

the rest of their lives, one unreasoning worship
their greatness. Why should you and I be distasteful

by this? They are not the men we would choose for our eternal mates."

"There is much truth in what you say, James; but I do worship intellect. Of what use is simple goodness without mind power? As for the spiritual, I do not understand it. How many men out of a million would comprehend a woman like you?"

"I smile, as I think of my absent and blinded soul. "One on this earth comprehends me fully," I reply. "Oh yes," says she, warmly. "Captain St. Leon is a prize. Ah, if all men were like him, this earth would be like your fabled Paradise, or spirit-world, you talk so much about."

Even she could not fall of appreciating his noble qualities, though like a very skeptic she relied at all love, and expressed her entire unbelief in its perpetuity beyond the grave.

"Your aim to life is found," she continues. "You are believed and happy; you are not ambitious, or you might make your mark in the world; your dreams of heaven, added to the realities you have, satisfy you. I am what you call worldly. I am a part of the spirit of the age, and that demands external aids of wealth and show. I fret because my knowledge does not better fill my coffers; because my friends would have me plain and spiritless, and get offend if I tell them true truths. A lordly home, rich surroundings, all the treasures of art and luxury, are necessary to my happiness. I do not on rich dress and flashing jewels all in good taste of course, but gorgeous, magnificent, tropical. I should resign myself most willingly to the fate of a princess, or that of the mistress of a fine plantation, with a horde of useful servants obedient to my call; for aside from the feeling of security, the firm foothold in the world that wealth bestows, I think I could infuse into that commonly listless life some share of intellectual activity and interest."

"Not unless you carried sympathy into the work. If you would condescend to step from your isolated grandeur as a princess, to look beyond your own bounded circle, of which, with your mind, you soon would tire, you might succeed. If, as mistress of a plantation, you undertook to teach and elevate your human chattels, you might find employment for your hands and soul. Otherwise, you would feel as cramped and un-satisfied as you do here. In the midst of this beautiful city, with all the means of beneficence at hand. Change of position, of locality, or circumstances, will not bring happiness; we must build its shrine ourselves, and lay the foundation by our own efforts."

"I cannot accept of all your philosophy, though I must admit it is a most sunny one. I have none of the saint or martyr element in me. I love the beauty of this world well enough, but I cannot close my eyes to its many obnoxious things and repelling objects. I live in the pleasure of ruling, in the enjoyment of the power of command, with sceptre in hand, and intellect to guide. I should make but a poor girl-child, or holy Elizabeth of Hungary; but I could make a tolerable modern President, or Queen, of some petty empire." And she laughs with a mixture of regretful pride and scorn.

I feel that she needs a thorough awakening from the indolent life of self-contemplation; and for her highest advancement I hope that circumstances will bring about the salutary change. Perhaps the strong, yet gentle hand of love, in destined to reveal to her the best uses of many brilliant gifts. I tell her so, but she only smiles in disdain, and says such "sentimentalism" is not for her.

This great and richly endowed intellect is unwarmed by the sunlight of those life-hallowing affections that shed over the earthly pilgrimage the foregleams of the eternal state. Perhaps some sorrowing memory lies closely folded to the seemingly cold, proud heart, un-revealed save to the eye of heaven. Mayhap, some early disappointment has shrouded the once glowing hope and rosy anticipations with a funeral pall. I know not, for Marian is not confiding; and the secret chambers of the human sanctuary are guardedly closed, even to her best friend. Oh, if she would but go abroad into the wide, awaiting fields of human labor, with brave and sympathizing heart and ready hands! What a vast amount of good such a mind could bestow upon the erring, the ignorant, the unfortunate.

I pass on to my next comber, Mr. Horatio Woodland.

He is one of your destructive kind of reformers, whose extreme combativeness leads him to lay violent hands (figuratively speaking) on every phase of religion as a cepted by himself; on every social evil to be bled, on all that conflicts with his own view of government, education, home arrangement, and individual advancement. Sometimes he amuses and entertains me; sometimes he bores me terribly; but I know there is a fund of genuine goodness in his soul, only it is not presented under agreeable forms. He is rude, abrupt, and with his loud voice and emphatic gestures could easily be mistaken for a very quarrelsome person. I will give you a short specimen of his style of conversation and peculiar views. He lectures in the full dominion of evil spirits.

"Mrs. St. Leon," he begins, "do you still dare to hope for your Millennium to come out of all this bloodshed, anarchy, thieving, and lousy-turvy kind of war-busness? Are you still so blinded that you do not see it's all the work of evil spirits, possessing humanity and goading them on to all these excesses? My own special medium, in whom I have the utmost confidence, told me only yesterday, while in a trance state, that the country was bound to go to rack and ruin, unless a different policy was pursued by the authorities. It was the spirit of the immortal Washington communicating, and the way he brought down the medium's hat on the table, started the old echoes, I assure you."

"My faith is not shaken in the least by all the inevitable discords of the time. I look to the ultimate good, and am reconciled. But what did the spirit of Washington advise?" I asked with an incredulous smile.

"That a brave army be organized at once under the banner of Spiritualism; leaders chosen from among our public teachers; then we shall conquer the enemy's acuity, have no more defeats, only a series of splendid victories. We shall rout the evil forces of Injustice, and the South overcome, we shall build up a new Republic, tear down all the strongholds of separation, and have spiritual meeting-places in their stead, overturn the present system of commerce, teach by installation in place of books, and have a glorious, free, and united country."

I shake my head.

"What!" he exclaims, waxing at once warm and wrathful. "Would you spurn such excellent counsel? Would you set your puny will in opposition to the mighty mind of Washington? And Ben Franklin, Jefferson, and good old Luther, all give the same advice."

