelors. which demands the weapons of war. Woman's power shall be blended with the power of man, and love shall make the reign of unity and harmony. If woman has a right in peace, she has a right to stay the scourge of war. Out of this present conflict of America will be made visible the third order of human development-the circle of unity, harmony and love. There shall come a new nation, a new government, a new dispensation. And this shall be the beginning of the millennial age.

The speaker presented a new banner, which she affirmed would be adopted, under the new government, as the American Ensign. The field was white, dotted with blue stars, in clusters of three each. The stripes can no longer be retained, for the tears of the oppressed have washed them away. In the place of the blue square on which are the stars, of the old ensign, is a circle crowned with thirteen stars of the original States, under which is an eagle, without the weapons of death in his talons, standing the court washes to the court washes constrained by an atmosphere of a count whose hearts she has entwined herself, she will bear rich treasures from her celestial home. Even bear rich treasures from her celestial home. Even bear rich treasures from her celestial home. out the weapons of death in his talons, standing upon a world within the circle. In each corner is a new-moon crescent, in which there is the emblem, the All-Seeing Eye.

The speaker said, ere long, (within a few years,) this banner would wave over all the once United States and the Canadas; all being under one government, but in three divisions, viz: the Northern, the North-Western, and the Southern.

Many questions were asked the speaker, which were answered with ease, and with satisfaction to appropriate lines. the audience. Miss Carley is, for the present, stopping at 75 Beach street, Boston. Her lectures will interest any audience.

To Correspondents. S. W. C., FREMONT, IND .-- Yes, when added to a

club. Thank you for the \$7 50. H. P. FAIRFIELD.-Both letters came safely to

hand, with \$3 enclosed in each. A. E. NEWTON, NEW YORK -- Acceptable, of course Our columns are somewhat crowded at present; we

will print Dr. F.'s essay, however, as soon as pos-

A. B. FRENCH, CLYDE, OHIO .- We gave your interesting letter to the printer for publication; but by some inexplicable circumstances it was lost, which is the sole reason of its non-appearance. We trust no such mistake will again occur.

HUDSON TUTTLE .- Your favors received. The ad dress will appear in our next issue.

N. FRANK WHITE, CLOUD'S MILL, VA .- We should be pleased to hear from you often. Please receive our thanks for your kind regards.

The vote for Governor of this State in two hundred and sixty-one cities and towns, is-Andrew, 56,826;

ment.

The Massachusetts regiments, as they have successively marched through New York on their way to the theatre of war, have received the most marked attentions. The coremonles in honor of the last one -the Twenty-Fifth-was not less flattering than the cordial receptions of the first regiments that were called into the field. On the occasion last mentioned Mr. Parke Godwin, one of the editors of the Evening Post, made a speech that stirred the blood of his hearers, and was frequently interrupted by storms light and darkness, virtue and vice, pleasure and of applause. We extract the following from Mr.

I have felt that the face of General Burnside sitting near me is more elequent than any oration of Demosthenes; I have felt that fifty Ciceros could not move my soul as does the march of the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts regiment. I feel that I could go to no better place for inspiration than to Massachusetts. Though no son of that State, I have long sat at her footstool. I have learned eloquence from her Websters and Everetts; I have read the poems of a Bryant, a Longfellow and a Whittier. From her art, human soul, which, after it has passed through the her science, her religion, we have all derived anima-

Finally, we turn to her to be inspired by her patriotism. As she was first in the revolution—first to spill her blood at Bunker Hill, and last at Yorkthese times, greater than our Revolution, great as that was—we must go still to old Massachusetts for our best and purest inspiration. As she shed the first blood at Bunker Hill, so she shed the first blood blood of the revolution, so she has now shed the last drop of blood that has been shed in the contest with rebellion—at Ball's Bluff.

