

NO. 12.

BY A. E. PORTER.

She was a comparative stranger to me; she was shy, reserved, and yet in common with all such persons, a minute observer, and let nothing escape her.

10. I judge not to be inharmonious, but a little dis-
 trustful. I could not see that the husband was a little fearful
 that the wife would not give him as favorable an im-
 pression as he desired. I was not and perhaps in

of much pleasure to me. I scarcely knew, however, how to reply to the following:

Dear Auntie—I must tell you of my success yesterday in getting a letter to Frank. I had written one of ten pages, and sealed and superimposed it, but

to distrust her, was more genial than I had ever supposed she would become. I had concluded, as far as she was concerned, to be patient awhile; but I could not help, in my anxiety for the paper, of opening my whole heart to Mr. Harmon. It was a

I am not the heroic, nor have I the qualities to make one. I should have been very meek and dove-like in the hands of my tormentor, but I forget all my resolutions of forbearance and gentleness, and I think I could have seen the old housekeeper shot

at that minute and we have mourned by loss. Indignation, anger, shame, and worse than all, (for we think that at such times,) a consciousness of having lost a good friend, overwhelmed me, and I could not control my feelings.

"Folk will talk, you know," (the housekeeper kept sticking her pin into my quivering flesh.) "Well, let them talk," I said, "and I'll give them something worth talking about another time."

Our heartiest words are sometimes prophecies. I suppose aunt Hannah thought I would deny or affirm the charge, but I would say nothing more upon the subject; and though I tried to be civil, and asked her to stay longer, I felt no cordiality toward her. I longed also to be alone and examine my own heart, and when she left the house, I turned to my own room to commune in silence.

Conscience whispered that I had erred in finding so much pleasure in the society of the Judge, but never once until then had I in thought ever been faithless to my husband—his memory was every day more precious to me. But I could not but acknowledge that there was a charm, a fascination in the elder brother which few men possess. Men of business called him reserved, many women termed him cold and stern, children were timid in his presence, but to me he had been the kind, indulgent brother; to Sidney, my child, gentle almost as his own father. I saw him brilliant in conversation, attentive to my wants, and wise in counseling my ignorance. Yes, Brother Maurice had supplied a great want in my life—he had been a kind counselor in my affliction. Most I now treat him as a stranger, and let distrust and suspicion take the place of confidence and mutual trust? No, I would not. Things should move on as they had done. Aunt Hannah might croak, and the scandal-loving neighbors might gossip about my brief widowhood; it would be long enough if it depended on Judge Perry to shorten it.

There he is, now—I hear his step in the hall; I like to hear it; I feel stronger when he is near; and then he has a family resemblance to my husband, I love to sit and trace it. I'll go out and meet him with the same frankness as ever. Hannah Price shall not have it in her power to deprive me of one great source of enjoyment. I go out, but forget that my eyes are red with weeping. He sees it at once.

"What now, my sister? Any trouble?"

"Oh no, nothing at all," I said, smiling.

"I just saw Hannah going from here. I know very well that she can sometimes say disagreeable things, but she will not trouble you more than once that way. I am only informed of it. We all know she has owed you a grudge for accepting a most cordial invitation to come into the family; but it is time she should forget that. But come, I have a speech of Webster's to read you. Let me see you in your little sewing-chair—and cheer up; I love to watch the varying lights and shadows on your face when I read the great orator's burning words. Do you know you have a tell-tale face, that speaks what is in the heart?"

"I am sorry I have not more self-command."

"Poh! More deprecate, you mean, and base hypocrisy, like too many of your sex."

"And some of yours."

"We are more bold in wickedness. You women have the defence of the weak—timidity and deception. But to our speech."

He reads in that clear, low, rich tone that I like so much. I listen and knit, and am thankful that I have a brother Maurice.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

ARISTOCRACY.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

There are several grades of aristocracy indigenous to various localities of this gigantic bee-comb called the world. Living in the country, my observations, and consequently my province for treatment, is country aristocracy. As every one seems to be striving for something higher, in the social scale as well as in every other, a few hints may be serviceable to those whose experiences have been less limited than my own.

To begin with, it is useless for any one in the country to try to be aristocratic, unless they are fortunate enough to have some city acquaintance to ape. Next, you must have a good, stiff backbone, with your skull bones set on the top of it, on a slant of forty-five degrees backward. You must try and have all the muscles of your body rigid, except those which control the mouth. Much practice will be required to bring these to perfect obedience, and you will doubtless have to practice before your mirror much before you will get to suit yourself. You must not omit to put on the termination at wherever you can. It is very much in use. Watch—buttuh thunduh—doth. Never mind what Webster and McGuffey say against it. They did not belong to the ton, or they would not have written dictionaries and reading books for a living. Consequently their opinion is not worth consulting. Get a door-plate, if you can. No matter if you have not a neighbor within a mile—you must keep up appearances! If you make a party, invite your guests at 9 1/2 or 10 o'clock P. M.—receptions are always late in the city. After some old lady has traveled a whole mile on foot to make you a visit, just send your domestic of course you keep one—to the door to tell her you are not at home to your acquaintances that day—it will be happy to see her at another time. If you feel any compunctions of conscience when you see the poor old lady go away tired and slow, console yourself by knowing such things are practiced in our best city society.

If a stylish stranger comes into the place, you must be sure and get introduced to him, and then stick to him, introduce all your friends to him, monopolize him, let people know that he is somebody, and you are acquainted with him: in short, bore him to death.

In public assemblies do not let your modesty prevent your making yourself conspicuous. Wear your best clothes, and then circulate. Put as much "hauteute" in your bearing as you can command; if you do not know the meaning of the word, ask Miss McMillany.

A gentleman is known by his dress. Wear a high gold ring, with a massive red set. A watch-chain with a small fob the size of a hen's egg. Get dressed, if possible. Bony your hair with muck, and twine it with a towel pipe hat, for remember a gentleman in a human being standing between a polished pair of boots and a polished hat.

After I need to say to the ladies to dress in the best of fashion. Cultivate a musical lip, if possible, and the perfect comeliness for your

respectability. Remember you have not a long line of noble ancestry to back you—you are just starting, of course! Don't nod to anybody who has not got a good spit of clothes, a good horse and buggy, and money enough ahead to make a party. Practice turning up your nose at an angle of forty-five degrees, if you do not wish to recognize an acquaintance.

If you see any one in your path you do not wish to recognize, just fix your eyes on an imaginary nothing in the distance, and then stare right at it, until you are past the object to be avoided.

Walnut Grove Farm.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SONG OF A SOUL IN DESPONDENCY.

BY BELLE BUSH.

I've a mournful heart to-day, my love,

A very mournful heart;

And the sky hangs dark above me; love,

And the blessed dreams depart. Ah, me!

My brightest dreams depart!

Is it dark to you? Is the earth all dark?

Then come to me, my love,

And tell me if yet there's a place of rest

For the weary-stricken dove! Alas!

That I should be that dove!

I'm sitting beside Life's rushing stream,

That solemn, mysterious tide;

I'm sitting still, for the light is gone,

And I see no hand to guide. Oh, God!

I thought Thou wast my guide!

I've broken the strings of my harp, my love,

Those low, sweet-breathing strings;

And the soul of Song that their music waked,

By the river of Sadness sings. Alone

By that mournful stream she sings.

I hear not the lays of my sunny youth,

Or the tones that were mine of yore;

They have passed with joy to a far off land,

From a dark and changing shore. They are gone,

And I weep by the lonely shore.

Was it all a phantom of hope, my love,

That vision which seemed so fair,

That loomed afar o'er the sea of Life,

Like a star on the sea of air? Ah, me!

It floated away in air!

In youth it beckoned me on, my love,

To a glorious, shining track,

Where I soared and soared, till I thought no power

Could frighten or woo me back. Alas!

How have I wandered back!

'T was joys to sweep through the fields of light,

On the pinions of Hope and Song,

And tune my harp to the hymns of Night,

Or float with the spheres along. But now

All hushed are the chords of Song.

I dreamed I saw where the bright'ning goal

Shone out o'er the flowery heights,

And gleaming afar o'er my upward track,

Were a thousand beacon lights. But, oh!

Where now are the beacon lights?

Lost, lost to me! I am weary worn—

Far off is the shining goal;

And the glorious summit of Fame but mocks

The dreams of my weary soul. And ah!

All light from my yearning soul.

Doubt, grimly porter of white despair,

Comes dimly croaking by;

And stained by the dew of his Upas-breath,

My soul's best blossoms die. Unseen

All their rich beauties die.

I view far above me the dazzling heights,

Smiling out o'er the realms of gloom,

Where the beautiful wreaths of the Past wave

With flowers of immortal bloom. Ah, me!

What pleasure to see them bloom!

But the ladder that lifts to those glorious Alps,

Must be strangely and cunningly wrought;

Its frame and each round must be studded with gems.

To shine in the kingdoms of thought. Too slight

Are the delicate tissues of thought.

The impulse, the purpose of life's early morn,

When I yearned for the fountains of Song,

Lives yet in its freshness, the dream of my soul;

But the pathway is weary and long. I faint,

On a journey too weary and long.

The glorified spirits of Hope and of Love

Would whisper me, "courage" again;

But I falter and sink when I'm trying to soar,

And doubt mingles near me. "In vain!" Oh, woe!

To the heart that once echoes, "in vain!"

The flowers, the flowers of my youth are gone,

And the angels that were my guide;

And I sit alone on the solemn shore,

By the rushing and moaning tide. Alone,

By the sweeping, mysterious tide.

And so I've a mournful heart, my love,

A very mournful heart;

For the sky hangs dark above me; love,

And the blessed dreams depart. Ah, me!

That they should e'er depart!

THE APPLE-TREE.—Not only the Indian, but many

Indigenous insects, birds, and quadrupeds, welcomed

the apple-tree to these shores. The tent-caterpillar

saddled her eggs on the very first twig; that was

formed, and it has since shared her affections with

the wild cherry; and the canker-worm also in a

measure abandoned the elm to feed on it. As it

grew apace, the blue-bird, robin, cherry-bird, king-

bird, and many more, came with haste and built

their nests and warbled in its boughs, and so became

orchard birds, and multiplied more than ever. It

was an era in the history of their race. The downy

wood-pecker found such a savory morsel under its

bark, that he perforated it in a ring quite round the

tree, before he left it—a thing which he had never

done before, to my knowledge. It did not take the

partridge long to find out how sweet its buds were,

and every winter eve she flew, and still flies, from

A LETTER TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN

IN BEHALF OF THE INDIANS.

Sir—As a loyal citizen wishing well to his country, permit me to invite your attention to a subject which hitherto has not had the consideration which its importance demands. I refer to the Indian question, or first step in the direction which has brought our nation to the verge of ruin.

It is generally supposed that Slavery is the cause of our present calamities, and that when the negro is freed from bondage, all will be well. But facts and history tell us that wrong to the Indian preceded the enslavement of the African, and the annihilation of entire tribes by the unscrupulous usurpation of their homes which characterized the spread of the white race over the Indian country, prepared the way for the introduction of the African as a slave. Hence it is obvious that this war is but an extension of the unneighborly, unchristian, and destructive practice, which for generations has been operating against the Aborigines of our country, and nothing is more plain, than that until this first step is retraced, and this first cause of national demoralization is stayed, there can be no peace or good order in the country.

While I am writing, an item of intelligence reaches me through the papers, by no means an exceptional case, illustrating the manner in which Indians are treated in the far West.

SELLING INDIAN CHILDREN.—The Alta California of Oct. 5, says: "Mr. August Hess, who has returned to this city from a prospecting tour through the lower part of Lake County, informs us that he saw a number of men driving Indian children before them to sell in Napa, Solano, Yuba, and other counties of the Sacramento Basin. In one instance he saw two men driving nine children, in another, two men with four children; in another, one man with two girls, one of them apparently about fourteen years of age. The age of these children varied from six to fifteen years. Rumor says that about one hundred children have been taken through Lake County this summer for sale. They do not follow the main road, but usually take by-paths. Rumor says further, that hunters catch them in Mendocino and Humboldt counties, after killing their parents. If the children try to escape and are likely to succeed, the hunters shoot them. One boy in Berryessa Valley, left a farmer to whom he had been sold, and went to another farmer. The purchaser took the boy and swore he would hang him if he ran away again."

As an excuse for our injustice to the Indians, we plead that they are destined to disappear before our superior civilization, while our injustice repels them from accepting our civilization.

Landholders and capitalists will perceive this, when they reflect that the same rule by which the taking of land from the Indians without giving them a fair equivalent, gives a stronger sanction to the landless man to settle upon the broad acres of his richer neighbor, and for the moneyless man to help himself to plenty, wherever he can find it, and for the poor people who occupy the cellars and garrets and crowded tenements in our cities, to place themselves in the spacious mansions, and to fill their furnished, but rarely used, parlors and bed-chambers.

Sir, this is already done in the South; and it is but the first fruits of the harvest, the seeds of which have been sown broadcast over the North, the East, the West, as well as the South, and is in exact accordance with Divine law. "The same measure ye mete, shall be measured to you again." For notwithstanding the solemn Treaty which still exists, signed by Washington, and countersigned by Jefferson, affirming that "the Indian tribes should not be despoiled of their lands so long as grass grows, and water flows," and the declaration of the Bible, also, which says: "Cursed be the man who removeth his neighbors' landmark;" yet it is nevertheless true, as the Right Reverend Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island eloquently said, in a public address:

"That we had in the midst of our nation a people more thoroughly wronged in every respect than any other people on the face of the globe. For this is the simple fact, there is not a people upon the face of the earth that has been more thoroughly robbed of all its rights, and of all its possessions, and of everything that is dear to humanity, than the Aborigines of North America. This is the fact, and we are the robbers, our fathers and we, so long as we allow ourselves to be the passive participants in their sin."

If, then, the wrong to the Indian is the first and the oldest of our national sins, and the beginning of the demoralization, which has overspread the country, their redress is of right, and of necessity, the first step in the order of national reform, and of self-preservation. This can be done only by the immediate recognition of the Indians as human beings, entitled to the civilities and sympathies which is the birthright of all other human beings; and to guarantee for them as a race, a domain and sovereign nationality, as free, and distinct from our own, as is their language, their complexion, and their religion. The Creator gave to them these peculiarities, and their right to the enjoyment of all these prerogatives is as sacred and as certain as those possessed by our own nation, or by England, or France, or Russia, or any other nation under heaven. The fact of their alleged inability for self-sustenance as one of the family of Nations, gives no sanction to the abominable idea that they must necessarily perish before the march of civilization. On the other hand, their very weakness should be their strength, by the greater claim it gives to them on the magnanimity of the stronger race, which in turn would be strengthened by its exercise in their behalf.

There are many reasons why, in spite of the vast and varied philanthropies of the age, the public feeling toward the Indians is as yet but a little in advance of the age, in which men were persecuted on account of their creed, or oppressed on account of their caste or condition.

Some of these reasons I beg leave to mention: 1st. For many years the Indian Department has been in the control of the Slave power, and toward the Indian the action has been as subtle and as cruel, as was the Inquisition in the dark ages.

2d. The same kind of stratagems and falsehoods have been used to prejudice the public mind, by the same parties who have set the South against the North, and brought upon us this murderous war; and in addition to all this, narrow-minded religionists and unscrupulous story-writers have largely contributed to excite the same against these defenceless people.

The truth is, the Indians as a race, have the common characteristics of humanity, varied only by circumstances and surroundings. They have as few vices, and as many virtues, and as much capacity, and as great desire for improvement, as is possessed by the average of mankind. And there is no reason to doubt that when Justice imbues our National Legislature, and moral principle controls our Army, and brotherly kindness prevails in our Churches, and a call is heard from the President upon Congress, for a speedy and equitable adjustment of their existing grievances, mutual friendship will be established, and instead of the Indians being a source of terror and weakness, they will become a source of strength and wealth.

In the hope of hastening the desired result, I beg leave to lay before you the following statement relative to the late outbreak in Minnesota; together with some considerations for the mitigation of the Death Penalty which has been passed by a Court Martial upon three hundred of the Indian participants.