"Excuse me, but I doubt their identity. You complain of the fraud and violence perpetrated under the name of law, yet you would enter upon the work of demolition with an equal zeal. Pardon my frankness, but the essence of such an enterprise as yours would make out of Spiritualism a sectarian organization; and I think we of the faith are not yet sufficiently advanced to a body to wield the rules of Government. There is too much fanaticism and ignorance in our midst; we have not all learnt self-government, and it is dangerous to follow the dictates of spirits, when we are not secured of their identity."

"Zounds, madam! have n't I had ten years' experience in spiritual manifestations, and do you think I could be led astray? I tell you, I am in respect fully with the Father of our Country. I am an especial favorite of his.

I have a mission to perform for high and holy spirits. I have been the means of relieving mediums from more evil spirits than you can think of. You may smile as long as you please, ma'am, but some day you will agree with me, when some of the malicious ones take possession of you, and compel you to do their will."

"I do not fear them. I believe that a well-directed will, a life in accordance with natural law, is sufficient to keep all evil spirits at a distance. Why, friend Woodland, what have we gained in exchange for casting aside the horn-headed, cloven-footed beast of antiquity, if we unborn mortals are to be dealt by legions of fiends? Undeveloped, ignorant, or even evil-disposed spirits may approach us to suggest, to prompt, to tempt; they can never control, unless we entirely lay aside our reason, yield to them implicitly, and are no longer accountable moral beings."

"All your talk just proves in what a fatal error you live. You set up for yourself, and you can't think a thought, or do a thing, but what you are prompted and controlled by spirits. You and I are nothing but machines for the spirit-world to use."

"God forbid!" is my fervent ejaculation. "I believe that we are morally, severely accountable. Our own hands are to remove the barriers that obstruct the path of Progress. Our own feet are to cast aside the stumbling blocks in the way. Our hearts are to join efforts with our minds to live purely and usefully, and in this we are inspired from the fountain source of whose Divine existence we are a part, and we are aided, counseled, guided, and warned, taught and benefited by spirit-friends, not made the footballs of an outside spirit, not at the mercy of disembodied ones. I object to the use of the word control; only God controls, by virtue of wise, loving, and unchangeable laws."

"You think you are acting from a standpoint of mighty independence, now, do n't you, Mrs. St. Leon? And all the time it's spirits prompting you, though you deny it. You're influenced this very minute. I know it by the color on your cheek, and the light in your eyes. They'll pounce on you bodily some of these days, when you least expect it; so don't crow too loud. If you would only lay aside your self-sufficiency and be passive, you would make a splendid medium. But the higher spirits cannot approach, unless you give up your will."

"I am not willing to give up my individuality at the dictate of man or spirit," I firmly reply. "Look at the evidence all around us of the mischievous tendencies of such a course. Ten thousand extravagant fanaticisms, vagaries that put to the blush our present civilization, have sprung from such directions. No, sir, God has given us reason for our guide, knowledge for our safeguard. We are not blindly to believe, but carefully to investigate. We are to study from the wide opened book of Nature, from the pages of history. From art and science we are to gather funds of light. We are not to blind ourselves down to any one form of revelation, to the exclusion of the rest. We are not to remain fastened down to the plane of physical manifestations, tests of spirit-power, and communications. We are to grow interiorly, and to give evidence of that growth by a wider charity, a more cultivated philanthropy, a better wisdom, and a wiser love."

"You are a transcendentalist (the same title Marian Ellworth bestows upon me) and a skeptic, ma'am!" vociferates the old gentleman, thoroughly out of patience. "You won't sit in a circle because you're too aristocratic, and the spirits of Tom, Dick and Harry ain't refined enough to suit your ladyship. That's it; and when a blessed angel of light does come from the higher spheres, you turn your back upon him, disbelieving his identity. Madam, do n't you think I'm good enough for General Jackson or President Washington to speak to?"

"You know, my friend, that I do not uphold the world's distinctions, but I believe in mental and spiritual affinities; and truth compels me to say that I can see no link between your mind, or that of Mrs. Bradder, your medium, with the great men you have mentioned, or with the views that common sense teaches us they would come to earth to advocate."

"Zounds! madam, you are insulting! Do you mean to say I am a spiritual baby, yet in my A B C's? That's equivalent to calling me a fool! But you can't help it. I must exercise charity toward you. It's not yourself; it's the opposition spirits talking; but they can't talk me down!"

He is in a fury now; his face glows red with anger, and he thumps his cane upon the floor in indignant protest. Ruby, whose supreme aversion is a cane and a broom, rushes full-mouthed at him. I come to the rescue, calmly preserving my gravity and my temper.

"I do think you somewhat of a spiritual baby," I quietly respond.

"Mrs. St. Leon, you are a spoiled child! Your husband pets you to death, and that makes you so vain and proud! How dare you talk so to a man more than old enough to be your father? You ought to be drummed out of the city for your skepticism!"

"And you should accompany me, friend Woodland, banished from the Quaker head-quarters, for your fanaticism," I answered, smiling.

"It's of no use to argue with child-minds," he resumes, loftily: "it's only a waste of time. If you had to buffet with the world as I have, and encounter opposition as I do, you would n't be always wear that self-complacent smile. Your theories about love and marriage, too, are simply ridiculous to a mind that's on a higher plane. I tell you it's all selfishness, this forcing one person exclusively out of all the world, and taking entire possession of them. It is n't spiritual; we should love all alike, and let marriage be a good ever comes of it."

"How do you old bachelors know?" I query.

"Have n't I eyes and ears, and powers of observation, ma'am? Do n't I see vinegars and wifes, sweet as honey before folks, and vinegars-nour when alone. Marriage is one of the selfish institutions of the day; loving is all folderol; only weak minds indulge in such folly. The Shakers are right in all but their religion."

"You are a queer mortal. Do I not live happy with my husband?"

