

into the States for twenty years. It feared the
 merce—and the capital invested in slaves; by a
 a general prohibition of any amendment that should
 interfere with it during that period. It finds place
 in determining the rule of representation for ap-
 pointment. It has placed therein the reclamation
 extradition treaty. What did it not secure by the
 prudently section which it was here considering in
 epistle? By what right have Slave States come
 the Union? The reason and answer to all—sla-
 is privileged, and the Constitution is the charter
 its privileges.
 The diverse civilizations of the North and of the
 have arisen up in hostility to the exercise of the
 negative right of the citizen of the United States—
 Freedom and Slavery. They say there have been,
 ever be in destructive antagonism. The one civi-
 lization hurtled by Freedom, spurns slavery in spite
 he Constitution; by Freedom, and other, trained up by Sla-
 , detests Freedom and puts to death the school-
 er who teaches the truths of the Declaration of
 pendence. *The Constitution as it is, forsooth!*—It
 is amended, for these antagonistic civilizations
 not dwell together under its grants as they now
 For long years it has not given safety nor pro-
 tion to the Northern on his travels in the Slave
 States, if he dared to exercise the right of speech, and
 the pen—nor has it been possible for it to secure
 and its rights to the Southern on his travels in
 Free States, because their civilization and con-
 cence cannot abide by its barbarities. Hence the
 establishment of the tenure in so many of the States,
 regardless of the pecuniary loss and of the vested
 rights of the slaveholder under the National Consti-
 tution. The negroes are safe, and the white man
 the bundle of citizens' rights, before these warring
 civilizations, are as feeble as the filaments of gossamer;
 unwritten Constitution, also long since recognized
 in North and South, has had its influence in the
 evils and action of the Government.
 Many of its rights under the Constitution, what
 American citizenship, at home, but an empty boast
 right resting on contingency? Abroad in foreign
 lands, where kings will and emperors hold sway, our
 rights are sold for a paltry sum, and these who
 only *quasi* citizens, foreigners not fully natural-
 ized, having only declared their intentions to become
 citizens, are protected by the National Government.
 Hence the case of Martin Koezka, a Hungarian by
 birth, on the distant shores of the Mediterranean. A
 national vessel with its guns dictates terms and com-
 mands for American citizenship only in emer-
 gency. In Europe its chief officer received the un-
 derstanded applauses of the public, and, finally, the un-
 bounded awards of our Government, for his boldness
 in enlarging the person of a foreigner not yet
 admitted to the immunities of American citizenship.
 It was quite well. It should always be so.
 The Constitution of the United States originally
 provided that the citizens of each State shall be en-
 titled to all privileges and immunities of citizens of
 United States in the several States, which pro-
 vision is quoted and dwelt upon above. Subsequently,
 amendment, it was further provided that the right
 the people to be secure in their persons, houses,
 papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and
 seizures, shall not be violated—and, besides, that no
 person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property,
 without due process of law. But slavery provided
 otherwise and claimed to be paramount—to be super-
 ior to the Constitution. The Government succumbed
 its arrogance and its audacious claims. Slavery
 has been allowed to dominate and to dominate—first,
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This Paper is issued every Monday, for the week ending at date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1862.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.

Room No. 3, 4th Floor.

WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. RICH, CHARLES H. CROWELL,

LUTHER COLBY, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

To Periodical Dealers and Purchasers of the Banner.

In one week from this date, we shall fix the retail price of the BANNER at five cents per copy. We are compelled to adopt this course in consequence of an advance, owing to the war tax, in the price of the paper on which the BANNER is printed. The friends of the cause, we feel assured, will raise no objection to this movement on our part to sustain our sheet. It is but a trifle for each one to pay, while to us, in the aggregate, it amounts to a considerable sum. Many other weekly sheets, which are not as large as ours, already charge five or six cents per copy.

We are not paying current expenses at this time—owing in part to the expense attendant upon the free public circles we give at this office, which have been the means of doing much good, by convincing skeptics of the truths of Spiritualism. We therefore appeal to Spiritualists everywhere to come forward and sustain us in the mighty work in which, under the guidance of the angel world, we are now engaged. We hope we shall not appeal in vain.

Our National Condition.

The country now wants a victory; that more than any other thing. A million of men in the field; and a thousand millions of dollars lavished on their equipments and preparatory discipline, is what no nation under the sun ever furnished to its Chief Executive, since history took the form of record. This is a war without precedent in its inception, has been entirely so in its progress, and we need go to the Past for nothing to parallel it in its results.

All parties now want the army to move. Only that it shall strike a great and irresistible blow. The people have fully made up their minds that armed rebellion can only be met with armies moving down upon it. To oblige with the incarnate spirit of violence, when your homes are in flames, and your sons lie dead in new graves, and your treasure is wasted beyond calculation, is to surrender everything without a struggle. Even to hesitate is to be lost. The highest prudence, when a government is confronting treason in arms, is just no prudence at all. What the nation demands now is, not the least change or qualification of the popular sentiment, or any less firm and fixed purpose on the part of this Government to deal with the rebellion as it deserves, but a sterner resolution than ever to destroy the enemies of the national life. It would be but wicked paltering, to stand and argue now; there is nothing left but action, after the decision has once been taken.

That there are difficulties in the path, every considerate person of intelligence of course knows. None of us are inclined to ask impossibilities of the President, of his Cabinet, or of the leaders of the army. We cannot but believe they each and every one would be glad to destroy the power that threatens only destruction to us all, however odious their actions may appear from day to day. We all have unbounded confidence in Mr. Lincoln, or he would never have had the magnificent army he has at his disposal to day. We all trust his Cabinet, whatever criticisms we may fairly pass upon them when we feel so inclined. Our General-in-Chief enjoys the national confidence, and so do the leading Generals under him. There is certainly no dissension in the great body of the people, let them divide into as many parties as they may; all desire the final triumph of Justice, Right, and Sound Government, as these will certainly secure a lasting triumph in the end. There may have been many errors, in each and all. Human nature is infirm at best, and cannot be expected to rise above its own level. We must look for the coming of "the glory of the Lord" only through human instrumentalities, though working divinely even when they know it not. Let us not be impatient, but rather labor and wait in faith. We who are permitted to see more plainly than some others—ought not our faith to be stronger also?

We believe that, thus far, we have learned great truths, though we are sometimes to speak of them as having been learned at great cost. One thing is certain—we do feel and know that we are a nation. And another also—that we must have an army, the rewards of literature, and politics, and business being about to be permanently shared, for a purpose only, with the profession of arms. And still another—that, without at all infringing upon or in the least weakening the powers of the several States within their own limits, we are to have a Government around which they will revolve as a common centre, that shall be as powerful to protect and punish as it is strong in the everlasting principles of justice and universal right. We are one people, and we must therefore possess a Government and an Army. Rebellion denied us a Government, and we sprang to arms to prove how bold and unblushing was the lie. The world has been thoroughly undeceived in relation to us, within the two years last past.

But how much is to be done before the great and historical result shall finally be reached! What treasures of life and money are not first to be sacrificed! Let none of us think we can claim the right to enter into our new heaven before passing through the fiery-purgatory. If we could, small enough heaven would it be to any of us. But just now, as we were saying, having already asserted that we were a people, and proffered an army by way of irrefragable proof, it is incumbent on us to show that we have a government. That alone will save us. There are none who refuse to support that symbol of our oneness, that numerator to our great national denominator. Now must the Government perfect its plans, entrust each part to be done to tried and able hands, move up the legions, and then beat down rebellion in the dust, battering and hammering it until its very head and front shall be undistinguishable. The victories must be followed up. There can be no hesitancy, unless we do not mean self-preservation in what we do. The day for argument is gone; it is the day for deeds.

