

NORA, THE SEERESS;
A STORY OF INTERIOR LIFE.

November had come, and was now lingering on its last days in the lap of the beautiful Indian Summer. The house was thinned of many of its inmates, those that remained being mostly sufferers from some long, chronic malady, or the friends who shared their solitude and confinement. Aurora Stanley was still with us, having in charge a sister, being ill of nervous derangement. Miriam and Volney remained also, and Nora and her child. There were besides a few help- less invalids, who were of little account in any computation of social elements. It was therefore very quiet at the Glen, and those of us who were at all congenial, found many opportunities of studying each other's character and becoming more intimately acquainted,

Now, however, occasional meetings were held. And many gratifying and delightful interviews resulted. Haidah, whose combative spirit had been in measure overcome by the gentle and humanitarian teachings which the unseen intelligences had vouchsafed to her, had progressed through visions and impressions to the lower degrees of trance-speaking, and sometimes addressed the circle, to the edification and delight of all. A happier person than Haidah could scarcely be imagined. She had learned much from spiritual intercourse, and although she had for a long time sternly combated the onslaught which they made upon her cherished theological dogmas, she was forced at last to succumb under the weight of such reasoning as her estate mind deduced from the facts in her daily experience.

Huldah looked puzzled for a moment. At last she answered:

"Well," she said, "I think that is more rational at any rate, than singing psalms all the time. I always did think if ever I enjoyed all that worshipping and playing on harpsichords that the ministers: to about, I should owe it all to grace. It seems to me I was not changed any I should feel terrible shiftsless. "The God of the universe prefers that his children

does wouldn't lie. I guess on the whole," said Hiram, "there aint many folks in this world that know just exactly what truth is, and that's the whole of it, and 't aint no ways worth while for any of us to be too set in our ways. I guess if we loved God, and our neighbor as ourselves, and do all th

of every word on the whole of the page.

"Esau was showing something to me the other day that I thought seemed very rational and justified. You know I used to think that God punished sinners because their transgressions by sending them sickness and afflictions, and decrevements in this world, and that if they didn't repent, he'd torment them eternally. Ever since the first year I lived in a Water Cure, I began to think that sickness didn't come nor go without a natural cause; and as I was thinking the other day how sure and certain were the operations of physicians upon our bodies, I pretty soon began to see how the animal law operated just as certainly upon our souls as it did upon our bodies. If we put a finger in the fire, we get a burn just as large as the place exposed to the heat; and so we bring the soul in contact with the elements of impurity and sin, we get a stain upon it just exactly as large as the surface exposed. If we don't inflame the soul by getting cold in it, nor by using the wrong kind of treatment, it will heal up sometime or other. But if it is a bad burn, it will leave a scar that will stay a good while; and it's just so with the soul and its wounds. We have to wait for them to heal, and the chances to one, if, before they heal, we do n't get them stroked deeper by some kind of wrong treatment, and so we go on, piling on one blister after another, till we are no longer the prophet said. We was all wounds and bruises and putrefying sores. I think it will take the biggest part of eternity to wash up and heal over some of those scars. But you see it's not with the soul as it is with the body."

time, and which the reader who is interested in tracing my interior experiences has a right to know, will close this chapter. It formed the last decisive act of one of the most annoying and painful episodes of my life.

I thought of Paul--when did I not think of him! The memory of his kind eyes, of his gentle tones, of his firm, manly strength, haunted me day and night. But to-night I did more than think of him--I longed for him, longed wildly and feverishly for his presence for the touch of his hand, the tones of his voice. I did not fear indifference, scorn or sarcasm. I was humbled and humble then, all but to have even him

but bestow upon the less fortunate only your pity.

It was ten o'clock when Nora returned to her room. I was wild with anguish; and, unable to compose spirit, I drew a thick shawl about me, and went into the wan, spectral moonlight, and, listening to

I rose, laid off my shawl, and faced the swift-running current, ready for the final leap. Suddenly, from behind me, I heard distinctly a crash, as of some person breaking through a thicket, and the rapid, running footsteps of a man. I turned hastily, convinced t

You will call this the effect of my imagination, rather, but listen to the sequel. I returned to the house, entered the hall, and was passing quietly up stairs when a voice from the parlor called to me.

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I read the paper quietly to myself, and, fearful that I might not be able altogether to repress my emotions, went directly to my room. The words of tenderness soothed me, the prophecy inspired me with hope, and when I lay down to sleep, pleasant dreams haunted my pillow.

CHAPTER X.

Worm's Story.

The winter shut down suddenly upon us, and direct-
ly after the sudden change by which it was ushered in.

upon me for comfort and sympathy; and conquering the instinctive dislike which I entertained for her, strong to administer such aid as my highest nature

At last it was over, and the bright little spirit was released from its fettering clay. Nora was cheered by celestial hopes and promises, and her faith never wavered; but still the maternal heart was wrung, as upon my bosom she sobbed out her grief and tenderness.

Nora Lee was but sixteen years of age when she was betrothed to Edward Haughton. She was the daughter of a widow in reduced circumstances, and her mother had hailed with joy the proposals of Mr.

She was naturally quiet, affectionate, submissive in disposition, and retiring in manner while her husband was gay, brilliant, fond of society in which he was well calculated to shine; and more than all, of a naturally proud and overbearing temper.

The year before Daisy's birth, they had first become acquainted with Spiritualism. Both became firm believers in it, and in the investigation of its teachings they found the causes of their own inharmony, and formed a mutual resolve to live entirely distinct and

tion, and then at length they conquered. The payment which Nora received at the hands of those who should have been her comforters, brought on an attack of physical illness, which threatened her life. She had but just recovered from this, when she fell into the Water Cure, and it was to shield her from

"He did not mean to be cruel—he only meant to be positive, and do you know," she said, with a smile, "I love that firmness, that unflinching determination. The pain he bore was equal to my own. I would not abate it one jot or tittle, so long as th

with his severity but to be repaid with his tenderness. But now, alas! bereaved, desolate, forsaken, it is very, very hard. Yet I know he has not forgotten me. I believe I shall still hear from him."

She was right. The very next day there came

I longed to know, too, what Paul's spiritual experiences had been since he left us. I knew that a light had penetrated his mind, and that even in most darkened understanding, the faintest spark of true celestial wisdom, never fails to "grow bright."

CHAPTER XI.
Exodus.

"My child," he said, "I have sent for you upon important business. I have a letter here from Dr.

I scarcely knew what to reply, it came so sudden. However, I thought directly of my mother's promise and recognized this as its fulfillment. Let not the reader fancy that I was governed by a blind devotion to mysticism. It was a direct and positive intuition.

"I want you to think of this, Beulah. You know I shall miss you very much"—my uncle "was a busy, though a pre-occupied man—" but I am not sure

"Present my kind regards to Dr. Romeyn," I
 "and my earnest gratitude, and say—I will go."
 My uncle took my hands in his, looked earnestly
 my eyes, and said:
 "God bless you, Benish."

them. Glad wife was going to me; the woods, hills; the river, had been my confidants. When friends I had, or seemed to have, none; at times, such as might never, I trusted would never, be to me. And naked and chilled as they were these winter desolation, I still clung to them.

had drawn comfort, inspiration, strength, from
haunts, and I scarcely knew if any other spot on e

Oh, what are changes or circumstances, times or seasons, to the heart fully possessed by the cheerful knowledge that ever are the eyes of invisible intelligences open to his wants; ever their ear attuned

"Gird thyself—be strong; thy spirit friends
ever, ever near."

"Do atop," I entreated. "The Delphic oracle v
never half so oracular. What do you mean?"

sides that. know nothing about New York, and I certain sure I never could do anything there, of places on the earth. If you should talk about my going to Labrador, or Greenland, or some o' them places, would be reasonable compared with talking about near-homesteads, badr like me, doin' anything in 1

aint nobody on the earth that can wash out the b
ages, and take care of the bathing-rooms, and k
everything clean and sweet about the house to ju
actly suit him but me. And as to the company,
need n't think I'm going to be packed off with an

ever, elster Polly would be just the one. She knew all about water-cure, and she's neat as wax, and ways would just exactly suit the Doctor; and no be a good time for her to come, because there much a doin' here, and she'd got nicely wonted be

place for ten years, and I'm goin' to have a holl.
You know Mrs Stanley always told me to come to
house when I come to New York, and stay just as
as I pleased; and there 's where I'm a goin'. You
it has all done itself, and I have n't had nothin' t

We were assigned a room together, and after making speedy arrangements for retiring. The bright light which threw its broad glare into our room, the thousand unaccustomed noises outside, distur-

Reading and Thinking

The following sensible suggestions will bear reading thoughtfully: "It is good to read, mark, learn—better to inwardly digest. It is good to read, but better to think—better to think one hour than to read one hour."

The rain is o'er—the pluvial visitant
Hath sped away on errand merciful,
To water and refresh the land abroad :
A bland and cooling breeze hath risen up,
That gently fans and soothes my fevered brow—
The sky, all studded thick with stars, appears—
The pathway of the Storm-Cloud's dreadful power,
And sent of gods as olden fable tells.