"How long have you been married, pray? Wait till a dozen of years have passed, then boast. Have n't you got additional trouble by getting a husband? Aint you scared to death every despatch that comes, for fear he's been killed, or maimed forever? I know I've trouble enough without the care and worry of a wife."

We continue the discussion some time longer, and the eccentric individual, who appears far worse than he is, arises to depart. But I have a gleam of the innate goodness of his heart, the redeeming trait of his otherwise repulsive nature. He tells me, with a moistened eye, of a poor, suffering family in his neighborhood, who need immediate help. I promise my assistance, and we shake hands and part as friends. His heart is not all devoid of love or sympathy.

Next comes Mrs. Bradder, the medium he has been speaking of, and oh! my trials of patience with her. Many would call her crazy; but I know she is sane on all other points but one. It is the exaltation of a complete fanaticism that possesses her. She deems herself the "commissioned agent of the spirit-world." She has been to England, for the sole purpose of bringing over a delegation of spirits who could not land upon the shores of America until the mediocrity went for them.

In the well-remembered terrible riot of 1844, she enacted a prominent part; that is, in her own imagination. She saw bodies of armed and masked spirits, hovering around street corners, and by church doors,

facilitating the populace to deeds of cruelty and vengeance. She believed that in the bow of her hand she held the life of Louis Napoleon, the Anti-Christ. All the framers of the Constitution, all the Protestant Reformers, all the Ancient Sages, came to give her counsel and command. From the same sphere, the spirits interested in Government hid to her side, to bid her prepare for an important position in the department of Justice, under the New Dispensation.

Her words flow forth in an unconnected stream of jargon, by many termed eloquence. With twittings of the body and contortions of the face, closed eyes and vehement action of the hands, this Pythonesque expounds an unintelligible philosophy, and an interminable flood of messages. She is at home in the Oriental Paradise, in the Jewish Heaven, in the Indian houses of unknown tongues, (for which no translator has ever been found), and draws, (under influence,) strange pictures of lizard, serpents, and unnatural looking animals, representing the inhabitants of the primal earth. For all our speakers and prominent mediums, she has an especial mission.

The one delivered to me is, that I am to go to Queen Victoria's court, keeping my embassy a profound secret from all, even my husband. I am to present to Her Britannic Majesty a petition, to which she will affix her royal signature, empowering her distant and most loyal subject, Anne Elizabeth Bradder, to take upon herself the highly honorable charge of the spiritual education of certain yet half juvenile members of Her Majesty's family, which spiritual training for future marvelous greatness is to be effected at a distance—Mrs. B. magnetically controlling the youthful actions of the House of Guelph across the wide Atlantic.

She comes with folded parchments, and long enumeration of the benefits to result from a prompt and entire obedience to the orders of the spirits.

I promptly and firmly decline, suffering with pity for her folly, and suppressed laughter at the same time.

She is deaf to all expostulation; she piles my ignorance and benighted condition, and leaves me with a solemn warning to turn from my unbelief while it is yet time.

We have too many such in our ranks. Yet every human being we meet serves as a teacher, if we but use them rightly. I would tell you more of my visitors, but it is the hour for going upon my rounds of self-imposed duty. I have not much left to tell you.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

A BEAUTIFUL POEM.

MA. EDITOR.—The following grand and noble poem—whether considered simply as a poem, or in its connection as a communication—chanced to come into my possession the other day, and I take the liberty of sending it to the BANNER for publication. It purported to emanate from him who leaned on Jesus' breast, and was given under quite peculiar circumstances, some four years ago, through a highly gifted lady medium of Providence, R. I., to our worthy friend and fellow-laborer, L. Judd Pardee. Its high and splendid promise is still a prophesy—yet to be, I trust, a rich fulfillment.

G. A. B.

A ceaseless fount of golden wine,
Effulgent, dewy and divine,
Springs from the heart's rose-clustered shrine.

In the palace, heavenly white,
Of Peace and pure Delight
From the chalice of the ruby, thou shalt drink Love's nectar bright.

With sad plaint no more imploring,
Thy glad soul her joy outpouring,
Shall sing in glowing anthems like the Seraphim adoring.

No more in weakness mourning,
But with power for thy adorning,
Thou shalt tread with heel unharmed on the serpent head of scornful.

Like a monarch crowned and throned,
With his kingdom's glories zoned,
Justice sits Ruler of thy sphere in halls with diamond domed.

God thrilled, with Truth divine,
Thy thought pictured speech sublime,
Shall rouse the slumbering Nations from their lethargy asleep.

Not with words of splendor shining,
Nor with outward man's designing,
Shalt thou meet the spirits that seek thee, for the bread of life reveals;

But with food of angels gifted,
Thou shalt feed the weak ones drifted
On the hungry waves of Error—but now with Truth uplifted.

Wouldst thou draw the gorgeous curtains,
With wealth of gold oppress,
That veil the day's departure
Through the portals of the west,
Seeking knowledge of the morrow with restless, anxious quest?

Quell the fond and fruitless yearning,
And thy watchful eyes upturning,
See Faith in God, in starry script, on the scroll of Heaven burning.

Look where loveliest light is streaming,
Mid the firmament gleaming;
In the sacred bow of promise Hope's angel face is beaming.

Robed in fairest vesture, woven
In the mansions of the skies,
Of the ardent love-beams darting
From the angels' tender eyes,
Sweet Charity walks with thee like a saint from Paradise.

Thus with heavenward impulse tolling,
Thou'lt find divinest rest,
And like him of old, so much beloved,
So richly, greatly blest,
Thou'lt lean thy head in perfect trust on the Redeemer's breast.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BABY MELLO.

Tiny hands folded
Over her breast,
Dark lashes drooping
Over lids prest.
Lips cold and silent,
Form naught but dust;
Sweet baby Mello,
Now laid to rest.