We are not bloodthirsty; we go for "those things which make for peace," but hesitation is not peace now—it is the cruellest cruelty. All means are to be availed of that may be made to work for the speediest vanquishment of forces which the devils themselves have combined and are at present keeping in the field. There should be no scruple, short of the broadest and most far-sighted considerations of humanity itself, in employing whatever aids fall to the hands in overcoming the combinations of aggressive and unrelenting Evil. The President has wisdom, and is moved by influences to which many men turn their backs all their lives. He certainly cannot esteem his post a sinecure, and we can think of no man in the land who covets him the seat he holds in times so troubled. And so with the majority of our public men; were they to resign and say they were sick of their trusts, we should all of us instantly beg them to reconsider their determination, and go back again. Only let the pulsations of the popular heart be felt continually by the Government, and it will strike out boldly and persistently for those triumphs with which such a cause as ours deserves to be crowned.

Investigator—That Correction.

Bro. Seaver devotes nearly a whole column of the Investigator to prove that he was better acquainted with Abner Kneeland and Robert Owen than we were. But we do not see as he makes out a very clear case, after all. Suppose he was, more intimately connected with them? That is no reason why they should visit that "old office" now, any sooner than ours, with not quite so much awe attached to it as our neighbor's. These noted men, no doubt, did knock at the door of the Investigator's office, but Bro. Seaver did not feel inclined to hear the "rap," and so would not let them in. They came to this office, knocked for admission, and were gladly admitted.

Seriously: One cogent reason, we think, why Mr. Owen came here first, is that he, while living in the tenement of flesh, changed his belief from infidelity to Spiritualism, and consequently is a Spiritualist now. This being the case, it is not "very strange" that he came where he knew he would be received, whether he had his old garment of flesh on, or not. But perhaps he will come and answer for himself, one of these days. We hope so, at least.

Mr. Kneeland was a liberal, conscientious man, while here on earth—ever seeking for the truth, according to his highest conception of it; and we have been informed recently by one who knew him well—perhaps better than Bro. Seaver himself—that had Mr. K. lived to-day, he would have been a believer in the Spiritual Philosophy. Consequently it is not "strange" that he should visit us now, in spirit, where he can find an instrument through which to communicate.

Bro. Seaver asks, in a postscript attached to his article, this question: "If a spirit can hold communication only with a person for whom it has friendship, sympathy, union, or congeniality, why should the spirit of Abner Kneeland communicate to the Banner of Light Office rather than to the Investigator?" In the first place, we answer, that it is not absolutely necessary for a spirit to be acquainted with the party he communicates to, although it may be desirable, under certain circumstances. Wherever the most harmony prevails, there the spirit can manifest the most readily. We have had messages from hundreds of spirits, with whom neither we, nor our medium, nor any other person present at the sittings, ever had, previously, the slightest acquaintance or knowledge. Secondly, why the spirit of Abner Kneeland should communicate with us, "rather than to the Investigator," we repeat, is simply this: He finds here an instrument—a human body—in which he can infuse his spirit, and then use that body, while in the abnormal condition, to communicate with mortals. He comes by law—a law of Nature little understood at the present time, but which will be fully known at a no far distant day. Science has discovered many things as wonderful as this—and scientific men will, sooner or later, take hold of the phenomenon of spirit telegraphing, when the mundane world will endorse it as a fixed fact. Bro. Seaver might as well ask to have a telegraphic message for him sent to a friend in New York, without the operator using his apparatus to convey the intelligence to be transmitted, as to ask Abner Kneeland, or Robert Owen, to talk with him without a human body, to convey their thoughts in words. By the magnetic law, intelligence is conveyed rapidly across the wires. By the magnetic law, spirits can convey intelligence to mortals through certain susceptible human bodies. This we are fully convinced of, although we may not demonstrate it to our worthy brother's entire satisfaction. Words cannot do it. The facts must be arrived at by actual experiment.

Since writing the above, Bro. White, (one of our partners,) who has charge of the public circles, informs us that Mr. Kneeland recently communicated, and has a message for Bro. Seaver. The message will be printed in due course.

"P. S."—Bro. Seaver thinks we are "most sadly deluded," and hopes "to be able to remove the scales which obscure our mental vision." This is very kind of him. If we are in error, we certainly should like to know it, and don't know of any person we should prefer to have convince us of it than Bro. Seaver. But until that time comes, we shall do our duty in the position we at present occupy—ever striving to arrive at the truth, whether it be popular or unpopular.

The Harvest Home.

All things remind us that this desirable season has come. We are sitting with our laps filled, to overflowing, by the bounty of Heaven. All the fruits have been reaped into our hands in profusion. Our granaries are bursting with plenty. Our larders drip with fatness. The farms have all yielded up their store, and the husbandmen are made glad. Glad! If their brown-faced sons, the promise and prop of the land, were not taken from the roof-tree and sent off into strange climates, among a people more strange than all! Yet there is no regret at home that this fearful sacrifice has been made; so long as it came, and had to come, the fathers and mothers, whose homes embellished the national landscapes, are content that their share of the burden should be laid at once upon their shoulders. Thus feeling the annual gathering in of the bountiful harvest awakens a sentiment of joy as well as of sadness, for they trust this is the last harvesting at which the stout hands of the brave boys will be wanting.

A BAPTIST DICTIONARY.—The New Orleans Delta says Wm. Le Yachey has been making a speech in Richmond, in which he advocates the crowning of Jeff Davis with supreme power, with the title of Dictator.

Another Evening with the Spirits.

Miss Jennie Lord (an account of whose seances in Chelmsford, we published in the BANNER of August 16th, from the pen of Miss Emma Harding) is at present in Quincy, giving private seances at the residence of Mr. C. Rogers, who has generously situated up a room in his dwelling for the express purpose of spiritual manifestations. Within the past few weeks many a hardened skeptic has had an opportunity of witnessing more strange things than they "ever dreamed of in their philosophy," and by availing themselves of such opportunity have had their skepticism fairly drummed out of them. The evidences of spirit power and spirit presence in these circles have been most wonderfully and satisfactorily demonstrated, as has also the fact that Miss Lord is one of the most gifted mediums in the country for physical manifestations.

Through the politeness of Mr. Rogers, we were present at the seance on Saturday evening, October 26th. Owing to the late arrival of some of the invited guests, and our being obliged to take the nine o'clock cars for home, the time allowed for the manifestations was necessarily limited to one hour, which of course precluded any very large variety of performance; but what we did witness were of the most convincing character.

On entering the room, we observed two drums—bass and tenor—securely fastened to the ceiling in one corner of the room; also a variety of other musical instruments, such as the bass viol, violoncello, fiddle, tambourine, guitar, accordion, bells, etc.; also two heavy walnut tables. After looking over the door, Mr. Rogers usually places the key in possession of the severest skeptic present.