I had hoped that New York would carry off the largest share of the dangers and honors of the struggle. We have been honored through our noble regithe all-right doctrine have largely the advantage with those who were engaged at the great charge of

The Fifteenth Massachusetts, pinned in between a crib of fire, yet were as solid as a mass of granitewhen they were as free to move as the winds which blew over them. Many of them sleep in the dust. Alas! "nor wives nor children more shall they be-

The cold rains of November will fall upon their Virginia graves; the winds of winter will sigh over comes forth. Just as you are trying to kill out old the tombs where they lie buried. But bitterer rains forms and substitute new, so nature is all along and profounder sighs will come from the eyes, and killing and producing. The all-right doctrine is an hearts of the mothers, wives and sisters of New England. But being dead they yet speak. They tell us in words more eloquent than tongue could speak, that it is through you their deaths shall be avenged. Swear it by their bones—by your memories of Bun-ker Hill and Concord—by all that is noble in your own existence—that they shall be avenged.

Paul Pry and the Herald of Progress

Paul Pry desires respectfully to inform " Co Emp," a correspondent of the Herald of Progress, that very interesting and original discourse at No. 14 old stamps are as uncurrent here as new truths are Bromfield street, on Sunday, 3d inst. The speaker in Gotham, and such an investment will be a bad claimed that it was purely inspirational, which we one. He is out in his reckoning, for it takes three have no disposition to deny, but whether the bold stampso on an average, for the relief of a brother prophecies she put forth will be fulfilled, or not, is a spirit; and if he will send me wherewith to relieve

one or more, the same shall be faithfully applied. Does the Herald deny the truth of the revelations referred to? Please to speak out. Bro. Davis. and first is the Adam and Eve of the Old Bible, triangu- give the world light, if your power to do so has not lar; the second, the Adam and Eve of the New Tes- been taken from you-if the precious gift, the exertament, right-angular; the third, the Adam and Eve cise of which has in times past brought us knowledge and gladness, has not been withdrawn. PAUL PRY. East Cambridge, Nov. 4.

The penny stamps are for the widows, and their " mite" will still be as acceptable as his larger gift.

A FAVORABLE OMEN .- The following incident is narrated in connection with the great naval expedition. It transpired on board steamer Baltic:

"Captain Saxton looked aloft, and there, perched on the very top of the maintopmast, was an Amerithe present and the future. The swaddling clothes of Third New Hampshire Band started him off-but infancy cannot be the garments of manhood. Our not in fright-for it seemed as though he just dropped himself upon the soft breeze and floated gently away, gazing down upon us as he went, as much as to say, 'I have crowned your expedition with luck."

> David Davis, Esq., is informed that there is a letter at this office for him, mailed from Chicago, Ill.

> Short as life is, some find it long enough to outlive their characters, constitutions, and estates.

Oblinary Notice.

· The ties are only strengthened That others count as riven : You have not lost your treasure She still is yours in Heaven."

Died at Newark, N. J., on the evening of Aug. 11, 1861. ESTELLA MOORE PINNEY, daughter of Nelson E.

and Roxana M. Pinney, aged 11 months,
This gem which honored the casket containing it for fore she passed from the earth-sphere she exhibited un-usual intelligence and affection; and although her fond parents do not see in their darling's angel-birth the parents do not see in their darling's angel-birth the hand of an angry Deity afflicting them, neither do they affirm the wisdom or desirableness of children passing from the earth-form, yet they have the consolation of knowing that God's love is everywhere, earing for and blessing all, and that their hearts' bud is enjoying a glorious immortality with the dear ones who have gone before," and with them she will often come and whence words of love peace, confect and wisdom. whisper words of love, peace, comfort and wisdom, and will stand ready to give them a joyous welcome to her beautiful and eternal home. A sympathizing friend subjoins the following very.

AN ANGEL NOW. Two little waxen hands, Folded with tender care Over a sinless breast. Like marble though more fair.

Two little starry eyes Closed in a dreamless sleep.

A few bright severed locks For living love to keep.

And a wealth of golden hair Too precious to be hid, All spinkled o'er with tears, Beneath the coffin lid. Two dumb and icy lips. Whence broken baby words

Made music sweeter far Than sweetest song of birds. And these are all that 's left.

These eyes, and lips, and leven a mother's Klas Wakes not Estella now. To a home than earth more fair.

The little one had flown.
Where they who loved her here,
May claim her still their own. They called her sweet pet names.

When they kissed her living brow : Their " hud," " bird," " blossom sweet" They call her "Angel" now.

E. D. Morse. In South Danvers, Mass., Nov. 4, 1861, Mr. ROYAL WILSON, aged 52 years and 2 mos.