Under the sod,
Under the sod,
A little form's laid,
A soul's with God.
Lips mute with anguish
—Only can moan:
"Why wast thou taken—
We left alone?"

Ne'er mother, fond mother
With infant's hand,
Thou'lt hush thy darling
Now in the sod.
Up in high heaven—
May, do not weep—
Angels are rocking
Mello to sleep.

Springfield, Mass., Nov. 24, 1893.

You know mock modesty as you do mock-turtle—
from its being the product of a calf's head.

Original Essays.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM.—NO. 14.

BY C. E. F.

We still continue in the more literal aspect of the ancient Word, so far as it has parallel in the modern spiritual phenomena, but we have the symbolic phase yet to present. This concealed in the mysteries of initiation or philosophical Free Masonry those higher discoveries in natural and spiritual sciences which were confined to the privileged classes, priesthoods and philosophers, who were rather too prone to use the Word for the elect against the people. This occultic manifestation of the spirit embraced the principles of all Nature, and may be traced in the Bible, as in all the ancient religions. We have made some progress within the last year in seeking the ancient way of life. We felt that the astronomical framework was not sufficient in the filling up, even in connection with the spiritual record, to present the full Word in all its bearings, and in approaching it from a fuller point of view, we find there are keys to its more secret chambers in geometry, anatomy, physiology, &c., as well as in astronomy. We have been sejourning in these chambers, whose "secrets" have been hidden from the founders of the world. We have been taught from the heavens above, the earth below, and the water under the earth, for the full way of life in the ancient Word, and we think we shall be able to present it in the light it was conceived, and in fuller measure than has ever been before, in the light of all Israel and the sun. The Word is in such questionable shape, and put in such symbolic wise, that unless the keys are nicely adjusted to its various wards, there is no entrance to its holy of holies and the mere surface or literal reader has no vision beyond the drapery of the letter. This is often beautiful, to be sure, and radiant from the exterior unfolding; but within the veil there is harmony and adjustment of parts in the way that the ancient wise men generated the earth and the heavens.

We shall not, however, foreclose the letter which has much of truth in its lineaments, though it often kills while its spirit gives life. There are many spiritual whiffs to the letter in modern phenomena. As "children cutting teeth receive a coral," so do we give in the order that it came to us from the lesser to the greater light through the ascending or progressive degrees; hence this, and some twenty numbers to follow, being written more than a year ago, before we were unfolded in other spheres with more open vision, will present the fullest aspect we then had. We are some seventy numbers ahead of the BANNER, with whom "a thousand years is as one day," and by whom the "mills of the gods grind slowly," as must needs be the case where so much corn, from many sources, is cast into its hopper to grind. But it will all come out bread after many days. *Selah.*

The miracle of the resurrection of the body was deemed the most brilliant miracle of old time, "It is at least certain that many Theurgists boasted of being endowed with the power of recalling the dead to life. Diogenes Laertius relates that Empedocles resuscitated a woman, that is to say, that he dispelled the lethargy of a woman attacked by uterine suffocation."

Apollonius of Tyana, deemed by many to be a greater miracle worker than Jesus, a more cautiously expressed himself, relatively to a young girl who owed her life to the care of this philosopher. He says that she had seemed to die, while he confessed that the rain which fell upon her, when she was in the act of being carried to the pile with her face exposed, might have commenced exciting her senses."

Thus we see that the resurrection of flesh and blood takes place only when the spirit or life is not wholly departed, and that Aesclepiades, Jesus, and Apollonius had insight and mesmerism or spiritual power to see and to heal.

"An observer of the seventeenth century (P. Boulton) relates that a servant, finding on returning from a voyage his master dead, tenderly and frequently embraced the inanimate body. Thinking that he had created some signs of life in it, he breathed his breath in it with so much perseverance as restored inspiration, and reanimated the apparently dead man. This was not regarded as a miracle; and, happily for the faithful servant, it was no longer the custom to attribute such an occurrence to magic," and to hang, or burn, or torture the escourer as a sorcerer.

But here is a miracle "as a man" a miracle, and none of your half and half. As dead man was cast into the sepulchre of Elshab, and when he touched the bones of Elshab, he revived and stood upon his feet." This is a genuine case, because recorded within "the plastic board barriers," and is therefore "God's Word," but if related elsewhere, and admitted, then the bones of Elshab would have been transformed into magic, in a compact with the Devil.

When the daughter of Jairus was said to be dead, Jesus coming in, roused, said, "She is not dead but asleep," and they laughed him to scorn. She was in the trance sleep, and selecting a harmonious circle for a battery, "he put all the others out, took her by the hand, and her spirit came again." Of course, his disciples saw only the magic and sorcery of the Devil, on the same wise as the Christian Church has seen from that day to this. So, too, it was said of John the Baptist, "He hath a devil."

Not much was known of the days of the laws of the impenetrable world; of electricity and magnetism in rhythmical proportions as media for the soul world to operate upon. This was pardonable ignorance in those days; but in the nineteenth century, insufferable, to labor to perpetuate such by our pulpits, is the sin against the Holy Ghost. However, in the progress out of fossilism, truth and wisdom are justified of all her children; and miracles pass into laws of mundane and transcendence continuity.

There is rather a funny miracle related in connection with Sir Isaac Newton, who, one fine morning, taking an accustomed ride, was accosted by a cowherd, and assured that he would be overtaken by a shower. As the sky was cloudless and the sun brilliant, Sir Isaac disregarded the remark and rode on; but, before he had proceeded far, a heavy shower fell. The philosopher immediately rode back to ascertain the foundation of the prediction. Well, sir," replied the countryman, "all I know about it is this: my cow always twirls her tail in a particular way before a shower." Thus the sure word of prophecy the bovine gyration of tail was as significant as by the rod of God, which Moses carried in his hand. Had Gov. Wins been wise unto salvation, best with the gift of the spirit when he saw F. F. V.'s "hunting stump-tail steers" to and fro and up and down Virginia, he might, with prophet Daniel, "told the sum of the matters," and interpreted the "stump tails" as glory departed, and the coming in of Yankee civilization. But in those days there was no open vision, and now the day of judgment is "laying righteousness to the plummet to sweep away the refuge of lies." Amen.

