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Literary Department.

BY A. E. PORTER.

CHAPTER X At some hour, long after sunrise, the next day] awoke from a troubled, unrefreshing sleep. My head ached, and I felt so weary, and so heavy at heart, that after the first effort to rise, I sunk back, and wished that I might sleep my last, long sleep The little clock on the mantle pointed to ten. A. M. and though some kind hand had closed the shutters. I saw a stray sunbeam peeping in, and I knew he was riding high in the heavens.

The sickness which oppressed me was, I knew, the result of some opiate. Yes, I understood it all; Aunt Posey had given me a soothing cordial, and it had proved a sleeping potion. I had no memory of anything, save that last scene at the grave, the sound of earth-clods on the coffin, and the creaking of the rope. I could hear them as distinctly as if they were then in the room. I put my hands to my ears, trying to shut it out; I lay down and placed the pillows round my head, and prayed, oh, so earnestly for death ! The door opened, and I heard a light step in the room, but I had no curiosity even to see who was there. There came stealing over me an apathy to all the world-darkness and despair were around me, and what pleasure had I in anything earthly? The next moment, a soft, cool hand was laid upon my burning head-" How hot it is! Oh, auntie, let me bathe it, and smooth your hair," and without waiting my consent, my head was wet freely with cologne, and my hair smoothly parted and coiled up. I did not resist, but felt simply thankful to feel no care of myself. Slowly and gently was my toilet made, and I found myself apparently without any exertion of my own, in my dressing gown and seated in a large arm-chair. A

bright fire sprang up in the grate, and the room coon assumed a look of comfort and nectness; as if to complete the charm, a tray with coffee and toast appeared, and Aunt Posey's broad, kind face behind it. Fanny arranged the little table, and added some. nice jelly.

"Now, auntie, if you 'll eat that slice of toast and drink that cup of boffee, I'll bring little Syd in to you, looking as bright and fresh as a rosebud, in his pink merino and white bib."

I had not eaten any thing for two days, and had fasted so long that I had no desire for food, but Fanny was urgent, and I drank my coffee, and that gave me a desire for the toast. I was refreshed. not more by the food than the kindness and thoughtfulness of Fanny.

"How kind your father was to let you come," I said : "I can't thank him enough."

"Yes, he was, auntie, and what's more than that, I have been teasing him this morning, and he says so I shan't leave you for many weeks. You'll let me wait upon you, auntie, and be the housekeeper? I'm an awkward, ignoraut little thing, but I'll do the best I can, and one thing you know, auntie, there's no one in this wide world can feel for you as I do. I know what you have lost. Dear, dear Uncle Sydney-we'll talk about him, and tell the baby what he was, and he shall grow up thinkover us, and loved and cared for us still."

the right chord at last. Believe It? Yes, it had long been a favorite theory of mine, for I felt sure bim once; but Sidney loved him as a brother, and that the love which was stronger than death would therefore I know he must be good and honorable." still linger around the loved ones. And yet, because he was not visibly present, I had, in my despair, bebetween us. "Not so," said faith and reason, and more emphatically, love.

would guide me still. As these thoughts passed gains promotion, if he gets to be passed lieutenant, through my mind, Fanny brought the baby. I had as I believe he will, we will marry." not looked upon the little one since I had taken my last long gaze of the dead, and now I saw more clearly than ever the likeness between them-the same dark hair, the same deep, soft blue eyes, and the same contour of the head.

and put his little soft hands on my face, as if to said, slowly and distinctly, "I believe that our Great win an answering smile, I felt comforted, and thank- Father in Heaven, who loves all his creatures and

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White Mountains, and we should be left to do our

Tahny. and try to do something for one which each my hap my eyes as Fanny spoke, for indeed I did n't know pinion. Yes, I will live for those he loved. His what to think of such a confession as this.

Ohlid and Panny shall be my special tark. I will my eyes as Fanny spoke, for indeed I did n't know what to think of such a confession as this.

"I know, suntle," she continued, "that he is watch over them as he would wish me to do will what the world calls a gentleman, unusually free live for them, and be cheefful that they may too as from all the vices of the world—that he is courteous from the nursery, where the source of the man to the nursery, where the source of the nursery, where the nursery, where the nursery, where the nursery, where the nursery is the source of the nursery, where the nursery is the nursery of the nur

sociate gloom with death. They had kindly left me lin his manners, pleasing in his person, and success-| been placed during my husband's illness, and which alone. My baby lay in my lap, so glad to get back to his mother's bosom, that like a little nested bird, he curled his head down, and fell alcep. Then I prayed and wiestled with my great sorrow, and, MY HUSBAND'S SECRET, prayed and wrestled with my great horrow, and, thank God, I prevailed. I was not reconciled to my loss, but I was given faith to believe that he was not lost—that he was with me still.

The change that came over me, was marvelous to myself, and my subsequent obeerfalness surprised me more than others, and I have heard that it was even said that "Mrs. Perry didn't feel her loss so deeply as they supposed she would." Even this did not trouble me much, for I had such a sweet abiding presence with 'me, a feeling of confidence in an unseen but present spirit, that no gossip could disturb me. Once, and once only in my after life, did the supposition that I had forgotten my husband, give me exceeding pain. But I am anticipating. Let us return to Fanny. The summer days came on -those long, delicious summer days, when earth is so full of brightness and beauty. Aunt Posey was at the Notch House, and we would often imagine her in all the glory of her power, reigning triumphantly over slaughtered lambs, trussed poultry, roasted. quartered, and hung beef, and glorving in cakes and marmalades, pickles, jellies, pyramids, &c.

"Only give me the materials and liberty to use 'em, and I can make folks wonderfully happy at dinner-time," she often said. Meanwhile we were living in great simplicity and quiet. Our household labors were light and pleasant, to one, at least. Fanny, released from restraints of school, found much enjoyment in the kitchen, and we had some wonderful culinary experiments. They had all lost their charm for me, now that Bidney's eye was not there to see, or his smile to approve my success. But Fauny was unwearied in her domestic pursuits. 'I should think you intended to marry a poor man," I said, one day, as she was working very busily lay. ing up all the fruit from the garden, that nothing should be wasted.

"And, indade, ma'am, I do," as Pat would say. "But you'll bring him a fortune, Fanny."

"I'm not so sure of that, auntic," she said, as she sat down under the apple tree with a backet of apples and a knife, her sleeves rolled up, showing her white, plump arms, and her curls confined by an improvised myrtle wreath, and her cheeks ruddy with exercise.

"Sho to a little beauty, I said to myself, as I laid

the baby on the grass, and seated myself to help her cut the apples.

"You see, nuntie, these are nice apples, and I intend to make a jar of apple and quince sauce for winter use, and then, too, I shall dry some, so that nothing will be lost from our garden. Would n't Aunt Hannah laugh to see me now-me! the idle, wasteful, troublesome little miss that used to annoy er so much! By the way, auntie, how kind she is to us lately. I wonder if it was her own suggestion, sending these nice chickens yesterday: and then do you notice how abundantly we are supplied with grapes and pears? She did like Uncle I may stay with you till my full term commences; Sidney, and his death has softened her feelings toward us. But why should she dislike Frank? So noble and generous as he is—is n't it too bad?"

"She wishes to please your father, probably, and his prejudices, I think, are strong, though he will not acknowledge them. Are there any circumstances in his family connections that should make him object to your friendship?"

"I am not aware of any, and yet sometimes, ing of his own dear father in heaven. I'm going to auntie, I think there must be some mystery in the have my plane brought over here, and will sing his affair. My father has spent much time in Florida; songs, and perhaps, auntie-perhaps -- I think-I my mother and Frank's were very dear friends, but believe he will be here, too. "You think so, don't this fact should only endear him to us. I know you, auntic, dear? I should despair, if I did n't those old Spanish families have most bitter feuds, think our loved ones revisited this earth and watched but why should my father join in them? And then we have known Frank from childhood. Isn't he Dear little ministering angel! She had touched honorable and true, auntic, if ever boy could be so?" "You must remember, Fanny, I have only seen

"Well, auntie, I have thought the matter all over. and have made up my mind once and forever. I lieved that there were impenetrable walls of adamant shall never love any one else as I love grank, and I have none of that exalted, transcendental virtue which leads one to entire self abnegation. I can-The veil between the living here and the immortals not enter the temple of Vesta, and feed its fires all there, is but a mist, which the clear eyes of pure, un- my life long because my father is arbitrary. No. I selfish love can penetrate. Yes, he was not dead_I shall once more ask his consent to our correspondshould commune with him, and his loving spirit ence; if he refuses, I must disobey; and if Frank

> "Without a father's blessing?" I asked, looking seriously at Fanny.

"Without my father's blessing," she answered decidedly while the color deepened a little on her cheek, but she did n't stop paring the apple in her "Bless God for this," I said, and when he smiled hand till it was finished. Then laying it down she ed God I was not wholly desolate.

delights in their appriness, with close delights in their appriness. our plans. I would assist her in her studies, and but I will speak out. I can't belp it, and it may do we would read and sing, and work together. Aunt me good. You may show me that I am wrong, per-Posey was soon to go on her annual tour to the haps; but, auntle don't be frightened, it will out -I do n't love my father! I mean I do not love own bousekeeping-a plan that seemed to delight him as daughters generally love a father as you love yours—us all children ought to love."

I suppose I must have had a strange, wild look in

ful also in his profession. I washe it had solve had not opened since his death. A faintness came tually disagreeable to each other. Sometimes I have were the following lines: ventured timidly to inquire about my mother. I "Death comes to take me where I long to be; was told that she was eighteen years old when she was married-that she was called very beautifulthat the Northern climate did not agree with herthat her portrait is like her, but not at all flattered. This is all that I could learn-not a word about my How fondly have I loved my dear ones here ! mother—only a brief description of the casket which held the jewel. I am not certain but I could love my father if he would only show some emotion, some God answers prayer, be glad—days brighter far real, deep feeling when talking of my mother. I know he has rected that beautiful monument to her memory, so tasteful and appropriate, but I heard him say that he left design and all with the Italian artist, and was very much pleased with his work. I know he paid five hundred dollars for her picture by Bully, and he is very proud of it; but it is exhibited as a master-piece of art, and whenever he shows it, he takes a pinch of snuff and says, Sully is a true artist.' Oh, auntie, tell me, please, am I wicked, am I an unpatural child, because I have no affectionnothing but cold respect for my father?"

I was so astonished that for a moment I could not

"Indeed, my dear child, I don't know what to say—it is so strange. I can't understand it. Tlove my own father so much, and, aside from the relation, we are such dear friends, that I can't under stand your position. I fear, my dear child, that you are to blame, for who could be more considerate, more kindly thoughtful, than youth the life bean me? I can trust him implicitly.

Fanny made no reply, but sat rather abstractedly paring her apple. I did not like the conversation to oscause I come think of nothing else to say, I added:

Perhaps, Fanny, your father will relent when he sees Frank's devotion to his profession, and his constancy to you."

I saw one tear trickle slowly down Fanny's cheek but she brushed it away.

"You don't know my father, auntie. . I had hoped that you would understand me; but let it all pass. Only one thing, auntie: you must promise you will to be stamped on my memory, and I remember too, forsake me, or deny me a home, wherever you are—never, never-will you?"

She throw her arms round my neck and sobbed for a moment.

"Never, never, my dear child. You are mine, my own sister now, and as long as I live you shall al ways find a home in my heart, a dwelling wherever I am."

"That is all, auntie, that is enough. I shall go back to school and finish the year, and then patiently await events. Oh, this terrible war-when will

"It is most time to hear again from Frank. have a great curiosity, Fanny, to hear more about that Indian princess."

"Do you know, auntie, that I have a fancy that she is strangely mixed up with our families, and that all our early history is known to her?"

"She is an enigma to me, Fanny, and I hope some day to understand it. But how can Frank, a young the trunk you mentioned, you need have no anxand innocent boy, have made so bitter an enemy, jety." and pray who can this enemy be?"

"We shall know some day, auntie, if Frank ever returns, and my faith is strong that he will."

That evening brother Maurice came to tea, and he was so sociable and easy, so entertaining and gentlemanly, that I looked at the daughter-so beautiful and winning-and wondered why this want of affection between them. I noticed, what had escaped my did it for me: observation before, that Fanny seldom addressed her father. She answered him respectfully, almost timidly, when he spoke, but never commenced conversation, and, while he was the gentleman in has manner, that manner had no warmth or impressment about it. He was very kind to bring papers and books, and always sent us fruit and flowers in their season.

"This evening," he said, "we must enter upon a little business. Youkknow," he added, turning to believe they are constitutional. I used to have them me, "that your husband's affairs must now be set- when a child." . tled, and lest you should have any anxiety upon the subject, let me assure you that I will arrange it all; talk about your troubles, more, and not be quite so leave everything in my hands, and know that a silent and patient, it would be better for you; but brother's care and vigilance will be exercised for rest now, try to sleep."

could I express how much relief this gave me. I shall get through it ! So much so much ! Fanny, but had recolled from it, as every woman must do death, now-only baby, dear, baby, he can't live The knows little of business forms, and slokens at without me, you know, and I promised Sidney I would the thought of performing its details.

"You may, if you please," Maurice added, "hand is hard!" me bis papers for examination as soon as convenlent."

ness papers I mean in a little trunk which is in now, you know, and you can trust me." the secretary. I will go and fetch it now, I went into the numery, where the somethry had would not come at my bidding. My head was burn.

to me, though in that matter, as I have property in over me as I turned the key which his hand had my own right, I do not suppose he exercises much used last, and I trembled so that I could scarcely self denial on this point. He seldom gives way to stand when I raised the inner deak cover, beneath anger, never loses his self-command, not even under which lay all his papers, just as be had left them. abuse. All this I acknowledge, and yet, strange to No eye had looked upon them since - no hand touched say, there is no warm friendship between us. My them. The contents of the desk were arranged with heart beats no faster when I hear his step-his com. his usual neatness-all papers filed and dated; leting brings no new light to my eye. He receives the ters the same; and the little mementes of childhood kiss which I give from duty, kindly; but he never and school days, carefully preserved. In a neat box proffers one. He inquires after my health, my stud- were all my own letters to him, labelled, "From ies, my purse—never after my friends or my pleas- | Mary," and I could see almost at a glance that every ures. There is no communion of heart between us. little note, every scrap containing my handwriting We are like strangers living in one house-not mu- before marriage, was there, and folded with them

One pang, and bright blooms the immortal flower; Death comes to lead me from mortality.

To lands which know not one unhappy hour.
I have a hope, a faith, from suffering here—
I'm led by death away. Why should I start and fear?

Shall I not love them deeper, better there? Yes, death and beaven will make them doubly dear, Our souls shall mingle still, death parts them not.

I should have lingered long here, but seeing the little trunk on one side, I remembered my errand. A note lay upon it, directed to myself.

" My DEAR MARY—It is my wish that you examine all my private papers before allowing any one else to do so, and be not surprised if I ask you to keep them from my brother Maurice. I have made a will as you will learn after looking at the contents of this trunk. I have also, during my illness, written for your perusal, some little incidents in my own life, which may, I hope, banish from your heart all doubt of my love. I have watched you, dearest, in some of those hours when you were troubled about what seemed to you mysterious little matters-but through them all, I know there was, deep, down in your heart, a strong, loving faith in your husband. Believe me, I shall die, loving you with my whole soul, and assured that I have your love in return. It has been with much pain that I have written the the apparent carelessness. I would have copied it. but I was too weary. I have prayed for a forgiving spirit, to die in peace and love with every one, but there are some things hard to bear, and almost impossible to forget. God bless you, darling, and teach my boy to love his father who longs so earnestly to live for his sake. I can write no more on earth, I

will wait for you in heaven. Yours in death.

I am sure I read that through, for I remembered the words, "Yours in death, Sldney," for they seemed hearing a man's step in the next room, and knew that it was Maurice, waiting for me. A sort of vague dread of him took possession of me, and that is all I do remember; there is a long blank, for the next I knew. Fanny was bending over me as I lay upon the bed, and bathing my head with colonne. "Are you better, now?" she asked.

"Yes, yes, I am well," I said. What has happened?"

"Why, auntie, you fell upon the floor in a fainting fit, and lucky for you that I came in as I did. I was going to take baby out for a ride in his little carriage, and came in for his hat, just as you fell. The desk was open, and I locked it, and there was a paper in your hand. See, here it is on the bed. Father came in and raised you up and laid you on the bed, and said you must keep still for some days. He said you need not think of any business for some time yet. He was very sorry he had mentioned the matter to you. If he could procure

"Where is the key to my desk?" I asked, hurriedly.

" Here it is." she replied, handing it to me. "Now please hand me that hair chain in the bureau drawer."

She did so, and I tried to fasten the key to it, but my hands trembled so that I could not, and Fanny

"Now put it round my neck, my dear child." She complied; then reaching for the letter I folded it, after two or three efforts, and laid it in my bosom.

"I am so tired, Fauny, may I sleep a little?" "Sleep, dearest auntie! I wish you could. I will watch the house that no one comes near to disturb you, and I will take the best care of baby."

"These fainting turns! I am so ashamed of them, Fanny, and wish I had more strength; but I

"Never mind them auntie, perhaps if you would

"But there is so much to do, Fanny-so much," I thanked him from the depth of my heart, nor I said, throwing my arms round wildly. "I never had known that I must nerve myself to such a task, dear, it would be sweet to die. I could pray for live for his child. I must live-I must live! But it

"There now, auntie," said Fanny, soothingly, " try to sleep, now. I have closed all the shutters, and to sleep, now. I have closed all the shutters, and "Oh, yes," I said; "he keeps them all—his busi- you can lie here all day. I can keep house famously

now, you know, and you can trust me.".

I tried to sleep in that darkened room, but sleep where was some a sum of the control of the control

ing hot, and I tossed to and fro in the listlessness of incipient fever. I know now that the seeds of that fever were sown weeks before, but called out by the shock produced on learning that I must show no business papers to Maurice. I felt for the moment, as if all support was withdrawn from me, and I was too weak to aid myself. After some two or three hours of tossing and restlessness, Fanny came in. She was evidently startled at my appearance, and in her alarm, ran bastily for Aunt Hannah. Now Aunt Hannah had one peculiarity. She was defiant to all who had strength and health, merolless, as I have before said, to all drones and self indulgent people, but she never trampled on a prostrate foe, and had a particular fancy for nursing sick people into health, only provided the weak were wholly submissive to her will. I was certainly in a very yielding state, just passive in her hands.

I had a presentiment that my mind would not keep clear, and I remember that when Aunt Hannah went into the kitchen to prepare a mustard bath, I rose from the bed, and holding my poor dizzy head with one hand, while I tottered on by the aid of the furniture to the secretary, unlocked it laid my letter in, locked it again, and hid the key in a little secret drawer of my bureau. I was conscious of a very strange feeling in my head as I crept back to bed again, but though Aunt Hannah said on her rturn, that I must have the doctor at once, for the fever seemed to be getting higher, she did not suspect me. The fever was on me, and no skill could turn back its burning lava tide.

"Watch her carefully," the doctor said. "Good nursing will carry her through, and that alone."

It was strange to me to see Aunt Hannah in the character of a patient, skillful nurse. I was too feeble to thank her, too sick most of the time even to appreciate her services; but in my lucid intervals, and in my convalescence. I learned her worth, though was amused with the authoritative way in which she performed her kind offices. Fanny took the whole care of the babe, and thus did a kind Providence care for me in my hour of need.

I was, when at the crisis of the fever, very near the grave, and I remember well one day, I fely myself sinking: all power to move was gone from pain, was upon me. I had a singular vision at that time, the memory of which will follow me beyond this world. As I lay there, helpless, feeling myself sinking lower and lower, with not even one desire to return to earth, I: saw clearly, as if the scene were actually before me, my husband's death-bed. His head again rested on my bosom; I was receiving his whispered adieus: the dootor was holding the white, thin hand, and saying, as he looked at his own, so large, muscular and healthy:

"See, there is some contrast here!"

The remark annoyed me at the time, and I wondered that our kind, good doctor should be so thoughtless, for Sidney heard the remark, and turned his head a little to see the hands thus contrasted. But now, as I said, this scene returned again, then vanished, and the next moment a hand, large, but beautifully shaped, was before me. It resembled flesh and blood, and yet was fairer, more delicate, than any mere man's hand could be. It was a model for an artist, for it combined beauty and strength. Ay! now I know what Paul meant by a " spiritual body," I thought, and continued to gaze upon it with delight, till at last a voice, a dear familiar voice,

"See now! The poor, feeble hand has become strong and comely!"

I knew then whose hand it was, and was sure that it was sent on purpose to lead me through the dark valley. I was ready then, and longing to go. I tried to speak, and call some one, for Aunt Hannah had left me, as she supposed, asleep; but I could not articulate, and very cheerfully gave it up. The hand was there! It was enough. The next instant, I heard directly under my window, a sweet baby voice, cooing "Mamma-mamma!" That sound sent the blood in quicker currents through me; every nerve thrilled, and strength was given me to speak. "Fanny, dear Fanny!"

She had been sitting with little Sidney on the porch upon which my windows opened. She came at once, bringing the baby with her. I had not seen him for a week, and my heart leaped, as he put out his little hands and tried to spring toward me. Fanny laid him by my side, and that one sweet. fond embrace, won me back to earth.

Aunt Hannalı came in.

"Why Fanny, did u't you know better? Take the baby right away-it is bad for both mother and

Fanny obeyed, looking rather frightened, but in. my heart I knew she had brought me back to earth. Was I thankful? Ay! a mother's love is strongmany waters cannot quench it-it is stronger than

One day, when I was getting better, just in that quiet, convalescent state when freedom from pain is itself delicious, and lying there passive and hopeful. Panny came in on some errand to Aunt Rannik. who sat sewing by the window.

" Is she asleep, Aunt Hannah ?" "Yes-don't disturb her. She is getting well

fast, now." Now if my readers ever suffered from that nervousciebility which follows a fever, they will undersiand how much more irritating whispering is than common talking. Give me a connon of modern calibre, in the garden, rather than an increant whispering near the bed. But dear, gentle unenspeoting Fanny went on whispering, till I longed to

tell her I was n't asleep, only trying to be so, when auddenly I heard the words:

" Aunt Hannah, I never like to deceive anybody. I think we had better give it to her; it may not be sad news, only something which she ought to hear." My hearing was quickened now-they must refer

"What is it?" I asked eagerly. "Is it anything I ought to know?"

