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Literary Department.

ritten for the Baundr of Light.

MY HUSBAND'S SECRET

BY A. E. PORTER

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Evans was, as I have told my readers, a Mem ber of Congress but he was now devoting all the time of his short recess to my father. It will be remembered that this was in those old days when Clay Webster, Calhoun, Hayne, and a host of lesser luminaries (lesser only by comparison,) for we would heart sick to see the sufferings endured by both Inball men great now, who were able to hold a debate with these old heroes of the forum. That old Sen- gress of that war, with its true history, will never ate Chamber! I was thankful that I was once per- be written. You are aware," he said speaking to c mitted to stand alone within its dingy walls, and in the hush of those few moments, listen reverently ofor the echoes of those voices whose eloquence thrilled our nation. I had come down from the crimson . the gilt, and the glitter of the Representatives' Hall, where no one voice had a charm to lull the endless Babel there-from which the last trembling tones of the sage of Quincy had departed, and left only the degenerate sons of the old giants, filling old bottles with new wine, and weary with the explosions, I had

! ... Crowds were in the library, in the ante-rooms, on the massive stair-cases, idly gaping at the display the comforts of the plantation, but so it was; that in of marble and iron, paint, stucco and fresco-work . The old Senate Chamber was deserted; I stepped in and lancy was soon at work. I knew, for Mr. Evans had told me, (but I am anticipating,) where Clay cast and where he stood in delivering some of his delebrated speeches, and all about his gold snuff-box, and his peculiar manner of taking this, to him, delicious stimulant. There Webster made valiant fight J.with his noble opponent, Hayne; and there in that feorner, was the long, lank figure of John Randolph, tittering terrible sarcasms, and making his victims owithe as if an adder's poison were in the tip of that of gunpowder. Estended finger. Hamilton, Vay: Pinokney, on 1 the mot of a lake formed by the widening of the St. Johns. worthy, were there. One by one my mind's eye saw them, and I could not help fancying that they were there, as I have no doubt they often are, keeping trist in the hallowed spot. As I mused, a step was near me. I looked up, and an old man entered. He, also, was alone, and there came over his face a dreamy look, as if he, too, saw a vision. What was tain justice it? I longed to ask, for the old patriots were now passing out with slow, sad steps, and faces bowed, and when he was intoxicated, bought his land and half hidden in the drapery of their cloaks. I was like a funeral procession, but I saw no hearse, article of which was a keg of powder. Philip connothing but a soroll in the hand of the foremost, tended that he did not know what he was doingwhich he guarded with great care. I was startled that he never even used any of the stuff, save the of from my reverie by the loud, gay tones of a fashion powder, for which he would pay its full value, able woman, who brushed past me, as she leaned on There were plenty of witnesses on the side of the Inthe arm of a gentleman. The vision yanished, and dians, but two to every one of Philip's on the side of I saw instead, a mass of silk, and lace, and floating the whites, and a lawyer who had more persuasion, drapery, and perceived a fragrance of some rare per and perhaps I may add, without vanity, more sophisfame, and heard the words: "I hope we're not too try than myself, and to my regret and mortification, late: I wouldn't miss it for anything; let's hurry I lost my case. Perhaps it was as well, after all, through this horrid old room, and see the Vice- for I learned that two of the slaves had been sent President: I think he's perfectly splendid-just the North where they could claim their freedom, and the

handsomest man in Washington." mid waited a moment, and then followed, my wo- war which must go against the Seminoles, hard asman's our losity greater for the moment than my they may struggle. I shall never forget poor Philreverence for the past. 'A friend had preserved my ip's disappointment when he was made to underseat. The Senate Chamber was unusually quiet stand that the heritage of his fathers had passed Breckenridge, the Vice President, was administering from him. He had a son, now known as Coacooche, the oath to Douglas, who was being sworm in as or Wild Cat, who it is said is a brave and crafty senator. The Bible was kissed, the oath reverently ohief, and a daughter who was remarkable for her taken—and on one side sacredly kept till death; on beauty and accomplishments. There were other the other God forgive him ! It is hard for us to co children, but these two I remember especially, as I do! A silence, and them the silence of the Benkie gaw them often in the family where I made my Chamber, beautiful in all its appointments was home. Nebah? (that name again I I said, to my. broken by the bitter, harsh tones of one, who, full self, and wondered that that name should mingle of sectional spite and jealousy, was hurling bitter with every mention of Florida) the bright beautiful accusations at the North. Louder, flercer grew his girl, came often to the house of Ashley, who must, I tones, till his features were bonvulsed with anger think, have been an uncle of Frank; at any rate, if and I thought of old Nero, who wished that Bane have the memory of a sweet fair face who called had but one head that he might assassinate the my host Unoka! No, no. I forget that I am grow whole people with a blow. But in the middle of a ling old, myself, and that Frank could not have been

braving peril, that those whom they guard may be sea. But I can think of her only as what she seemed safe. Some yeared lay at the that, either loading to me, one of the loyeliest young girls, that I ever of discharging cargoes, and we could beginer manes beheld, unless I except one, semetimes could be rival, whose style of beauty was so different, and mayed so that he could look upon this seems and he whose love for her companion was too strong to ladtable, and I used a small lounge, where finding he what angels are. It only sew her occasionally, could play by my side, for my father liked, always but Marguerite was the companion of Royde

Low that he could denothing more for him, longed

of political life and public characters.

One day, while we were conversing, and Mr. Evans was making us merry with his minute description of General Jackson, the old hero's firmness and courage, with his ignorance of polite literature, the boy entered with the letters. One large double letter, postmarked St. Augustine, was for Fanny, and we could not help noticing the brightness of her cheek, and the sparkle of her eye as she retired to read it. I spoke of Frank, and the interest which I took in his success.

"I remember the family in Florida," said Mr,

"I had forgotten," said my father, A that you once resided in that territory a year."

"Yes, and was glad to return; it made one's dians and whites at that time. The rise and promy father. " that it was not at first a desire to possess the Indians' lands, but to obtain the slaves who had fled for protection to the savages, or rather who had found milder masters than those at home. These slaves, I should explain, were the children of those who had thus fled, and thought it hard that they must go to a country and people strange to them, because their fathers were in bondage there. At least, they were willing to fight for their freedom, as they called it, though it was in reality a bondage still. It seems singular to us that they should prefer the hard, rough life of the wandering Indian, to almost every instance they clung to the wigwam, or even the dreary swamp.

My business there was to settle some claims for Government in favor of the Indians, in a suit brought by a white trader, Mr. Williamson, to recover five hundred acres of land, and half a dozen slaves, said to have been sold by King Philip to Williamson. We had a tedious trial; the lawyer on the other side being sustained, of course, by all the white traders, whose interest it was to defraud the Indian by getting his lands for a few beads or a keg

Mr. Williamson himself was but a rough Indian trader, accustomed to deal with the Indians, and, taking advantage of their ignorance, to make a good trade for himself. In this case, I am fully convinced that he had wronged King Philip, and I never worked with more zeal in my life than I did there to ob-

It seems that Williamson first gave Philip liquor, land would soon have been lost by the fortune of

sentence full of cumulative wrath, the Senate clock born at that time. That gentle girl could not have struck twelve—the hammer fell, and Mr. Toombs been his sister, and yet I think she bore the same had made his last speech.

name. She sung and played upon the harp talked.

But I have traveled very far from my sick fath. Spanish with a very pure account, and danced like the latter gentleman, I attribute much of my inter-learned from her. It was pleasant to see them for est in the old Senate Chamber, and the domi-gods of gether, the one in her long, flowing white dress the past who once presided there. Let me intro- with her dark hair woven in massy braids, with all duce the reserve to that sick room. The summer sun ways some, flower for ornament; generally a little shope brightly in nor was any effort made to ex- white spray—the other, with her embroidered legolude it, for the soft full, white curtains were looped gins and moocasins, and blanket of scarlet clothback, and we saw from the broad windows, the with her hair hanging in long braids, and inwoven noble Merrimack porting its waters into the Atlan- sometimes with beads. She was as handsome tio, and receiving in exchange the richly-freighted among the Seminoles as Doria Marguarite among wessels, coming like tropical birds from the islands the Spanish settlers or the St. Johns, They called of the sea. Two light houses in the distance, re- her Madame, and I have some faint recollection of minding me of guardian abials warning from dan-having heard that she was a wife, and that her hus-ger, ever faithful themselves threating storm, and band was a young adventurer, then absent upon the

book areat pleasure in doing so. Mr. Hy half-lingat mit of rivalry. And for the Month of the color of the col always occupied an arm-chair by one of the win. Flora was fair and fragile—one of those etherial dows, Ranny had a seat in the corner by a more beings that seem to be sent into this world to show table, and

ong letter with her. says, not by brevet, but by bravery. One step to-

ward happiness, dear auntie." And she threw her arms sround my neck and kissed me, the tears falling, from very excess of joy. We little realize in these days of talegraphic communication, of hourly bulleting, and tridaily papers, the suspense of those who had friends in our little Florida army, where, at times, the most horrible outrages were committed by civilized soldiers and sav-

"But hear, nuntie, our Indian princess appears upon the stage—just appears, and no more—it's like mysterious novel. I want to see the end. He 82.V8 :

· We have had a great many skirmishes, and some about five thousand men, and alk hundred of them officers who was going a distance of only eight in the removal of the Indians to Arkansas. miles. They had gone about four, when suddenly Our colonel at last decided to send Miceo, a fi the savages fired from a strip of hammock, and then followed the war-whoop and yell. Two soldiers fell, mortally wounded. Lieutenant Sherwood dismounted, from his horse and advised Mrs. 11- to get fire of the enemy.

As she was about to follow his advice, she received a ball in her breast, which proved fatal. A be there in eight days. panio ensued; the mules became disorderly, and were

gave you a description of my involuntary visit to how it won my interest and attention. an Indian camp, and the manner in which my life "The Whites," said he, "deal unjustly by me. I was preserved by a woman. Now I have a little se- came to them—they deceived me. The land I was quel for you. In one of our skirmishes near Fort upon I loved; my body is made of its sands. The Mellen we took a little Indian girl captive. The Great Spirit gave me legs to walk over it; hands to years, but evidently much alarmed, and from what game; then a head with which I think. The sun, had been told her, expecting nothing but torture and which is warm and bright as my feelings are now, death. She was very silent, and wrapping her shines to warm us and bring forth our crops, and fusing food or kindness. In the hands of our good our wives and children. The white man comes; he Colonel Worth, the child was as safe as if in her fa. grows pale and sick. Why cannot we live here in peace? ther's lodge, but she had that to learn. It was sad I have said I am the enemy to the white mna. I to see her melancholy, and, indeed, I thought she could live in peace with him, but they first steal our would starve herself to death.

egation with a flag of truce to the Colonel. He received them kindly. I was his aid at the time, and may shoot us, drive our women and children night was near him, on horseback.

my horse toward the camp, and was riding near a come here in peace, and have taken you all by the thicket of scrub cak, a woman, with a blanket olosely wrapped around her, toughed me, and craved diers stand round me like pines. I am done. When a moment's attention. She could not conceal her eyes, and I knew in a moment Nehab of the Swamp.

wamp.
"I have a favor to ask, and it is selfom I ask one, never for myself."

"You saved my life," I said, " and anything that can do, tell me, and it shall be done.

be seen here. You have a little girl in your camp. ing him some powder, musket balls and pieces of She is dear to me—her death would be terribly revenged."

"You need not fear her death, I replied. "In Col. Worth's hand, the child is safe.

"None of our race are safe in the hands of the ening his heart toward the whites than anything white men," she replied, bitterly their promises else which Col. Worth could have done. are smoke; their love is crooked they want the lands of our fathers, and would send us away in inducing his band to leave the country, but he from the graves of our kindred. No, I will not trust admitted the necessity of doing it. The green corn the best of the pale faces." A The best of

"But the child-surely no one would harm the child." a reset at not get a to the new season of the

She shook her head sadly. "Well, then," said I, "you can wust me whom is harmed."

I wish you could have seen the face of that Indian woman when I spoke. I had called her race atolid, but those eyes were lighted with a brilliancy cinates me; there is a world of tragedy written in that I never saw in one of Baxon bigod.

It seems that she, too, saw something in my face, which pleased her, for she said:

brave chief, says that the apirits of the departed speak in us. Bright Cloud is safe, now; you will bright by nature should not be permitted to go back protect her. Give her this," and handing me a to the degradation of savage life. I thought of Aunt mantle, she hurried away and was lost in the Mary, and wished the "Cloud" could float northshick underbrush of the neighboring wood.

captive and threw, the mantle over her shoulders. flowers, the pines and paims of her native land. I was surprised at its beauty; it; was a cashmers of am sure she never would look prettler in fashionable Anest texture, and reminded me of one vary similar attire than in the scarlet blanket, neatly embroidwhich you inherited from your mothers The child ered leggins, and head decked with much taste. It icoled up wonderingly at me, and then examined pains me to think of her emigrating to Arkansas, and the mantle with close attention. Suddenly, as a such must finally be the fate of the Seminoles. signify passes away before the brightness of the sun, Heaven help them! I see not what man can, do, the sad expression which had marked her factures I suppose, Fanny, I am disobeying orders to write

that Mr. Evans gave us such delightful descriptions | most happy. I wish I knew if this Frank is any from her entrance into the camp vanished, and she connection; it would please me much to find it so." turned from the mantle to my face with an expres-Just then we were interrupted by the entrance of sion of child-like trust and confidence that pleased anny, who called me to anjoy the contents of her me much. From that time she was happier; at night she slept in a little apartment which I preong letter with her. night she slept in a little apartment which I pre-one of the slept in a little apartment which I pre-one of the slept in a little apartment which I pre-one of the slept in a little apartment which I pre-one of the slept in a little apartment which I pre-one of the slept in a little apartment which I pre-one of the slept in a little apartment which I pre-one of the slept in a little apartment which I pre-one of the slept in a little apartment which I pre-one of the slept in a little apartment which I pre-one of the slept in a little apartment which I pre-one of the slept in a little apartment which I pre-one of the slept in a little apartment which I pre-one of the slept in a little apartment which I pre-one of the slept in a little apartment which I pre-one of the slept in a little apartment which I pre-one of the slept in the to persuade Col. Worth to return her to her tribe, but he had a motive in retaining her, as I afterwards learned. Poor child! She belongs to a doomed race, and the sweet sadness of her face seems like a poetical prophesy of the future. Her father is one of the bravest warriors in the territory, and must be, I think, the brother of Nehah, the same who was secreted in the swamp where I was taken when wounded. This swamp has probably been his hiding place, the impenetrable nature of the ground. and the thick underbrush in parts, forbidding access. Our colonel has long wished to capture Coaccoche. but though willing to fight to the death by the side of my brave leader, I would not betray that hidingplace, though a crown were my reward. Some hard fighting. We have now in our army here only weeks ago, this chief captured a theatrical party of actors on their way to St. Augustine, killed a numare too sick to move. The Indians act like fiends ber, and took all their wardrobe. Since then he has incarnate. It was a sad affair which gave me my secluded himself, and evaded the vigilance of our promotion. Lieutenant Sherwood was sent with a army. It seemed necessary either to capture him, small detachment to protect the wife of one of our or to have an interview and secure his cooperation

> Our colonel at last decided to send Miceo, a friendly chief, with a request for an interview, giving him a white flag on which was drawn clasped hands in token of friendship, a bottle of whiskey, pipes and tobacco. Six days afterwards, Miceo returned, and into the wagon, as she would be less exposed to the reported that he had found Coacooche in a swamp, and that he expressed himself willing to have an interview; he sent eight sticks, implying that he would

> On the very day appointed, Coacooche came, ackilled on the spot. The brave lieutenant fought companied by seven trusty warriors and several hand to hand with the savages, determined to sell friendly Indians. It was amusing to see these Inhis life dear; but he fell at last, a sacrifice to his dians tricked out in the theatrical wardrobe which own bravery. The Indians scalped the killed and they had captured. There were the nodding plumes mutilated their bodies. There were thirty warriors, of the haughty Dane, Horatio followed suit, and in They have since been captured, and sent out of the the rear was Richard III., with his royal purple and country to Arkansas. It seems sad to send those crmine. Some had robes adorned with spangles, away who cling to the land of the fathers, and others had crimson vests and feathers. Coacooche potalog reconciles me to the blooded was grave and ununum to the return of y mouest atrocity of some of their deeds. I have also, and Ruent in his speech. His speech was a You will remember no doubt in my last letter that fine specimen of native eloquence. I cannot tell you

poor child was bright and intelligent beyond her aid myself; eyes to see its ponds, rivers, forests and blanket around her, would sit upon the ground, re. the moon brings back the spirits of our warriors, cattle and horses, cheat us and take our lands. The One day, soon after her capture, there came a del- white men are as thick as the leaves in the hammock; they come thicker upon us every year. They and day; they may chain our hands and feet, but When the interview had closed, and I had turned the red man's heart will be always free. I have hand. I will sleep in your camp, though your sol-

we know each other's faces better, we will say more." Just as he stopped speaking, little "Bright Cloud." who had been detained in the tent purposely, made her escape, and rushed out to him. His delight and astonishment were great for a savage, and spectators near were surprised to see tears coursing down his brouzed check. It was affecting to see the child "I have but a moment, she said for I must not welcome her father; not by caresees, but by bringcartridge which she had found and secreted, probably after I had told her that she should be returned to her father. The kindness to his daughter, and her safe return, probably went further toward soft-

He stated the difficulties which he must encounter dance was at hand; nothing could be done before that, but in ten days he would come again. Punctually on the tenth he appeared, but stated that he could not collect his band then, but would do so at some future time. I must learn more of this man, you have protected. I will give my life if the child If Nehah is his sister, as I believe, then our family-no, I must say that I, the last of my famly, ought to feel an interest in him.

I can't tell you how the face of this Nebah fasit, and I mean, some day, to read it. I gave little "Bright Cloud" the gold piece which Nehah refused, and which still lingered in my purse. I made a Your mother spoke, then My brother, the little hole in it, and strung it with a bright ribbon. I saw her depart with great reluctance; a being so ward to the quiet home in Burnside. But perhaps When I returned to camp, I sought out the little she would not be happy away from the sunshine and

to you, but I can only say I must do it, or die here in these swamps and hammocks. It is all that sustains me-the hope of hearing from you, and the pleasure of writing all my thoughts to you. My pay is now increased, and a brighter future I hope awaits me. . This war once ended, there will be a long furlough for me, and then - oh, Fanny, I dare not think of then. This I know: our happiness will be bought at a sacrifice, for I am now convinced that your father's determination is made, and he will never recall what he has said. There is some mystery about this affair which I will fathom. At any rate. Uncle Sid will always be our faithful friend. He is dearer to me now than ever. God bless him !"

Alas! Poor Frank has learned, now, that his best friend is no more on earth, but perhaps from his home above he will still love and bless him.

A part of this letter was read to Mr. Evans, and the contents seemed to set the old gentleman thinking, for he was in a brown study for an hour. [TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

AND LILY:

THE HOMELESS LITTLE WANDERERS.

BY NELLIE P. STANLEY.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Rowland, the father of our " little wanderers," was left a widower when his little boy and girl were at an age which needed a kind and judicious mother to watch over them. Both these qualities, as well as many other very essential qualities of a mother, had Mrs. Rowland, his lost wife, possessed. She was one of the best of motles, but unfortunately for her husband and children, the fell destroyer made her his victim.

For more than a year Mr. Rowland deeply mourned for his partner, for he was not one who could lose so good a wife, and not feel it. But at the end of about eighteen months, Mr. Rowland became acquainted with a lady who had the appearance of being a very vorthy and estimable person, and one who would make a good mother for his motherless boy and girl; and in a few months they were married.

But how sadly mistaken was he, for after he and been microled to her less than a month, he had sufficient proof of her total want of knowledge as to her duty to her step-children. These latter seemed to be an eye sore to her, and daily did she ent her abuse on these little innocent ones.

Mr. Rowland did not, at first, from delicacy, say aught against it; but, finding at last that she still atinued to abuse them, he remonstrated with her For awhile she was kinder toward them: and he thought that he might now venture to leave home for a week on particular business, which he had been delaying for some time, until he could see a change in affairs at home.

She was greatly pleased at his intended departure. for she was a bad woman, and had a design, which she intended to put in execution as soon as he should

The next day after his departure, she took a few of the boy's clothes and tied them up in a bundle. and showed her mercy by putting a quarter of a dollar in with his clothes. She did the same for the little daughter, and gave out word among her neighbors and friends, that as they were going to board out, she would sell off all the furniture, and some clothing. In order that her neighbors should be ignorant of her conduct to her step-children, she hurried them from home, and told the neighbors that the children had gone along with their father to the boarding-place, where they were anxiously awaiting her arrival.

The fact was, she found that Mr. Rowland was not rich, as she had been led to suppose by appearances and rumors; and secondly, that it was too much trouble for her to have the care of her stepchildren; and thirdly, that Mr. Rowland did not please her every little whim, as he was not able so to do; and lastly, that it would be pleasanter at her father's house, where she would have nothing to do, but dress and receive company, go to balls and such

She gave little Joe and Lily their bundles, telling them, they were to give them to some poor little children; but Joe, who was an uncommonly shrewd boy, saw she was deceiving them, and he knew her object was to get rid of him and his sister.

While his step mother was in the kitchen, giving orders to the colored maid, Joe ran up stairs to secure a box of valuable jewelry and little trinkets that had belonged to his own mother, not his stepmother. He tumbled the contents into his bundle. leaving the box behind, as it was too heavy to carry, with him.

Now Joe felt justified in what he had done, for heknew his step-mother would either sell them, es ap-. propriate them for her own use, and he could not bear to see his own dear mother's property going into the hands of strangers, or used by one whom. he felt had no right to them.

She hurried the children to the railread depot, and putting their fare into the hands of the conductor, assumed an anxious care for the children, saying to him, "to leave them out when they arrived in Boston, and they were to wait at the depot till their father should call for them." The conductor, who was very busy had no time for suspicion, and promised to attend to them. She hurried from the care.

Joe and Lily were strangers to so much bustle. and so many new faces, for they had always lived

to the child, in sight of it was in those hours said my rides, and made my residence in Riorida title as to got pescentian of my providers and

well and bearing not what to do. Noberty

in a small village, and never been out of it but once. and that was when they went to their Uncle John's. in Boston. They sat still for a long while, sometimes gazing out of the windows, but more frequently watching the passengers as they hurried to their

We had failed to inform the reader more minutely of our "little wanderers." Joe was about ten years of age, and had a countenance full of intelligence and and amiability. He had dark chestnut hair, which would curl in spite of combs; and bright, dark eyes, that bespoke a child who was wide awake to all around. He was, at present, clad in light, gray trousers, and open jacket of the same material, with a little ruffle around the neck, and a small mixed

As for the delicate, fair-haired Lily, she was one of those pure, sensitive little creatures, who need a sympathy and love which she had never received from her step-mother; so that at this time she did not look as plump and rosy as when she went to bed happy and contented with her own dear mother's kiss still on her check. Lily was only eight years old, and was of a different appearance than Joe. She was frail, while he was robust, and she had light, sunny curls, and dark, blue eyes, and very fair skin. She was a sweet singer, and the birds only could rival her. She had on a thin, blue dress-for it was summer, being in the latter part of June-with a little white apron, small, white mull-cape, and dark, straw hat, fitting closely to

How illy prepared were these innocent ones for the trials before them; but a Power above, watched over them, and perhaps their own dear mother in heaven looked down upon them and helped to guide their little feet.

Arrived at the Boston Railroad depot, the conductor told them that this was the place where they were to get out. With strange feelings these two little ones now alighted, and seeing a nice room in the depot, where there were many ladies, evidently waiting for some train to take them away. Joe and Lily ventured timidly to enter, and await the arrival of their fither, for they still hoped that possibly he would come. The poor children waited two hours in the depot, during which time many travelers had arrived, and others departed, so that their minds were so absorbed in things around them, that for a time they forgot their sorrow. When, however, it grew dark, and the lanterns were lighted, and no one had come to their relief, then did they feel keenly their cruel situation.

At last, a gentleman seeing Joe and Lily sitting so quietly in the corner, with no one to speak to them, approached, and asked rather sharply, "Who they were waiting for?" The atranger's sharp tone struck coldly into their ears, and Joe was ashamed to tell of his cruel step-mother, so he said they were "waiting for their father."

The man, who was evidently one of those careless spoken men, who do not realize the sensitiveness of young hearts such as Joe's, and his sister's, said:

"Well, young uns, why don't you make yourselves more comfortable. Here, boy, fix a place for that doll-baby side of you to repose her waxen limbs."

"Sir." said Joe, indignantly, "she's my sister: she is no wax doll, but a hundred times better."