MATERNITY.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Every where are forms bent in mortal anguish; hearts quivering at the desecration of their womanhood, that ball the death-angel, as he bears away the child-spirit from the long-agonized frame. Women, who pray for death as for the only relief from a continued torture—worn, pillow-ill even steeped in tears; to whom the dearest name of love has become a horror; who shrink at the sound of a footstep; who quail before the approach of him the world names husband and procreator, who is to her sight the tyrant, slowly draining her life-blood. Oh God! the tragedies enacted in the miserable and the palatial homes! The broken hearts

THERE IS A GOD.

BY GEO. A. PEIRON.

Let man know of this own central sun, around which himself revolves, and he will not wonder, or limit the revolutions by his, of God's work, because of his incomprehension. Spirit has no limit. It has no centre. Each drop is like its parent ocean, an emblem and a type. It tells of one harmony—one God—one likeness—one individuality—unalimited and unimitable. Spirit then takes its birth from eternity, (it may be with matter, and as with matter generates individually) harmonizes and conditions its own unfathomable goodness, pre-natural and pro-constructive upon its high superiority in intelligence, to the material garments which it wears. Nature is the robe of the spirit—the vesture it wears at pleasure. The house it inhabits.

Bodies and forms are only the blending of elements proving the power of spirit over matter. That intelligence is, and is at the spirit; that spirit is universal, all wisdom, all life, omnipotent—in God. We know intelligence does exist—that matter of itself is

IS THERE A GOD?

BY L. P. BEAVIS.

If there is any evidence I should like to get it. I shall be pleased to hear other thoughts upon this impracticable, but great question.

"HITS AT OLD THEOLOGY."

BY L. F. HODGE.

The Bloody Sacrifice.

In all ages the necessity of some atonement to appease the anger of the Gods has been recognized. In the Moslem Era, the blood of bulls and goats were deemed to be sufficient. In the Christian Era, the blood of Jesus was thought to be ample to appease God's wrath; but in the present age, the blood of millions is flowing to appease the evil of slavery, says the *Examiner*. But if we look through all ages, the Rationalist Philosopher (and he only) can see this tale shedding of blood was a *superstition*, not to appease some anger of God or Gods, but that the race might be purified according to inevitable law, the same law that purifies the atmosphere by a thunder shower acts on man, and after this storm

NECESSITY OF PRAYING.

BY GEO. W. WILSON

It is not consistent we should experience direct demonstration from God in response to prayer, nor were it profitable, for we know not our own wants; the blessing is to come only through frequent denials, and expulsion of evil from the soul, and constant effort to make ourselves presentable to God.

Written for the Bardner of Lights

LOVE.

BY REV. E. CASH.

Lafayette, Ind., July, 1863.

Horseback Riding.

I would suggest as a decidedly feminine dress, the
Zouave, or Turkish trousers, with tunic and shawl; or
Zouave jacket, hat, feathers, &c. Fine figures would
look well in the close fitting Spanish tanguias, with
either velvet cap, feathers, and veil, or the tulle
hat, according to the taste and style of the wearer.
Wishing success to any endeavor that promises
to entice women to more vigorous and useful
I am, &c.,
U. B. H.

Lawrence, July 23.

IX. GODALM BENJA.

To me there is something beautiful in the idea of those wild vines, twisting themselves so lovingly around the rustic posts: Oh, that man would learn the lesson of wisdom from Nature, and let the tender vines of simplicity and affection twine around their hearts, and shield them from the scorching sun-rays of envy and covetousness, which is withering up the virtuous plants that are waiting to grow and expand on the tree of life. Immortal. But they will not; they have outgrown their text-book of childhood, and forgotten many of its beautiful lessons; they can now see nothing to love and admire in the grand old forest trees, but their measurement is in timber and wood; no beauty in their crystal waterfall, but its power of labor; and when they hear them inquiring, "What is the use to be expended so much time and money for something to look

at?" As though the only indispensable things in this life were corn, beans and potatoes, tobacco and cotton cloth. Poor mortals! I pity them, for they know not that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever;" but when the great dictionary of life is printed, and they have the proof-sheets to correct, methinks they will wish they had remembered more of the lessons they studied in the little floral text-book of childhood.

August 10th,—"Is that a candle-mid?" said my good neighbor, Deacon Joel, as he came into my room one morning, and taking up a little unique vase supported by the figure of Venus, in which I was arranging some flowers. "Look o' here, you can't lay no to my wife some day when she wants to run a few?" No, indeed, said I, that is not a candle-mid, neither can your wife have it to run them in. That is an emblem of the goddess of Grace, the author of elegance and beauty; and you will please put it down immediately; for I could not see it so desecrated as to remain in the hands of one who had so little love for the beautiful in his soul, even for a moment. Then taking up a little microscope, I asked him to look through it at the pretty flowers I was arranging—to examine the finely-cut ferns with their delicate palms; to notice the beautiful circulation, so closely allied to that of man, moving through veins and arteries and leaf-lungs. I then told him that the flowers were but the expansion of the elements that compose the leaf and bud, and that the little figure holding the sheaf, which he had called a candle-mid, was significant of a better state of society—the "good time coming," when muskets would no longer be fired from doors and windows at the passer-by, and bombshells be hurled at little children's bed-chambers; when men would carry roses in their button-holes, instead of pistols in the pockets, and governments would build reformatory institutions and green-houses, instead of gunboats and arsenals. But I failed to make him see those beautiful truths, or to understand my meaning. Had they been hammered out on some theological anvil, he would probably have grasped them at once; and when I told him that the highest truths my soul had ever received during my earth pilgrimage, had been taught me by the harmonious unfoldings of Nature, and that I had come to the conclusion it was always safe to take lessons from the beautiful and good, he braced himself up in a stiff, Orthodox attitude, and said, "You had better throw away your weeds and plaster image, and not waste so much time over nonsense; but learn to love God, and try to get religion in your heart." I thought, as I had often done before, how those strange people do mystify me; but I tried to be pitiful, as thought I should some day want God to be to me. The sleeping on his toes as I turned around, to see if I really had a soul or not, I bade him good-morning, hoping that when he was laid away in his mahogany box under the marble, that some good friend would carve on his tombstone a skull and cross-bones, as an emblem of his love for the beautiful.

A Waif from the Empire State.

Many times, Mr. Editor, has the bright harbingers of day shed its morning beauties upon our lovely valley, and descended again behind the western hills, with the golden sunset lingering to calm the ruffled passions of "the inhabitants thereof," since I became a constant reader of your welcome paper. Many soul-cheering beauties have you bestowed upon us, and, like the blessed sunshine from heaven, they come freely, "without cost and money and without price." The position you have taken in "human progress," "Immortal life," and the education of the body, soul and spirit; your hopes and promises set forth, free like to the whole brotherhood of man, has been as an oil poured to overflowing, and poured in golden showers upon many thirsty souls. We have in Nature ten thousand beauties hovering around us. If I should attempt to describe our pleasant valley, I should be caught like the Queen of Sheba, and... the half still would tell. At the head of our valley we have one of Nature's dazzling cascades; rushing down the mountain steep in musical sweetness. Then the strait winds meandering through the vale below, giving murmuring cadence to earth's children along its banks, curling about the weary oak; vibronous to the earth, greenness to the grass, to the flowers fragrant and bright, and the warm it winds its way to the ocean, the great fatherland.

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weekly by a venerable white-haired brother of the faith. His object was to feed only "God's few favorites" and, judging from his flock, we should infer that his God was very kind of small numbers, upon whom it would be a pleasure to bestow his blessings. This venerable brother has been in our village fifteen years. He says he has preached fifteen hundred times this same benediction to the elect. If any person dare doubt his theory, up he brings Paul for proof, and says, "Will you read Romans' eighth chapter and twenty-ninth and thirtieth verses, and then dare I lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" Oh, how demagogic and subtle, how elevating and heavenly, this Calvinistic theory, with its creed and practice. How it must lift one toward heaven to step upon a sheet of white paper!

Much praying does not always make a real Christian, for we read that Stonewall Jackson was a man given to "much prayer," and still an enemy to the oppressed. "By fruit ye shall know men." The Golden Rule is a pair of scales ever balanced, and weighs rightly people of all hues, whether kings or peasants, sages or clowns. I will not love any theory that will not build up humanly, neither will I love a theory that does not tend to universalize human rights, and dedicate human souls to truth and heaven.

We have the comforting thought that theories are only encephalic, whilst principles are eternal. Lovers of free thought are coming to the light of this great truth daily, while the tins of tradition are sitting swiftly away, to be remembered only as one of the things that were.

We often have speakers with us who have found out that the human family are one of our bone and flesh of our flesh, and proclaim the equality of man, as Peter did on the housetop at Joppa. Oh, that our statesmen sink deep in their souls, and truly realize that "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" are principles that can never die. We often wish that more souls like that of Leo Miller would come this way. We thank that brother for the visit he made us. And may many more come to our beautiful valley whose souls have been enlarged by spiritual brightness, and bring with them those bright jewels of truth which will shine like the white clouds of the noonday, guiding us onward to that spirit-land where no farewells are ever whispered, but where summer's heat and winter's cold will be swallowed up in beatitudes sweeter than the breath of summer's morning, where souls will join the happy chorus of greetings, as triumphantly they sing, "Onward, still onward, ever, forever."