The company present this evening consisted of the medium, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, and eight invited guests. After sitting down around the table, all joined hands, thus giving the spirits the aid of each one's magnetism through the medium, with whom they were in immediate rapport; and in this position all remained during the hour. The seance was opened with music, several voices uniting in an appropriate tune, during which time the medium was entranced. Then the musical instruments tuned up and joined in a song, the bass viol playing an accompaniment with great precision—but several times the bow of the double bass came down to the table, rapping with considerable force opposite some of the sitters who were not in tune, thus showing that the spirit-maestro had a correct ear.

The guitar was played upon while floating around the room over our heads, with as much accuracy and power as when human fingers touch the strings, gently touching each person in the circle, and alternately passing from one end of the table to the other with great rapidity, but always stopping quickly when near the person, and tapping him or her lightly.

Some half dozen or more of the instruments were taken up and placed all at once on the table, to do which in mortal would have required as many hands.

A large bell, weighing four pounds, was rung in tune with other instruments, and swung round over our heads with fearful rapidity, occasionally striking on one table and then the other with such force as to make deep indentations in them. This feat alone would require much more strength than is enclosed in the form of the little medium.

The drums were beaten with great activity, exhibiting considerable expertness on the part of the bass-drummer, for he would alternately strike the drum and the table, even to its furthest end. For any one of the party to attempt this feat it would require a drumstick five or six feet long, and a good deal more nerve and agility than any present possessed; and even then, in the darkness, he would not care to insure our heads against receiving the blows, instead of the table.

When "Old Zip Coon" was played on the banjo, there appeared to be a regular "break-down" going on among the invisibles, for the sound of dancing feet was distinctly heard, as though all present were "in for a jig."

A tumbler of water was passed to several for a drink; although it was pitch darkness, yet the goblet would come directly to the mouth and tip up till the person took a sip. This was a remarkable feat, for the goblet was taken from the table in the corner of the room and placed upon the table in the centre of the circle—a distance of five or six feet—and then rose up to the lips, as before stated.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the evening was the playing of a waltz on the guitar, with an accompaniment on a little polka-bell, while both instruments were floating and revolving round in the air over our heads—the sweet, silver notes from the bell ringing out in most delicious harmony with the guitar. This was quite a delightful scene to two of the circle, who, being gifted with clairvoyant sight, (made more keenly clear on this occasion by the harmony and magnetism of a room thus dedicated to the spirits,) were enabled to distinctly see a group of little spirit-girls, waiting with grace and ease, keeping most perfect time with the music. Even the undulating motion of the robes of these little fairies, as they vibrated through the masses of the enchanting waltz, was observable. They must have improvised an invisible floor, upon which to "trip the light fantastic toe," for they appeared to keep at an even distance of about three feet above our heads. This scene was received with so much pleasure by the circle, that we were favored with a repetition—each performance occupying about ten minutes' time.

A full string of sleigh bells was heard ringing merrily over our heads, keeping time with the other instruments. The bells descended several times and touched a gentleman on the head, then falling gently on his shoulder, one end of the string resting there, and the other on the table, the preponderance of weight hanging downwards, but still it did not slip off the shoulder, the gentleman sitting back against the wall, at the time, so that no one could possibly get behind him; besides, all the circle had hold of hands.

A glass dish containing a variety of fruit, was removed from the side-table to the circle-table, and the fruit passed to several, the union of hands still remaining unbroken.

During the evening a conversation was kept up with the spirits, they answering questions by loud raps on the table, wall, or ceiling, with the viol-bow, or some other instrument.

Altogether this was a spiritual, repeat, well calculated to supply the wants of the skeptic and strengthen the faith of the believer. The evidence of spirit presence was so apparent that all evil or doubt was completely set aside. We hope that Lord will be able to hold seances in Boston, as there are many doubting Atheists here who would gladly have their skepticism thus demolished.

Spirit Photographs.

This new phase of spiritual manifestations, to which allusion was made in the BANNER of last week, is exciting a great deal of attention and wonder in those who take an interest in the grand and beautiful subject of spirit communion. If there be deception in this unaccountable phenomenon, it is so shrewd and so deep that it has thus far eluded the detection and very careful and thorough examination of many persons. There has been, heretofore, no phase of the spiritual manifestations more beautiful and convincing than this, and it is proper that it should be thoroughly scrutinized, and, if real, be proved free from any odium that should justify stigmatizing trickery, swindling or deception.

If this phenomenon in spiritual manifestations be genuine, it is the greatest and the best yet given to outside perception in the catalogue of a long variety which bear incontrovertible evidence of the truth that spiritual communications are what they claim to be, viz: actual manifestations of the "dead" to the "living." This new phase is to be a link that shall tangibly connect the two worlds, the material and the spiritual, to the palpable recognition of sensuous perception. It shall be evidence that philosophy cannot impeach, and that the pretences of religion shall see beauty in, and scorn no more.

Mr. Wm. H. Mumler is the medium and the artist who makes photographs of spirits. His business has heretofore been ornamental engraving—a very profitable business, which he says has paid him from five to eight dollars a day—but from causes he cannot explain, he has been forced to leave it, and engage in what he is now doing. He is not a Spiritualist, or, he says, he has never believed in Spiritualism, but has opposed and ridiculed it. He has many times been told by mediums that he was a very powerful and peculiar medium. This he did not believe, and only laughed at the communications.

A few Sundays since, he being alone in the photograph saloon of Mrs. Stuart, 258 Washington street, trying some new chemicals, and amusing himself by taking a picture of himself, which when produced, to his great astonishment and wonder, there was on the plate, not alone a picture of himself, as he supposed, but also a picture of a young woman sitting in a chair that stood by his side. He said that while standing for this picture he felt a peculiar sensation and a tremulous motion in his right arm, and afterwards, felt very much exhausted. This was all he experienced that was unusual. While looking upon the strange phenomenon—the picture of two persons upon the plate, instead of one—the thought and the conviction flashed upon his mind, this is the picture of a spirit. And in it he recognized the likeness of his deceased cousin, which is also said to be correct by all those who knew her.

He related this wonderful experience to some persons who were interested in Spiritualism, and they at once eagerly sought to have the experiment tried upon themselves; the result of which has been, that some twenty or more persons have had their pictures taken, and the picture of one or more spirits have been upon the same plate. Many of them have been recognized as friends that once lived on earth. The picture of the spirit is fainter and less distinct than that of the one who sits. The pictures of the spirits are not alike, each one being different. The same person, sitting twice or more, gets different pictures of different spirits.

Dr. Ammi Brown, on one picture, had the likeness of a beautiful female spirit; on another, he had the picture of two women and one man beside his own. A widow lady, who was accompanied to the rooms by her mother and a daughter, sat for her picture, and that of a spirit also. When it was finished, the daughter first saw it, and instantly exclaimed: bursting into tears, "Why, mother, this is father!" The grandmother looked at it next, and exclaimed: "Yes, this is my daughter's husband!" And the mother then looked and said: "This is my husband!" All were weeping at the truthful likeness of a spirit.

All those who have witnessed this wonderful manifestation, seem to be fully convinced that it is genuine—not a trick of the artist. Dr. Brown has examined it carefully and patiently, and is fully satisfied that there is no deception in it. He says: "If these pictures, claimed to be the pictures of spirits, be a swindle, or a slight-of-hand deception, the operation beats the ingenuity of all the necromancers and prestidigitators of the present and the past." He has been present at the making of about twenty spirit pictures. He has carefully watched the whole process from beginning to end, both before and behind the curtain. He has even prepared the plates with his own hands, and he affirms that he is fully satisfied that the pictures are what they are claimed to be—real photographs of real spirits.