The desolation and suffering which the massacre of five or six hundred of our fellow citizens in Minnesota, and the destruction of several million dollars worth of their property, has occasioned the deepest regrets; while at the same time the intense and long continued provocation which impelled the Indians to this destructive work is rarely thought of.

It is not my intention to speak on the causes of this sad affair, only to say that there is sufficient proof that like all similar occurrences, it was but the echo and response from the Indians for outrages committed upon them, against which neither agent, nor missionary, nor public sentiment affords any protection. The testimony of the Right Rev. Bishop Whipple, whose residence is near the scene of disaster, is most explicit on this point. He says, in a published letter, that "The outrage was owing to a system which leaves the Indian without the protection of law, and subject to the dishonesties of unscrupulous men." Words surely cannot be found in the whole vocabulary of the English language, to express a more terribly wretched condition than what the Bishop here describes. It was not until after long years of torture, and at last the suspension of payment of their annuities, and the information that the commissioner (Dole), was on his way to arrange for taking from them their choice lands on each side of Red River, that patience ceased to be a virtue, and in obedience to the first law of Nature, (self-preservation) their action, under the circumstances, was not especially Indian; but human nature the world over.

From various sources we learn that after they had ceased offensive warfare and desired peace, then, instead of meeting them in the spirit of pacification and good faith, Commissioner Dole convened on the 9th of September, the Mill Lac band of Chippewa Indians, with whom an agreement was made for them to be ready to fall upon the Sioux when called upon for that purpose. On the next day, 10th of September, at a place within two hours' ride from the Chippewa Council, the Chief of the Sioux, (Hole-in-the-Day) was invited to an interview. But his warriors suspecting treachery, prepared for the protection of their chief by placing themselves within call during the council between the commissioner and the chief. Dole complained of the presence of so many warriors, and after being told the reason, it was agreed to postpone the council until the following day, when both parties were to meet without either warriors or soldiers. But instead of keeping his agreement the commissioner appeared on the ground at the appointed time, accompanied by a strong guard of cavalry, scouring the country round about, and in his address to Hole-in-the-Day, charged him and his people as being rebellious children, and that these complaints and demonstrations of war were not to be allowed toward a representative of their Great Father, the President of the United States, and that they had laid waste the country and murdered the white people, &c., &c. To which Hole-in-the-Day replied, that "the Government had swindled his people out of their due for years, and that soldiers had been sent to arrest him, and had fired upon him without cause."

After two or three interviews of a similar kind, the commissioner, whose lack of knowledge of Indian nature and of human rights was shockingly manifest, returned to Washington. Report says that after all the white captives had been given up, and a large number of the Indians had surrendered themselves to the military authorities, and several of their leading men had been hung as rebels, by order of Gen. Sibby, that the sentence of death was passed upon three hundred more by a Court Martial, subsequently held.

There are, I conceive, very grave reasons why capital punishment should not be inflicted upon the condemned Indians; for—

1st. They had, by treaty, given to our Government the largest and best portion of their lands, on condition of receiving its protection with the means of self-sustenance by the arts of civilized life; but which it utterly failed of giving them, as the facts and the testimony of Bishop Whipple and many others fully prove.

2nd. The Indians are not recognized as citizens under our Government, and not being protected by it, they owed no allegiance to it, and therefore cannot be considered in the light of rebels against it. Therefore, it is manifestly unjust to subject them to the penalty of laws, the administration of which affords them no protection against the "dishonesties of unscrupulous men."

Under the circumstances, the conduct of the Indians was in exact accordance with the universally acknowledged right by which the United States became independent of England; and by which in the course of events, when a community cannot have the protection of law, it has a right to fall back upon its original instincts of preservation and aggression.

Commissioner Dole, to his credit, denurs at the execution of so many Indians; but unfortunately he proposes that their medicine men and their priests shall suffer the penalty, the injustice of which is apparent from the fact, that under their leadership the white captives had been returned, and their people had laid down their arms under the promise and with the expectation of a general amnesty.

If these men are hung, it will be far more just to hang all the professional men—the doctors and clergymen—who have aided and abetted this war upon the Government, because in one case they are veritable traitors and rebels; and in the other they are not. This argument, impregnable as it is, receives additional force from the fact that the Indians struck a blow for the only possible way by which they could make themselves heard and felt and understood as a people, having a right to be respected.

I invoke you, Sir, whom the Indians are taught to regard as their Great Father, to respond to this appeal, by the appointment of able and honest men, who are competent, by the possession of wisdom and experience, to investigate the condition and needs of every tribe or remnants of tribes in all our States and Territories, and to prepare a plan for their best and permanent well-being.

It is not enough, Sir, to depend upon the "statesmen" alone of local agents and others who are often so much biased, and in fear of the Indians, as to suppress what they think dangerous to the whole truth of what is done to the Indians; neither is it mere law-giving, money that they need, for it should not be forgotten that the Aborigines are not dependent paupers, but the lawful heirs of an ample heri-

tage, to deprive them of which is dishonorable to the age that permits it.

The work to be done is simply to ascertain what of right belongs to them, and then set it apart as sacred for their use, in freedom and in peace. And if agents or armies are necessary at all, they should be placed to guide the Indian Territory, to prevent the intrusion of "unscrupulous" thieves and vagabonds who infect all our Territories.

In conclusion, permit me to say, that nearly seven years ago I saw, as clearly as I now see, the calamities which are upon us on account of our national sin, and for giving utterance to words of warning in the hope of prevention, I have been for that period exiled from my home and family by the conspiracy of traitors, who sought to take my life. I now affirm, in the name of God and humanity, that measures similar to what I have herein proposed are absolutely necessary, not only as a proper expression of regard for the race from which we have derived our country and our corn, (Indian corn), but as a first step in national education in the truest and broadest principles which are essential to the peace and prosperity of our own people.

Respectfully,

JOHN BAXTER,

Light street Water Cure, To ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States. New York, Nov. 18th, 1862.

Written for the Banner of Light.

UNION BATTLE HYMN.

BY H. OLAT PRUESS.

Adapted to the popular air, "Adios Fideles," or "Portuguese Hymn," and respectfully dedicated to the brave Defenders of our Country.

Mid the battle's horror,
That fills our land with sorrow,
We humbly raise our voices unto Thee, Oh Lord!
Chorus.—God of Creation,

Helper of our Nation;
What Thou hast joined, oh, never
Let human treason sever;
But be our Guide forever—
Our Lord and King!

Now is the hour,
That tries a Nation's power,
And seals the

bright spirits, to whose inspiration I owe my power to address my thought of beloved listeners. I do as I do firmly believe, Spiritualism, received in the heart, and abiding with it in the lives of people, does manifest itself in the form of Spiritualism. I am about to quit this city of birth, for a rather dreary exile, where, as far as my knowledge goes, there are not any spiritual meetings at all; at least not any where my services are deemed available. In short, I am now bound for New York, and that not to lecture, but to prosecute efforts in reference to the "Unfortunate Women," for whom I am especially interested; and in this connection, I beg leave to respond to a query which I read in the Banner some few weeks since, namely, why I "did not redeem my promise of lecturing in New York?" To this query, I here take occasion to reply: I never made any such promise, since I know of no Spiritualist in New York desirous to exact such an one from me; furthermore, I add, that without any invitation at all, I last January and February hired a hall in New York, on my own account, and without one friend to assist me, advice, or aid in matters of business entirely new and unknown to me. I conducted these meetings, faithfully, for two months, and though some of my audiences acknowledged I was the instrument of the best course of lectures on that occasion that I had ever delivered, I found, after paying all expenses of hall, doorkeeper, advertisements, lights, firing, &c., &c., that two persons (dependent on my earnings) could not well live, board, lodge, travel, and meet all personal expenses on an average of an income of from five to seven dollars a week, the results of my two months' labors in New York, amongst Spiritualists.

I do not pretend, after the fashion of our modern reasoners, to charge this liberality amongst the "ists" to the "ism" on the contrary, I assert as the result of nearly six years' experience of Spiritualism, that though I have lived a life of perpetual struggle, I have realized to the fullest extent the constant assurance of my beloved spirit-guides, that "I should never want for anything;" still I know that these dear ones not through human instrumentalities, and though I still, and ever shall trust them, and work on in the assurance that they, as my employers, will be just to me in proportion to my fidelity; yet I am beginning to think that even the spirits themselves are losing confidence in their ability to procure for their poor servants a living in New York, and not until they "give the word," or the New York Spiritualists understand that the laborer is worthy of his hire, can the poor itinerant lecturer live on faith in New York. As I again repeat, that the result of my experience in American travel, has induced the belief, which the city of Philadelphia so nobly illustrates, that where the glorious and progressive doctrines of Spiritualism have the strongest hold, Samaritanism has the widest sphere of exhibition, so do I earnestly hope that there may be yet enough of the spirit of Samaritanism left in New York to induce one more effort to establish one more free and independent platform, whose source shall be Spiritualism, whose aim Samaritanism.

Written for the Banner of Light.

REPLY TO ANNIE EMER.

BY COUSIN BENJA.

What I tired of the world, Annie Emer,
Tired of the beautiful show?
Hast thou failed to discern through the glimmer,
The light that is destined to glow?
To me it is really a pleasure,
And life is a beautiful tramp,
Where each one is filling his measure,
By the light of his own little lamp.
I know that its pathway is winding,
And the future is hard to discern;
But the joy in a walk is the finding
Something new every corner we turn.
And although there is much that seems homely,
If we study the problem to win,
We shall find their surroundings are only
The cause of their darkness and sin!
And should friendship prove wanting, when tested,
Yield not to despair—try again;
You will find that true love thus invested
Will bring rich rewards in the end.
Let us then take the world as we find it,
Believing, if well understood,
There is n't more shadow than sunshine,
There is n't more evil than good.
You ask, is there peace in our cottage,
If our heartstone is free from all strife,
If unmelancholic discord never enter,
To mar the sweet sunshine of life?
Alas, yes, we oft meet the tempter,
And yield to his absolute sway;
But we find it unpleasant, the venture,
Again to be found in his way.
Then come, if you wish our protection,
For our door is open, that all
May rest in our nest of affection,
If they feel it a pleasure to call.
Thatchwood Cottage, 1892.

See BANNER OF LIGHT, Oct. 18th.

A New Star in the Spiritual Rank.
DEAR BANNER—The advent of Miss Martha L. Book with of New Haven, who has spoken here two Sundays and is engaged for a third, has been the means of rousing us from a state of lethargy into a healthy working condition of things pertaining to our social and religious nature. An apparent despondency, for several reasons, has been lurking for months over us, until, at last, perhaps by special Providence, this lady comes in time to save our drooping spirits, almost faithless from the vortex of former materialism. High heaven has once more spared our disheartened souls, and we again sail upon the sea of life, wafted by a fair breeze, breathed upon by gentle spirits from higher spheres. Martha is truly a star; if not of the first magnitude, then of the second, as a lecturer for the principles of the Harmonical Philosophy. Although quite young, she utters things well becoming those of maturer years. Exceedingly well chosen and beautiful are her illustrations, clothed with language sublime and eloquent. Borne on and lifted up as she seems to be, by invisible agency, she must soon become distinguished in her sphere of action, where a wide field shall be opened for her; and then an appreciation of her powers will be felt by thousands who will yet hear and be filled with her holy influence. G. W. B. Wytheville, Conn., Nov. 24, 1892.

Life and love are equally valuable in life, but the latter, unlike the former, lasts after death. Simple people may eat, but should not talk. The mouths will do well enough as long as they are not used.

WARREN CHASE IN QUINCY

DEAR BANNER—The following is an abstract of a discourse delivered in Quincy, Mass., on Sunday, Nov. 28, by Hon. Warren Chase, P. R. J. Life is a spiral railroad. None of us have found its terminus. Many have supposed it ends at the station, Death; but recent discoveries prove that it does not. All passengers start in ignorance; all have "through tickets." Some have many holes punched, having stopped at many stations; different forms of government have their stations, starting very low down, rude and simple, first forms nearest stations; more advanced Republican or Democratic. All forms of religious devotion are stations. Passengers start with through tickets, endorsed on the back. Death overtakes some in a few days, who have gone a little way on this life's track; others run many years, and have opportunity to stop at different stations. The rudest forms of government are nearest childhood. So are the lowest forms of devotion.

How glowing the picture which the Catholics and Protestants present of the crucifixes of the early Pagans, of the Hindu mother in the sacrifice of her child, and pass lightly over their own acts of barbarity. Every year persons destroy themselves by excesses. I have a case in mind of a mother who believed that children were sure to go to heaven, and the chances for grown people were very small, who murdered her three children, then herself. She was converted, and believed the doctrine of endless damnation. These are the effects of that doctrine.

But to the railroad question. "At what station will you stop?" Far in advance of the Catholics? The Protestants have stations along the way, one society after another. The most advanced signal station is the Universalist; next, recently set up, the Spiritualist. If you advance and are permitted to stop where you please, would you not know all you can know? Would you have everything to unlearn? Spiritualism is better than any of the wisdom acquired by the different sects. Move forward, put up your signal pole, invite others to come with you. Some have asked if you were going to take down your pole. I am sure of one thing, individually: you will not go back, but keep out the signal-light. Not so important for you, for you cannot go back; the train is not going that way. If you take down the signal, you collect those in the rear, who will feel themselves amply paid for the efforts you have made to assist them. See your position; go forward; endeavor to help others, whatever you do for the least, the more advanced will do for you. You are standing on shore, but some are struggling in the water; you have too much humanity to let them drown; too much soul for that.

There are persons aroused in the churches, whose hold is slackening to church creeds. You are under obligations to do something for them; the spirit-world are looking on to see what you will do. Will you stay in your comfortable home, warm fire, newspaper to read, no thought of those exposed to the storm, as long as you are sheltered? The fountain stream flows, its refreshing waters do not return to their source, but flow on. A never failing fountain of goodness in the soul—that is what you want.

I have wondered at your advanced condition in this old granite town. There is a great deal of granite character here. I do not say it to flatter. You are now considering what you shall do; it is not probable that you will suffer for the necessities of life, in consequence of keeping up your signal, now more needed; more hands are reached out, longing to know if those who have lost their bodies in their country's caves are still alive in soul, able to relate its experiences. You are the ones to help confirm this point on this side, holding the light and scroll, for messengers to write upon. Will you put out your light, fold up the scroll, and stand aside in this time of necessity? Have you an excuse—one that will be satisfactory to the angels? One that will satisfy yourselves? You see your position. You would not wish to be where you were once, religiously. Then labor for those in that condition; they are not to be blamed, only started—not yet reached this station. Many are conflicting with soul and body; but as the soul is superior, it should not be depressed by the outer. Awake, be vigilant, with the will power subject the outer to the inner.

What can you do to make others love you in the next world? Cheat, deceive, do them some wrong? They will see you in the next life, just as you are. Or will you try to do them good, to bring out, develop, expand their inner powers? This will warm my heart in the next world, if I try to fraternize, harmonize mankind. Some individuals have not strength of soul enough to advance from the churches; they occasionally take the hands of the angels, but do not relax their hold to the Church. You have grown out of the churches; do not think of putting out the lights and suspending payment. You see churches dying out; they are coming to you. Angels are watching to see if you are going to keep your lights burning in this our nation's darkness. Show them your colors unfurled, and you will advance your own souls, and your life hereafter, in sustaining this movement in Quincy.

Explanation.