"BULL" AYER.

Delphi, Onondaga Co., N. Y., July 28, 1908.

Persons and Places.—No. 6.

Since writing you, I have seen few places and many persons. Chicago, Ill., is the largest city I have seen in twelve months. I suppose the inhabitants of this mushroom city think it the place of places—the new Jerusalem; but I have failed to be infatuated with it. In winter the wind from the lake and prairie outside a two edged sword, and in summer, oh the dust! The sidewalks are up and down stairs; the streets are generally dirty, and often engender disease; the inhabitants are a congregation of everything in human form. According to the Railroad Guide, Chicago is the great commercial entrepot of the Lakes and the Upper Mississippi, is located on the southwest shore of Lake Michigan, on both sides of Chicago river. It is the largest of lake cities; its trade by railroad, lake and canal is immense; as is a grain and lumber market, it surpasses any other in the world. It has many valuable manufactures, chiefly of railroad equipments, steam engines and agricultural implements, and no other city can boast of such extensive railroad depots and wharves. Population, 1,094,420.

The most notable people I have seen recently were at the Festival of the Religio-Philosophical Society, in St. Charles, Kan. Co., Ill. My appointed place was by a small table on one corner of the stand. While listening to the speakers, pencil in hand, I transcribed not only their thoughts to paper, but rough-sketched them spiritually and physically. These pictures I have hung upon Memory's wall. I would gladly give you—if you care to know how they look, dress and speak—a pen-sketch, if the BANNER, like the rostrum, was not crowded with applicants for a hearing. I may, however, venture to outline a few of the persons I met, without intrusion.

Hon. S. S. Jones, President of the Convention, was the most prominent and important individual—prominent because he had charge of everybody, their bag gages and babies—i. e., all looked to him for homes, beds and dinners. Into his ears all complaints were poured. If the speakers were too proud, too radical—if they spoke too long or too frequently—if any for want of time and place, were doomed to silence, Mr. Jones was the man to right these wrongs. Of course he did it. He was the most prominent, because he was in his place—the President's chair—and tried to be ready to meet the numerous demands for him elsewhere. He and Mr. Lincoln will testify to two facts—the presidency brings no peace, confers no glory. Mr. Jones is a prominent lawyer and respected citizen of St. Charles. He is tall and well-proportioned, eyes blue as the summer sky, brown hair and fair complexion. He is a fine speaker. He gives you his thoughts in a few well chosen words, then, like any sensible soul, leaves the stand. He is an earnest, honest worker in the Father's great vineyard. Hand and hands are in the work.

Dr. Samuel Underhill was one of the speakers at the Convention. He is a strong, stoutly built person. He has a full, square, German face, and a head of German mold, though I think he is a genuine Yankee. His eyes are of a granite gray, his hair frosty brown. He is, perhaps, seventy years of age, but his step is as elastic, his heart as jubilant, as a child's. The doctor's words have a sledge hammer ring, and fall like avaril blows upon the hearts of his hearers. Some of you may know that thirty years ago he published an infidel paper in Ohio; twenty years since a famous apostle of Meador, a lecturer upon temperance and physiology. His later years have been given to the investigation and promulgation of Spiritualism. His earth-life has nearly ended. The immortal mountains are in sight! Blessings, father in Zion, on thy frosty brow!

Benjamin Todd came to the stand, opened his mouth, and out flowed a poem, a prayer and a sermon. His prayers may seem wanting in Orthodox reverence, his poems lack rhythm, and his sermons are not borrowed from the largest and longest words in the lexicon, but they are his thoughts, as fresh and original as spring blossoms. Mr. Todd has been a Methodist Elder, but has brought to the reform field no dogmatism, no priestliness; in fact, he manifests a profound disgust for his former profession. Mr. Todd has, I judge, seen forty years! He is of fair complexion, tall figure, an intellectual head, and a heart overflowing with generous impulses.

Mrs. A. C. Stone, is a slight, nervous, frail looking woman, of about thirty-five. She has a Creolean hair, a clear, broad brow, dark hair, and handsome brown eyes. Should you chance to see her in her home, you would say, "If you see a conservative of the old school"—here is a down-right domestic woman, fulfilling woman's mission—an amiable wife, and a faithful, loving mother; but if you see her in the public, you will say, "What a compeopied in that hundred pounds of humanity! There is love and warmth, poetry and earnestness, fidelity, Christianity, the two-edged sword, and genuine gentleness." Mrs. Stone is an inspirational speaker. She lives in

Mrs. A. S. Knorr Ames, goal wiser, is unlike any person or thing I have seen. She claims no near kinship with the world, and the feeling is mutual. I have met her, often, and always with I had power and permission to shelter her from life's chilling blasts, and from its furnace heat; but her fate resigned; defiant look, seems to say, "Let the tempest come! Let loose the dogs of war! I am here, ready to conquer or be destroyed, no great consequence which." Mrs. Ames speaks like one commissioned to tell the world its needs and wrongs—to plead for the fallen—to send shot and shell into the forts where popular crimes are canonized, and blasphemous wrong is enthroned. She has seen twenty-five years, and in these years much of change and of sorrow. Her face is of the Roman type; it has a clear, cold, alabaster-like whiteness. Her eyes are a blueberry blue, her hair, which is cut short, is of a chestnut brown color. She weighs less than a hundred pounds. There is in her bearing a gentleness and child-like faith, which challenges admiration and wins love.

J. M. Peesbles was one of the principal speakers at the Convention. He is a native of Vermont, but Nature made a miserable blunder when she sent him into that bleak, tempest land. He is tall and slim as a May-pole; as fair and frail as a delicate woman. Consumption looks him in the face occasionally, but by sailing the world half around, he has eluded the unwelcome phantom. But, after all, the mistake might have been in putting the right soul into the wrong body. Spirit-wise, Mr. Peesbles is a mountaineer. He is calm in the storm, laughs at the lightning, and listens to the thunder as friend to friend. His thoughts, like mountain streams, gush forth with freshness, manly and originality. If he is a thought-borrower, his benefactors are the ferns, the dewy mosses, the wild flowers, the cloud-crowned hills and green valleys of his native State. I said to my soul, while listening to him, Emerson had this very man in his mind when he said—"In your heart are birds and sunshines, in your thoughts the brooklets flow." But there is, perhaps, no great virtue in being good and happy when one cannot help it.

I met one person at the festival, who speaks to the public only by her pen. She was much of the time at my side, leaning over our table, taking notes for the Rising Tide.

Mrs. M. M. Daniel, of Independence, Iowa, is of a medium size, with a good physical and mental organization. Her hair is dark brown. Her eyes, shyness-bred, the general contour of her face, if I do not mistake, is Roman. Mrs. Daniel is neither a poet nor a martyr—does not aspire to a cloudward ride upon Pegasus, nor to a name immortalized with blood. She is nothing but a brave, earnest, honest, little woman, doing and saying what her hands find to do, and her heart prompts her to utter. When the question is asked, "What can women do?" say Mrs. Daniel can print, edit and publish the Tide, and attend to her domestic duties. What is possible for one is for many."

I have some half a dozen more sketches for you, but I fancy I hear the patient printer exclaiming, "Hold it enough!"

H. F. M. BROWN.

A Medium's Experiences in Vermont.

Permit me to occupy a little space in your columns, by giving a part of my experience as a promulgator of the glorious truths of Spiritualism.

One year ago last June, I first stood before a public audience as an entranced speaker, in the same house in which our beloved sister, A. W. Sprague, first spoke. (How vividly it brought to mind a dream of the past, in which she led me into the pulpit!) I commenced my work about the time of her departure from the field, and can I doubt her presence with me, knowing she still lives, and would labor for the good of humanity? Dear, glorified spirit Acha, whom I knew from childhood, give me a little of thy mantle, to shield me from the storms of life, as I go out and take up the cross you so bravely bore! Guide my faltering steps, chide my erring ways, and, finally, give me thy martyr-like power, to endure the scoffs of the undeveloped world.

I have spoken occasionally for the year past, attended several funerals, till this last June, when I had an impression to go to the north part of this State, near Canada. Strange to say, with all the speakers Vermont has raised, none had bent their way up to those mountain towns. The scenery there is perfectly delightful. One cannot help breathing in the loftiest inspiration, while gazing upon the grandeur of those splendid mountain ranges.