Aunt Hannah shot an angry glance at Fanny, but the latter came toward me with a letter in her hand. "It is a letter for you, auntie, and on the outside is written 'Please deliver immediately."

I tookit in my trembling hands. "From father?" I said. No, it was not his familiar hand, but it was post-marked at home. "Open it, Fanny, I am a foolish woman, but I am too agitated to read it."

It was from our doctor-dear, good, old Doctor Safford-and he told me that my father had been very ill, taken suddenly with symptoms of paralysis; that he could not hold a pen to write, but was so anxious to see me that he insisted upon the doctor's writing. and that he should put "deliver immediately" on the outside. The doctor apprehended no immediate danger, but it would be better that I should come at once, as my father had many things to say to me.

I did n't say one word when Fanny had finished reading the letter, but I tried to rise, determined to test my strength. Alas! I was too weak, and Aunt Hannah said, almost angrily, as she came and assisted me to lie down:

"You might have known better, Mrs. Perry-just over the worst of the fever, and acting as if you were a well woman. Now I'll get you a little wine, and you must be content to lie still for some days yet."

" No, no, I can't do that, Mrs. Price; I must go to my father."

"But that is impossible," said she. "We must take things as they come, in this world. Like as not your father will live these ten years yet; folks do n't go quick with palsy."

I said no more. I saw at once she had no sympathy with me, but I turned my face to the wall and wept.

It is astonishing to note the power of will. To be sure, my fever was over, there was no disease to baffle, only weakness. I was wonderfully patient for a day or two, yielding all submission to my somewhat arbitrary nurse. But on the fourth day after I received my letter. Aunt Hannah went home to attend to some preserving and pickling. I sent Fanny out with little Sidney, and finding myself alone, or rather with only a young girl, the child of a neighbor, to sit with me, I rose, dressed myself, drank a glass of wine, and walked across the room a few times to try my strength.

"Now, Nelly," said I to the little girl, as I sorib bled a note with a lead pencil, "will you run with that to the stage office? and be sure to hand' it to Mr. Call, the driver?"

The willing child obeyed, and meanwhile I packed a few necessaries; and when the girl returned, I engaged her, with her mother's consent, to go with me and be the baby's nurse for a few days. All this accomplished, I was weary enough to go to my bed and rest awhile, nor did Aunt Hannah or Fanny suspect my plans. In the evening came the stage-driver, a bluff, honest, hardy looking young man, whom I had known wir. Call, said I, "you know I have been very ill, but my father is more so, and wishes to see me; he may die before I can see him if I cannot go soon. Do you think I can go safely?"

"Well, ma'am it's just here: Folks can do a great many things if they have only a mind to 'em. Now, last winter, one of them are stinging cold days, my two little boys went out into the woods arter a load. They had n't overcoats nor mittens, and my wife-she's delicate, you know-well, she worried about 'em till sho was nigh sick. But ber father-Grandsire Bates, you know him-says, says he, Did them are boys go of their own second? · Why, be sure they did," says Betsey; 'Do you think I'd drive my boys out such a day as this?' 'They jest went for fun,' they said. · Very well,' said the old man, . then do n't you worry no more. The fun of the thing will keep 'em warm.' Now, ma'am, you must n't think I 'm comparing of your going to see your sick father to the boys having fun, but the thing is, if one's will is up, they can do most anything, and it won't hurt 'em. Now, ma'am, I'm not certain but the ride will do you good. You can stop all night at the nice little village of Barlow, where Mrs. Howe, the landlady, will make you very comfortable. Then I will see that you are landed safe at your father's next day. Yes, malam, I know what it is to be anxious about parents. I rode two days and nights once, most of the time in a terrible snow storm, to get to my sick mother. I got there just in time to hear her say. · God bless you, my boy. I'll die easier for your coming."

As he spoke he rubbed his coat-sleeve across his eyes, and yet I thought I saw a tear fall, notwithstanding this effort to conceal it. I could not but feel that this man's coming was a special Providence to me. I could go to my father. Upon how trifling things sometimes the great events of our lives hang! Aunt Hannah and Fanny were both very much surprised at my decision, and the firmness I displayed in carrying it out. They both yielded at last, however: but Fanny, with all a sister's love, insisted upon one change-she would go with me, and we would not need the nurse girl.

Under the protection of our good, careful driver, our journey was made very easy; the baby slept most of the time, and was so happy when awake that it was only a pleasure to have him with us. I certainly was a little weary when we stopped at the dear old familiar home, but my heart sunk within me when no familiar face came to greet me. Alas It she who was first at the open door with her ready smile was no more there; her feet were stayed on yonder hill, and her hands, always before held out to embrace me, were crossed upon the breast in the quiet of death. I handed the baby to Fanny, and ran up to my father's room. Yes, he was there. He lay upon the bed, supported by pillows, and when he saw me his face lighted up, and he extended to me his left hand, Ab me! as I drew nearer, the right arm lay helpless by his side—it had forgotten its cunning. Death had begun its work upon the noble form.

"I am so glad, my daughter! Your presence will

be a great comfort to me."

Just then Fanny appeared at the open door with the baby. How my father's eyes brightened as the fair little face looked wonderingly at him ! The one good arm was raised, and an expression of pain passed over his face when he found he could not raise both to clasp the little one in his embrace.

My father had known our dear little Fauny, and was represented in the fog. Slowly it approached, and the imperfect speech permitted, for I noticed until I saw a completely equipped forester a few ing his speech.

Fanny allowed me but little time for greeting. I hours, where quiet rest and refreshing sleep made lost. I had not time for reflection before he glided me forget the toils of the journey. When I awoke I from view. thanked God for His goodness to me, and when 1 saw my father so happy with myself and child, 1 blessed the event which had brought me home in frightened at his appearance? He can harm no safety. When I went in again to my father, I was one. He has not power over the elements, and yet surprised to find a centleman there whose features you burghers rather meet a lion any time."
were familiar to in but whose name I could not "It is true, we are frightened, but it is recall. But scarcely had my father commenced the that he has no power over the elements. I believe introduction, when I recalled the name of Evans, the lawyer who had called on that first stormy evening could hurl the avalanche from the mountains on us. at home, and defended the oppressed Indian and the or direct the wild tempest which forever gnaws on down trodden slave.

my father. "We were in college together, and have do, that makes as cautions."
always kept up correspondence by letter. Was n't it "No one as ever spoken to him?" I asked, after good in him to hasten to me in this time of affliction?" I could not tell why, but Mr. Evans's face pleased me more than it did when I first met him. Perhaps. it seemed less coarse and more regular than when compared with the softer and more classical features of my brother Maurice. Now, indeed, Mr. Evans looked like a noble man, cast in a large and generous

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Banner of Light. A RAINY DAY IN NOVEMBER.

BY A. P. N'COMBS.

From low'ring clouds and frowning skies, With swaggering gait and sullen mien. With gloomy tread and dreary sighs, Comes down the chill November rain.

The forests of their glory shorn, Send forth no joyous mellow strain. But naked, beluless and forlorn. Shake in the chill November rain.

It twists and turns, and wheels about All day along the dingy plain. But still no green will venture out. To greet the cold November rain. It visits all the lanes and streets,

And patters on each window pane Yet scarce a welcome ever meets, The dreary, chill November rain;

Its tireless drippings pain the ear. Our thoughts to melancholy train; Our faded hopes all crisp and sere, Come with the chill November rain.

Our joyous spring of life is gone, With summer fruits and golden grain; Autumnal glories all have flown, Before the cold November rain.

But caring not who it may grieve. It heeds no plea for suffering pain; From early dawn till dusky eve. . Comes down the chill November rain.

It sings the dirge of beauty slain. And riots o'er the work of death-Unfeeling, cold November rain.

Forerunner of the Wintry God, Who 'll soon extend his rigid reign, More mercilessly use the rod, Than e'en the chill November rain.

But then, on zephyrs soft and bland, The nymph, fair Spring, will come again, And scatter beauty o'er the land. And break old Winter's icy chain

Written for the Banner of Light. THE LANDMESSER. A LEGEND FROM THE GERMAN.

My guide cautiously threaded the gloomy path before me, and often he cautioned me to beware of ex | ed by all the allurements wealth can furnish—the citement

"In the forest," said be, "often now see we the Landmesser, gloomily stalking, a shadowy ghost in the twilinht"

Often had I sat listening by the hour to the mystic revelations of the peasantry, and often been overpowered by their impressive manners, and the feeling that they believed what they repeated. The German mind loves mystery. It is born a believer in ghosts, and delights in tales of ghostly adventure. But the scene, wrapped in its mantle of grey twilight, the solemn bergs rising their snowy summits the past. Then it is that Nature calls. around us like gigantic sentinel ghosts, made the name of "Landmesser" sound quite different than home, bid the spirit return to health and duty: It had ever heard it before.

I say I had heard of him before. He figured conspicuously in the tales with which I was nightly reby confessing ignorance, and asked my host:

"Who, pray, is this Landmesser?" "Ho was," replied he, "a surveyor of lands on ordinary folks, goes away, but lingers on the mountains, and I'dare say there is not a person in the village but has seen him at one time or another of

their lives." So such was the "Landmesser," a ghost, who had Very plausible, indeed, that man, by constant exertion at one thing, may make himself into a machine, a machine that at last gets control of the mospirit-world.

"Guide," said I, "do you really believe in this an exhibarating influence." ghost? or do you wish to enhance your services by the fictitious aid you give?"

"Believe!" replied he, "I know. I have seen him countless times, always the same, and unapproschable."

"A foolish fellow, if a ghost, wandering in these barren woodlands, frightening your superstitious ployment. While you are looking for life's pitfalls, villagers."

"Not so foolish. Perhaps he walks as a penance for a crime. I know not, but you can ask him your ent food; but for the larger class how beneficial, if self. He comes in mist. When you see such a fog they will but study Nature, and its unfoldings. in that valley, he is sure to come out of it."

craggy base of the mountain. I paused a moment, Flous facts. Then trimbling prunting planting,

Another instant I had laid it beside him, and the the sombre forests of pine. I cast my eyes to the thy white fingers were twined in the heavy beard summit of the tallest berg, a moment only, but when that was just beginning to be sprinkled with sliver. I returned my gaze, the undefined outline of a man welcomed her as cordially as the left hand greeting Every moment he assumed sharpness of outline, with sorrow that the paralysis was already affect- rods from me. His features were clearly discernible, even in the tarkness, from self luminosity. His face was care-worn and haggard. His eye was was made a prisoner, then, in my room for some restless, and seemed to glance in search of something

"You do not doubt?" asked my guide.

"Truly I have seen a ghost; but why are you so

" It is true, we are frightened, but it is not true the Landmesser, or any other ghost, if so disposed, these peaks to sweep down and destroy us. It is "This is one of my best and earliest friends," said not what the ghosts have done, but what they can

a long pause.

" No. The nearest any one ever approached doing so, occurred this very year. If you desire, I will tell you the story as we descend this path."

To my earnest solicitations he began : "One of our village girls was more beautiful than any of the others. Her name was Linda. She was seventeen this summer, and for three years past had herded her father's cows on the side of the mountain.

Last summer she departed as usual in the morning, with her cows. Night came, but she did not return. It was past midnight when her parents were awakened by a wild scream, and Linda rushed into their arms, only to gasp a few words and expire. From her half articulate sentences, they learned that she had fallen asleep. While she slept night came down. She heeded it not. The Landmesser gave her an opiate. While night advanced, she dreamed. Alandscape spread before her surpass. ingly levely. The mountains were of gold. The streams, dashing down their sides in musical cascades, were of silver. The earth was carpeted with flowers, the air redolent with sweetness. Beautiful airy beings pursued the avocations of pleasure wherever she turned her eye. One approached her. He was extremely beautiful. Never before had she seen a man so perfect. He took her hand in his, and in a voice of music, said:

Be my bride. She awoke. Darkness was around her, but she could see the form of the dreaded Landmesser before her. It was, his hand of air she held. She saw his hand in hers, but felt only coldness. It was

he who claimed her for a bride. With the effort of despair, she rose, and rushed down the mountain-side—rushed home—but the spell of the ghost was on her; he had claimed her, and she died. Her spirit went to him. Twice since have I seen them together. I know she, as a spirit, regards him as she did in her dream. She has no fear, but thinks him beautiful. Twice have I seen them. The Land. messer we the more alone. L believe his bride er, and he will desert his baunts in our woodlands."

Such was the strange tale I heard as we descended the winding part . . . and cottage, or nut ant, where as I lay wrapped in my blanket, many a time I seemed to see the Landmesser stalk, grim and searching, before my eyes.

Walnut Grove Farm.

A PLEA FOR THE COUNTRY. WRITTEN IN JUNE.

How can one resist the inspiration of the country, so dewy and fresh, so gladdening with its wealth of hope and rich promises? Where is life more beautiful than amid the lavish adornments of the country? Where more wearying than in the dusty, sickly atmosphere, where human beings thickly congregate?

Man sighs and yearns for something different: for more satisfying pleasures, even though surroundblessings it can bring. There is a musty langour rising from the counting-room, the busy office, that eats and cankers at the core. Ere the noonday of life has burned off its freshness, as the sun is burning off the mists of the morning, there is pleasure. or forgetfulness of other needs, in the constant turmoil of business. Its excitement pleases, its gains satisfy, or only quicken the thirst for more: but that season comes to all when these desires are not -when an incessant craving for a new atmosphere, new interests, turns the heart, sickened, away from

Amid the quiet, grateful beauty of some country. is grievous to watch those thus losing their relish for the amusements which Fashion prescribes for the crowded city. New allurements are spread, new exgaled at the village, until I resolved to get knowledge citements tried, till moral ruin ends the scene. It is a wide, deep gulf that crosses the path of many of the most prosperous inhabitants of every city. Fortunate are they, I can almost feel, who must go on these mountains. He served fifty years or more, planning and working till the end, and yet, though and so occupied was he with his profession, that, morally soul killing to so large a class, this yawning now that he is dead, he cannot forget it, and; like chasm is not seen plain enough to be comprehended.

· How many enterprising, upright, moral men, are victims of their own ignorance. They abandon an active, business life. They have wearled and taged their energies till they have accomplished their aims. forgotten to get away from his former scene of activity. Now they will enjoy their gains. The pleasures they were sparing of before, indulged to excess, soon satiates; a recreation, a reward before, they are now but time-killers. The home-circle soon datches the tive spirit, and continues on just the same in the infection, and a morbid, querulous atmosphere usurps the place where activity and energy diffused

What comes next? From one device to another quickly passing; where does the person, who scorned even a trivial misdemeanor in the social world. more than in the business world, find himself? All. both men and women, have examples of such trans. formations; victims to the want of care and emthat you may fill them up, or mark them for others to shun, forget not this: Rach mind requires differn that valley, he is sure to come out of it."

Each tlny insect can furnish food for knought. The I looked, and a fog was slowly rising from the life of every one of these little birds abounds in ouwatching its matchless effect as it rose, concealing harvesting, comes, a continued unfolding more per-

in making earth a garden of beauty.

low unresisting. Add not another to that most deyou failed to understand self and its requirements. Mas, Thoughtpur.

FROM ELLEN, IN SPIRIT LAND.

Written for the Banner of Light. LINES

Happy songs are ringing Through the summer air, Birds and insects singing, Music everywhere;

Flowers are bloming brightly. Trees are dressed in green, Stars in Heaven nightly Light the lovely scene.

Soon, and Winter cometh, Brightest birds are fled. O'er the cold land roameth Winds and storms instead.

But to climes where Summer Cometh in its turn. Each bright bird has hastened On Faith's pinions borne.

So when death like Winter_ Comes to summon thee, Like a bird, unfettered, Fly away to me.

Original Essays.

GOD IN MAN.

BY C. S. WOODRUFF, M. D.

We are taught in the so-called sacred writancient mythology-many things concerning Deity and his characteristics, one of which, is, that he as samed the form of a man, with all the characteristics and traits of noble manhood, being conceived of woof humanity-which appears to us very singular, ing instructions to his people by his teachings and example, as to how they should live upon this earth ply absurd, and will not bear the test of reason. so as to inherit the "kingdom of heaven" at the death of the physical body, and thus gain everlasttally damned to the torments of a hell too inconceivably human to be an attribute of a fust

In a general sense, we purpose to show that God is in every man, and the impossibility of his being wholly in one, which was the case, if Christ was use at once, and not longer profess to believe what they contradict.

God, we say, is a general living principle, a prothroughout the veins and arteries of immensity, not a personal entity, confined to this world alone.

In these remarks, I shall use the term Nature as relating to earth and Universe, the grand systems of worlds and creations; the all, so far as we can conceive, of immensity. Controlling the Universe are the vital forces, which we call God, but which the human mind can conceive of only as two opposing howers, acting to ever balance each other harmoniously, and these powers I shall call magnetism and electricity; or, if the reader prefer, positive and negative, or heat and cold, consequently there is, what is justly termed a father and mother God principle from the harmonious blendings of which oriwhole, but single worlds, and every atom thereof has these two forces, the God-powers sustaining them, instantly cease to be

Such, in brief, is my conception of the Universe and the powers controlling it, of which earth is one very small orb, rolling in the vastity of blue ether, in which it swims, so to speak, imbibling life continually therefrom, holden and sustained as it is, by the equilibrium of magnetic and electric forces, or Godnowers—the male and female attractions and repulsions of orbs and constellations.

ages, with Bible instructions, and decide for them. Man is all he is in the brain; it is the receptacle after translation, until they are almost translated with and thought. God is spirit and spirit is lift; out of their pristine purity, and edition upon edition therefore in the spirit resides all power. The without number, to the truthful and beautiful phile osciples of nature; they must impute certainly to one or the other error, and for each one is this the of magnetism and electricity, indwelling in every study which they alone can satisfactorily solve for themselved.

themselves.

From the ideas gained from natural science, I am led to theorize, that this earth is but one orb, born, probably, from the sun, and by the very slow process of the consistence of the consist

feet in detail, more boundless in variety, than the we know that man it its composition, and is capable most brilliant performance, by the most talented of being reduced to atoms; therefore I infer that the theatrical troupe ever witnessed. It is almost in- earth was myriada of ages forming, or growing, and, oredible, the interest with which all watch the as there is no end to the divisibility of matter, that growth of that their own hands have planted, and matter is the nucleus of spirit, or that spirit is mattherein find abundant pleasure. It is not degrading ter, and matter, finely altennated, becomes spirit. as many seem to feel, to understand something of The earth was undoubledly of very slow formation, the means used to render soil productive, or of and has become, through many ages, of slow develthe varieties of labor, to secure an ample harvest opment and change, gradually fit for vegetable and Doubly blessed both, to all the race, and themselves, animal life, from which time, by series upon series if wealth has crowned their past efforts. Theirs the of Nature's consecutive movements, mankind have privilege of developing new resources, of increasing slowly found an existence, coming up out of the the varieties of plants and species, of being foremost operations of Nature, as the evolutions of time have worked a continual refining process. Motion is life, Oh, world-wearied, pleasure-hunting man, go not and the continual changes, growths, and decays as the syrens of Pleasure will surely lead, if you fol- which Nature is constantly undergoing, serve to develop and refine the earth, yet for how long a time plorable class, who taint long years of noble man- it has been in reaching its present state of develophood by the follies of a life bereft of its need, an ob- ment, science is unable to demonstrate; and, though ject to be attained unto. Rather lay off the body, we of to day are living witnesses of man's mighty bowed and decrepted by menial service, than present growth and power, with his giant intellect stretch. a soul deformed by the most loathsome vices, because | ing far and wide into the domain of thought, and delving deep into the intricate mazes and labyrinths of time, yet I believe him to be still in a rudimentary state of development, and able to comprehend but little of the Universe and the Deity principle that pervades and sustains it all.

Earth belongs to the Universe, and man to earth, all parts of one stupendous whole," deriving life from the spirit of immensity, the magnetic and electric forces that constitute the God-powers, harmoniously sustaining and controlling it all; thus we see that in one and the right sense God is in every man, dwells in the deep recesses of his soul as a part of this universal whole; but when we stop to consider that this earth alone is about twenty-five thousand miles in circumference and eight thousand in diameter, and then reflect that it is but one orb in one constellation, and that the orbs of that single constellation roll millions of miles apart in their circuit around their central sun-the earth being ninety-five millions of miles from its sun-and again still further consider that constellations, "ad infini-'tum." are sustaining such vast distances from each other—then we may try to conceive, first, the relation which earth bears to the whole, then the proportion single man is of earth, and, finally, what he is to the Universe; and then conceive of God, the universal Life-Principle that spreads itself in invisible purity throughout the blue ether that spans from orb to orb, and constellation to constellation, wrapping the whole in a liquid ocean of life element not only, but pervading all forms and conditions of matter, from stupendous worlds down to man and atoms, as encasing himself in one man, who, to the universe, bears a smaller comparison than does the microscopic atom floating in the sunbeam to the

Having formed our conceptions, we gain something of an idea of the smallness of the very prevalent notion entertained by the Orthodox world conman, and born into this world according to the order | cerning God, and his encasing himself in the man Jesus Christ. True, Christ is said to be the Son, yet since he had the power to make Eve out of Adam's it is claimed he and the Father are one; God and rib, and lived here for a certain length of time, giv- every man are one in the right sense, but that Christ was any more God than any other good man is sim-

Christ had remarkable mediumistic powers, which were looked upon superstitiously by the ignorant ing life, reaping for their portion the eternal monot minds of his day, and, his intravulous (1) delings onies of paradise; or, disobeying which, be immor- handed down as a priestly lever to hold the world in stupid awe for a couple of thousand years or more.