Mr. Emerson—Will you allow space in your columns for a brief explanation of my views, as the extracts from my manuscripts in your issue of Nov. 28, place me in a false position. In that I am made to say that the negative of any degree of development is the positive of the next succeeding degree, while the article alluded to, reads, the positive of one species, or form, is the negative of its successor. My object was, and is, to show, that the highest, or positive of any form, becomes the negative, or lowest of its successor. That the material of the highest forms were once enveloped in the lowest, and the most refined in the coarsest. That spirit and matter are one and the same thing, differing only in form, condition, and refinement. Spirit emanating from matter, from spirit, by change of conditions. That the power which moves the whole, exists in, and is a part of that whole. That although each species reproduces itself, each individual, of all species, are workmen refining materials for higher forms, the gems of which exist in the material, and are developed from it. That the spirit of man is the highest and most refined of this world's productions. That man is, no more, the ultimate of all matter, than is the mosquito. That all worlds are united by bonds to us, invisible, and that so-called Spirit Mediums are operators on invisible lines connecting this with other worlds, on the same principle that telegraph lines are operated, connecting distant parts of this world, and conveying the operations of mind in one form, to that of others far distant.

That our departed friends and all former inhabitants of this earth are now inhabitants of the planets surrounding us. That the spirit of man, being the most refined combination of material this planet can produce, passes outward to other planets, and putting with the more refined materials of the planets to which they gravitate, produce forms bearing the same relations to those planets they did to this, while upon it. Dying to those, as they did to this, and passing to others still more refined, onward and upward, and as Orbedoxy would say, (world) and easy; Universe without end. Amen. Westfield, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1892. J. T.

Correspondence.

Letter from Cora Wilburn.

I am indebted to the kindness and attention of Mr. D. Blokford and wife, for a pleasant ride to Fort Snelling and the Indian encampment, distant about eight miles from this. Into a very high, comfortable, but strange looking vehicle, which as I have not seen in New England or Pennsylvania, seven of us were stowed away, snugly encooped in buffalo robes. The country through which we passed was level in the extreme; but in the summer time, the waving, pensive fields of grain, tell of the fertility of this virgin soil.

Fort Snelling stands high and picturesque above the calm waters of the Mississippi, and its quarters of stone and wood are comfortable for officers and men. Ferry boats were crossing the stream, and soldiers lying hither and thither, formed a pleasant picture of active, stirring life. About seven hundred horses were assembled in one spot—like their riders, many of them destined to be blood offerings to the demons of war. A neat pavilion overlooks the placid stream, and from it a fine view is obtained of the adjacent country; opposite is the pretty town of Mendota.

On our way to the fort, we stopped at the renowned falls of Minnehaha, a deliciously cool retreat in summer, with its shading banks, clustering trees, and rustic bench beneath. The falls come dashing down some thirty feet, silver-clear, and musically exulting; but on the day I saw them, snow covered the surrounding earth, and icicles hung pendant in crystal beauty all around their limpid flow. There is a house of entertainment near, and in summer this poetic spot is the resort of many a picnic party; but it does not rival Dungeon Rock, nor the romantic environs of Lynn, the beautiful!

This country is vast and fertile; there is room for great cities, and space indeed for the oppressed and home-seeking of all nations; but it lacks the grandeur, the rugged sublimity, the varied charms of the New England landscape. Most of the settlers are from the New England States, and they bear with them wherever they go, the thrift and beauty of their home-lives. From the fort, we rode over to the Indian encampment, that consists of women and children, belonging to the feared and savage Sioux, that in the summer committed those shocking outrages of murder and barbaric vengeance; about seventeen hundred were brought to Fort Snelling by our soldiers, there being only forty men among them, and now they are encamped at about a mile from the fort, in dingy and miserable tents, fed and protected by the Government.

Why should the innocent be made to suffer for the guilty? The mandate of duty? These wretched women, many of them are no doubt innocent of the crimes committed by their husbands. Is the wife of civilized man always to be held accountable for his misdeeds? The atrocities committed by the Sioux Indians exceed in barbarism the annals of the darkest ages; the perpetrators are in prison, awaiting their doom, and ought save "a life for a life" will satisfy the needs of the present, nor give satisfaction to the surviving sufferers, who have beheld wives, mothers, and children ruthlessly butchered. So be it then; but do not, for the Christ love you, want so loudly, visit upon unoffending heads the retaliatory, cruel, unchristian revenge! But there is a feeling abroad in this State, growing no doubt out of the wrongs endured, that is disgraceful to all human feeling, especially to womanhood. They would exterminate the entire Indian race, and leave not a redskin alive; this sweeping into utter condemnation a people that once owned this land; a people long suffering, outraged, and betrayed by them; they deemed the wise and loving white brothers. Several here have told me that the cruel murders of the past summer, the horrid ordeals exercised, were all contrary to the Indian mode of warfare; therefore, it is certain, that a subtler and more cruel foe fastigated their actions; that secessionists, of the lowest and vilest stamp, were the plotters and leaders of those heathenish attacks, that have shrouded the State in mourning, and have driven from home and shelter the trembling dwellers of the frontier. But to desire to sweep away the whole Indian nation, because of the crimes of a few, is as preposterous and unjust, as it would be if a foreign and liberal nation desired to sweep Americans from the earth, because the crime and shame of Slavery was perpetrated at the South.

Humanity, justice, plead for the Indian, whom we have robbed of all, giving him in return the vices without the virtues of civilization; and teaching him, the once free and noble son of the forest, the use of that intoxicating base that has led to the commission of the most heinous crimes of civilization. Who knows, but that the Demon Whiskey was the chief instigator of last summer's horrible tragedies, and that the hands dispensing the fluid poison were not the hands of white men?

This is a point to be duly weighed and considered. And why do the inhabitants of this State, and the opposers of the Indian elsewhere, forget, that to the brave and self-sacrificing "Other-Dee," sixty, or more rescued families owe their lives? Is he not compelled to live afar from his people, for having aided his white brethren? Cruel and unjust as is the prejudice against the negro, is that against the Indian; but God, the Father of all, will redress all wrong in his own good time. I am glad to hear that there is a degree of appreciation and honor rendered to Other-Dee, at Saint Paul.

All the poetry and romance connected with Indian tale and legend, faded out before the sad reality of today; some of the women were squallid and repulsive in the extreme; and dimly repellant were the little papposes, with begrimed faces and unkempt heads, tied upon their mothers' backs, and enveloped in the all-suffocating blankets. A few old squaws would have served as models for Macbeth's witches of the Heath, or for Madame Tarras's group in the old romances. Some looked serene and smiling; others, smiling and embarrassed. The kind guard who walked with us through the

encampment, spoke plying of these "outcast children of our God; he spoke of them as became a Christian soldier, and he had for them no taunt and ill-timed jeers. I lifted the hanging of a tent and looked in two or three women, and some three or four children were assembled within, cooking their unsavory evening meal. I spoke to the youngest woman, who had a pleasant, pensive countenance. She smiled sweetly, and made some remarks in her language to her companions. Perhaps it pleased the poor, forlorn creature, to find an expression of sympathy and kindness from the heart of a sister woman, although the tones, and not the words, were alone translatable to her soul. Dogs abounded in the encampment, and cleanliness was not the order of the day. Deprived of home and land, these poor creatures now live upon the bounty of the Government, and suffer for the misdeeds of the guilty.

The sun had set in that clear crimson splendor that is peculiar to this Northern climate; and the stars shone brightly as we regained the town. I had gained a new view of life, and was grateful for the experience. Minneapolis is separated by a bridge from the town of Saint Anthony; and the war, combined with the Indian raid, has plunged both places in a gloom, and stupor which it will take a season of prosperity and peace to awaken from. Some portions of the Quaker city are quiet, but here the quiet is of the superlative degree. As yet the winter cold has not set in, though the nights are frosty. The air is bracing and invigorating to the body; mind would progress further and aspire higher, if, as in the more populated regions, the chase for the almighty dollar were not made the supreme object of life. Here, as elsewhere, the material rules the spiritual; and the result is, weary toil, discontent, and discord. But as elsewhere, there are noble exceptions.

From the environing stillness I turn often in contemplation to my familiar homes in the dear Quaker city; to the sea-washed shores of Massachusetts; where, still I know, some love me. That we may meet some day, and relate the gathered experiences, is the fervent wish of the friend and learner, who subscribes herself in truth, yours,

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA, Nov. 25, 1892.

Letter from Laura DeForce Gordon.

DEAR BANNER—Once again, amidst the grand old hills and warm hearts of New England, after an absence of one year, to your friends and mine I send greeting, with words of cheer and kind remembrance. My last lectures on my departure from New England last year, and the first on my return this month, were given before the Portland Spiritual Association, and I am able to report an improvement. The meetings have been sustained, notwithstanding the pressure of the times, and the attendance being about the same as formerly, proves the increasing interest, for many of those who were wont to attend are gone to the battle-field, and their places are filled by those who have asked, "What of the dead? Where are they?" who have received the happy assurance, "We still live, and are with you." A Sabbath School—a most commendable enterprise—has been established recently, and promises great good in the future, by imparting to youthful minds the practical lessons of our beautiful Gospel of Life. A great interest has been recently awakened in the minds of hundreds in this city, who have previously bestowed scarcely a thought upon the subject, by the wonderful manifestations of spirit power, given through the mediumship of Charles H. Foster, of Salem. Mr. Foster, I am told, has been in the city more than two months, and the satisfaction he gives as a reliable test medium is evident from the fact that scores of people are waiting for an opportunity to prove the genuineness of his profession as a spirit-medium, his time having been so fully occupied as to prevent many anxious inquirers from as yet doing so.

His manifestations are all produced in the light, and every reasonable test to preclude deception is willingly submitted to, and the communications are of such a character as to convince the most skeptical—whatever their explanation may be—that the medium does not originate them. The most of your readers are probably aware of the nature of his manifestations, and I will not refer to them in detail. The most convincing evidence is the appearance of the initials, or full name, of the spirit communicating, in blood-red letters on the medium's arm, after appearing on the smooth white skin while you are looking, and as readily disappearing, to give place to other names, both of which refute the charge that the letters are produced by a diamond ring. Spirit-hands are formed and exhibited in the full light of day, or brilliant gas-burner, and the names of spirits are written or spoken as readily as the communicating spirit might do if still embodied, and this, too, when the inquirer and his antecedents are alike wholly unknown to the medium. On several occasions have I seen a ponderous piano forte roll out from the wall, when no person stood or sat within three or four feet of it, often occurring while Mr. Foster was busily engaged in writing at a table several feet from the piano. I have received some excellent tests from spirits, which I may give to the public in future.

Mrs. Danforth, of Boston, Clairvoyant Physician, is located at 30 Chestnut street, (which, by the way, is a home for all Spiritualists and mediums), where she receives those afflicted by disease, and meets with good success in the treatment thereof, by the aid of spirit power.

The spirit photographs taken in Boston have awakened considerable inquiry in the minds of both Spiritualists and sceptics, and all ask earnestly to know its truth, yet wait patiently; for if it is a fact, we may afford to wait; if a delusion, as many seem inclined to believe, it is better not to decide hastily. Yet we know the great and good cause is prospering; the bereaved of earth receive consolation from the "ocean of unseen intelligences, that surround us everywhere," and the people are advancing in obedience to the will of our great and good God, who calls through the voices of angels to mankind to "come up higher." Bad looks and sorrow-stricken hearts multiply, for the Angel of Death has been busy on the blood-stained battle-fields, gathering the spirits of our brave and noble sons and brothers into the fold of immortality; and sable garments tell of family clothes broken, homes made desolate, and loving hearts torn with anguish because of loved ones gone to spirit-life by the red hand of revolution. Yet each one lost to earth is a spirit-born to immortality; and their united voices rise clear and distinct above the sighs and walls of sorrow, above the death and confusion of battle, and assure us there is no death.

But I have trespassed upon your valuable col-

umns and readers' patience, dear BANNER, to a great extent, so with a God bless (your noble efforts in behalf of a suffering humanity), I must close.

Ever truly yours,
Laura DeForce Gordon,
No. 80 Chestnut Street,
Portland, Me., Nov. 1892.

MIDNIGHT WHISPERS.

Here I sit within my chamber.
As I've sat in days of yore,
When around me forms there floated,
Forms of loved ones gone before.
With their bright familiar faces
Looking lovingly in mine,
And their gentle bird-like voices
Wakening music most divine.
And the moon beam just as brightly,
And the stars their vigils keep,
And the zephyr sighs as sweetly
Over Nature hushed in sleep.
As they did in days departed—
Vanished like the silent dead,
Ere my childhood's golden visions,
All had faded, all had fled.
And again those forms come stealing
Round me as they did of old,
And with soft voices they greet me,
And with loving clasp unfold,
And I hear a far-off murmur—
"Sister dear," it seems to say,
"Keep within your heart a green spot
For the loved ones far away."
And their cometh still another,
Like the angel's rustling tread,
And it bendeth as if breathing
Out a blessing on my head:
And a voice so like my mother's
Seems to whisper in my ear—
"Dearest, though thy way be dreary,
Faint not, I am ever near."
Though around thy lonely pathway
Foes may lurk and troubles rise,
Still keep trusting, loving angels
Guard thy passage to the skies.
Keep thou in the narrow pathway,
Duty-bound, and faith o'erspread,
Though fierce storm-forms, wildly raging,
Beat on thy defenceless head.
Meekly bear thy heavy burden,
Life's hot strife will soon be o'er,
Then in glory thou wilt join me,
Where the weary weep no more."
And my spirit gleeth lighter,
Stronger, for the comfort given;
And a new-born joy within me
Whispereth, "I am nearer Heaven."
[California Mercury.]

BRIEF REPORT OF THE CENTRE-VILLE, PA., CONVENTION.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]
The third Annual Meeting of Bradford county Progressionists, or Spiritualists, was convened, as per notice in the BANNER, and was attended by an increased audience, who plainly evinced a deep interest in the proceedings. The meeting was called to order by H. M. Miller. Mr. Wm. Palmer, of Big Flat, N. Y., was chosen President, who made a few pertinent remarks, then introduced his companion—a good trance speaker. Mrs. Palmer spoke earnestly in relation to the best means of human improvement—the while denouncing the tendency of our nation to Materialism; and urging advancement in interior culture, and "vital reform." Mrs. H. M. Miller said: We came here to perpetuate the World's cause—the cause of Truth. Every religious system had given some truth to the world. All things were steps in Progress. And in time even what is called Spiritualism, might be superseded by higher truth. All that removes suffering, and fraternalizes the race, is of benefit. She spoke in an earnest manner of the truths of Spiritualism—declared that in its light, death was glorious, and growth in reform equally dear; and urged all to look kindly upon those of different opinions, and impartially seek for wisdom, everywhere. W. H. Johnston, of Afton, New York, made his debut. He gave quotations and remarks, shedding powerful light upon the mysterious origin of the Bible. H. M. Miller spoke of the necessity of an improved literature, and the great need of more active efforts, to circulate progressive books and papers, and literary works of general information—claiming that ignorance was the forte of conservatism, and prejudice a rugged barrier in the way of spiritual advancement.

Rev. I. Gates, of Williamport, wished the privilege of showing the evil influences of our doctrines, which he very much distorted. He could prove his tendencies to be immoral, degrading, anti-Christ, opposed to the Word of God, and the biggest lie the devil ever told.

Our venerable friends, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer replied to him, followed by Mrs. Miller, which put a quietus upon him until the close of the last session. Wm. H. Johnston then offered the following resolutions, which were received with warm interest and without objection:

Resolved, That as originality is immortality, and progress as universal as truth is world-wide, therefore the worship and imitation of other men to the neglect of ourselves—as well as devotion to an isolated truth to the ignoring of those of equal importance, which are set in the long and grand of our advancement—tends to belittle the human mind, retard the onward march of the race, and culminate in popularized organizations, which fear unlimited discussion, agitation and investigation.
Resolved, That while pledged to truth wherever found, we at the same time consider the realm of Nature the holy ground upon which to find it. That as progress is a common law, all written productions, all human nature are as yet but the imperfect reflection of Nature's divinely intelligent principles.
Resolved, That while we recognize and enforce the urgent need of that interior and spiritual culture to which intercourse with spirits prompts, we no less inculcate the broadest charity for and active energy in behalf of those practical reforms which tend to elevate the race.

He then gave a lengthy and elaborate address in advocacy of the principles of the "Harmonical Philosophy," advising the application of its principles to remove the various evils of society.