I commenced my labors at Eden, partaking of the hospitality of Bro. Scott, one of Nature's best nobles, whom no false theology could deprive of human reason, but who, with skeptical vision, looked upon the past, because it failed to reach the demands of his expansive nature; but this glorious truth has just filled his naturally generous soul with that divine love that sheds a beautiful halo of light over those no miracles with, and a brave pioneer in our cause he will be, with his noble companion and lovely family, who will go heart and hand together. Here in this little garden of Eden was my first lecture, to a crowded house. Of course, the curiosity was great to see the tempter Eve give the fruit of knowledge; but, however, many an Adam partook of it, and Eden has sent forth her angels of rejoicing from all the best minds ever since that time, of whom I might mention the Messrs. White and families, and the Messrs. James Brown, who added much to our meetings by their well-toned voices, in singing such melodious strains of music as the angels ever love to hear. Mr. Brown took a very active part in our meetings. The innkeeper, Mr. Denio, freely gave to support our meetings. His commodious hall was thrown open for our convenience. Dr. Randall, though rather skeptical at first, I have every reason to believe is heart and soul with us now, and Mr. Henry Stone, who has battled with the clergy upon their old ideas of a hell, has now drank in the beauties of this spiritual light, and his family also; and I am sure they thank God for it. Mr. Carpenter is an earnest seeker after this truth, as well as numerous others, whom I might mention if time and space would allow.

From Eden I went to Troy, where the large hall was filled to overflowing. I found there some few noble minds that had been some time believers, but could hardly stem the tide of opposition sufficiently to enable them to go ahead. But I felt that our meetings, so well attended by the very best minds from all classes, would give them strength to go on. Mr. Hodgden, a medium and a firm believer, has stood the test finely—he being in business such as might be affected—but, firm to the principle of right, he is establishing for himself a name that can stand the test of the glorious future. His companion is with him in belief. Efforts are making to bring a Mrs. Durand, a medium, before the public. I would here mention another earnest advocate, Mr. Hodgkins, whose poor health prevents him from going far from home; but wealth being at his command, he has had an excellent advantage of storing his mind with useful information. Mr. Thomas O. Brown, of Westfield, is one of those calm souls we can always depend upon. With his noble wife, he was a constant attendant at our meetings. I met a Mrs. Sawyer, a very good medium, who might well be occupied in this field. Last but not least in fond remembrance was my dear Brother Bailey and family. A note dated "fairly" seldom ever meet with. Mrs. Bailey is a true medium; seen and described very readily, and is also used in a healing medium.

Mrs. L. W. Wood, who accompanied me on my tour, is an excellent medium. Only Mr. Bar have an opportunity, and she will become one of the best. I found but little opposition in Troy. From Troy I went to Lowell, where I found a good deal of opposition, but warm friends in Mr. Quincy and family.

Lewis and wife, and Mr. William Dodge and wife. God bless them all for their kindness.

I gave fourteen public lectures in the three towns mentioned, besides more or less every day in private circles, and never was I conscious of so strong a spirit power before, and oh, how well was I repaid by the thankful hearts. The sweet response of the angel-world filled my being with joy unutterable.

Now in my little boy home, on the twenty-mile stream in Cavendish, I am once more with my dear husband and little daughter, writing of my wanderings. Please print them, if worthy a place, in your columns, as they may reach the eyes of some of the dearly prized friends in Vermont, and assure them they are never to be forgotten by the wanderer.

CASSIUS P. WORMS.

Cavendish, Vt., August 2, 1908.

POEM.

I send you, dear BANNER, the enclosed short poem, with the manner in which it was given. Should the merit of the poem, and the singular way in which it was obtained, be deemed by you to possess sufficient interest to gratify your readers, you can insert it in the BANNER.

Some short time since, our dear sister, M. S. Townsend, was staying a brief time at our house, when Mrs. Zilpha Taylor, of South Woodstock, called in to spend the day with us; and in the evening, while talking over matters and things of by-gone days, Sister Taylor became entranced, and the annexed poem was given through her in the Greek language.

It was delivered with such eloquent pathos, and in such a forcible style, that I was induced to make the request that it might be rendered into English.

We were told to sit in circle, when the poem was given two lines at a time, until it was completed, through our Sister Townsend, and taken down by myself.

I wish it to be distinctly understood, that our Sister Taylor, whom we have known for twelve years, does not, in her normal state, know one syllable of any other language save the English, and yet when entranced, she speaks several languages, and which have frequently been done into English by other mediums.

FRATERNALLY YOURS,

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

Woodstock, Vt., Aug. 1, 1908.

Moved by the mighty thoughts of life,

I walk the magic floor of Time;

Deep from my soul the love of God

Boils forth in grandest waves sublime.

My fevered brain would grasp the thought

That flashes like the lightning by,

And in my mind it should be wrought,

As stars that gem the glorious sky.

Each thought is but one gleam of light

From the great center Sun, our God I

Effused within our finite night,

It blazes us to the charming rod.

And then, when Life's great pulses beat,

And Nature moans with grief and pain,

The magic floor beneath our feet

Gives not the echo back again.

We're passing on! we move, for aye—

The magic floor of Time we tread;

God's mighty laws, when we obey,

But prove to us that none are dead.

Roll on, eternal waves of Love!

Progression's march shall never cease,

Till nations join their hands above,

With angel hosts, that whisper peace.

And hand-in-hand for evermore,

The unseen and the seen shall move;

Glad denizens on that bright shore,

Where naught is known but God's best love.

From the Liberator.

MRS. HATCH AND THEODORE PARKER.

DEAR GARDNER.—As a friend to humanity, I feel grieved at the unwarlike use that has been made of the pen of your namesake correspondent, who calls himself a friend of Theodore Parker. In your issue of July 10th. Being one of those "bewitched fanatics" who labor under that "delusion" he is pleased to call "spirit-man," I can but do justice to myself and my own idea of truth by replying to a few remarks he has been pleased to make. It is not my purpose to defend the public or private character of Corn L. V. Hatch, or attempt to prove her a medium through which Calhoun, Webster, Douglas, or even Theodore Parker, still speak their thoughts to mankind. Since she is of age, ask her. The fact that she married a man unworthy of her, and old enough to be her grandfather, or even married her grandfather himself, or that she publicly disgraced herself while in Lynn, because she failed to solve a certain mathematical problem, is not sufficient proof to me that I am a "deluded fanatic," and I have sincere doubts about its being sufficient light to the eyes of those benighted millions to enable them to see any thicker Egyptian darkness than that surrounding the brain of your worthy correspondent. As he seems to think that the "spirit mania" will exist long after all of Mr. Parker's friends, who are best qualified to speak his past and present thoughts, shall have passed away, I can but think it the religious duty of those friends to labor as assiduously as your correspondent has done to "stem the torrent of this mania," before passing away.

Says, "Mr. Parker did not believe in mediums; he did not believe that departed spirits ever take possession of the living, and speak through them in the way he is now made to say they do. During the year 1850, it was my privilege to investigate the phenomena of spiritism, in connection with Theodore Parker, and I am certain as to what his views were upon the subject, up to the time when he left this country for Europe. He admitted the facts (physical phenomena), but he utterly ignored the idea of spirits in their origin; and he accounted for all that the mediums do by laws that pertain to this world. As far as can now be determined, Mr. Parker left us in the full belief that all mediums, so-called, are self-entranced and hallucinated, when they imagine that 'spirits' speak through them. This fact is important, inasmuch as spiritism teaches, as one of its fundamental truths, that we commune in the next world with precisely the same views and prejudices in which we leave this world."

Because Mr. Parker, on leaving his body in Florence, possessed certain views in regard to the transmission of spiritual truth, is it any proof, or does "spiritism" or common sense teach, that he retains them now, and that they must stick to him through all coming time? I think your correspondent claims too much, and then lays it at the door of "spiritism." Suppose Mr. Parker now ceases to believe that spirits have nothing to do with the phenomena, but actually knows that they have—that, instead of mediums being self-entranced, they are impressed by minds who have passed on to a higher sphere—would it be characteristic of the man, would it be Theodore Parker-like, to confess his error by telling his earthly friends of his present? Or would he refuse to speak to his former friends, because he expressed the opinion while here in the body, that spirits had nothing to do with it? I looked upon Mr. Parker as the giant intellect of America, as a truly great and "good man," but I am extremely unwilling to think that he is infallible, or unchangeable, as one of the fundamental truths, that we commune in the next world with precisely the same views and prejudices in which we leave this world."

Americans into its "delusive" addy, but also to be fairly and justly engorging no small portion of Europe.

It is the private opinion of a warm admirer of the talents and genius, benevolence and charity of Theodore Parker, that his mind was too much occupied with other matters to give to Spiritualism a thorough and scientific investigation. Prof. Hare strongly believed it a cheat, but, after a thorough searching into the matter, decided it the work of spirits. Rev. Charles Beecher, of New York, was some years since appointed by the Brooklyn Association of Congregational Ministers to investigate and report upon Spiritualism. The following is a part of his report, as condensed by the New York Tribune:

1. The idea that these "rappings" or whatever they may be called, are the product of mere jugglery, or intentional imposture, is not to be entertained by any one, even imperfectly familiar with facts abundantly verified.

2. The hypothesis, that these phenomena have their origin in some libidinal action of electricity, magnetism, or any other natural and physical force, creates many more difficulties than it overcomes, and is also inconsistent with some of the best attested facts.

3. In like manner, the idea that these phenomena are caused by some unconscious, involuntary mental action of some person or persons still in the body, is equally unphilosophical, equally at odds with well tested facts, and equally open to the objection that it magnifies the marvel it professes to explain. To say that a table which sustains itself on two legs, or one, or none, at the request of some person near it, and responds intelligently to a dozen questions as they are asked, is impelled so to act by electricity, or magnetism, or some natural impulse of an individual wholly unconscious of such influence, is to assume as true what is incredible. Such a theory is a world's uniform experience, and all the known laws of causation.