It is not to he wondered at, that when the human mind is held in such heathen darkness, and riveted to such very small ideas of God and the vastness of creation, there should be so little universal brother-God, and God Christ; for, to say that one was son and hood and real Christian charity manifest in the the other the father, and both one, is simply a literal impossibility, and mere senseless use of words; if words mean anything, let us give them their right gress enough, and arrived at that intellectual growth and refinement as to preclude the possibility of people, calling themselves educated and cultivated in the natural sciences, having such limited and supergressive Omnipresent Spirit of Life, pervading all stitions views concerning life and Delty as to dress things; a Delfic vitality, throbbing and pulsating him up in the exterior garb of one man, and to enclose immensity within such narrow limits as those set forth in the Bible. The littleness of the world's conception of Divinity is a sufficient proof of the assertion made, that man is still in a rudimentary state of development; certainly he is so spiritually. Superstition has ruled the world long enough, and

committed its quota of human souls to purgatory! The Protestant world is but one remove, and, indeed, I may say truly is worse, ig many things, in bigoted ignorance than Oathoucians it is nearly all one and the same thing. In With, superstition, not solence, sets bounds to belief; but, thanks to the illimitable powers, which work wisely and well, all in good time a new era will dawn. Already the terrible din of ginates the Universe, being infilled, controlled, and opposing parties stirs the very heart centre of Amerisustained thereby; and not only the Universe, as a ca, and revolution bears upon its onward tide great nage and bloodshed, for the good of the whole. without which—if that were possible—they would America is reeking with human gore, and the wail of suffering and ber wed thousands goes up to heaven for aid-yet America but takes the lead in revolution; the whole world will, from this time forward, rock to its very foundation at the advance march of truth, which the progressed few are hurling into the midst of society, until truth shall be the war dry, and " peace, good will to men," and the "love thy neighbor as thyself," the motto and aim God is in every man, and the truth therein im-

The Bible account of creation, in its limitation to planted must eventually work out the beautiful this earth alone, as being the whole'of Delty's orea- principles of human life, and raise man to that true tion, is necessarily very untruthful and imperfect, dignity of manhood and selfhood which it is his to say nothing of the manner in which it is said to great lesson in life to acquired True religion and have been made; not even having enough of the true life lie implanted deep within his own soul, and semblance of trath to be worthy discussion, for all it is his great study to evolve them into beauty and intelligent minds, at all acquainted with natural usefulness to the world; to so husband and control science, must see for themselves how incompatible is his life powers that every act shall be a truthful exthat intelligent history of the world, which nature ample of living, and every wish and thought a conwrites upon the tablets of time with the finger of stant prayer of aspiration toward the Divine mind.

selves; also, as to the merits of each, and know of spirit influx and the home of the soul, and from whether they will take those very imperfect records, it goes forth every life-energy be manifests. Not an which have passed down through the polluting fin-gers of an intriguing priesthood for conturies, and the desire first exists, and action ensues from the from time to time somewhat changed to suit the commands of the will. In the brain lies all the growing mind, as they have, undergone translation power we possess—every attribute of feeling and

cess of the conglomeration of small particles, since the past, or some fixed dogma or creed of the pres-

grow and expand the spirit. Thoughts cooped up in phere, and is invisible from our latitude. the brain are not only useless, but positively injuembalming them in superstitions, we pass, when time its allotted course has run, into spirit land. spirit mummies.

Troy, N. Y.

THE DISTANCE OF THE FIXED STARS.

BY DAVID TROWBRIDGE.

The ancient astronomers knew nothing of the distance of the principal part of the heavenly bodies. About the beginning of the Christian Era, or a little before, they had arrived at the distance of the moon from the earth pretty accurately; but the distance of They placed the distance of the sun only a few times the distance of the moon from the earth, and the distance of the planets was wholly unknown to to the earth. How immense is the visible universe. them. One of the strongest proofs to them of the immobility of the earth, was the fact that there appeared no change smong that class of heavenly bodies called Fixed Stars. They rightly contended that if the earth moved around the sun, the change of position of the earth ought to produce an apparent change among the Fixed Stars. No such change appearing, they concluded that the earth did not move. But the true cause of the apparent fixedness of the stars was unknown to them. Many ages passed away before the true cause was known. As astronomical instruments were improved, however, the astronomer gradually extended his knowledge of the distance of the heavenly bodies.

We are informed by Archimedes, that Aristarchus, a celebrated Grecian philosopher, concluded that the Fixed Stars are not much affected by the motion of spiritual facts and truths. the earth. (He is said to be one of the first to | Prior to my becoming a Spiritualist and a medium maintain that the earth has a motion.) He thence I had serious doubts relative to both the facts and concluded that the distances of the Fixed Stars must be immensely great.

Leaving ancient speculations, we will come down to more modern times. After Copernicus had shown, effect on the apparent situations of the Fixed Stars, were yet to be furnished. The accurate observations of Tycho Brahe (accurate for his time, since he succeeded in reducing the measurement of angles the sad prediction upon the wall? to accuracy within one minute;) were no more successful in determining a change in the apparent bodily and moved through the air in the presence of place of the Fixed Stars.

It was Galileo, the celebrated Italian philosopher, who first pointed out the only really practical meth- on the part of those who saw Ezekiel moved through od of determining the parallax of the Fixed Stars. the atmosphere? (See Ezekiel, viii: 8.) "And he He concluded that in general, the smaller, or less put forth the form of a hand, and took bright stars, are at a greater distance than the look of my head, and the spirit lifted me up between brighter ones; and hence, by observing a large and the earth and the heaven, and brought me in the a small star (recollect that we speak only of appar- vision of God to Jerusalem." Now will not the ent magnitude,) situated close together, these stars same law apply in both cases? Are not God's laws might be seen to open at one season of the year, and the same now as two or three thousand years since? to approach each other at the opposite season. Gali. Has Jehovah, or his laws, changed?' If so, he stulleo, however, was unable to turn this method to any tifes himself, for he declares in the Scriptures, "I account, except to show that if the earth moved, the am the Lord God that changeth not." Again, if he distance of the Fixed Stars must be immensely change, he were liable to perish, for change, as regreat.

Dr. Bradley, a celebrated English astronomer, attampted to determine the parallax of one of the neasons of the year, as it passed through the zenith of the place of observation. Dr. Bradley's observabut they made known a very important phenomenon of the solar system, viz.: the aberration of the Fixed angel.) Not so; for hear what he says: Stars. This phenomenon is caused by the combination of the motion of light and the motion of the earth around the sun. Thus, Dr. Bradley unex. ship before the feet of the angel which showed me pectedly discovered a phenomenon which demonthese things. Then said he unto me, See thou do strated conclusively that the earth moves around it not, for I am thy fellow servant, and one of the

Ϋ,

an Bir William Herschel, some years after Dr. Bradlev. attempted to apply the principle mentioned by "Gailleo, to find the parallax of the fixed stars. Dr. Herschel also arrived at an unexpected result. He found that the two stars which he compared exhibited a relative motion, but contrary to what it ought to be to reveal an annual parallax, it had no connection with the motion of the earth. After some years of observation, Dr. Herschel found that some of the stars which are so close together as to appear to the naked eye as a single star, and which are us, and is unworthy our credence. But if spirits been called binary stars.

From the period of Sir William Herschel's discorery of the binary systems, little progress was made in the discovery of an annual parallax (a change in the apparent position of the star by being seen from different points of the earth's orbit) till about the year 1830 save to show that no star which had been examined, exhibited as great a parallux as one second of arc. Sirius, or the Dog Star, from its great of Christ's time? If electricity, that moves tangle apparent magnitude, was generally regarded as the nearest of the fixed stars it but to this no parallax could be found; and so the limit-greater than which it was known it, could not be was taken as was fixed at one second. I holiced in an article on Astronomy, from Mudson Tattle, in a previous num-We shall presently see.

We shall presently see.

During the years 1832 and 1833 Professor Henderson, at the Royal Observatory at the Ospe of Good Hope, found that the bright star called Alpha Centairi, has a parallax of about one second. Mr.

ent, man's business is to be up and doing, to study Maclear subsequently found, in the years 1839 and his own nature and try to develop some good out of 1840, that the parallax is more exactly 0".9128, himself to the world. His life powers were given This makes Alpha Centauri the nearest of all the him to use, and only by use truthfully can they be fixed stars whose parallaxes have yet been found, developed. The brain must be exercised in order to This bright star is situated in the Southern hemis-

During the years 1837 and 1838, Professor Bessel, rious, by filling up and excluding others, thus pre- the great German Astronomer of Königeberg, Prusventing growth. Thought is constantly received in sia, found a parallar to the star 61 Oygni, of about the brain from the world of thought, or spirit, and one third of a second. Subsequent correction by there gestated, and its expression is its birth, giving Professor Peters, gave the parallax equal to 0".8744. room for more. By rightly understanding and using The following table will give the parallax of those our life-powers we properly fill our mission; but by stars which have exhibited any of a perceptible keeping the mind dark, in clinging to old notions, amount; also the distance in miles that they are situated from the earth; and also the time it will require light to travel from them to the earth, moving at the rate of 192,000 miles a second.

Name of star. Parallax. Distance in miles. Time for the Alpha Centauri, 0/19128 91,000,000,000 000 61 Cygni, 0/1,3744 52,000,000,000,000

The first two columns were copied from Humboldt's Cosmos, Vol. 8. In computing the distances I have used Dr. Gould's solar parallax of eight one-half seconds, giving about 96,000,000 for the distance of the earth from the sun. We see by the above table that the sun, and also the planets, was unknown to them. Sirius, so far from being the nearest of the fixed stars, is among the more distant; light requiring about fourteen one-fifth years to come from the star

WHAT THE DESTINY OF THE BIBLE IF SPIRITUALISM WERE PROVEN FALSE.

BY E. C. DUNN.

There is, or at least has been, a great effort by the Orthodox world to prove modern Spiritualism a delusion. And it is a mystery to me how those claiming to believe in the truth of the Scriptures can with such strange audacity denounce Spiritualism. It seems, if they studied the Bible as they ought, they could not consistently thus do, for the arguments they employ deal death blows to the very book they so tenaclously cherish. Now the Bible is to me and universe is of vast extent, since the places of the the majority of Spiritualists the great storehouse of

inspiration of the Scriptures. Such, for instance. as Daniel unharmed in the lion's den-Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the fiery furnace-Jonah and the whale-Christ walking on the water, and upon mathematical principles, that what is now others of like import. But now they are plain to known as the Copernican system of astronomy, was me, for I see similar things done to-day, that not altogether the most probable theory of the universe only purport, but that I positively know transpire, then known, his opponents objected to it upon the and done, too, in accordance with Nature's laws. In ground that the motion of the earth around the sun fact, modern spiritual manifestations corroborate the produced no change in the apparent places of the ancient, and those correspond with the present. 1 Fixed Stars, which ought to be the case if the earth must confess my skepticism when reading in the move. The answer to such an objection was, that Scriptures of Peter, James and John seeing Moses ithe distance of the Fixed Stars is so great, that the and Elias on the mount, knowing the two latter had change of the position of the earth from one side of been dead some fifteen hundred years. But the very tts orbit to the opposite, could have no appreciable churchmen who accept this upon testimony from those living some eighteen hundred years ago will, as measured with such instruments as were then if they hear of similar occurrences, be the first to 'known. Yet, this answer could not be conclusive denounce and cry illusion, delusion, imagination, &c. -since it lacked the requisite observations. They But are they certain that Peter, James and John were not deluded and deceived? Was it not imagination when Belsbazzar saw the spirit-hand writing

Now I am a medium, and have been taken up others. At this fact the modern sectarian may exclaim, "Imagination!" Then why not imagination me hy a lating to the infinite as an entity, implies absolute destruction.

Now, spirits either did or they did not communi-Fixed Stars, by observing its positions at different cate. Peter, James and John either did or did not behold the spirits of Moses and Elias on the mount. If they did not, why have the sacred historians so tions did not reveal any parallex of the Fixed Stars, affirmed? Why, John tells us that he saw a spirit on the Isle of Patmos, (some may say this was an

> "And I John saw these things and heard them : and when I had heard and seen, I fell down to worprophets, and of them that keep the sayings of this Book : worship God."

It seems that this was not an angel, but one of the old prophets. Now, did John see him or not? If

not, why is it so recorded?

Again, Saul went to consult a medium, and he tells us he received a communication from his old friend, Samuel. (See Samuel, thap. xxi.: 12th, 18th, and 14th verses.) The question now arises, was Samuel really there? The Bible positively so tells us. If he was not there, then the Bible misinforms talled double stars, actually had a motion of revolu- anciently communicated, why not now? Have the tion wound each other. Such double stars have gates of heaven been closed? Rave God's works proved a failure? Impossible! God works by the same means and to the same ends as of old. Are not our Peters and Johns, etc. just as good as those of the Jewish age? If not, Christianity has been problaimed for the past eighteen hundred years to little purpose. And if so, the more need of the present spirit manifestations that surround us every. where. Some may ory Devil-if so, why not those ble substances, why not the same fluid that rolled the stone from Christ's tomb, loosed Peter's chains, and carried Ezekiel through the atmosphere The same system of reasoning, if applied to modern the probable annual parallax of Brius; that is, it spirit manifestations, should be applied to the ancient. It would virtually not only overthrow Uhristianity, but demolish the very labric of binmortally ber of the Bannen, that Sirius was spoken of as the steets. To me, spirit communication is not only a source heart of the fixed stars. Such is not the case, as of joy, but my highest pleasure, to thus hold converse with loved angels gone before.

. I shall see them stand on the shining strand. Their white arms o'er the tide Waiting to twine their hands in mine, and was a when I reach the further aide," Battle Oreck, Mich., Oct. 29, 1862. MARY, MY DARLING.

Well, thou art near me, Let me put back the dark hair from thy brow! Let me but gaze on thy face as I knew thee-Only more holy thou seem at to me now. Press to my lips the fond kisses you gave me, Lovingly, trustfully lean on my breast— While like a shower thy tresses fell o'er me, Soothe me with kisses, love

Lull me to rest. Come for my asking, Mary, my darling : Brush from my cheeks the warm tears as they fall— Oh! how I pine for thee, Mary, my darling, Loving thee fondliest, truest of all; Come to me, darling, come with thy passion, All of thy weakness all of thy pain— Rest in my heart, it will shelter thee, darling. Let me not plead with thee, Pleading in vain.

Crown me with kiases, Mary, my darling:
See how the warm blood leaps up to my face, Feel how my wild heart, throbbing and breathless, Longs to enfold thee, seeks thy embrace. Once I was richer; richer than Crosus. Rich in thy fondness, by thee caressed; Now I am beggared, robbed of my treasure— (lod! what a loneliness Dwells in my breast,

Am I but dreaming. Mary, my darling? Cold blows the wind through my casement to-night. Coldly the stars gem the heavens above me. Shining with crystaline, tremulous light— And as I look from my window the moonheams While my seared heart in its sorrew and sadness Sees but a grave-

GOD AND JOSEPH TREAT.

the term God, and of course my belief and faith in beautiful here below. God, and yet says we have no voluntary actions. I Thus closed the earth-life of the once fair but

distinguish them from other and different actions. way over the faded and care-worn cheek. I might as well call Joseph Treat, Peter Parley, as to call all actions right, or by one common name. To

tives, or shadows of real or ideal things, and are my Christian brethren say Yought, I should prefer the feminine, as it seems more natural for me to love woman than man. But a use the term here, because if is in such common use, and it conveys the idea as well as one not used; and I make innovavations enough in our language by mistakes and designs, without changing the gender of God, as commonly accepted.

Brother, you seem entangled like a fly in a web. You say "there is no sin," and then "all sin came from God." If there is none, how did it come from God, and if there is no God, how could it come from him? Your superabundance of negatives will. I think, prove a positive, and you be compelled to use the word God, nearly as much as I do, at least to account for the actions which, we are compelled to perform, and the necessity which for aught I know, may be itself your God. "Cannot help themselves!" Oh, yes, we can, brother, and help others, too, as you are helping the poor sick soldiers, (I hope) at the hospital. "What is, is." Well, I rather think so-God and sin included, and God not killed by a long way-even the God of armies and battles is alive yet, and I fear peace will not kill him, or it - (it cannot be her.) Jesus and Jehovah were both said to be masculine, but neither of them is my God. Work on, brother; you will get untangled cometime. WARREN CHASE Oct. 22, 1862.

Political Institutions.

In his recent work on representative Government, Mr. John Stuart Mill affirms that the merit of political institutions is two fold; consisting, partly, of the degree in which they promote the general mental advancement of the community-including advancement in intellect, virtue, practical activity and ing us no possible excuse for palliation. The public efficiency-and, partly, of the degree of perfection with which they organize the moral, intellectual, negro with that of the Israelites in Egypt, and "let and active worth already existing, so as to operate my people go," has more than a passing solemnity; with the greatest effect on public affairs. That is to is more than the mere vision of a gifted woman, is say, political institutions are only a class, or set, of indelibly stamped upon humanity. Why not, then, organized arrangements, operating on the human in temperate language, sustain the President mind, and for purposes of public business; and as on the subject of emancipation? Let him know Government directs its pains and energies to the one that the great body of professed Spiritualistsor the other of these, it must look for results in the greater still, perhaps of those who do not profess, culture of the people or the strength of the political who take of its inspiration without losing their nachinery and arrangements. We have hitherto former status, who "ponder" within them, and been left pretty much to ourselves in both respects; education and thrift have had each a pretty good coption, sustain him in this great trial, and give his time of it with us; and now we are to begin and draw together certain threads of steel that will convince the world, both within and without, that we must have a Government, though the people were to do much more than they have done to act upon never so educated, or rich, or independent.

I WILL.—There are no two words,in the English anguage which stand out in bolder relief like kings upon a checker board, to so great an extent (says a popular writer) as the words "I Will." There is strength, depth and solidity-decision, confidence and power determination, vigor and individuality in the round, ringing tone which characterizes its delivery! It talks to you of triumph over difficulties, of victory in the face of discouragement, of will to promise and strength to perform, of lofty and daring enterprise, of unfettered appirations, and of the thousand and one solid impulses by which man masters impediments in the way of progression. Point was one the boy who, with definit glance and flashing sye, dare kell out a strong amphatics I Will," and we will point you out the making of a man bound to conquer as he goes.

Correspondence.

The Soldier Boy.

DEAR READER-Did you hear the soft, chrill notes of the fife, the light tap of the drum, and see the brave little band of soldiers as they slowly moved, with arms reversed, in the direction of that spot of newly broken earth, just made ready to receive the remains of the poor soldier boy? He is laid softly down; then the sharp crack of musketry, and then hurriedly was fresh earth replaced; and on Virginia's soil was made the final resting-place of our dear soldier boy.

Kind reader, he was our youngest boy. On him twenty bright summers had shed their bloom and beauty; but alas! he whose heart was so full of kindness, love, and affection is fallen by the ruth-less hand of the spoiler, and his earth-form is now the unconscious tenant of the dark chamber of the At the call for volunteers to protect our national

Government, and sustain the free institutions of our land, the soldier boy left his occupation in the evergreen forest, in the wild woodlands in the far-off West, and at Fort Ridgley his name entered on the muster-roll, and he numbered in the First Minnesota Regiment, and was soon passed on to Washing. ton. The dangers and hardships of the battles of Bull Run and Ball's Bluff were shared by him through both he passed unharmed. In the march, when the grand army moved from the Potomac, fatal disease, caused by suffering and privation, fastened on his physical system. To the Chesapeake General Brother Joseph seems to have some strange mental Hospital he was removed. Eight days of suffering ing anything, accomplish it she will. Day after day aberrations since he wandered spiritually into Egyp- were allotted to him, and on the 18th of April last, tian darkness. He asks me to abandon the use of his eyes closed forever on all that is bright and

"can't help it," Joseph. Why ask me to do what now fading and wasting form of our good and kind-I have no power to do? Let your own theory apply hearted soldier boy. Now the cold and piercing to me, and do not ask the machine to stop or start by | winds of autumn course their way through the survoluntary action. Is it "all right?" Then I am rounding forest; leaves and tendrils are gently fallright, even in my views of sin and God; so I must use | ing on the bosom of mother Earth; the aged father the word while I believe in God, not a God, or the leans on his staff, and looks forward with joyous God, but God. I, also, believe the word has been used hope in the near future just over the bright and to cause a vast amount of suffering, and sanction clear river. The feeble, and almost helpless mother. the worst of crimes; and I do not call them right; in quiet and pensive mood, sits by her window, lookbut I do not see how Joseph can call them other- ing forth on the little river, watching its smooth and gentle current passing along in its winding way. I have some voluntary actions, and I should not Memory brings to mind happy scenes in by-gone be honest to refuse to use the term God, with my days. Her missing boy is seen in childhood days, present belief, although I have no image to repre- playing, dancing, and laughing beneath the majestle sent what I call God, and there are some acts which old oak that cast its cool and levely shade around I call sin or sinful, and I know not how to better our rural dwelling, while the big tear courses its

To the many parents who now sit in sorrow, whose sons have passed away in our country's me there is quite a difference between freezing and cause, permit me to say, weep not; let not sorrow. burning, although the surgeon says there is not like the lone night-bird, brood over thy feeble and languid spirits; come, learn with me the soul-cheer-I do not know, brother, that words are curses at | ing truth-there is no death-a change only. Man all to the world. They are really only represental lives beyond the tomb, and our dear ones that have passed that change in a strange land, far, far away about as harmless of themselves as the pictures we from their fond and happy homes, can and do rehave on our tables of good and bad men and wo- turn, and ofttimes in early morn, and evening twimen. I do not think the word God would do much light hour, noiselessly enter our rooms-stand by mischief if there was not, an idea back of it-some our side, and in language soft and sweet, say to us, self-constituted agents here to execute what they "Weep not; we still live, and ere long our home say is his will. I would release God, and hold the shall be thy home." Yes, "home, sweet home" in agents responsible, as they are in reach-God, he the summer land, where the unfading and everor she-No, I do not believe in the gender of God, blooming fields, or foliage, or flowers, can never be nor do I care what it is; but if I had to love God as stained with the life current of those we dearly love. JOHN D. OLDER.

Gravesville, Calumet Co., Wis.

Letter from Illinois.

Ma. Editor-We see your paper occasionally, and would suggest, in our entirely normal or natural state. for any other would be impossible, the organizing of the Spiritualists of the United States into some tangible body, or bodies, whereby their great gifts, growing daily of a purer and higher order, could act more effectually upon the public mind and policy of this country in its present great emergency. We think this spiritualistic element, crude and rudimental as it may be, is still infinitely in advance of all other moral agencies in its capacity and comprehension to act upon the affairs and concerns of life. either public or private, and which our sects, that make scholastic doctrine, instead of the precepts and spirit of Christ, the fundamental basis of their faith, are incapable of doing. We say, then, why do not the Spiritualists do something to render more effective the power that they sway? Why do they see so very far beyond their fellows as to become impracticable, transcendental, and waste the virtues and beneficence of their new dispensation for the want of systematized power to act on the new and momentous issues that are before and around them?

Slavery is a great wrong, a curse to man, an unspeakable, unparalleled wrong to woman, brutalizing and taking her out of the sphere of responsible existence, and is the all-pervading issue in this present war. It has well been said of slavery, that "God has no attribute that can take sides with it," and He has brought this crisis upon us as the means of our escape from the terrible thraldom, leavmind has not inaptly contrasted the condition of the " come to Jesus by night,"-will, almost without exadministration their support.