" Hum, ha, ba, well said, young shaver; it's my opinion that your father's a protty ruscal to leave you alone this way."

· Saying this he left the room, leaving the children to their fate, and caring not what became of them.

Lily was very tired, and as there was no one then in the room, Joe fixed a place behind a door on a settee for his little sister to lie down. After removing her hat and cape, she stretched her weary little limbs on the hard settee, while poor Jee set near by, intending to watch by her all night, but in less than t we hours he was fast asleep as well as Lily.

Luckily for them, they slept soundly all night, notwithstanding Lily's hard bed and Joe's sittingposture, with his head leaned against the hard, bare wall. They were awakened by the loud noise of a locomotive, which had just come up from Providence, with a long train of cars.

Joe now felt sure that his father would not come, and after procuring a drink of water for himself and sister, he took her by the hand, and they left the depot. Joe, in his anxiety, had left his bundle behind the door in the ladies' room, in the depot; and he was so confounded as to what was best to do, that he forgot his hunger, till his sister said :

"Oh, Josy, L'm so hungry; do buy something." "Why, Lily, where is my bundle? I must have left it in the room. Well, you stand here till I go

back and get it : the man has n't opened his store yet, so you stay here till I come back. Do n't go And Joe hurried to recover his bundle. When he arrived at the depot, he found a colored man sweep-

ing out the room, and when Joe went behind the door to get his precious bundle, the colored man seeing him about to go out with it, seized him by the arm, saving :

"Here yer boy! is dat yer bundle? Gib it here." " No. you must n't have it. It's mine," said

"No, yer do n't; hand dat ober, and do n't ever steal agin, and I'll neber tell on ver."

"No, but I did n't steal it; it's mine, let me go;" and Joe, with a strong jerk, succeeded in extricating himself, and running as fast as his legs would carry him. He at last ventured to stop running, but in his flight, he had gone in the wrong direction. He went up and down the different streets to find out where he had left Lily, and when he went to the place where he was sure he had left her, she was not there. So he concluded that he had made a mistake.

Poor little Joe-he knew not what to do. His hunger fied, and Lily only was in his thoughts. Tears began to flow, but Joe prided himself somewhat on his manliness, and he wiped the tears away and started with new resolution toward one of the husiest streets. He ran after every little girl with a blue dress and straw hat, to see if it was not Lily. He traveled on, unnoticed, till noon, when he came in front of a large dwelling of brown stone, with basement steps, where he seated himself, being very much fatigued. In a few minutes a bired girl opened the basement-door to go out, and seeing a little boy so finely dressed sitting on the steps, . opened her large eyes to their widest capacity. Joe, on seeing her arose, and was about to go away, when she called him back.

"Come here, sir. What's the matter with you?" , said she kindly.

He tried to tell how he had lost his sister, and she pitied him very much. She told him to go into was gone in looking at everything before him, though not lost when Uncle John is near. But, my dear, not stirring from his chair. Presently he heard a we must not stand here this way. Come, come, I 11 pattering sound on the staircase, and soon a pet lap- take you to my office and hear you tell how all this dog came bounding into the room, wagging his tall, happened, and then you shall go home with me." and looking up in the face of a little girl, who was | So he turned off in the direction of his countingtalking to him and running after him.

did not at first see Joe, but when she at last espied uncle was very indignant at the conduct of her stephim, she stopped short, and giving him a keen mother, and determined, by some means, to get word glance from her sunny blue eyes, she tripped over to to Mr. Rowland about the affair. him and said:

"How funny! Who brought you down here? to the former's residence, they were startled by Come up in the parlor. You're dressed too fine to hearing some pue crying loudly, "Lily! Lily!" and be down here."

"No, no, little girl! I came in to rest a while, for a lady that just went out that door told me to sit down here."

"Did she? But you balled her a lady. Why, mother would whip me if I'd call her a lady. Why. she's Margaret, our house-maid. I always say 'our girl,' or ' Margaret.' She 's a nice girl, though. How much you look like my cousin Witty."

"Witty! that's a fanny name," said Joe, feeling quite at home with such a pleasant little talker. "Why, his first name's De Witt, but we always. call him Witty. That's pa's first name, too.

What 's yours?" "Joseph Rowland," answered he.

"Is that your first name," said she, laughing. "No. that's all my name. Won't you tell me yours?" said Joe, bashfully.

"Why, my name's Laurie Ridgeway, and my mother's name is Priscilla, and my sister's name is Lucretia, and my two brothers' names. Charlie and Meredith went into the sitting-room, where his wife Marcus and-oh! I want a cream puff, and Margaret and children were, and took up the evening paper to aint here to give it to me. Come up stairs, do"

Before Joe had time to reply, Margaret came into the room, and was immediately beseiged by Laurie morning. He, nor his wife, did not once think of

"Oh, Margaret, give me some cream puffs, and string to put round Tray's neck."

The cream puffs were soon brought out, and poor little Joe, who had not had any breakfast, eagerly took two, handed to him by little Laurie. It was not long before another little girl came down stairs to bother Margaret; this was Lucretia the next oldest to Laurie. She, too, was a pleasant, sociable little thing, but her tongue could not run quite so fast as her little sister's.

Meanwhile, Laurie had kept on talking faster and faster, and her inquisitiveness at last brought tears into Joe's eyes. "Where 's your mother and father ?" and "Where do you live?" and "How many brothers and sisters have you?"-all these questions did Laurie put to him, and which quite confused Joer

He told her how he had lost his sister Lily, and said he must go right away and find her. Laurie seemed sorry to part with him, and begged him. when he had found his sister, to bring her around there. Joe thanked Margaret for her kindness to him, and anxiously started off.

CHAPTER II.

Meanwhile, where was the frail Lily? Poor child. she had had worse trouble than her brother. After he had left her, she watched him till nearly out of sight, and then she turned her head in an opposite erty, knocked at Mr. Meredith's door, and Joe and direction, looking at the people hurrying along their Lily were were to be sferred to another home as their way through the crowded streets, and the carts, wagons and omnibuses pushing their way through the busy thoroughfares. She looked out particularly for every tall man, thinking thus she might find her father, for he was a tall, noble looking man.

"At last her eye caught sight of a gentleman hurrying up the street, who had just come out of a cross street about half a quare ahead, and she uncon. sciously exclaimed, "There's papa!" ing her hold on her bundle, she started off in pursuit. It was his size, his form, his step and dressshe was sure it was her father. She ran after him as fast as she safely could, and, to have seen the father and daughter, one would have thought they were trying who could go the fastest; although he walked, yet his long steps advanced him further than her little short-stepping runs did her. He at last crossed over the street, and turned off into another thoroughfare. Lily all the time pursuing and shouting, "Papa! papa!" whenever she could get anywhere near him, but the noise drowned her little voice, and it reached him not.

In crossing the street, she came near being crushed under a large hay-wagon near her, but some good power saved her. She gained not a step on her father, and she at last saw him hail an omnibus, and she started forward rather too rapidly, for the next: minute down she went on the hard stone pavement. while her bundle flew from her hands. Her little heart beat fast, and hurriedly regaining her feet, and picking up her bundle, she ran off again, crying, Papa." But oh! why was it so? At that moment he had entered the coach, and was apidly driven off, so that it was now utterly impossible for her to think of reaching him.

Disappointed and wearied, she seated herself on some steps near by, and burst into tears. As there were but few, if any, persons passing at that time she gave full vent to her tears, but recollecting her brother's last words-" Do n't go away "-she started up again to return where he had left her. She remembered she had crossed the street, but had not noticed, in her pursuit, that she had turned into another street, which ran directly opposite to the one she wished to find, so she thought all she would have to do would be to cross over on the other side. and keep straight ahead till she came to the store where Joe had left her. So this she did, but as she was going in the wrong direction, of course she did not find the store. At last she decided that she must have gone down the wrong street, and undecided what to do, she stopped and looked in a store window. While she was standing there, two men issued from the store, but paused at the door to speak awhile. One of the men was bare headed, and step-mother. They had on good warm clothing, for it was evident he was the man of the store. Lily had not looked up yet, but presently she heard the as we before said, Joe started to find the missing man of the store say :

"Now, Merideth, I hope you will assist me all you can in this new enterprise."

Lily started and looked up, for Merideth, John Merideth, was her uncle's name. She was overjoyed shop, and looked in the direction of the cars, he saw to see it was him. He did not see her, for he was them beginning to move. He ran, shouted, and toe busily engaged in conversation. They talked for some five minutes, when they parted, and her uncle stacted off up the street. Lily followed, crying:

"Uncle John! Uncle John!" He turned, and beheld his little neice.

"Why, Lily, Lily! Can I believe my eyes?" Not all alone, are you, child?" said he, catching her by the hand.

the kitchen and sit down till she came back; he redistantly did so. There was no one in the room at Joe."

the time, and he busied himself while the servant | "Oh ho," said her uncle, laughing. "No, you're

house, in one of the largest and busiest streets. Lily The little girl, who was only about six years old, told her story in a simple, truthful manner, and her

> As Mr. Meridith and Lily were wending their way as they both looked in the direction of the sound, they beheld foe running, out of breath, and the tears beginning to flow for very joy. His uncle was almost as much bleased at seeing Joe as Lily was, for he was affaid he should have much trouble in finding his nephew.

> The poor children were welcomed with joy by their aunt and cousing and partook of a hearty dinner. That afternoon, Mrs. Meredith, according to her usual custom, prepared to take a ride to the Common, in the eplendid barouch, drawn by a pair of dappled bays, and she took Joe and Lily with her. When they arrived at the Common they alighted, and were soon tilking in the gay crowd. As they were walking along, Joe caught sight of a little girl, whom he at once knew to be Laurie Ridgeway, and before he had time to point her out to his aunt and sister, she had disappeared n the throng.

After a pleasant time they returned home, but there was sad news awaiting them. After tea, Mr. read the news to his wife. The first article he read was about a railroad accident that had occurred that Mr. Rowland when the piece was first read, but in going over the list of the killed, his eye fell on a name some for this little boy; and I want you to find that he had not at first seen. He had just got out the word Joseph, when he paused, for the next name was Rowland and he dared not speak it aloud for fear his nephew and niece should hear it. But little Joe, who had been listening, immediately said:

> "Oh, uncle, it's pa's name, is n't it?" Mr. Meredith could not reply, and Joe knew it was too true that his father had been killed.

> Joe and Lily wet their pillows with tears that night. and they felt indeed they were orphage. But they forgot their sorper for a while, when the peac ful angel of sleep closed their eyelids Their uncle and aunt did all in their power to comfort them, and it was settled that Joe and Lily should live with them. Mr. Rowland had, indeed, joined his waiting wife on the other shore, through the sad calamity before spoken of. Joe and Lily dreamed not that their blessed parents watched over them from the skies.

> Let us pass over a period of six months. A great financial crisis had swept over the country, and among the ruined merchants of Boston was John Meredith. What a sad reverse for him, when he was obliged to leave the proud mansion where he had so long lived in wealth, when servants were dismissed, and he was obliged to take up his abode in a small house in the suburbs, Poverty, pinching povuncle could be got maintain them. He had a friend in Phris. This, to whom he had written, informing him of his sad reverse, and begging him, if possible, to take for a while his little nephew and niece, and in a few years he felt he should be able

> The friend immediately wrote back, saying that he would take them for a while, and also that Mr. Mereith should be sure and write back and tell him the children were to start, and what time they would arrive in Philadelphia. This Mr. Meredith did, but his friend never received the answer, and thought perhaps the former had found a place nearer home for them, so he gave himself no more trouble about

> Of course, as Mr. Meredith did not know this, the children were prepared to go, and were seen safely to the depot by their uncle, who, knowing that Joe was a sharp little fellow, did not fear to let him travel to Philadelphia alone. They were to go all the way by rail, going through Massachusetts into New York, down the eastern part of that State, direct to the Empire City, crossing the Hudson, and then take the cars for Philadelphia. According to directions, Joe and Lily waited at the depot in New York for the arrival of the train which would take them to Philadelphia. While they were waiting, a boy came along with some cakes to sell, and Joe took out the identical quarter that his step-mother had put in his bundle, and bought some cakes.

> "Three cakes for her, and two for me, that will be five cents, and I want twenty cents back," said

> Joe, as he handed the boy the quarter. "Oh, dear! now that's too bad, bub; I have n't got only three cents change with me; just you wait here till I go over to yonder store, and get this quarter changed."

> Joe did wait till the next train arrived, and the boy did not make his appearance. "Oh, dear ! what shall I do? I must have those twenty cents," said Joe, as he led his sister into the cars.

> "Why, Josey," said Lily, " the cars are not going to start yet, are they? Can't you hurry out and get the money ?"

So Joe inquired of a genileman when the cars would start. "Wall, can't say precisely; but in 'bout ten min-

utes, I reckon," said the man lazily, who, being in no hurry himself, felt there was plenty of time for

Joe started off, leaving his bundle with that of Lily's beside her on the seat. They were apparalled very differently than when, six months ago, they were thrust from their home by their cruel it was now in the cold month of December. Well, cake boy, but when he came to the shop where the boy had disappeared, he was not there, and in his earnest inquiries. Joe did not hear the whistle of the locomotive. So, when he issued excitedly from the waved his cap, all to no purpose; and soon he heard the whiz of the locomotive die in the distance. He knew not what to do; without a penny; without home or friends, in the great city of New York the poor little fellow could not restrain his tears; he sat down on some steps near by, and leaned his head

wed, and knowing not what to do. Nobody this as is got possession of my premises?"

thought of speaking to him, thinking that he was tired, and had sat down to rest. When it grew loud merry tone, which showed he did not realize ation. He rose, however, and moved slowly and matters, he did so. The farmer was very much surby the rude crowd, with a harsh, "Get out of the just arrived, he said," Say, Mrs. Bouncer, look-away, boy." How many times the poor boy wished here." he had not left the cars, and how he wished he knew where Lily was—who would take care of her? man, coming up, "what ails these children?" But of what avail were wishes now? After he had walked till he was tired, he stopped to rest under tempting to rise, found it impossible; she was stiff the shelter of an awning. But his feet soon began and sore; her neck was so stiff she could not turn to ache with cold, and thinking perhaps he might her head, and her throat was parched and swollen. find a better shelter he again moved off up the snow, and the lateness of the hour caused a sort of look most awfal sick!" drowsiness to seize him : without scarcely thinking what he did, he sank down exhausted on a doorstep, where he was unprotected from the drifting my butter and eggs, and the rest, and if I see to snow. A strange, sleepy stupor came over him, and yielding to its influence, he dropped asleep. The do n't know, although I'm poor, I'll just drive off night was very cold, and he sat with his head on home agin with these children." the steps, bowed over his little arms, and the snow beating upon him, and giving him a garment of ed the farmer, "to accommodate you, I'll take white. But was he forsaken? No: truly his guardian angels watched over him, and sent a good 'em, and I'll send the money 'round to-night by my Samaritan to his rescue. A watchman going his rounds, came across Joe, and taking the boy in his arms, as if he were an infant, he sped quickly to the station-house, where Joe was kindly cared for, and snugly housed from the storm.

. But the next morning found him stiff and sore, and unable to rise from his bed. His long exposure to the inclemency of a bitter cold night had effected him very much, and during the whole of that day he lay in a stupor. Joe-was very ill, and kind nurswas much improved, and as he got better, he thought more anxiously about his sister. The morning of the third day found Joe sufficiently recovered to sit up. On the same afternoon, at his earnest entreaty, he was allowed to start for Philadelphia, several kind gentleman having given him some money to pay his fare and expenses.

CHAPTER III.

Reader, let us return again to little Lily, and see what has happened to her in the meantime. After she had seen. Joe disappear in the shop, she turned her gaze to the inside of the cars, and was enjoying herself finely in watching the progress of events around her. But when the cars began to move, she not very fond of children, anyway, and telling them started looked for Joe, and saw him running and shouting, and, hopping down from her seat, she ran toward the door, shouting: "Oh, stop, stop the car, you 've left Joe; oh, stop!" She cried and sobbed violently, when she found the cars could not stop. The passengers looked pitifully on the little orphan. but no one offered to take charge of her but an old gentleman, who kindly took her on his lap, and talked consolingly to her.

Lily told about her brother, and where they were zoing. Her protector, Mr. White, told her that probbly Joe would immediately take the next train to Philadelphia and that they would wait awhile at the depot for him. This comforted Lily somewhat and she now felt sure her brother would come. But after waiting an hour, in fact, till after dark, Mrs. White proposed to go hame, and send a servant to watch for Joe. So he took Lily home with him, and dispatched his colored man to the depot, to conduct Joe to Mr. White's house as soon as he arrived. But. of course, as Joe was sick at the station-house for over two days, the servant returned that night and the two next without him. But on the third evening, he returned With Joe.

Meanwhile, Mr. White had cared kindly for Lily. and his housekeeper, Mrs. Lowe, wondered much that a rich old bachelor like Mr. White, should care for children, and take such pains to make them happy, as he had done. To think that Mr. White, a retired lawyer, should go so far as to take a strange child into his arms, and actually rock her to sleep-why, Mrs. Lowe could not understand how her master, who had never had any children of his own, should go so far as to take in strange children -it could n't be he had gone crazy? No, Mrs. Lowe was sure he was in his right mind; but it was very strange to her. very.

Of course, Lily and Joe were overjoyed to see each other, and Mr. White took real comfort in watching them. The next day, Joe thanked Mr. White for his unselfish kindness to them, and said he must leave there and bunt up the friend who had let Joe gone, only the latter said he had the direction on a slip of paper, and anybody could tell him where it was, if they could read. But Joe and his elster had gone but a few squares, before Joe discovered that he had lost the direction.

We will not weary the reader by going into the minute details of the children's search for Mr. Meredith's friend. Suffice it to say, that after vainly endeavoring to recollect the name, or even the street, Joe and Lily found themselves at dark, as ignorant of his whereabouts, as they were at first. That night they found shelter in a small hotel, where Jos paid for their night's lodging and a breakfast, which took nearly every cent he had. They spent the whole of that day in fruitless search, and they suflast cent for their supper, depending upon mercy for house of a poor Irish woman, in the suburbs, who, instead of crying, " Away with you, you beggars," or "No lodgings without pay," as many had said to Joe and Lily, she bade them enter and stay all night in her poor domicil.

The next morning, Joe was about to depart, when a storm arose, and he had to stay there until it was over. About the middle of the afternoon, after thanking the woman for her kindness, Joe and Lily, bundle in hand, started forth to find their way back to Mr. White's. But they wandered about till late in the evening, unable to find his house, and as they had no money, and had applied in vain for lodginge, patience and forbearance for him that Joe had. they were obliged to take shelter from a furious snow-storm in the public market-house. There were, at that time, several of these market houses sweep at them.

Joe and Lily slept that night on one of the stands, notwithstanding the cold and wind. Joe had takeh benevolent as he was tibh. This was baying a good off his thick obtains out, and threw it over his bisdeal, but it was new theless true,
ter, so that she should sleep wayin. The next mornWhen he had attained his twenty-second year, against the railing.

Itig they were awakened by the fond, theerful voice Mr. White field of the was not unexpected, as is the for an hour in a cort of stopor his of a farmer, as he was bringing in his produce. He can he was with his head

what he was the matter here? Who s wished his head what he was the was the matter here? Who s wished his head what he was and he was the was the matter here?

dark, and the anow began to fall thickly around the true condition of the little sufferers, before him. him, then did he feel more dreadfully his cruel situ As soon as Joe was sufficiently awake to explain mechanically along, every now and then jostled prised, and speaking to a market-woman, who had

"What, bless me?" said the fat, merry-faced wo-

The man explained, and meanwhile Lily, in at-

"I say, Mrs. Bouncer, it's our solemn duty to street. He walked many squares, but the blinding rescue these 'ere young 'uns; that little girl does

"Well, really, I hardly know what to do," said the good-hearted woman, "here I 've just come with these poor children, I shan't sell anything; but I

"Oh, now, Mrs. Bouncer, look-a-here," interruptcharge of your things, and I'll warrant yer I'll sell boy."

So, in a few minutes Joe and Lily were packed off in Mrs. Bouncer's market-wagon, and driven off to her little farmhouse, five miles from the city.

It will perhaps suffice for us to say that Joe and his sister were there over two weeks, on account of the severe illness of Lily. Good Mrs. Bouncer, and her daughter Jennie, took good care of the "little wanderers," although it was a sad encroachment on their limited means. When Lily was sufficiently ing only, saved him from dying. The next day he recovered, Joe thanked them for their trouble, although he felt this would not repay them for their care and anxiety; but it was the best he could do, and toward dusk, on a day in January, they were driven to the city, determined to find Mr. White's. Although neither of the children knew where he really did live. Joe had dreamed three times that it was on Walnut street: accordingly he determined to go up and down that street till he found it.

Scarcely had the children left Mrs. Bouncer before a cold rain storm arose, and the children, in searching for Mr. White's mant in, were thoroughly soaked. When they at last found the house, they were entirely exhausted. As Mr. White was not at home just then. Mrs. Lowe scarcely noticed them; she was to take a seat in the sitting-room, she went away, leaving the children alone. Lily soon dropped to sleep in her chair, which Joe cautiously pulled toward the fire.

When Mr. White arrived he was quite indignant that Mrs. Lowe had not seen to them better, and taken care that they dried themselves well. He was pleased to see the orphans again, and told Joe they should live with him. When he waked Lily to go to supper, she mouned and rolled her eyes strangely. Mr. White was much alarmed, and sent immediately for a physician. The latter shook his head doubtingly when he was asked if she would not soon get over it. Lily had taken a relapse by being exposed that night to the cold rain, and was very ill. For two weeks she lay suffering on a downy couch in Mr. White's mansion, and though attended by skillful physicians they could not save her. Her delicate little body could not undergo the suffering and exposure she had experienced without serious effects. She died about midnight, with her little head pillowed on her brother's bosom, and his hands plasp-

Oh, the sorrow that poor Joe felt at the loss of his sister! None but God could read it. Mr. White, too, face of the "homeless little wanderer," as she lay with her little hands folded across her breast, and the golden ourls clustering lovingly around her head. She was unfitted to tread the world's rough path alone with her brother, and God, in his mercy, conveyed the drooping bud to a fairer clime, where it could bloom in beauty near its angel parents. Yes, it were better that she should leave the cold earth; she could not bear the sufferings that her brother could. She was no longer a "homeless little wanderer," but had now found an immortal home, where her earthly wanderings should cease. Many 1 1991

After the funeral, poor Joe felt worse than ever. He could not now go look at her as she lay in her coffin-do, even that sad privilege was denied him : and he could only see her as she was painted to him offered to take them. Mr. White would not have on the walls of memory. Joe's grief was not momentary. Ah, no! it is not to be supposed that he ever forgot his sister-no indeed. It was weeks before the storm of his grief passed away, and then he could think of her without shedding but few tears, not that he did not still love her, but he had become more resigned to his loss.

Mr. White gave Joe a home with him, treating him as a son, while Joe, in return, treated him as a father. Joe wrote to his uncle, telling him of Lily's death and his own good fortune in having a home with Mr. White.

Contract of the second state of the second CHAPTER IV.

We will pass over the period of a few months. It was in May, and Joe, who was nearly twelve years fered considerable from the cold. Joe had spent the old, had not, as yet, received even a common school education. So Mr. White sent him at first to a shelter that night. They found it at last, in the boarding school, where Joe remained nearly a year, when he left, and at his own desire attended a public school, where he made astonishing progress. In two years, when he was nearly fifteen, he entered the high school, where he distinguished himself for his untiring industry, his remarkable abilities, and also for his agreeable and gentlemanly deportment. He graduated with honor when about eighteen, and Mr. White was very proud of his son, as he called him.

Joe had always evinced his gratitude to his bensfactor, in doing all he could to please Mr. White and make his declining years happy and peaceable. The old man was rapidly declining, and no one had the

When Joe was eighteen, he entered a commercial banking house as a chief blere while here he made considerable money, and was held in such high extending through the middle of Market street, and esteem for his lutegrity and comomy, that at the end it was in one of these that Joe and his sister found of two years he was taken in he a partner. Wealth more than the street of the stree protection from the storm, though the wind had full poured in upon him, But he did not miserly stow it away, but used it in making made a besit and bome glad. You it was said of him that he was le

now that he could do nothing more for him, longed

once more to touch foot in Boston, for, dear reader, be it thown that there was a treasure there that Joe had never forgotten. This was his little friend, Laurie Ridgeway, whom he had always remembered with pride and pleasure.