4. The assumption, that disembodied spirits cannot communicate with persons still in the flesh, is opposed to the whole tenor, not merely of Hebrew and Christian, but also of Pagan history. The possibility of such intercourse—may, the fact that it has occurred—has always been believed by the great mass of mankind.

Let us add to this report and Prof. Hare's decision the investigations of John Ballou, T. W. Higginson, Robert Dale Owen, B. B. Britton, Edgar Allan Poe, T. A. T. Gardner, William Howard, with scores of other intelligent minds who have examined into this matter through a series of years, and perhaps it will more than balance the investigations of your correspondent with Theodore Parker during the year 1850.

Your correspondent asks, "But what shall be done to stem the torrent of this mania, when its victims are numbered, not by tens of thousands merely, but by millions?" Can it not induce those Cambridge professors to give us that report which they promised years ago, which, as we understood, was to unravel this tangled subject, thereby opening the eyes of the blind, and giving understanding to the simple? If not, let Prof. Grimes and C. C. Burr be hired at once to perambulate the country, snapping their toes and fingers in the faces of honest people; thereby showing to the world their utter incapacity to appreciate truth, or comprehend a principle. If those notables should not succeed in raising the veil from the eyes of the benighted millions, am quite positive that they are yet masters of the art of extraction—extracting dimes from the pockets of the people, and safely depositing them in their own.

If your correspondent thinks the remedy worse than the disease, then let him administer his own medicine, which seems to be this:—When a man dies, his work is done on this earth. Let him but prove this assertion by science, history, or facts, and I will warrant the torrent effectually stemmed, and the "mania" dispelled forever. The door of the whole spirit-mania is a long one on one principle, that we have something to do with mortals after leaving the body; and he has but to prove his assertion true, to forever close the door against us; leaving us without, to be stared at as poor deluded maniacs by a reasoning world. Will he do it? If so, he shall receive the eternal thanks of one, at least, of those millions, who, at present, are groping their way through error, darkness and gross materiality up to truth, light and immortal life beyond the grave.

L. L. HUGGINS.

East Toledo, O.

Candor is very much praised as a virtue; but let no one attempt to practice it without discrimination. Everybody has heard the story of the woman who, having married unhappily, went to the old maid who had been the friend of her girlhood, and poured out her sorrows without reserve. "I am sorry for you," said the sympathetic spinster; "I am sorry you got married." "Thank you," retorted the wife; "but I would have you to know that my husband is better than none at all!"

When is a window like a star? When it's a sky light.

The Children's Column.

BY MRS. M. D. STRONG.

The Robins that Lived in the Cherry Tree.

BY MRS. M. D. STRONG.

"Where are you going to build?" said the wren to the robin one warm, bright day, when the birds were all busy at work.

"I'm going to build in the cherry tree over there in the garden," said the robin; "I'm going to have my fill of cherries this summer, and if my nest is in the tree, I shall have a better chance at them than the rest of you."

"I would n't, if I were you," said the wren, shaking her little brown head; "it's the worst place you could choose. As soon as the fruit ripens, you'll be disturbed all the time. People will be coming to gather the fruit, and the gardener will shoot into the tree at the birds that come, and perhaps not a great nest over the tree—he did last year. You'll get cherries enough without building your nest there. It is n't best to be too greedy."

And the wren flew away, but the robin and her handsome, red-breasted mate went on with their building. They did not believe what the wren had said. "She only envies us because we've got the first chance," said they.

So the nest was finished away up in the top of the cherry tree, and it had a fine view, and was in a little time after that, four pretty blue eggs in it, and in a little time after that, four tiny robins in place of the eggs. They were queer looking things, not so fat and downy like young chickens; they had scarcely any feathers on them, and they seemed to have only just life enough to open their yellow bills every time anything came near the nest. But the father and mother robin thought they were the prettiest creatures in the world, and they fed them and took care of them, and were as happy as happy could be, while the cherries were green.

But when the cherries began to ripen, they found, to their cost, that the wren's advice was wise and prudent. Somebody came to trouble them every day, and they had scarcely a chance to eat a cherry in peace. And at last, one morning, when they looked out from under their roof of long, green leaves, there stood a man under the tree with a long thing that they knew must be a gun pointing right at them. Their little hearts beat fast with fear, and they knew not what to do. Their children were crying bitterly for food, and they dared not fly away from the tree for fear of being shot. But there they stood all day, and all night, and all the next day, and they did not move or shake, but there he stood, pointing straight toward them. At length the mother robin could bear the ories of her little ones no longer. She hopped carefully out of the nest, and then darted suddenly from the tree, and when her mate saw that she was not harmed, he followed her. They satisfied their own hunger, and then, with plenty of worms in their bills, flew back again; but the man with the gun was there still. They flew around and around, alighting on other trees near and there, but the man did not stir. There he stood, with his gun pointing up into the tree, just as he had stood all day. The little birds cried pitifully in the nest, and the papa bird, sitting on a tree close by, cried too; but the mother made one desperate dart downward, and lit safely on the edge of the nest. The man with the gun did not shoot, but this time her mate did not venture to follow her, so she brooded her young ones all night alone, and in the morning there stood the man yet! What could it mean? Would he never go away? She could not move but she knew that the man was determined never to leave them to starve, unless she was shot and could not help it.

Many days passed, and the man with the gun stood there day and night, and the mother robin lived in the tree, coming and going in fear and trembling; her mate never once daring to come into the nest. And when, after a long time, the young ones were old enough to fly, and they all thankfully made their escape from the tree, the mother robin made up her mind never to be greedy, and to keep clear of cherry trees in future.—*Prose Monthly.*

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

(From the German.—For the Boston Post.)

An angel by a cradle stands,
His brow is fair and beaming bright;
It seems as if his features, bland,
Hee reflected in the light.

"Thou child, so like to me," he said,
"Fly with me to eternal day!
Earth offers nothing worth thy deed,
Come! why shouldst thou here longer stay?"

Earth's pleasures always quickly fly,
Her costliest the heart oppresses;
How mortal is her hour of joy!
What can she give, the heart to bless?

She gives no feast devoid of care,
Nor ever one whole sunny day;
That does not end for a moment's space,
So fleckle is she in her play.

And shall earth's sorrows always dwell
Upon thy pure unsullied brow,
And blanch thy cheek the morrant, pale,
Of tears that from thy eyes o'erflow?

No! follow me! I will thee bear
Where warmer suns thy soul will cheer!
And God will thy release demand
From days that thou shouldst suffer here!

Let her not shed one sorrowing tear
Who calls thee now her little joy;
Let thy last moment greet her here,
As did thy first, thou lovely boy!

That one is dead her house within,
Oh never let her tears betray!
Who dierst young, without a sin,
His last is still his latest day!

And now his snowy wings he flies;
Up to the Father's heavenly throne
The angel with the infant lies—
Oh, mother, mother!—dead thy son!

—[Dedication.]

At a hotel table, one day, one boarder remarked to his neighbor—"This must be a healthy place for children." "Why?" asked the other. "Because I never see any dead ones hereabouts."

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS.

[We desire to keep this List perfectly reliable, and in order to do this it is necessary that speakers notify us promptly of their appointments to lecture. Lecture Committees will please inform us of any change in the regular appointments, as published. As we publish the appointments of Lecturers gratuitously, we hope they will reciprocate by calling the attention of their hearers to the BANNER or LIBERATOR.]

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND will speak in Quincy, Sept. 30 and 31; in Troy, N. Y., December; Philadelphia, in Jan. Her address until Sept. will be Bridgeport, Vermont.

Mrs. LIZZIE DOWEN will speak in Portland, Me., Sept. 6 and 13; in Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 4, 11, 18 and 25. Address: 27 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. EMMA HANCOCK will lecture in the West in the fall and winter. Address, Rose-Croft, Delano, Ct., Burlington Co., New Jersey.

Mrs. ANANDA M. GUNSON will lecture in Quincy, Sept. 6 and 13; in Portland, Dec. 6 and 13. Address, New York City.

Mrs. EMMA HUNTER, will lecture in Portland, Me. during Oct. She may be addressed as above, or East Houghton, Me.

Dr. L. E. and Mrs. A. C. GOODY will lecture in Middlebury, Sept. 6, Quarterly. Those wishing their services for speaking or holding will address, during Aug. Tyson Furness, Vt.; during Sept., Eldridge, Uxbridge, N. Y.

Mrs. MARTHA L. BROWTH, trance speaker, will lecture in Wilmamouth, Ct., Aug. 23 and 30; in Providence, R. I., during Sept.; in Taunton

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FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE SEVENTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

"I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the sun will sink into endless night to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to

Wade through slaughter to a throne
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind
but there is a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I will cherish it. I see one vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north in one unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific; and I see one people, and one law, and one language, and one faith, and over all that vast Continent, the home of freedom and justice for the oppressed of every race and of every clime."—Extract from John Bright's Speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.