It appears, then, to me, to be the duty of this body of untrammeled and cosmopolitan reformers the public mind, to speak out their sentiments in some united voice that will be heard and felt over A FRIEND. the broad land.

Oct. 80, 1862. Toller FOR GENTLEMEN .- For preserving the comlex ou -Temperance. To preserve the breath sweet-Abstinence from

For whitening the hands-Honesty. To remove a stain-Repentance. Easy shaving soap-Ready money. For improving the sight—Observation.

A beautiful ring—A family circle, For improving the voice-Civility. The best companion at the tollet-A wife.

. Thank God, madam, I have contracted no habits." "No, sir, you have expanded them.

The Discovery of Shot-making.

A DREAM,

About seventy years ago there lived in the city of Boston, England, a Mr. William Watts, a plumber and glazier. To this occupation he added that of a shot-maker. At that time shot making was but a partially developed art, and consisted in letting drops of melted lead fall into a vessel of water from a height of but two or three feet, which caused the drops to suddenly cool in a rounded form. But as the metal did not thoroughly solidify before it reached the water, the audden contact of it with the latter caused a slight indentation on the surface of every shot exactly at the point where it first touched the liquid. In fact, it destroyed or rather prevented perfect sphericity-a slight imperfection to all appearance, but quite sufficient to prevent the little missiles from traveling in a straight line when sent rom a gun.

Mr. Watts was a bit of a sportsman himself, and seeing that with the shot as then made he could not secure a certain aim, he investigated the matter, and soon came to the conclusion that that imperfect sphericity was the cause of the shot flying wide of the mark. The fault ascertained, the question next was how to correct it. He racked his brain day and night, hoping to discover some method of making a perfectly round shot -many were the experiments ne made, but all in vain, and he at last gave up the idea in despair.

But Mr. Watts had a wife who was not so easily beaten, and she had set her wits to work also. She was a remarkably quiet, thoughtful woman, and took it into her head that, as there was a cure for almost every ill, so there might be a remedy for bad shot. She was one of those who did n't know what impossibilities meant. This idea having entered her mind, there it remained, and we all of us she watched the process of shot-making, as she sat by the water tank knitting away for dear life, but saying never a word, though eye, brain and fingers were not unemployed for a moment. So matters went on for many months; Mr. Watts became desponding; his business fell off, and poverty stared him in the face. Rather than make imperfect shot, he cared not to make any, and he must goon have gone to ruin had it not been for a dream.

One night Mr. Watts was suddenly aroused from comfortable slumber by a vigorous shake of his shoulder. Rubbing his eyes, and "God blessing" himself, he sat bolt upright in bed, and perceived with great surprise (for the moon was shining into the chamber) that his usually quiet wife was pacing the room, exclaiming, not "Eureka," but something very much to the same effect:

"I've found out how to do it;" and then she added: "Get up directly, William, I've made your fortune!"

ortune!"

Mr. Watts was now thoroughly awake, and Mrs. Watts related her " vision of the night."

She bad dreamed (or rather thought in her sleep) that, if the drops of molten lead were allowed to fall through the air from a considerable height, so as to get thoroughly hardened before they reached the vater, their perfectly spherical forms would not be damaged by the sudden contact therewith. The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Watts, in great secresy, tried the experiment. Opposite their house was a lofty ld church tower—that of St. Mary Redcliffe—and this tower was selected as the scene of operations. The sexton was a neighbor. From him the key was borrowed, and by eight o'clock Mr. Watts was there with a charcoal brazier, some lead, a bucket of water, and the shot card (or mold) as the implement was called, through which the melted lead was poured or strained to form drops. You may be sure they looked themselves in. The staircase of the tower was circular, so that a "well" was formed from the top to the bottom-just the thing required. At the ummit Mr. Watts fixed his "card," while at the bottom Mrs. Watts stood beside the pail of water, on the added contents of which, before long, so much might depend. ·

All was at length ready, and down dropped the molten shower of glistening globules of metal. Hissing and spattering they fell into the water, until all the lead above was used, and then, with eager haste, Mrs. Watts plunged her hand into the now warm fluid, and drew some of the shot therefrom. Examining them eagerly, she had the inexpressible delight of seeing that each and all were faultless-perfectly and entirely spherical. The problem was solvedthe triumph achieved -and, as she said, she had made her husband's fortune.

Mr. Watts speedily procured Patent Shot" was patronized by King George the Third and his scapegrace son, the Prince of Wales. In fact, it speedily superseded all other sorts, and Mr. Watts in a brief period realized an enormous

A Cont of Arms.

The Southern Confederacy must have a seal, of course, having set up political housekeeping for themselves, and that seal must bear a proper "coat of arms," by which their existence may be known. This is what the Congress of that country has final ly decided upon, according to the authority of the Richmond Whig: In the foreground, a Confederate soldier, in the position of "charge bayonet"; in the middle distance, a woman with a child in front of a church, both with hands uplifted, in the attitude of prayer: for a background, a homestend on the plain. with mountains in the distance, beneath the meridian sun; the whole surrounded by a wreath, composed of the stalks of the sugar cane, the rice, the cotton, and tobacco plants, the margin inscribed with the words-"Seal of the Confederate States of America," above, and "Our Homes and Constitution," beneath.

How holy is the sympathy of childhood for the sorrowing! The soft cheek laid mutely against your own; the timorous velvet hand on the throbbing temples; the pitying eyes, from which the most quivering soul that ever trouble laid bare can never shrink away. No deceit there! no danger of misplaced trust, should those wooing eyes unseal your lips to groans of pent-up auguish. Leaning on the bosom of "the Beloved" alone, could the repose of sorrow be more heavenly?

It was a bright thought that of Smithson, the founder of the Smithsonian Institution, when he was dying of an unknown complaint. Smithson had had five doctors, and they had been unable to discover what the disease was. At length they told the patient that he must die. Calling them all around him, he said: " My friends, after I die, make a postmortem examination, and find out what alls me; for, really, I have heard such long and learned discussions on the subject, that I am dying to know what the disease is myself."

The man who needs a law to keep him from abusing an inferior animal, needs a prison to prevent his violating the law. It ought to be enough to deter any man from oruelty that the objects of it cannot speak for themselves, cannot bear witness against, him, are dumb.

Women often lose the men they love, and who love them. By mere wantonness of coquetry they reject and then repent; they should be careful not to take this step too hastily, for a proud, highminded, gifted man will seldom ask a woman twice.

A fellow, in an oblivious state, took up his lodg-ings on the sidewalk. He woke next morning and straightened himself up, looked on the ground on which he had made his couch. "Well," he said, "if I had a pickaxe, I would make up my bed!"

AT SOUTH MOUNTAIN. BY WM. M. BOBINSON.

Like plates of brassy armor The yellow plowed lands lay Upon the valley's bosom For leagues and leagues away. Along them shines and shimmers The lazy moving stream. As o'er a child's soft bosom The idle ribbons gleam.

The mountain's velvet helmet Nods darkly on her crest, As though some untold passion Was trembling in her breast. The green leaves chant together A weird and mystic strain. And the feathery tenants mingle Their notes in the wild refrain. The shadows sweep o'er the valley

Like an evanescent blot. That seems like a holy feeling Begrimed with an impure thought. __'T was thus lay the quiet valley And the sentry hills held sway, Ere the hugle notes scared the song-birds, Or the reveille woke the day. And now was the smiling Sabbath, And the aweet-tongued meeting bells

Rung out like an incense wafted O'er listening hills and dells. The soldiers catch the cadence Borne out on the distant air, And it comes to their weary spirits Like the thought of an angel's prayer.

But vain the holy summons-The prayer remains unsaid, The singers' lips are silent, The sermon lies unread ; While long and dusty columns Of ann-browned troops file by. Nerved by the rigid purpose To win the day-or die !

Along the paths of the mountain Moves up the dark-blue line. The gun-wheels grind o'er the boulders, The burnished bayonets shine. Way up in the leafy covert The curling smoke betrays Where the foe throw down the gauntlet,

And the answering cannons blaze.

The crack of the Minié rifle, The shrick of the crashing shell, The ring of the flashing sabre. Their tale of the conflict tell. They tell of the dear lives lying, War's food in Nature's lap. Ere the Starry Flag in triumph Waves through the Mountain Gap.

Night drops her pitying mantle To hide the bloody scene-Next morn a thousand dead men Mark where the foe had been. And where the fight was hottest Two mangled corses lay One clad in bright blue jacket. And one in homespun gray.

Their hands are clasped together, Their bloody bosoms show Each fought with a dauntless purpose, And fell 'neath each other's blow ! They fell, and the crimson mingled, And before the pating eye Back rolled the storm of the conflict To the peaceful days gone by.

Each thought of the Mystic Token-The talismanic sign : Each recognized a Brother ! Two firm right hands entwine! The fire of the noble Order Touched not their hearts in vain. All hate fades out, uniting . Two hearts with the triple chain !

Oh, ye who sit in council To mould the nation's fate. Do ye confess your weakness?-Pind ye no opiate? And ye of the gilded churches. Does He not hear your prayer, Who notes the falling sparrow, And numbers every hair?

Then ye of the Mystic Order, Let it be yours to say: War, thou shalt go no further ! Here shall thy fierce waves stay ! And again the good old Banner Rid wave from sea to sea. To lead the golden advent Of Freedom's jubilee !

Then Peace upon God's footstool, And praise to the Most High. Shall permeate each bosom-Ye of the Mystic Tie. Send from your ark of safety The consecrated dove. To spread o'er earth the benizon Of Friendship, Truth and Love! CAMP OF EIGHTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY, ANTIETAM CREEK, October, 1862.

Correspondence in Brief. Mrs. E. D. F., San Jose, Cal., writes as follows: "I am making efforts to procure you some new recruits.' I hope I may be successful; if so, will write you again in the course of a month. Buch a valuable paper as the BANNER should never suffer for want of patrons, the exponent, as it is, of our beautiful, true and glorious faith. It is a welcome visitor to my home, and there are many things I would be deprived of rather than fail to read the entertaining columns of your journal. It seems to me a dear and valued friend, whose weekly coming gladdens and refreshes my spirit, and instructs the mind. Blessed indeed are you who scatter broadcast over our world these great spiritual truths, for by them many are made happier and better, and more exalted in their lives."

Thanks, for your kind words in regard to the Ban-NEE. If all felt as deep an interest in the success of our paper as you do, we should not to-day be striving with only Hope for our sheet-anchor. The donation will be devoted to the purpose for which it was sent. .. God bless you.].

J.T., WESTFIELD, N. Y., 'proposes the following

Does a power that is capable of moving matter, exist in matter, inert or active? . Is man an outgrowth of all below him? Is the negative of one degree of development the

-positive of the next succeeding degree? Can life exist without preying upon life? Are not all visible forms composed of invisible ele-

Is not the mind positive to the body? And if so, is not the invisible, superior to the visible? Does that which is invisible produce that which is visible; or does that which is visible preduce that ? eldisival at doldwa

Banner of Night.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1862.

OFFICE, 188 WASHINGTON STREET, ..., Room No. 8, Up STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE. LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Men, Women, and Marriage. Theodore Parker delivered a memorable dis-course on Marriage, as he did on several other important topics-and in the same he very naturally divided Marriage into several heads. There was the marriage of Fancy; the marriage of Fashion; the marriage of Convenience; and the marriage of Love. Of course, it is easy enough for every one to delude himself with the idea that, from whatever motive he marries, it must be for love; and yet, we all know, from the most superficial observation, that not one in a hundred, if indeed one in a thousand, is a marriage of real love. How fatally we trifle with a subject that is of such great proportions-that sends out its radiating influences so very far into our future. .

Men do not know themselves, do not know the actual wants of their nature; and in such a state of ignorance they marry. Women are kept perfectly in the dark in relation to the other sex, as well as to their true place in the world. One sex is early debauched in its moral views by law and false teachings, and the other is looked up and barred in by the hand of ignorance. And in such a state of pro ficiency they marry ! What a mockery of the sacredness that belongs to that divine relation! If even a few marriages prove happy because of a lucky chance, what a state of society would not that be in which all marriages were contracted on the right principle, or law !

Some get disgusted with the whole matter, and abandon all thoughts of ever marrying. So thoroughly evil is the influence of a wrong education. It is lamentable, to think of even one human being who feels compelled to deny himself the profound pleasure that is his by natural right, because of what society says and thinks about matches and marriages. Yet the instances of such misery are many on every band.

There is the marriage of Fancy. Sure enough; what a frail bubble of an affair it is. Two persons -usually young persons-are suddenly surprised with a fancy that they are in love with one another; present from what is by courtesy termed active seror one is positively certain that he never saw such a of a bonnet" did the business; or perhaps only the flirt of a ribbon, or the shade of a glove, or the happy turn of a fan. And these fancies for one anothelegantly I—or on the grace with which a young girl sits a horse, or alights from a carriage, or acknowledges a salute. Upon trifles like these—we blush to say—thousands of persons predicate that grave step which is to solve, or confuse beyond disentangle ment, the problem of their earthly happiness. It is fearful to think of. But society makes no fuss at all about such a monstrous state of affairs; society only goes quietly ahead in pursuit of its former. We shad seen, and felt, and realized that our fondly imagined Maycellus had a chronic incapacity for getting on, did our faith in him falter.

But when month after month had passed away ingloriously, while he held one hundred and fifty thousand brave volunteers idly shivering through a winter in canvas tents, while our country was brought to the brink of ruin by the imminent danger of a war with feat full in which would soon have widened into a struggle with all Western Europe, and while fifty thousand rebels beleagured; Washington, obstructed the Baltimore and Ohlo Italiforad, and kept the Potomao vanities, in new paths and under fresh stimulus.

The marriage of Fushion is a despotic affair, from beginning to end. It is one of the few monstrosities of human life. One man and one woman link their fortunes together for life, because it has been decreed and decided that they are fit to marry, ac. decreed and decided that they are fit to marry, according to the laws of that hard, enamelled lifeand for no other reason under the heavens. Others talk it up, make the match, judge for the parties contracting that they rank one with the other, and, in fact, conceive and carry along and consummate ception of, no liking for, any other settlement of our troubles than one which shall be based on Compromise—that is, buying off the traitors from persistence times there is not even any desire. It is merely to keep up appearances together in a stronger way than it could be done if the parties remained separate. It is because others have said that these two, may draw more powerfully in a double than a sinof the sacred institution practised among men and women, it is when they consent to marry because Fashion tells them it is for their interest as her vo-

Then we have the marriage of Convenience; as when an old bachelor marries an old maid, after each has waited to see a whole generation join hands tion of this marriage. Let it pass.

Who can sufficiently praise the true love marriage? from morning till night! What deference, each to the other, in every wish and desire! What affec. hypocritical tears into our own. tionate manners, more eloquent than all the "my dears" and "my darlings" of speech I What a glow and warmth over all things, great and small! How much contentment-what quiet energy-what a fund of resources and fertility of invention -what patient trust-what perfect poise and beautiful selfsufficiency! Who can describe it, if he has once seen it? Who can catch the spirit of the handsome fact, and stuff it into lumbering language, so that the unexperienced may understand it all? Happy are they, and they only, who have touched this lowest deep of their being's capacity. Any other marriage than this is but a sorrowful reminder, all through life, of " what might have been."

clamation.

This Paper is issued every Menday, for the Photographic Cartes de Visite Portraits.

A stranger in a city like New York, would always feel grateful to any one who would show him where he can pass a few hours pleasantly which might otherwise hang heavily. Such a place for an entertaining and highly instructive lounge, is J. Gurney & Sons, Photograph Gallery, at 707 Broadway. It abounds with objects of absorbing interest. Here one can look around and see the faces of men and women, who give the social world all the meaning and expression it has for him. The list of celebrities includes almost every one who has achieved anything like fame in America.

But the Photograpic Cartes de Visite, surpass, for variety and life-like faithfulness, even the more amhitious pictures. To run them over, is to find delight apparently without end. A person may seat himself at one of his tables, or at a counter, and occupy himself all day long with the surprisingly large collection. The House issue a Catalogue of these Cartes de Visite, which any one can procure by sending for it, and from the long list may readily make a selection to suit him. Had we room, we should like to name some of the owners of the faces; but they include statesmen, actors, poets, warriors, professors, singers, bishops, lawyers, artists, gems of beauty, and a supplementary list of illustrated topics, which can be procured of no other House of the kind in the country.

· These Cartes de Visite are exactly the things to put into the miquisite Photographic Albums which this House has constantly for sale; and any person, with one of Gurney's Catalogues before him, can select and send for just what pictures he wishes, together with just such an Album as he would like. with the certainty of having his wishes as carefully attended to as if he were on the spot to gratify them himself. Mr. Wm. H. Emerson has sole charge of the Card and Album Department, and may be found on the lower floor; orders in this line should be forwarded to him. We have a few counterfeit presentments, in hand now, which were taken at this establishment, and we should be happy to show them to such of our friends as chose to call and look at them at this office. The artistic ability of Gurney and his collaborateurs is of the highest order, he having been in the business himself for nearly a quarter of a century. Look in, friends, when in New York. It will be the pleasantest part of your visit there.

The Removal of Gen. McClellan.

The subjoined extracts on the removal of Gen. McClellan, as Commander of the Army of the Potomac, are from an article in the New York Tribune: "At the last hour-too late to save his friends, but not too late, we trust, to save the country—the President has relieved Gen. McClellan from the command of the Army of the Potomac. Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside succeeds him. Gen. McClellan retires for the

or one is positively certain that he never saw such a We are among those who halled the summons of pretty face before in all his life; or a sweet "love Gen. McClellan to the chief command under the President of our armies with outspoken hope and joy. We trusted in him as the predestined right arm of the Republic in her deadliest struggle with her traitorous foes. It took months of stubborn, criminal, fatal parer oftentimes turn on something as weighty as a lysis, in the face of a for contemptible in every element of strength, save capacity, to hoodwink our Commanding General, to cure us of that fond delusion. elegantly i—or on the grace with which a young girl

Not till we had seen, and felt, and realized that our

closed against our shipping, that faith was shaken. And when at last, three weeks after the time set for the movement in peremptory orders given him four weeks earlier yet he advanced to Centraville, and

It has been General McClellan's misfortune, and still more the country's, that his intimate friends and trusted connsellors were nearly all at heart opposed to an unqualified discomforture of the rebels. They are Unionists after their fashion—they would not have the Republic divided and rained-but they have no conin their treason by new concessions, new guaranties,

to Slavery.

Gen. Burnside fought gallantly at Bull Run; he led ably and victoriously the brilliant campaign in North-Carolina: he was called thence to reenforce; McClellan or those two persons, ought to stand up before a priest, join hands, and hitch fortunes, so that they far, he has done well, whatever work has been allotted may draw more powerfully in a double than a single harness. If there is any really wicked mockery of his country. That he will at all events avoid Gen.

Foreign Reports.

We have many, and, indeed, all sorts of rumors about what foreign powers are thinking of doing with us, within a week or ten days past. What is and go in quest of happiness in couples, and con- going finally to be our fate, is something which nocludes at last that there is nothing better left for, body seems competent to prophesy. France, if her them than to go and do as the rest have done, only Emperor acts at all in the premises, will have to be regretting they had not done it before. Or when a starting herself pretty soon, if she has not already widower, with a family of young children, feels that begun work in Mexico. But Napoleon will never be his little brood need a mother to take care of them, led by the nose in this risky business by John Bull; whereby many a poor suffering soul gets a "step | if he does anything, it will be of his own accord and mother" to its cost. Or when estates join, and the conception, though he may allow John Buil the privonly way to rub out the dividing line and merge liege of seeming to lead him about. As for England, them into one is by marrying the possessors and she might as well interfere by virtue of declared running together the metes and bounds. There may government authority, as to permit her merchants be an earthly excuse—certainly there is an explana- and business men to behave toward us as they do; she is, and has been from the beginning, perfidious to the last degree, and therefore we question the What has the world one-balf so perfect and beauti- strength and extent of her courage. She will go ful? Where do angels love to come down oftenest, just as far as she dares, and no further. Whenever and abide longest? Who looks into the sanctity of she thinks Napoleon is willing to join with her in that home, and comes out of its influence without plucking the feathers out of the original American knowing that he has witnessed a life he never Eagle, she will be ready for the "holy alliance." thought possible on earth before? What heaven She has stood at the graves of too many young nations, not to be all dressed and ready to drop her

> Miss Lizzie Doten at Lyceum Hall. This favorite lecturer on the Spiritual Philosophy occupies the desk in Lyceum Hall on Sunday next, afternoon and evening. Miss Doten has not spoken in this city for several months, and there are

many who are anxiously waiting her return. F. L. Wadsworth, who has just closed a two week's engagement in this city, goes to Taunton to lecture before the Society of Spiritualists, the remaining Sundays of this month.

The Assembly Room.

Do n't forget-all ye who love " to trip the light The President notifies all who call upon him that he Tantastic too "-that another, assembly at Lyceum will not modify or withdraw his emancipation pro- Hall is announced for Wednesday evening of this Week.

What is in a Name.

A Southern journalist professes to find great sig- LEGALIERD PROSTITUTION & or, Marriage as it is, and ificance in the alleged fact that the Slave States have names that may be appropriately used to distinguish their respective inhabitants, while the Free States have names that do not easily admit of such distinctions. It is assumed that the geographical and political relations of the Southern people may be readily and gracefully indicated by the addition of appropriate terminations to the names of the States to which they respectively belong. Hence we naturally speak of Mississippians, Tennesseeans, Kentuckians, Carolinians, and Virginians, But the author of this remarkable discovery seems to think it would be in bad taste to speak of "the Maineans, the Connecticuters, or the Massachusettsers."

There may be either more or less in this matter than the Southern scribe imagined. For aught that author, after he has made himself sure of his points, appears we may just as naturally designate Ver monters, Rhode Islanders, and New Yorkers in this way, as the people of more Southern communities much argument as that which goes more strictly by can be so distinguished. Moreover, Jerseyman sounds quite as well, especially to a Northern earas Georgian; and a Pennsylvanian is rather more likely to be a loyal and proper person than a Floridan or a Texan. This characteristic illustration of the reasoning of the Southern political Scribes and Pharasees is quite as unsatisfactory as the Southside logic employed to justify secret treason and open rebellion against the best government in the world.