This young man has ever diligently devoted himself to the study and investigation of natural principles; has been an extensive reader of history and treatises upon the various sciences, and came well prepared to instruct and entertain those who heard him. He was listened to with an unusual interest, and nearly all who heard him supposed him to have had considerable experience in public speaking. He is self-made, and bids fair to make this age (at least) know and feel that he possesses a mighty intellect and moral courage sufficient to allow him, fearlessly, to combat error and unmitigated opposition wherever he finds it. Neither error nor inability will permit of doing this new speaker any injustice now.

H. M. Miller spoke in favor of every one being responsible for his or her own conduct, instead of asking another to suffer for that of which he was not guilty. He conclusively showed that no one could evade the penalty attached to violated laws. Every one must suffer for the wrong which they do. There is no power in the Universe which can assist us to escape the penalty of the least violation of law. Mrs. H. M. Miller invited criticism. She spoke very eloquently and at length upon the divine nature. The pleasant meeting closed with an animated discussion between the Rev. Mr. Gates and Mrs. Miller, from which the former bent an angle retreat, in which his own brother lent him good advice and some physical force, to cut loose his bombast and blackguardism, and quaken his paws in glad retreat.

Adjourned until August, 1893.
H. M. Miller, Secretary.
Nov. 10, 1892. Assisted by W. H. Johnston.

Our Country.

The general progress and prosperity of the loyal States, that are not encumbered with slavery, has seldom shown more favorably than at the present time. The Western States, if we except those which retain a remnant of slavery, and from divided loyalty and fluctuating policy have been ravaged by armies and plundered by guerrilla bands of land pirates, have never presented more extensive and flattering prospects of agricultural prosperity and improvement. Scarcely an instance can be found where a farmer has abandoned, or postponed building, or making an improvement on account of the war, unless it was because he could not find men to do the work.

It is rare, indeed, to find a person who has lost confidence in the permanency of our institutions, or the ability of the Government to crush out the rebellion, however much some disappointed politicians may talk on the eve, or heel, of an election; even these give the lie to their words, by their actions and desire to get into office. The people of the West have the fullest confidence in the ability of the loyal States to maintain absolute jurisdiction over all the National Territory inside or outside of State sovereignty, and twice they have shown their ability to do their share of the work by driving the rebel armies across two Slave States into the sparsely settled regions of cotton and cane, and have taken and still hold the important cities and strongholds of Western rebellion, and wait for the East to fetch up its end of the army. But the army of the Potomac has faltered and failed, and delayed and disappointed the West and the country at large, and no wonder the people lost confidence in the managing officers, and yet the people, East or West, have never lost confidence in the Government, or its powers, if properly exercised. Notwithstanding the failure of the campaigns in Virginia, which history will no doubt attribute to the tardiness, timidity, or disloyalty of Generals, (for the soldiers and officers of regiments and companies, have fully proved it was not their fault or inability.) Still there is no lack of confidence manifested in New England or the Middle States. Extensive and expensive improvements are going forward in city and country, as if no war convulsed us.

In Lowell, Mass., every cotton manufacturing corporation is making more or less improvements as they are needed for increased business. Two have torn their mills down and built larger and better; the shares of stock have risen, and some of them have made more by rise of goods and shares since they stopped, than while running. Other and lesser manufacturing towns show corresponding signs of improvement and confidence.

The woolen mills are crowding the laborers, and often taking the hours usually assigned to rest. The clothing establishments are crammed and crowded with busy men and women, and still the doorways are lined with posters calling for laborers. The ship-yards and docks are musical with the sound of hammer and saw and derick and truck, and laborers are wanted everywhere. No wonder, then, the volunteers came slow at last, even at high bounties, and the draft brought reluctant men to the army. It was because business was so good at home.

It is true there are some long faces and loud groans on account of the increased prices of most kinds of goods, but such always follow such changes in prices either way; but it is probable more have made money by it, than have lost as yet—the loss will come when prices fall, not when they rise; but this blazes upon the currency which I will make the subject of another article. I am sure from personal observation, and extensive travel—for I have traveled in sixteen States the present year—that our country is in a high state of prosperity.

WARREN CHASE.

Correspondence in Brief.

One of our esteemed correspondents in Sacramento, Cal., writes: "While you are engaged in the eternal realities of war at home, we are, in this distant corner of the Union, doing our best to raise the means to lessen the miseries, the woes, and the pains of those who get sick and wounded in the service of their country. You furnish the men, we will furnish the dollars. California has sent on to the Sanitary Commission \$250,000, and we expect to reach the high figures of \$500,000 before January next. Every city and village, every mining precinct, and every large mining corporation are striving to take all the stock they can get in this heavenly enterprise. Let the praise for her liberality be sung in every land by every tongue. Let San Francisco stand in the front, for her liberality to the distressed. The great heart of the whole people is touched in the right way, and the double eagles come in by thousands from all parts of the State; and Nevada Territory is taking stock in this Temple, by sending in her silver bricks, to build a monument to her liberality. I think her donations will reach to 75 or \$100,000. So cheer up, Mr. Editor; the dark clouds which have surrounded the minds of men are breaking away, and disclosing to the astonished vision of the world the fact that all men are brothers, and that the heart of man is not deceitful above all things, and 'deceptively wicked.' The world is fast purifying itself; and when, after grim war shall have spent its rage, and the mantle of peace be spread over the land, every one will try to see what share of all this is to be charged to himself, that he may repent, and turn from his evil ways. Then shall communion with angels be more fully open, free, and constant, which is the prayer of your humble servant."

L. ARMSTRONG.

Extract of a letter from a subscriber in Washington, D. C.:—"I notice a call from you, for aid in paying the expenses of the Free Public Circles for receiving communications from Mrs. Conant. I herewith enclose \$1.00 for that purpose, and I hope you will be responded to by others, to an amount, at least, that will cover the expenses, so that you can continue to devote one page of your sheet for those communications. I know of no means by which such a realizing knowledge of the spirit-world can be obtained—short of being actually introduced into it—as is furnished by these communications. The lowest are no less interesting and important than the highest, inasmuch as they give us an idea of that part of the spirit-world into which the most of us will not be first introduced after leaving this. And they show us the unhappy condition which may be avoided by our efforts here before the change is made. God grant the medium's life may be spared for continued usefulness in this department, and should you not be supported by your subscribers in continuing the publication of the messages, I beg you will make reduction in your expenses in any other way rather than this."

A correspondent at Cleveland, Ohio, in speaking

of our Free Public Circles, says: "We hope that the friends of the cause will help you to carry on the good work, as we consider these circles as the means of great happiness and comfort to spirits (as well as mortals) at the present time, when thousands are sent across the dark valley without having been prepared for the change, and are anxiously waiting for a chance to return and seek comfort as well as give it, of which we have had good enough proof in our own circles here."

M. S. Day, writing from Watertown, N. Y., says:—"Let every true Spiritualist exert himself, so that the BANNER may float, and its waves carry sunshine to many hearts. It is a messenger of joy and gladness to your humble servant, and has contributed much to lift the dark curtain which the churches have kept hung up before the entrance to the home of the spirit. Oh, how gladly I thank you for your kind paper. May the spirits in the spheres, and those on the earth-plane, strengthen your hands."

E. Scougal writes from Bedford, Michigan:—"If you hear any one say that Spiritualism is dying out in this section, do not believe it. It is now gaining ground faster than now."

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1862.

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WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

To Agents and Clubs.

The price of the BANNER is 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 adherence even to these rates, if the price of paper continues to advance.

Look to Your Own.

We must first cherish that which is Our Own, before we shall have it in our power to do aught for other people. In fact, the power to do for others comes only with the certainty of first having done for ourselves. Dr. Bethune—lately dead—once began a discourse by saying that the first duty of every man was to keep his family off the town. This is practical and sensible; as things go, it is as much one of the laws of Nature as anything else in which goes more strictly by that name. As Emerson says, in one of his Essays—"You come to me with a request that I should give half a dollar for the benefit of the poor: are they my poor? I can give them Love, but what right has any man to ask of me my Money?" Not that he deems money the more precious, by any means, but he was positive that that, at least, was his own, and not another's.

Run over the history of the church; or of organized institutions of any sort: the single fact and lesson that drops out of the whole of it is this, that in concentration of resources and economy of force the greatest possible results are sure to be reached. So much is everywhere wasted! The economy of God's Universe preaches to us from each mote and atom; not a flower but discourses in the language strain from its little pulpit. When we expend our power in vain, we waste ourselves while we part needlessly with our resources; and it ought to be borne in mind much more than it is.

Organized operations are, for the time, as natural as they are necessary. In a confused conflict of opinions and prejudices, it would be next to impossible for any single theory, opinion, or class of opinions, or even for a demonstrated truth itself, to make permanent progress and effect an undisturbed lodgment in the minds and hearts of the mass, without the aid of some part of the great machinery called Co-operation. That seems to be the talisman of the present age. It has given us insurance companies, railways, steamers, coals, oils, gas, and a great number of other comforts and conveniences, by whose aid the world has gone ahead with much more rapidity than it could have done without them; for they have furnished us all with new and more plentiful security against failure and poverty, and provided for us that degree of leisure which is the very crown and glory of human existence.

The inference arises very naturally in the mind of all. So long as you advocate, because you believe in and wish for the success of certain creeds, doctrines, or principles—it is the most natural thing you can do, and of course the best thing, to turn in all your help to the advancement of your own faith. And such is found to be the case generally. If you believe in your minister, you will of course support him; and when you view the matter differently, as by losing confidence either in him or his doctrines, you will just as surely withdraw that support. If you are fed and nourished with the particular newspaper which advocates the great truths by which your life itself is anchored fast, you will as soon part with your own being as refuse to sustain that which brings you such a fund of permanent joy. There is a necessity in these matters; and you can no more escape from them than you can from yourself.

While the law of sympathy is what it is—the underlying, interpenetrating, all-comprehending law of human existence and growth—we cannot live unless we obey its requirements to the last letter. We mean that life can never be real and worth the while; it may pass along, but it will not plow under. And, obeying this law of sympathy and love, we are called upon by every consideration that can be named, to do for the cause which we individually cherish, before we waste our forces on what we have no living sympathy with. We must needs support our own speakers, and sustain our own organs of thought and sentiment. We must either be positive in our own cause and on our own behalf, or the positiveness of others, in their schemes and theories, will even deprive us of that power we originally possessed. Stick to your own, and so all others will receive benefit. Man must be well rooted and grounded in his faith, or he stands on sand, and may be shifted about by the winds and waters of their pleasure. And if we are conscious of owing a

benefit to another, it becomes us at once to make a practical acknowledgment by enriching and sustaining the source to the last extremity.

Now for a Home.

A couple of weeks ago, we wrote and printed in these columns an article on Housekeeping, in which we assumed, that no man could be really happy in this world without a happy Home. We continue to strengthen ourselves in that conviction, every day we live. And so, when we see proposals put forth, on this side and that, looking to the chance of every man's having a home in due time for himself, where he may own the fee simple of every foot of rock, dirt, and sod on his estate, we are made newly glad with the discovery. It must be, we think, that the millennium means not much more than the day when everybody shall have and enjoy a home of his own.

The West has put out a great many attractive schemes to the enterprising men of the East, in the way of offering them land in large quantities at very low rates; and it is undeniable that it has drawn off to its bosom an immense volume of emigrations. Not less from the East, either, than from nearly all the European nations. Our older States, therefore, have been pretty much overlooked, as well as drained of their vigor and productive power; and rich lands, fat with promises to future generations, still lie uncultivated in the heart of States like New York and Pennsylvania. Were the resources of the great Empire State, for instance, to be duly comprehended by the majority of our people, they could hardly contain themselves for the surprise they would feel at the new discovery.

An advertisement in another part of the BANNER, headed—"GREAT FARMS NEAR HOME"—lets us into a series of facts which surprise us with their novelty. Our good friend, Professor S. B. Brittan, there informs us that there are some forty thousand acres of unimproved land lying in Hamilton, Cattaraugus, Warren, Genesee, Erie, Ontario, Saratoga, and other counties of the Empire State, for the immediate and unconditional disposal of which he is the appointed agent; and that these desirable lands, lying so near home, and, when the railroads are finished, within seven hours' ride of the commercial centre of this continent, are to be sold in quantities to suit the purchasers for the low price of from twenty-five cents to ten dollars per acre! The terms are—Cash or approved securities.

Now, what of these lands, thus thrown open to the market, at a time when almost every one wants, and begins to resolve that he will have a tract of his own? We learn that there are combined within their limits all the sources of wealth that any State could desire. For more than half the entire tract lies in famous Hamilton County, and fifty miles wide from the New York Central Railroad, the depot being at Amsterdam. The soil is rich and productive; lakes, streams, and forests abound; deer and other wild game are to be had for the mere seeking; the streams offer their shoulders all the way along to water-wheels, and the trout-brooks entice all the crack anglers from New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. There seems to be nothing left in that region which heart could ask for, unless it might be more towns and cities; and these will grow up just as fast as the lands themselves are taken.

These lands are some seventy-five miles from the State capital. You can cut timber of all kinds upon the slopes of the hills, or plow up the rich intervals, or stock the glades and pastures with thousands of grazing cattle. A railroad, already graded—viz., the Hudson River and Lake Ontario—runs within a dozen miles of them, and a branch railway, already surveyed, passes directly through them already. When these traveling and forwarding facilities are completed, the tract will be within an easy seven hours' ride of New York City.

It is a good deal, in these forlorn times, to be able to apply directly to a responsible party, who can put one in possession of what he would have, without any sort of duplicity or jockeying. It is presumptuous to connect the name of Prof. Brittan with any two terms like those. He offers first-class lands, right at home, at low rates, and in quantities to suit purchasers. Send to him for a Circular, No. 407 Fourth street, New York—which will give all the information respecting these lands that you may desire.

The President's Message.

It is evident that the President has spent a great deal of serious thought on his recent Message, and that it embodies on the great subject of the day, an expression of his fullest and deepest convictions. The two chief topics discussed are the National Expenses and Emancipation; to the latter he devotes the larger part of his space, and the burden of his appeals, arguments and exhortations. He proposes, in brief, that Congress shall by a requisite two-thirds vote, adopt certain amendments to the Constitution, and then recommend to the States severally to do the same; should three-fourths of the latter ratify, either by their Legislatures, or in Convention, the proposed amendments, they would then become a permanent part of our common Constitution.

The President's plan is a simple one, viz., for the United States, under authority of these Constitutional Amendments, to compensate the Slaveholding States for the instant abolishment of slavery, or the gradual emancipation of slaves within their respective limits, the measure to be duly consummated by the States themselves before the year 1900, and in such manner as they may think best. He proposes this beneficent plan to Congress and the country, because he deems slavery, in the first place, to be the only cause of dissension among the people of the country, and its removal, in a quietly, efficient way, will, therefore, remove the trouble itself from our midst; and furthermore, because it is the most economical mode of terminating the war and securing permanent peace to the nation. He argues well, that the burden of the cost of this compensated emancipation will not be felt all at once, for the slaves will not be likely to be set free all at once; and by the time the limit set for their emancipation (1900) is reached, our population will have reached the mark of over one hundred millions, and that larger number will be much better able, with the constantly developing resources of the continent, to shoulder such a debt, than our present thirty odd millions can. This part of the Message deserves to be carefully read by every patriot and man of progress.

Well says Mr. Lincoln at the close of his annual communication to Congress—"Fellow citizens, we cannot escape history. We are like the fairy trial through which we pass will light us down, in honor or dishonor, to the latest generation." We say that we are for the Union. The world will not forget that, while we say this, we do not know how to save

the Union. The world knows how to save it. We, even we here, hold the power and bear the responsibility. In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free—honorable alike in what we give, and what we preserve. We shall nobly save, or meanly lose, the best hope of the earth. Other means may succeed—this could not fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just—"A way, which, if followed, the world will forever applaud, and God must forever bless."

And may God bless Abraham Lincoln, in the prayer of all men and women throughout the land.

The Adolphian Institute.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN.