He handed the first picture of a spirit taken for himself, enclosed in an envelope, into the sensitive hands of Mrs. J. S. Adams, before she had any knowledge that spirit-photographs had been made, and the moment she took it in her hand, she exclaimed, "This is the picture of a spirit."

One lady, very skeptical, said she believed that the artist used an old glass plate, on which there was another picture imperfectly washed off. The artist requested her to furnish her own glass, with a mark on it, by which she should know it. She did so, and to her unbounded surprise, there was not only a picture of herself upon it, but also a picture of a dear departed friend that she recognized.

One gentleman said that the picture of spirit was a deception, for a photograph artist had shown him that two "negatives" used would produce two pictures on the same card.

This last fact Mr. Mumler admitted; but, on each single "negative," he showed that there was the picture of the sitter, and also of the spirit.

Mr. Plummer, who takes the photographs for Mrs. Stewart in the "same rooms," and with the same camera where Mr. Mumler operates, and assists Mr. Mumler in preparing his plates, affirms that if there be any deception in the matter, it is entirely beyond his knowledge.

Mr. Luther H. Hale, one of the best and oldest photograph artists in this city, has, by request, imitated these spirit-photographs; but he says that he can only imitate them by using two negatives, and printing twice. He says he cannot see how they can be produced on the card with only one negative, which is the case with all Mr. Mumler's spirit pictures.

Mr. Luther Parks has a picture of himself, and a beautiful female spirit, sitting beside him, and flowers, apparently about to place it upon his head. Mr. John Rabbit has a picture of himself, and of her deceased husband, that was recognized by him by all who saw it. There have been many other pictures taken, and all of them have been recognized by those who knew the persons depicted.

brother, holding a musical instrument in his hand, was also recognized. This brother was a musical instrument-maker, and used to make the same kind of instruments he held in his hand in the picture. She submitted this picture, in a sealed envelope, to a medium who knew nothing of what the envelope contained, and who had heard nothing of this new phenomenon. The medium immediately replied, "You ought to be satisfied with the picture and musical emblem." And when she saw the picture, she was so fully persuaded in her own mind, at the time he sat, that the picture of Daniel Webster would appear on the plate with that of his own, and which impression of his own the artist knew nothing of. The picture presented one of himself and one of Daniel Webster, which no one could fail to recognize who knew the two men.

Mr. Edward Haynes, Jr., sat at two different times, and with very satisfactory results.

Judge Maine had a spirit picture with his own, and was satisfied that it was what it purported to be. All likenesses of spirits thus far taken are not recognized as those of deceased friends, though most of them are fully recognized as such. But whether the likeness of the spirit be that of a departed friend or not, this argues nothing against the mightiness of the manifestation in its claims to be spiritual, which claims have thus far been subjected to the ordeal of the most searching examination, and in every respect seem to be just and true.

Mr. Mumler invited me to bring my own glass on which to make the picture; to examine the camera, its tubes and lenses; his chemicals; to see him apply the collodion to the glass; to immerse it in the silver bath; to see him take it out of the bath, and put it in the shield, then in the camera; and then to go with him into the dark closet, lighted only by a little lamp, and see him take the glass from the shield, which is a little dark box, then pour on an iron preparation, wash it under a stream of water, and then hold it to the little lamp, and see the picture of a mortal and a spirit on it. In compliance with this invitation, I carefully observed all the above operations in detail.

Mr. Mumler asks for any fair investigation that shall convince the people that his claims are just and genuine. This is right, and as it should be. And it is not unjust, or ungenerous, in a new thing, so great and so beautiful as this, if true, must be, for the people to ask the privilege to prove it true beyond the shadow of doubt.

I have a desire not to be too credulous in believing this new phenomenon, which seems almost too good to be true—and also; I have a desire not to appear like an obstinate fool, by shutting out the perception of palpable, tangible facts, and deny that they exist, when I know that they do. Having spent one hour each day, on four consecutive days, in making a careful and thorough examination, and re-examination, of the whole process, and conversing freely with Mr. Mumler during the whole time—and also having seen many of the pictures which exhibit a peculiarity, that deception, I believe, could not produce or imitate, I freely confess, with at least twenty others, whom I know, who have witnessed almost the same, that there is no appearance of deception—that the pictures are real pictures of real spirits.

The modes of producing these spirit-pictures, is a mystery. There is no spirit seen standing by the side of the person who sits for a picture, which shows that the picture of the spirit is not made like the picture of the mortal, by reflection on the camera. The spirit-picture must be made without reflection from without, but is made inside the camera. How it is made, neither deception, investigation, nor philosophy can answer.

No More Dosing.

Quackery, of any sort, could not live a day but for the aid of the force of imagination. The "Harbinger of Health" has it all in a nutshell, saying—"the truth is, accidents excepted, the great majority of human bodily diseases are of mental origin." Disturbances begin in the forces, and end in the forms; therefore, by virtue of a psychological and physiological necessity, the remedy must commence in the form, and terminate in the spiritual constitution. Swallowing a disgusting mass of medicine is never necessary, any more than is a weekly dose of Ortho-dox religion indispensable to good morals and happiness after death; and yet, disgraceful and disagreeable as it is, there are millions of our humanity who habitually take atrociously large doses of both. That is true as true can be. It is all in the imagination. Now if we can but acquire the habit of imagining that something else is as good for diseases as dosing—say, a more powerful magnetism, or the forces of a stronger will power, for example—how much do we instantly gain by the discovery, and by changing our doctors. Let each person try the simple experiment perseveringly.

The Price of Newspapers.

To show our readers that we are not allowed slightly raising the price of our paper—and that we are justified in so doing—we copy the following from the Brookport Republic:

"Most of the large daily papers in Western New York have advanced the price of their issues. An editor of a leading New York daily informed us last week that the publishers in that city would soon follow suit. Many of the country journals are also published at increased prices. The advance is caused mainly by the advance in printing stock."

To which the Boston Traveller adds: "Printing materials of all kinds have very materially advanced since the commencement of the war. On some articles of prime necessity to the printer, the advance is fully equal to thirty per cent. In addition to this, the Government taxes them three per cent on the paper they use, three per cent upon their advertisements, and three per cent upon their income, if they are fortunate enough to have any." We published a paragraph in our issue of Oct. 11th, stating that the nice wines and liquors sent to our military hospitals for patients, by the friends of the war, were being sold at a profit, and that those for whom these things are intended, never get them. Since then we have received a letter from L. F. Hodge, attending the Washington Hospital, Washington, D. C., stating, as far as the Hospital is concerned, with here of say that the statement had no reference to the hospitals in Washington, and that the stand are managed with great propriety and skill. We wish we could say as much of all the hospitals.

Message Department.

Each message in this department of the Banner was claimed to be spoken by a spirit whose name it bore, through Mrs. J. H. Gossard, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends who may 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 expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

Our Remembrance.—The friends at which these communications are given are held at the Bureau of Light Office, No. 133 Washington Street, Room No. 5, (on stairs) every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

Notice.—At 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.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Oct. 9.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; General News; Lieut. Jacob Buckingham, of Charleston, South Carolina, to his friends; Adeline Delaney, of Chicago, to her father, Lieut. George Delaney; John H. Garrick, private in the 10th Wisconsin Regiment, Company I, to his friends in Rockville, Wis.