The rebel writer thinks that this assumed difference in names may have been the result of accident with the older members of the Union, but not so the New States. On the contrary, he is sure he perceives in the circumstance noted abundant evidence the people of the Free States bave never felt that they were entitled to any sovereignty peculiarly their own, and hence they have claimed no separate political individuality. In short, they have not professed States have claimed to be sovereign States and "a acknowledged as their independent sovereignty is disputed.)

If it could be shown that the South really had any such aim in the selection of names for States, as is implied, it might also appear that those who molded her institutions contemplated the present political disintegration from the beginning. We have yet to learn that the very names of the Southern States are expressive of disunion, secession, and treason. If they are so, those who are ambitious of such distinctions will be left to the undisputed possession and enjoyment of the same, with no man who loves his country to either dispute their claim or share are content to be known, at home and abroad-everywhere-as AMBRICANS; and in this crisis they will answer to the only name that distinguishes the Good. Western Continent and its great Republican Na-, S. B. B. ilonality.

To the Friends of Progress.

We are in the midst of a terrible conflict-a "war of the gauges;" gauges of social, civil, and religious ideas, and over us floats the BANNER of LIGHT, and Herald of Progress; a few friends able and willing to lend pecuniary aid will not allow the noble enterprise of Bro. Davis to fall, nor the Herald of Progress to go down in the storm. But the BANNER is emphatically the peoples' paper; it depends entirely on its subscribers and purchasers—and there are enough of them, if all will be prompt in renewing. and earnest in soliciting new ones, to carry it triumphantly through the war, and bear it folds over a nation once more at peace and in prosperity. The war is evidently nearer its last than its first end, and signs of peace will soon appear in the North, for a subdued South must soon acknowledge its inability want the encouraging words and comforting messages of spirits, and then will 'the progressive journals be more read, better appreciated, and better sustained than ever. Now is the trial hour, the struggle for life or death. The exorbitant prices, depreciated currency, heavy taxation, will sink many a bark before peace is proclaimed.

Let us see to it, that our Banner is not shot away nor furled, but kept open to the breeze and to angels, as a scroll for them to pencil words to mortals in, and through, and beyond the war. I know persons enough, with means enough, to sustain several such papers by subscription alone, and such persons too, as approve and promulgate such teachings as these papers send out. I should be sorry to have their carelessness, or apathy allow the Bannes to drag on the pockets of the generous proprietors. who are not as able to bear it as many subscribers. But I know there is no need of any one, or few, being over-taxed, if all will join heartily and earnestly

weekly on articles furnished. Friends, now is the time we need your subscrip rates where you must-for the Bannes must floatover the homes of the free and the hearts of the true. Send in New England bills, or Treasury notes, or either kind of postage currency at par in New England, except gold and silver—that is out of market here now, withdrawn, or suspended payment -so do not send it. WARREN CHARR.

Bad Men for Rulers.

It is not such a certain matter that those who call point others. Alexander Hamilton touches on the how soon the clergy would follow them! same idea, as a philosophic statesman, in one of the earlier papers from his pen in the "Federalist;" as a man who knew men practically, and not theoretically, and one who knew them thoroughly, too, he looked at this subject in its true light. He knew that good men feel so sure that they are right, and are positively bad mon, on the contrary, are likely where spread out before him." It makes a very reto turn out excellent work as public servants. Not spectable pamphlet. having been fairly put on trial hitherto before their fellow-men, they have thought it well enough if they public nature, all their nobler and higher qualities. The author claims, in his seesy, that he has inventinatently make an effort to develop themselves, and ed "the application of the Abres of the American they turn their practical knowledge of mankind plant, known so the Helica Palutire, to the many oftentimes to the very best account.

[Acture of Daper, forder, extile fabrice, account.]

New Publications.

Marriage as it should be, philosophically considered. By Charles S. Woodruff, M. D. Boston Bela Marsh.

To say that this nest volume contains, all along through its bright pages, thoughts that have been suggested by almost every one's experience or observation, or both, would be stating simply the truth. More persons have right "notions" about this all-wrong affair of Marriage than ever utter them. Common Sense alone teaches us better about it than we practice, and it hardly requires large talent to show up the deformities of the system, with its outgrowing Wrongs and wretchedness, in a way to arrest general attention.

Dr. Woodruff is a good writer, a good thinker, and knows how to make good statements. Not every can state them. Daniel Webster's preliminary statements, in opening his cases before a court, were as that logical name.

This valuable little book is contained in just six chapters, with the following titles: Nature as a Standard of Right-Society, its Customs and Forms -Marriage as it is; the Love of Money an Incentive -Marriage as it should be-the Creative Power, and Conclusion. In the first chapter, the style in which, by simply taking the Old Testament account of the creation of man and woman "at its own word"_the author displays its utter nonsense, compelling every thoughtful mind to fall back upon the standard of Nature alone for its faith-is so complete and conclusive in its effect as to be worth the price of the book itself. He defends Science, and insists that it shall have the first hearing; for to discover the laws of Science is to find out the secrets of Nature herself. When he says that present marriages are rather the results of mutual selfishness than anything elseas that each consults, if he or she does not seek his to be a People; while the inhabitants of the rebellious or her private comfort and advantage—he states a truth that runs so generally through our modern peculiar people." (Their peculiarity is as cordially marriage system as to be the prime cause of its rottenness and corruption. We all know that, as a habit in society, not two persons in two hundred, if in two thousand, seek the state of marriage from any higher motive than lust, fancy, convenience, or advantage. This may be a sort of co-partnership, and two persons may go through the world pretty comfortably on that basis, if they are peacefully inclined; but it is impious to speak of such an arrangement as Marriage. Says our author to this very point, "God is love, and creates in love, it being essential to the creative purposes, and underlying the creative power. Love was before creation, and begat the desire to create." And he adds, a little way on, their infamy. The loyal citizens of the Free States ... Two powers constitute love-a positive and negative, or male and female; and the seeking or drawing together of these principles is the act of loving."

The chapter on the Creative Power, for clearness and candor, for scientific statement and highly instructive conclusions, should be read and pondered upon a long time by every intelligent reader of this paper. We know it is what squeamish people call a delicate subject;" but these same tender-toed critics are as indelicate as they well can be in their own allusions to it, and their own treatment of it. We only wish that we had as much room as we would like to use in quoting out of it. " Mix the seeds and soils of your affections"-says toe author-" in their proper relations; nurture them in strict accordance with the laws of your beings; water them with that pure, holy love which belongs to genial; ties, and you shall rear unto yourselves, and to the world, the noblest specimens of human life, the most God-like forms of humanity, which the Divine Mind intended you should rear, and hand down to them as a legacy that which shall endure throughout all time and eternity—perfect individualized selfhoods noble in truth and in true dignity of man and womanhood." He thinks, as we think and believe, too, that " in the marriage ties and the creative elements lies the power to reform the world, when once humanity can be made to understand its proper use." For sale at this office.

SUPERSTITION DISSECTED, in a series of Investigating Letters between a Free-thinker and his Deacon Brother-in-Law, comprising a variety of brief and familiar Rationalistic Discourses on a number of the most prominent Texts and Incidents of Holy Writ-designed to invite Scrutiny and remove Indifference, and to insure greater depth of thought and research into the value and reliability of Scriptural Evidence. Sold by S. A. Lent. Agent. Post-office address, New York City.

The reader will see just what this book is, in point of spirit and character, from the title above stated. Its object is one that occupies the thoughts of a great many persons, now-a-days. The volume is composed of some ninety Letters, written from in this hour of trial, and lend each a helping hand, one family relative to another, and is mainly a comto renew and get new subscribers, so the proprie. pilation, or comparison between conflicting opinions, tors may not find their funds short to pay the in- systems, and statements, making the subject of creased prices that come weekly, and rise almost Creeds thus plainly understood in the light of all possible analogies. The author apologizes for publishing, but no apology, we think, is needed. It will tion more than you do. Please send it along in be found a store-house of recorded facts on religious clubs of four, where you can, and less at higher matters, to which all persons may go with profit and advantage. The only wonder is, that people require to read such candid books as this in order to get the cobwebs out of their eyes.

BEECHER AND PARKER. SIGNS OF THE TIMES, SPIR. ITUALISM. By J. M. Peebles, Paster of Independent Congregation, Battle Creek City, Michigan. This pamphlet is a timely compllation by its author of such writings of the two men named above as make directly to the establishment of the truth of Spiritualism. It is very well done. 'The themselves, and are called by others, good men, make quotations from posts, prose-writers, and the Beechthe best sort of rulers. It is so easy for such men to ers are pat, happy, pithy, and excellent for making delude themselves, even as they frequently disap- morning in the brain. If the people would but see,

> THE VITAL FORCES IN NATURE AND THE RIGHTS OF Man. By George B. Simpson. Washington: Printed by R. A. Waters.

The author says that he has "Set out upon the uncertain sea of research," without means, friends, that their opinions and theories are right, merely or books, "resolved to learn by practical observabecause they are conscientious, that they more fre- tion that which was written in the great Book of quently miss the mark than hit it—and men who Nature, whose God-imprinted pages were every-

AMERICAN JUTE, is the stile of a paper read at simply suited themselves; but when they come to the monthly meeting of the Franklin Institute, be loaded with new responsibilities, and those of a Philadelphia, October 16th, 1862, by H. Howson,

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

[Digby would be pleased to receive good original bon mote for this column.]

SHORT ARTICLES,-We wish all our excellent con-SHORT ARTICLES.—we wish all our excellent contributors to remember that short articles are the most pleasing to the readers. Condense your thoughts into nals must be made in consequence. The Baltimore as few words as possible. There is also another advantage. If your contributions are short, more can be heard, and we can have a greater variety.—World's

We endore the above in toto. Short, tersely written articles are perused by the general reader, when long ones, which are often loosely written, are not. Writers for the press do not bear this fact in mind as much as they should.

We ask all our readers to peruse the fine Poem in another column of the BANNER, entitled . At South Mountain," by Wm. M. Robinson, who went out from this office as a member of Cook's Battery. It has the true poetical ring, and betrays the ideality and power of one who possesses the soul of a poet.

S. Eddy, Mrs A. C. Spaulding, B. M. Grant, Miss L. L. Lathrop, O. Bishop, Ira Grant, Mrs. R. Rounds, L. S. White, will please receive our thanks for missing back numbers of the BANNER. No more No. 1's, of Vol. 12 are wanted; but a few of Vol. 12, No. 2, are.

Dr. Wm. B. White. whose card is published in another column, is considered by those who have employed him to possess much magnetic power. He is clairvoyant, and consequently locates diseases, which are more easily cured by such a knowledge than otherwise. Spirits control him readily.

The Salisbury Mill stock now sells at 225, having

We hope, for humanity's sake, that the system of istarvation prices "does not rule in that corporation.

One of our subscribers, writing to renew his subscription, says:-- I am much pleased with the Ban-NER. The communications printed in it are exceedingly interesting. So are the letters and essays. I gain from them much valuable instruction; and this is what I want, for I am a learner."

Solution of the enigma in a recent number of the BANNER-a whale.

Russia, declares that she will have nothing to do with any attempt that may be made in Europe to endorse the Southern Confederacy, the declaration being made as late as last month.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Times says that the President takes the result of the New York elections quite philosophically, and will, doubtless, profit by the lesson. When Col. Forney inquired of him how he felt about New York, Mr. Lincoin replied: " Somewhat like that boy in Kentucky, who stubbed his toe while running to see his sweetheart. The boy said he was too big to cry, and far too badly hurt to laugh."

A PACKAGE BY MAIL. - A package was mailed at the New York office a few-days since, the postage on tions are set on spiritual things, may not feel so which, prepaid by stamps, amounted to \$148 48. It deep an interest in the successes and prosperity of was addressed to London and the contents were stated by the senders to be of the value of \$700,000.

to be Colonel of the Massachusetts Forty-first, it pro- is to call our attention to the all-hail hereafter. posed to name the regiment, "Chickering's Piano-Forté first."

operations against rebellious Texas.

A MILITARY SPIRIT .- As a little four year old boy was being put to bed, his mother said to him, "Kiss mamma good-night, Johnny." He at first refused. and then inquired, "Do Lieutenants kies their mammas?" "Why do you ask that; my dear?" inquired the astonished maternal parent. "'Cause I'm Lieutenant of our Company, and Joe Walsh is Captain ! Being assured that it was not beneath his official dig nity to "kiss mamma good-night," he thus saluted her, and was put to bed.

FIVE JUST MEN IN SODON .- The Richmond Exam iner enumerates five men in the North, whom it compares to the "five just men in Sodom!" Franklin Pierce, C. L. Vallandigham, Fernando Wood, Thomas and Horatio Seymour.

A Western paper speaks of 'a man who died with out the aid of a physician." Such instances of death are exceedingly rare.

Vice we can learn of ourselves; but virtue and .wisdom require a tutor.

the rebels, but recently exchanged, says that the proclamation of President Lincoln would do more to end the rebellion than all the battles fought.

A negro boy was driving a mule, when the animal suddenly stopped, and refused to budge. .. Won't go, hey?" said the boy; "feel grand, do n't you? I suppose you forget that your father was a jackass !"

To pin our faith on another man's sleeve, and sub-Mit to be led by authority, deprives us of independence, and sujects us to just contempt.

We have politics and trade, and the daily dust of life rises with the morning mist and settles with the dew; but over all things, serene and silent and starry, rises the heaven of a nation's soul-ite literature.

The total taxable property of Ban Francisco, the present year, is \$60,000,000. A London coroner estimates the deaths in that city

from crinoline taking fire, at seventy-five annually.

People should never kiss those of their own sex. We never kissed a boy in our life-except occasionally a tom-boy.

" I stand upon the soil of freedom," cried a stump orator. "No," exclaimed his shoemaker, "you stand in a pair of boots that have never been paid

Elias Howe, Jr., whose income is a quarter of a million a year, carries the mail daily from Washington, seven miles, to the camp of the 17th Conn. Regiment, in which he is a private.

Three immense iron-clad steam rams, the most powerever constructed, are building in English shipyards, and with these it lis supposed that the rebels will attack our northern cities. We told the authorities months ago that such was the intention of the secesh leaden.

There is a secession club in Liverpool, numbering 800 members, who provide funds to furnish vessels to run our blockade. No individual member of this soclety is allowed to know what any other member contributes.

Why should the Stan be the best Astronomers? Because they have studded (studied) the heavens ever

Douglas Jerrold said—'Treinon is like diamonds-there is nothing to be made in it by a small trade."

"Well, Bridget, are you golds to he new place?"
"Bure no, ma'am! The lady could not give a satisfactory reference from her last cook,

There is no readier way for a man in bring his own worth into question than by endeavoring to detract from the worth of other men.

To yex another is to teach him to yex on section in a fly trouble our patience.

Price of Newspapers.

Nearly all our exchanges contain articles in regard to the advance in paper stock, which has gone up of late nearly fifty per cent., and they all agree

advanced, and are still upward. Even old newspapers and other refuse paper command four to five cents per pound. New York and other Northern dealers have been here purchasing all they could get of both rags and paper. Owing to the drouth and lowness of the streams, paper mills in the surrounding country have been unable to manufacture half the usual quantity. the thought our daily newspapers, owing to the advance in paper, will be obliged either to put up the rates for subscription, or reduce the size of their jour-

The Hartford Times says:

"We pay just fifty per cent, more for printing paper than we did one year since. Is it not proper that a portion of such extra tax should be shared by the readers? The Government tax on newspapers is excessive. It reaches them in four different ways. The tax on white paper is large—on ink—on every advertisement—on the income. It would seem that the tax was arranged to embarrass newspapers. It certainly forces them to raise their prices or publish at an actual

The Scientific American says:

"Owing to the scarcity of rags for paper stock, and the high rate of foreign exchange, together with the scarcity or water to operate paper mills, the price of paper has advanced twenty five per cent within ten days. What paper consumers are to do is now a serious matter for the consideration of publishers. If there is any substitute for rags, which is destined to take the place of them in the making of paper stock, now is the time to bring the article forth."

Announcements.

Miss Lizzle Doten will lecture in Boston next Sunday; Mrs. A. M. Spence in Marblehead; H. B. Storer in Plymouth; Frank L. Wadsworth in Taunton; Mrs. M. M. Wood in Lowell: Warren Chase in Quinoy; N. Frank White in Springfield; Mrs. E. A. Bliss in Plymouth: Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury in Somers, Conn.; Mrs. M. S. Townsend in Providence, R. I.; Miss Emma Houston in Bangor, Me.; Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon in Portland, Me.; Chas. A. Hayden in Stockton, Me.; Miss Emma Hardinge in Philadelphia.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.] BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, . TEUSDAY EVENING, Nov. 11, 1862.

SUBJECT :- " Uses of Spiritualism." Mr. WETHERREE took the ground that the uses of Spiritualism were not to found so much in the direction of worldly successes as in spiritual improve. ment. To the spiritually-minded man the avenues for worldly prosperity are shut off, and higher pursuits engaged in. Those who are successful and prosperous in this world, have but little interest in spiritual things. Those whose thoughts and affecearthly things. It is not unwise to think less of this world, and more of the future world; but it is When Vanity Fair heard that T. E. Chickering was wise and useful. The great purpose of Spiritualism The people need something to do this. The Church is spiritually dead, from its worldly successes. There MAJOR GENERAL BANKS is organizing an army for is no reality to the claims for spirituality in the Church. All the reality of the Church is absolute materialism. Spiritualism comes with the reality of spiritual existence, presented and proved. There isa reality about mundane, every-day things; but there is a greater reality about spiritual things.

I have made up my mind fully that there are disembodied intelligences. Spiritualism has proved this to me. Now I have something to hope forsomething to live for. I know there is an immortality for us. Everything sinks into insignificance when compared with what Spiritualism has proved

MR. THAYER-Spiritualism has been useful in annihilating the once popular idea that heaven is located away off from us, somewhere beyond the sun, moon, and stars. Spiritualism teaches us that both heaven and hell are only conditions. Spiritualism is a mighty thing for human guidance. It is useful in many ways. It is to the true man and woman what the magnetic telegraph is to the man of business. I feel, and even I know, that Spiritualists Gen. Prentiss, for a long while a prisoner among enjoy the direct and constant influence of spirits. Spiritualism teaches us that there is a God at the helm of all human acts; that God governs everywhere, not man. I have a high regard for the teachings and uses of Spiritualism-greater than I have for any or all the philosophies of which I have any knowledge.

Miss Liggie Doren-Spiritualism has opened a wider field of investigation for ambitious and aspiring minds. There are many in the Church who cannot there find that for which they have longings, and have been led to Spiritualism, in which there is wider range for thought and exploration. Scholars and metaphysicians are no better prepared for Spiritualism than those who are not scholars and metaphysicians-it is adapted to all, learned and ignorant. Step by step a man advances in Spiritualism. It may be slow at first; but soon his soul begins to take hold on that which lies beyond the things of time, and the divine ideal-the harmony that pervades the universe is his theme. We cannot learn from books or teachers what is revealed to us by soul-experiences. In our own soul we shall find the greatest and the highest revelation of God to us. It seems to be the great purpose of this Spiritualism to send us home to ourselves. However great we may regard the uses of Spiritualism to ourselves. there is another and a higher use : To aid spirits in the spirit-world. Unprogressed spirits are immensely influenced for good by their communion with mortals. Many spirits in the spirit-world are made wiser, better, and happier by spirit-communion. This alone is a great use of Spiritualism. I cannot, in a few words, begin to tell of the vastness of this revelation of Spiritualism, that is with us and before us. But with the uses that we have al. ready discovered in Spiritualism, there are enough to invite all to come and examine it.

Dr. GAEDNEE-The world says that Spiritualism has abuses, while Spiritualists say it has uses. I propose to say a word about what are called the abuses of Spiritualism. It is said that Spiritualism unfits men for business; that it tends to immoralli. ty; that it is filled with deception. These manifes. tations are not of Spiritualism, but they come as a natural consequence from the teachings of the pastthey are the attributes of the churches, that Spiritinaliem is breaking to please and throwing off. They heaven. It is a card of invitation, and charlot sent may be just and lawful as products of the Church.

but they are not of Spiritualism. My acquaintance with Spiritualists, which has been large, has shown to me that they are more conclous of their own faults than any other people, consequently are in a way to be freer from faults, juries awaken revenge, and even an sat can sting, and Epiritualism sharpens our business capacities; it makes us more useful in the world; it promotes

morality: it banishes deception, and develops true How to Obtain the Banner of Light. men and true women. Therefore, I repeat, that all in Spiritualism that is not good and useful is not of Spiritualism, but is of the old leaven of the Church. The tendency of Spiritualism is to harmonize humanity; to make men do as they would be done by. The immorality charged upon Spiritualism is the immorality of the past, that has been pent up, now finding vent. Spiritualism is an enemy to deception. The deception charged upon Spiritualism is that generated in the past, not in Spiritualism. The immorality charged upon Spiritualism is of the past, not of the present. If a medium deceives, it is the psychological influence of the one who sits with the medium, and brings the charge of deception upon the medium. Mediums are exceedingly susceptible to the influence of mortals as well of spirits. So the sitter who gets fraud and deception through a medium, may trace the cause to him or herself.

I am satisfied that Spiritualism is a great aid to unprogressed spirits. By spirit-communion with mortals, they can be brought in rapport with the earthly influences that are necessary to their rudimental steps in progress. Persons who die without any knowledge of the hereafter, suffer until they have gained the knowledge it was lawful and right they should have gained while on earth-and this can only be gained by coming in rapport with earth through the aid of spirit communion with the earthlife. I am satisfied that thousands and thousands of spirits have been vastly benefited by Spiritualism. This is a great use of Spiritualism to mortals, as well as to spirite, for humanity cannot be in harmony while the spirit-world is inharmonious.

DR. Bowken thought that Spiritualism had brought nothing new to light; that he could not see a new idea that it had developed. - But he thought that it had confirmed the claims of immortality. He thought that it taught men about hell and about heaven, from which no one could escape; that it had developed both good and evil-that it had not thus far made the world any better; that we could not look for fruit till harvest time; that the result of Spiritualism would be its union with the Church. Spiritualism now holds one extreme, and the Church the other, and a medium would be the standard of right, which would make a better theology than that of the bast.

Dr. Child-if there be any one prayer that should be more carnest than all-others, it is that we may, day by day, more and more, become better acquainted with the spirits that are around us, and that influence us. For to know the unseen influences that direct us, is to know ourselves; and, to know ourselves, is to have a deeper view of life than our outer senses can give us.