This school is located at Norristown, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, in a section of the country justly noted for the beauty of its scenery and healthfulness of the climate.

The Borough is situated on the east bank of the Schuylkill, sixteen miles from Philadelphia, and is accessible many times daily from Philadelphia, in one hour. The system of instruction adopted by the Principals of this school, is one which has been matured by careful thought, study, and experience, as teachers, and has for its object the harmonious development of the minds of the pupils committed to their care. To this end, the disposition, wants, and capacities of each pupil are studied, and the course of training pursued, adapted as far as possible, to their individual requirements. They are neither forced into studies beyond their comprehension, nor compelled to commit to memory the precise language of the text-books employed; but they are rather encouraged to seek for the ideas and principles involved in each day's lesson, and then clothe them in words of their own selection. Care also is taken that the pupils shall not be burdened with too many lessons, or overtaxed in the division of them; and until they are quite advanced the system of classification is not adhered to, but individual recitation is preferred, as more advantageous to the pupil. And while the moral and intellectual faculties are being unfolded, the claims of the physical to the proper amount of exercise, will in no case be neglected; but out-door sports and gymnastic exercises are heartily encouraged, and in pleasant weather frequent rambles through the woods and over the neighboring hills are enjoyed by both teachers and pupils. Thus is a love of Nature fostered, and the youthful mind taught to regard it as the beautiful revelation of a loving Father's power and wisdom. Hence, it will be seen that it is not the object of this school to make fashionable young ladies of those committed to its fostering care.

The world needs more true women, large-hearted, truth loving women, who are willing to labor in any field of usefulness to which they may be called, with that firm reliance on the Father's love, which never fails to bring peace to the soul in the hour of trial. Humanity asks for more of these beautiful flowers to blossom in yet greater perfection, that the moral atmosphere around us may be fragrant with the aroma of virtue, purity, and love—and shall the cry be unheeded? It is hoped not. There are institutions of learning springing up, which are designed to meet the demands of the times. There are earnest laborers in the field, ready to aid in the great work of developing and elevating the character of woman, by a system of education suited to their needs.

It is hoped and believed that such institutions, and such works, will receive the support and encouragement they require to make their success certain. Among these the Principals of the Adolphian Institute would respectfully present their claims to a share of the public patronage, with the assurance on their part that every improvement which may be made in the manner of instructing the young will be cheerfully adopted by them, and every possible means employed to meet the wishes of their patrons in the education of those committed to their care.

Terms for tuition in English and French, with board, per annum, \$200; tuition in music, including use of piano, per session of five months, \$20; drawing per session, \$10; painting in oils, \$15. Pupils received at any age. For Circulars containing particulars, address Miss Bessie Bush, Associate Principal.

The Spirit Photographs.

We recently made an arrangement with Mr. J. W. Black, photographer of this city, to test the reliability of these pictures. He has had a sitting with Mr. Mumler, but not with the satisfactory results he could have desired. A spirit picture appears on the negative with himself—a card from which we have in our possession—yet the likeness of what purports to be a spirit is so indistinct as not to be recognized as one of his spirit friends, yet sufficiently so to distinguish a form by his side.

As far as he has gone in his investigations, Mr. Black informs us he has discovered no fraud whatever. We cannot assure our readers that Mr. B. will pursue his investigations further; but we hope he will, as we desire definite information on the subject.

We understand that several reliable gentlemen of this city have lately had photographs made by Mr. Mumler, which pictures, purporting to be of spiritual origin, have been recognized as legitimate by the friends of the deceased.

The following affidavit from Mrs. Babbitt, of Roxbury, is a very strong link in the chain of evidence thus far given that these photographs are really genuine spirit-portraits:

Mrs. BABBITT.—This is to certify that I, Mrs. Isaac Babbitt, have a Spirit Photograph of my husband, taken at my rooms, by Mr. Mumler. It is recognized by all that have seen it, who knew him when upon earth, as a perfect likeness, and I am myself satisfied, that his spirit was present, although invisible to mortals.

Yours, with respect,

MRS. ISAAC BABBITT.

Forest Avenue,

Roxbury, Mass., Nov. 12th, 1862.

Church Bigotry.

It is truly astonishing to see with what venom the Church opposes Spiritualism. Its members are rancorous in the extreme on the subject. Why is it, the free-thinker asks? We answer, it is because the Church is daily losing its members by thousands. Thinking men cannot believe in "total depravity," as taught by the Orthodox priesthood. It is repugnant to their common sense—hence, they are becoming disenthralled, and are joining the ranks of Spiritualism, where they can enjoy the beautiful truths of immortality, as taught by the New Philosophy. We feel that the Church has performed its mission. It has ceased to progress, and like the Jews when Christ made his advent, they must give place to the new religion of the nineteenth century.

Editors' Responsibilities.

A certain class of people seem to think editors of newspapers are responsible for the short-comings of everybody in the world. If a man advertises in a newspaper, and fails to fulfill his contracts with customers, *prout!* the persons who feel aggrieved at once write to the editor about it, and endeavor to make him a party interested, and threaten him in all sorts of ways, if he will not "see the mark." If a person runs away with another man's wife, the husband holds the editor responsible, if he does not make the attempt to return the "guilty pair," or "expose" them. If a lover jilts his "intended," the editor must "expose" him, or be held "responsible" for all damage done in the premises. If spirits desire to have their pictures taken on cards, and can come by a physical law, but little understood at this time, by the aid of the magnetism of a person of susceptible temperament—and do so, the skeptic insists that the editor should denounce the whole thing as a "humbug" at once. If he does not, and is willing to wait and investigate the matter thoroughly, before giving a definite opinion, he is accused as a party interested, etc. An editor cannot be everywhere at the same time. He is often obliged to rely on the evidence of others, and he gives such evidence to his readers, leaving it with them to be the judges. And thus it is, *ad infinitum*.

Now we, for one, protest emphatically against all this kind of "responsibility." If we insert an advertisement in our columns, we do so in good faith, presuming that the parties advertising are honest. When they prove otherwise, we are in duty bound to cancel such an advertisement. A man may be good to-day, and bad to-morrow. It is morally impossible for an editor to keep the run of everybody's doings. He endeavors to guard against impositions. This is all he can do. And he is no more responsible for the "short-comings" of other folks than "the man in the moon."

The French Proposal.

Well, Napoleon has finally put forth a "feeler." He has made a proposition to England and Russia on the subject of mediation in the affairs of this country. It is as cool as anything going. Mr. Seward does not see much in it that implies cold-bloodedness, much less disrespect for us; but it is certainly an unprecedented way of manifesting friendship for a government and country with which it professes to be in peaceful and friendly relations. We cannot see it as the Secretary of State does. John Bull knows better; he puts it with it, and says (through the Times) that in case of America declining their mediation, then intervention would have to come; and that meant only war. And so it does. Napoleon does not once allude to the great object for which we are at war. He speaks of nothing but the blood-letting and the tobacco business which has been suddenly brought to a stand. And now, if he could manage to gain for the rebels six long months, just at the critical moment when the rebel movement gives the surest signs of its death agony, it would be the final finish to everything like Union on this Continent, or the progress of liberal ideas. The South could in that time be nicely supplied with goods that would be smuggled into their ports on a scale unprecedented in history, and made all ready to go on with the war refreshed and renewed, and more certain of victory for their infernal cause than ever.

Picture of our Future.

In his little book—"The American Crisis"—Warren Chase thus strikingly depicts the state of affairs on this broad Continent, when the fighting day has gone by and the spirit of peace prevails once more:

"The resources of the great South will be developed by Yankee enterprise, and the children of her poor will be rescued from the withering damnation of poverty, ignorance, and idleness. No more abolition hatred, and no more Southern revenge. A nation united in objects and purposes, and able to defend itself against the world—stretching from ocean to ocean, from the torrid regions of the Gulf to the frozen regions of the uppermost of the Great Lakes; raising ice and oranges, fish and fossils, gold and antineutrals, with its bowels full of oil for lights, coal for fuel, gold for currency, iron and lead for the useful arts; with prairies for wheat, intervals for corn, hills for lumber, plains for cotton, delta for sugar, mountains for sheep, and meadows for cattle. Everything that a great nation needs, that nature can furnish, is at our service when the rebellion is subdued, and labor triumphs over idleness."

When the war is over, and the last battle won, the nation will arise with renewed energy, and stretch forth its arms with fresh vigor. It will make more rapid strides than ever toward wealth and power; and then, more than ever, we must guard the rights of the people against the encroachments of monopoly and combination. Every true Democrat will then have duties and responsibilities requiring all the powers of mind and heart."

Mr. Chase puts it glowingly and well. His sketch is not a whit too much colored, as our own convictions assure us, even now.

Sighing and Whimpering.

This sighing and crying for happiness is all nonsense. It never comes when the heart is healthy, and the thoughts are properly occupied. Luxuries have no more to do with it than postage stamps have with property. It is ingratitude—something belonging to the character, and cannot be begged of or cried after as children bawl and blubber for toys. As a writer says about it, "Those who have the most of it think the least about it. But in the thinking about, and doing their duty, happiness comes—because the heart and mind are occupied with earnest thought that touches at a thousand points the beautiful and sublime realities of the Universe; the heart and mind are brought in contact with the Creator and Ruler and Father of all, which is the perfect bliss." That is just about the rationale of it, and it could not be said in fewer or more sensible words.

Complimentary Levee.

On Friday evening, December 19th, a complimentary levee will be given to Mr. Colchester by his friends. Tickets one dollar, admitting a gentleman and ladies. The entertainment will include a sitting of one hour and a half by Mr. C. to give those who wish an opportunity to witness the wonderful manifestations through him. At the same time, in another room, there will be brief remarks by a few good speakers. After which an opportunity will be offered for social exchange of thought.

A good band of music is engaged, and dancing for those who wish will commence about nine and a half o'clock.

Lycetum Hall Meetings.

Rev. J. S. Loveland, a most eloquent speaker and philosophical reasoner, occupies the platform of the Society of Spiritualists on Sunday next, afternoon and evening. Our friends should bear in mind that the hours for communicating the meetings have been changed; the afternoon services for the present commence at 2 1/2, and the evening at 7 o'clock.

To Correspondents.

We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts. To J. T. New York.—We are sorry to inform our brother that we are compelled to lay his communication on the shelf—not that we object to the matter, for we do not; but we do object to its length. And then, again, we cannot spare the room to allow correspondents to continue discussions, that they would keep up for an indefinite length of time, did we not object. You hold out inducements, at the conclusion of the article for the person you address to keep up the discussion. Were our paper of broader dimensions, we should be most happy to continue such discussions. But at present we are cramped in this respect. You must take the will for the deed. We have given both parties a hearing, and this should be satisfactory, so far as we are concerned.

Help the Needy.

Let the kind-hearted man or woman who can and would do something to comfort a poor, sick, destitute, suffering family this cold winter, send a dollar, more or less, to Mr. J. C. Brown, Mansfield, Mass. Mr. Brown is nearly gone with consumption, and his wife has the same disease.

A. B. C.

We have seen the invalid alluded to above, and have not the least hesitation in saying that we consider this a case in which the philanthropic should interest themselves. The sick and destitute should not be allowed to suffer, surely, when such splendid churches rear their lofty steeples to the sky all around us, betokening wealth in abundance.—[Editor.]

What we Know.

Mr. E. L. Allen, Photographer, 13 Winter street, produces *cartes de visite* portraits in a superior style of the art. If our friends desire to test the truth of what we say, they have only to call at this office, where they can see specimens. Chas. F. Fay, the superintendent of this establishment, is one of the most polite and agreeable men we ever met, and is quite popular, of course, in his present position.

Miss Lizette Doten in Philadelphia.

This able advocate of the Spiritual Philosophy lectures in Philadelphia during the present month. We bespeak for her a cordial welcome.

The True Benefactors of Humanity.

The rich and the respectable classes are always behind the spirit of the age. They are always conservative, striving to hold back the progress of humanity. They constitute an ease-loving, pleasure-seeking, and fashion-hunting aristocracy. Clinging blindly to hereditary opinions, they are not prepared for new conceptions, and resist all progressive ideas. They should, therefore, be the last to be consulted in relation to any moral, religious, or political improvement, or in relation to any reform, discovery, or invention. Not to them, but to the aristocracy of labor—intelligent men and women, impelled to hard work, either of body or mind—are we indebted for whatever has improved the condition of humanity.

Nor can we look for improvement to an aristocracy of learning, always satisfied with the acquirements of antiquity, holding fast to the things that are behind, and never pressing onward to the things that are before. Our colleges are affected with this conservatism, and few pass through them without being infected with its contagion. The learned professions are so corrupted with it, so sick and feeble, that for ages they have ceased to grow, living entirely upon the old dried fodder of antiquity, and loathing the very thought of the fresh, blooming and living nourishment existing around them.

Accordingly, the lawyer relies upon precedent, instead of upon the convictions of his own living soul, concluding that whatever has once been done in the courts, may lawfully be done again. And the doctor goes back to Hippocrates, and Galen, for his prescriptions, instead of seeking out new methods of cure for himself, crying out quack, quack, quack, upon all who labor for progress in this direction. And the priest denounces as devilish, all ideas of Deity more rational than those of the Jews, and all inspiration and heavenly communion, less ancient than the times of Abraham, Moses and Jesus.

FREDERICK ROBINSON.

Marblehead, Nov. 27, 1862.

Late Foreign Items.

The increasing distress in the cotton manufacturing districts was claiming more attention. The contributions were unprecedentedly large. The Princess Clotilde is again reported en route. The accounts from Pisa relative to Garibaldi's health were cheering. The Prince of Wales and the Prince of Prussia were received by the Pope in private audience. The Emperor of Austria has granted an amnesty to all political offenders condemned by Court Martial, as well as such refugees already returned. The French mediation project continues to claim the commendation of the Paris journals, with the exception of the *Moniteur*. They generally reproach the English government for holding back, and charge it with discreditable motives. It is reported that there is much disappointment at the course of Russia. The proposition was sent to St. Petersburg before it was sent to London. The assent of Russia was relied upon, and was expected to weigh upon the decision of England. The *Times*, *Daily News*, etc., think subsequent events, including the Democratic success, confirm the wisdom of the British cabinet. The morning Post says the question in view of all three powers appears to be simply one of time. The result of the New York election was the theme of very general comment, the prevailing impression being that the Democratic successes were a step toward peace, and would tend to keep the government within constitutional limits. The *Times* thinks the result will bring the word "compromise" into very general use in America. The *Daily News* thinks the Democratic success signifies a disposition to let the Republic wallow again in the old mire of slavery. The *Spectator* thinks the effect may be to protract the war. It is stated that the steamers *Saxonia* and *Hansa*, from Southampton, will take out large quantities of arms for New York. The British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society have issued an address to call forth the public sympathy of England with the emancipation party in the North. The Spanish papers hint that Mexico is being destined for a French Canada. It was rumored that a dispatch had been discovered against the Emperor's life, and that he had made an attempt on the Emperor's life, and that he had been over Germany and temporarily alarmed the Bourbons.

The Italian Parliament had reassembled. There was no speech from the throne. The state of siege in the Neapolitan provinces and Sicily is subject to certain conditions. A movement in Greece in favor of Prince Alfred of England gains strength. It is stated that forty-two Polish officers of the Russian army have been condemned to run the gauntlet, even in the days of Nicholas officers were exempt from this punishment.

TABLEAU.—A lady was entertaining visitors quite recently in this city, when suddenly a little three-year-old child appeared, her cheeks daubed heavily with rouge, and her garments well streaked with the same material. In her hand she held an *armenian* dish, "thauter" (the table) was very fine, and the surroundings of the most profound tradition.—[*Common Journal*.]

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

THE INDIAN TROUBLES.—A Washington dispatch says the Secretary of the Interior is satisfied that the late Indian troubles in Minnesota originated in the insurrection of the Southern States, and were aided by British emissaries from Canada. The reader's attention is called to a well written article on this subject from the pen of Mr. John Beeson, the Indian's friend, which may be found on our second page.