Monday, Oct. 13.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Oct. Alexander Harris, of Kentucky, to Annie Corbett, of Erie, Pa.; Mary Ellen Bennett, of Cincinnati, Ohio, to her brother, Richard Bennett, of Memphis, Tenn.; Emily E. Fowler, of West Needham, Mass., to her relatives.

Tuesday, Oct. 14.—Invocation: John C. Galtoun, of South Carolina; Benjamin Fraser, of the 10th Maine Regiment, killed in the battle of South Mountain; Sarah Elizabeth Vaughan, of Boston, Mass., to her mother in New Hampshire, and brothers in this city; Theodore H. Price, of Niles's Battery, who died in New Orleans; Minnie Jarvis, to her mother.

Thursday, Oct. 16.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; William O'Connell, of New York; George D. Proutie, editor of the Louisville Journal; Colonel Thomas H. Forrest, of Portsmouth, Virginia; Lizzie Buck, of Buckeye, Alabama, to her uncle, George Buck, now a prisoner within the Federal lines.

Monday, Oct. 20.—Invocation: Henry Clay, of Hanover County, Virginia; Margaret Yarratt, of St. Louis, Missouri, to Thomas K. Tucker, of New York City; Moses T. Tate, of the 20th Mass. Regiment, to his friends; Joseph L. Sawyer, of Wisconsin, to his friends in Perryville, Wisconsin; Charlotte Olivia Barron, of Richmond, Virginia, to her father, Rev. Christopher Barron; Miscellaneous Questions answered by Abner Kneeland; General Whiting, of the Confederate Army, to his family, and to General Lee; General Beauregard; Cordelia Hunter, to her mother, in New York; Lucy Ann Herrick, to her husband, Major Herrick, of New York State.

Invocation.

Our Father, from out the midst of mortality we presume to address thee through human lips; we presume to adore thee, and send up unto thee a new song of thanksgiving and praise. Notwithstanding we stand within the chamber of Death and do shake hands with desolation and misery, still would we lift our voices unto thee in thankfulness and prayer. Oh, Lord our God, thou hast fashioned us to worship thee. And in all conditions of life we must praise thee. Thou hast taught us to obey thee, and like obedient students we would obey thee. Thou hast taught us to pray unto thee, and like grateful and loving children we would fall upon our knees and worship thee. Our Father, we ask no blessing for thy children, no new token of thy care and watchfulness, for we know that if the atom that floats in space is cared for by thee, that thou wilt surely care for us. Receive our thanks for the past, for the present, and for that thou hast in store for us. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

We are now ready to receive and answer, it may be, any questions proposed by the friends present.

Ques.—I would like to ask if the first resurrection refers to the body?

A.—We believe it refers to spirit, and body also. We believe that when the spirit is resurrected from this body by death, it is resurrected for the first time. Thus we believe it refers not alone to the body, but to the spirit also. We know there are a certain class of men living in forms of flesh who profess to believe that this body, these temples of flesh and blood, are to be resurrected from the dust to which they are returned by virtue of death, and are to come forth at the call of the Almighty, to be instruments in his hands for the reception of the spirit again. But we cannot believe that this class of men really believe what they profess to believe. The mass of Christianity for centuries past have resigned themselves, and have, as it were, wrapped their talents of thought in a napkin and buried it in the earth. They have provided some one to do their thinking for them, and if that which was given them was not always to their acceptance, they have nevertheless swallowed it with as good a grace as possible. But the spirit of man ignores such a theory. It is antagonistic to all truth, and you have but to study the laws of Nature to satisfy yourself that such is the case. The resurrection, again we say, refers to spirit and body; or to that change called death, which is in reality but a renewal of life.

Q.—In the possession of earthly wealth detrimental to spiritual happiness?

A.—It is, undoubtedly. We know of no greater curse than avarice, and it is not only here, but hereafter, that worldly wealth. It were far better for each one of you to be a beggar than a rich man.

Q.—It seems to be necessary to hold considerable of it now-a-days, for the usages of society are such as to make worldly riches almost indispensable to man's material happiness.

A.—True, but you forget that you are living in the artificial, rather than in the natural, that custom demands more of you than it is your duty to give it; that the gew-gaws of life are not the stars, in the firmament of immortality.

Q.—I see a man a beggar should I try to keep him so?

A.—If he begs for enough to make himself comfortable while here on the earth, you should not withhold it; but if he begs for more than is absolutely necessary to his bodily comfort, you should withhold that which will prove a curse instead of a blessing; to him, for he knows not what he asks.

Q.—But if all should become beggars there would be no one to give. That seems to be the sticking point with me.

A.—There are many classes of beggars. We have said it would be better to be a beggar than a rich man, and we still adhere to our previous statement. It were far better for each one of you to stand upon the earth-planes without any of this world's goods, than to have in your possession that which will be a drawback to your happiness and comfort in the spirit-world. Our wife Father hath given you enough. The earth-planes are but a preparation, and the gift of God to his children upon the plane of earth are lavish and wide-spread. But one class takes from the other, and appropriates what belongs to his neighbor to himself. This is theft, disobedience to the laws of your nature; therefore whoever holds more of this world's wealth than is absolutely necessary for his or her daily sustenance, deprives his fellow creatures of their rightful support, and endangers his peace of mind and happiness hereafter. It is impossible for you all to become beggars, when Nature is so liberal in her gifts to mankind. But in your artificial life you are continually asking for more and more of the gew-gaws of the material world. Out, aloof, then, from Art, and live nearer to Nature, and there will be no one to beg among you, and no one to give.

Q.—Define the difference between salvation and immortality?

A.—Spiritually considered, there is none. The two are so spiritually interwoven together, that it were impossible to draw a line of demarcation. Oct. 6.

The Emancipation Proclamation.

The following question comes to us: "Is not the emancipation proclamation of Abraham Lincoln an untimely child? or, in other words, has it not come too soon for the good of the multitudes?"

Our answer is this: The child was conceived by Almighty God, and who shall charge the Almighty with a lack of wisdom? This fair child of the present century has come in time, and not out of time. It is neither too soon nor too late, as the future will prove to you. The inhabitants of the world spiritual have looked to the east, west, north and south, and have read the minds of humanity, and have perceived that they were ready to receive this child. So, in our opinion, as it is of God, it hath come in time, and will bring you the dawning of a more glorious day than that which you have heretofore enjoyed. Your fair nation hath held upon its shoulders a mantle darker than hell itself; so thick that the voice of Almighty God could scarce penetrate it. But, thanks to that Father, he has called loud enough, and his power is now being manifested in your midst to-day. Oh, no, not too soon, or too late, hath this child been born unto you, and we would advise that you receive it as your Saviour. We would advise that you sustain your Chief Magistrate. Give him not only your sympathy in note, but in thoughts as well, which will form for him a magnetic circle that shall give him more strength than aught else could on earth. Not too soon, again we declare, or too late, hath this child come to you. Oct. 6.

Samuel H. Price.

I am here for the purpose of addressing myself to friends, relatives, who, though they know I am dead, do not know that I have power to return. I have a mother, a sister, a wife, a child, in Montgomery, Alabama, and though I find this new life quite pleasant, and there is much to occupy my attention here in the spirit-land, yet I am not at rest, nor shall I be until I have established communication between myself and friends.