So prone were the ancients to conceal in mysteries the gifts of the spirit and the evolution of the nations; and to predicate their history, morals and religion in parables, dark sayings and "riddles," that the range of interpretation extends to the "heavens above, the earth below, and to the waters under the earth." Ben-David has asserted that Moses possessed some knowledge of the phenomena of electricity; and M. Hitt, a philosopher of Berlin, has brought

forward very plausible arguments in support of this opinion. Michaelis has even gone further. "The Lord appeared to Moses in the burning bush, and a similar apparition, whom Kendeis calls the devil, appeared to Joseph in the midst of fire, and that he inspired a luminous mark on his body; and, according to Dion Chrysostom, when the prophet quitted the mountain where he had so long dwelt in solitude, he appeared shining with an unspeakable light, which he had brought down from heaven; a prodigy similar to the electric beatification." So, too, Moses came down from the mount with his face burned, or glowing. "May we not ask whether these facts do not indicate, in other terms, the experiments on atmospheric electricity of which a Theosophist might as easily avail himself, as to appear sparkling with light in the eyes of a multitude struck with admiration?"

To a certain extent, granted; but we may in truth include in this continually reaching into transcendence, our circle and battery for spiritual communion with Lords, Gods or Gods—the humanities whom we recognize as once incarnate—"atmospheric electricity" does govern very much the power to communicate. Our telegraph operators from the spirit-land assure us that electric magnetism is the media through which they operate, and they often surely predict the weather for twenty-four or forty-eight hours. Spiritual sciences will become the common wealth of heaven in that direction. We can only penetrate the mysteries and holy of holies of the ancients with the key of their symbolic-astronomical heavens in connection with the mesmeric or spiritual trance. The Virgin Mother of our cherubs, with her immaculate conception, was an ancient "Goddess of America; the Celestial Virgin, Spouse of the Sun, at each revolution of the year, was found a virgin by her husband." So, too, Astrologer John, of Patmos, saw a damsel in the heavens, "clothed with the sun and travelling in birth, pained to be delivered," but was afraid that the Dragon's tail would swoop her child with a "third part of the stars of heaven" to the wilderness of the Moscali scape-goat, old Capricornus, the very brink of the winter solstice, the bottomless pit, the habitation of everlasting woe. In the meantime, "Michael and his angels fought against the Dragon." In the midst of the woe, the woman finds in the heavens "a place prepared of God," while old Capricornus is left on the celestial precipice to warn sinners, and to slay forever and ever the psalm—

"Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go;
Why will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?"

But it has come to pass in these days that the calves cars for none of these things, and call into the very jaws of old Capricornus, even while his mouth is open with the psalm, and pouring out the fury of the Lord in a gale through the blow off bill of the nose. Not so much as by year leave do they double Cape Horn, but dash on in the Summer Land of the Pacific. True, they pass through a terrible hell—a tempest of snow and hail—as they enter the bottomless solstice, unheeding the warning psalm of old *Lilium Capricornus*. Thus the kingdom of hell suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force as much as when Korah, Balaam and Abram went below with wisdom on their backs, or as when Amphionus, in like manner, made his career to the domain of Pluto.

The ancient Hebrews, to make themselves a more exclusive people, changed the names of the Zodiacal signs to fit the purposes of their own mysteries. It is difficult to unravel in the later relations of the Hebrew zodiac, and the patriarchal names; and in the Christian Church it has been attempted to make the present Heathen zodiac give place to the names of the twelve Apostles whose number appears to have been originally fixed in accordance with the old Chaldean heaven of heavens. "The wise men from the East" who saw the star of Jesus, may have suggested the way of setting the hours of heaven in order according to the twelve, and had the Christian zodiac been adopted, we should have had Peter for the first sign, instead of Aries, or the Ram, which taketh away the sins of the world at the vernal equinox, and Judas betraying the son into hell at the bottomless solstice, instead of Capricornus warning the celestial host against the brink of everlasting woe.

We have seen how the Abyssinian God man brought fire from heaven by a songless to the setting on fire dry horse-jug, with frankincense added, as "a sweet smelling savor to the Lord." So, too, "the Magi," according to Ammonius Marcellinus, "preserved perpetually, in their fornares, fire miraculously sent from heaven. The Greeks, who bestowed on the first Pentecost the name of his country, also relate that in the time when Perseus was instructing some Persians in the mysteries of the Gorgons, a globe of fire fell from heaven. Perseus took from it the sacred fire, which he confided to the Magi; and from this event arose the name that he imposed upon his disciples. Here we recollect what was said by Heronius of the celestial fire which was brought down upon the altars, and which they only employed for sacred purposes." Whether by electrical operation, as Franklin taking lightning or fire from heaven, or by auguries, or through some other mystery, it was ascribed to the Lord or magic, though the process was the same, and we have many moderns not yet wile above what is written.

From the preceding, we may conclude, with some probability, that Zoroaster had ideas upon electricity, and possessed the means of attracting lightning, of which he made use to operate the first miracle destined to prove his prophetic mission; and especially to light the sacred fire which he offered to the adoration of his disciples. It is more probable that the original fire of the altars was lighted by reflected mirrors, or by burning glasses, as is now done in the houses of the Parsees in India, when their fire is accidentally extinguished, or allowed to go out; in which case it may be said to be bestowed by the Sun."