Mr. White, in his will, left his house, farniture, and several thousand dollars to an only brother, who resided in Philadelphia, about, three hundred thou-sand to some charitable institution. Philadelphia, and the balance of his fortune, about four hundred thousand, to Joe. This latter, together with what he had acquired in his partnership, made Joe almost a millionaire. Not that he forgot the poor and needy -no, he still reely gave, and so freely received. It was through Joe's kindness that his uncle, Mr. Meredith, had again risen to his former position of one of the richest merchants of " Modern Athens." \ Joe soon dissolved his co-partnership, in anticipation of his journey to Boston. Philadelphia had now no attraction for him, unless, indeed, it was the green grave of his little sister. He made a farewell visit to the hallowed spot, where he had shed so many tears, and then started on his journey.

It had been twelve years .since Joe had seen his uncle, aunt, and cousins, and was it a wonder that the two former were beginning to be gray, and that the wrinkles played about their faces? Was it strange to see his cousins grown up to be men and women?

His aunt and uncle were proud of their tall handsome nephew, and his cousing were not ashamed to introduce their wealthy and agreeable cousin to their fashionable friends. But Joe was uneasy, for he had not yet seen-well, never mind who.

It was on a beautiful night in September, that a gay and fashionable throng assembled at a solvee held at the residence of De Witt Ridgeway, Esq. Among the most distinguished guests present was Joseph Rowland, a new star in the fashionable oircles. When Joe saw Laurie that night, he saw a young girl of uncommon-we expect you think we are going to say "beauty." No such thing. Not that Laurie was homely-no, there was too much intellect there-too much good sense there to say that of her. What we were going to say was, " uncommon interest." Joe did not love her merely for her beauty, but for her good sense and sweet disposition, her love of good, and her generous heart. As this is not a story of courtship, we cannot go into the special details of the progress of events after this. The following announcement, however, which appeared at the head of the marriage list in one of the Boston papers, about four months after, will serve to show the result:

"On Christmas Eve, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Stephen Bowman, Mr. Joseph Rowland to Miss Laurie Ridgeway, youngest daughter of De Witt Ridgeway, Esq., of this city."

Who would have thought, to have looked in upon Joseph Rowland, in all his wealth and happiness that he had once been a "homeless little wanderer?" Time, indeed, works wonders, making some happy others miserable—some poor, others rich.

One of the greenest, freshest spots in Joe's memory, is the remembrance of that fairy sister, Lily, who, like himself, was no longer a "homeless little wandore r."

> Written for the Banner of Light. HELEN'S VISION.

> > BY N. S. EMER.

The little loved one died i And in its casket dear friends laid A cross, and wreath of flowers made-Pale flowers and buds beside. They withered soon ! Fit emblems they Of life, and life's fair fleeting day. And anguished hearts and weeping eyes Could see no light in the clouded skies; But spirit vision, clear and true, ... Pierces the veil that hides from view The unknown land, and, bathed in light, The earth-child stands an angel bright. His tiny hands outreach to lift The blooming wreath—a holy gift— To crown with beauty mother's brow And make her life more bright than now.

But father's heart is brave and strong-He seeks the right, he dares the wrong, And to his care the cross is given, Winning his thoughts from earth to heaven. A cross of flowers I and ever may It bloom as brightly as to-day; While with each earthly, troublous care, Oh, father! mother! may you wear, As guardian gifts from realms above. The Cross of Faith, the Crown of Love i

WHEN A CHILD.

BY CLAYTON PRENCH RICHARDS.

Bweetly murmured every stream, Like the footsteps of a dream. When I strayed as free as they.
Gathering cockles in the hay; The rustling leaves, The yellow sheaves; Where are they?

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All the rocks are cold and still, Darkly pictured on the hill; Where fancy traced her visions wild. With the foot-prints of a child: Those lagging feet, Were very fleet— When a child— When a child 1

When the storm the pine trees swung, With the tempest clash I sung; Little thinking that their strife. Was an emblem of my life; That summer clouds, Could fashion shrouds, Zalope, ! For my life-For my life!

When I saw the sun go down. Beyond the red spires of the town, No there atruggle for life's bread, Racked my brow and ached my head; Loud not wish, As now I wish, i were dead— I were dead

Still, like distant ringing bells, Down the view Beating, swells
O'er life's tem set possing wild,
The random laughter of a child;
The tinkling feet, And features awast Of a child !

Better but in weithin

+ California Farmer. still more mistaken.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE SHADOW LAND.

BY BELLE BUSH.

Beautiful was the reply of a venerable man to the question whether he was still in the land of the living-" No, but I am almost there."

Oh i well may we say, as we pass along Through the world of joy and sorrow. That the land of the living, the land of song, In its radiant glory lies far beyond ! And this is the Land of Shadows!

It may not be in our joyous youth.... When our hearts beat time to pleasure, That our souls will wake to the solemn truth, Or theill to its sadder measure : For bright are the shores of time. When our life is in its prime. And gayly we welcome each thought of the morrow.

And never dream That its sunset beam May fade in a cloud of sorrow,

Oh, no! not then do we learn the truth, By the lips of age outspoken, That the land of the living, the land of Youth, . In its radiant glory lies far beyond ! And this is the Land of Shadows!

They rise before us so fair and bright, And they seem to us so real, That we follow them on, and forget their light Flows most from the realms ideal. They come, and they pass away. Like the clouds of a Summer day. And other phantoms of hope are nigh, Whose fire-fly lamp,

Oh, fondly we cherish our dreams ideal I Unheeding the solemn lesson, That the land of the living, the only REAL, In its fadeless beauty lies far beyond;. And this is the Land of Shadows!'

Through the earthly damp,

Seems hung in a cloudless sky !

First pleasure comes with her siren spells. And striking her harp of gladness; We list till we learn from the answering swells, That its rythmic song is sadness, Alas! what fears arise As the cheating phantom flies i And oh! how the heart, with its solemn lore, Spurning the earth. With its hollow mirth.

But oh! not yet do we leave our toys, Or feel, in our inmost being, That the land of the living, immortal joys In its radiant glory lies far beyond ! And this is the Land of Shadows!

Yearns for the "Better Shore."

For Wealth and Fame, with a showy train, A splendid crown may weave us; And caught by the glare, we are charmed again, Till we find they, too, deceive us. And then, as we see them pass, We murmur, alas i alas i And a voice that wakes in our mournful breast, Sings, "What is fame But an empty name. Won by the soul's unrest?"

But manhood, flushed with the wine of health, Still turns from the needed lesson. Nor learns that the land of unfading wealth. In its radiant glory lies far beyond: And this is the Land of Shadows!

Next Love, with her wooing and winsome smiles. And suspes of ravishing beauty. With glorious visions our heart beguiles, Till we shrink from the path of duty; And led by her radiant star. That glows in the zenith afar, We follow the phantom that flits before Till down the stream Of our golden dream, She glides, and is seen no more. But oh ! not yet do we look above.

Or learn life's beautiful lesson That the land of the living, the Land of Love. In its radiant glory lies far beyond; And this is the Land of Shadows ! Not till our eyes grew dim with years,

And we stand at the gloomy portals, Where the soul is freed from its earthly fears, And the human becomes immortal-Not till we hear the roar Of the waves on the shore. Whose throbbings tell of the infinite sea-While angels come From their radiant home, To teach us the Truths of Eternity!

Oh! not till then will our sonls be blest, Or rejoice in the beautiful lesson, That the land of the living, the Land of Rest. In its fadeless glory lies far beyond; And this is the Land of Shadows !

Spiritual Paintings.

MR EDITOR-The following from the New England Spiritualist, is so appropriate to the present new phenomenon of "Spiritual Photographs," that I think it deserves re-publication. If the spirits themselves could come and sit for their own portraits, while the artist sketched them, why not come into a photographer's machine box? Verily, we are approaching the "New Age." W. M. F. ME EDITOR-As this is a day of varied spiritual phenomena, and among these the painting of the portraits of departed spirits is one branch of these phenomena, I hereby hand you the following for publication. It has long been said that one of the secrets of the excellency of the "old masters" of this art, was that the angels themselves used to come to them and all for their portraits, while they with more or less of spiritual vision would copy the figure thus presented to their mind's eye. Whether this be true or not, there is good reason for supposing that in some instances and to some degree it is true, and that the rapt visions of a Raphael and a Michael Angelo, whether or not distinctly and visibly defined at all times, were nothing less than inspirations and : presentations of the spirits; themselves to their entranced and enthusiastic minds. The following from Allan Cunningham's gallery o pictures by the first masters of the English Foreign Schools, is intensely interesting.

Blake, (the English painter,) who always saw in fancy every form he drew, believed that angels descended to painters of old, and sat for their por traits. When he himself sat to Phillips for that fine portrait so beautifully engraved by Schlavousti. the painter, in order to attain the most unaffected attitude, and the most poetic expression, engaged his sitter in a conversation concerning the sublime

"We hear much," said Phillips, "of the gran-Hawho thinks he can do without others damistak-ent he who thinks others cannot do without him, is should say he has been oversted; he could not paint an augel so well as Raphael."

"He has not been overrated sir." said Blake,
"and be could paint an augel better than Raphael."

with positions of others; your friends may have a state of the positions of others; your friends may have a state of the positions of the positions of others; your friends may have a state of the positions of the positions of others; your friends may have a state of the positions of the positions of the positions of others; your friends may have a state of the positions of the

of a friend who could not be mistaken." "A valuable friend, truly said Phillips; "and

who may he be, I pray?"
"The Archangel Gabriel, sir," answered Blake. "A good authority, surely; but you know evil querat the last. spirits love to assume the looks of good ones; and this may have been done to mislead you."

"Well, now, sir" said. Blake, "this is really singular; such, were my own suspicions, but they were soon removed—I will tell you how. I was one day reading Young's Night Thoughts, and when I day reading Young's Aught Thoughts, and when it came to that passage which sakes, Who can paint an angel? I closed the book and order to an anint an angel? A voice in the formal family and the sake of the sake Oho! I answered, you are, are you? I must have better assurance than that of a wandering voice; you may be an evil spirit—there are such in the land. 'You shall have good assurance,' said the land. You shall have good assurance, said The meeting was organized on Friday afternoon, the voice; can ah evil spirit do this? I looked by the appointment of Dr. Hill, of Knightstown, Preswhence the voice came, and was then aware of a ident, and Mr. Bliss, of Richmond, Secretary. This shining shape, with bright wings, who diffused session was occupied in a discussion on Prayer. shining shape, with bright wings, who diffused much light. As I looked, the shape dilated more and more; he waved his hand; the roof of my study opened; he ascended into heaven; he stood in the sun, and beckoning to me, moved the universe. An angel of evil could not have done that—it was the Archangel Gabriel." The painter marvelled much at this wild story

but he caught from Blake's looks, as he related it, that rapt poetle expression which has rendered his portrait one of the finest of the English School.—

Original Essay.

SHALL SPIRITUALISTS ORGANIZE

BY J. COVERT.

This question has been more or less debated ever since the theory gained publicity and became notorious in the world; but no general conclusion has yet been arrived at. The expectations of those contending for organization are that the spread of the truth will be greatly assisted, and that association will enable each to assist and encourage one another in life's devious ways. Though some advantage may be gained in the adoption of this plan, the experiences of the past and present serve to convince the spiritual world the scheme is destructive of the very basis on which Spiritualism hinges.

This basis is, if understood, to uphold and maintain the perfect individuality of the man. It recognizes the power and liberty of each to control his thoughts and actions, and the ability of determining the right and wrong in all that relates to himself. He is the detector and arbitrator of truth and falsehood, and receives or rejects, as his interior convictions decide. As society is constituted, association to gain some material advantage may be useful and material things. In religious organizations the case is widely different, for they are wholly founded upon the assurption that they are the possessors and extheir thoughts, words and actions in strict conformity to the principles laid down in their creeds and

systeme. Singular though it be, while the whole ability of the man is limited and confined they demand, as the Bible declares, that each must work out his own salvation. How this can be done with their bounded powers they must answer that have undertaken the task. Religious organizations are founded upon the teachings of Christ, but what a sad commentary on his teachings are the multiplied divisions between them that fill the world. Their differences of faiths are as numerous as that of the same number of in-

The discovery of any new principles or truths that mmanity in measured by the standard, and if found too broad or too long, is at once rejected Protestantism and These organizations have their origin among the where the principles of Christ were understood and practised. In the great confict of truth with error down to the present period, the latter, by its inroads and raids, have broken the lines of the defences of the former, and selzed the batteries of signs and witnesses, evidences and gifs.

principles, but to instruct the Ignorant and unlearned in the means by which such marvelous works were accomplished, and to lold communion with the often err. angel-world. The substitution of any system intended to guide man toward his God, unattended with marvelous power, fals short of the necessary requirements and fails to hterest mankind.

Organizations are made up of single minds in but what might be derive from individual minds to their interests are committed are the actors in every question connected with heir welfare. The system the war begin to end, and this nation shall rise like begets neglect on the par of its members in ranges a Phoenix, purified and chastened. The old moss of thought and actions, and allows others to decide covered creeds will be done away with, and we shall all questions for them.

The temple of the living God either exists in form ations of society or in ach member of humanity. whole work of man camot be accomplished in any other place than withil each. Why organize? Is it because the wonderfu works now done do not sufficiently arouse attentio and startle the world? Is man kind? or is it beause the association of men can give more consoltion than angels from the spirit world? Are thebannels of inter-communion asked, "Can the spirit controlling tell how long the between the worlds of sufficiently numerous for clashing of arms will continue? the growd of eager indirers? Let each one of the spiritual cultivation and none will have cause to and then there will be a compromise that will result complain of the limed number. The skeptic will in freedom to all mankind.

Dr. Hill.—Will the spirit tell what effect the prosources of community with a suspicious eye. Why slave be called on to settle the contest? organize, when the cole work is for individuals to do alone, when judgent sits over his every action of their own free will and accord.

With Huddleston objected to doing wrong that

I never say any of the paintings of Michael An- ments of life would be accepted at once. Though gelo," replied Blake, " but I speak from the opinion many theories of life have been exploded in their battles with truth, error and prejudice have manfully fought and still fight with their accustomed vigor and strength. But truth and right, will con-

> INTERESTING MEETING IN THE WEST.

The Friend of Progress and Spiritualism in a Three Days' Convention.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

The Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends and Spiritualists was held in Uncle Seth Hinshaw's new Hall, in Greensboro', Indiana, the 17th, 18th, and 19th ult.

The evening session was spent in a general dis-

cussion, turning on the all-absorbing question of On Saturday morning, after listening to some soulstirring music, by Bro. Harris, Dr. Hill offered the

following - RESOLUTIONS :

Resolved. That the disproportion between the remuneration for female labor, and the same by the male, is as mean and slavish in principle, as far as it goes, as chattel slavery, and demands an early removal by

those seeking the good of the race.

Resolved, That all high salaries for posts of political honor and trust, are derogatory to the true principles of Government and inimical to justice, being a Government of Favoritism.

D. W. Hunt called for the reading of the first resolution again. Thought it would bear reading a dozen times a day. Dogs, negroes, and women, had long been beneath the notice of man. Dogs, however, were now being taxed by many of the Legislatures. President Lincoln had declared the slaves free under certain circumstances, and in this resolution he recognized a more respectful attention by man to the wants and rights of woman.

Dr. Hill said that Spiritualism embraced every part and department of human interests. He knew tailors who were actually getting one dollar for pants that the ladies made for him for fifty cents. Agnes Cook asked: How can woman be made

Dr. Reese, of Noblesville, said: Make them all genuine, good Spiritualists, and let them be governed by the principle of love—the principle of right, under all circumstances.

Dr. Hill said: The spirit of the resolution was right and true. There was no such thing as woman's rights, or man's rights. It was all embraced in human rights.

Agnes Cook said: It is easy to talk, but not easy to do. We are governed by circumstances. When man will give us our rights, we are ready to accept of them. Dr. Bailey said: We must live out the principles

of the resolution, and not merely profess it. Bro. Kates, of Dayton, Ohio, looked a few moments at the laws of supply and demand. Was glad the necessary. This, however, can only be tolerated in sewing machine was invented, and wished one could he invented so perfect as to entirely supercede the eternal needle, so that the energies of the women would be forced into another channel—the war would call out their energies. Tens of thousands of our porters of the truth of God to man, and it is re- young men were called infinity was just here; quired of each of its members that it shall regulate must fill their places. The difficulty was just here; the indestrinating from infancy of her inferiority by grs of the truth of God to man, and it is re- young men were called into the field, and women the political and theological dogma by which man

has so long been governed and cursed Seth Hinshaw.- I never pay a girl less than seventy-five cents per day, and frequently more, if her labor is extra heavy. He thought if every one who believed that women should be properly remunerated, would act out and live up to its principles, the point

would be carried at once.

Dress Reform was next discussed. Many appropriate and well-timed remarks were made by Agnes Cook, Emma Steel, and Mrs. Moodie.

Mrs. Carr had worn the reform dress seven years. Since she had again put on the priestly garb, she felt herself in prison. Thought children should be properly educated, and it would be natural for them to wear the reform dress as they grew to womanhood.

The afternoon exercises opened with some ex lent music by Bro. Harris.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy, of Dayton, Ohio, then gave a beautiful invocation. Called the attention of the Spiritualism have both been opposed on the ground Spiritualists to the lives they are living to day, and of overtopping the "faith delivered to the saints." the lives they will live in the hereafter. Spiritualists should be governed by their own thoughts, and not by others' thoughts. Took her text from the Old followers of Christ, and therefore are of human Book - "Above all things have fervent charity among agency alone. They were pade up of individual yourselves." Exhorted the mediums, as Spiritual minds soon after Christ's departure from the earth, teachers, to have "fervent charity," to live together in unity. The world is looking at you. You ought to live fair, beautiful, spotless lives. By your lives, you can best teach the noble doctrines of the Har-

monial Philosophy, which you hold so dear. When by your actions and lives you strike the manacles from the hands of thought-bound creeds, you are gaining laurels more undying and never-fading than you could otherwise do. With such acts The chief object of the as colation was not to die- the angels will crown you with wreaths of honor. tate to the individual minds composing it, for those | The day is passed when men can call themselves the that combined were thoroughly instructed in its ambassadors of God. The men we send you are fallible. Do not look for them to be perfect—they are liable to err. Have charity for them. The very apostles who followed Christ, were fallible, and did

It has been very appropriately said, that "No man can call God his father, who does not recognize man as his brother. We spirits look to you Spiritualists and Harmonialists to live such lives that, when this hell of strife and confusion is over, you may have so directed the channel of thought, that every case. No benefits on be derived from them you can fall naturally into the great channel of but what might be derived from individual minds to peace and happiness, which shall follow the and block much greater extent. The few to whose hands shall learn to do justice to all, both white and black -when men forget party, and place, and power, and only seek to do good, then, and then only, will look for times more beautiful and harmonious. It is for you Spiritualists and spiritual teachers to pour the oil into the wounds of the desolate-hearted, and down-trodden of earth; you will be called on to If in the latter, as Christ asserted, it is plain the bind up the wounds that this wild and devastating was has laid bare. There are thousands-nay, millions, now in our land, that are looking to you for the evidence that their son, or father, or husband, is really roaming in that beautiful land you speak of. I would have you remember, that now is the time to it to attempt to make the theory fashionable and show true man and womanhood. Now is the time popular? Is it becaus it is not known to the ex- to show the God that is within you. The whole tremities of the world nd found in every goil of hu- world of humanity are looking to you to come for-

The spirit controlling, here gave permission to the audience to ask any pertinent question. Dr. Hill

Answer. - We are not given to prophesy; we give you'our opinion, but do not ask you to accept it, unrace carefully observable laws on which it is found less your judgment dictates. We think it will last ed, and devote a shar of his time and attention to till one or both sides are exhausted, or nearly so,

be his own interpret, and not look upon other clamation of the President will have? Will the

clause in the Constitution, that permitted the continuance of slavery, is the cause of war; but fighting never will end it. You may fight till there are but seven men on each side, and yet you will be compelled to compromise.

Dr. Bailey asked-Could the difficulty have been settled without war?

We think it might; but you petted and fondled. slayery until you have brought this upon yourselves, You have been poor, cowardly slaves to that power yourselves, and hence this has come upon you. Was would say to you, do right, let the consequence be

What it may.

Dir Hall asked—Could the North have compromised with the South before the war by giving a large portion of territory?

-You would have got out of a very small into a very large difficulty.

Dr. Mason.—We have heard some sublime truths

to-day. What is Harmonial Philosophy? It is that which harmonizes all of God's worlds and works. Ignorance is our greatest enemy. Our first question should always be, what is truth? Truth is coexistent with God. There is no end to the acquisition of knowledge. Nineteen-twentieths of the actions of man are governed by impulse and emotion. When the intellect is brought to govern these impulses, then, and only then can we properly regulate them.

Wm. Huddleston .- Our rulers have led us astray. We must cease to do evil that good may come. As one individual, I live the faith I profess. I have not voted for more than twenty years. If we would only do right, we would need no government.

Dr. Hall thought the sin of omission as bad as the sin of commission. Did not think the brother's theory adapted to the wants of the times.

SATURDAY EVENING.

Music by Bro. Harris, in his best style-soulstirring, heartfelt, thrillingly eloquent music.

Mrs. Cuppy-entranced-Invocation: The week ends to night, and on the coming morrow you may well culture your souls. Your spirits can then rest and feed on angels' food. You each and every one of you have the germ of a God within you, but you crush it out. Instead of cultivating the spirit, you worship the casket that is merely given you as a temporary protection. Around each of you are guardian angels, trying to guide you. Heaven is a condition of the mind, and you can have heaven on earth, if you wish. We do not ask you to disregard the physical system, but we do tell you to pay more attention to the cultivation of the God-principle within you. You cannot receive forgiveness, but you must face the error and suffer it out. So live that the world may see that beaven has come to you on earth. Live your highest conceptions of right. You must not depend on us. As spirits, we can only impress If you would only live harmonial lives, you would receive in your hearts an influx of good. It was given to this Nineteenth Century to divulge the glorious truths of the Harmomial Philosophy.

Some of you, who owe all that you have and all that you are to Spiritualism, now turn your backs apon it. Christianity was a great stepping stone to Spiritualism. As much as we dislike the old mossgrown creeds of the theologian, there is much spiritual truth in their creeds, and much inspiration in that old Book, which, though we do not consider it infallible, we accept its noble truths. We give you the best we have to-day. We are liable to err, and we do not ask you to accept it unless your highest conceptions justify. Accept truth, though it comes through the lips of a lisping child; discard error, though a Demosthenes should utter it.

Mr. Baldwin, entranced. - We come to you in the spirit of love, and ask you to place your minds on heavenly things. We perceive too much divers.on of thought among you. We desire more concentration. As Spiritualists, so live that your lives have be an honor to your profession. These are our desires-that ye love one another.

Bro. Kates moved an adjournment, that we might hold a public circle, and that all should be invited to partake freely. Thought circles should not be If we occupied a higher plane than held in private. others, we should leave no stone unturned, the turning of which would elevate them to our own stand-

The motion to adjourn did not prevail.

Bro. Platt, of Dayton, Ohio, entranced.—Thank God, there are many here who have come out of the moss-grown and worm-eaten creeds and churches. There are some here to-night rejoicing in the prospect of a future life, who once believed in the broadest old sided infidelity. The speaker here improvised a beautiful piece of poetry, and said, Is not the Harmonial Philosophy embodied in those beautiful lines? Man is the highest embodiment of God on earth. Man will progress. It is a law of Nature. He will go on and upward. To-day, man, in the highest plane of thought, worships not a personal God, and the time is coming when men will grasp still higher thoughts.

BUNDAY MORNING - GENERAL CONFERENCE. Bro. Kates .- The cultivation of our own internal

atures was the all important agent of reform. Dr. Mason.—'T is education alone that elevates us. Spoke of the three great departments of mind-1st. reasoning and intellectual; 2d, moral and governing; and 3d, the animal faculties. The women of ancient times were slaves; hence the degradation of their offspring. In this ninetcenth century women are educated in parrot like style, and hence the children of the present day are unthinking. Children are not properly developed. So long as we continue in this haphazard manner, we shall have dwarfed intellect. We are born for the purpose of being happy, and we can if we will. Showed the difference between the Harmonial, Platonic and Baconian systems of Philosophy. Asserted that positive evil loes not exist—it is only a less amount of good. Every man has the power of reforming himself. Our schools are all wrong, from the A BC, clear through; but, thank God, we can see a faint outline of improvement. Spiritualism is infusing itself steadily

and quietly into everything.