The Great Middle Party.

Fox was called the Great Commoner, because he so eloquently represented the interests of the English middle classes during the changes and popular perturbations of the last century. Henry Clay deservedly took the same name among the great men and statesmen of his time, for reasons almost exactly similar. In point of fact, the men, or the ideas, which most faithfully represent the great middle class, are invariably the most powerful, perhaps because most readily put in practice.

In the movements of this our time, embracing the wide field of human relationships and responsibilities, we may say there are now, and for some considerable time have been, three several parties, at times operating through organizations, and at times in a loose and disjointed manner. These parties, or elements, are the radicals, the holdbacks, and the progressive conservatives. The first class would crack on at lightning speed, if they could, even at the cost of all which has been secured and attained already; the second would not stir a peg nor budge an inch, but would hold on forever right where they are, merely vegetating until the vigor of that process has ceased, and most begin to silently coast them from head to foot. The third class, which is and ever must be the preponderating and controlling one, is made up of persons whose sentiments lie exactly between these other two, inspired in great part by the one and properly balanced by the other. It is generally called the Conservative class; but it does not follow that its entire occupation is that of preserving and accumulating; what is good, and ascertained already to be such, that it holds on by with earnestness; but it would not ignore what is new and advanced, lest there should be no good to it, or because there has been no demonstration mathematically made that virtue does not lie somewhere concealed in it.

If we are to organize any new party in this country, it ought to be, and no doubt will be, one of this very sort; the elements of which are composed of both the conservative and the progressive principles. What is good and desirable in life and nature, that we cannot afford to be afraid of, though it be as yet entirely untried; and what has been found to be valuable and full of virtue in the past, that we cannot afford to part with. These are the two points of importance; we are not to be afraid of experiments, nor are we to surrender the known results of past experiments.

The tendency of things in this country, as they have for some time past fallen under our observation, is to some such combination as this which we have described. Radicalism of itself does not satisfy the people, for the people feel that there are too many combinations of circumstances in life to be disposed of by the lines and plummet of abstract ideas only; nor will torpid conservatism, on the other hand, answer, because "that refuses to do anything or be anything at all. Looking over the boiling sea of politics to-day, a disposition to unite these two forces in discernible among men of all parties; the events of the time have stirred up the sluggish ones, and made them more or less of radicals, while the heat and frenzy of radicalism have wearied others, and led them to consider all over again the tangential tendency of radicalism if left undisturbed by the operation of other leading forces. These two margins of men, therefore, who thus view the current events of the world, are as sure to come together and finally blend, as the sun is certain to rise to-morrow morning. They are the new party which is to be; a party not afraid to cherish and stand up for the achievements and acquisitions of the past, not yet disposed to ignore any new ideas whose light is just streaming over the world.

We require just such an union of spiritual forces in our own country, in order either to save it or to send it on its way forward among the nations of the earth. The events of the time are fast preparing the way for it, too. It may cause all of us the keenest sorrow that such a desired conjunction has to be reached through so much bloodshed and so many woes, but we are to hail and welcome it at any cost, whether of life or treasure; the one condition toward which we are reaching out is just this, and this only—a condition that combines what is desirable in the consideration of all subjects, whether political, social, or religious, and still makes room for the immediate of any new ideas and influences which may properly be introduced.

If we can but reorganize the State and the Church on such a basis, the world will have made a long step forward. We shall then have reached a point where nobody will be afraid to enter upon free inquiry, lest it may land him outside the narrow limits of his creed or party—and where there will be no danger of being taken suddenly off our feet by the new winds of faith and doctrine, in consequence of our holding fast by what is known to have been tried and approved. What a desirable condition of things that will be, when we for the first time are allowed to lead natural and healthy lives, undisturbed by the fierce denunciations now heard on the one side, and the taunts and jests as commonly heard on the other. It will herald the real millennium, when the human spirit is to have its shackles knocked off, and stand erect in its native power and dignity. By the time we get through with this war, the country will be ready to accept the new and better state which we have already suggested.

Total Depravity.

A great many ministers—and some of them are surely old enough to know better—are always preaching up total depravity, earnestly striving to convince everybody that they are among that unfortunate class. John Quincy Adams once said to a popular Orthodox divine, with whom he happened to be in conversation, and who had introduced the notion of total depravity: "You orthodox clergy think most uncharitably of human nature. I have sometimes heard sermons about our wickedness that really made me smile. I wonder that a preacher, after such a discourse, should descend from the pulpit, and take one of us by the hand, and say, 'My dear friend, believe in yourself, and you will be performing a technical, routine task, and not really with practical wisdom or common sense. I think better of human nature.'"

More Admissions.

It has long ago been noted and commented on as a fact, that the principles of Spiritualism are oftentimes stated, if not advocated, by what is called the secular press, even when its conductors do not know what they do. We find this press, as a whole, continually tending to liberality and larger ideas. The recently announced death of Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, gave some of the papers another opportunity to express themselves on the topic which, in one form or another, is engrossing all the people. The Providence Journal, in remarking on his career, furnishes its readers with the following incident, which all our readers will at once see is characteristically spiritual. He entered the Senate, says the Journal, with James Burrill, of this State. They were intimate friends. Burrill, with a presentiment of his early death, once said to him, "I shall die young; you will live to be an old man, and will remain in the public service. I can see you now, in imagination, walking through these corridors, gray-haired and tottering." The prediction was fulfilled. The short and brilliant career of Burrill closed, more than a generation ago; the long and illustrious career of Crittenden continued till Jackson, and Calhoun, and Clay, and Webster, and Benton, and scores of lesser, yet distinguished, statesmen had passed away." So says the Journal. It furnishes simply a case of clear prophesy, of unequalled clairvoyance. These instances are by no means so rare as might be supposed, and would be of general interest if only brought before the light of day. They are no wonders to us—they are not even wonderful in themselves; but are as common as the air that blows, or the waters that run. The world is opening its eyes, too, to find it out.

Tired of Marriage.

How sadly it makes a contemplative person feel to read over the list of divorces which too frequently accompany the records of our Court proceedings! In that little roll is bound up a world of sufferings and woes, which the common eye does not see. There is the history of the early and romantic courtship, the exchange of vows, the happy marriage, when all was fair and full of promise, and the pleasant entrance upon busy and responsible life—all mapped out under the eye that alone knows how to read it; and then mistakes have come after—gusts of passion, which are but the result of a lack of proper control—and hard words—and separation. Such is the brief and lamentable record of too many such cases of divorce, which might have been made to read in just an opposite way.

Incompatibility of temper and temperaments is a difficulty none too often touched upon; but when will so great an evil as this be cured? when will parents teach children the hidden, yet simple, laws of their own being, and the mysterious ways of their spiritual natures? Why are young people so carefully kept from all knowledge, both of themselves and one another? Just so long as this system of ignorance is practiced, will there continue to be unhappy marriages and frequent divorces; there will be a positive loss of earthly happiness, where it might have been all sunshine and heaven; there will be cross purposes and misunderstandings, wrong actions and misery. It is a fearful thing for two persons to feel obliged to live together beneath the same roof all their lives, and yet wish they had never seen one another. And yet the evil goes on, and increases continually in magnitude. It seems, at times, as if it were making frightful inroads into our social system, from which it cannot recover. Undoubtedly, however, all this suffering is exactly what will conduct society to a timely and proper remedy. We sincerely hope that a most effectual remedy is not far off.

The Case of the Freedmen.

The Report of the Commission appointed by the President, to inquire into the condition and prospects of the freed slaves, has just been published. It was doubtless written, as stated by several journals, by Robert Dale Owen, who is at the head of the Commission. It takes up the condition of those slaves in the District of Columbia, Eastern Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Florida, who have been set free by the legitimate operations of the war, and describes their condition, their capacity, and their probable prospects; hints at several modes by which their condition may hereafter be ameliorated; and enters on a disquisition of great interest to the general reader of the various elements of characteristics of the negro race in America. The Commission report a recommendation to divide the Southern field of operations into several departments, to be organized under one general Superintendent, and that the heads of the several departments be permitted to enjoy a certain kind of authority within their own limits, and to be duly assisted by others whenever their labors shall increase so much as to require it. The Report is of great interest, and it is to be followed by another more in detail of what is doing and is to be done.

Fearless Criticism.

It is of no use for us to fight for liberty, if by liberty only something in general is meant, and nothing in particular. The state of things which demands a certain uniformity of thinking, is certain to produce a very slender generation of intellects, since all men will be required to shrink and conform to a low partisan standard. This most important fact cannot be too seriously considered. When Napoleon the Third undertook to exile all literary men from France who would not write to suit the wants of his personal ambition, he openly proclaimed, of course, that a class of first class men and royal thinkers was not needed in his Empire. As a consequence, he has managed to drive the ablest men from his imperial realm, and to collect about him a coterie of intellectual characters, of which even a less powerful court than his could but poorly make a boast. He will never signalize his reign by great writers and thinkers, let him make a name by whatever other methods he may.

Caution.