In Jewry, this fire was brought down from heaven, not only to consume sacrifices, but to kill men, as when Elijah let off upon a hundred or so. In the Eastern mysteries, "the Sun is addressed as the light of the Divine Ruler; but in an allegorical sense, as the divine light which sheds its rays over all, and emanates from the Supreme Being. To know the sun, the moon, and lightning, is the first-fruit of the science of God. In Isidore mentions a brown Stone, called *Opalium*, whose insensibility when sprinkled with oil." Probably the Stone which Jacob anointed at Bethel as a medium of the Lord, because luminous, as well as the "Stone of Israel," per excellence. The Druids made "conjunction round a cross, or circle of stones; and, at their command, burning meteoric arores, which terrified the warriors of Flag. Theophrastus gives the name of *Spices* to a Stone which is met with in certain mines, and which, if pounded and then exposed to the sun, ignites of itself, particularly if care has been taken to wet it first." Another Stone, according to Eilam and Dioscorides, ignited in a like manner, "when sprinkled with water."

These God-Stones were probably like the "twelve stones" which Elijah took according to the number of the twelve signs of the Zodiac, and "of the tribes of the sons of Jacob, unto whom the word of the Lord came, saying, Israel shall be thy name; and with the stones he built an altar in the name of the Lord; and made a trench about the altar." Then piled the stones with wood and ballock, and poured on the fire the river of water, and then down came "the fire of the Lord and consumed the sacrifice, wood and stones, and licked up the water that was in the trench," to prove that the Lord God of Abraham was a God in Israel. "And when all the people saw the fire looking up the wall,"

they said, The Lord be God—the Lord be in God! Had other proof been needed that the Lord be in God, it was shown by sending Saul's prophets by express over the Jordan.

The Lode-Stone was a God Stone, or a Devil Stone, according to circumstances. Probably that was the lapis infernalis, or infernal stone, which the priesthood had not anointed, or consecrated. So near of kin, however, is the Devil to the Lord, or magic to Orthodoxy, in the mode of the theurgical manifestation, that the rejected stone often becomes the head of the corner. Paganism relates that the Magi, or wise men of the East, "placed some wood upon the altar, and invoked I know not what God, by orisons taken from a book written in a barbarous language, unknown to the Greeks; the wood soon ignited of itself without fire, and the flame of it was very brilliant;" thus leaving it to be inferred that the burning bush of Moses was thus made up of this strange fire, from the Lord Aaron's sons. It may be, were scorched to the longing of their lives in similar strange fire. On similar wise, too, was Hercules roasted in the saturated shirt of Nessus—harmless in the dark, but kindling when exposed to the rays of the Lord, or the Sun. Dejanira, the wife of Hercules, explains somewhat this "Blood of Nessus," which is transformed into a consuming fire. "Nessus," says she, "advised me to keep this liquid in a dark place, until the moment when I wished to make use of it. This is what I have done. To-day, in the dark, with a flock of wood dipped in the liquid, I have dyed the tunic, which I have sent, after having put it in a box, without its having been exposed to the light. The flock of wood exposed to the sun upon a stone, was spontaneously consumed, without having been touched by any one. It was reduced to ashes, into powder, resembling that which the saw causes to fall from wood. I have observed that above the Stone on which I had placed it, froth bubbles appeared, like those which in autumn are produced from wine poured from a height."

This appears to have been a chemical manifestation of the spirit, which, in the past, would have been of the Lord or of sorcery. The jealous waters of Moses, if distilled from "eye of newt or toe of frog," were not more potent than the love philter bequeathed by the dying Nessus to Dejanira, nor less consuming than the strange fire from the Lord, making burnt offerings of Aaron's sons, than was the saturated tunic in the Heracleian consummation.

Not less potent was the anointing oil of Miss Medea. Pliny, in fact, says "that Medea, having robbed the crown of her rival, whom she wished to destroy with naphtha, it caught fire at the instant when the unfortunate individual approached the altar to offer a sacrifice."

Thus in tracing the Lord and the Devil along the boundaries of the two worlds, we must take heed of the fire, whether it be of the Orthodox Devilism of our churches, the same as the strange fire from the Lord, or "the Lord's fire in Zion, whose furnace is in Jerusalem."

MUTATIONS OF THE SEASONS—No. 2.

BY O. H. CONGAR.

As I before stated, the atmosphere of the earth is known to have an established system of circulation, and to the laws of which it is ever obedient. Hence, locating in the tropical regions the earth's great dynamical centre, it is properly from there that its established and definite channels of circulation are traced out. And this we attempt to do, first by observing the phenomena of storms, the peculiar movements of clouds, and the wet and dry seasons. From which, it has been ascertained beyond a doubt, that immediately under the equator, and about the twentieth parallel of latitude north and south of it, there appears what are termed calm-zones or doldrums; where currents of air meet, cross each other, rise and fall, and continue in their course, either toward the equator or polar regions. And at those lines of crossing remarkable phenomena are known to occur—such as single atmospheric currents assuming the binary character as they leave the calms of Cancer and Capricorn, giving rise to variable winds in extra temperate latitudes, (while the true variable winds are the result of the equatorial calm-zone), and other peculiarities characteristic of those and adjacent latitudes during their transformation; after which their polar course is resumed as surface and extra surface currents, until finally within the semi-polar latitudes, when a partial subdivision again takes place; the upper portion of the surface current sweeping around over variable areas, in the form of a circle, often materially influenced by local causes, until absorbed by the trade-winds, whose definite course is toward the equator, while the more elevated or extra surface current continues its spiral course toward the pole zone of calms, where another crossing occurs with the electro-return current to the equator. These local conditions, however, no more arrest the general course of atmospheric currents, than boulders, or islands in the bed of a river arrest its course.