A report of Rev. Dr. Freeland's discourse at the New Catholic Church, New York, on Sunday, Nov. 10th, will appear in our next. Subject: "THE ESSENTIAL WEAKNESS OF CHRISTIANITY."

The "liberal" Investigator is full of condemnation of us. All the reply we have to make, is—in the language of its editor—"This is the way that the church treats all the free inquirers who shake off her trammels."

There is said to be a majority of ten emancipationists in the Missouri Legislature on joint ballot. The result of the late election in that State is of more importance, in regard to the National struggle, than those of Ohio, New York, and Pennsylvania—those three Free States virtually going for slavery, while the former, a slave State, gives a clean majority for its abolition. It is very significant.

WOOLEN MANUFACTURES IN MAINE.—The demand for woolen goods is not only driving mills, night and day, but is causing the construction of many new woolen mills. A new mill has recently been built in North Berwick. It will go into immediate operation.

A correspondent writes us—"Your agent in Baltimore is charging six and seven cents per copy for your paper. Is this right?" No, it is not right. If dealers charge more than our advertised price, they have no authority from us to do so. The best plan for our patrons in such cases, is to send \$2.00 direct to us by mail, and in return they will receive the paper one year. This is the only way the difficulty can be obviated.

Gen. Ward, the American sailor who took an active part in several battles between the Chinese government and the rebels, displaying such bravery, coolness and generalship that the Government appointed him to a position equal to a Major Generalship, after winning several battles, was killed in an engagement with the rebels near Ningpo in October last.

Nature opposes all attempts at making mankind act or think alike.

THE UNION SOCIABLES at Lyceum Hall, Tremont street, continue to be well patronized. The next Assembly takes place on Wednesday evening of the present week.

A being, no matter how low fallen in the scale of morality, may often be redeemed by a single word of kindness.

A dull and plausible man, like an untried gun, is a smooth bore.

What 's in a kiss—a simple kiss? Much, very much! More potent than the sceptre. Who has not felt its magic influence? 'Tis the lover's tender pledge of undying constancy; 'tis a bond of friendship and fidelity, and not only is it dear to the youthful and ardent, but also to old age, to the withered heart and blossomless cheek.

The New York Tribune states that the President lately remarked to a friend that he considered the emancipation triumph in Missouri of more enduring consequence than the result of the elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and New York.

We understand that Mrs. Macomber Wood has recently been sick with typhoid fever, but has so far recovered as to be able to enter the lecturing field again. She will receive calls to lecture as heretofore.

FAULT-FINDERS are most always troubled with bad digestion. The Arabic proverb is a capital antidote. Here it is: "Happy is he who, occupied in correcting his own faults, does not attend to those of others."

Peace is the evening star of the soul; virtue is the sun; and the two are never far apart.

TWO CLASSES.—The human race is divided into two classes—those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit still and inquire, "Why was 't done the other way?"

The cost of a telegraphic despatch of ten words from New York to Oregon, is eight dollars and seventy cents, and for each additional word, seventy-eight cents.

The Emperor of the French, having found that the students in the colleges of France who smoke are decidedly inferior in their scholastic attainments to the non-smokers, has prohibited this injurious habit in the colleges. It is said that the Emperor has put out "thirty thousand pipes in one day."

It is announced that Postmaster-General Blair has issued orders for the redemption of the soiled postage stamps which have served such a convenient purpose as currency.

The story is told of a girl at Bangor, who presented the interesting spectacle of owing gum during the ceremony of her marriage with her beloved. It isn't quite so bad as the man who stepped to the window in the midst of the ceremony which was making him double, and relieved himself of tobacco juice.

FORTUNES OF WAR.—The Louisville Journal supposes that "the fortunes of the war" we hear so much about, are the fortunes made by the army contractors.

You see, grandmamma, we perforate an aperture in the apex, and a corresponding aperture in the base; and by applying the egg to the lips, and forcibly inhaling the breath, the shell is entirely discharged of its contents. "Bless my soul," cried the old lady, "what wonderful improvements they do make! Now in my younger days we just made a hole in each end, and sucked."

THE OPINIONS OF THOMAS PAINE.—When we consider, for the feelings of Nature cannot be disguised, the calamities of war and the miseries it inflicts upon the human species, the thousands and tens of thousands of every age and sex who are regarded as victims by the event, surely there is something in the heart of man that calls upon him to think. Surely there is some tender chord, tuned by the hand of its Creator, that struggles to emit in the hearing of the soul a note of sorrowing sympathy. Let it then be heard; and let man learn to feel, that the true greatness of a nation is founded on the principles of humanity; and that to avoid a war when her own existence is not endangered, and wherein the happiness of man must be wantonly sacrificed, is a higher principle of true honor than madly to engage in it.—*Prospect on the Rubicon*.

Previous to the reign of Charles VIII., the queens of France were white upon the death of their husbands, and were thus called "Reines blanches." On the death of that monarch, the mourning was changed to black.

LARGE PRIZE.—Com. Vanderbilt has a pair of ponies, for which he says he would refuse \$75,000! He has a standing offer of \$50,000 to any man who will match his team for beauty and speed. New York is a great place for "flat nags." Any one that has got one will find a market in New York, and cash on the nail.

It is stated of a prominent officer in a late battle, that, in the very crisis of affairs, his division, he was leisurely discussing a breakfast. The existence of his division was at stake—and so was he.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, THURSDAY EVENING, Dec. 2, 1862.

SUBJECT.—"The Influence of Spiritualism upon the Church."

Dr. LYON.—The tendency of modern Spiritualism is not to supplant the Church of Christ, but to develop it. The Church of modern times is altogether different from the Church instituted by Christ. Christ held communion with the angel-world; the Church of to-day does not. On the rock of angelic communion Christ built his Church, and the gates of hell and the powers of darkness shall not prevail against it. The Church has confounded principles with men; it has put man's wisdom in the place of angelic communion. Spiritualism shall not displace the principles that Jesus taught, but it shall establish them; it shall practically develop them; it shall revive and promulgate the misconstrued precepts of the New Testament. The darkness now in the Church was distinctly foretold in the book of Revelations, and Spiritualism is the power, in the hands of angels, that shall drive away the dense darkness that now covers the Christian Church. Perfection in inspiration is perfection in Christianity. Spiritualism shall not supplant the Church of Christ, only the darkness that now covers it.

Mr. BRADFORD read a manuscript, in which he said that Spiritualism had startled the world with its unaccountable manifestations. The Church edifices of modern times are not the temples of progression, but of superstition. Reformers worshiped without temples, anywhere and everywhere, regardless of the cushioned seats, the pleasant music, and the many luxuries of modern temples made and used for worship. In the churches the few select and elect meet together for worship. In Spiritualism all classes of men and all phases of belief meet together for worship. Spiritualism will banish every shadow of error that does not bear the insignia of truth.

Rev. Mr. THAYER.—It is my conviction that Spiritualism will at some future period supplant all the popular theories of the world. First, because it is more in harmony with reason, and second, because it is more in harmony with revelation. The Church does not teach that all evil will be overcome—the Harmonical Philosophy does. Spiritualism teaches that all men shall ultimately come into harmony with God.

Mr. FLYNN.—Spiritualism in the Church has always been all the life the Church has had. I believe that all religious sects have been sustained by spiritual influences. I believe that the little spiritual power that is already in the Church is not to be taken out by modern Spiritualism, but is to be revived, intensified and increased. Modern Spiritualism shall break and burst the shell of materialism that now covers the Church. The darkness now in the Church shall be banished by Spiritualism.

Mr. WOODWARD recited a long catalogue of beliefs in which the Church and Spiritualism did not agree, claiming that there was a great difference between the two. He claimed, also, that though Spiritualism was not modern Christianity, it was true, primitive Christianity—that after it had gone through a thousand years of persecution, there was some prospect of its killing out the darkness of modern Christianity.

Mr. ENOS.—It is easy to look at the creeds of different Churches, and tell what they profess to believe, but it is not easy to look at the vast body of differing Spiritualists who have written and sworn to creeds, and tell what they do believe. I look upon the Bible as suggestive of all truth. I now, since I became a Spiritualist, read the Bible with new understanding and with new life. To me it is the soul of science. I do not believe that the truths of the Church are to be supplanted by Spiritualism, but are to be brought out by it and be seen with new views in clearer light. Spiritualism teaches the soul to go within itself and there learn to worship the God of the Universe.

Mr. WETTERBERG thought it was not profitable to review the records of Church persecution, and summarily reviewed the conflicts of many great and good men, who have presented to the world fresh spiritual truths. Most of the Churches are, in a large degree, made up of nominal Christians; of men and women who are virtually infidels to the preaching and the teaching they listen to. I think that Spiritualism will take all such out of the Church and set them on terra firma. These nominal Church members, that constitute the best part of the Church, will be glad, and are glad, to fall into the ranks of Spiritualism. Spiritualism is fast finding its way into the Church, the State, and also into the whole world of sinners. Spiritualism first takes the best people—what the world calls the poorest; by and by it will take all, both good and bad. Spiritualism is not to sweep away the Churches, but it is to infuse a living faith into them all, and also into the whole world. The philosophy of Spiritualism is in perfect harmony with the philosophy of Christ; and for the Church it is getting up a religion that to them shall be new in practice.

Mr. PARKER.—I have a great liking for the word Church. Some take great offense and disgust at it. It is the best word that can be used to convey the beautiful idea which it signifies. In one sense the Church signifies the God in man; in another sense it signifies an organized form of worship. What is Spiritualism? A mass of facts and philosophy. Sometime it will go into an organic form. There will be a larger recognition and expression of spirit in the Church of Spiritualism than there has been in the past. But the Church has been necessary—it has had in it a certain use. But the present time demands a Church of a form more fair and beautiful without, that shall conform with the divine and beautiful soul within. There must be a Church born of the skies. If we have a spiritual and religious life, we cannot help the ultimatum that must come out in the organization of a new Church.

Same subject next week.

Answering Sealed Letters.

For the reason that mediums for answering sealed letters are continually changing their residences, thus subjecting those who desire in this way to communicate with their spirit friends to much trouble and uncertainty, we have made arrangements with a competent medium to answer letters of this class. The terms are one dollar for each letter so answered, including three red postage stamps. Whether the conditions are such that a spirit addressed cannot respond, the money and letter sent, so we will be returned within two weeks after it will be answered. We cannot guarantee that every letter will be answered, as sometimes a spirit addressed is unable to control the medium, and do as well as they can under the circumstances. Address "BANNER OF LIGHT," 158 Washington street, Boston.

What three words did Adam use when he introduced himself to Eve, and which read the same, backward and forward? "Madam, I'm Adam."

Back Numbers Wanted.

We are in want of a single copy of No. 1 of the first vol. of the BANNER; also No. 6 of the same volume. For which copies we will pay 25 cents per copy.

Mr. Anderson's Address. Letters addressed to W. F. Anderson, Artist Medium, care of BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, will reach their destination at once.

Our Circles.

Notice.—As these circles, which are free to the public, subject us to much expense, those of our friends who take an interest in them, and desire to have them continued, are solicited to aid us in a pecuniary point of view, or we fear we shall be obliged to suspend them altogether. Any sum, however small, that the friends of the cause may feel inclined to remit, will be gratefully acknowledged.

We are fully aware that much good to the cause has been accomplished by these free circles, as many persons who first attended them as skeptics, now believe in the Spiritual Phenomena, and are made happy in mind thereby. Hence we hope to be sustained in our efforts to promulgate the great truths which are pouring in upon us from the spirit-world for the benefit of humanity.

How to Obtain the Banner of Light.

We wish it distinctly understood that we have authorized no person outside of our establishment to receive subscriptions and mail this paper regularly to such subscribers. All persons subscribing for the BANNER are particularly requested to remit to us direct.

Enclose two dollars in a letter, writing plainly the name of the new subscriber, and of the Post office to which the paper is intended to be sent, not forgetting the name of the County and State, and direct to WILLIAM WHITE & Co., 158 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

The Spiritual Sunday School Class-Book. This little book is selling rapidly. We have made arrangements to supply large orders on very reasonable terms. Every family should have this book. For price, 25 cents; see advertisement.

Obituary Notices.

TRANSPLANTED from earth-life to the more congenial associations of spirit realms, JAMES, only son of JAMES B. and the late LORETTA BAILEY.

This child was remarkable in his mediocrity powers. At the early age of four years, he often described persons who had departed this life before his birth, many of whom were recognized by their friends. He also personated children, whom he had never known, so perfectly as to be identified by their parents or other friends. He has often awoke me in the dark and silent night, as calmly as if he was about his play, described to me persons and scenes for an hour at a time; and he would often talk upon themes and in a manner far beyond his years. This illustrates the preponderance of the spirituality over the physical in his organization, and that he was ill-fitted for the comparatively low conditions which earth has as yet reached in the progress of her development.

Oh, that all mankind would investigate the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism, that they might become awakened to the importance of the sublime truths, and receive the consolation which I feel in this hour of my tribulation, and the world thereby become more rapidly unfolded to the millennial conditions so ardently looked for by many sincere souls. J. K. BAILEY. Warren, Ind., Nov. 19, 1862.

Passed to the spirit life on the 26th of November. CHARLES W. CARVER, aged 37 years.

He left the mortal form in Sharpsburg, Md., which was brought on to this town by his devoted and suffering wife, to be interred in the soil of his native clime. He gave his life cheerfully to his country, and said he was happy to die in the cause of Freedom. He was an honest, worthy man, respected and loved by all who knew him. It was his oft-repeated request that I should officiate at his funeral, and I was surprised to learn that the use of a church was refused, wherein to pay the last tribute to the remains of one who had laid down his life for his country. May God and his holy angels comfort the bereaved ones and hasten the day when God's children can all be permitted to enter their Father's House on earth as well as in heaven. Quincy, Dec. 2, 1862. M. S. TOWNSEND.

Killed in the battle of Antietam, Sept. 17, Dr. JOHN R. READE, formerly an independent clairvoyant physician, of Hartford, Conn.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are 10 cents per line for the first and 8 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

JUST PUBLISHED.

TWO DISCOURSES, delivered to the First Congregation of the New Catholic Church, in the city of New York, October 12th and 19th, 1862. By the Pastor, Rev. EDWARD BOYD. Price, 15 CENTS. Dec. 7.

For sale at this office. PRICE, 15 CENTS.

CHEAP FARMS NEAR HOME!

40,000 Acres of Land!

FOR SALE IN THE EMPIRE STATE.

THE undersigned is authorized to negotiate the sale and transfer of nearly Forty Thousand Acres of Land, chiefly in Hamilton, Warren, Cattaraugus, Genesee, Erie, Essex, Hamilton, Lewis, Oneida, Ontario, Saratoga, Steuben, and Sullivan Counties. These lands will be sold in quantities to suit the purchaser, at the low prices of

FROM 25 CENTS TO TEN DOLLARS PER ACRE for cash or approved securities. They are heavily timbered, and well watered. More than 26,000 acres are located near the centre of Hamilton County, about five miles from Amsterdam, on the line of the New York Central Railroad. The soil is good; the forests furnish deer and other game in abundance, while the lakes and numerous small streams which water and beautify that region, are well supplied with trout and other choice varieties of fish.

The splendid lands here offered for sale, are only some 75 miles from the Capital of the State, and the heavy growth of Sugar Maple, Beech, Spruce, and other timber, to say nothing of the use of said lands for grazing and agriculture, would soon render them exceedingly valuable. The Hudson River and Lake Ontario Railroad, chartered and partially graded some time since, is within twelve miles of these lands, while a branch, already surveyed, runs through the same. When these lines are completed, that whole region will be within seven hours of New York City; and the constantly increasing prices of lumber and fuel must render its resources of incalculable value.

We are not likely to over-estimate the prospective value of such lands, so near the great Commercial Centre of the Western Continent, and so well watered; and we can hardly go a thousand miles toward sunset for cheap farms, when they can be had so near home.

Send for a Circular, and address at 407 Fourth street, New York. N. B. Also a number of City and Village Lots in Rochester, Lockport, Mount Vernon, and other places, at prices unheard of before.