Bro. Platt, entranced — Yield not to the clamor of the imperious custom which surrounds thee, but te thyself. Do thy duty, live the God within thee. Experience is education. From infancy up, man is compelled to come in contact with obstacles, and in surmounting them he is educated. He must labor to unfold his physical powers, and must exercise his mental powers, to elevate the interior powers of the soul, and in unfolding them, we cultivate the Harmonial Philosophy. With most men the animal propensities predominate. Self knowledge is the essence of all knowledge. Man is the highest representation of the universe. He elevates all the universe within his system. It is the mission of the Spiritualist to cultivate all reform. He cannot set up a standard to govern others. He must govern himself alone. Man is a spiritual being, and you should discuss this feature of his existence. All truth is universal. We see you are on the right road. You will progress from the material to the spiritual, and from the spiritual to the celestial. The time is coming when man shall see from a more clerated.

standpoint , Dr. Hill offered the following:

Resolved. That the best form of government is that: which would be based on a true universal system of education, applied to all, universally supported with. the same amount of means as are usually required to

carry on ordinary governments with penal codes. In support of the resolution, he thought we were not wise enough to govern ourselves yet, though we-had never had an opportunity to try it. Governments are only to strengthen the strong, from the weakness of the weak. We are nothing but tools in. the hands of political demagogues.

Wm. Huddleston .- We are cursed with dogmas and institutions. Crush them down. Cease to do. I claim practicality. i would not vote for any authority to inflict penal codes over us, and have not

for twenty years. Dr. Hall .- Law is necessary to control the lions and tigers and monkeys of society. The penitentiary is no terror to honest, upright men. The dewdrop will nourish the flower, but the gentle rain.

still more. Let us examine ourselves, not condemn

our erring brother; let us give him the hand that will attract him to our sphere. The Resolution then passed as the sense of the meeting, and was ordered on the minutes as such.

BUNDAY MORNING.

After listening to several pieces of music by Bro. Harris, Mrs. Coppy appeared on the stand, entranced. and gave an invocation, and then addressed the audience. We listened to your discussion, this morning, and were glad. Here is a free platform, wide and broad enough to hold all mankind. Jeaus stood centuries in advance of his day, teaching love and mercy. We would say a word to the mothers of Humanity. Let the God within you train itself, and it will need the aid of no man. We have women who have been to college, and trained, and trained, till they are finished, and oh God, what a finishing! There are women here, to-day that cannot talk of maternity or wifehood, and yet can fritter away their Godbood with an intoxicated man in the brothel or ball-room. So long as women will fritter away their time in punching holes in cloth, to sew it up, to adorn their persons, we shall have no better womanhood. We would not have laws made by such butterflies. The Orthodox mother sends her child to a training school, where it is taught to fear God. Stop training your children, and go to governing yourselves. You need to so live that you show the father in every act. The mother of Washington is reverenced, respected, and idolized. The father is hardly ever mentioned. Did he train her? When woman lives to the highest ideas of her womanhood, her rights will at once be granted. Men are not all fools, and when you lay aside the foolish frittering of your time, they will respect you. Woman must be protected, because she has got into the habit of leaning on man! When Florence Nightengale walked through the hospitals of the Crimea, she needed no protection but her own inherent virtue, and she has adorned the age in which she lived, and lent a lustre to it.

Dr. Hill .- Will the spirit controlling give its views whether man is capable of being governed without penal codes?

Aus.-We think the majority of men are capable. Instead of housing up every poor criminal, if we would teach them love, it would soon change the whole features of society.

Dr. Hill .- Must we teach by reformatory, or by retaliatory measures?

Ans .- By reformatory alone. Conscience, if directed aright, will govern properly. How many of you face your sins? How many of you do not dare to be alone? You fear to think of your own sins; but when you pass the portale of time you will have to face them.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON-GENERAL CONFERENCE.

Bro. Kates could never see any reason in the Orthodox notions of the day, but just fell in like others

without asking why.
Wm. Huddleston.-We are all bound under religious and political bonds. Our meetings are controlled by dogmatic power. He objected to every class of organization.

Dr. Bailey thought Uncle Seth Hinshaw had better enlarge his hall. Last year everybody thought he was wasting money in building it so large, but to-day it is crowded to its utmost capacity. Many very appropriate remarks were made by

Dr. Hall, of Greenfield, and Sisters Cuppy, Cook, Moody, and others.

At three o'clock, Bro. Harris gave us the beautiful

Mrs. Cuppy, entranced, contrasted Spiritualism with Christianity. Would not cast a slur on the tenchings of the Apostles. Thought their teachings adapted to the wants of the day in which they lived. But the whole truth was not told at that day and time. The Ninetcenth Century is producing truths that had not been uttered before. If Peter, James and John professed to be inspired by God direct, it cannot be great presumption in the Spiritualists of to day, to say they are inspired by the spirits of their departed friends. You are, too many of you, bowing down and worshiping the golden calf of public opinion. You are afraid to investigate Spiritualism, for fear you cannot sit in the higher circles of fashion. There is a terrible danger awaiting Spiritualism. It is going to be popular, and then you will "I always thought there was something in it." You blame us for not giving our tests and miracles in public, forgetting that Jesus performed his so-called miracles in the presence of only a few. The great miracle of the Transfiguration by only two persons. You say Spiritualism comes through such insignificant sources! They sit at tables to hear raps! Jesus, when he spat on the ground and made clay to anoint the eyes of the blind, was only fulfilling conditions. We merely have to do the same. If Jesus, who was God, could not do certain things because of their unbelief, how can you demand like things of poor fallible mediums. Spiritualism comes to convince you what Christianity and the Bible never could prove to you, that we She then proposed to answer questions.

Dr. Hall .- is there any difference between the

miracles of Jesus and those of mediums now? Ans .- Our miracles are as far ahead of those of Jesus, as the enlightenment of the present day is ahead of his day. Jacob's ladder has never been drawn up, and the angels are still ascending and descending.

Several other pertinent questions were asked, and appropriately answered.

At night, the yearly meeting closed, having passed

resolutions of regret at the absence of Bro. Finney. of Ohio, expressing great sympathy for him and his afflicted family, and that the absence of Bro. F. had been richly supplied by the presence of Sister Cuppy.

Oct. 22, 1862.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

E. B. F., New York.—We are so completely overwhelmed with long essays, on a great variety of subjects, sent us for publication, that were the BANNER double its present size, we should be unable to accommodate all our correspondents. We have no doubt but that the matter you refer to would be interesting to many readers, but we cannot promise, for the reasons alluded to above, to print such an article. We must not deviate from the course laid down by us at the commencement of this sheet, viz., to give variety-literary, scientific, spiritual, etc.

E. H., PHILADELIEIA.-The books you ordered have. been forwarded. We will investigate the matter you refer to, and ascertain if the orders ever reached this office.

J. R. J., Lyons, Mich.-Your letters have been received. Thank you for your endeavors in our be-

A PHEENOLOGICAL STUDENT.—We have n't room for your long essay.

Correspondence in Brief.

Mr. Epiron-I live in a region of comparative spiritual darkness, with but few congenial associates, and hence I prize your BANNER as did the children of Israel the light in their dwellings when darkness reigned in Egypt. The philosophy of Spiritualism I deem God's crowning gift of good to man, and I glory in its demonstrating light, in the eternal day which is ere long to dawn upon the pathway of the

now benighted and desponding of our race. You may recken upon my subscription to the BANNER as long as I have the means to pay for it. Calemet Village, Wis. . GRONGE WHITE.

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the vock ending at date.

Bunner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29. 1862.

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ROOM NO. S. UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS. " FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

To Agents and Clubs.

On and after December 1st, our subscription price will be uniformly Two Dollars a year-One Dollar for six months. No discount to clubs or agents.

We make this change only in obedience to an imperative necessity, in consequence of the greater cost of material and increased expense of publication. We can give no assurance of permanent adtinues to advance.

Housekeeping.

have done the subject pretty well, so far as the prof s, a little volume of sentiment, of suggestions, of untouched within our easy reach. recorded shifts and ingenuities in the business of getting along and making home happy, and of actual experience-spiritual and silent-in the pursuit ments of the nature.

there. Home must not be a mere attachment to still the fires will shine in the faces of happy chilthe one place where he goes with all his outside erations. We are bound by every tie and associaeach in its fit place and there enjoy their fruits. It is ing the year. It is crowded with familiar associaonly at home that he can pretend to incorporate the tions, that have become hallowed to us all. There is ances better than wife and children, his heart has other annual festival. It is a national feast-day failed to find his true balance. He may be driving We should not think the winter come, if we had not business-mercantile, mechanical, agricultural, or first passed our dear old Thanksgiving. professional—he may be making money as fast as he would like to, but he must think more of his home spot and his little family than he does of all else, or he does not know what it is to live.

The boarding system is a false one-entirely and they are frivolous-which belong to modern society. respondence of Gen. "Ben. Butler." We agree that how have secured a place to set up their new household gods in. They foined nands, and began life a way of "hitting the nail square upon the head, together; and, generally speaking, they led far wiser and clinching it with a twist of humor," that has and healthier lives than we do, though they had to not been surpassed by any writing of their kind. go without a great many of our luxuries and effemi- We might instance his letter home in defence of his

intold delight in the very cares and homely econothis, run over the private life of such a man as Sir war bring out a discovery so refreshing as this. Walter Scott, of Robert Southey, and of Wordsworth. But we, in this our day, have seemed desirious to turn almost every habit and enjoyment into something that has an air of business about it; we wear lives. The strictly domestic idea and sentiment has year, there have been manufactured there the folbeans, that he may have the genuine baked beans dred barrels of powder. out of his own home oven! Nor are the letters of Thomas Jefferson to his two daughters, on whom he lavished as much tenderness of affection as Aaron Burr did upon his lamented Theodosia, any the less interesting than those of our own Webster.

How many little resources are made happily avail-They are just like the thousand springs on a hillgreen and fresh around. How many minute economies are practiced, by one and the other, from year's were of themselves new and sweet revelations of character! What scope there is within the household for the practice of self-denial, of forbearance, of silent patience, of steady affection, which would have to wither and die for lack of sustenance in any other life than this! Here all the homely, personal virtues take root and flourish-or they do it nowhere on earth. There is no soil like the home soil, there is no atmosphere like the home atmosphere, for in in white the complete with the

We hold the old attics, the dark cellar corners, the mysterious bine, and all that sort of thing, as close to our heart as we do any other feature of the housekeeping arrangement. What child but reverts to the swing in the garret, to the sound of the pattering rain on the roof, to the plays with old sidesaddles and broken bits of ancient obina in the garret, on Saturday afternoons especially, with more pleasure than to almost any other era in his brief career! The musical trickle of the summer rain in the hogshead at the back porch is better than the song of Grisi or Patti or Laborde. At the fire, with cat and dog near by, a sense of comfort, and dry-

'If authority were worth more than personal experience in this matter, we could go to the pages of the Speciator, of old Montaigne, and of Bacon, for quotations which should satisfy the most obstinate doubter. We should be glad to have our readers peruse the story of Sir Roger de Coverly, as told by the graceful pen of Addison, and see what enjoyment was to be had among the country people of England, in their own homes and on their own estates, during the last century. The pages of Dr. Franklin's "Poor Bichard! are stuck all over with pithy laconisms, and homely scraps of wisdom and thrifty suggestions, on the subject of housekeeping and the home life. And the list could be extended through the whole range of English literature.

We have got to come back to the old fashioned home-keeping, home-cherishing ideas, in this country, before we can even begin to be "saved." The sweetness of the life contained in them is the savor which we need to make our society even endurable; much less enjoyable. We have been painted and gilded, upholstered and carpeted, draperied and betassled, coached and plated, nearly to death; now let us come back to first principles again, and try and be natural and healthy, as becomes sensible herence even to these rates, if the price of paper con. men and women. Let us fasten our thoughts more intently on the quietness and breadth of life at home, and give over this pursuit of halls and saloons, of streets and stores, of gauds and shows. It We have many a time thought that a right pleas- will require nothing like a sacrifice to do it; we only ant, and certainly a profitable, volume might be need to change out, views, which we can readily do written, by some one who knew how to do it from by seeking in actual experiment for a new experiexperience and from a harmonious development, on ence. When that cape has been doubled, we shall the delights of Housekeeping. The "Cook Books" look back with remorseful surprise to find how trivial and false have been our aims, and how blind we its of the thing are concerned; what is wanted now have been to the wealth of happiness which has lain

The Thanksgiving.

Let us all give thanks this week, because the of the occupation. For two persons to agree to live Lord has still been the good Lord to us beyond any together all their lives beneath one roof, to occupy measure of our deserts. We may well be thankful the same rooms, to eat at the same table, to draw for all things that are sent, even for this war, with: around the same hearth-fire, and to rear (it may be) its unwritten agontes and woes. It is the work of brood of young immortals who shall go their way the surgeon, who is thus cutting out of the national out of the nest just as the birds go, every summer body the foul cancer that threatened to destroy its season - is a sight which ought to suggest the most entire vitality. Nothing can happen which does not varied thoughts and excite the profoundest senti- bring its own-great good with it. At the table, this year, will be missed many and many a familiar To keep house well, one must let his heart centre face and form, as they were missed a year ago : but pusiness, but business ought to be merely a provider dren around the hearth in the evening, as they and caterer for home. A man should regard it as shone in the children's faces of past days and gennoardings, whether of money or anything else, to fix tion to cherish this day as we cherish no other durnew experiences of each day. If he loves acquaint- a fragrance about the very name, that goes with no not yet been touched as it should be, and he has now. New England having made it hallowed first.

A New Literature.

We are on the watch for new things, especially if they promise to be better than the old. Mr. Richard Grant White asserts that we really have the hints unqualifiedly so. It is a humbug, a mushroom that of a new style and quality of literature; and he dehas sprouted out of modern notions—as untrue as clares it is to be found in the orders and official cor-Our fathers and mothers never thought of such a there is no imitation in anything he has said or thing as boarding, after getting married; they would done. "Ben" is as asiginal as he can be, dependhave waited before marrying, but they would some- ing altogether upon his own resources in "getting along. Mr. White says that these documents have order relative to secesh women, who were in the Our greatest and best men in the past have taken | habit of insulting his soldiers. "By reading them." (his productions,) says Mr. White, "the ma mies of housekeeping; not thinking it beneath with the weight of the grand style, or fretted with them at all, but rather lifting it up by the attention | the flippancy of the familiar, may obtain real menthey bestowed upon such things. To be satisfied of tal refreshment." It is something to have had this

Doings over at the Arsenal.

Eight hundred hands are employed at the Watertown Arsenal, and arrengements are making for scarcely any but business clothes, we talk in busi- even an increased force. Two additional buildings ness phrases, we affect only business manners, and are soon to go up, at a cist of \$75,000. During the we think there is no pleasure but in purely business three months of April, Nay, and June, of the present been put out of sight and regard. Read the letters lowing articles: 98 field gun carriages. I carriage of Washington, and see how a great man like him. for a 12-inch rifled gun, 29 casemate carriages for with the cares of a nation's life weighing on his 8-inch guns, 9 morter tods, 21,292 rounds of field shoulders, could enjoy the quiet delights of home gun ammunition, 10,500 fuses, 4,050 brass fuse and housekeeping occupations. Or turn to the re- plugs with mouth pieces, 9,787,000 rifle cartridges, porded experiences of Daniel Webster, as, for instance, 1,846,000 musket cartridge, and 714 war rocketswhere he sends all the way from Washington to Mas. or, in all, nearly twelve milion separate articles and sachusetts for a box of native New England white pleces. The powder storchouse contains five hun-

The Rain.

Even a chilling, drizzly November rain is a pleasure to the heart that can rightly understand it. It is a delight to go out on the hills, and see the gray storm come folding itself fround the landscapeable in housekeeping, which would never appear in walls, trees, woods, everything gradually covered up the semi public life of a boarding-house or a hotel! from the sight, and creation seeming to be sailing off into unknown seas through thick banks of fog side, generally unnoticed, but making all things and mist. Then, the prospet of Winter comforts and coziness is full of satisfiction. The Summer is ended, the Harvest is over, and roofs and firesides end to year's end, which really endear the wife to are going to be in demand. We verily think there the husband and the husband to the wife, as if they is about as much pleasure to be squeezed out with these rains of late autumn a there is to be sipped up with the sparkling dews o early June.

Dr. P. B. Raudolih's Lectures.

We understand that this talated gentleman, whose journey to the Orient we noticd some time since, is expected home soon, and we se requested to notify the public that he will, through the agency of his wife. (Mrs. Dr. Randolph, Utia, N. Y.,) make engagements to lecture in the valous cities and towns of the Union, before Lyceurs, or otherwise, on Egypt and the Orient," " Th Sphinz of Egypt," Ghosts, Magic, and Medicine inthe Orient," etc., etc.

Mr. Randolph is a, man of more than ordinary talents, intuitive to a remarkble degree, and we have no doubt but that in hi late researches in Egypt he his gathered a fund oknowledge both useful and idstructive.

We shall probably soon public an advertisement giving fuller particulars in regsi to his lectures.

Back Numbers Vanted.

ness, and security gently stealing over the thoughts, we are in want of a single dy of No. I of the there are no pleasures of the tumultuous sort that first vol. of the Banks; also NG of the same vol. can compare with them for a moment. The Ror which copies we will pe 25 cents per copy. The Spirit Photographs.

If Spiritualism is not a delusion, or the operation of some hitherto unknown physical phenomenon, this mortal coil," we should naturally expect develcoments of a higher and higher order following each other, confirming its previous manifestations, and fants of its reality, proving by the most incontestible evidence the heaven born character and object of its mission. This has actually been its history, At first, appearing among the lowly and common

place sort of people with raps and table-movings. then writing, speaking, vision-seeing, confounding a bevy of Buffalo Doctors, who tried to prove it all toe and knee joints. Next, inspired preachers, in the female form take the rostrum, and overturn whole phalanxes of theologies and creeds, dumbfounding and giving the lie direct to regiments of Rev. erend Doctors of Divinity, stripping their churches of believers, and annihilating the best contrived plans for great religious awakenings and powerful revivals, which only leave a moral desolation, till the operators find it impossible to excite the least "serious interest" in their congregations, and spiritual patients utterly refuse longer to patronize their old fashioned quack nostrums. Then the field of Science is invaded, and Professor Faraday endeavors to prove table movements by involuntary muscular action. But the ink which printed his exposé was hardly dry before tables moved without contact with the medium, or other person.

Next appears President Mahan, as a giant of Science and Logic, with a duodecimo volume, four hundred pages, threatening utter demolition. This was promptly met by another, a real giant, Professor Hare, with an octavo of six hundred pages, scattering the first giant and his arguments into invisi-

Then the new invader intrudes itself within the hallowed and time-honored walls of Harvard University, where learned savans, whose minds are heavenward bent, explore through million magnify. ling telescopes the measureless vastness of stellar universes, or dive beneath the surface of things terraqueous, and investigate microscopic minutim in

"The wonders of the deep, Where mackerel swim and porpoise play, And crabs and lobsters creep:"

An "investigating committee" must be appointed to probe the pestilent interloper to its basis, and disnel the "stupendous delusion." Well, the Commit tee published to an anxiously inquiring world the important fact that they, the said Committee, did not know as much as they thought.

The immense field of art has been intruded upon to some extent, by portraits of departed mortals, who have put on the form of immortality, sometimes by mediums in an unconscious state, or in a condition fully conscious in an incredibly short space of time, and in the dark, pictures have been produced which were recognized by relatives as good likenesses. These were of various degrees of merit, in an artistic point, varying from bad to indifferent and good, but none of remarkable excellence, nurported to be inspirational, and were really excellent in drawing and execution. Coming events always ast their shadows before, and we might infer that by the very law of Progress, higher and more advanced results would appear in due season.

Some eight years ago, a Daguerrian operator was sent by spirit direction from New Orleans to Boston, prayer. for an interview with a very highly sensitive medium, who gave him some instructions about the taining the impression of a star on the silver plate. other operators have attempted similar experiments, a close fitting dress, visible only to the waist. is unknown.

About four years ago a lady in the western of the country had her portrait shotographed, when a spirit friend was also seen on the plate.

half the time required for the full operation, then through it." moving away, giving the objects behind it the other scope," and they are wonderful and truthful representations of spiritual appearances, more to the very but transparent, so the figures of a clock-dial are easily read through the head of his ghostship.

Another is, the closet scene in Hamlet, where the the Queen, and all material objects, are quite dis- it is legitimate-no counterfeit.

Another is called "The Angels' Whisper," repre-The figures composing it consist of a child asleep, two angels remained in position during the whole operation, and would be equally distinct, with the the whole of it. other objects; but a spiritual effect is given them by a broad beam of light enveloping them, produced by waving a white wand between them and the camora during the operation. It is a little singular that Sir David should have suggested a method of producing spirit pictures so original and truthful, when he is a most intensely bitter anti-Spiritualist.

one help forward the work he was laboring so val- in colors. The state of the state orously to destroy?]

These two instances in the daguerrian art would

this new manifestation is particularly needed at the the features very grave, and solemn. The dress is present time to reach the Art Fraterity, which no not distinct but so its it can be perceived in an

Landa Land M. Araba M. Arthrope Section .

other form of Spiritualism can do. Although constantly engaged in a Divine Art, the majority of artists are grossly material, with but very vague ideas but really the work, of those, who have "shuffled off of a future life, if any at all. Turner, the English Landscape Painter, was notorious for his extreme materialistic notions. In this particular he has many followers both sides the Atlantic. Now spirit unfolding more clearly, deeper and more profound photographing brings the matter so palpably before them as to attract their attention and compel inquiry from the most skeptical, divested of the yulgar and despised "spirit rappings," though it is but a branch of the same tree in a higher and more advanced stage of progress.

By a parity of reasoning, from past experience, we might readily conclude that still further, and more important results would flow from these incipient stages of a new series of manifestations. At a friend's house, the other evening, a medium was influenced, who described the process of this phase, and said that other mediums were in process of development, who would produce similar results in different parts of the country ere long. As operators better understood the subtle nature

of their chemicals, and spirits had more thoroughly become skilled in the operation, landscape scenes of Spirit Life would be photographed. These would be followed by prophetic visions of the future, in tableaux or groups of figures, presaging coming events by unmistakable pictorial representations.

A description of these pictures would give distant readers, who have no opportunity of examining them, a faint idea of their peculiarities:

They are ordinary cartes de visite, but with a faint additional figure, not defined by a distinct, sharp outline, but vapory, semi indefinite. The whole of the figure is not displayed, usually, only the head and bust.

The first is a portrait of the medium, W. H. Mumler, with one hand on a chair, the other holding the black cloth covering just taken from the camera. In the chair sits a half-defined female form, apparently about twelve or fourteen years old. This was at once recognized as a deceased female relative. A cloudy vapor hovers about the head of this spirit, an . effect we never before saw in any sun picture. One we have seen has a faint disc of light about the head. as if luminous rays were shooting outward, but all stop at a determined circular outline. Two others have a similar effect, but the circle is sufficiently large to enclose the whole figure, if the card were of greater dimensions.

The second picture taken by this medium has a lady spirit sitting on a chair, with a white, undefined mass of something behind her, like two, or three pillows. The features are quite sunken, with a serious expression. We are told this is a likeness of the spirit sister of Mr. J. J. Ewer, as she looked i when wasted by consumption. The father of the deceased fully recognizes the likeness, as do the rest of the family.

The next is an elderly lady, leaning on a chair, in which sits a faintly defined form of a young man playing upon a guitar. This figure is shown more fully than the last, one leg being visible to below the knee, the other not being visible at all-looks as except a few heads of an ideal character, which if moved, leaving only a blur. This was at once recognized as a deceased brother, who made guitars, and was fond of playing upon them.