There is a thoughtful, silent condition, a sort of Thousands of long standing cases have yielded to this treatreverie, when our outer perceptions rest, and our inner senses are aroused, when our inner perceptions become more conscious, in which we learn what and who we are, we study our true nature, we commune with our guardian angels that are in oneness and harmony with ourselves, we learn the true condition of our own being. By this silent, pensive exeroise we become truthful, charitable, just, kind, passive and subdued. Then the gates of the unseen world | times he was unable to attend to his business; after one opto learn of the treasures there, that are in store for us, and for all. It is our privilege and our right to commune with the other world, and it is both pleasant and profitable for all those who have a desire, to seek and enjoy such communion... "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall, find." We have only to neek for this communion, which seeking is a prayer for it, and we shall have it, justly, in accord-

ance with our developed capacities and desires for it. This study of burselves, this recognition of, and acquaintance with, our guardian spirits, educates us and prepares us better for our life after death, to which life we are all rapidly bastening. It is consistent and wise that we should study and know something of that life we are daily and bourly coming to enter upon so soon. It it well that we should become conscious of, and somewhat familiar with, our companions there, and with the light and love that fills it, so as not be ushered into an untried. unknown world, a stranger, desultory and alone in darkness, without our vision unfolded to see its light, and without a generous nature cultured to feel its love.

What are the uses of Spiritualism? It has been useful in lighting thousands through the dark avenue of death, and it has made their entrance into the spirit-world happy and pleasant, thousands who would have wandered in darkness and alone for many long and weary years had they died without its benefits. Spiritualism is useful to the spirit; it is good for our spiritual journeyings and spiritual pilgrimage. Spiritualism may not be useful for a man to get rich by; for a man to gain renown by: for a man to gain popularity by. Spiritualism is not thought to be useful by those who spend their lives in trying to appear what they are not; who have to make up in dress and address what they want in common sense: who have to proclaim their virtues to have them known; who have to run down the character of others so that their own characters may bear a more favorable contrast. Spiritualism is of very little use to a man, or a woman, in dressing up nice to go to church, and in being thought well of there. It is no use to men who want to get high seats and popularity, and to be called Rabbi Call such men on to the stand, and they will testify that Spiritualism is a damage to their successes-is

not any use at all. Ask the bereaved mother, whose bosom heaves with sorrow, what the use of Spiritualism is. Ask the prodigal son, who has ate, and drank, and laid with the devil. Ask the dying man. Ask the dying man's wife and children. Ask the outcast and the degraded. Ask those who are spit upon and are downtrodden. Ask the meek and lowly. Ask those who are reviled and persecuted for Spiritualism's sake. Ask the drunkard and the prostitute. Ask the poor and needy. Ask the toil-worn and weary. Ask the hungry and the naked. Ask the burned. and the frozen criminal. Ask the pure in heart, who love not earth. Ask the afflicted man and woman. who have no hope of any earthly success, or any earthly happiness. Ask these kind of folks what in the use of Spiritualism, and they will answer. It is a star in this dark night of earth that guides them; it is an angel-pilot, sent to carry them safely over the stormy sea of time, sooner, to the port of also with it, that asks us to come now to our Father's house, where there is bread enough to

Passed to the higher life, file inst., Mas., Passes Walker, wife of the late Samuel Wales, of West Randolph, aged 81 years 5 months. Like a shock of cornfully ripe, (she has passed on to join those who have gone before.

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are opened to our view, little by little, and we begin attend to his business; he has since gained twelve pounds. Mrs. E. COREY, of Cambridgeport, Mass.—Sciatica; so lame that she could not walk without assistance; after one of cration of fitteen minutes was as well as ever, and could walk a mile free from pain.

Mrs. S. A. GOODHUE, Lowell Mass.—"Prolapsus Uteri" and Spinal difficulties, and for several years was troubled with fits; was entirely oured.

H. E. BARTLETT, Lowell, Mass.—Hip complaint and ulcers; this complaint was of long standing and past cure, on account of the decay of the hote, but is now free from pain and ulcers, and can altdown on a hard seat without pain, and walk without crutohes or cane.

walk without crutobes or cane.

Capt. W. H. LAMPSON'S CHILD, Lowell. Mass.—The child could neither walk or sit alone, or talk, and took no notice of anything. After one operation he began to improve, and has so far gained as to be able to walk alone, can talk, takes notice of everything, laughs and sings, and appears

ELIJAH L. ST. JOHN, son of Moses E St. John, Simsbury. Ct., troubled with Spinal Difficulty and Rheumatism of legs, hips, arms, and shoulders; was not able to help himself for more than a year; was not able to walk or lift his arms; after one operation of fifteeu minutes was able to run, jump of move in any way.

Mrs. HENRY LOOMIS Southwick; Mass., troubled with fits and Spinal Difficulties; could not walk without much difficulty: perfectly cured by one operation.

Mrs. WM. JENKINS, Unionville, Conn , troubled for over two years with chronic Liver Complaint and Rheumatism; had a large lump on her side which was very painful; was unable to He down; cured by one operation, and is as well as JOSEPH H. ELDRIDGE, formerly of the Hartford Police— nore recently on Hartford and New Haven Railroad—was

obliged to give up business on account of a severe cough and bleeding; perfectly cured, and can now do a good day's work. BRIDGET COBFIN, Hartford, Conn had a fever sore on leg for over six years; had eight different physicians attend it at different times with no good effect; entirely cured by ELLA ROBERTS, Hartford Conn., was completely para-

lyzed; was unable to move hand or foot, and her head seemed as if hung by a cord, not having the least control of it; she is now able to move both head and hands freely, and is gradually getting the control of her feet.

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Mrs. DIBBLE, wife of William Dibble. Deputy Sheriff, Granby, Conp., troubled with internal tumor and spine diffi-culties; was unable to walk or ride; after one operation was, able to walk a mile, and has frequently since rode ten miles; a letter from her and photograph can be seen at office. Letters from many of the above patients and photographs

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do not put me to the best service, you will soon feel the pen-During the period which has since elapsed, a multitude of questions have been propounded to him, embracing points of peculiar interest and value connected with the Spiritual Philosophy and Practical Reform.

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Message Department.

Each message in this department of the Banner we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mas. J. H. Cowant, while in a condition called the Tranco. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as fests of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize

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

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

Our Scances.—The Scances at which these communications are given are held at the Hanner or Light Office.
No. 158 Washington Street, Room No. 3. (up stairs,) every MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY afternoon The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

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, howover small, that the friends of the cause may feet inclined to remit, will be gravefully 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.

Monday, Oct, 20.—In yocation; Henry Chiy, of Hanover County, Virginia; Margaret Tarratt, of St. houls, Misslouri, to Thomas F. Tucker, of New York Cly; Moses F. Tate, of the 20th Mass. Regiment, to his friends; Joseph L. Sawyer; of Wisconsin, to his friends in Perryaville, Wisconsin: Charlotte Olivia Barron, of Richmond, Virginia, to her father, Per. Challethouber Engree. Roy. Christopher Rarron.

Tuesday, Oct 21.—Invocation; Miscellaneous Questions

answered by Abnor Kneeland; General Whitling of the Confederate Army, to his family, and to General Lee; General Beauregard; Cordelin Hunter, to her mother, in New York; Lucy Ann Herrick, to her husband, Major Herrick, of New

York State.

Monday, November 3.—Invocation; The Marriago Institution; Abel Bell, of Boston, Mass.; Maria Donnavan, to Mrs.
Calch Beedle, of New York City.

Taseday, November 4.—invocation; Spirit's Explanation
of Hähdwriting upon the Wall of Lord Brougham's Bedchamber; Question and Answer; Melville Gardiner; Rachel Ryder, of New Orleans, La., to her husband; Thomas
Connex of Baston Mass. Children in Holls. Comer, of Boston, Mass.; Christopher Hollis.

Invocation.

Our Father, oh what a divine right is ours-the right to call thee Father-thou spirit of the Mighty Past, Present, and Ejernal Future. Oh, what a divine right to be allowed to call thee Father, though we look upon the shadows where the kingdoms of earth seem tottering, and the voice of the angel of Peace is no where heard. Oh, the elements are wild. and angry frowns meet us everywhere; still, oh holy one, thou art our Father and with the divine assurance of this truth, we have also the assurance of a blessed hereafter; and though we walk amid scenes of darkness and death, still we know thou art near us; and that thy ministering legion of angels will attend to our every want, and comfort every sorrowing heart. On, our Father, thou who art in heaven and in the hearts of thy children, again we come unto thee in the spirit of prayer; again we send up new songs of thanksgiving unto thee, for all the sorrow, for all the darkness which has been ours in the past, and is still with us in the present, because we feel that in the future we shall know that all was for our good, and that everything hath been sent unto thy children through thine almighty love for them, and so be drawn still nearer unto thee. Oh, our Father, we will kneel at the footstool of thy almighty love, and say forever and forever thy will be done.

John C. Calhoun.

Ladies and Gentlemen-In answer to the urgent in quiry that reaches me from time to time in regard to my position as a spirit, and the opinions I entertain as a spirit in regard to a recent proclamation issued by your Chief Magistrate, I am here to-day. Now, I do not presume to suppose I shall make one convert to modern Spiritualism, nor do I wish to. I do not suppose it possible for me to influence, even in the slightest degree, the minds of any persons present, for I recognize that you have all a divine right to think and act for yourselves, and it is not in my province to urge upon any one, for their adoption, the opinions and sentiments of another.

That I have seen cause to deplore the course I took here upon earth with regard to political affairs, I have already stated—it may not be in this place, but elsewhere. And to the minds who have called upon me to return and speak to them I would say, that reared as I was amid Southern institutions. and impregnated as I must have been with Southern magnetism, it were not strange that I, even to-day, retain certain ingredients of character not found with you here at the North. For you must remem ber that we take our proclivities with us, be they good or evil, light or dark—take them with us to the spirit-world.

I perceived, even while in the body, that there was no real union existing between North and South; nor do I think there ever can be, since the ollma e, the soil, and the various conditions engender ed by Southern institutions, all tend to-make the Southerner a distinct and marked individual, and to develop in his being proclivities that are widely different from yours. Then extend to your Southern brother your sympathy, kindness of heart, pity, and wisdom of heart, and believe him to be quite as much of an individual being as yourself. I know of no element south of Mason and Dixon's

line that has not always tended to uphold, strongthen and perpetuate elavery. Every element south of that line has favored the existence of that institution. The Southerner is dependent upon you at the North, so far as intellect is concerned. The Southerner is dependent upon the black man as far as physical labor is concerned. In a word, the elements make the white man of the South a slave; the master as well as the black man. He is no more free than the negro whom he holds in bondage. And what has forced these conditions upon your Southern brother? You answer, God or Nature. Granting this to be true, then, who shall presume to question the wisdom of Almighty God in making the Southerner just the dependent being that he is? Surely, no one, either in heaven or upon the earth, and therefore I believe his condition religiously, socially, and politically, to be a natural

and right one. "What do I think of the recent proclamation issued by your Chief Magistrate, Abraham Lincoln?"
There is no one, either in or out of the form, who has received this beautiful bud of promise with more delight than I have, and although I am no longer a dweller upon the earth, yet I rejoice that I live in spirit to see this day. I rejoice not alone in behalf of the people of the South, but for those of the North as well, for you in common with your Southern brethren, have suffered much from the evil effects of slavery as an institution. True, I lent my influence to perpetuate slavery when here on the earth. True, I exerted all the energies of my being that this Union might be dissolved; but I now perceive, as I did not then, that an All-Wise Father is fashioning your course, and leading your northern army on to the ultimatum of the grandest victory a

nation can conceive of. Nevertheless, standing in advance of mortality. and gazing with spiritual eyes upon the condition of both North and South, I am fully convinced that there is one image you must all sconer or later gaze upon. It is this: That as you of the North and South are not alike, and have both inherited opinions that are entirely antagonistic to each other in their nature, and as those opinions have been growing with your growth, and strengthening with your strength, until time has made you each a dissimilar. and distinct people, I for one, cannot believe in the union of heart, soul and principle, between North and South, which many of my countrymen so ear-

nestly pray and hope for...

ou a united people. Slavery has done much toward long as it does the business for us. [He alluded to the dress of the medium.]
Is so characteristic of the Southerner. The climate.

If 've got a good deal 1'd like to say to my friends.

Soil and the various institutions of the South make [They'll probably call you home to talk with them.] him dependent upon his Northern neighbor as far Well, what do you ask us for your transportation of far as physical labor is concerned.

You have the muscle, sinew, activity and the post-country this is. It's a pretty good kind of a countive force that characterizes your institutions. You try, I think: Somehow or other I should have liked intellect you are not dependent upon the black man got it. I guess I wont grumble about it. But look for physical strength; you draw your strength from here! what about God? I aint seen him. [And you

that the proclamation of emancipation is a good tried to be baptized, but when I got a fair sight at one. I believe it has come in time; and though I the place I was to be thrown into, I backed out; I cannot think it will be productive of great good at did n't believe in cold water bathing just then. And the present time, yet I do believe it will be a ladder then their creed was a little too iron-yoke-fashion sults in the future. I believe it will be like clear so now. Good-by. water thrown upon your garments, and cleansing them from the dark stain of slavery. I thank God that t has come in your day, and I may say in mine, for I am not apart from the earth; and although dead as far as my body is concerned yet my spirit lives, and I feel that I am possessed of greater power than was mine when upon the earth, for all the faculties of my soul are in full play. And as I was once dependent upon my countrymen of the North for strength, I am now independent, thank God!

I have said that I do not believe in a union of scul, heart and principle between my Southern brethren and you of the North. Now, much as I would I must yet feel that there is no union to be found between my countrymen of the North and South. Oh. would have you use your talents for the benefit of humanity, instead of striving, as I did, to make self paramount in the eyes of my fellow-creatures. Oh, bring them into the grand temple of humanity, and let rich and poor, high and low, free and bond, receive the benefit of such gifts as the Father has endowed you with.

Oh, my friends, do you know that the Infinite God in heaven, and the angels bow their heads in sorthat those you have lost in this civil war are with ing your frail bark even through the midnight of political trouble, and are stamping upon the great canregistering the same in heaven.

as possible while performing your work upon the earth! Be careful that you have the honor of God and the good of hyperstin as possible while performing your work upon the earth! Be careful that you have the honor of God and the good of humanity more at heart than the with you, has almost learned me to forget the use of glory of kelf! Oh, remember that you are not engaged in a mere combat for mastery and military conquest, but in a warfare between light and darkness, good and evil. Remember, oh my countrymen, that your acts of to-day will follow you through out the cycles of eternity. Oh, then, guard well your conduct, and if honor calls upon you to do your daty, in the face of Almighty God, let that duty be performed fearlessly and faithfully, with such strength as God has given you, and be determined to defend the right at all hazards.

Oh, my countrymen of the North and South, for your own sake and for those little ones clustering around your firesides, for those little ones who must some day make their mark upon the page of history—for their cake, if for nothing clse, do your duty fearlessly, and with hearts all open to the searching eye of Almighty God. My name you ask for? I am Cal-Oct. 14.

Benjamin Frazer.

Humph! It's all very well to preach righteousor anybody else, to talk about Christianity and righ after the whole of their natural lives, or the best part of them, have been spent in doing all the evil they could. I, for one, believe that the spirit of Calhoun is the devil himself. I hated him when I was here on earth, and I do n't hate him any the less now Every one has a right to express their own sentiments here, I suppose? [Certainly.] It aint because I lost my life in this rebellion that I feel so bitter against Calhoun; it aint because I suffered just what I did in dying that makes me talk so severe; but then I hate his principles. I always did. He used to be, I suppose, as big an old aristocrat as ever walked the earth. One thing is certain, which is, that his principles have done more toward plunging this nation into bell than any other man that ever lived on the earth. He'd like to have been king of a Southern Monarchy; that 's what he aspired to; but, thank heaven! he never lived to fill strangers to try and reach him, and render him happired to; but, thank heaven i he hever lived to hill that position on the earth. I don't know but what pier, perhaps. Tell him that his daughter Adeline. I come here with rather a bad feeling; but then I is with me, and if she only understood these things, come here with rather a bad feeling; but then I nd to listen to what he said. Somebody says, "Ben, that 'll identify you to your friends better than anything else." Well, it may be so. It's a mighty poor wind, they used to say, that do n't blow somebody some good.

My name was Benjamin Prazer, and I belonged to the 10th Maine Regiment. I lost my life in the battle of South Mountain. I've got folks in Augusta, Maine. They're not aware of my death, and so might not recognize my spirit as Benjamin Frazer. But I am, by death, nobody else. I did n't believe any in Spiritualism before my death; but I believe it now, because I have to; believe it, because I see it. I never did believe much that I did n't really see

when I was on the earth. Now about my death. I went out very quick did n't suffer a great deal; think I suffered more in thinking how I should get across, than from any bod ily pain. Ah, but I soon found out which way the wind blow. It blowed me across the river without my hoisting a sail. I was a caulker by trade, and knew very little about military matters before this war broke out.

Old Calhoun says you'll never be united, and among them. [Try and keep as cool as possible.] this, my new home. Your loving daughter, I should have been a little different if I had n't been obliged to listen to what that old fellow said, and Died in West Needham, Mass., aged 25 years. then I see the old serpent in him. "We do n't see

ourselves as others see us," you know. I think I'm just beginning to feel like myself now. I did n't come here to talk against anybody; but I came here, first, to tell my folks that I'm not taken prisoner, but am dead, as far as the loss of my body is concerned; and, secondly, to tell them that I am alive in spirit, and can return and talk with them, if they 'li give me the chance.

Let me see who I've met since I came to the spiritworld. I've met my father and my brother that's here—came some years ago—and a good many of my relatives and friends. But I should like a chance to ances of the hour; to thee we commend the aspiracome back and talk when I shan't be interrupted by tions of thy children who have gathered here to day. the next time I come. [I have no doubt but that belves, for within the very heart of our being there you will.] Well, I hope I shall. I can't bear to feel is a blessing for each, and it comes to bring us hard against anybody; but when I saw that old that light, warmith, and strength, which are so neheathen and heard him talk so smooth, after having cessary to our onward progress. Our Father, we made so much trouble in the world, I felt just like bless and adore thee; and though the conditions that nitching into him.

to-day. I was afraid at first that I should n't do recognize thy presence, and we adore; thee continue half as well. Do you always give us a uniform like ally.

I desire to see this fair land united. I desire to see peace and harmony spreading its angel wings have to offer our spirit friends at present. It aint over this American Continent. But perceiving the conditions under which both North and South exist, I cannot with any degree of Certainty expect to see I never came under before; but we'll submit as you a united people. Slavery has done much toward.

as intellect is concerned, and upon the black man as far as physical labor is concerned.

And, again, your climate, soll and various institu
everywhere.

Well, I should like to talk to some of ions have done everything for you of the North, the boys if I could, and tell them what kind of a are not dependent upon your Southern brethren for about a year longer on earth, but then as I have n't, your atmosphere, and therefore you may well count never will see him any more than you do at presupon your victory over your Southern foe.

I believe, in common with a wast number of spirits. ligion to be when I was here on the earth. I once which shall lead you to higher and more lasting re- to suit me. I said it was humbug then, and I say Oct. 14.

Sarah Elizabeth Vaughan.

I was born in Boston in 1831, on the seventeenth day of August. My name was Sarah Elizabeth Vaughan. My father was a dry goods trader, and, as far back as I can remember, was located near what you call the Old South Church. I was born: into the spirit-world in the year 1849, between the hours of three and four in the morning, on the eleventh day of June.

I have a mother living in New Hampshire; I have brothers, too, living in Boston; and I am told by my father who is with me, that they know very delight to see you a united people, nevertheless, if I little of modern Spiritualism. My desire and my look at the stern face of Nature, North and South, carnest prayer is that I may speak with them, and earnest prayer is, that I may speak with them, and particularly our dear, dear mother. Myself and the little sister who is with me in the spirit-land, are both anxious to commune with our brothers, and we earnestly desire that our mother devote the remainder of her days upon earth to God, and that she may have the assurance of the guidance of her spiritfriends before she dies; for soon she comes to us, and we would have her happy and contented in the spirit-land.

My brothers, I see magnetically, are absorbed in expects much of you? Do you know that your every act is witnessed by the inhabitants of the spirit world, and that when you err there are tears the art of life. Here Fashion seems to exercise her powerful sway over them, but when they come to row? Oh, think of this, and when you look abroad the spirit-world, they will find that Nature reigns upon the puny landscape that is spread out before supreme, and that to those who have not lived real your physical gaze remember that the eye of an All-seeing Father is resting upon you. Remember piness in the spirit-land. I would have those dear brothers make a careful and thorough investigation you in spirit, shielding you from danger, and steer- of the subject of Spiritualism, and if they find it good and true, and answering the purpose to which litical trouble, and are stamping upon the great can-vas of Time each act and thought of yours, and lief, and cherish it well; but if they should not find it adapted to their particular necessities, then they

voice and sound. But I come to inform those dear brothers and mother of my home in the spiritworld, and of the dear friends I 've met there, and I hope, oh so earnestly, to be folded in the arms of love by those who wept at my death. Oh, may they weep now tears of joy that I return, telling them that there is a blessed hereafter awaiting them in the spirit-land. One thing more: my disease was typhus fever. Oct. 14.

Theodore H. Price.

Be kind enough to say that Theodore H. Price, a member of Nime's Battery, who died in New Orleans July last, would like to commune with his friends. Oct 14.

Sarah Ellen Bennett.

Please send word from me to my brother. He lived in Memphis, Tennessee, and I lived in Cincin-nati, Ohio. My father, and all our family, with the exception of my brother Richard, are opposed to this rebellion; but he having lived so many years at the ness after your own infernal deeds have plunged a South, it is not strange, as my mother says, that he nation into hell! All very well for John C. Calboun, should enter the rebel army. He does not know that and see that he often feels that he is doing wrong in thus taking up arms against the Government of the United States. I want to tell him that if he will do all he is able, to come home to our father's house. He will be happier, my father will be happier, and my mother, too; and I shall think that I accomplished more good in dying than I could have done by living. I was seventeen years of age at the time of my death. They said that I died of consumption; but it was not so, for instead of dying of consumption, the cause of my death was tumor on

My brother's name is Richard Bennett; my own name Sarah Ellen. Tell him that our father mourns for him more than he does for me, and my mother, too. Tell him that I have been with him many times since I died, and that I've come here among she would say what I do; but she is too young. But she sends much love, and wishes she could speak with her father, and her mother, too.