The polar current, at first, is but little elevated above the earth's surface; but as it approaches the magnetic latitudes, it gradually rises into the upper channels of definite circulation, and pursues its course thereafter uninterrupted, until meeting the opposing equatorial magnetic current polewards, when the calm belts of Cancer and Capricorn are the result.

Here the exchanging positions of these opposing currents are continuous, neither varying its natural course, however changed its properties; the poleward current bisected, while that toward the equatorial calm-zone is a trade-wind, and quite highly electrical in its superior portion, especially on the approach, and far into the magnetic series.

This view—aside from the support it receives from observation, to those who have carefully watched the movement of clouds, become familiar with their many changing forms, observing closely the transformation of the Stratus into the Cumulus, Nimbus, Cirro-Cumulus and Cirrus; all the phenomena of change, from one form to the other, their varying altitudes and different directions of motion, as they rise from one sphere or current of air to another, many times making use of them as tags placed upon the wind to more definitely determine the different channels of circulation—will most readily be accepted, in principle at least.

Then what special relationship have they to these magnetic and electrical perturbations? We assume that they are the direct medium, and have an oscillating motion obedient to these influences. And that as the protate or magnetic zone, extending to certain latitudes either side of the equator, seems to move along in its orbit, it will be observed, that all that portion of the earth outside a perfect magnetic circle would be under the electrical influence, as that portion of the ellipse was withdrawn; or, as this magnetic zone became an oblate spheroid, as related to the earth.

Hence, such a change would necessarily involve a marked annual depression of temperature. Prevailing cold northerly winds would sweep down far into the temperate latitudes as surface currents, especially after storms, and various other manifest indications that the series of cold seasons were approaching.

In order to make this a little clearer, by way of illustration, we will suppose an ellipse to be drawn, and a circle so struck as to fall within the lines of its greatest lateral or minor axis; all that portion then without the circle is that which is out poleward during the magnetic period, lifting up or driving back the electrical currents that otherwise continue their course unobstructed toward the equator, far into the semi-tropical latitudes as surface currents, as before re-

marked. Whereas, in the magnetic seasons, these electro-polar currents are, perhaps, in part, by the law of convection, raised up and pass over in the upper channels many degrees of latitude further polewards, their direct influence being seldom felt.

Now, as these electro-polar currents approach the opposite magnetic equatorial currents, the same effect is apparent as when two streams of water meet from opposite directions. A banking up and greater condensation of their atoms is the result, to which also the permanent elevation of temperature within these calm belts, above that which obtains either side of them, is due.

And should there be but one outlet to these meeting currents from beneath, then eddies or whirlwinds, tornadoes, &c., would occur. But if there be two outflowing streams at the exterior surface, corresponding in size to the superior inflowing currents, then an equable circulation would constantly be maintained. But local causes often so greatly interfere, that frightful and destructive storms are thereby produced.

It is this meeting and banking up of the atmospheric currents, together with the excessive profligation of the electrical currents in those latitudes, that has been the principal cause of the unusual low temperature and cold storms there the past few years, and to which also may be attributed the chilling southerly blasts during the same period, that have swept over the temperate latitudes.

In further support of this view, and the circular course of atmospheric currents within the temperate zone, at least, it is only necessary to have observed the circular motion of the storm clouds during this given period. Their general course has been, and is now, from the southwest, west and northwest, within the parallels of thirty-five to forty-five of north latitudes to northwest, east and south of east; while at the same time surface currents may blow from opposite directions. And let it be observed also, that this phenomenon is more characteristic of the magnetic than electrical period. For during the latter, general observation has shown, that within these latitudes the storm-clouds make up from all points of the compass between the southwest and southeast, except, perhaps, in midsummer, when the northwestern horizon may be overcast with angry looking Cumulo-Nimbus clouds; and not infrequently storms of a most terrific nature will suddenly burst upon the unsuspecting from them. And as these clouds fully pass over, it is almost invariably followed by a lower temperature. Whereas, in the magnetic period, which we are now in, after storms, and, indeed, when northerly winds prevail, the temperature often rises than falls under a clear sky.

That the calms of Cancer and Capricorn occupy positions somewhat nearer the equator during the prevalence of the electrical influence, than when under the opposite or magnetic, is quite significant, as has already been remarked, that the magnetic arm is much more axially drawn into a bulging zone; or, in other words, is paramagnetic. Hence it covers a less longitudinal area than when diamagnetic; from which it may be seen how the elements of the atmosphere become electrically or magnetically charged, so to speak, by a depression or elevation of its temperature. This may also account for the frequent and brilliant display of the Aurora Borealis during what is here termed the magnetic period, for it has been shown by Professor Loomie and others that the appearance of greatest activity and brilliancy of the auroras is periodical; and from the data at hand, these periods seem to very nearly coincide with the recurrence of these periods of magnetic control.

It may now be well, in concluding this article, to remark that this series of magnetic seasons commenced properly in 1850-1, although they are almost the coldest seasons on record. But the reason for this is, briefly, that the maximum of cold will be at the closing out of this period, and, perhaps, trench upon the magnetic; which may account for the sudden transition in the change of temperature; but the converse of which is not the case in the magnetic, for that is the dominant force, and hence more equable in its manifestation. If this calculation is correct, we have then passed through quite half of the thirteen years of which this secular period is composed, but only about eleven of which, however, are usually recognized.

The maximum of heat, or rising temperature, in this period, will be reached in the following year; after which a gradual decline will be observed. Hence, contrary to the popular opinion, the coming winter is to be a comparatively open or mild one. It will please be borne in mind that I have not attempted a complete solution of this difficult problem in this communication, but shall pursue it more analytically in a future article.

Whitewater, Wis., Nov. 23rd 1863.

The Lecture Room.

PATRIOTISM AND RELIGION.