I know, politically speaking, you are my enemies; but I have been told that you consider all friends who came here. [We do, sir.] I have nothing to say with regard to this war. I have not as yet made up my mind as to which side is the most at fault in this matter.

I seem to have left the earth too soon. I had no anticipation of death at the time it came to me, and as I left all my affairs in an unsettled state, for the sake of those I've left behind I desire to do something toward settling them, and thus freeing my spirit from the weight that seems burdening it. My name was Samuel H. Price, and my age was forty-one years. I have many acquaintances here at the North, and most of them are antagonistic to me in certain things; but did they feel toward me as I do toward them, I should like to speak with them. But as it is, I prefer to wait, to turn all my attention and bend all my energies to communicate with my family at home.

You'll understand, sir, I'm not much acquainted with this manner of return and control, though I have availed myself of all the means in my power to acquire knowledge of it since my death. [Did you not learn something of this before your death?] I had no knowledge of it, not the slightest. I had been told, or heard, that spirit could return to earth, but I never in my life saw a manifestation, and I never heard any of my intimate friends say that they had seen one. Thus you will see I am almost entirely ignorant so far as the method of spiritual communion is concerned.

[Have you any plan by means of which you hope to have this message reach your friends?] Scarce none at all, sir. I have been told that there was a fair hope of success if I came here. [If you will give us the address of any person whom you wish your message, particularly to reach, we will send a paper to that party.] Very well, then, you may send one to the address of J. Matilda Price, Montgomery, Alabama. I would ask for the privilege to speak there as I do here. Is it asking too much? [It is not, and I have no doubt but that there are mediums there.] So I have been told here in the spirit world, but for myself, I know very little of it. Good day. Oct. 6.

Malvina Davis.

To my father, Orlando Davis, I wish to speak. I am Malvina, his eldest daughter. I left him on the 17th day of last July. I was at that time in the city of New Orleans. My father asks for proof; he demands to know if we can return and commune. I can make many statements by which I shall be recognized. I would ask my father to go back in memory three, five or six years. It will take him to the time when he was called to part with my mother. She said he promised her that he would care for the children she was about to leave, and never upon any condition abandon them. But, time brought many changes, and one was the formation of new marriage ties, and in his new relation my father forgot his promise. Shall I say forgot his promises to my mother? No; but he lulled them to sleep, and said, "I will do my duty to-morrow, for I have not power to do it to-day." And so day after day passed, and my father, though he was constantly prompted to duty, yet failed in the performance of it; and he should not wonder that his children should go astray, when there was no loving hand to guide and protect them from evil.

My father lives in St. Louis, where I once lived; but when I had no longer such love and protection as was mine when my mother lived, I sought, very naturally, the protection and friendship of the world. But only to be disappointed and betrayed, and died an outcast in the city of New Orleans, on the 17th of July last, while my father was living in plenty, if not in luxury. Recently he has become somewhat interested in Modern Spiritualism, and desires to know if spirits can return and commune with the inhabitants of earth.

I do not return to earth to censure my father; I merely give this sketch of my past life as proof of my identity. I pity that father, and I cannot blame him, for he, like the rest of humanity, had weaknesses. Perhaps my parent would not like to have me speak in so public a place, or if I do, would rather that I would withhold that part of my life that looks dark and unbecoming. But I was told that if I presented any picture here, it must be one of truth, and one by which I should be readily recognized.

I ask that my father may pray earnestly for strength to enable him to perform his duty toward those who are not so far lost that they cannot be recalled to the fold of virtue; who are not so far lost but that a kind word from him might recall them. If he would be happy hereafter, he must do his duty to the fallen ones of earth. I, his child in spirit, ask that he do his duty, at least toward my erring sister, who is, at this moment languishing upon a bed of sickness—it may be of death, though I think not—who is away from home, and friends, in the true sense of the term; and if she should recover, and take her stand among humanity again, I ask that he take her to his bosom, and give her the love he promised to our mother. I know he's weak, that he needs strength, but through prayer it comes to him. Oct. 6.

Philip Gulnot.

Humph! I am a stranger here—not in this city, but at this place. I am not in my own body, and do not feel at all pleasant here, but your kind, sympathetic help me to come, that I might make myself known to my family. They think of me as dead, and mourn for me accordingly. And I am dead in one sense and in another, I do not see but what I'm just as much alive as I ever was. I was killed at the battle of Fair Oaks, I was shot through the head. Did I suffer at all, and went out as easily, I suppose, as it's possible for anybody to. I have a wife and six children here in this city. I know nothing at all about these things before I did, but now that I feel just as much interested for my family as any other man, and would do as much for them; and, fact, I have. Since my death I have tried in many ways to help them, and have succeeded, too, in some things. One is, in getting money from the State for my wife; and another, in finding her friends, who have been very kind and seem willing to do all they can for her.

My name was Philip Gulnot. I said I was a stranger. So I am, and I know very little about this kind of spiritual business; but if any one would like to become acquainted with my family, and would like to help me in making myself known to them as a spirit, I should be much gratified. Those who were well acquainted with me when I was in my body, I want to know me now. But they know nothing about this thing; it's all new to them. What I was going to say is, that if anybody would like to assist me in any way, that if they'll go to my family and tell them that I'm alive, and shall never leave or forsake them, but will do all in my power to help them, I'll be very thankful to that person.

[Where does your wife reside?] In Suffolk street. [What number?] I can't tell you, sir. It's a very near Dover street, on the left as you turn out of Dover street, and the building is brick. [What was your business?] Well, I did such work as I could get to do before going to war. I was a laborer, sir. [What company did you belong to?] Company I, Sixteenth Regiment.

When I first took this body on myself, I was like one in a whirl, and could not tell whether I was going up higher or down lower. I thought to myself, Well, I've got into some kind of a machine that will carry me higher or lower, I don't know which. [That was owing to your having been shot in the head.] And then again, you see, I don't know much about these kind of things; but I want my family to know that I'm alive, for there's no man more anxious to help his family than myself. I've a wife and six little children, that are pretty badly off, I can tell you. Oh, go and see them! You'll find I tell you the truth, and that they're pretty badly off, as I said, though it's not much of a want they knew before my death. But for my part I thank God that I'm able to come here to-day. [Is your wife a Catholic?] No, sir, I can't say she is. She's from Nova Scotia. [Would she go to a medium for the purpose of speaking privately with you?] I can't say how that would be. The most I care about is to have her feel that I'm around her, and will do all I can for her. She feels my loss very much, and will more this winter. It's no small job to take care of six little ones. It's hard enough for a man, but it's much harder for a woman.

Well, sir, I thank you for what you'll do for me. I understand you'll print what I say. [Yes.] Very poor it is, but it's true, after all. Good day, sir.

Invocation.

Infinite Father, the beautiful luminary of the earth, the sun, is showering forth its beams upon every atom. Translucent in body, and full of life; and oh, Father, the light of thy great soul shines showering our souls, and fills us with each faculty of our nature into activity and usefulness. Oh, Father, we perceive in thine external universe, everywhere, harmony divine; we perceive an alliance between thy spirit and the earth. Oh, Father, as we do leave our homes to sojourn in mortality, we are conscious of thy blest companionship, for, though thy left hand seems grasping the universe, thy right hand is here in the celestial spheres also. Oh, Father, may thy children, who are gathered here, seek for those divine truths which have their birth in thee; truth, such as is concealed in thy mysteries; truth, such as lies now hidden in the bowels of mortality; truth, such as is found on the highway of all life; truth, such as is written in your skies; truth, such as is inscribed from the line of the least child; truth, such as is to be found in all conditions and under all circumstances of life. For thou hast taught us to seek and find, to knock, and thou wilt open the gates of the Eternal City unto us. Oh, Father, accept the outpourings of our souls this hour, and may every thought be dedicated unto thee, not only in the present, but in the great eternal future. Amen. Oct. 7.