There is a gentleman here who wishes to make a correction, he says, in the name attached to his communication. His name was Benjamin Foster, and not the name attached to his letter. He has a brother upon earth who bears that name, and by loss of magnetism, and an influx of that belonging to his brother, he gave his brother's name instead of his

Tell my father and my mother that whatever I have to say to them, I prefer to say at home. Oct. 14.

Emily Faulwasser.

Written: My beloved father, mother, husband and friends, I am awake in a blessed hereafter, and shall never die again. I am happy, and have no desire to re-turn to earth. My dear father, your belief in spiritual truth is all as it should be, and I rejoice that I died by the fireside of spiritual truth. Yet do not think of me as dead, for I am not; it is only my body, don't know but what he speaks the truth, for there's and I shall do all I can to make you happy here and too much of the devil in the Southerners to ever hereafter. Dear father, I will come and speak to unite them to anything that's decent. They say you first. I can do so best, on account of your easy blows kill the devil, but 1 don't believe it. faith in the beautiful hereafter. Dear mother, they deviled fools you have been here, and I don't mourn. Tell my friends I am happy in

· EMILY FAULWASSER.

Minnie Jarvis.

Oct. 14.

Written: Dear mamma, do n't cry any more for me. am safe with father. MINNIE JARVIS. Bome other spirit wrote: "The child was a passenger on board the steamer Golden Gate." Oct. 14.

Invocation.

Our Father, to thee we commend the feeble utter-John C. Calhoun. Good-by; maybe I'll feel better We ask no blessing, either in their behalf or for ouritching into him.

Now I think I 've done very well in coming here all around us, yet, oh, our Father, we see thy face,

Is the Spirit of Prophesy Infallible? "The spirit of prophesy—is it infallible?"

This is the question given us for this afternoon's consideration. But, before commencing our task such questions as may be presented to us.
"The spirit of prophesy—is it infallible?"

marks all inciplent life. "Is the spirit of prophery friends.] I see there is some misunderstanding, infallible?" No, certainly not. As all human life is fallible, so the spirit of prophesy is fallible. The conditions surrounding it are finite, and should be duly consider will of ourse use to your best advantage.]

The scale for an explanation of this quantity of the conditions are the scale for an explanation of this quantity. ed by all who seek for an explanation of this quesfor us to draw within the scope of our mental

During all ages, there have arisen your prophets, wise men, and dreaming women, who have professed to hold in their possession the golden key that unlocks the secrets of the future; and who, to a very you perceive, I labor under some difficulty. great extent, have been able to draw from that fuare a great variety of gems that might otherwise have lain hidden within its embrace. But there aware that there is any power in existence by means are more prophets than those that live in mortal form. There is nothing in life that does not con. tain within itself the elements of prophesy to a not in any department of life.

you call inanimate life-[table] -can be changed, but never entirely destroyed. You know that they will continue in this state for a time; but suppose posing this table at the present time, would have been molded into some other shape or form of inposing this table at the present time, would have they had not sent me here to-day.

been molded into some other shape or form of inanimate life. And so it is with the spirit of federate army. I have heard him express sentiof persons and places; thus our spirit of prophesy is marked like our lives with finite life.

All are prophets, all are looking into the future. The spirit of prophesy is to be met with at every point of life, whether it exists in the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom. All forms of life, wheth. er animate or luanimate, contain within themselves the spirit of prophesy; all point from the past, through the present, into the eternal future. And yet, as we said before, all the different degrees of spirit-prophesy are finite and fallfble; and when you look upon the spirit of prophesy, we would implore that you look within your own self, and there learn that the spirit of prophesy has existed, and ever will exist, and ever be marked with finite life.

Questions and Answers. Ques .- " And there shall be no more death." Can

that condition be defined to-day? ANS.—Death is only a relative condition of life; it

becomes death only through human fear, and when human fear shall have been swept away from the earth, then life in all its beauty and perfection will be displayed to your gaze. When the minds of the various races of men have become so unfolded and developed in point of wisdom, as to have outlived their instinctive dread and fear of death, then death itself will be dead, or swallowed up in life. Q.-How can one organism occupy two minds at

the same time?

A .- The human organism was never known to contain but one mind at one certain time; that were a spiritual and physical impossibility. Oct. 16.

William Cortland Prentice.

few months of my life in the body has cast some-thing of a gloom over my family and many of my I had been striving to make some land speculations friends; but I visit you to-day for the purpose of in that part of the country, and the red man, I supbecoming spiritually reconciled to my father and a certain class of acquaintances still living on the earth, who differed from me in political opinion. I find it exceedingly hard to become satisfied and contented with my present condition in the spirit-world during my stay there-but I speak of this that I while I am thus arrayed in enmity, to a certain extent, against my friends, although I do not as yet see cause to believe that I was not just as much in the way of right as were my friends to whose opinions I could not conform myself.

I grasped the conditions that surrounded me with seek to exonerate me from blame, and think that or friends? [Friends.] I was influenced by others to do wrong. I desire to rectify this mistake of theirs. I was not forced either to take the course I did by surrounding circumstances or my associates. I accepted it with free will, and felt that I was doing my duty. I have My name was Lizzle, Buck, and my father's name said as much as to say that I am not pappy as a is William Buck, and I lived in Buyckwille, spirit, nor can'l be while feeling the full force of in-

They believe that I was misled and have fallen in good whilethe ranks of evil. We are taught in this world of everlasting sin, and that the Great Law Giver recog- your prisoner. My uncle's name is George Buck, nizes no outlaws. But the eye of the Lord sees with and he went to fight against you, and your folks divine vision the motives that govern the conduct of have taken him prisoner. [You can't tell where he his children; therefore to God it seems all things are is, can you?] He's in a place where your paper right-to man they are not so.

I would implore a hearing with my father, my dear, dear father, whose counsel and love I appreciate, and whose sorrow, in consequence of the course I pursued during the last several months of my life, vated condition of human government.

ing the last several months of my life upon the earth, the Federal Government, because he'll only suffer I must yet say I cannot see enough of good, or God, by it; because he's lost most all his property now, in them to lead me to suppose that the Union as it and he's going to lose more.

principles, as well as those of my opponents.

Mr. Chairman, my chief motive in visiting you states.

Mr. Chairman, my chief motive in visiting you states.

States.

What relation is Ceoil Buck to you?] Sha's my possible. I desire that he lay aside that which I shall term prejudice in regard to this new philosophy and that he seek out some particular which I will be seek out some our division our division our division our division our division of the same in the don's know his shall term prejudice in regard to this new philosophy, and that he seek out some suitable subject through whom I can commune with him. I am more than thankful for the Godgiven privilege of sending my thoughts across the River of Death to bity father, who dwells in mortal I cam rearpestly to slow, to coullive and pass beyond my present inharmonics condition, and I feel that my father is to be owned by my uncless and be wanted to speak the chief instrument in effecting this change in my condition at a spirit. That there of mine is doubted to be owned by my uncless and be wanted to speak the North do spirit. That there of mine is doubted to be owned by my uncless the folks here at the North do spirit. That there of mine is doubted to be owned by my uncless the folks here at the North do spirit. That there of mine is doubted to be owned by my uncless the folks here at the North do spirit. That there of mine is doubted to be owned by my uncless the folks here at the North do spirit in going; now to spirit and and intellectual world. It is my williams for the follitical oct. 16.

Prentice, of Kantucky: my father, George D. Prentice, of the Louisville Journal. Oct. 16,

Col. Thomas H. Forrest. we here will take occasion to say, that the physical condition of our medium this afternoon renders it as I do with strangers. I was informed by your atnecessary for us to be very brief in the answering of tendants in the spirit world, that if I would avail such questions as may be presented to us. "The spirit of prophesy—is it infallible?"

Ans.—As we see in part, as we know in part, so
we prophesy in part. As we are but finite portions
of the Great Infinite Mind, it were not possible for
us to prophesy, without that imperfection that
marks all inciplent life. "Is the spirit of prophesy and inciplent life."

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I am Colonel Thomas H. Forrest. 1 am from Virtion. And when we have properly considered this glula; saored soil to me, if not so to you. I parted spirit that extends itself into the future, we shall company with my body at the battle of Antistand. receive wisdom concerning it as much as is possible I suppose you are aware of the conditions and calc. for us to draw within the scope of our mental naities attending that affair. [We are.] I have no wish to defend the position I occupied as a mortal in the presence of this assembly, innsmuch as I expected to meet with friends, but find, instead, only those who are antagonistic to myself. Therefore,

I have a wife, three fair daughters and one son. I desire to commune with them. They are not with this matter of spirit-communion. I expected greater or less degree, and that is not infallible -no, to meet some one or more of them face to face in ot in any department of life.

coming here to-day, and am therefore not a little.

The particles that compose this portion of what disappointed at finding myself among strangers.

I am aware that I shall meet with obstacles in my efforts to reach my family, yet I will rely upon the wisdom and fidelity of those who counseled me that conditions you are not aware of intervene, to visit this place. I presume that they are ac. what would then be the result? The spirit of quainted with some way or means unknown to me, prophesy would be changed, for the particles com- as a spirit, by which I may reach my friends, else

prophesy as relating to the human mind. As we ments, that; if I recollect aright, were tinged someare finite beings, we cannot grasp during the few what with this new religion. I once heard him say years allotted to us for dwelling upon the earth all that he had seen a copy of your paper, and had been the unfoldings of the great Master Mind of Creatavership impressed with its contents. I do not favorably impressed with its contents. I do not tion, and thus we are liable to err in our judgment know that he is a believer in this new religion to any great extent, but I make use of it as a bridge by which I may cross the river and hold communion with my family. I would ask that he make use of all the means within his reach to assist me to return and commune with my family. Were I stand-ing upon Southern soil, I might speak differently from what I do here, but obliged to speak as I am to-day, under the chilling influence of your Northern atmosphere—begging your pardon, it is cold to me—I cannot feel that freedom here, that I should if I were speaking under the influence of Southern magnetism, and therefore I shall say but little.

. I am aware that it is necessary for me to identify myself to my friends, and with your permission, I will make use of certain facts connected with my earthly body, by means of which I may be identified by, my family. My father was a physician, who was born and reared in Ohio, and emigrated to Virginia before I was born. In early life I thought seriously of adopting his profession, but owing to certain peculiarities of my nature, I afterwards abandoned the idea, and took up the practice of law. Again I found that uncongenial. I then became largely interested in land speculations in some of the Southern States, and more particularly in Florida, and through trade, made many acquaintances, many friends, and many enemies.

When the rebellion first broke out, or in fact before it was current to you at the North, I made a little memorandum of my future plans. That memordindum exists now, and is in possession of my wife. I speak of these things that I may be recog-nized by my friends. I was forty-three years of age and a little better than one month, when I died. Upon my left arm above the elbow, as nigh as I'm able to judge, there was a deep soar, received in traveling through Florida. At that time I think I I am aware that the course I pursued for the last positive. This scar came from an arrow which I may be recognized, that I may identify myself to my family as far as possible.

Allow me'to say that I have not changed materially in my views with regard to political affairs. [Are the members of your family still living at your former residence ?] They are, with the exception of earnestness and good will, and I think I am safe in my oldest daughter. She is in Alabama. [Where saying that I was conscientious and honest in adopting the course I did while on earth, since I believed To Portsmouth, Virginia. [I think you'll be able to it to be a right one, though many of my friends reach your family.] I hope so. Are we enemies,

Lizzie Buck.

My uncle is a prisoner, and I want to talk with him, and my grandfather wants to talk to him, too. spirit, nor can't be while feeling the full lorce of in- Alabama. I don't know where my father is harmonious conditions that separate me from my at present. I used to write him letters when he was at home Now 1 can't. I have n't sent any for a But I want to talk with my uncle, and my grand-

thought and progress, that there is no such thing as father says he's this side of the lines, and is now goes, and he'll get it, I know, because my grandfather has communicated with him, and he knows all about it. Well, in the first place, my Uncle George has been

taken prisoner by the Federals, and I don't know is my greatest grief. It constitutes the only degree whether I'm glad or not, but I wish my father had of hell that I know in this condition of life. My been, for then I could write to him as I used to do father is conscientious in his rigid adherence to [Is your father in the Confederate army?] Yes, sir, those principles, Unity and Freedom, which he be- he's fighting against you folks. But my father likes lieves to be right and to have their foundation in the Yankees. He used to come to Boston, and used God. I would ask my father to pause and remem- to stop at the American House. [How long since ber that all cannot see with his eyes, or understand he was in Boston?] He has n't come this three with his senses, and those who differ from him in years, most. And then my grandfather wants to opinion are perhaps right in the eyes of God, and tell my Unide George that his oldest son is dead may be instruments in the hands of that Almighty my cousin. [Was he in the army?] No, he was at Principle for establishing a higher and more elehome. He died in South Carolina, of forest. He went there to see about some business for my uncle's I believed that our Government was weak and un- father, and was taken slok and died there; and he's able to hold itself in union. I believed also that here in the spirit world with me, and he wants to there was no power, either in heaven or on the earth, talk with his father very much. Be just as soon as he sufficiently strong to save it from ruin, and I am can get a road open, he ill try and speak with his forced to believe this still. Much as I revere those father himself. He wants him to go straight home. dear friends who were politically opposed to me dur. to day down his arms, and not fight any more against

exists to day on ever rest on a firm basis. It is The folks down to that house, they know my true I may be wrong; it is true there may have father. [Were you ever at the American House, in been some unknown forces urging me on to evil—but this city?] No, but I've heard my father tell about I saw them not, I recognized them not; and as I it. He used to some here most every season. Down't was honest in my convictions of duty, I cannot but you forget to tell my uncle to go home, will you forget that God sustains, with his right hand, my [No.] My grandfather do n't love to see his son

Miss Hardinge's Book.

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Can empire makings of any table seas EMMA HARDINGE.

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

"Bpirit is like the thread whereon an strung
The beads or worlds of life. It may be here
It may be there that I shall live again;
But live again I shall where or I be.—[Festus]

CONTENTS: The Princess: A Vision of Royalty in the Spheres.

The Monomaniac, or the Spirit Bride. The Haunted Grange, or The Last Tenant: Being an Ac count of the Life and Times of Mrs. Hannah Morrison, sometimes styled the Witch of Rockwood.

Margaret Infelix, or a Narrative concerning a Haunted

The Improvisatore, or Torn Leaves from Life History. The Witch of Lowenthal.

The Phantom Mother, or The Story of a Recluse. Haunted Houses. No. 1: The Picture Spectres. Haunted Houses. No. 2: The Banford Ghost. Christmas Stories. No. 1: The Stranger Guest-An Incl

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

EXTRACTS FROM THE BOOK.

The following extracts are taken from the different storie

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

""O that I could awake from this dreadful dream!" I cried; 'this is too horrible! Let me awake! O, let me awake! ''

""Thou art not draming, my child, answered the sad voice; 'and to prove to thee the iruth of this most momentous hour, know that by this time to morrow night, a fresh partner will lead out the Princess A. in her midnight brawl." You know that by this time to morrow night, a fresh partner will lead out the Princess A. in her midnight brawl." You know that by this time to morrow night, a fresh partner will lead out the Princess A. in her midnight brawl." You know that as a man, Geraldine; behold him now as a spirit!" 9 9 0 "That night, at one o'clock, I sat

wakel: 7 in the latest me smale. 0, its me sawakel: 7 in the latest me smale. 10 in the latest me membrault. 10 in the latest me small me me midnight mow as a spirit! 10 in the latest me membrault. 10 in the latest me membrault. 10 in the latest me membrault. 10 in the latest membrault. 1

sible condition of the spirit of the duellist, killed by the husband of a woman whom he had seduced."—The Princess.

Just then a sweet, soft, unusual air seemed to spring upnobaround or away from him, but just upon his cheek; it seemed to ask the dear he often described it, "like as if a bird, with sweetly perfumed wings, were gently fanning him, or as if fagrant flowers were waved in his face." There was a sound, too—one to which he used to say all description was inadequate. It was most like a long chord of music, containing an infinite variety of harmonics, but all of a ringing glassy sound, struck in the air, but so far off—0, so far—that, although seeming plain to him, it must be an echo from thousands of leagues away in space, and ever from above?

What followed, he often used to say, was indeed the moment when his soul was born." He know he had lived before; but it was only as a body; his spirit was born on that memorable night—in that hour of bitter agony and loneliness. He heard distinctly the chord of music 1 have mentioned sounding in the air, and then came a sweet, low, female voice, saying, "Tom—dear Tom!"—The Spirit Bride.

Changer 12. Permian Flora; Magnesian Limestone; Flabes; Chapter 12. Permian Flora; Magnesian Limestone; Flabes; Repullian Flora; Plants; The, Bea; Cannot Chapter 12. Permian Flora; Magnesian Limestone; Flabes; Repullian Flabes; Plants; The, Bea; Chapter 12. Permian Flora; Magnesian Limestone; Flabes; Repullian Flora; Magnesian Limestone; Flabes; Repullian Flabes; Plants; The, Greitese, Grand Convulsione, and Chapter 12. Permian Flora; Magnesian Limestone; Flabes; Repullian Flabes; Plants; The, Bea; Cannot Chapter 12. Permian Flora; Magnesian Limestone; Flabes; Repullian Flabes; Plants; The, Bea; Grand Convulsione, and Chapter 12. Permian Flora; Magnesian Limestone; Flabes; Repullian Flabes; Plants; The, Beard Chapter, Flabes; Repullian Flabes; Plants; The, Beard Chapter, Flabes; Repullian Flabes; Plants; The, Beard Chapter, Flabes; Repullian Flabes; Plants; The, Beard Chapter,

That drear night it was tenanted alone by the one ghostly, dead form of the hapless William Rookwood. Alone and unwatched, he lay on his bloody bier, while a hand of aindowy but gigantic proportions seemed to fill the empty space around with huge lotters, which, seen by the unthinking obliding of life and revery, might read, "Thou fool, this propose in a manner which rather tended to confirm than dispel the supposition of her guilt. 9 0 The proceedings of this remarkable trial were characterized, we are told, by divers singular noises, emanating, as it would seem, from stationary benches and inalimate articles, where no human contact could account for the mystery of their sound. Sometimes the tables and chairs used by the learned gentlemen of the law would be violently shaken, and if unoccupied, quite overturned; yet all this without any visible agency to account for the same, except the welf reputation which the female intelligence; for intelligence it certainly was, since the noises (resembling in sound and force the heavy drumming of a silek) would seem to emphasize various sentences spoken, and devorous number of loud knecks, in the form of applause, would invariably tarite the astonished itseners from their propriety, and curdle their blood with very terror.—The Haunted Grange.

"Take all—take everythipg—the hand of a peeress—the wealth of a millionaire—houses. lands."

"Take all—take everythipg—the hand of a peeress—the wealth of a millionaire—houses. lands."

"Take all—take everythipg—the hand of a peeress—the wealth of a millionaire—houses. lands."

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"Take all—take everythipg—the hand of a peeress—the wealth of a millionaire—houses. lands."

"Take all—take everythipg—the hand of a peeress—the wealth of a millionaire—house."

"Take all—take everythipg—the hand of a peeress—the wealth of a millionaire—house."

"Take all—tak

"Take all—take everything—the hand of a peeress—the wealth of a millionaire—houses, lands, rank, station—only save our lives!" shricked the despairing passengers, while the sollen and disgusted crow turned away to make their peace with God and prepare for entrance into that kingdom where rank and wealth have neither name nor place. O O A low strain of music, at firstso distant that it sounded like an each from another world, but growing nearer until it filled the whole chamber with delicious melody, crept over the listening car, and stilled the mourners into silent transport. And now revolving mists floated around, first dimly port. And now revolving mists floated around, first dimly shadowing every object to their view, then forming into a gaury medium, in which they saw reflected a diorama of a score more fair than mortal eyes had ever beheld before.

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

"And do you mean to say that you, in calm possession of your senses, will deny that you saw her to-day—saw her in the very centre of the alsie, standing the whole time, as it has ever been her oustom to do, dressed as the has been accustomed to dress for the last eight months, in thining white silk, with a black instead of a white veil, and that for the first time since her dreadful persecution begain the spoke to met. My God, why do I ask this? You must have sen it; you sat close by; you might almost have heafd her speak. Every one sees and hears us whenever we appear. All must have seen it—seen me, too, as I returned an answer to her. —The Haunted Man.

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

"She comes I she comes! Soom for the wretched dove, with broken pialon, ruffied planes, and solied! Behold her dragged along by vaseat bands, to play her part enforced in let this foul scene! O God, with planes, my heart? My feeble knees, why do they bend and bother heath my weight? My eyeballs are non fire! O, how they birn! I'm blind again! I'm blind! Ah me! all's dark in O. God! in mercy, one short moment more suspend the doon, and lot me so her face!" 9 9 9 "Hark! what a siriest in a side of human woe! I have a side of the s

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The nim of the New Reservator will be the first fundamental and practical call of the new fundamental spirits and principles of Government and human rights which the adjustment of our National politics will involve.

The alm of the New Republic will be to combine an earnmy mountain home or early life without her. She told me of the future; and I speaking oft her words again—I knew not why, except I could not help it—they called me Beer and Prophet. —Torn Leaves.

"Good God!" he cried, "it is that fatal girl! She is a witch—these spectres her companions—these sounds their dreadful Babbath rites performed within our hearing night—ly."—The Witch of Loventhal.

"The aim of the New Republic will be to combevation. It will advocate all rational reforms, and seek to promote a will advocate all rational reforms, and seek to promote a greater unity of feeling, and concert of action, and comprehensiveness of view, among all classes of reformers. It will also sides with no party, and will nover be involved in performed within our hearing night—life with of Loventhal.

It will advocate a reconstruction in our Government as 6. ly."—The Witch of Lowenthal.

""One ray of light alone seemed to penetrate the thick gloom of my self created hell—I might yet return to earth, and warn my children—the neglected human souls committed to my charge—tell them that not in the church, in the publit, in another's merit, or unpractical faith, but in their you have seeds, in every footprint they make, in every word they speak, in every step they take, or leave undone—as inhallibly tending, as is their mortal frame to the cloud of the earth!"—The Phantom Mother.

No one saked the stranger guest her name; but she sat in their midst like the bright, calm moon illuminating the blue yould of the midnight sky, and an unknown, silently operated the happy circle, such as they had never known in their life's experience before.—Christiaus Storte!