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Another is a female figure leaning upon a chair. the hands placed together, and eyes elevated as in prayer. The spirit appears of a larger size, the face and bust only visible. The face is elevated, as if in

Another is a gentleman sitting with the edge of a white marble table near him. The spirit is bechemicals, which he followed, and succeeded in ob- hind him, and a little smaller, a female figure, with the hair dressed quite plain and Quakerish, a small Whether he pursued the subject further, or whether white collar about the neck, ded with a dark ribbon

A gentleman from Illinois sat for his portrait. aised the right hand as if holding something He was told that was a very uncouth attitude, but he said, "No matter; take it, so." When the plate After the stereoscope was invented, and the Art- was developed, behold there sat upon the raised arm world were being astonished and delighted by its a child, leaning its head upon the sitter's shoulder. wonderfully life-like plotures, Sir David Brewster This child is not very clearly defined; it appears suggested a method of photographing spirit appear- a little larger than in nature, as if nearer the camances, by having a figure dressed to represent the erathan the arm it sits upon. The dress is transunearthly visitor, and standing in position during just parent, with the hand and arm of the sitter seen

Here is another, an elderly lady, in a dark dress half, to impress their image faintly on the negative standing by a chair. The spirit of her deceased plate. The result was "the ghost in the stereo- husband is with her, a man evidently older; the figure about the size of the lady. A standing collar is visible on one side, the other turned down; black life than one previous art efforts of that character. peck-stock, white shirt bosom. The other portion of the ghost is unficiently distinct to be clearly seen the costume not distinctly defined. This is Isaac Babbitt inventor of the celebrated Babbitt metal: The lady referred to above is Mrs. Babbitt, the wife of the deceased, who assures us that the picture redisembodied spirit of his late Danish Majesty appears presents her husband as he appeared in his last illto his son. The ghost is a large sized figure in armor, ness, and she pronounces it, unequivocally, a good but so vapory that the pattern of a tapestried screen likeness, and knows that she has not been deceived is visible through it, while the figures of Hamlet, by the artist. She is willing to make affidavit that The next is a portrait of Luther Parks, an elderly

gentleman, well known in this city, sitting with his senting the Irish legend that when a child smiles in hat on. The spirit in this picture is entirely unlike it's sleep, it is a sign the angels are whispering to it. any of the others... It is a female figure floating in the air, the hair combed back over the head, a loosethe mother kneeling by it with her hands clasped, fitting dress with short, loose sleeves gathered in at the and an expression on her countenance of most ex- elbow; a bracelet on the left fore arm, which is ex quisite parental tenderness, two angels, one kneeling | tended, with a wreath of flowers in the hand, toward upon the floor and gently lifting the drapery off the the gentleman. The right hand is pressed against child; the other in a position nearly horizontal, the side, and over the head (not on it) floats a with wings upon its shoulders, as if flying. These wreath of flowers. This spirit is quite transparent, the folds of a curtain being distinctly seen through

Dr. Wm. B. White has two photographs taken at the same time, one, a lady, in front, and another back of a chair. These spirits have been with him many years, he says. He is a clairvoyant, and has great faith, as he sees the spirits and talks with them. They told him, eight years ago, the time would come when a group sitting at a table would [Query.-Did not some well disposed spirit put have their photographs with their spirit friends taken him up to it, and laugh in his sleeve while making together. Still further: that they would be taken

The last we shall notice at this time, is a gentleman of commanding figure, noble bearing, and seem precursors of the last development—spirits highly dignified demeanor, well known in the busisitting for a carte de visite. ness community, particularly to express agents, This last phase of spirit manifestation, the most stands by a chair, in which sits the form of a young startling and direct to the point of all in the history man reading a book. Another picture of the same of super-mundane intercourse, seems to cover all the gentleman has the dim form of Daniel Webster near ground, and presents a positive evidence which none him. The statesman is recognised at a processing of the old opposition sophisms can possibly touch bears a close resemblance to portrait; painted in the An entirely new class of arguments must be hatched latter portion of his lifetime—the sunken cheeks parby the Materialists, not merely to meet this new fact, tiquiarly. The top of the head is bald, with the but to controvert the previous developments. And hair combed up from each side. The expression of

like spything in the painted or engraved portraits in the lound an DAPITAL TEST. but elightly resembles the costume on the Washing ton statue in the State House; mearly half the fig. ing to be in Boston, I had a curiosity to investigate, ure is displayed, and is a little larger than the mor- so far as I had the opportunity, the wonderful manital, as if nearer the instrument is is quite trans, festation of spirit power, said to doour at Mrs.

attendant on this gentleman, always manifesting his upon which were said to appear the likenesses of presence whenever a sultable medium available, persons who are now dwellers in the spheres. I had and according to the law, that like attracts like, interest enough to sit myself, and the result of that should Webster seek the society of one so congenial sitting I propose to give to your readers. to his mental atmosphere, where the two could read. I was permitted to go into the "dark room" with ily assimilate without jarring discord. This gentle- the operator, and I saw another figure, beside my of identity.

of the lips, are too distinct. An unprincipled oper. extract: ator might succeed in a few cases, but to carry it on ate detection—that it would hardly pay.

most common is, "All humbug," a phrase we rather begin to like, having heard it so often. Webster once told an audience at Abington, "It is a humset the skeptical world-humming in a new key.

ter." This is almost too absurd to need an answer. tants of the "unseen world." I could not resist If it were the cause, photographs of the mind would the inclination to say this much in relation to these have been developed before, which is not the case. plotures, and if you deem it of sufficient importance Besidea, there must appear only the thought; but to give it a place in your paper, I shall be abunhere are portraits wholly foreign to the mind or dantly satisfied. Yours for truth, wish: In one instance, an elderly lady is the spirit, unknown to any one present. Others say it is by an arrangement of mirrors, by which an image is reflected spon the plate. But such an arrangement would be instantly detected, even allowing the operator could obtain the likeness of some friend deceased, which would be an almost impossible at:

| Comparison of the control of the contr tempt in but a few cases. Will the opposition try some other elucidation? ONWARD.

FROM DR. CHILD.

more and more the genuineness of this new phase of the secured the likeness of his departed wife and Spiritual manifestations. This manifestation is a mighty one, if true. There has not been a greater the letter gives us renewed confidence in the reliamighty one, if true. There has not been a greater revelation from the heavens to the earth for the last and wonderful exhibition of spirit power." eighteen centuries than this one, at least, that so signally shall show the fact of the immortality of hu- of the 22d inst. And in this connection we print a man souls to the unbelieving world. So it may not letter from the gentleman referred to above, bearing be deemed ungenerous, at first, to scrutinize it with date the most rigid scrutiny. The severest examination has been permitted by Mr. Mumler, and practiced Mr. Epiron—Having been informed by Mr. Wm. H. by various persons daily, since its discovery; the Mumler that you desired to give publication in your by various persons daily, since its discovery; the interesting journal of my investigation, inquiring into result of which with every one, we believe, has been the possibility and genuineness of Mr. M.'s wonderful a deep conviction of its genuineses. One outside forms, etc. it will give me much pleasure in detailing fact in regard to Mr. Mumler, will go a great ways with business men, to establish the truthfulness of ceived. And inasmuch as I have been commissioned his claims in spirit photographing, which is this His by Messrs. A. J. Davis & Co., you can rest assured that I was resolved, if permitted, to allow nothing to precedents are good; his character is that of an honest, faithful, industrious young man, free from tinual practice in this particular branch—that is, negatricks and deception. It is an old saying, and a very tive on glass, and positive on paper from negative—I felt, and yet feel, competent to detect any form of

pretences.

retendes.

The investigations of many persons have revealed hus far, nothing that causes the least doubt of Mr.

Inwher's honesty. thus far, nothing that causes the least doubt of Mr.

Mumler's honesty. The opposing world outside of Spiritualism is telling all kinds of stories about these pictures—is trying to fabricate all that genius can invent to account for this wonderful phenomenon. The best and oldest photograph artists in Boston are unanimous in declaring that they know no means by which these pictures—claimed to be spiritual—can be produced, as Mr. Mumler produces them.

spirit photographs would be made, has been foretold where Mr. Mumier now operates, we understand, that while sitting for her picture, Miss Nellie Coggswell had the following appear on her arm: "In five years, spirit-pictures will be made in this room." Dr. H. T. Child, of Philaplelphia, says: "My

guardians told me two years since that spirit-photographs would be taken just as they are, in a communication to Robert Dale Owen."

same thing has been foretold.

permitted to investigate the process to the extent of graphic process, for the reason that yellow glass his desires, and carried a negative off to another shuts out or absorbs the chemical rays. We have We, may possibly hear " a report " from him.

a thorough examination, and assisted all through which he had the picture of a spirit." And he said chemical rays. We know that heat may be reflected that he detected in deception, and could not account, by surfaces which do not transmit light, and light. for the picture of the spirit.

Large numbers daily apply for plotures who cannot be accommodated. Engagements are already made for some weeks ahead

who come to Boston expecting to have plotures we are enabled to heat and light our dwellings. The taken the same day, that they had better first write themical rays seem to be more attenuated, or spirit to Mrs. Smart, 258 Washington affect. Roston, hallsed, and do not enter into combination with or, Mass, asking her to appoint a time for their site gand bodies, but not rather as the master workman times. tings. It is to (

MR. Epiron On the 8th of this month, happenparent, the chair, being quite distinct behind it. Stuart's rooms, No. 258 Washington street. I ex-The spirit of Webster purports to be a constant amined there a number of specimens of pictures,

man has received from Webster a private signal, by own, developed upon the plate. Being unable to which he is able to identify his presence, and there- wait for the picture, I came home, and, a few days fore is not liable to be imposed upon by any bogus after, copies were sent to me. At first, although the spirit. While in position for this picture, he expe- face of the spirit figure was familiar, I did not rerienced the usual signal, thus adding another proof cognize it, as I confess I was looking for some one of my relatives; but soon I recognized the countenance As might be anticipated, base imitations of these of a young friend of mine, who died in Augusta. Me., photographs are manufactured already. This is some three or four years since. He was not in my easily done with another negative being held in con- mind when I sat for the picture, and I had hardly tact with the one bearing the portrait of the sitter, thought of him for months. Immediately I forward. before a gas-light a few seconds, when a faint im- ed one of the pictures to the friends of the young pression is manifest. One of these is not at all man at Augusta, without intimating to them that I successful. The secondary face is too large; the had recognized it. Yesterday I received a letter dark markings of the hair, eyes, nostril, and corners from his sister, from which I make the following

"I received the photograph, and it is my brother for any length of time, or in great numbers, would require such a vast quantity of secondary negatives to wear them. It is as plain a picture to me as the one hanging in my room. We all see it alike, and I think any one who knew him must see the likeness at ate detection—that it would hardly pay.

The opponents of Spiritualism attempt to explain ed of seeing any of our friends on your picture. I hope, however, that the test will make up for the most common is. "All humbur," a phrase we rath. flatter, but this is a true likeness.
Augusta, Me., Nov. 16, 1862."

From this extract, it will be seen that the test is bug-a hum the whole world shall yet hear, and a complete, and I cannot see how any reasonable perbug no poison will ever kill." So the old bug has son can come to any conclusion other than that these wonderful and startling pictures are indeed Another explanation is: "The mind of the sit- what they claim to be-the work of the inhabi-

> JOSEPH B. HALL. Portland, Me., Nov. 17, 1862.

> > MORE EVIDENCE.

"We are happy to be able to promise for our next a plicit confidence, that we gave him a letter of intro-duction to Mrs. Stuart and Mr. Mumler. who have allowed him every desired facility for examining every part of the process. The result we shall publish in full next week. It

FROM DR. CHILD.

will suffice now to say that the gentleman siluded to
was permitted not only to watch every step of the pro-

The above extract is from the Herald of Progress

true one in the moral world, viz: "Show me what a man's precedents are, and I will show you what that man is to-day."

There is another outside consideration that argues strongly in favor of Mr. Mumlers's claims, viz: "If glass upon which Mr. M. proposed that a spirit form and mine should be imparted, never letting my eyes these pictures are not spiritual, but a deception, Mr. and mine should be imparted, never letting my eyes these pictures are not spiritual, but a deception, Mr. Mumler exposes himself to a very severe penalty of the glass until it had gone through the whole of the law, which is, for obtaining money under false a picture of myself and, to my utter astonishment-

> thing, more perfect results than on the first trial, I have been obliged to endorse its legitimacy. vestigations, as described above, and received, if Respectfully yours, WM. GUAY.

ANOTHER SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPH ARTIST. Dr. Gardner, accompanied by Robert Dale Owen. each sat for a spirit picture on Thursday last, with successful results. The artist is a member of the It proves that for some years past the fact that church, and feels conscientious scruples about taking such pictures, for he thinks that Spiritualism is the through a large number of mediums, all through work of the devil. Dr. Gardner thinks his medium the country. Five years ago lin the very room powers are very strong, and that excellent pictures will be made through them.

> SPIRIT PHOTOGRAHY SCIENTIFICALLY CONSIDERED.

When we consider that light, by the aid of which the artist takes pictures, is composed of three elements, producing three distinct effects, viz: illumination heat, and chemical changes, and that these By a large number of mediums in Boston and vi- may be separated, each from the others, the mystery, cinity, and in various other places, far and near, the of photographing spirits is measurably removed. If an artist were to glaze his windows with glass stained The Professor of Law at Harvard College has been | yellow, he could not take pictures by the photoartist with the picture of himself and a spirit on it; been in the habit of supposing that a body must be tangible to the physical sight in order to impinge its A Photograph operator has been permitted to make form upon the sensitive plate placed in the camera for that purpose; but there is no fact in philosophy the process of taking his own picture, accompanying that disproves the power of a spirit form to reflect is often turned from its course without its usual accompaniment, heat.

There is, moreover, a bit of philosophy which I have contended for, the last few years, which seems Great interest is manifested, in regard to this new calculated to elucidate this subject more fully. phase, not only in the ranks of Spiritualism, but Light, and heat, (oplorio) are elementary substances; also by those who have heretofore taken but little and enter into the constitution of all organic bodies interest in the subject. Ministry doctors, lawyers, in equivalent proportions with other matter—conjudges, mayors, professors, and amany business men, stituent elements of the three—as positively as the ere more particularly nimong the listerested ones. carbon, oxygen and hydrogen. When thus combined Stupid fault-finders and self righteds critics will they become latent, or loss their sensible properties undoubtedly be its unmerolful maligners and deadly ditte decomposition takes place, as in combustion or opposers for sense time to come.

decay, when they are set free, or become again sense. It may be well to suggest to people out of town, ble to the senses. By virtue of this law it is that A.B.C. 11 In derauging the other elements, and hence it is deternoon and evening

that we do not get chemical effects from artificial light, or that which is set free from the combustion of organized substances. Light and heat being mamaterial elements, require a material body or substance tangible to the senses, in order that they may be reflected, while the chemical rays may be reflected or imparted from a spirit form intangible to the physical vision.

Thus it is that a spirit occupying a position before camera may impinge its form upon the sensitive plate, though not discernable by the physical eyethe form not sufficiently dense to reflect the illuminating rays, may yet be sufficiently material, so as to reflect the chemical rays, which alone are instrumental in the production of a photographic picture. C. D. GRISWOLD, M. D. Cleveland, Ohio.

We shall keep our readers fully posted in all investigations and developments in regard to Spirit Photography. Our only object is to arrive at the truth in this matter

John Rogers.

We have heard much of this young and rising sculptor for some little time past, and now he appears to be flowering out. He was born in Salem, Mass, and has hitherto followed the trade of a machinist. For a year or so, he studied and observed in Italy. Laterly he has set up distinctly in his profession in New York. He has made himself distinguished, or noticeable, for his quaint and grotesque executions in planter, illustrating alike literary, mil itary, and social socies and characters, and surprispopular from two statuettes, "The Picket Guard" and "harpshooters." He is now engaged on a statuette. Edwin Booth, representing him in the character of "Hamlet." Attention has been attracted to him, for some time, and he now bids fair to make a new sensation in art circles.

Silent Hours.

They who are never alone, communing with themselves, know little of the depth of meaning which life may have for them. In fact, we do not exist in crowds and herds, but alone. We are most profoundly conscious, while we are in the seclusion of solitude. To compel a person to think, or reflect, is to put him in the way of soonest finding himself out. And the iovs of solitary communion—who does not pride them above all others joys, if he once knows and realizes them? Who would exchange them for all he has heard of in connection with the tumultuous lent hours are the best hours of our mortal lives, depend on it.

Love of Nature.

How true is it, that it is astonishing how indiffer. ent mankind are to the enjoyment of the beauties of Nature. The beautiful in Nature has a great many, too many, lukewarm worshipers. For too many Nuture wastes her sweetness on the deserf air Beauty is above, around, and beneath us, yet we do not heed it. We trend on beauty, yet we know it not.: Many are born, live, and pass away, with scarce a glance on the beautiful world in which they live. It makes one thoughtfully sad to realize that it the bloodlest relation I 've got!" is so, but it never will be otherwise, until men begin another system of development and self-culture from that which they esteem such now.

EDITOR BANNER - You with pieles take my infrom your list of lecturers, as I cannot conscientiously permit it to remain there longer. I am convinced that the phenomena of Spiritualism can be accounted for upon scientific principles, independent of a spiritual hypothesis. I have thought differently; but a more thorough acquaintance with the German philosophers on Meutal Science, has convinced me that its origin is purely mundane. Justice to myself and my friends throughout the country demands this avowal through your paper. You will therefore greatly oblige, by publishing this in the BANNER, as it is written, and taking my name from your list of lecturers. Yours very truly,

S. PHELPS LELAND. Hastings, Mich., Nov. 10, 1862.

A friend at our elbow suggests that the above note of friend Leland reminds him of the joke on Bishop Berkley, who held a strange theory, that matter had no existence except in our imaginations, or that this life is all a dream, from which we awake at death. A friend dining with him one day, in. quired, "Do you really believe, Bishop, there is no matter?" "Certainly, certainly," replied the Bishop, "there is no matter." "Well, then, certainly it is no matter what you think." (s. n.

Pay as you Go.

John Randolph once said that motto was the true Philosopher's Stone. He prided himself considerably, too, on the fact that he had found it, when everybody else was so willing to pass it by. There are certain nameless little expenses that persons cannot pay as they go, for the reason that they are current expenses, and perhaps are to be set off with somebody's debit to them t but still, their regular settlement ought to be scrupulously arranged, for, as much so as if the cash was to be paid in hand. One little realizes what a sense of relief goes with the ready payment of his bills. If he would become the capital medium through which advertisers can reach conscious of it, let him make a rule of trying it for a cents per line for each subsequent insertion. a time, and then see if he would consent ever to abandon it again.

Ruling Passion Strong after Death.

A plous church member, in Niagara Co., N. Y., had two daughters, one of whom departed this life, when munications. This greatly enraged the Christian for formars:—Nativity of Jesus Christ; The Genealogy; The Torontalion, Angels; The Lord's Prayer; Casting out Levils; Feeding the Multitudes; Lazarus Raised from the Soon the father went the way of all the world, when the Jonales danghar ventured again to contain the large variety of other sublects of a deanly interesting characteristics. the lonely daughter ventured again to consult the spirits. To her astonishment, the father appeared and upbraided her for her impiety, saying that " none but the devil communicated through mediums." C. D. G.

Notice.

Mr. Colchester, at the request of his Plymouth friends, will give sittings at the rooms in Middle street, on Saturday and Shuday, 39th and 80th instant! Also public circles on Friday, Sturday, and Sunday evenings.

Emma Hardingo in Philadelphia. We learn that Miss Hardinge is lecturing in Philadelphia to overflowing houses, and that an increasing interest in the Spiritual Philosophy is manifest

Miss Lizzie Doten Will speak in Lyconm Hall, in this city, Sunday next, ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

[Digby would be pleased to receive good original bon mots or this column.

The London Spiritual Magazine and the Paris Spiritual Review for November, have just come to hand. They are filled to the brim with interesting spiritual intelligence, some of which we may conv hereafter.

Read the beautiful Poem by Miss Belle Bush, which We print in this issue. It is entitled "THE SHADOW LAND."

Letters addressed to W. P., Anderson, Artist Medium, care of BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, will reach their destination at once.

A person calling himself Professor R. Deeyou, who is located at 9 Bouth Green street, Baltimore, Md., is requested to remit us the amount of his bill, due us for advertising. EMANCIPATION IN KENTUCKY .- Some Kentuckians

say that State is undergoing a revolution upon the slave question, and will soon take a position by the side of Missouri, in favor of compensated emancipa-

Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, was only five hundred and eighty years old when she was married. Courage, ladies !

"There never was a goose so gray, But some day, soon or late, An honest gander came that way, And took her for his mate."

It is said the wheel of fortune revolves for all; but many of us are broken on the wheel.

The public is despotic in its temper; it is capable of ing and delighting all by their fidelity and original expressiveness. He has made his name particularly more than justice, when the appeal is made, as despots love to have it made, entirely to its generosity. - Haw

> A gentleman of rather short memory entered our sanctum the other day, hesitated a moment, and then confusedly inquired if Mr. So and So had called. Diaby, who was napping quietly in his arm chair, roused himself up, not a little annoyed at the abrupt intrusion of the stranger, and instantly replied: " No. sir. You had better inquire at the tailor's shop, opposite."

The Postmaster of San Francisco refuses to take greenbacks for box rent.

THE GRAND ARMY. - A private letter to us from an officer in Burnside's army, dated Camp near Waterloo. 11th inst, says: "We are funnily situated here. We advanced on the rebels from Berlin, driving them some sixty miles; and now, in turn, they have cut off our supplies, and we, at this writing, are minus our regular rations." This, we think, is an awkward predicament for such an immense army to get into. Why supply trains have not been more properly guarded has experiences of what is styled social life? The si. always been a matter of surprise to us. There is incompetency somewhere.

> "Why, my dear Mrs. Smith, what have you done with your piano?" "Oh, Mr. Smith insisted unon my disposing of it and buying instead a sewing machine for each of the girls. He says they will be much more useful and will make less noise."

> There are two classes of disappointed lovers-those who are disappointed before marriage, and the more unhappy ones who are disappointed after it.

> FUNNY MISTAKE .- A little boy asked his mother what "blood relations" meant. She explained to him that it signified near relatives, etc. After thinking a moment, he said, "Then, mother, you must be

> It must be a happy thought to a lover that his blood and that of his aweet-heart mingle in the same-musquito.

... What's powder bringing?" asked a dealer of Squigsby, who was looking over the market report. . replied the funny made .. is heanging the rebels to their senses."

Truth is the great battle axe of Jehovah; wherein His will is surely executed.

The leading book publishers of New York have advanced the trade price of their books from ten to twenty five percent., on account of the increased cost of printing paper.

A true Union woman is like the sugar we get-a combination of sweetness and grit.

The man who does not sea it-The land-lubber.

Nature has written a letter of credit upon some men's faces, which is honored almost whenever preвеnted.

It is related of Rev. Dr. Mason, that he stopped one morning to read a theatrical placard in Broadway, a distinguished actor seeing him, said: "Good morning, doctor; do ministers of the gospel read such things? "Why not, sir?" replied the doctor; " have not ministers of the gospel a right to know what the devil is about as well as other folks?"

... I wonder what makes my eye so weak?" said a loafer to a gentleman. "Why, they are in a weak place," replied the latter.

The publishers of the Zion's Herald have announced that on the first of January its price will be raised from \$1 50 to \$2 per annum. The proprietors of the New York Express have raised the price of their paper.

Mrs. Smith, an excellent test medium, is holding seances in Washington, D. U., with success, we understand. 11 100 6

ADVERTISEMENTS.

As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country,

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IN A SERIES OF INVESTIGATING LETTERS, between a Freethinker and his Deacon Brother-in Law, comprising a variety of brief and familiar Rationalistic Discourses on anumber of the most promines. Lexis and Incidents of Holy Writ, designed to Invite Scrutiny and Remove Indifference, and to insure greater Depth of Thought and Research into the value and reliability of Scriptural Evidence.

large variety of other subjects of a deeply interesting character, for the consideration of people of reflective minds.

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and State. New York, Nov. 10, 1862. Nov. 29. 2₩

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SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS! PERSONS residing at any distance from Boston, desirous to obtain Photographs of their departed friends, by Wr. H. Mumler, will please send for Circular, which gives all particulars. Address, McS. BTUART, Nov. 29. If No. 208 Washington street, Boston. A BOOK FOR MEN AND, WOMEN

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facts his or her own.

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The author rests his statements and conclusions wholly on Nature, unwilling either to thwart her plans or neglect her suggestions. He shows that marriage makes more people actually wretched than happy, because it is not sought with an understanding of the right principles. He proves the utter selfishness and unworthiness of too many marriages, and charges them with woes untold. And he demonatrates very conclusively that, if society would redeem itself and become fresh and new, it must apply Reelf to this most important of all topics first of all. Marriage, in his oninion, is something more than a copartnership, or simply an agreement between two persons to try to live together without quarreling. It must be wholly of Love, or it is a

Everybody will receive benefit from the bright pages of this book.

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abundance, while the lakes and numerous millistreams which water and beautify that region, are well supplied with trout and other choice varieties of fish.

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will be written to the constantly increasing prices of lumber and fuel must render its resources of incalculable value.

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WILL ATTEND FUNERALS. MRS. J. H. CONANT hereby notifies the public that she will engage to attend funerals in Boston and vicinity. She has been induced to make this public announcement at

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., 156 Washington street. tf JUST PUBLISHED.

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UNION SOCIABLES

AT LYCEUM HALL. THE SECOND COURSE OF UNION SOCIABLES will commence at Lyosum Hall, on WEDNESDAY EVEN.*
ING, November 5th, and continue every Wednesday evening through the season.
Package of six tickets, \$5; single tickets, 75 cents. Music by Bond's Quadrille Hand. Dancing to commence at 78-4 c'olock.

Bm Nov 1.

A. B. CHILD M. D., DENTIST

MO. 15 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS

Message Department.