We have received a letter from Ohio, in which the writer says she saw the notice of "B. Madison, Alfred, Me.," who advertises "cheap sewing machines." Our correspondent says she sent a draft for twelve dollars for a sample machine, and after waiting some weeks, received a letter saying the draft had been received, but that the advertiser was behindhand with his orders, and it would be a couple of weeks before he could send a machine. The writer concludes her letter in this wise:—"I have now waited months—have written, and received no reply. I also, employed my postmaster to write to the postmaster of Alfred, Me., but have received no reply from him."

We do not wish to be understood as saying that this particular case is a swindle, for we do not presume to judge; but the party advertising should certainly forward the machine, according to agreement, or refund the money.

New Music.

Oliver Ditson, 277 Washington street, has just published "Wanted—A Sublimity," words by Frank Wilder; also a plantation song, entitled, "We'll Fight for Uncle Abe," which is being nightly sung by the Buckley Serenaders with success.

Interesting Essays by the Invisibles.

On our sixth page will be found two essays by the Invisibles, given at our free circles, on "The Philosophy of Mediocrity," and "Hopes and Hopes of Spiritualism."

New Publications.

THE SPIRIT OF THINGS, OR PSYCHOGRAPHY, BY ANONYMOUS AND DISCIPLES. By William and Elizabeth M. F. Denton. 1 vol. 19 mo. pp. 870. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

This volume is a valuable addition to the literature of the day, dealing as it does with some of the highest subjects that present themselves to human consideration, and doing so in a catholic spirit. Its title explains its purpose, as it relates to the *Spirit of Things*, and the authors penetrate beyond the surface, as the results of their philosophic and well-directed inquiries and labors. They do not accept the common circle as that beyond which no one shall pass, and still retain the world's respect. They push their researches far beyond the bounds of that circle, in a spirit of enlightened independence, and in accordance with the teachings of that philosophy which holds that nothing is discovered while there remains anything to discover. Nothing has been more fatal to the cause of truth than the phenomenal which even great men have paid to certain conventionalities, by which their powers have been lessened, and the progress of the age retarded. The world might have been to-day where it will be a century hence, had not prejudices stood in the way of inquiry and demonstration. Thoughtful persons are beginning to see this, and therefore it is that we occasionally have a book published that betrays the existence of a deeper spirit of inquiry than formerly prevailed, and greater courage on the part of inquirers.

This volume is of the class of books to which we refer—a small class as yet, we admit, but destined to have a large increase—and its appearance is to be hailed as evidence of boldness as well as ability in the right quarter. Mr. Denton is not daunted by the prospect of having his well-estimated statements called in question by those narrow-minded "respectabilities" who are resolved to believe only what they know, and who feel it to be a solemn duty to deny everything that has the appearance of being new. Some of these persons have the will to burn any man who has the spirit to push his inquiries far and wide, but, fortunately, their power is as feeble as their minds, and they have to content themselves with whatever of strength there is in hard words. One of the victories of the mind, and the chief one, is, that freedom of mind has been so far established, that research is now possible in every direction; and from this must come the final triumph of truth over error.

There was a time, and that not long ago, when the publication of such a work as this would have been a source of danger to all concerned in it; but now it is as safe to put it forth, beyond what injury may proceed from powerless abuses, as it would be to publish a treatise on the law of evidence. The authors invite criticism, and are confident that the effect thereof will be good on the cause, to promote which they write. "This work is, I feel," says Mr. Denton, "the merest introduction to one of the widest and most important fields in which the soul of man ever labored; and I trust it will have the effect of inducing men that they should pull down all the theoretical scaffolding that we have erected." A man who can thus write, whose object is the vindication of truth, is not likely to be deterred from his course by the suggestion that what he states is too strange to be believed, but desires what he puts forth should be investigated; and this is what Mr. Denton tells us is the case with him. He seeks the establishment of truth, not the mere establishment of a theory. An early inquirer in a peculiar province, he gives a great number of facts in support of his views, which are of the rarest interest, and which are calculated to astonish most readers. Even as a mere work of entertainment, "The Soul of Things" is a book fitted to make a very lively impression on the general mind. The wonderful facts which the authors narrate make attractive reading, and the genial style in which they are told doubles their value. The work indicates a large range of acquirement, and also the ability to turn knowledge to account, things that are not always found together. It will be read by many from curiosity, who will find in it something to move their minds to inquiry into higher subjects than those to which they have generally devoted their powers, and thus it will promote inquiry in the right direction, which is one of the purposes of books of this kind. We commend the work to all our readers, as one that is singularly calculated to elevate and instruct all who shall peruse its pages, and as one of the evidences of the high form which inquiry is taking in our age.

All orders for the above work sent to this office will be promptly attended to. Price, \$1.25; postage, 20 cents.

INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM, OR, EMANCIPATION FROM MENTAL AND PHYSICAL BONDAGE. By Charles B. Woodruff, M. D. New York: Sinclair, Tousey, 121 Nassau street.

The above is the title of a handsomely printed book of 118 pages, by the author of that excellent work, "Legalized Prostitution." We shall have more to say of this work, after we have examined its contents.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE for September is ready thus early for its patrons. It is said to be the cheapest magazine in the world. Price ten cents a number, and each number complete. Published by Elliot, Thomas & Talbot, 118 Washington street, Boston.

We have received through the mail, a pamphlet of twenty-two pages, entitled, "Record of Action of the Convention held at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. July 15th and 16th, 1863, for the purpose of facilitating the introduction of colored troops into the service of the United States."

CABLETON, of New York, is about publishing from advance sheets, a translation of "Victor Hugo's account of his life." The witness of his life referred to, says a writer in the Boston Transcript, is understood to be the wife of the celebrated man, but it is very probable that the work is in a great degree an autobiography. Hugo is upwards of sixty years of age, and the story of his early life, if truly written, will be of deep interest, as his parents were attached to the person of Napoleon the First, and followed his fortunes from the beginning of this century till his return from Elba. He accompanied his parents throughout these stormy scenes. Hugo was educated within the walls of a convent by an old General, whom his family were concealing from the Imperial police. From early manhood he has played an important part in the political history of France, and his connection with the first men of Europe must form a theme of many interesting chapters in the new work. The life of the author of "Les Misérables" will be looked for with a great deal of interest.

"What's the Use?"

Garrison and his "nondescripts" writer can never ignore the BANNER OF LIGHT by their libels against it. It is too firmly established in the affections of the great Spiritual Phalanx of America for that. Men who will resort to such methods to "feather their own nests," and at the same time make the people believe they are the friends of progress, deserve the severest reprehension. We hope Spiritualists (Societies) will not in future engage Garrison to lecture before them, until he sees fit to repudiate the billingsgate put forth in his columns against Spiritualism and Spiritualism, by one of the noisiest prophets of humbugly extant.

The Colorado gold mines are shifting beneath their feet. They promise to shake the world.

Jefferson Davis.

This distinguished gentleman is certainly in a bad way. The proclamation he has recently issued to his troops is a clear confession that the Confederacy is on its last legs, and must certainly go under, unless speedily assisted by its friends in the Southern States. In case the deserters and absentees from the rebel army do not at once return to camp—and if they do they will receive free pardon for all past offences—there is no hope left for Davis and his conspirators whatever. The appeal he makes to them, men and women, is truly touching for its earnestness. He conjures them to come forward and unite in resisting the aggression of the North—the fires of incendiarism, the disposition to rob and plunder, the unbridled passions of our soldiery, and all that; when he only means by his appeal that the men of the South shall come up to the work of saving him and his from the destruction which impends. He knows that his kingdom of usurpation is coming to an end, as his proclamation for fast confesses. If the patriots of the land do but persevere, the days of the Rebel Confederacy are all numbered. This present year may show us the end of it.

The Crops.

The reports from the grain growing portions of the country indicate that the crops for the present year, though perhaps not equal to those of last year and the year previous, are nevertheless fully up to what they were for the two or three years preceding 1861. The extremely wet weather has had its effect upon grasses, of course; the grain has not been so widely reached by its influence. On account of the Polish troubles, it is probable that England will have to do without her usual import stock from the Baltic countries; Russia having ordered a suspension of all grain exports, and France being resolved without doubt to do the same, especially in case of threats of troubles on the continent. In that case, Great Britain will be obliged to rely upon the United States for a large share of her supplies of grain for her crowded population, even in case she obtains an average crop from her own acres. Without doubt, therefore, we shall be able to sell the whole margin of our products, after the home supply is covered, and at most remunerative prices. Labor is scarce and high, and will add greatly to the cost of grain, as well as of all other productions.

Rumors of an Amnesty.

Some few weeks since there were started rumors of a serious difficulty in the Cabinet on account of the proposal, by Mr. Seward, of the offer of an Amnesty by the President to the body of the people of the rebellious States. It was reported that the division of the Cabinet was a wide and violent one, with small hopes of its healing. It now appears that no such division ever existed, for the reason that no such proposal was ever made, by Mr. Seward or anybody else. There was a purpose in setting such a story on foot, being to excite certain hopes in Europe, favorable to the Confederacy of the South. The story did have its effect, it seems, doing all the temporary mischief it was capable of, and not being corrected there even until now. That is a reckless and wicked style of journalism, which panders to the passions and prejudices of foreign powers at the expense of every feeling like patriotism. It is needless to add that the paper that set such a story on foot is the New York Herald.