"Ere I left the steps" I saw—I am sure I cause the mistaken beckening me to follows, basiest in the snow drift! Could it really have been her? Or was it a split! —Faith.

"She comes I she comes! she comes! sho come! show on the witched dove, with broken plain, rumbed himshes."

"She comes! she comes! she comes! she comes! she comes! of the wretched dove, with broken plain, rumbed himshes."

"She comes! she comes! sho comes! show on the wretched dove, with broken plain, rumbed himshes."

"She comes! she comes! show on for the wretched dove, with broken plain, rumbed himshes."

"She comes! she comes! she comes! show on for the wretched dove, with broken plain, rumbed himshes."

"She comes! she comes! she comes! show of a sattlement of the sheares are deconstruction in our Government as the shear as a so allow of a sattlement of the sheare are construction in our Government as the shear as a so allow of a sattlement of the sheare are construction in our Government as the saturd of saturd the Nation's assign, on the saturd described on the Share are added to she sheare are allowed as a stone of saturd the Nation's assign, on the stone of saturd the Nation's assign, on the stone of saturd the Nation's assign, on the stone

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SHALL THIS REPUBLIC LIVE?

BY C. D. GRISWOLD, M. D.

Shall this Republic live? This is the question which interests a larger number of minds at the present time than any other. It has been deemed an it dication of weakness and timidity to doubt it until quite lately. If it is asked, can it live? I answer most emphatically, yes! If again it is asked, will it live? I answer, possibly it may; but shall it live? The united voice of the South alone can answer this last. _Where is the united North, that its voice may

Politics has damned this Republic. Its seeds of discord have been sown far and wide. Traitors are the product, and they ripen first in the South, where the dark soil of Slavery gives vigor to treason, and we reap the harvest on many a battle-field. The season is not as formed here at the North, but the seed has been sown and will bring forth in time. It was buried with care so as to be hid mostly from the casual observer, but its root will have taken deeper when it rears its head. The harvest day is coming.

It matters not whether the Abolitionists were the cause of the war or not. I am willing to concede that they were, and assert that God stood behind them, crowding them on. His children were in bondage, and he sought their freedom, therefore he chose those who were prepared to commence his work. If others united with them under a misapprehension of party gain, they have done a good work unwillingly. The Almighty is Commander-in-Chief of the armies in the field, and they cannot desert even if the end coming is not to their liking. Man has assumed the exclusive control of the affairs of this world, and in so doing has violated the commands of the Supreme, therefore strife, stratagem, treason and woe have come, and while the oppressors are engaged, the captives will go free. This will inevitably be the result. There is a " higher law." and when it is broken, an "irrepressible conflict comes."

What is this Republic worth ? Only the price of Freedom. This world was not made for a prisonhouse, and unless a Republic can work out the freedom of its subjects from both physical and mental slavery, its use is at an end. Man must grow, and unless the institutions under which he lives will give him full scope, he will burst the bonds, for man in the aggregate is next-to an Almighty power. institutions both religious and political were made for man, not man for them, as political and church demagogues would have us believe. Who among us is free? Count the tyrant's heels that press upon your crown before you answer? Who dares to tell what he thinks, or believes, if at variance with popular sentiment? Who lives as he would, were it not for the harness into which he has been whipped, and which often chafes his very soul?

But many will say restraint makes men better ! But I say that when man professes that which he does not believe, and lives that which he does not feel, he is false to himself, and a hypocrite. Such men are always dangerous.

The character and stability of a Republic must be just what the people are who make it. If they are alaves and hypocrites, these elements will enter into its constitutional organization. Such has been the case with this Republic. The conflict is between truth and falsehood, freedom and slavery. All that is not true, must die-all that is not for freedom, must perish! Shall this Republic live? They who raise the Banner for Freedom and for Truth, must answer, for they alone can save it.

This war has no precedent-its parallel is not known in history. It is an effort on the part of the South to stay the march of human progress in the unmistakable paths which God has pointed out for humanity to travel in. It was planned by men who held high places entrusted to them by the people-suffering no wrong or oppression-under cir. cumstances in which every step was treason, and every act perjury of an oath as sacred as though sworn upon the altar of Heaven, and for what? To gain power, and perpetuate on the earth an institution that is allied with hell! What an enemy to contend with! What is there desperate and terrible such men are not fitted by every satanic attribute to do so far as they have the power? Can the stain upon the civilization of the age be erased except by wiping these men out from the face of the earth!

When Great Britain attempted to subjugate the North American Colonies, there was at least a pretext of right upon which to base the effort; but here there is none. Mere wanton, devilish love of power, urged these traitors on against God and humanity. Shall God be defeated? No! not in the end. The aggregate of all villany, of all oppression, of all sacrilege of the uses of power, is now being summed up, and the record must stand against the age and the world, unless we wipe it out by the strong arm of liberty-loving freemen.

Are we ready for the issue? Shall we rise, like the sons of God, heavenward, and wipe every vestige of slavery from the face of the earth? Or, shall we sink back, to remain for another cycle of time in the hands of demagogues, and see them, with our hands tled, develop the elements for another revolution? The issue to every thinking mind is unmistakably between Preedom and Slavery. We must rise to the sphere of the one, or else we shall go down upon the planes of servitude. Recognize the Confederate States as an independent Government, and we recognize a principle that will make the very throne of Freedom tremble, which is in heaven. Oh, Britain! think of the hell you will put your finger into, if you raise it in support of a Slave Power on the earth ! It would be a step that for all time would mark your downward progress to doom.

. I have asked, "Are we ready for the issue?" Is it not evident that we are not. We have placed in the field seven hundred thousand men, or thereabouts, ostensibly to "restore the Union and the Constitution," and the further they have advanced into the enemy's country, the wider has grown the breach in the Union, and the more violent has become the defiance of the authority of the Constitution. We have held the counsel of God as second to that of political demagogues, who are allied with the traitors, and hence have gone back after the past, instead of stepping onward and upward, boldly reaching forward for a better future. We have sought to conciliate the Northern element, allied by treachery and treason masked, with the slavepower; the party that seeks an opportunity to units with the Bouth, and overthrow the Administration, and place in the Presidential chair one to crown as

the head of an empire. Why should not the Republie go down with seven hundred thousand men in the field, fighting to restore the old power and oppression-fighting to turn the world backward against God and humanity-in short, fighting to Congregational Church, and were conducted by Dr. perpetuate the cause that brought them from their H. F. Gardner, of Boston, Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Northern homes out upon the Southern plains of and Miss Lizzie Doten, and consisted of a voluntary,

I do not expect such sentiments as these to find favor with men who view things only upon the surface, and recognize no power but such as is apparent from physical causes. Such minds regarded this the strongest Government in the world two years come, sooner or later-must come when the public mind is educated up to a point where the transgression is apparent. That the measures and principles of the men in authority in this Republic have been vastly below the standard of popular conception among the reading and thinking class, there can be no question. Our politics have been controlled by machinery in the hands of unscrupulous managers, and we were drifting to despotism as fast as an infernal selfishness and unscrupulous love of power could carry us. The reading North made progress in ideas and the conceptions of true principles, while the South, overshadowed by the benighted barbarism of slavery, has stood still. Of course the time came when they could not pull to gether, and hence they broke apart when the South at last become fractious and kicked out of the traces. Demagogues tell us that the Abolitionists were the cause of the war in exciting slavery agitation. Such men may possibly be honest, but short-sighted. The majority of them, however, are traitors -- men who know that the scheme of secession is more than twenty years old, and has ever been seeking an issue upon which to ground a plea for dissolution, in order to set up a separate government.

The South, then, has broken away from the North because she did not keep up with it in ideas and progressive measures for human good-the primal aim of all government. The attempt, then, on the part of this Government to whip the Scuth back into the traces, that she might go along with us, might have been seen-and was seen to some extent-to be a futile undertaking in the beginning, without first removing the obstacle to her progress, which is

Northern "conservatives" and traitors have, from the beginning, raised a terrific cry against meddling with slavery, well knowing that this institution afforded the only fortress in which they could rely for any ultimate advantage, and at the same time presented the most available point for an entrance into the enemies' stronghold. The threat of withdrawing their support from the Administration on its declaring an abolition policy, has long caused the President to "handle the subject "-to use his own significant language-" with caution." And now, these same demagogues and traitors, after having staved off our complete victory, by their considerable influence, so long, turn and jeeringly ask, "Why do n't you capture the South, if it is such an easy thing as you talked about a year ago?" If the South should by any possible means gain any considerable advantage of us, these "conservative" gentlemen would show their colors at outs-in fact, they are easily designated as it is, for they generally talk with their teeth close set, as if to restrain what they would, but dare not utter. The English Press has taken up the carpings of these back-handed advocates of the Union, and every steamer brings us the most elaball large occasions like the present.

of the war. All grave diseases have their critical the churchyard at Beaufort. periods, and no really comprehensive mind ever regarded this war as anything short of a most grave his popular lectures on Astronomy. malady of the malignant type. The period has come to put the watchers on the alert, and administer stimulants. There is no occasion for alarm, but will recover. merely for vigilence, and the substitution of heroic emedies instead of mere placeboes. The "expec- fever. tant" system must be abandoned. The vis medicatrix natura can no longer be trusted, for the vice is plainly too deep seated, and its contagion will apread in spite of nature's healing power, if the case is not taken entirely out of her hands. In fact, the symptoms are sporadically so prevalent here at the North, that no little alarm has been manifested among the timid: and our British and Gallio neighbors, over the waters, are already sensibly affected. But to abandon metaphors-which are not suited to grave discussion—the time has come for the abandonment of the "cautious" policy. What man would think of treating an incendiary or a murderer with " cantion?" Yet this is openly acknowledged to have been the policy of this Government in combatting the rebellion. We are not only invited, but pressed at last to do without mercy whatever may serve to and if we are to be deterred in the future by tender feelings, we may as well give up the ship. What say yes! then turn to your commands and say, Come, will follow! Let us see you with your gloves off, as they can under the circumstances. Address ready to handle the weapon wherever you may find "Banner or Light," 158 Washington street, Boston it, and whatever it may be, best calculated to beat of tender scruples about infringing upon the rights (7) of traitors, or the disapprebation of Northern conservatives, and then we will come forth in our power and might and settle forever the question, that we love Freedow more than the condition freedow more freedow the enemy-let us feel that your minds are divested and might and settle forever the question, that we Davis Bullin, Doc. 12 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—
LOVE FREEDOM more than life, and will conquer any The Spiritual Conference meets every Tuesday eve-

Why is a kiss like the creation? Because it is made of nothing—and is good.

when called upon in the name of humanity.

Cleveland, Ohio, Aug., 1862.

Funeral Services. PASSED TO THE HIGHER LIFE, Nov. 2, 1802, HENRY LYMAN KINGMAN, of North Bridgewater, Massa, aged 33 years and 8 months.

The funeral services were held in the First Orthodox by the choir, reading of a select portion of Scripture, and a poem by Dr. Gardner, a prayer, and appropriate address by Mrs. Townsend, singing of a hymn by the choir, followed by an address, and the improvisation of a Poem by Miss Doten, which we give below. The services were concluded by Dr. Gardner, who stated. briefly, a few interesting facts in proof of the continued ago. They could not see then that a government existence of spirits, and their power to communicate might fall by its own power; and they cannot see with mortals, referring particularly to the recent mannow that when human policy and ambition deviates ifestation of spirit photography, which so clearly defrom the Divine Law, destruction must inevitably monstrates the presence of our loved ones, and their power to establish their identity; after which follow ed the reading of a hymn from the Psalms of Life, commencing:

"Never look down on the grave broken-hearted." A large and attentive audience were present, who appeared to manifest much interest in the services, which were the first ever conducted by Spiritualists in that place.

THE PORM. Ye holy ministers of Love, Blest dwallers in the upper spheres, In vain we fix our gaze above For we are blinded by our tears. Oh, tell us to what land unkrown The soul of him we love has flown? He left us when his manly heart

With earnest hope was beating high; Too soon it seemed for us to part-Too soon, alas I for him to die. We have the tenement of clay, But aye, the soul has passed away.

Away, into the unknown dark, With fearless heart and steady hand, He calmly launched his fragile bark, To seek the spirits' Father Land. Say, has he reached some distant shore, To speak with us on earth no more?

We gaze into unmeasured space, And lift our tearful eyes above, To catch the gleaming of his face, Or one light whisper of his love. Ob God I oh Angels I hear our cry. Nor let eur faith in darkness die !

Hark! for a voice of gentle tone The answer to our cry hath given, Soft as Æolian harp-strings blown, Responsive to the breath of even-" I have not sought a distant shore; Lo ! I am with you-weep no more,"

"Aye! love is stronger far than death, And wins the victory o'er the grave; Dependent on no mortal breath, Its mission in to guide and save. Above the wrecks of Death and Time, It triumphs, changeless and sublime.

Still shall my love its vigils keep, True as the needle to the pole. For Death is not a dreamless sleep. Nor is the grave man's final goal. The larger growth-the life divine-All that I hoped or wished are mine."

Blest spirit! we will weep no more, But lay our selfishness to rest; The Providence which we adore, Has ordered all things for the best. Life's battle fought - the victory won, To nobler tolls pass on ! pass on !

Death of Major General Mitchel.

The New York papers publish the particulars of orate essays, based upon the flimsy lies-which the death of Major General O. M. Mitchel, commandcannot obtain a re-publication from the sheets in ing the Tenth Army Corps, at Port Royal, S. C., of which they originate in this country—to prove that yellow fever. Owing to the illness of four of his staff, our cause is a hopeless one, and that mediation of among them two of his sons, he removed on the 25th England is demanded to settle our quarrel. Luckily ult. to Beaufort, where he died on the 30th. On the there is scarcely a traitor or demagogue in the North | Monday previous he was seized with the fever. On Wedbut who would tolerate the most detested Abolition nesday, 29th, the General was convinced that he could ist sooner than submit to British meddlesome inter- not recover. He dictated to Major Birch, his aid-deference in our affairs. The hypocrisy of England is camp, the disposition of his property. He sent for too transparent, and to the credit of the worst enemies Rev. Dr Strickland, Chaplain of the 48th New York of our Government, herein the North, be it said, they regiment, who attended him till his death, and perare not, as a general thing, hypocrites. There is too formed the funeral service. Gen. Mitchel retained much of grit and reckless daring in the American the possession of his faculties almost to the time of character to attempt to clothe the Devil in the gar. his death, and awaited his end with calmness and ments of God Almighty-they go the one or the resignation. One writer says, "His last words were, other exclusively, as a general thing, especially on 'I am ready to go ;' and when he was no longer able to speak, he pointed triumphantly toward heaven. We are just now, (August 1st.) in a critical stage and smiling, breathed his last." He was buried in

Gen. Mitchel was well known in this country for

His sons, who were very ill, did not at the last accounts know of his death. It is thought that they

Col. N. W. Brown died on the same day, of yellow

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.] R. L. H., New York .-- We have endeavored to ascertain the name of the State where the party you re-

fer to resides, but have been unsuccessful. "Bhall Spiritualists organize?" is on file for our next fasue.

A. M., MILWAUKER; WIB .- Letter and money re-

码头, "等别人"等的 W. F. J., Almor, Mich .- We will publish it.

Answering Scaled 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 weaken the foe-to strike hard and spare not; 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. Whenever the you Statesmen, PATRIOTS, FREEMEN!—the title most conditions are such that a spirit addressed cannot to be cherished on earth-are you ready for the respond, the money and letter sent to us will be requestion? Shall this Republic live? If you say turned within two weeks after its receipt. We cannot guarantee that every letter will be answered entirely satisfactory, as sometimes spirits addressed strike, strike for liberty or death. and we of the people hold imperfect control of the medium, and do as well

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

people or any nation under Heaven that seeks power ning, at 71-2 o'clock.

MARKLERRAD,—Meetings are held in Basseit's new Hall.

Breakers engaged: —Mrs. A. M. Spence Nov. 28 and 80; N. Frank White, Dec. 7 and 14; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Dec. 21 and 28.

TAURTON.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall, every Sabbath afternoon and evening. The following speakers are engaged:—F. L. Wadsworth, Nov. 23, and 30; Hou. Warren Chase, in Dec.

Lower. The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall, speaker engaged: _Mrs. M. Wood during November. OHICOTES, MASS.—Music Hall has beenhired by the Spiratellata. Meetings will be held Sundays, afternoon and evening. Becaker engaged:—Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, Nov.

PORTLAND, Mr. - The Spiritualists of this city hold regular POSTABLE AND AN ADDRESS OF STREET HOLD TO STREET HALL ON COngress, between Oak and Green streets. Conference in the forencen, Lectures afternoon and evening, at 31-4 and 7 o'clock. Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon for the month of Nov. PROVIDENCE.—Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. S. Townsend during Nov.; S. Annie Kingsbury for December: Warren Chase for January.

LIST OF LECTURERS.

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

Miss Enna Hardinor will lecture in Philadelphia in Nov.; in Springfield, Mass., in January. Address, care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromneld atreet, Boston, Mass. Letters will

H. B. STORER, inspirational speaker, will lecture in Plymouth, the last two Sundays of Nov. His services may be secured for other Sundays in this vicinity, by address-ing him at 75 Beach street, Boston.

Miss Lizzin Doran will lecture in Boston, Nov. 23 and 80; in Philadelphia through Dec. Address, care of Ban-

P. L. WADSWORTH will lecture in Taunton, Nov. 23 and

Mas. M. S. Townsand will speak in Providence, R. I., dur-ng Nov.; in Marblehead, Dec. 21 and 28; in Philadelphia, a., in May.

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

Nov.; in Taunion, bur Sundays in Dec.; In Providence, R. I., during January. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light. Dr. JAMES COOPER, Bellefontaine, Ohio, will speak at

Dr. James Cooper, Bellefontaine, Ohio, will speak at Greenville, Darke Co. Ohio, Nov. 26 and 27, evenings; Morristown, Ind., Nov. 27; Maurice, 28; Chesterfield, 29 and 30; Anderson, Dec. 1; Mechanicsburg, Dec. 3 and 3; Cadiz, 4 and 5; Greensboro, 6 and 7. Bubscriptions taken for the Banner, and books for sale,

Mrs. E. A. Burss will speak in Plymouth, Msss., the remaining Bundays in November, and will sinswer calls for week-evenings in the vicinity, or calls for further engagements, addressed through November in care of John Battles, Plymouth, Mass. Permanent address, Springfield, Mass.

Plymouth, Mass. Permanent address, Springfield, Mass.

Miss Emma Housrow, will lecture three months in Ban-gor, Me., commencing Nov. 16; and continuing until Feb. 18, 1883. Those wishing to engage her services week evenings; or Bundays after that date, can address her there. MRS. AMANDA M. SPENCE Will speak at Marblehead Nov.

Miss Martha L. Brokwith, trance speaker, will lecture in Somers, Conn., Dec 21 and 28. Will answer calls to lec-ture during the winter. Address at New Haven, care of George Beckwith. Beference. H. B. Storer, Boston.

Mas. A. P. Thompson a address till further notice is 129 Bunker Hill street, Charlestown, Mass. CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Stockton, November 23; in Bucksport, November 30; in Bradley, December 7, and 14; in Kenduskeag, December 21; in Bradford; Dec. 98; in Exeter, the first Sunday in January, 1863. Address

as above or Livermore Falls, Me Mas. S. A. Honrow, Brandon, Vt. Miss Susis M. Johnson, trance medium, respectfully in-forms the spiritual public that she will answer calls to lec-ture during November, previous to leaving the country for Nicaragua. Address, 238 Green street, New York

Mas. M. M. Wood (formerly Mrs. Mucumber,) will lecture in Lowell, in November. Address, West Killingly, Conn. MRS. E. A. KINGSBURY will speak in Somers, Conn., the first four Sundays in Nov; in Providence, R. I., during Dec. MRS. LAURA DEFORCE GORDON will lecture in Portland. Me., during Nov. and Dec. Address, care of box 403; at. Lowell, Mass., Jau. 4 and 11; at Providence, R. L., during Feb. Address as above.

L. K. COOMER, trance speaker, will lecture in Toledo, Obio, four first Sundays in Nov.; Clyde, Obio, last Sunday in Nov.; Cleveland, O., in Dec. Mrs. S. A. Coonley will give Recitations. Both are clairvoyants. Will speak week evenings in vicinity of Sunday appointments. Address accordingly.

ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN, Musical medium, will be in Bucksport, Me, the third week of Nov.; and in Bango, the fourth week. Address as above, or Richmond, Me. W. K. Birlay will speak in Camden, Me., the four Sab-baths of December. Address, Box 505, Bangor, Me.

J. S. LOYELAND, will speak in Boston, Dec. 7 and 14. Address, for the present, care of Bels Marsh, 14 Bromfield treet, Boston. J. M. ALLER, N. W. Bridgewater, Mass., Inspirational Speaker, will answer calls to lecture in Plymouth and ad-loining counties.

MES. SARAH HELEN MATHEWS, of Lowell, Mass., will re-ceive calls to lecture in towns in the Western part of New Hampshire, or Southern and Central Vermont. Address East Westmoreland, N. H.

B. Phelps Leland. Friends desiring lectures on Geology or General Reform, in the West, should write soon, as engements are being made for the winter. Address, Oleveand, O.

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

REV. E. CASE may be addressed at Osses Mich, for lectures on Spiritual and Religious topics, Astronomy, Geology, Music, Poetry, Wit and Humor, and the usual subjects and topics of popular lectures. He will also attend Marriage and Funeral Services. He may be also addressed, care of Mrs. James Eawrence, Oleveland, Ohio.

MR. and MRS. H. M. MILLER will answer calls to lecture form, anywhere in Pennsyl vania or New York. Also, attend funerals, if desired. Address, Elmira, N. Y., care of Wm. B. Hatch, or Conneaut

MRS. S. E. WARNER Will answer calls to lecture abroad two sundays in each month. Is engaged the remainder of the ime in Berlin and Omro. Post office address, box 14, Berlin, Wisconsin.

Samuel D. Pace, trance speaker, will answer calls to lectore in the Middle and Western States. Address, Port Hu-

Mas. C. M. Brown may be addressed till further notice, are of T. J. Preeman, Esq. Milwaukee, Wis.

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

MRS. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON may be addressed at Worester, Mass., care of James Dudley. E. WHIPPLE is lecturing on Geology and General Reform. iddress for the Fall and Winter, Ralamazoo, Michigan.

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