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

thom.
These messages go to show that spirits carry the characterof-their earth-life to that beyond-whether good or

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

Our Stances.—The Scances at which these communications are given are held at the Bannes or Light Office, No. 188 Washington Street, Room No. 3. (up stairs,) every Mondat. Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely anthree o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, November 4—Invocation; Spirit's Explanation of Handwriting upon the Wall of Lord Brougham's Bedchamber; Question and Answer; Melville Gardiner; Rachel Ryder, of Now Orleans, Ls., to her husband; Thomas Comer, of Boston, Mass.; Christopher Hollis.

Thurwlay, Nov 6.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Michael Sullivan, of the 19th Mass. Reg., Co. D; a Poem addressed to his parents, by Eugene B. Tyl-r, of Madison, N. Y.; Sarah Jano Packard, to her mother in New York City; Capt. Joel Winthrop, killed in the battle of South Mountain, to his wife and sons in Norfolk, Va., and his brother, Benjamin, now in the Federal Army.

to his wife and sons in Norfolk, Va., and his brother, Benjamin, now in the Federal Army.

Monday, Nov. 10.—Invocation; Questions and Answers;
William Sawin; Willie Lincoln, son of President Lincoln, to
his father and mother: Charlotte Williams, of Now York.

Turiday, Nov. 11.—Invocation; Questions and Answers;
John Calvin Cregg, of Montpeller, Va.; Laura Frances Voco,
of Italton, Ohio; Margaret O'Brien, to Father McPhail, of
New York.

Invocation.

Oh, thou who art the sun to our days of prosperity and peace, the moon to our midnight of darkness and desolation; thou who art the Spirit of Eternal Truth, who liveth and abideth in our being; thou who art our kind father and our tender mother, and who art forever and forever showering down upon us thy holy beams of love and affection; thou holy one within whose being dwelleth all wisdom and truth, to thee we come this hour, and unto thy most holy name we would render thanks for all thy loving kindness to thy children, as seen in the past, present, and eternal future. Oh, thou spirit of the Most High, when we look around us we behold thy blessings scattered with a liberal hand over all the earth, and though the cypress branch is cast abroad coerywhere, yet, our Father, behind the shadow and the cloud we behold thy smiling face; we perceive the strength of thy right arm of power, and so feel that we are safe. Oh, our Father, we would at this time ask a blessing for that portion of thy children who have not that firm reliance upon thee that we have. And if we would ask for one blessing more than another it is this: that we may be endowed with the power to give unto such of thy children a more perect understanding of thee and thy laws. But whether this power be given us or not, we would feel, oh Divine Spirit, that thou art with us, and we should be satisfied. Amen. Oct. 20. and we should be satisfied. Amen.

Honry Clay.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends, Patriots, Christions, for such we hope you are, and not mere representatives of the dead letter of Christianity, but Christians, such as are recognized as Christians in the courts of Eternal Justice; Christians, that are not afraid of being found mingling their prayers with publicans and sinners; Christians, that have felt the revivifying influence of the Holy Ghost, not the Holy Ghost that means a nothing, but the Holy Ghost which is the Heavenly Spirit of Truth and Love; but whether you style yourselves a Christian people or not, we most carnestly hope that you are so in the fullest and broadest sense of the word; that there are no stains upon your garments; that you rely upon the counsel and protection of the angels, and feel, while they are bending their gaze upon you, that you are honest, not only in your own sight, but also in the sight of Almighty God. My friends, are you aware that you are living between two ages, or between two great epochs of life?

The age of bigotry, superstition; and narrow-mindedness is upon its death bed. It is even now in the last throes of agony. Death is settling upon it, and directly at its right hand may be sten u star, which is soon to burst upon the world in all its regal splendor. A new age is about to be born among you; the old is passing away, is sinking into obliviou. This new age or epoch in life we may call the age of individual liberty and freedom. Bigotry, superstito folly, are dying, passing away, that this new and more harmonious child may have room to dwell

When we take a spiritual survey of the condition of this planet, we perceive that the elements are distorted, and that strife and discord riot in your midst. We are not surprised when we look abroad upon the vast page of humanity oftepread to our view, to see anarchy and war desolating your fair land, for we perceive that there is nought but inharmony and disorder to be found among the elements-religious, civil, and spiritual. We perceive this warfare to be a grand struggling of principles, a grand breaking up of old systems and of old institutions. In watching the progress of this great national contest between North and South, I am forcibly reminded of a dream, or vision, that was given me during my early manhood. I now perceive that the vision related to the present time-to the civil war now desolating your fair land-and will therefore sketch it to you as briefly as possible.

This vision was given me shortly after I had entered upon the practice of law in Richmond, Virginia, and left so deep an impression upon my mind, that neither time nor eternity have been able

to efface the memory of it.

I retired rather earlier than usual one night, and before I had been in bed many minutes, I seemed to be surrounded by a new atmosphere. Brilliant lights filled my apartment, and lefelt for a moment that I was being transported to a new world. But soon I seemed to pass into a quiet slumber, and was then taken to a lofty eminence or mountain, which, though it seemed to be apart from earth, was yet so near to it as to enable me to see distinctly all that was passing upon the earth's surface, and while l stood gazing, wonder struck, at the dark picture prosented to my view, some one spoke to me in a low, but clear voice. It seemed to me to come from some person, who, though invisible, was yet near me. And the voice said :

"Henry, look at what is before you. Remember what you see, and it shall be to you a talisman that shall guide you safely through life in mortal, and be as a key to unlock the gates of wisdom in the eter-nal city, hereafter." And while I gazed, the whole earth seemed to be convulsed with war. It seemed as if there was no one person upon the earth that was not engaged in the terrible combat, and even the souls of the little children seemed to take a part in this general warfare. Darkness and desolation were upon the face of all things, and even the very atoms beneath my feet seemed breaking up and fall. ing into decay. Everything, from the minutest globule floating in the air, up to the soul of man, seemed to be involved in the fierce combat that was scattering want and devastation upon all sides.

But as I looked, I beheld Virginia, beautiful Virginia, more dark and desolate than all: And I thought, perhaps I can see this more plainly, as i have lived there, and am more attracted to Virginia than any other portion of the earth, because it contains so much of my heart. Thus, I tried to account for the darkness that seemed to hang like a funeral pall over my native State. But to me it presented one vast scene of desolation. And it seemed to me that all things animate and inanimate in Virginia, were marked with ruin. There was not a building that did not seem tottering and falling into decay not a fartone on which was not written death i the Heould not speak of this to my friends, so

est corner of my being, and tried to erase from my brain the dark and unpleasant picture that memory had so indelibly stamped upon it. And yet, as my

I believe that you at the present time are passing through a season of change and transformation; that all the institutions of the past, whether civil, God would ever have allowed me to come back here religious, or spiritual, are being broken up, that and make a public confession of my fault, without newer and fairer structures may be reared upon their ashes. All things are casting off their old robes, and are donning new and more becoming before me. I couldn't live here on the earth anones, and everything in life seems to plainly indicate other day. I couldn't stand it, for the memory of that you of to-day are living in the days of resur-recting power. I feel that though darkness enrecting power. I feel that though darkness en-shrouds you, and sorrow seems to be your nearest and rid myself of all further suffering. But I only kin, that Almighty God is watching over you, and plunged myself into hell, and could n't get anybody will send his angels from the high courts of spirit love to guide you from the old into the new and more beautiful.

And while I stood sadly musing upon the sad ploture before me, my spirit-guide said: "Henry, look in the distance and behold the light that is even now faintly glimmering in the east," And I said, What is it? for turning my eyes toward the east, I beheld a light that seemed momentarily brightening. And he answered," It is the sunlight of wisdom, that shall pour through man's reasoning power, and teach him that he has too long dwelt in darkness and superstition; that he has too long lived an alien to his God." And lo, a child is born unto you! It is the son of Almighty Truth, who has come to dwell with you upon the earth. "This is the morning of the resurrection, saith the voice of Almighty God. and behold, that out of death I will bring forth life."

Oh, when you contemplate the sad picture of death before you, do not despair, but think that the Almighty shall bring forth life, life eternal, out of all the death and darkness that now surrounds you. and that out of the past he shall bring forth a more glorious state of life than the soul of man has ever conceived of. You are not the only distracted people upon the face of the earth. There is not one, from the smallest intelligence inhabiting the earth, up to the soul of man, but what feels the full force of this great national contest of yours.

Now, upon whom shall we cast censure, seeing that this effect was born of a cause that reposes in the bosom of Almighty God? Shall we turn to those who stand in opposition to us in this warfare, and who have done all in their power toward ultimating this grand scene of resurrection, with anger in our hearts, and reproaches upon our lips? Ho who gazes only at the surface of life may do this: but he who penetrates beneath the surface of life,

and reaches out to grapple with the real cause, which is God himself, he, I say, cannot cast censure upon any one.

Oh, my brethren of the North and of the South, you who feel that your highest interests have been rampled upon, you who feet that you have been deeply wronged and oppressed as a people, you who feel that darkness is around you upon every hand, turn, I beseech you, to Almighty God for protection and for deliverance from your present troubles! Oh, this same God will bring order out of chaos, light out of darkness, beauty and harmony out of inhar-mony, and life out of death; and you are all, each one of you, instruments in the hands of Almighty God, to work out a reform long needed upon this American Continent, and all are but individual points of life, tending toward their great centre—God. Intuitively turn your faces, then, toward the Father of all created things, for he alone is able to soothe your sorrow—he alone is able to deliver you from war and oppression.

I for one do not blame you for the position you have taken. I for one do not count upon a speedy and happy adjustment of your present national difficulties. And although I fain would see peace and harmony among you as a nation, yet I know that the law of nature, is first death and desolation, and then life, peace, and harmony; and thus I can but bow to the hand of the Omnipotent, and say with that Almighty Spirit of Truth, all is well.

Oct. 20. Question.

We are now ready to receive any questions, if the riends have any they desire to propound to us.

Ques.—Will you give the other name of the gentleman who just addressed us? Henry what?

Ans.—You knew him here, I believe, as Henry Clay, of Hanover County, Virginia.

Margaret Yarratt.

suppose there is a time for all things, as though I have been dead or without my body near seven years, this seems to be the time for me to re turn and make certain acknowledgments I feel it my duty to make.

I died in St. Louis. They said I died in a fit, but really I died from poison. I took it with the view to get rid of trouble and find rest, and instead of getting rid of it, I found more trouble. Some four years before my death I was intimately connected with a family by the name of Tucker, living in New York City. My own name was Margaret Yarratt. Mrs. Tucker had a sister living with her at that time, who seemed every way inclined to annoy me, and to do me all the harm that lay within her power. She was acquainted with me before I came to live with her sister, to be a member of Mr. Tucker's family, and she knew my condition before I went there. Somehow she conceived a great dislike for me, and was determined to bring me into had repute

with the other members of the family.

I do n't know what fiend took possession of my the idea that she who was my enemy must die. I sat up all night, thinking what I should do to kill hurt my feelings by speaking your mind freely, I asher, and at last decided to poison her. She was sure you.] It seems to me that I'm happier where taken sick and lived eight or nine days, and was I am than I should be in heaven. I like music well thought by her attendant physician and friends to enough, but I don't care about hearing praises all have died of gastrio fever; but I knew better; I the time. I'd rather not go to heaven. That's knew that I poisoned her, and from the time I com- the doctrine they teach hear on the earth, I know, mitted that terrible deed, until the day I died, I in regard to heaven.] My good old mother taught never saw any peace; I never knew any more hap- me that, and I could n't believe it when I was here piness. Shortly after the death of my enemy, went to New Orleans, and was there engaged in making artificial flowers. I had learned the art in New York, and not finding it very lucrative employment, have gone there, for I never could believe in religion and meeting with friends who urged me to leave New Orleans and go to St. Louis, I went, and there passed the remainder of a miserable life, and died

with my secret safely locked in my own breast. But I have known nothing but trouble and un-wrong and can't go to heaven. I told you I did n't happiness ever since I came to the spirit-land, and want to go there, not I. Well, if I can help anybody poisoned her sister. I can hurt no one, now, by ask for anything more. telling her, and I ask, too, the privilege of talking with her personally, that I may convince her berond a doubt that it was I who killed her eister. If to. [Thank you. If you'll give me the address of don't, I'll go back and stay in the holl that con- your friends, I'll send a paper them, if you want me science has made for me in the spirit-world. Mr. to.] My folks are living in Perrysville, Wisconsin. Tucker has always felt that there was something [We have subscribers there.] Oh, you have? What strange and mysterious about his sister-in-law's kind of a migazine or book is it that you publish? death, but he has never spoken of it to any one, because his wife is of a pervous temperament, and he feels that if she had even the slightest suspicion little rising thirty-eight—that is to say, I was a that there was anything wrong about her sister's death, that she might become iusane, as some members of her family have been insane. But oh, I know how to break this matter to them. I want to, can't rest, and if my coming here drives her insané. she might as well be insane, as for me to live the want to go home and talk with them. I left things wretched and unhappy life I do in the spirit-land.

It's between eleven and twelve years, now, since should n't go back again when I left. I went to war her sister died, and I 'll tell her the very last words the because I thought it was right for me to go, but cor creature spoke in dying. They 've been ring. ing in my ears ever since, and were these : "Ob. must I die? Is there nothing nothing can save me?" Oh, how I wished, then, that I had n't poisoned her! I'd have sold my own soul, if by doing see suffering. Free! That's cheap enough. I'll so I could have saved the life of that poor suffering doal! I can. I do n't know, stranger, as I should help woman. But it was too late then to undo the wrong a rebel. [I guess you will, if you meet one in I had done my enemy. She died, and they all won-trouble.] I don't think I shall. They say they. dered at my great grief, which seemed strange and do n't want any help from us Yankees; they say unnatural, and they thought that I thought more of they shan't take our help. [I have n't the slightest her than I was willing to own during her life, and doubt but that you will do all you can for others, mind was the dark vision that had been present to me. And so I crowded it down into the smallgrief at that time, if they did not. ed to me. And so I crowded it down into the small- grief at that time, if they did n't.

I've come back to earth, to day, to make public confession of my, crime, and to ask forgiveness of Mr. and Mrs. Tucker. I've no near relatives to ininvisible guide informed me, it was a talisman that jure or disgrace by this public avowal of my crime. conducted me safely through life in mortal, and I've long wanted the privilege of speaking in this pointed out many a dark passage that I might way to my former friends, but Mr. and Mrs. Tucker otherwise have fallen into. know much of anything about our coming back. I feel sure I shall reach them, for I do n't think that God would ever have allowed me to come back here he expected me to derive some good from it.

I poisoned myself, as I had poisoned my enemy before me. I could n't live here on the earth anmy guilt made me almost frantic. And then, again, I out by it. I think Mr. Tucker's name was Thomas F. Tucker. I'm quite sure it was. If I ever talk again, I hope I shan't feel as I do now, and shan't have to make a confession like this. And I don't know as I ever want to come back to earth again, unless it is to talk with those folks, and do all I can to undo the wrong I did them when here. I've got acquaintances in New Orleans and St. Louis, who, if they see my letter, will think it very strange and wonder at it, but a good many strange strange and wonder at 1, out a good, things happen in life. I'm going, now. Oct. 20.

Moses F. Tate. By heavens! Mr. Chairman, it's tough work donning this uniform. [It is to some persons, I dare say.] Please be kind enough to say, will you, that Moses F. Tate, of the Twentieth Massachusetts Regiment, has telegraphed across the river, and wants to talk with his friends? I left the ranks on the seventeenth of September last, and have just got strength enough to say what I feel it my duty to say here. Tell 'em I did n't suffer; met with kind friends as soon as I got across, and who 've helped me to come here to-day; and as soon as 1 get strength, and look around a little, I'm going back into the ranks again, and I'll fight better than I ever did. Good-by, Mr. Chairman. Oct. 20.

Joseph L. Sawyer.

Humph! I am Joseph L. Sawyer. I am from Wisconsin. I was n't lucky enough to get a bullet put through me, as the fellow who's just gone from here did, but I was unlucky enough to have a fever and die in the hospital. Stranger, it's a mighty sight of truck and rubbish you have to clear out before you get here. [I presume so.] They say you have had two Bull Run fights; the first one I knew something about myself. I was n't wounded none to speak of; got a slight wound in the foot, was taken prisoner, and had a sort of slow fever hanging about me for some time, so I was carried to the hospital, where I died. Their hospitals, or places where the rebels keep their sick and wounded, are pretty hard places, I can tell you. But I suppose they're the best they have, so I shan't complain of

But, stranger, what I'm here for to:day, is to send some word to my friends. They say you publish some kind of a magazine, or book, in which you print our letters to our friends. Is it so? [Yes, we publish a paper for that purpose.] I do n't care what it is, whether it's Methodist, Universalist, or Infidel, so long as it serves me well. That's enough. I want to tell the folks in Wisconsin that I died of fever. [How long were you sick?] I can't tell the number of days, for I was a little airy, but as night as I can get at it, when I was straight and right, I should jadge it was about seven days. The truth is, I was so flighty most of the time that I was sick in the hospital, that I didn't realize much about the days, or nights, either. I want to let my folks know that I'm alive, can talk, and can do a good many things that I could n't do when I had the use of my own body upon the earth. I know, stranger, it's a delicate subject to bring up in a place like this; but the truth is stranger, when you're booked for another globe, the desire to return to earth and talk with your friends is a pretty strong one. I should like to talk with my folks, and all that's wanting upon part is the machine to talk

And about my brother. He's sick just now, buf he won't die. He was in the battle here in Maryland-your last big fight, when we had such a big army coming up to meet the rebels. [Antietam.] [Can you tell where your brother is at present?] I can't. I be blest if I can remember the place now. I do n't know, stranger, but I could if you'd give me time to think o

But the most I care about is to have the folks in Wisconsin know that I'm alive and happy, and what's better than all else, I want to tell them I met the old man, my father, soon after coming to the spirit-world. He's all right now. He was inclined to take a little too much in the way of ardent spirits when he was on the earth, and I suppose his death was occasioned by a fall he had when he was a little intoxicated. He's sober enough now. however, and lives here with me in the spirit-world. I tell you it's no use to locate us away off in some distant heaven, where people do nothing but sing all the time. As for singing, I never could sing when I was here ou the earth, and consequently should n't be able to sing if I was in such a heaven as folks tell of. And as for praying, I knew bow, but I should be kind of ashamed to pray before folks that I knew could make far tetter prayers than I could myself. And then, again, I should get rather tired of praying all the time. So I've come here to tell my folks that I'm not in Heaven, and, what's soul at that time, but I was suddenly seized with more, do n't want to go there. I beg your pardon, stranger, I don't mean any offence. [You won't I on the earth.

It seems to me if there was such a place as hell stranger, I think, between you and I, that I should when I was on the earth, and I aint going to trouble myself about it now. [I suppose you did what you considered to be right, did n't you?] Well, sometimes I used to do wrong. I do n't care if I 've done come back here, to day, to tell Mrs. Tucker that round here, that's heaven enough for me. I'll not

Well, stranger, when you get here, if I can help you to come back, as others have me, I'll be glad [It's a spiritual paper.] Oh, newspaper! All the same. Well, tell 'em I'm all right. I was a little more than thirty-eight when I died.

I had a wife and three children. Now I do n't but I do n't know how to begin. I'm here, and I in pretty good order. I kinder thought, stranger, I then, I've done a good many things that I knew

were not right for me to do.

of Christopher Barron, a minister of the Gospel, liv-ing in Richmond, Virginia. I have been away from him five years, but have often been with him in spirit, and have watched over him all day and all night, and wondered that he did not see me. My mother has joined me since I came here. She

died three years ago, and now only my father and brother remain on earth. My brother is chaplain in the Confederate army, and when I died he was studying for the ministry. Since my death, he has finished his studies, and is now praying for the sol-diers. He thinks he is doing his duty, and it may be that he is, though I cannot think so. I do so want him to know that I can come, to know that I can speak, if provided with some one to speak through, and can write also. And mother, in particular, sends a word of love to him, and would like to speak with both father and him.

his son into the army, it was that he might exert a good influence over the wild and unprincipled men that composed the regiment of which he was chaplain; for they were gathered from the lowest of society, and my father sent his son there for good. If you will please to say that I come here, and oh! desired so much to return and speak with him.

I was named for my father's sister, and she says, Oh, say one word for me to those I love, and say 1 which has caused me to take off all my garments would gladly minister to their wants, would gladly and stand naked before Deity. I would impart wipe away their tears, and gladly point them the way from these dark scenes of earth, to others more way from these dark scenes of earth, to others more am aware that they are every way in need of it, beautiful." Oh, tell my father to let me speak with and I feel keenly their necessities, or their spiritual him just once, if never again, and I'll lift a load from his soul, and he'll be happier for it. Old Aunt Linny is here, and she says, "Tell massa God is with him, and he'll never forsake him." She wants my father to know that she has the same power that all the rest have to speak and write. She was the old nurse in my family, and took care of me when I was a child. She's only been here a short time, I think. Yes, she says a little more than eight months. Farewell, sir. Oct. 21.

Invocation.

Oh ye Spirits of the Holy and the True, ye mighty throng of angels, whose mission it is to minister unto the necessities of the weak, to thee we commend the utterances of the hour. Oct. 21.

Abner Kneeland.

In accordance with your usual custom, I, Abner Kneeland, propose to answer any questions that the friends present may choose to propound to me. Ques.—If spirits can have the aid of their friends here, will they come at their call?

ANS. - Yes, providing their call is within the limits of prescribed natural laws. If your spiritfriends have not always promptly responded to your summons in times past, it was doubtless owing to their not finding conditions what they should have been. You are in the infancy of Spiritualism at the present time, and therefore cannot expect to receive he fruits of the full grown tree for years to come. Q.-What conditions are necessary to the return

of the spirit? A .- That depends upon the time and the individual, not only at your end of the wires, but at our end, too. The conditions that might appear favorable to your friend's return, in your eyes, might not look so to him as a spirit. There is as vast a variety of conditions in the spirit-world, as there are phases of mind and degrees of mentality upon the

QUESTIONER.-I have advised spirits to call upon their friends in mortal to assist them in returning two years.

to earth, but have never found them ready to act I lived in New York, and my father's gone upon my suggestion.

ANS .- Each spirit, whether in or out of the must seek for him outside the limits of Creation. terior of your own being, and if you expect to find buried it with my body. him elsewhere, you will, I fear, be sul only True God was to be found outside the boundaries of Universal Life, or Nature. But I could not believe their dogma when I was on the earth, and I fore he was born, and do n't know anything about for one, thank God to day that I did not believe in either Modern or Ancient Religion. All prescribed forms of religion, whether Methodist, Orthodox, Catholic, Baptist, or Universalist, agree upon one point, namely, that of assigning God a dwelling-place out-

Question.—What do the High Intelligences of the spirit-world think of the new Science of Universalogy, or the Universal Language, as discovered by S. P. Audrews.

A .- We think it is one of the arms of Modern Science but were we to attempt an explanation of it at this time, we fear you would hardly comprehend us, hardly understand even the rudiments of it. Suffice it, then, that we call Universology one of the arms, or

nembers, of Modern Science. I am told that my good friends, Beaver and Mendum, are at a loss to account for my visiting you, and not them. Much as I admire their rigid adherence to those principles which they believe to be right, there is nevertheless a degree of blgotry still ex-isting with those good friends, which is sadly at variance with that freedom of thought and action, which they contend to be the right of all individual minds. Bigotry is not confined to what is termed Christianity, for there are infidel bigots as well as religious ones. When we profess to stand upon a iberal platform, and to extend to others the same privileges we claim for ourselves-if I understand iberality and freedom-we should do so without rethat is presented to us for investigation; and when we pretend to form our opinion upon any subject, without having first submitted it to the test of our own common sense and reason, it seems to me that that I was born into the spirit across the river together, we are building our house upon a very insecure into the celestial kingdom, and to-day I come united foundation. It is our duty to take within the right hand of our reason all subjects that may be presented us, and when we have carefully examined and weighed them, then, and not till then, are we competent to say whether those subjects contain enough of God's truth to reccommend them to our avor and use as individuals.

Some of my friends may assert that I did not take this stand when living upon the earth. But I think oh, that I could tell you that there was no such. I can honestly say that I looked at religion in all its thing as Death, and while you sang different bearings—and it was presented to me in a thousand and one different cloaks—but I stripped. Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way."

The death and the tomo, I strong the could tell you that there was no such. I would not live alway: I strong the man the tomo, I was no such. I was keeping watch and the tomo, I wanted to kell think it is the color sang of death and the tomo, I wanted to kell think it is the color sang of death and the tomo, I wanted to kell think it is the color sang of death and the tomo, I wanted to kell think it is the color sang of death and the tomo, I wanted to kell think it is the color that it could tell you that there was no such. I would not live alway: I would not live alway: I wanted to kell think it is the color than the tomo. I wanted to kell think it is the color than the tomo. I wanted to kell the color than the tomo.

quently throw out their anothemas exclust this their military

stranger. I hope there won't be any need of my spiritual coordinates again. I snyy those that are shot on Spiritualisms of Indom't want you to think I denounce the battle-field. They go easy, they do. All day to or feel unpleasent toward, them because of their you, stranger:

Oot. 20.