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 the earnest solicitation of many friends. Address WILLIAM WHITE & CO., 158 Washington street. Nov. 29.

O. L. GILLET, MANUFACTURER OF, AND DEALER IN, HAVANA AND PRINCEPS CIGARS, 86 NORTH MARKET STREET, BOSTON. (UP STAIRS.) All orders promptly attended to. 15th Sept. 62.

WONDERFUL CURES!

Cancers, Fever Sores, Rheumatism, Spinal Troubles, Fits, and Nervous Debility HAVE FREQUENTLY BEEN CURED BY ONE OPERATION, BY DR. U. R. ANN, No. 260 WASHINGTON STREET, CORNER OF AVON PLACE.

For further particulars, terms, &c., send for circular Nov. 29.

UNION SOCIABLES

AT LYCEUM HALL.

THE SECOND COURSE OF UNION SOCIABLES will commence at Lyceum Hall, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, November 6th, and continue every Wednesday evening during the season.

Package of six tickets, \$1; single tickets, 75 cents. Music by Bond's Quadrille Band. Dancing to commence at 7-4 o'clock. Nov. 1.

A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

New Books.

A BOOK FOR MEN AND WOMEN! LEGALIZED PROSTITUTION; OR, Marriage as it is, and Marriage as it Should be, PHILOSOPHICALLY CONSIDERED. PRICE, 75 CENTS. BY CHARLES S. WOODRUFF, M. D.

IN THIS NEW VOLUME the people have a want met which has already wrought untold misery. Sin and unhappiness are the result of Ignorance; one need no longer be ignorant, if he will take this little book and make its facts his or her own.

All wrong notions and delusions about Marriage are here explained away and exploded. The matter—so momentous to every person living—is made clear and plain; stripped of its mockeries and glosses; presented just as it lies in every human soul; familiarized in its profound principles to every one's comprehension; and rationally forced into the reader's belief.

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 demonstrates very conclusively that, if society would redeem itself and become fresh and new, it must apply itself to this most important of all topics first of all. Marriage, in his opinion, is something more than a co-partnership, or simply an agreement between two persons to try to live together without quarreling. It must be wholly of Love, or it is a failure.

Everybody will receive benefit from the bright pages of this book. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT Office, Boston, Mass. Nov. 29.

JUST ISSUED.

SOUL AFFINITY!

By A. B. CHILD, M. D. Published by WILL WHITE & Co., No. 158 Washington street, Boston.

THIS BOOK breaks through the darkness and afflictions of earthly alliances, and tells each and every one who has and has not a half in it. It transcends the tangle and the wrangle of *Free-Lovers*, that falls with falling matter, and tells what Spiritual Love is, that shall grow brighter and purer forever.

This book is warm with the author's life and earnest feeling. It contains terse, bold, original, startling thoughts. It will be a solace to the afflicted and downtrodden of earth. Price, 15 Cents. Nov. 18.

BULWER'S STRANGE STORY!

A VOLUME OF 386 PAGES, Elegantly Printed, and Illustrated with Steel Engravings, AT THE LOW PRICE OF TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. (Postage nine cents.)

This is one of the most entertaining works of its world-renowned author, and will be read by Spiritualists and others with great satisfaction.

We will mail the work to any part of the United States on receipt of the price and postage. Address WILLIAM WHITE & CO., 158 Washington Street, Boston.

A B C OF LIFE.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

AUTHOR OF "WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT," &c. This book, of three hundred Aphorisms, on thirty-six printed pages, contains more valuable matter than is ordinarily found in hundreds of printed pages of popular reading matter. The work is a rich treat to all thinking minds. Price 25 Cents. For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, 158 Washington street, Boston. Dec. 21.

JUST PUBLISHED.

AN EXTRAORDINARY AND THRILLING WORK

DEALINGS WITH THE DEAD!

THE HUMAN SOUL: ITS MIGRATIONS AND ITS TRANSMIGRATIONS! BY P. B. RANDOLPH.

The above work may be had at the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT, 158 Washington street, by wholesale and retail. Single copies 75 cents. The usual discount will be made to the trade. Mailed to any part of the United States on receipt of the price named above. March 6.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE

Sunday School Class-Book,

NO. ONE.

THIS interesting little work is designated especially for the young of both sexes. Every Spiritualist should introduce it into his family, to aid in the proper enlightenment of the juvenile minds around him.

The book is handsomely gotten up, on fine tinted paper substantially bound, and contains fifty-four pages.

Price—Single copies 25 cents, or five copies for \$1. Sent by mail. The usual discount to the trade.

For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, Boston, Mass. WILLIAM WHITE & CO., Publishers.

June 14.

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. Gossard, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

These messages go to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether good or evil. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expression so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

Our Readers.—The BANNER at which these communications are given are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 133 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (opposite) every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed promptly at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, Nov. 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; John Calvin Oreg, of Montpellier, Va.; Laura Frances Voss, of Dayton, Ohio; Margaret O'Brien, to Father McPhail, of New York.

Thursday, Nov. 13.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Elizabeth Roberts, of Boston; Annie V. Kendall, to her father in New Orleans, La.; Jack Emerson, late of the New York Fire Zouaves, to his wife, in New York City.

Monday, Nov. 17.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Albert F. Wate, 15th Mass Reg., Co. G; Sam. Bolton, a colored man; James Glidden, of Charleston, S. C.; Isabel M. Gray, to her parents in Fall River, Mass.

Friday, Nov. 20.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Dr. Thomas Jones, of S. Carolina, to his son; Hilda Drew, of Bangor, Me., to her two sons; George Briggs, of New York City, to his mother, in Walker street.

Monday, Nov. 24.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; West Kendall to his friends in Boston; Lavina S. Mitchell, to her friends in Columbus, Ohio; Michael Sweeney, to his wife in Fall River, Mass.

Tuesday, Nov. 25.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Capt. Samuel J. Locke, of N. H.; Horace Mason, of Hagerstown, Md., to his mother.

Invocation.

Oh, Holy Spirit of Reform, we would cast aside the stone from the sepulchre of humanity, and, in the progressive voice of thy Great Life, would call human souls from death to life. Oh, Spirit of the Hour, we would roll away the stone from the sepulchre of humanity, and give that life to thy children which they have so long been deprived of. Our Father, we feel that human souls have too long slumbered in the past, have too long rested in their graves, and we, by thy power, we by thy love, desire to bring them to life again. Oh, thou Holy Spirit of Reform, we feel that thou art marching with the nations, that thou art writing by power, by love, upon all human hearts. And oh, Holy Spirit, in union with thee, and thy law, we would work now and forever. Amen.

Nov. 6.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—Will the slaves gain their freedom by this way?

Ans.—Most certainly they will.

Q.—Is it of much longer duration?

A.—According to your measurement of time, it will last much longer. There are many elements in your human conditions that must be crushed out ere you are established upon a firm and enduring basis of peace.

Q.—Are we to understand that slavery is the principal cause of this war?

A.—You are to understand so, if you can look into the mirror of life and see what a dark and unsightly picture is there imaged. You have nourished a festering sore with you for many centuries, and it were high time that the Almighty poured his healing balm upon it. It were high time that you were a free people. I know you have written freedom upon your walls and inscribed it upon your banners; but in your hearts you have felt no freedom, no right to liberty, no right to pursue the dictates of your own conscience.

Q.—Will foreign nations interfere in this war?

A.—It is quite possible they may. You need not be at all surprised if you receive intimation of foreign intervention at no far distant time. However, that will depend in a great measure upon the condition of their own people. If they are active to throw off the yoke that binds their peasantry, they will not in all probability meddle with your affairs; but if they do not rouse themselves to activity upon their own shores, then they will be very likely to take advantage of your present distracted condition to interfere in your national affairs.

Q.—Will you give us your name?

A.—I have no name. The name that I am with you to-day as a free and independent spirit. The name I had on earth rests with my body. The name I now bear is not the one I was known by when an inhabitant of the earth. You may call me Truth, as I shall endeavor to give you truth.

Q.—Do I understand you to say that you have changed your name since taking up your abode in the spirit-land?

A.—You are to understand that the earth-name I bore is no longer mine in spirit-land. That slumber with my body, and I desire it always may.

Q.—Can you tell us why the magnetic pole shifts from place to place?

Ans.—Are you sure that it does change its place?

Q.—We are told so.

A.—We do not think it does; but the conditions of life encompassing it, or its surroundings, are in reality what change, and not the magnetic pole itself. True, it does not so seem to you.

Q.—Of what does the magnetic pole consist?

A.—Of that subtle gas you understand to be electricity, positive and negative.

Q.—I believe that is not in accordance with the books of philosophy.

A.—True, it is not; but to our mind it is plain and honest truth.

Q.—Why do those spirits that communicate at this place locate their friends at such a distance from us as to render investigation concerning the truth of their statements almost impossible upon our part?

A.—We are not aware that this is so. On the contrary, we believe that nine-tenths of the spirits communicating at this place have friends living in such close proximity to you that you can readily ascertain the correctness or falsity of their statements. True, there are many spirits who visit your circle that have friends living in distant cities and towns; but it is our desire, our purpose, to give place and time to all who visit us, provided they do so with a desire to promote the good of humanity, and to identify themselves to their friends in mortal.

Q.—Is it not true that one is as much to blame as another in this civil war of ours?

A.—It is, most certainly. And if man would but consult the God within himself, the holy monitor that dwells within the souls of all God's children, he would scarce be found taking up arms against his brother, or seeking in any way to injure the interests of his fellow-creatures.

Q.—Are there any spirits hovering near, who wish to communicate at this time?

A.—There are thousands, many thousands.

Q.—Are there any from our recent battle-fields?

A.—Yes, many thousands, who have been sent to the spirit world almost without a moment's warning, and before their proper time.

Q.—Is the idea true or false that in the spirit life we are to feel those same family ties that we do here on earth?

A.—We believe that you will feel those same ties of affection in the spirit-land that were yours upon the earth, and that which is a child in intensity with you here, is a full-grown person with you in the spirit-world. This feeling of affection you now feel for one another here is but an infant, and strengthens and enlarges itself with the growth of the spirit.

Q.—Does not the mother love other children as well as her own, in the spirit-land?

A.—Not the love which the mother feels for her own child in that she has its birth in her own being, and grows with her growth; and thus it were more

natural for the mother to feel a greater degree of affection for her own child than for the children of another. She lives, moves, and acts in accordance with the laws of her nature, and therefore will ever be magnetically drawn toward her child in love before all others.

Q.—How, then, can we be Christlike, and why are we not selfish?

A.—Whatever is of Nature is of God, and therefore impartial and unselfish. A Jesus of Nazareth was possessed of a divine organism, to which, and through which the higher intelligences were attracted and constantly manifesting themselves. He felt the full force of the law of love, and through him were disseminated large forces of love; and it would seem that he could give of his love to all humanity; his mantle of affection was large enough to afford a covering to all God's children. But this was but a peculiar condition of his spiritual and divine organism, and not in any way the result of his own individual efforts as a mortal.

Q.—What is meant when it is said that the seven had her to wife, and whose wife shall she be in heaven?

A.—In the resurrection, therefore, when they shall rise, whose wife shall she be of them? for the seven had her to wife? The answer was, "For when they shall rise from the dead, they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels which are in heaven," and seeking for their proper mates, not after the fashion of mortals upon the earth, but according to spiritual and divine will. Therefore that which is united upon earth, shall be divided or broken in the spirit-land.

Q.—I suppose you refer to the legal, and not to the real.

A.—We do.

Q.—Do you consider our marriage law a good one?

A.—We consider it the best that the time and your present condition will admit of, and would enjoin obedience to that which is the law of your time. And though there is much that is more glorious, more beautiful than this self-same marriage law of yours, still we would have you render strict obedience to that which is the law of your time, for in so doing you in a measure render obedience to God.

Q.—At the same time should we not seek to know and understand self?

A.—Most certainly. Seek to know self, to become better acquainted with the God that dwells within your own being, and if you understand self you will make very few mistakes in life, and seldom be found lamenting over an unhappy marriage. When Jesus was questioned by the chief priests and scribes in the temple, as to whether it were lawful for them to give tribute unto Caesar, he called for a penny.

And he said unto them, Whose is this image and superscription? And the answer was, It is Caesar's. And he then advised them to render unto Caesar the things that were Caesar's, and to God the things that were God's. Now we would advise all mortality to render due obedience to all civil or mortal law. It is easy to do this while you are happy in all the relations of earthly life. But when unhappiness is your lot, you stand trembling, and fear to go forth and grasp at the realities of Nature, hardly understanding how to render obedience to the laws that bring you only sorrow instead of happiness. But if you cast aside all fear of public opinion, and demand of Nature's God enough of happiness to serve you while you shall dwell upon the earth, believe us, you will receive it, for God never denies his earthly children those gifts which he feels to be absolutely necessary to their comfort and welfare hereafter.

Q.—What would you say of that class of people who have come together under the marriage law without possessing any qualifications for rendering each other happy?

A.—We should pity them and deplore their sad condition. But the furnace fire through which such unfortunate ones must pass will cause them to be regenerated, reformed, and be the means of making them more perfect, more fit to enjoy the glories of the spirit world. We would suggest that such unhappy ones turn within the closest of their own being for counsel, and if the Almighty tells you to continue under those marital relations, which are the source of so much sorrow and misery to you, it is your duty to adhere to those relations until you have taken upon yourself, until God shall see fit to dissolve those relations through death. But if that voice says, Cut asunder the bonds that bind you together as man and wife, and seek such happiness as the world can afford you, apart from each other, then by all means do so, for the precepts of God are right and just.

Come, when you are in doubt, and reason with the God of your nature, and believe us, that God will make all wrong right. We know there are many thousands writhing in agony under the yoke of the marriage law, but we know at some time they have violated that law, it may be unwittingly, doubtless, but the visitation of punishment is just the same as if they consciously sinned against that marriage law. If there were no penalty for laws trampled upon, whether civil, political, or spiritual, there would be no peace, no harmony, for through sorrow you learn wisdom, and by wisdom you march up the steep of life.

Nature has given you an index to the capacities of the human spirit, or the soul of man, and if you learn to read those indexes, you never need make any mistakes, never need fold a serpent to your bosom, or walk hand in hand through life with your enemy. The time is coming, yes, is even now with you, when the angels will assist you in reading those indexes aright, and in unfolding that which seems to lie closely wrapped in the mantle of mystery. Seek the aid of those who are close around you in spirit-life, and some one or more of that angel band, whose mission it is to attend you through life in mortal, will give you strength and power to read those indexes of the human spirit, and soon, instead of living in the tomb, you will find yourself standing upon the bill-top of Liberty and Freedom, and surrounded by the light of Almighty God. Nov. 6.

Michael Sullivan.

I find it somewhat hard to speak here for I've not got much insight into these things. I've been told it's here we was to come to get a chance to go home, and I was told, too, that you treat with respect an Irishman as well as a Yankee. [Certainly, we make no distinction here.]

My name was Michael Sullivan. I was a member of the 10th Massachusetts Regiment, Company D. I got killed they say it is, but somehow or other I can't find myself killed at all, and just now I'm more alive than I was when on the earth. Well, I was killed at Fair Oaks, and I think myself lucky to be able to come back so soon, for I'm told that many are obliged to be here in the spirit-land for years, before they get a chance to come back. Well, I'm here, and I got folks in Fall River I'd like to talk to, and I don't know about my overthrowing their religion; but I'm to be the first to knock away that, and let them down, why then I am. I'm happy enough in the work, but the thing is to know how to get about it. I've been told that when once the first step was taken in this matter, I'd not find the task so hard a one, after all. So I take the step in coming here to-day. I didn't know what kind of a place I was coming to, and I thought it was like a confessional or so, but I find it isn't, and that you can't get what you like here, and are not obliged to speak of things you don't care to.