Future State of Existence.

Ques.—What evidence have we that there is a future state of existence, and that we are allied to it? A.—This question just enunciated may seem to have been born in the world of infidelity, but to us all are following the dictates of their own individual reason, and if our brother or sister does not believe as we do, we are not to declare that they are infidel, or are not as true to their God and themselves as we are. What evidence have we that there is a future state of existence? First, we have the evidence of our senses; second, we have the evidence that are manifested everywhere in external Nature, that there is a future state. Science teaches us that all things in the world of matter are true, no man of science will dare to dispute this, and we are to affirm that Time is no less true than matter, being past, present and future. You know by absolute experience, but by faith, that there has been Time in the past, that this present was a future state of existence to that past. Therefore, this much of faith and experience should teach you that there is a future, not alone for the manifestation that are seen in external Nature, but for the invisible realm of life, which is in reality the real realm, the tangible to those living in spirit, because eternal.

What evidence have we that there is a future state of existence? The smallest grain of sand gives positive evidence of its triune life. Time has existed in the past, you have the evidence that are manifested everywhere in Nature; that it exists in the present, you have the positive evidence of your own senses, and that it will exist in the future, both faith and experience must teach you. You have within your reach the three conditions of Time, past, present and future; and from the smallest grain of sand up to the greatest work of our Creator, there is unmistakable evidence of this Trinity.

What evidence have we that we are allied to that future state? Again we declare, that we have the evidence of our desires, aspirations, and inspirations. Man desires something more than the fleeting hours of mortality. He is not content with to-day, but desires to-morrow; and if man would but search within himself, he would find the proof of his alliance to God and a future state of existence.

You are told that the various planets which make up your solar system, have been thrown off from the centre, or sun; that they revolve around the sun, and that they also revolve in their own orbits and upon their own axes. Science demonstrates this truth; it is positive, it is as plain to you as that the sun sends down its beams of light upon the earth, thereby giving you warmth and health.

If this is true in regard to matter, are you to suppose that mind, or spirit, has no great centre, or heart, about which it revolves? That mind, in its individualized condition, is not allied to each individual soul, precisely in the same way that your earth is to the sun and the remaining planets of the solar system to each other?

You cast a pebble into your great ocean, its undulations widen and widen until they reach the farthest shore. Now every drop of water that composes that ocean, feels the effect of the dropping of that pebble into that vast body of water. And so it is with the great ocean of mentality, or realm of soul. Each atom of soul is inseparably connected and allied to every other atom, and is dependent upon them for its existence. To prove that we speak the truth, let us illustrate.

Before us there is a vast assembly of things. For the moment they are in a state of quietude, resting, as it were, both in mind and body. But suddenly one is ushered into their presence, whose existence the great mass of souls, and immediately they are

changed, one and all. It may be that the change has taken place, not only to one, but to all present; and what is felt by one, is likewise felt by all. There is not a single thought that is evolved from any one brain in the universe, but what imparts its magnetic force to some other mind, and like the pebble thrown into the ocean, its undulations widen until the whole mass of minds, constituting the universe, feel in a greater or less degree its electrical power.

Modern Spiritualism has brought to the minds of the people of this century evidence of a future state, or world of spirit, and of your alliance to that world, that all the past has failed to bring you. And this is so, because a certain class of minds, existing at the present day are ready to receive these thoughts, that are all the time flowing from that future state.

Modern Spiritualism will sooner or later be the gift of all, either in spirit, or, it may be, in mortal form. But because a person has not this light, you are not to suppose that such an one is not allied to the world of thought, or that he is not as capable of receiving knowledge as yourself; but you are simply to suppose that the conditions by which he is surrounded are not so well suited to his awakening as yours. You are to suppose that he is living in exact accordance with the laws of his own being.

What evidence have we that we are allied to that future world? The evidence that exists in the mind of the mother, who, anguish-stricken, bends over the desolate temple that so lately enshrined the spirit of her darling child. Death has come and knocked at the door; has taken away her fairest and best, and the soul of the mother instinctively reaches out into the future, and clasps hands with that little one in the land of soul; clasps hands with the loving and lost. Here in this one manifestation of mentality is proof enough of this alliance. This, if there were none other, should teach you that there is a future state, and that you are bound to it by the immutable laws of your being. Oct. 7.

Dr Luther V. Bell.

It was my good fortune while in the body to investigate, to a limited extent, to be sure, the mysteries of Modern Spiritualism. Although I was never able to satisfy myself in regard to the origin of the manifestations I received, yet so far as I was able to travel upon this highway, I found enough to excite a desire for more truth. Though I remained unsatisfied as to the origin of those manifestations, up to the time of my death, yet what little light I did get, availed me much in the spirit-land.

The Spiritualists of the present age are lacking in strength to overcome popular opinion, position and the conditions of the outward world. I lacked this strength, and because I did, was debared of much knowledge that would otherwise have been mine. But I thank God to-day that I am free from the conditions which society imposes upon those who would seek God after the dictates of their own soul; that I am not now sailing upon the ocean of public opinion, nor am I bound by custom to move within a prescribed circle, but am now dwelling in a land where each one is at liberty to think and act after their own individual judgment.

Blessed be God for this spirit-world! Blessed be God for the liberty that is felt everywhere in the spirit-land! Blessed be God for the power of spirit-communication! I do not propose to tear down the high walls of skepticism that surround the friends I left on earth. I do not visit you to-day, because I hope to make one convert from the ranks of my personal friends; but I come because impelled by desire, because I would mingle once more with the scenes of mortality, that I may in that way gain strength. Oh, I rejoice that I am no longer in doubt and mystery, but can speak in honor and praise of the great gift of modern Spiritualism.

You have been told that your friends in the spirit-land were cognizant of your every act; but could you feel, each one of you, how close is the communication between the two worlds, you'd hardly be found committing sin, I think, or doing anything which you felt would be a source of pain to them. When I dwell on earth, I used to often say to those spiritual friends who were somewhat zealous in their efforts to convert me to Spiritualism, what good does it do? Will it make men and women better? Oh, if I could have realized Spiritualism then, as it is, I had not asked those questions.

It seems to me that those who are believers in spirit-communication can never sin to any great extent, for would they have their fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, their dear ones who have gone to the spirit world before them, become eye-witnesses of their crime and wickedness? Oh no, I cannot believe that to be so. Then I must believe that all those who are true to their faith, are made better by it.

As I said before, I am not your guest this afternoon that I may win any to your faith. My experience has shown me the folly of offering even such a light as this to one who is not fully ready to receive it. It is useless for us to sow seeds upon a dry and smooth stone. We had better wait until that stone has been sated upon by other conditions, until it has grown moist and ready to germinate, the seed strewn upon its surface.

It may be that some of my spiritualistic friends may desire to speak with me. If so, I would say that I should be pleased to meet them, under proper and favorable conditions, and if I have gained any light, or if I have been enabled to see more of the necessities of the human form since coming to this spirit-world than I did while on earth, I shall be pleased to communicate such knowledge to my friends.