Oharlotte Olivia Barron.

Oharlotte Olivia Barron, and I was lam. But it is hardly fair, friends, to denounce that you have not weighed well in the balance of stranger. I hope there won't be any need of my spiritual doctrine, and express their disbellef in coming here again. I envy those that are shot on Spiritual most don't want you to think I denounce your own reason. Come out then, my good friends, and take hold of Spiritalism, and if you find it a myth, say so, as I did of religion. But if you find it sound Natural Philosophy, say so; and if you are true to yourselves, I do not fear that you will lack in truth against all humanity. Good-day. Oct. 21.

General Whiting.

Circumstances force me to ask your assistance, [It shall be rendered if we can give it.] I would in. form my family and friends that I carnestly desire to open communication with them, that I may enhance my own peace of mind and theirs aleo. We live in a world that is bound together by cause and effect. The effect is apparent to all around us, but the cause, or that which underlies and forces the effeet upon society, is unseen, and therefore we cannot well deal with it. What we might not do in wisdom, My father would not lift his hand against the government of the United States, and when he sent taken by ns while in earth-life, that we would gladly retrace, or wash out, upon the shore of Time. But there is no stepping backward in Nature; but onward, forever onward is the watchword of Time and Eternity.

I have witnessed many grand and magnificent sights since I have lived outside my body. I have seen that, since I have been here in the spirit world, which has washed away all my former belief, and some knowledge of Deity to my dear friends, for I demands.

More than all, I carnestly desire to commune with General Lee, who is still, I believe, your enemy. I am told that there are many ways by which we may come together, and hold communion for mutual good. I ask that he avail himself of the privileges cast in his way, and I will do likewise. I am General Whiting, your enemy, Mr. Chairman, while on earth, but your friend in spirit.

General Beauregard.

Finding myself surrounded as I am by those who would hardly wish to send my thoughts across their wires, I have very little to say upon an occasion like this. Has the name of Beauregard an unpleasant sound to you? Not dead! but so, as far as mortality is concerned. I beg your pardon, I had formed my plans with regard to meeting friends, but those plans were formed with the idea that I should meet Confederates, and not Federals, in coming here to-day. [We shall be very happy to publish any thoughts you may choose to give here.] Supposing I desire to inform my friend Jackson of what position he should take in order to defeat you next time? [You would then inform both sides.] Very true, so far, so good, Mr. President. I would not like to see you in the position you would of necessity be placed in were I to here give what thoughts I would, and you were to publish them; therefore, I've nothing to do but retire. We shall meet again Mr. President. [I hope so, but are you sure that you are General Beauregard?] Oh yes, Beauregard, and no mistake. [How long have you been in the spirit-world?] That's of small consequence; it is enough that I am here. Oct. 21.

Cordelia Hunter.

That gentleman went away in a hurry. My mother asked me to come here and send her a letter. My name was Corney Hunter. It was Cordelia, but my father called me Corney. I was six years old when I died, and have been here in the spirit-world

away now to war. My mother is at home, and wished I'd come here and send her a letter, and tell body, revolves within its own orbit, and it cannot, under any circumstances or conditions, move out side its own orbit. We may say each individual spirit is a planet of itself, revolving upon its own axis, and forever tending toward its own centre. You have been told that if you would find God, you have been told that if you would find God, you That was n't me. I was n't there, and could n't. But believe us, your God dwells only within the in- take it where I came to live, so she need n't have

disappointment in that respect. The Church and anything to make us cry, only sometimes when I the prople, tried hard to make me believe that the see my mother cry, I feel bad. My little brother sometimes wishes he could come here and talk, but ries of Universal Life, or Nature. But I could not he never lived any here on the earth. He died be-

side the limits of Creation, rather than in the souls everything at him, because they said he was a cowf his children. They teach you of a far-off heaven, ard. [They did say so?] Yes, they said he did n't in which is located a Supreme Intelligence, or Prindare say what he wanted to. I had the searlet fe-piple of Life, and some go so far as to tell you of a ver, that 's how I happened to die. How long do personal God and Devil. The fact is, there is no personal God outside yourself.

Father Beeson, of New York, asks the following

Oot. 21.

Lucy Ann Herrick.

It is nine years since I was born into the spiritworld-nine years since I left my dear friends here on earth. I sometimes think they have forgotten me, and my desire to return and commune with my friends was sufficiently strong to overcome all obstacles that stood in my way. I am here to-day to tell my friends that I live—live in conscious life, live in reality, with a disposition to bless them still, and to hold communion with them.

My name was Lucy Ann Herrick. I was once the wife of Major Herrick of New York State, and oh. I desire so earnestly to commune with my dear hasband, and to open the beautiful highway between the earth and the spirit-world to him; for oh, when once the human spirit feels the full glow of the beauties of the spirit-world, they can hardly feel content to live without receiving some of those buds and flowers. And when I see so many returning to earth, so many bearing buds and flowers to friends here, I say to myself, why cannot I return? although the church and all public opinion has closed the doors against me—and give to those who are straint, or limitation, and not seek to mark out for still dear to me on earth, some of these fair budge others a seven-by-nine hell or heaven, either in the and flowers which bloom in the garden of the spirit. natural, physical, or spiritual worlds. The only land? And oh, I trust to God, the Infinite Father of way for us to discover truth, and at the same time all operated things, that I may such thinks loved one to deal honestly with others, is to analyze and weigh of earth by coming here to day, and tell them, what in the balances of our best judgment everything is better than all, that there is no Death, but all is Life, real and eternal, in the spirit world.

I come to-day with a beautiful little blossom that was born into the spirit-land at the same time with that fair bud, to those dear friends, to assure them that we live in spirit and have the power to watch over our loved ones, that we live and are as real as when on the earth, and can prove it if our friends will only open the doors of their souls to us.

When my shirit listened to the words that were spoken at my funeral, as my body lay before the alter. while the choir sang of death and the tomb, I thought

them all off, and looked at religion with such light I was keeping watch over my body, and was conscious as God had endowed me with, and I was honest in coming to the conclusion, that there was no religion if I again repeat, that I honorally believed there was no religion upon the face of the saxth that was fit for me to embrace. I am not one of your individuals who seek to cover their thoughts with smooth well believed the words. I am not one of your individuals who seek to cover their thoughts with smooth well believed the words. I am not one of your individuals who seek to cover their thoughts with smooth well of their eyes, obscuring the words. I am not one of your individuals who seek to cover their thoughts with smooth well of their eyes, obscuring the words. I am not one of your individuals will be some the result of their eyes, obscuring the words. I am not one of your individuals will be some the result of their eyes, obscuring the words. I all the point of the part was the part of the part

Miss Bardinge's Book.

THE WILDRIE CEUB,

BY EMMA HABDINGE.

"That the dead are seen no more, I will not undertake to "That the dead are seen to more a win to think and maintain, against the concurrent testimony of all ages, and all nations. There is no people rude or unlearned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion which prevails as far as human nature is diffused could become universal only by its truth."—[Vide Rasselas." Dr. Johnson.

" Spirit is like the thread whereon are strung The beads or worlds of life. It may be here It may, be there that I shall live again; But live again I shall where'er I be.—[Festus.

CONTENTS:

The Princess: A Vision of Royalty in the Spheres. The Monomaniac or the Spirit Bride. The Haunted Grange, or The Last Tenant : Being an Account of the Life and Times of Mrs. Hannah Morrison, sometimes styled the Witch of Rookwood. Life: A Fragment

Margaret Infelix, or a Narrative concerning a Haunted

The Improvisatore, or Torn Leaves from Life History. The Witch of Lowenthal. The Phantom Mother, or The Story, of a Recluse.

Haunted Houses. No. 1: The Picture Spectres. Haunted Houses. No. 2: The Sanford Ghost. Christmas Stories. No. 1: The Stranger Guest-An Incident founded on Fact.

Ohristmaa Stories. No. 2: Faith; or, Mary Macdonald. The Wildfire Club: A Tale founded on Fact. Note. "Children and fools speak the Truth,"

EXTRACTS FROM THE BOOK.

The following extracts are taken from the different storie "I am not in heaven, nor in hell, Geraldine; only in the 'spheres! I have made my own sphere; it is that of the sensualist, a spirit-home for human souls with animal propensities. Every vice has its sphere, Geraldine; lust, avarice, ioa. Every vioc has its sphere, Geraldine; lust, avarice, passion, pride, murder. The hypocrite is in them all! All sinners are hypocrites! They do not dread to commit vice; they only fear to have it known. O, could they but appear they only fear to have it known. O, could they but appear on earth as they do in the epheros, they would not dare to make themselves the loathsome things they must become! On earth, Geraldine, you look upon mankind as they appear; In the spheres, as they are; and as they are, so is their heaven or hell. Did ye mark that monstrous brutish thing that led the "brawls" younder?—dancing with a woman more abject, low, and vile than the gutters of your most degraded crown, and bore the sceptre of England's virtuous realm?

""Thou art not dreaming, my child, answered the sad volce; and to prove to thee the truth of this most momentous hour, know that by this time to-morrow night, a fresh partner will lead out the Princess A. In her midnight "brawl." You know him as a man, Geraldine; behold him now aga spirit!" O O "That night, at one o'clock, I sat by his cold corpse, pendering on the fearful revelation of the spirit of the delitit, killed by the husband of a woman whom he had seduced."—The Princess.

Just then a sweet, soft, unusual air seemed to spring up—

"The asserting the fatally fulfilled prediction, and the possible condition of the spirit of the delitit, killed by the husband of a woman whom he had seduced."—The Princess.

Just then a sweet, soft, unusual air seemed to spring up—

"English and Bructure.

Chapter 8. Dawn of Life, The primitive Ceean; Dawn of Life; Gestation of the Globe; Difference of the great Divisions; Progress of Life; Preser vation of Life; Gestation of the Globe; Difference of the great Divisions; Progress of Life; Preser vation of Classes; Plantes; Indicates; The Sea of the Carlage of Type; Eurochus; The Sea; Grand Corusulsions of the South of Coral Eru; The Marine Depths; Fucolds; Orthoceras; Cephalopods; Terebratula; Productus; Ammonites; Itshes; Ganoids; Bh ties... Every vice has its sphere, Geraldine; lust, avarice, passion, pride, murder. The hypocrite is in them all! All sinners are hypocrites! They do not dread to commit vice; they only fear to have it known. O, could they but appear on earth as they do in the spheres, they would not dare to make themselves the loathsome things they must become! On earth, Geraldine, you look upon mankind as they appear; in the spheres, as they are; and as they are, so is their heaven or hell. Did ye mark that monstrous brutish thing that led the "brawls" yonder?—dancing with a woman more abject, low, and vile than the gutters of your most degraded cities could send forth. That monstrous image once wore a royal crown, and bore the sceptre of England's virtuous realm'.

Just then a sweet, soft, unusual air seemed to spring upnot around or away from him, but just upon his cheek; it
seemed, as he often described it, "like as if a bird, with
sweetly perfumed wings, were gently fanning him, or as if
fragrant flowers were waved in his face." There was a
sound, too—one to which he used to say all description was
inadequate. It was most like a long chord of music, containing an infinite variety of harmonies, but all of a ringing,
glassy sound, struck in the air, but so far off—O, so far—that,
although seeming plain to him, it must be an echo from thousands of leagues away in space, and ever from above!

What followed, he often used to say, was indeed the moment
"when his sour was born." He know he had lived before;
but it was only as a body; his spirit was born on that memorable night—in that hour of bitter agony and loneliness.
He heard distinctly the chord of music I have mentioned
evouch, saying, "Tom—dest Tom!"—The Spirit Bride.

That drear night it was tenanted alone by the one ghostly,

voice, saying, "Tom-dear Tom!"—The Spirit Bride.

That drear night it was tenanted alone by the one ghostly, dead form of the hapless William Rookwood. Alone and unwatched, he lay on his bloody bler, while a hand of shadowy but gigantic proportions seemed to fill the empty space around with huge letters, which, seen by the unthinking children of life and revelry, might read, "Thou fool, that night thy soul shall be required of thee." " O The unhappy Hannah had, throughout the trial, conducted herself in a manner which rather tenued to confirm than dispel the supposition of her guilt. O O The proceedings of this remarkable trial were characterized, we are told, by divers singular noises, emanating, as it would seem, from stationary benches and lina imate articles, where no human contact could account for the mystery of their sound. Sometimes the tables and chairs used by the learned gentlemen of the law would be violently shaken, and if unoccupied, quite overlurned; yet all this without any visible agency to account for the same, except the weird reputation which the female prisoner was known to possess "The gontleman of the long robe" were much perplexed, and it was even thought somewhat startled, by these mystic signs of an unaccountable intelligence; for intelligence it certainly was alone the noises. what startled, by these mystic signs of an unaccountable inwhat startied, by these metric signs of an inaccountain telligence; for intelligence it certainly was, since the noises (resembling in sound and force the heavy drumming of a suck) would seem to emphasize various sentences spoken, and especially any in favor of the prisoners, when a most indecorous number of loud knocks, in the form of applause, would invariably startle the astonished listeners from their and curdle their blood with very terror. - The

"Take all—take everything—the hand of a peeress—th "Take all—take everything—the hand of a peeres—the wealth of a millionaire—houses, lands, rank, station—only save our lives!" shrieked the despairing passengers, while the sullen and diegusted crew turned away to make their peace with God and prepare for entrance into that kingdom where rank and wealth have neither name nor place. O O A low strain of music, at first so distant that it sounded like an ocho from another world, but growing nearer until it filled the whole chamber with delicious melody, crept over the listening ear, and stilled the mourners into slient transport. And now revolving misss floated around, first dimly shadowing every object to their view, then forming into a gauzy modium, in which they saw reflected a diorama of a scene more fair than mortal eyes had ever beheld before.

O O Moving here and there were forms of light and joyous faces seen whom each remembered to have perished in the storm.—Life. the storm.—Life.

"And do you mean to say that you, in calm possession of your senses, will deny that you saw her to-day—saw her in the very centre of the sisle, standing the whole time, as it has ever been her custom to do, dressed as abe had been secusever been her custom to ut dressed as an ease, been accusioned to dress for the last eight months, in shining white alk, with a black instead of a white veil, and that for the first time since her dreadful persecution began she spoke to mes. My God, why do I ask this? You must have seen it; you ast close by; you might almost have heard her speak. Every one sees and heare us whenever we appear. All must have seen it—zeen me, too, as I returned an answer to her. —The Hausstel Man. Haunted Man.

"I know I was half dreaming; for, strange to say, I never questioned her or sought to know who or whence she was. I knew she was a spirit, blest and true; and this was all. I never knew when first we met, or how; nor can I recollect my mountain home or early life without her. She told me of the future; and I speaking of her words again—I knew not why, except I could not help it—they called me Seer and Prophet."—Torn Leaves.

"Good God !" he cried, "it is that fatal girl | She is witch—the so spectres her companions—these sounds their draadte! Sabbath rices performed within our hearing night— 17.—1he Witch of Lowenthal.

One ray of light alone seemed to penetrate the thick soom of my self created hell—I might yet return to earth, and sarn my children—the neglected human sivils committed to my charge—tell them that not in the church in the pulpit is abother's merit, or unpractical faith, but in their own sees and the same of the church in t pulpit in abother's merit, or unpractical faith, but in their own acts and deeds, in every footprint they make, in every wor they take, or leave undonedo in y create the heaven or hell to which their spirits are as insulfibly ending, as is their mortal frame to the clod of the cartil! The Phantom Mother.

No one asked the stranger guest her name; but she sat in their midel like the this caim moon illuminating the blue vault of the midnight shy and an unknown, silent joy perveded that happy direts such as they had never known in their life's experience before. Christmas Stories.

Ere I left the stops, I saw I am sure I cannot be mistaken I saw the adderman himself come out, pass me swiftly, and beckening me to follow, was lost in the snow driff! Gould it really have been he? Or was the snow driff! Gould it

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really have been he? Or was the spirit?—Faith.

"She comes! she comes! Robin by the wretched dove, with broken pinion, ruffled plumer, and solled! Behold her dragged along by wassat hand, to have been part, enforced in this four scene! O God, why bear har part, enforced in knees, why do they bend and total, has har to the yealis are on fire! O, how they burn! In blind again! Super moment more suspend the doom and the meroy, one has blind! Ah met sall's dark! O God like meroy, one has been more suspend the doom and the meroy, one has to work to the meroy of a thinks wood it is related by affected downing morials cries! English wood they sink! O, was them if you can! Thirders mass guilty save! O, sautch her from the dreadful rushing the! In young the dreadful rushing the! In destroyers all are sattle! "In the dreadful rushing the! In destroyers all are sattl!" The Winters (Sec. 1).

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its; Sait Beds; Scenery of the Trias.
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rights which the adjustment of Government and furning rights which the adjustment of our National politics will involve.

The aim of the New Reverse will be to combine an earning and energed or radicalism with a wise conservation. It will advocate all rational reforms, and seek to promote a greater unity of feeling, and concert of action, and comprehensiveness of viow, among all classes of reformers. It will advocate all rational reforms, and seek to promote a greater unity of feeling, and concert of action, and comprehensiveness of viow, among all classes of reformers. It will acked sides with no party, and will never be involved in personal or party quarrels, of any kind, or in any degree. So far as tacknowledges and follows leadership, Jeans Ohrist, will be its standard in morals, and Thomas Jefferson in politics. It will advocate a reconstruction in our Government so far as to allow of a settlement of the Slavery question in such a manner as not to involve the sacrifice of justice, freedom, human rights, a sound policy and the Nation's sacrit, on the one hand, or unconstitutional and despoil, methods on the one hand, or unconstitutional and despoil, methods on the other. It will advocate a radical revolution in politics and parture from the Jeffersonian Platform, and systematic and community in Government, and attempt to demonstrate the orrestent violation of the fundamental principles of the doctrine that "that Government, is best had government, and attempt to demonstrate the system of currency, a uniform and humane system of prison discipline, uniform marriage and divorce laws, a new and improved, system of currency, a uniform and humane system of prison discipline, uniform marriage and divorce laws, a new and improved system of prepresentation, and present suggest, post office of public of solidols, internal, improvement, including the content upon the World's reviews and the latest when the content upon the World's reviews and the latest and content upon the World's reviews and the latest and content a

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would be gained by its suppression. Bald and so that serior grappile.

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July 19.

The PUBLIC.

TYPEY one knows the importance of procuring fresh.

If gentiles and unadulterated Medicines for the side. After an entire and unadulterated Medicines of the side. After an entire and unadulterated Medicines of the side. After an entire and unadulterated Medicines of the side. After an entire and unadulterated Medicines of the side. After an entire and unadulterated Medicines of which he has every without egglism, that his Medicines, of which he has every warrely used in the Botanic and Edectic systems of practice, which are without egglism, that his Medicines of which he has every warrely used in the Botanic and Edectic systems of practice, and is now along the two stamps to pay variety used in the Botanic and Edectic systems of practice, and some take hold of and dissipate. Night weeks, well as an entire an entire the stamp of the merves, failure of memory, difficulties and the stamp of the merves, failure of memory, difficulties and the stamp of the merves, failure of memory, difficulties and the stamp of the merves, failure of memory, difficulties and the stamp of the merves, failure of memory, difficulties and the stamp of the merves, failure of memory, difficulties and the stamp of the merves, failure of memory, difficulties and the stamp of the merves, failure of memory, difficulties and the stamp of the merves, failure of memory, difficulties and the stamp of the merves, failure of memory, difficulties and the stamp of the merves, failure of memory, difficulties and the stamp of the merves, failure of memory, difficulties and the stamp of the merves, failure of memory, difficulties and the stamp of the merves, failure of memory, difficulties and the stamp of the merves, failure of memory and the memory and the memory and the memory and the memo

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And the Early Melancholy Decline of Childhood & Youth. JUST PUBLISHED BY DR. STONE, Physician to the Trov Lung and Hygienic institute, a Treatise on the above subject, the Cause of Nervous Debility, Marasmus and Consumption, Waving of the Vital Fluids, the mysterious and hidden Cause of Palpitation, Impaired Nutrition and Digestion. This is a most thrilling book, and is the result of thirty years' experience of the author in more than ten thousand cases of this class of direful maindres. It has been written from conscientious and philanthropic motives, and appeals most pathetically to Purents, Guardians and to Youth, for it letails timely aid to restore the already shattered bark, and a

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[Reported for the Banner of Light.] BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE. TEUSDAY EVENING, Nov. 19, 1862.

Subject .- " Spirit Photographs."

Dr. GARDNER was expected to open and speak upon this subject, but a temporary illness prevented. He has given considerable attention to the investigation of Mr. Mumler's claims, and says the new phenomenon, in his opinion, is legitimate. It is expected that he will speak on the same subject before the Conference next week.

Dr. Lyon knew nothing of the subject except by report, but saw no reason why its claims might not be true. We are apt to limit our perception to this mundane world. Forces and laws exist above what is tangible to physical sight. I can see no reason, if spirits can move material objects, and even produce them, why they may not produce pictures. It is reported that the operator is very much exhausted by the taking of these spirit pictures. If this be the case, it is a very strong evidence in favor of his claims. My knowledge of Spiritualism leads me to claim that no spiritual manifestation can be made tangi. ble to our earthly senses without the physical form and animal electricity of a medium. I apprehend that this new phase of spirit manifestation is going to make a great excitement in all classes throughout

Mr. Thaven thought and felt that it was true, though he had a great desire to have it well tested and proved. He thought that Mrs. Stuart did not arswer his questions of investigation as freely as she should. He thought that there was too much money charged for these pictures. He thought that the treasures sent down from the heavenly world, ought not to be made articles of commerce and stock for unholy speculation.

Mr. WETHERBEE did not like to talk upon a subject that he knew nothing about, but from what he had heard of this new thing, he was inclined to a belief in it. I want it to be tried and proved. I hope it is true. Six years in Spiritualism has satisfied me of the existence of disembodied spiritual intelligences. but not of spirit identity. This new phase, if true, will prove spirit-identity. Mr. Thayer is apt to bring up the subject of dollars and cents. I do n't know why the laborer is not worthy of his hire, and the amount to be measured by the value rendered. I do not know why Emerson, Philips and Beecher may not justly take one hundred dollars each for a lecture, while Thayer and such like go a begging for ten dollars a lecture. I do not know why Mr. Mumler, if he has the gift to command the price, should not command the moderate sum of fifteen dollars a day, when there are twenty a day turned away, that want pictures at his prices, and can't get them. It is human nature all through the world, to take dollars and cents when they are to be taken. The world do n't run exactly as we want it to. I cannot see any great impropriety in Mr. Mumler's prices. It seems to me it is reasonable that these spirit pictures should be made, for we have had a great many spiritual manifestations given us, and this comes in place-it is greater, if true, than any before, and it will go to substantiate the claims to the skeptical world. I am crying aloud for light-more light. I want my spirit friends identified.

Miss Lapp-1 am glad of this new development, for it will convince so many of the truths of Spirit ualism. I know that it is true for I have seen a number of the spirits that have had their pictures made around the persons who sat for pictures, and have recognized the likeness of these spirits. I saw the same spirits around Dr. Gardner that were made on his picture.

Mn. Epson-We cannot expect the people to believe this until all the means of deception that might be connected with it are accounted for and laid aside. For myself, I believe it is true. If it is true, all those who have to do with it can affordwell afford-to be laughed to scorn. If it be true, it will, in time, lead the whole world to the truths of Spiritualism. We need not be in a hurry to prove it true; we need not spend our time, and waste our money on it, for it will develop itself, and take care. of itself. It is better to wait and let the thing take its natural course.

Mr. LEONARD-It has been prophesied through mediums, that some great developments would be made about this time in spiritual manifestations. This new phase may be one of these developments. I believe that this is only one of many that is ere long to startle and surprise the world.

DR. CHILD-I am almost persuaded that spiritphotographs are really made. The most passive and amiable spirits among men and women, feel that these spirit-pictures are true, and declare them so, asking no proof. They do not wish to hear a doubt of their genuineness uttered. Cold philosophy. sensuous perception, doubts the fact, and asks for proof, and also, for reputation's sake it must scorn and ridicule them. If the phenomenon be true, the world must doubt and scout it for a long time yet to come. Close and careful examination has discovered no evidence yet, to disprove what it claims to be. In the sober conviction of many investigators it is already a settled fact. Many are yet full of doubts. Some have already begun bitter opposition. So the photographer is to be sympathized with, whether he be sincere or insincere. There is no evidence yet divulged of his insincerity. Some are dissatisfied with their pictures-others are delighted with them. It is in its infancy yet, and too much may not be expected at first. If this phenomenon be true—as it certainly appears to be -if the pictures are the best efforts of blessed spirits, coming down into the mud of earth to please us, why should we not feel satisfied with any result that may happen? Houest and scientific photographers acknowledge that they cannot account for the manner of producing them, if they are not what they claim to be, spiritual. Mr. Hale has made tolerable good imitations from one negative in ten seconds, but to produce this negative, he requires the aid of another. which Mr. Mumler does not use.