I've friends in Fall River I'd like to talk to, if I could. Well, it's a small chance I got to be recognized in this thing. [Referring to the dress of our medium.] [I think they'll know you if you only mention some circumstances of your life.] Fall, I've got it now. I'm just what I said to you, I'm coming home I'll have this house painted; but you can't get anything out of me now to have it done. The house will get unpainted a long time, I'm thinking. If they wait for me to paint it. [Can you give me the name of the man you worked for in Fall River?] Yes, I worked for a man by the name of Page, in Fall River, sometimes. I worked there, there, and everywhere. I spent most of my time

in Boston—that is, after I came from Pennsylvania, for I was in Pennsylvania when I first come over, and I'll tell you who I worked for. Do you know anybody by the name of Dunbar—Peter Dunbar? [Yes.] He knows me. [Did you drive a truck for him?] Yes, a cart, or anything there was to be done. Well, say I'm happy, and should like something of this sort to go home in. [You'd like to have your folks call upon a medium, would n't you?] Well, I want them to call on something. I should like a body like this to talk through. Nov. 6.

Eugene B. Tyler.

Father, Mother, though now I live On the mystic side of life, Yet I've ne'er forgot the dear ones, Who still dwell in mortal strife.

Though your spirit sometimes falters, And your vision grows less bright, Soon will come the morn of promise, Soon the darkness fade in light.

Then mid strains of aerial music, Sounding forth from souls of joy, You will meet no more to part with Your Eugene, your spirit-boy.

EUGENE B. TYLER, of Madison, New York.

Nov. 6.

Sarah Jane Packard.

I went away from my mother last winter, and she's mourned for me ever since. My name was Sarah Jane Packard. I didn't live here in Boston, but in New York. [New York City?] Yes, and I died with the scarlet fever. I've a sister left on the earth; and I've a brother here in the spirit-land. I was seven years old when I died. My father drives a hack, and we live on Columbia street. I don't now, but used to.

My mother's father is here in the spirit-land, and he helps me come to-day, and he says for me to tell my mother, "that when the storms of this life are all over, then she'll find it very pleasant in the spirit-land;" and he wants her to know about it before she comes here, and I'm coming to tell her about it. It was in the night when I died, and I was snowed hard, and my mother was most crazy. You will tell her I came back, and tell her not to cry, and tell her to go where my grandfather can talk with her, and then I and my brother will come. He wants to talk with her alone. He don't like to, here. Eddy is his name. [Do you remember your sister's name?] Yes, Elizabeth, or Lizzie.

My mother can't pay for my coming. [We do n't ask anything here.] Can I come here again if I want to? [Yes, I think you may.] I can tell her a good many things. I can tell her about my father; he's away now, but I don't want to, here. Will I have to have the fever to go away from here? [No.] What'll I have? [Nothing. You'll pass away.] That little boy that was here just before me, you know? [Yes, Eugene Tyler.] He didn't live in New York City, but he lived in Madison, and he was twelve years old; older than I am. I can make poetry when I've been here in the spirit-land as long as he has. He don't know how to talk in any other way than that. He never come here before. I never did. His folks will know him, he says. His folks live better than mine do.

Nov. 6.

Captain Joel Winthrop.

Mr. Chairman, what do you require? [Merely that you identify yourself to your friends.] I am Captain Joel Winthrop, who fell at the battle of South Mountain. I am from Virginia, sir, and I propose to send thoughts across your lines. Are you willing? [Certainly.] I have a wife and two young sons, at present residing in Norfolk. I first desire to inform them that I am a spirit, and am happy and well. I understand they have been informed that I was wounded, and am a prisoner in your hands.

I ask for the privilege of communing with my wife, that I may give some advice in reference to my sons. I do not feel acquainted with this method of communion, and I do not know what advice to give my wife in regard to a medium. I do not know where they are located. I would also be happy to commune with my brother, who, at last accounts, was said to be in the Federal army. His name is Benjamin, and he was living in Indiana four years since. But since the rebellion, as you are pleased to term it, broke out, I have had no intercourse with him. He saw fit to take one step, and I another; but, as a spirit, I desire to open communication with him.

I have nothing to say in regard to the position of either army, or with regard to the right or wrong of either, but I am here solely to commune with my family and friends. I cannot say what I may wish to do after this is accomplished. I was forty-two years old at the time of my death. [Did you belong in Richmond?] Yes; I may say I hailed from there. My wife and boys are in Norfolk, and I desire to commune with them. If I have been rightly informed, you extend enough of your sympathy to your rebel friends, to aid them so far as seems to be your duty. Have I been rightly informed? [You have.] Good-day, sir.

Nov. 6.

Invocation.

Oh, Source of Strength, in our weakness we would come unto thee. Thou who art the everlasting Fountain of Wisdom, to thee we would come, drink and grow strong. Oh, Father and Mother of Life, we would touch the hem of thy garments and be healed. We feel that there is great necessity for mental strength; that we may bear the crosses of life to the goal of eternity, and receive there an unfading crown of mental gains. Oh, Father and Mother of Life, we would lay upon thy altar all the thoughts, all the desires of thy children who are gathered here to-day. And we thank thee that that altar is in the midst of humanity, and that the sacrifices made unto thee thereon will be now and forever acceptable unto thee, Oh, Holy One. Oh, our Parent, thou who art ever guiding us, we thank thee for the glories thou hast showered upon us; we thank thee for the sunbeam, we thank thee for the shower, we thank thee for that which seemeth dark, and for that which is radiant with light. Oh, our Father, we ask for strength, and we feel it must come in accordance with our demands. Nov. 10.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—Does the soldier who dies upon the battle-field die a natural death? And what are his sensations at the time of and immediately after death?

Ans.—These are the questions we have been desired to speak upon this afternoon.

Q.—There are no natural deaths save those which take place in ripe old age. Then the spirit is gently endued from its physical body, or its relations with its mortal body are so quietly dissipated, that there is no perceptible change; there is but a passing out of the relative condition of life, and entering upon another, which is more spiritual and more divine. Immediately after such a death, or rather birth, into the spirit-land, the spirit becomes free, and being in full possession of its faculties, at once realises intuitively its condition in the world of spirit or soul. When the electrical lamp of life hath burned up the last of the material forces, and that lamp hath gone out quietly, then we perceive a natural death, or natural birth into the spirit-world. But whenever there is any violent sundering of relations that exist between the two bodies, then there is a perturbed law; the conditions are unnatural, and consequently attended with more or less sorrow.

When the individual who dies upon the battle-field is first brought into rapport with death, or that change which is called death, he believes that the whole universe hath been suddenly, or violently shocked; that the shock is not alone due to him as an individual, but that all the universe hath felt it. Immediately after such a death has taken place, a dense darkness overshadows the spirit, and that spirit is lost in unconsciousness to outward objects, or in other words, it has no knowledge of its condition as a spirit; nor throughout upon the world spiritual and Divine, because it is not as yet possessed

of a body that is regulated to its growth and progress in spirit-life. And that body is just as necessary to it and its spiritual unfoldings and its recognition of its surroundings, as your physical body is to the spirit while dwelling upon the earth. Without it, then, you are not able to recognize or grasp to any extent the conditions of immortality which surround you as a spirit, and upon a knowledge of which your happiness and comfort in the eternal future must depend. Thus the spirit must of necessity remain in a quiet condition, until the Divine forces, or Nature, furnishes it with a body adapted to its use in that world of spirit to which it came an immature being.

The infant, who is ushered into your mundane existence prior to the full unfoldment of its tiny organism, is unable to become fully related to your sphere of life, consequently it must pass out of that life and go into those primaries from which it had its origin, until the time arrives for its birth into the spirit-land. You are told that many of the inhabitants of the spirit-world experience only sorrow, that they are exceedingly unhappy and dissatisfied with their condition as spirits. Now this is so from the fact of their having been sent to the spirit-world before their proper time, or in other words, because they met death by violence. But it is no more so with regard to the soldier than with the suicide, or with those who die in early youth. And again we tell you, we know of no natural deaths among mortality, save those that take place in ripe old age; for when the physical body has finished its work, when the spirit has drank therefrom the last force of vital life, and it is no longer necessary to the growth and development of the spirit of man, then the change which you call death takes place, and there is scarce a moment intervening between the conscious spirit in mortal life, and the conscious spirit in spirit-life.

If there is any gift of Nature you ought to pray for more than all others, it is that you may die a natural death. Although popular theology sometimes speaks largely in favor of death in infancy, although the lips of your popular teachers often enunciate things that they honestly believe to be right, nevertheless, we declare unto you that you are to establish all forms of right and wrong that are established in art, and live in strict accordance with the laws of Nature, if you would be happy and contented in that future world that shall never know an ending. Seek to die naturally, that you may be born naturally into the spirit-world; that you do not go to the spirit-world before you have finished your work upon the earth, and then, by the force of necessity that is ever backed up by eternal law, be obliged to return and walk over those same rough paths of life again, in order that your mission upon the earth may be fulfilled, and that peace and happiness may at last be yours in the world of spirit.

The soldier who falls upon the battle-field dies no natural death. The fine and delicate cords of life that bind the spirit to the physical body, are violently sundered, rudely out apart, and think you the vibrations of that shock are not felt by the sensitive spirit? Think you that the spirit of the soldier does not suffer deeply in consequence of its sudden and unnatural separation from the physical body, that has so long enmeshed it?

Verily, we tell you, it does. When the unnatural spirit in spirit-life hath been possessed of its spiritual body, which is to enable it to grasp the conditions of eternity, it at once recognizes that it hath come to the spirit-world prematurely, and deplores with more intensity of remorse its condition as a spirit than it is possible for mortality to conceive of.

Oh, these wondrous machines of life are alike human and divine. They contain within themselves the vast volume of immortality; yea within your own being is a fountain of eternal life. Then read of its pages, drink from its fountain, and earnestly pray that you may die naturally.

Q.—Do those who pass on to the spirit-land without children, live eternally without having children?

A.—The natural reproductive forces that originate in blood and brain, are not necessary to the existence of the disembodied spirit, or, in other words, the possession of children is not essential to the spiritual unfolding of the disembodied spirit. And yet they who are childless here, are not so of necessity in the world of spirit. But the children of the mind and of the physical form differ somewhat. The individual dwelling in the spirit-land, may possess as many children as there are thoughts, or portions of thought emanating from the spirit, for thought is the child in spirit-land.

Q.—There seems to be a discrepancy between what you say in regard to the length of time the spirit remains unconscious after death, and what Andrew Jackson Davis says upon that subject. He tells us that the spirit, after its separation from the body, remains unconscious for the space of three days. Please explain this difference?

A.—The space of time, or condition of unconsciousness that belongs to one, does not of necessity belong to another; and whereas one spirit might remain unconscious after having passed through the change called death, by mortals, for three days, another might remain unconscious for three years, and still another one might not perceive any time at all between its separation from the body and its entrance into the spirit-land. There is no rule, either in this condition of unconsciousness or any other related to spirit-life, by which we can measure more than one individual. The length of time a spirit may remain unconscious after the change called death, depends somewhat upon the condition of that spirit at the exact time of its separation from the mortal body. If there is an intense activity pervading the spirit, an intense desire for wisdom, then such an one will awake speedily in the spirit-land. But if the spirit is sluggish, and perhaps demands or requires more rest than was allotted to it while in the flesh, then that desired rest will be granted the disembodied spirit, and it may slumber for months, and even years, before it awakes to the realities of spirit-life.

Q.—What is the sphere of the individual spirit, or how is it circumscribed? And is there anything analogous to it in Nature?

A.—To the capacities of that individual spirit. We do not mean a localized condition of the spirit; we mean the mental capacity. It may perhaps extend around the universe, and it may not. That depends upon the internal perceptions of the individual spirit. The sphere again may be called the peculiar atmosphere in which the spirit lives; moves, and by which it acts, and to which it is accountable for its every act. The spirit cannot step outside its own sphere, for its movements are regulated by a law as immutable and fixed as is the external universe upon which you can gaze. Perfect law and order are the conditions of spirit-life. The individual spirit is capable of perceiving only through its own sphere, because it cannot live in the sphere of another. Should the spirit attempt to wander outside its own sphere, it would be at once lost in the great ocean of life, and the term individualized life would be a mere sound without a meaning.

Nov. 10.

William Sawin.

They say that knowledge that do n't come from experience is no knowledge at all. If that is true, and I believe it is, I suppose I may consider myself possessed of knowledge in one certain direction, at any rate.

I went out to war with the three months' volunteers, in the early part of the rebellion. I was a member of the Boston Light Artillery, and while we were in camp, I, through carelessness, lost my life, or lost my body, I should say. I had stepped upon the gun carriage, for the purpose of adjusting some portion of it. I don't remember what, when my pistol, from some cause, or other, fell out of my pocket, struck against something hard, causing its sudden discharge and my death at the same time. The ball, passing through the apex of the heart, I felt no pain. I did not know that I was shot, but I seemed to intuitively know that I was about to die, not from any feeling that I experienced, but a voice within me seemed to whisper, "You are shot, and must die."

Just then it seemed as if I was suddenly crushed between two great bodies that had come and died together. After that, I appeared to float in the brightest atmosphere imaginable. It was more radiant, than the sun. Gradually the atmosphere seemed to fade away, and I seemed to fall into darkness. Then I did not care where I was. The feeling that I had won one of total indifference, and although I realized that I had passed through some kind of a change, yet I did not comprehend the nature of that change.

From that condition I was roused by a feeling that I was wanted by God—that I had a mission to perform. I found myself in possession of a body that so bore resemblance to the one that I had owned upon earth, that I could hardly believe that I had changed worlds. But I soon discovered, that this spirit-body was not the exact counterpart of the physical body I had so suddenly been deprived of, but that I was henceforth to use that. Then I began to be unhappy; I began to perceive that I was in the spirit-world, and that I had come to that world too quick, and must, in consequence of my unnatural birth, experience much suffering and sorrow. No one told me so, but I seemed to feel that it would be so.

Shortly after this, I seemed to desire to follow the voice that was calling me. I put forth an effort to answer it. I excoriated my will, and I found I had been called for by one of my comrades, who was an earnest believer in Spiritualism. As soon as I came within the sphere of his magnetism, I began to perceive that he was a kingdom, or a world, or a universe himself; and this suggested the thought that I, too, might be one. So I turned to examine self, and I found that I was no less a kingdom myself than he was, and that if I was ever happy or contented in the exact way of doing my duty anywhere, it must be by helping others, and by using the forces and capacities I was endowed with, as a spirit.

And as quick as I took up this work, I began to be happy and contented with my condition, because I found that I had something to do. That's as far as I've got in the spirit-world.

I've many dear friends here on earth that I'd like to meet and to commune with, and for whom it seems sometimes that I'd be willing to forfeit almost anything; but when I see that I cannot meet them only half way, that I can only do my part, and that they must do theirs also, then I begin to feel content to wait until they are so far spiritually advanced as to know how to do their part. [Will you give me your name?] William Sawin—that's my name.

Nov. 10.

Willie Lincoln.

If you please, sir, I wish to send something to my father and mother. [Say what you choose.] First, I wish to tell my father and mother that, I was present when they stood looking at my body the day after I left it, they wondering where I was, and if I could know how bad they felt at my departure. I was there, in company with my grandfather and other members of my family, and as my father and mother will only provide me with a body like this through which I can come, and through which I can speak, I can't write through a medium yet, I will come and will give them all the evidence they ask for to prove that I was present that day, and have been present many times since then.

My grandfather says it will be very difficult for me to reach my parents under existing conditions. I don't think so; though perhaps it's because I'm a little boy, and don't know so much about these things as he does, but I can't help thinking that my father and mother will furnish me with a suitable medium. I could tell them many things to prove who I am, if it were in any other place except so public a one as this. And my grandfather recommends I should reserve all these things for a private interview with them.

I am Willie Lincoln, son of Abraham Lincoln. [Do you remember ever coming here before?] Yes, sir. [Your little brother, well?] Yes, sir. [You know you told me your father was sick, and that he wasn't going to die?] And I told you yes. [Do you know that your mother is in town?] Yes, sir. [That brings me here. Tommy is here, too. Good-by.]

[This little

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