Trouble with Foreign Powers.

Should such an exigency arise, it is as well to see what might be the first result. If we possess ourselves of the yet unoccupied Southern ports, it would put a very different face upon the matter. By that time, it might occur to Napoleon that it was not exactly for his interest to form an alliance with the South. He could not very well open those ports, if he tried, after we once became masters of them. England being jealous of him, too, how is it possible for them to agree in their terms of making war on us together? Should France obtain an advantage by her present meddling in Mexico, England will never go into any arrangement with him against us, in the world. This most natural split between them will hardly be apt to result in our own detriment. These forces of nations, like those of Nature, are distributed in such a way that they always help rather than hinder the great purposes of God's providence. The envy of those two nations may be the best assurance of our safety.

A New Map for the People.

Benj. B. Russell, publisher, 615 Washington street, Boston, has placed upon our table, H. H. Lloyd & Co.'s Great Country Map of the United States. First published August 1, 1863. Its publication marks an era in the history of Maps. It is the largest, latest, plainest and cheapest map of the whole United States, including the Territories, ever issued. It covers our entire country, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Northern boundaries of our Great Lakes, and from the waving plains of Maine to the golden shores of California. It has the advantage over all other maps, because it has just been engraved, and contains all the towns, rivers, mountains, &c., made famous by the war, and not down on other maps. Its topography is accurate, and while it has an immense number of names, it does not confuse the eye with a great mass of unimportant matter. Size 40 x 54. Price, in sheets beautifully colored in counties, 60 cents; mounted, \$1.25.

Another Picnic.

The Spiritualists and others who attended the late Picnic at Abington Grove, had such a capital time there, that they are desirous of another opportunity to visit the grove the present season. We cannot say positively, but we are of the opinion that arrangements will be made about the first of September for another similar excursion.

Our Free Circles.

Have been suspended during the hot weather, till the first Monday in September, when they will be resumed again as usual.

FEDERAL VICTORIES.—The results of the recent engagements with the rebels can be summed up thus: Twenty-eight successful contests, with a loss to the enemy of more than three hundred guns and eighty thousand prisoners. Lee driven back into Virginia, the Mississippi open from its source to the Gulf, the rebels expelled from nearly all Tennessee and Mississippi, the territory subject to their military control reduced to the States of Alabama, Georgia, South and North Carolina, and a part of Virginia.

EXEMPTION OF AN ONLY SON OF A WIDOW.—The clause concerning the only son liable to do military duty of a widow dependent upon his labor for support, is thus construed by the Provost Marshal General: "A widow may have several other sons, but if they are not liable to do military duty, then the particular son on whom she is dependent for support will be exempt; but if her other sons are liable to do military duty, the fact that she is dependent on the labor of a particular son for support will not exempt him from the draft."

We see it stated in a Michigan paper, that "The Spiritualists of Colchester have now nearly completed a new church, which will be the largest and most commodious edifice in that place. They maintain regular weekly meetings."

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Twenty-six national banks have been authorized by the government, with a capital of \$4,918,000. The highest is for \$600,000, in Cleveland, and the lowest is for \$50,000.

Liberia chooses her President, once in two years. Accounts from Liberia state the Memorial address presented in the choice of Hon. Daniel Bashell Warner, as President, and Rev. James M. Priest as Vice President, the term of office to commence in January, next. Mr. Warner is of mixed African blood, born in Baltimore, April 19, 1815, reached Liberia, May 24, 1832, and has not since been out of the country.

The longest stage route in the world is the one between Atchinson in Kansas and Placerville in California—one thousand nine hundred and fifteen miles. The fare is \$200; 10 1/2 cents a mile.

A glass factory has been established in or near San Francisco, where, on the 20th of June, the first practical glass-blowing in the State took place. The enterprise has been a success, and the "Pacific Glass Works" are in full operation; and, as represented, with the exception of soda-ash, all the materials used are procured within the State.

LONDON GARRING BILLS.—London has progressed from a walled town, covering about seven hundred acres, with a population half mercantile, half military, living in a labyrinth of courts and alleys, the majority being, as it appears from an old proclamation, "heaped together, and in a sort half smothered," to the majestic city of the present day, spreading over more than one hundred and twenty square miles, and containing two thousand six hundred miles of streets, flanked by three hundred and sixty thousand houses, with a population of three million, and an assessed annual rental of thirteen million pounds sterling.

An Irishman says he sees no earthly reason why we men should not be allowed to become medical men.

A clergyman was once asked whether the members of his church were united. He replied that they were perfectly united—*from together*.

Years do not go from us, but we from them; stepping from the old into the new, and always leaving behind us some baggage no longer serviceable on the march. Look back along the way we have trodden. There they stand, every one in his place, holding fast all that was left in trust with him. Some keep our childhood, some our youth, and all have something of ours which they will give up for neither bribe nor prayer; the opinions cast away, the hopes that went with us no further, the cares that have had successors, the follies outgrown, to be revived by memory, and called up for evidence some day.

It has become quite fashionable in Paris for ladies to be in excellent physical condition—in other words embonpoint is quite the style, and asthepique waist is considered perfectly frightful. This is all because the empress, as she advances in age, is showing a tendency to fatten.

HOW TO WATER PLANTS.—This is usually badly done. Water is poured upon the surface, enough, perhaps, to wet down an inch or two. The water washes the fine earth into the chinks and interstices, and there the plant stands with dry or only moist soil below, but with a baked mass on the surface which shuts out warmth, air, and the moisture that would be derived from its free circulation. One of two methods should be adopted: Remove the surface earth and pour on water enough to reach the wet subsoil, and when the water has soaked in, replace the dry surface soil, to be moistened from below; or, make a hole as near the plant as you can without disturbing the roots, and fill this with water two or three times, and afterwards fill it with the dry earth thus removed. At all events, when you water at all, water freely, and with the foot of a hoe throw a little dry earth over the surface as the water settles away.

The miser isn't vain; he thinks a penny better worth saving than his soul.

New England will bear all the tests which can be applied to her, and with all her faults, there is not her equal on the globe in all that constitutes greatness and goodness of character.

A LARGO CEMETERY.—Pennsylvania and eight other States have made arrangements to purchase a part of the Gettysburg battlefield for a cemetery, where may be gathered the remains of those who fell in that battle.

A chap down in Connecticut, after the passage of the conception act, got married to evade the draft. He now says, if he can get a divorce he will enlist, as if he must fight, he would rather do so for his country.

"I would have you know that I am a man of quality," said a margalo to a Bannor. "And I," replied the financier, "am a man of quantity."

"A little more animation," whispered Lady B. to the gentle Susan, who was walking through a quadrille. "Do leave me to manage my own business, mamma," replied the prudent nymph; "I shall not dance my ringlets out of curl for a married man."

"Of course not, my love; but I was not aware you your partner was."

He who spends his whole time in sports and calls it recreation, might appropriately wear garments all made of fringes, and eat dinners of nothing but sauces.

A Chinese boy, who was learning English, came across the passage in his Testament. "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced," rendered it thus: "We have toot, toot to you; what's the matter you no jump?"

A Confederate dollar bill is now worth in Dixie just nine and three-quarter cents. Out of the Confederacy it is perfectly worthless.

The oldest newspaper in the world is published in Pekin. It is printed on a large sheet of silk, and has made a weekly appearance for over one thousand years.

Two ship loads of Mormons, 1,624 persons, arrived at New York a week since from England en route for Salt Lake.

COVETOUS.—"How—without magic art—How win a woman's heart?" "Tell me," said he. "Love her!" said she.

He that accuses all mankind of corruption, ought to remember that he is sure to convict only one.

THE COURT.—Men, who spend five cents a day for chewing tobacco, ten cents for cigars, and fifty for liquors, have no right to complain that they are poor.

A terrible earthquake occurred at Mahalia on the 24 of June. Two thousand lives were lost; half the city was ruined; and every building in it damaged.

Gen. Joseph says that "there were hundreds of rebels who had never seen an American flag, until 1863, and they carried it with them in their pockets."

The editor of a New York paper says that "the American people have been so long oppressed by the war, that they are now beginning to feel the war, and are now beginning to feel the war, and are now beginning to feel the war."

On Sunday evening, July 24, Mrs. E. W. Farnham with three other ladies, Mrs. J. M. Delphala for Gettysburg via Baltimore, saw the latter place, Mrs. Farnham sent a note to the editor with a request that twenty more female students be sent forth. A check was urgent need of the students. I succeeded in getting about organizing a company to go on Wednesday.

ing day and night to the two wounded. I had come to the
bring up "mules," but I was with the damned fellows
line of humanity could not take a scene, and not get
to work. I offered my services and was assigned for
large units. My "business" was all upon the ground
and it had been raining almost every day since. It was
beats, it always rains there, and it rains
delivered a rule of the West. The "mules" were
the wounded men, a continuous stream of them.

away is made room for more tanks. It is

from the beginning of the century, who

could and did do this, day after day, and the "Go
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