The same subject will be considered at the next Conference.

Quarterly Meeting.

THE NORTHERN WISCONSIN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRIT valuers held their first quarterly meeting in the Universalist meeting house in Springvane, Fond du Lac County, on Saturday and Sunday, 18th and 14th Sept. 1862. The Association was ably addressed by Mrs. Stowe, and Mr. Bent. A. France & Co.

It was resolved to hold our next (second) quarter-"ly meeting in the brick school house in Omro, Winnebago County, on the second Saturday and Sunday, 13th and 14th December next, O. Laber, President.

granados mainer de en plo lata

Mr. Colchester.

This gentleman and most extraordinary medium is now staying at the Pavilion. His manifestations of spirit power are, without an exception, wonderful and amazing. Some say that he deceives, long and tedious voyage, with its worn-out crew. It is not strange that they say so, for the philoso- Yet national rules of warfare allow it, and we must phy of this sensuous world cannot tell the "whys take the penalty for our neglect to sooner abolish it. and wherefores" of the startling things that are done through his mediumistic powers. If he does deceive-which we have no inclination to believehe goes far ahead of all the neoromancers of modern times. His manifestations prove themselves, beyond a question, to emanate from a source above this mundane world and its philosophy.

Huston, Esq., and "A. B. C." sat around a table in

the table is a blank," and from the bottom of the for pile tossed out that one with his pencil, adding, "That is the blank." It was opened, and found to be a blank.

Mr. Colchester separately and correctly tossed the whole pile of paper balls each one to the person who wrotest; also at the same time writing or speaking what was written on each, and giving a correct answer to each one that asked a question.

Mr. Kinney spelt the name of a spirit friend backwards, written blindly, and it was answered correctly. The name was "Antoinette."

Capt. Batchelder wrote, " Will Col. Williams return to Boston?" The answer was, "Col. Williams will return to Boston."

Mr. Huston wrote, "Are Dr. Child's views of Soul Affinity correct?" The answer was, "In many particulars. It would take too long, now, to give a lec ture on Soul Affinity."

One gentleman wrote, "Shall I succeed to-morrow. with the proposition I have made?" The answer was, "To-morrow you will not be as successful as von hone,"

Another gentleman wrote, "Whatever Is, is right." The answer was, "We quite agree that Whatever Is, is right."

"Flora" was written. The answer was, "Beside you. Dr. Child, stands the figure of a girl covered

the little paper balls.

One gentleman said: questions, and tell us the names in these paper balls if you please."

We have related only a small part of the mani-beautiful home.

The funeral services were performed on the followfestations that were given through Mr. Colchester n the short space of one half hour.

Mr Colchester informed us that on Tuesday, Nov. Mr Colchester informed us that the spirits had promised him that, through his had assembled on the occasion. that would be recognized by their friends; that they would be beautifully executed in crayon, and that

PIRACY AND PRIVATEERING.

BY WARREN CHASE

Privateering is removed several degrees from piracy, but is still a lingering relict of barbarism, which I tion to the time when he should stand on the o should have been abolished long ago by all civilized side, amid the heavenly band. Being requested to communicate, he carnestly said: "I tell you I shall nations, and would have been, but for the refusal of the United States Government, under Southern leadership, to agree to the proposed arrangement of Eu- wife and a few friends. ership, to agree to the proposed arrangement of Eu-At the funeral, which was on Sunday, Nov. 2d. by ropean nations to put a stop to it in all wars. We the request of the departed loved one, Mrs. S. H. Matare now taking the penalty for our refusal to join in a progressive step of civilization at the proper time. When the present administration came into power, it signified its willingness to abandon and abolish it; but the rebels had secured so much of a recognition in Europe as to uphold them in privateering through this war, for England especially saw her interest greatly enhanced by allowing the rebels to plunder our commerce, and destroy our shipping, and by rais ing the rates of insurance in American bottoms, to get a large share of our freight, and by destroying many of our freight vessels, leave theirs in better demand. &c. Pirates rob and plunder all nations indiscrimi-

government has no open port into which she can run " BANNER OF LIGHT," 108 Washington street, Boston with safety, and other nations will not allow her to bring in her prizes and sell them.

We excuse the Indians, on the ground of want of war; but we would not excuse an army, or its officers or soldiers, who should rob and destroy private citior the rebels, say, if our army burned every house and barn and fence it passed that belonged to, or was located in, the enemy's territory? Civilized warfare has its rules and regulations, and they are different for land and water forces. It is contrary to the armed vessel may selze and burn a ship, whaler, for remit, will be gratefully acknowledged. instance, that has been out two or three years, and

not contrary to rules of civilized warfare, for it is on

the ocean, and we are the nation at fault for not

vessels should be confined to armed vessels and those laden with contraband goods. It is bold robberv. and deserves no better name, to seize and destroy a whaler and its cargo of oil on its return from a

Obituary Notices. Passed away, in West Templeton, Oct. 15th, L. A. Roy, youngestson of George C. and Sarah A. Thayer,

aged 3 years 8 months and 10 days. For months this precious bird had drooped, and still hope lingered in the parents' hearts that it might reduestion, to emanate from a source above this anudane world and its philosophy.

Hon. Mr. Kinney, Capt. Batchelder, U. S. A., H. D. luston, Esq., and "A. B. C." sat around a table in When he returned, he was not alone, for, leaning upon company with Mr. Colchester. Previous to Mr. Colchester's entering the room, each of the party present wrote what he pleased on slips of paper and ent wrote what he pleased on slips of paper. rolled them into little balls, numbering, in all, fifteen, on which some names or questions were written. These balls were placed in a pile in the middle of and confusion swell to mar the placid heauty of that the confusion swell to mar the placid heauty of that the confusion swell to mar the placid heauty of that the confusion swell to mar the placid heauty of that the confusion swell to mar the placid heauty of the confusion swell to mar the placid heauty of the confusion swell to mar the placid heauty of the confusion swell to mar the placid heauty of the confusion swell to mar the placid heauty of the confusion swell to mar the placid heauty of the confusion swell to mar the placid heauty of the confusion swell to mar the placid heauty of the confusion swell to mar the placid heauty of the confusion swell to mar the placid heauty of the confusion swell to mar the placid heauty of the confusion swell to mar the placid heauty of the confusion swell to mar the placid heauty of the confusion swell to mar the placid heauty of the confusion swell heauty of the confusion s the table, so that not one of the company could tell which ball was their own, for all were rolled alike and were jumbled together.

Mr. Colobester came into the room and took his seat at the table, and instantly said, "One ball on the table is a black," and from the better of the form of the form. Then, mourning ones, trust and hope, the balls of the form.

There is another jewel in the heavens set, shining for thee;
Sparkling upon a glorious coronet, hadant and free.

There is another angel in the band, That hovers near;
Another voice from out the Spirit-Land,
Thy hearts to cheer.

Although thy souls are sorrowed and distressed,
Dark clouded o'er,
Romember, though the earth's one darling less,
Heaven has one more.
MARTHIE SAWYER.

Baldwinville, Nov. 8, 1862.

In North Haverhill, N. H., Sept. 26, little MARY, daughter of Joseph and Eliza French, went to her home among the angels, aged I year, 7 months and 10

We have covered her with flowers, and laid her down We have covered her with nowers, and laid ner down to sleep, with the pleasing faith that from her new and beautiful home she will come to us, bringing the flow-ers of hope, love, and good cheer; and when we, too, pass the portal called Death into that garden "where ingels walk and seraphs are the wardens," she will crown our brows with amaranthine wreaths.

seemed well accomplished. Possessed of rare personal beauty, a very precocious intellect, and a remarkably affectionate disposition, in her short sojourn with us she twined herself very closely around our hearts; and when she plumed her wings for her angel home, and our hearts instinctively turned to follow, we felt that henceforth she would be a magnet, drawing our love to her bright and happy sphere.

Departed, from Plainfield, Washara Co., Wis., Oct. you, Dr. Child, stands the figure of a girl covered with flowers. This reminds me of the picture I have seen called Flora."

All the above answers were made to what was written and concealed from Mr. Colchester's view in the adaption of the could need to be a disposition to look back of effects for their causes, the despite of the could need to be a disposition to look back of effects for their causes, the despite of the despite of the despite of the could need the despite of the d he could not accept the dogmatic theories of popular thelogy; but when the Philosophy of Spiritualism be-gan to be unfolded, he gave the subject a thorough and "Mr. Colohester, tell us how you answer these candid investigation, and became a bold and earnest advocate of its truths. His sickness was long, yet he f you please."

Mr. Colchester replied:

"The spirits whisper in my ears what I tell you."

We have related only a small part of the massi.

> ing Sunday, when the spirit guides of the writer spoke through his organism the words of consolation to the aged father and mother, and brothers and sisters, and also to a large audience of friends and neighbors, who

Passed to the spiritlife at East Westmoreland, N. H., Oct. 31, 1862, Mr. WILLIAM B. CLARK, aged 50, after a seyere illness of about two weeks, of tythe time of execution for each would be but a small fraction of a minute.

A. B. C. leaving a beloved companion, and a large circle of friends, who will often weep as they miss him in the home circle, or remember his many kindly deeds of the new circle, or remember his many kindly deeds of the new circle. love. It has been said of him by many, "I do not think he had an enemy in the world;" but we know influence will long be felt in the place where the form will not be seen. But the spirit is with us now, although we see it not. His faith was strong in spiritcommunion, and he looked forward in joyful anticipacome, if I can;' and only about seven hours after the release of the spirit, he manifested his presence to his

the request of the departed love one, mis. S. H. Mar-thews, and her sister, Barbara L. Allen—well known in Boston—were the mediums through whom the spir-its gave their words of sympathy and instruction to a large and attentive andlence, comforting the mourners, and, we hope, instructing all. A good man has gone; let us imitate his noble deeds. L. W. M.

Died at Vinalhaven, Me., a few weeks since, rather anddenly, Mrs. JANE CALDERWOOD, widow of the late Mr. Luther Calderwood, in the 98th year of her age. This venerable lady was a sister of Mrs. Hannah Seaver, the excellent mother of the editor of this paper, who died last winter, and the last member of a family remarkable for its longevity .- Boston Investigator.

Answering Scaled Letters.

For the reason that mediums for answering sealed letters are continually changing their residences, nately, and hence all nations who have commerce thus subjecting those who desire in this way to comare interested in catching and exterminating them. municate with their spirit friends to much trouble Privateers rob and plunder and murder, if they and uncertainty, we have made arrangements with a COMPETENT MEDIUM to answer letters of this class. The choose, only the citizens and ships of the one or more terms are one dollar for each letter so answered, nations with which they are at war, and hence only including three red postage stamps. Whenever the that nation, or those nations, are pecuniarily inter-conditions are such that a spirit addressed cannot ested in suppressing them. So far as the owners of respond, the money and letter sent to us will be rea vessel or cargo are concerned, it may as well be not guarantee that every letter will be answered entaken by a pirate as by a privateer; but so far as tirely satisfactory, as sometimes spirits addressed life is concerned, the chances are a little better, and hold imperfect control of the medium, and do as well but a little, with the privateer, at least when her as they can under the circumstances. Address

How to Obtain the Banner of Light. We wish it distinctly understood that we have authorized no person outside of our establishment to recivilization, for robbing and even sometimes for ceive subscriptions and mail this paper regularly to murdering private families who take no part in the wan are particularly requested to report to us direct

sens' property, at least when such property was not the name of the County and State, and direct to William White the paper is intended to be sent, not forgetting the name of the County and State, and direct to William White & Co., 168 Washington, street, Boston,

Our Circles.

Notice.—As these circles, which are free to the public, authect us to much expense, those of our friends who take an interest in them.. and desire to have them continued, are aplicated to aid us in a pecuniary point of view or we fear we rules of civilized warfare to rob and plunder private shall be obliged to suspend them altogother. Adysum, howproperty not contraband of war on the land, but an ever small, that the friends of the cause may feel inclined to

We are fully aware that much good to the cause has been accomplished by these free circles, as many persons who first may not have heard of the war, and rob every man attended them as skepter, now believe in the Spiritual Phoon board of all his carnings, and murder the crew, nomens, and are made happy in mind thereby. Hence we or land them, robbed, on the nearest land, to escape hope to be sustained in our efforts to promulgate the great if they can, or starve if they must; and yet this is truths which are pouring in upon us from the split world for the benefit of humanity, and marginist you

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

sooner abolishing this barbarous practice.

The time has come that war on the ocean should be conducted on as humane and honorable principles as on land, and the capture and destruction of Smith, Dog. 21 and 28 th and 24 th and 25 th an

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON,— the Spiritual Conference meets every Tuesday evening, at 71-2 o'clock; Маницинал.—Mootings are hold in Bassett's new Hall.

Speakers engaged:—Mrs. A. M. Spence November 30; N. Prank : White, Dec. 7 and 14; Mrs. M 58; Townsend, Dec. 21

TAUNTON.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall, every Sabbath afternoon and evening. The following speakers are engaged:—F. L. Wadsworth, Nov. 80; Hon. Warren Chase,

in Dec.
LOWELL.—The Spiritualists in this city have removed from Wells' Hall, where they have so long met, to the church, coraer of Central and Merrimack streets, where they will continue their Sunday services, afternoon and syaning, at 2 1.3 and 6 1.3 p. M. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. M. Wood during Nov.; Mrs. E A. Kingsbury, Feb. 14 and 21.

CHICOPER, MASS .- Music Hall has beenhired by the Spiritalists. Meetings will be held Sundays, afternoon and eve ing. Portland, Mr.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular

rostland, m. ... Inspiritualist the structure of the moetings every Sunday in Sons of Temperauce Hall, on Congress, between Oak and Green streets. Conference in the orenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 2 1-4 and clock. Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon for the month of Nov. PROVIDENCE.—Byeakers engaged:—Mrs. M. S. Townsend luring Nov.; E. Annie Kingsbury for December; Warren Jhase for January.

LIST OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are requested to call atention to the BARNER. Lecturers will be careful to give us notice of any change of their arrangements, in order that our list may be kept as correct as possible.

Miss Lizzis Dotsn will lecture in Boston, Nov. 80; in Philadelphia through Dec. Address, care of Banner of Light Miss Emma Handings will lecture in Philadelphia in Nov.; in Springfield, Mass., in January. Address, care of Bels Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass. Letters will

H. B. STORRE, inspirational speaker, may be secured for Sundays in this vicinity, by addressing him at 80 Pleasant street, Boston.

F. L. WADSWORTH will lecture in Taunton, Nov. 80. Ad-

Mas. M. S. Townsend will speak in Providence, R. I., during Nov.; in Marblehead, Dec. 21 and 28; in Philadelphia, Pa., in May.

N. Frank Whitz will speak in Springfield, the five Sundays of Nov.; in Marblehead, Dec. 7 and 14; in Quincy, Dec. 21 and 28; in Taunton, Jan. 4 and 11; Putnam, Conn., during Feb.; Philadelphia in March.

WARREN CHASE speaks in Taunton, four Sundays in Dec.; In Providence, R. I., during January. He will receive sub-scriptions for the Banner of Light.

DR. JAMES COOPER, Bellefontaine, Ohio, will speak at Greenville, Darke Co., Ohio, Nov. 26 and 27, evenings; Mor-ristown, Ind., Nov. 27; Maurice, 28; Chesterfield, 29 and 30; Anderson, Dec. 1; Mechanicsburg, Dec. 2 and 3; Cadiz, 4 and 5; Greensboro, 6 and 7. Bubscriptions taken for the Banner, and books for sale.

Banner, and books for sale.

Mas. E. A. Bliss will speak in Plymouth, Mess., the remaining Sundays in November, and will answor calls for week-evenings in the vicinity, or calls for further engagements, addressed through November in care of John Battles, Plymouth, Mass. Permanent address, Springfield, Mass.

Miss Emma Houston, will lecture three months in Ban-tor, Me., commencing Nov. 16, and continuing until Feb. 13, 863. Those wishing to engage her services week evenings, or Sundays after that date, can address her there.

Mrs. S. A. Hobron will speak at a funeral in South Dorset, L. Nov. 27; at Ludiow, Nov. 30; at South Reading, Dec. 7; t Huntington, Dec. 14. Mas. Amanda M. Spanon will speak at Marblehead Nov

MISS MARTHA L. BROEWITH, trance speaker, will lecture n Somers; Conn.; Dec 21 and 28; in Stafford, Conn. Jan. i and II. Will answer calls to lecture during the winter, address at New Haven, care of George Beckwith. Refernce: H. B. Storor, Boston, CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Bucksport, Nov. 80

in Bradley, December 7 and 14; in Kenduskeag, December 21; in Bradford; Dec. 28; in Exetor, the first Sunday in January, 1863. Address as above or Livermore Falls, Me. MIRE SURIE M. JOHNSON, trance medium, respectfully in orms the spiritual public that she will answer calls to ure during November, previous to leaving the country licangus. Address, 233 Green street, New York

LEO MILLER will speak in Oneida, N. Y., the last Sunday in Nov.; in Springfield, Mass., the four Sunday'iff Dec.; in Putnam, Conn., the two first Sundays in Jan.; in Taunton, Mass., the two first Sundays in Feb. Mr. Miller will make engagements in New England the forlast of Jan., and the last of Feb.; also through the month of March. Address as above, or Springfield, Mass.

Mas. M. M. Wood (formerly Mrs. Macumber,) will lecture in Lowell, in November. Address, West Killingly, Conn. Mas. E. A. Kinosavay will speak in Providence, R. I., during Dec.; in Lowell, Feb. 14 and 21. Address accordingly, MRS. LAURA DEFORCE GORDON will lecture in Purtland

Me., during Nov. and Dec. Address, care of box 403; at Lowell, Mass., Jau. 4 and 11; at Providence, R. L., during Feb. Address as above. L. K. COOMLEY, trance speaker, will lecture in Clyde, O. Nov. 80; Cleveland, O., in Dec. Will speak week even ings in vicinity of Sunday appointments. Address accordingly. Mrs. S. A. Coonley can be addressed at Newburyport, Mass., until further notice.

ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIM, Musical medium, will be in Bangor, Me., the fourth week of Nov. Address as above, or Richmond, Me.

W. K. Biplay will speak in Camden, Me., the four Sab-baths of December. Address, Box 505, Bangor, Me. J. S. LOYBLAND, will speak in Boston, Dec. 7 and 14. Address, for the present, care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield

street, Boston... J. M. ALLEN, N. W. Bridgewater, Mass., Inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture in Plymouth and ad oining counties.

MRS. SARAH HELEE MATHEWS, of Lowell, Mass., will re-coive calls to lecture in fowas in the Western part of New Hampshire, or Southern and Central Vermont. Address East Vestmoreland, N. H.

GEO. A. PERECE, of Dover, Me., Trance Medium, will speak to the friends of Spiritualism, in towns in the vicinity of his bome, occasionally, if the friends of the cause request, for two or three months, or till further notice.

REV. E. CASE may be addressed at Osseo, Hillsdale Co., Mich., for lectures on Spiritual and Religious topics, Astronomy, Geology, Music, Poetry, Wit and Humor, and the usual subjects and topics of popular loctures. He will also attend Marriage and Funeral Services. He may be also addressed, care of Mrs. James Lawrence, Cleveland, Ohlu.

MR. and MRS, H. M. MILLER will answer calls to lectur on the Principles of General Reform, anywhere in Pennsyl vanis or New York. Also, attend funerals, if desired. Ad dress, Elmira, N. Y., care of Wm. B. Hatch, or Conneaut Ohio, care of Asa Hickox.

MRS. S. E. WARNER will answer calls to lecture abroad tw Sundays in each month. Is engaged the remainder of the time in Borlin and Omro. Postoffice address, box 14, Borlin,

Banuar D. Paon, trance speaker, will answer calls to led ture in the Middle and Western States. Address, Port Hu MRS. C. M. Brown may be addressed till further notice care of T. J. Freeman, Esq. Milwaukee, Wis.

OHAS. T. IEEEN'S address for a few weeks is Ledyard, Conu He will receive calls to lecture in the neighboring towns. M. A. HUNTER, M. D., will receive calls to lecture, Adress box 2001, Rochester, N. Y.

Mas. FARSTE BURDANE FELTON may be addressed at Wordeler, Mass., care of James Dudley. E. WHIPPLE is lecturing on Geology and General Reform Address for the Fall and Winter, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Dr. H. F. GARDERE, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston vill answer calls to lecture. Miss B. ANNA River, 49 Hudson street Boston:

MIGS B. ANNA RYDER, 49 Hudson street, Buston:
L. Judd Parder, Boston, care of Bela Marsh.
De. E. L. Lyon, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Mary A. Ricker, Ohelses, Mass.
Mrs. Mary A. Ricker, Ohelses, Mass.
Mrs. Barah A. Byrres, 87 Bpring at. E. Cambridge, Mass.
Mrs. Jewnin S. Rudd, Taunton, Mass.
Mrs. Jewnin S. Rudd, Taunton, Mass.
B. J. Buytis, Hopedale, Mass.
Wr. F. Whitmas, trance speaker, Athol Depot, Mass.
ISAAC P. Grenninay, Lowell, Mass.
N. S. Grenninay, Lowell, Mass.
N. S. Grenninay, Lowell, Mass.
Mrs. J. Puyrre, Hadden, Plymouth Co., Mass.
Friedrick Rosinson, Marblehead, Mass.
J. J. Locke, Greenwood, Mass.
J. J. Locke, Greenwood, Mass.
J. T. Lang, Lawrence, Mass.
A. H. Davis, Naick, Mass.
Rey, M. Taulos, Stockton, Me.

REV. M. TATLOR, Stockton, Me.

MRS. CLIFTON HUTCHINSON, Milford, N.H., FRAME CHASE, South Button, N. H., GRO. S. NELSON, Concord, N. H. Mus. E. M. Wolcork, speaking and test medium, Roches HISS PANKY V. KELTON, test medium, Montpeller, Vt.

J. L. POTTER, Trante Speaking Medium, Montpeller, Vt. AUSTER E. SIMMONS, Woodstock, Vt. Calista P. Womes, Proctorsville, Vt. REEA WILLS, Chelses, Vt.

Ezra Wills, Chelses, Vt. Mas. Anna M. Middlersoon, Box 439, Bridgeport, Conn Mas. J. J. Chark, care Wm. H. Andruss, West Killingly, C Mas. J. A. Banks, Newtown, Conn. All Land to the Mas. M. J. Wilcoxson, Hammonton, N. J. care A. O. Bille

Miss PLAVILLA E. WASHBURN, Windham, Bradford Co., Ps Mas. H. F. M. Brown, Oleaveland, Ohio. A. B. Famon: Olyde, Banddsky Ob., Ohlo. Miss Man' A. Tromas Cinginnati, Ohlo. Mas: Banan M. Tromas Cinginnati, Ohlo.

Mar. Baram M. Trockroom, Toledo Onidi Mar. A. F. Pattrason, Springfield, Ill.
Mar. A. F. Pattrason, Springfield, Ill.
Mar. Brita Spoudait, Rockford, Ill.
Mar. M. Brotheron, trance speaker, Frontise Olly, Michigloppare, Pocific Inspirational Medium, Fontise Michigloppare, Procise Inspirational Medium, Fontise Michigan, Stanes, Stanes, Springfield, Mar. M. J. Russ, Ormani Kens Gunnby, Michigan, Mar. M. J. Russ, Ormani Kens Gunnby, Michigan, Mar. And Nagara Bangs, Three Bivers, Michigan, Apple Appara and Nagara Region, Spring, Allegan Oop Michigan, Mich

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the entirely erroneous notions prevalent on the subject of free government.
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mind—is destined to make a way for itself, and especially for the cause it revocates, that is permitted to but few publica-

tions of any age.

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tt Dec. 21.

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Several years ago the author of this volume wrote as fol-"Each man is capable of rendering high service to human-

"Lach man is expanse of rendering figh service to humanity gets it from him, or the reverse, will over remain for the world to decide. Now here am I, acting faithfully in accordance with my personality and its boundaries. If you know how to use me, as my nature prescribes, I shall yield you a permanent benefit. But if, in your ignorance of yourself, (and therefore of me,) you do not put me to the best service, you will soon feel the penalty."

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Answers to Questions is printed on good paper, and wen bound uniform with the "Great Harmonia" and "The Harbinger of Health."

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