In short, whatever I can do as an instrument in the hands of humanity, and Almighty God, I am more than willing to do. And although I did differ somewhat in opinion from many of my friends, I trust those friends will pardon me, and feel that I lived in accordance with the laws of my own being, and could not do otherwise.

I well know that I am in the habit of receiving a certain amount of evidence from the spirit world who communicates at this place, for the purpose of identification; but I would say, as I said before, I do not propose to make converts by coming here to-day, nor do I think it is my duty to bring that evidence upon the face of this communication, which would prove, beyond a doubt, my identity, inasmuch as I do not believe my friends are ready to receive it. They may be willing, and yet at the same time not ready. Therefore I will reserve those games of identification, those facts that will prove me to be an individual spirit, until I meet my friends personally. My Chairman, do you object to this? [I do not.] My name, Luther V. Bell. Oct. 7.

Philip of Narragansett.

The thunder of the white man's long gun, hath for the moment ceased, and Philip of Narragansett is here in your midst to-day. Again he comes to play; again he comes to warn you, white man, of the danger that surrounds you, and to counsel you to fall down before the Great Spirit, asking forgiveness for the sins you have committed.

Philip of Narragansett is not dead. The grave is not large enough to hold him, and yonder Spiritual Hunting Ground hath furnished the Indian with means to return here to-day; that he may speak to you concerning the Father of your nation, the tribes, and does not do his duty, and although the Great Spirit hath given him much wisdom and understanding, he yet fears to bow to you upon others, and gives it out to you in small portions. And when the Great Spirit gives unto him, and when you, the American people, fall before him, he gives you, pale faces and quakers, only half-leaves. These give him of your strength, and rejoice that you have it to give.

Philip of Narragansett, told you long ago, that those nations which you so-called Indians, the graves of the red men must fall. Nay, the Confederation of your United States empire, before you were its slaves, was for the Great Spirit, and he hath not yet fallen. Oh, white man, send up your prayers to the Great Father of Spirits, that your nation may not be clothed in darkness and desolation, and that

the Great Father, who represents your nation, may have strength to lead you. He is waiting for you. Gen. Frederick Lander.

The Indian has told you truth. There's never was a time when the President of your nation needed strength more than now. And it behooves you each and every one, to seek for it, wherever it may be found. If it comes to you through modern Spiritualism, receive it, and give it to those who are weaker than yourselves.

Before death I was strangely impressed with the great change that was being wrought in the spiritual and temporal condition of this great people. I oftentimes felt that there was a lack of energy upon the part of the government that I could not then comprehend. It seemed to me at times as if the government were asleep—were dead—and as if the officers were but children in knowledge, and incompetent to all their places. But I now perceive that they are but instruments of usefulness in the hands of an All-wise Father, and though your suffering for the hour, yet the future shall bring you brighter gifts, than were ever known to you in your property, when this darkness shall have passed—or you have not yet seen the darkest phase of this rebellion.

I sometimes regret the untimely separation of my spirit from the body. I feel sometimes as if I might accomplish more in the physical than in the spiritual. But when I look around and beneath me, and take a spiritual view of this great national contest, I feel that it is right and well that I parted with my body as I did, and that I may yet be of service to my country in a spiritual way.

The Indian has told you that your Chief Magistrate fears to do his duty. President Lincoln knows well what he does. President Lincoln is no fool, for he is open to inspiration from the highest realm of thought, else he could never have attained the position he now fills to-day. But President Lincoln is human as well as divine, and, as the Indian says, he has his weaknesses. Doubtless this is well, for the time for your deliverance may not have yet arrived; but be that as it may, President Lincoln needs your sympathy, your prayers. So pray for him; that he may have strength given him to so fulfill his mission, that future generations may crown him with laurels, as they now do George Washington.

Much as I deplore the ignorance that seems to run like a river through the officers of the Federal Army, much as I deplore those conditions that are outgrowths of this ignorance, I yet feel that there is a purpose in all this, for I have seen, since coming here to the spirit-land, that the wisest of your beings are made fools, to become instruments of good in the hands of the Almighty. It were, perhaps, better that your war should not end too soon; for if the work of redemption were but half accomplished, your institutions would remain on a rotten foundation, and your country be subjected to new scenes of strife and bloodshed. Therefore it is well that ignorance remains with you to a certain extent. I am General Lander, of Salem, Massachusetts. Oct. 7.

THE WAR.

PREDICTED BY ANDREW JACKSON IN 1856. The following prediction was given through a medium in Buffalo, N. Y., over six years ago, the spirit giving the name of Andrew Jackson. He was addressing an old gentleman, who, at the time, recorded the communication, in these words:

"I come to-night, my venerable friend, to bear witness before the Eternal, that this, my beloved country, is to feel the fire and sword. Let it go forth through thy journal, to my people—mine, because I love them." Tell them, though I would fain weep in proclaiming it, that they are to pass through more than revolutionary agonies. I know this, if I know anything. The voice of the times speaks it in my ear, clearly and distinctly. I would that this people knew where they stand, and that their rulers could feel the issue of a few years to come. Then would they forsake their flesh-pots, and eat of the pure meat of righteousness and justice. They are, as it were, pitching pennies, whilst the nation's heart throbs convulsively under the heavy load that threatens to stop and still its motion.

If you could see mighty minds, as I see them, engaged in the work of maturing events, then would you know to a certainty that the foundations of your State are to be shaken to their lowest depths. What! while the Ship of State is irresistibly driving toward ice breakers, your so-called statesmen are deeply immersed in the business of individual aggrandizement!

The false watcher in the tower may cry, 'All is well; but I say, all is wrong—that is, in the government.' To me the White House looks as a black mass; it is fair without, but within it is full of corruption and dead men's bones. Here and there, like a stray white sheep, is found in the national councils a pure man. The end of all this cannot be escaped.

Your country's worthies, who have gone before, with one united solemn voice, proclaim to your people the horrors of civil war. Nothing short of that can serve as a stepping-stone to a better and more righteous condition. Causes will rush out into grants; and those who fought in the past, to give you independence and a country, by Divine Wisdom unto them given, are engaged in the work which shall pass you through the fire, so that, purified, the nation may come out redeemed, dependent upon heaven, not upon politicians, and sustained by the influence from the higher life.

You will live to see this; but fear not, God, by his spirit, will guide and protect those who stand fast by truth and justice."

ANGEL WHISPERS.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER. At the hour when Nature waketh From her quiet, drowsy sleep, When the morn in beauty breaketh, Whispers near me softly creep.

O'er the fields I often wander In the twilight's dewy haze, While my memory loves to ponder On the friends of early days.

Then I hear these voices round me, Hear some loved and cherished form, That in memory long hath bound me, With a magic all its own.

Fairy, with "murmuring" tones, Paints a scene I've cherished long, That around me looms to linger, With a never-fading glow.

Oh, my soul is tired and weary, With some task it fondly sought, Then they ever come to cheer me, Leading me from thought to thought.

They tell me of the joys of heaven, Of the bliss that's in store for me, That I may not grow weary, And that I may not grow old.

Oh, my heart is so full of love, And my soul is so full of joy, That I cannot but praise thee, O God, my Father, my God, my King.

Oh, my heart is so full of love, And my soul is so full of joy, That I cannot but praise thee, O God, my Father, my God, my King.

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