A Discourse delivered by Mrs. Oena L. V. Hatch in Clinton Hall, New York, Sunday, Nov. 7th and 8th, 1863.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

INVOCATION

Our Father, who art the Infinite source of Life—Being above all beings—whose power and wondrous love flow forth unbounded and unceasing, we bow before thee in adoration and praise. Thy influence, like a divine emanation, hovers ever near and around us. We would learn more of thee and of thine existence. Earth and heaven, redolent of light and gladness, testify through all their myriad forms and changes, that thou art everlasting, and thy power supreme. Oh Spirit of all Life, we would draw near to lay the offerings of our devotion on the altar of Infinite Love, which pours, like a glad tide of radiance, over the universe. We meet in joy before thee, not in humiliation of spirit, but in deep consciousness of thy power and strength and matchless wisdom. As Earth performs her journey around the central sun, and all the solar system revolves in perfect harmony with thy life, so would we be ever drawn nearer and nearer to thee, rejoicing in thy life and in the harmony of thy undying presence. Oh Spirit, we praise thee for this universe, fraught with beauty and blessings; for this earth, teeming with radiance and life; the voices of the mountains praise thee, and the wide ocean blends with them the thunderous diapason of its never ceasing symphony. We, poor dwellers amid the rocks and quicksands of Time, would swell the chorus of all Nature's praise. All praise thee, the highest and the lowest, the joyous and the sad, as Father of Creation and Ruler of all things. The nations, proud in the glad consciousness of excellence, yet humble themselves before thy footstool. All lift their voices and praise thee, oh God, for everything. Thou art near our thanks, our sorrows, our rejoicings. Oh, gather us all into the treasure-house of thine infinite favor, and grant us the untold blessings of thy love and to thy name shall be all praise and thanksgiving through endless ages. Amen.

Our subject, this morning, is "Patriotism and Religion."

The two ideas implied in these terms are in widest opposition, and their opposite meanings are to be carefully examined and compared. It is certainly no new theme, and yet in this connection we may be able to expose some very prevalent perversions and mistakes.

The word Patriotism is derived from the Latin, and

is somewhat ambiguous in its definition. It may be said, generally, to have reference to the love or duty one owes to one's country, and is connected with the idea of patriotism. Hence it probably originated during the Patriarchal stage of society, when the chief of the state stood in the relation of a father to his household, and exercised a care, which was really parental, over all his dependents. It has come, however, to be applied to every form and system of government, under every possible species of control. The aspirations of corrupt politicians, and even the selfish ambition which is hidden under the garb of religion, are dignified by the name of Patriotism. Indeed, so many are the phases of imposture presented to the mind under this imposing title, so many plausible appeals are designedly made to the feelings it represents; to a word, so many and so mischievous are the villainies it is used to cover, that it behooves us to understand its genuine meaning, that we may be able to recognize it where it really exists, and not be led to regard it as a mere illusion—a cant watchword of faction, owing all its power to the flattery of prejudices, which it invests with the garb of disinterested virtue, and which will finally drag down the temple of our liberties to the dust.

The love which a human being bears to his native land, like the love of a child for his mother, in all climates and circumstances whatsoever, wherever his dwelling-place, whatever the principles of the government under which he is reared, becomes a feeling which, wherever he goes, remains fixed and rooted—a conviction that his own country is the best on earth. In the years of manhood, amid the conflicts of avarice and ambition, his mind still wanders back to that spot of earth which contains his early home, by whose fireside he gambled beneath his mother's gentle smile, and where his native expanded under the sunshine of paternal love. Whatever rewards he may reap in the battle of life, still no place seems so dear to him as his childhood's home—no friend so congenial as the loved ones it sheltered. With these emotions is intimately allied the feeling of patriotism, and it is equally entwined with the most sacred and deeply cherished of all our hopes and remembrances. The religious philanthropist, however, tells us that there is a higher affection than this—that all these native impulses ought to yield to the grand cosmopolitan idea of universal fraternity—that the world should be our home, and all mankind our brethren. As well might he tell you that there is for you a voice sweeter, more divine than that of your mother—that you should have no brother, no sister—that the worship of the family altar is an idolatry, and your remembrance of home a weak illusion, as that your devotion to the very magnet of existence is false and vain. The world, he will tell you, is all equally the work of Divine Perfection, and the nations that inhabit it should form one vast and common people; the idea of patriotism is but maintained and flattered by cunning political leaders for their own benefit; and finally the whole world will become a realm of equality, and subject to one universal law. It is not so. The idea can be proved false, from the very nature of existence, from the very foundation of human feeling. There is no such thing, in fact, as a common brotherhood, an equality of nations; there can be no such thing as blotting out the spirit of patriotism, and substituting the notion that the world is one home, and all mankind our brethren. In vain do we strive to tear up the foundations of our moral being—the instincts of Nature are too strong for our utmost efforts to avail against their pure, spontaneous promptings.

Christians may condemn a class of emotions which has proved in all ages at once the root and the product of true, heroic greatness; but mankind, to this extent, must be selfish, and are rightly so. All feel and acknowledge the magic spell that hovers around the thought of home, and in this influence to be condemned? No; and neither is the equally inborn love of one's native land to be superseded by a vague general love. And even could all national boundaries be obliterated, and the loved countries of Frenchman, Spaniard, Englishman, and the rest, be confounded in one heterogeneous mass of population—not even then would the resulting advantages compensate for the loss of the holiest feelings of the mind. Yes, Patriotism, whether good or bad, in its aims and tendency, is an absolute, uncontrollable, unerasable force in all the departments of life, although every feature of race, every possible form of corruption, every shape of hypocrisy may take shelter beneath its sacred name. And true it is that, under a republican form of government, especially every fraud practiced against the masses by designing demagogues, is committed in the name of patriotism. These spawn of civil property, these mushroom growth of political corruption—these we shall have more to say by-and-by.

Very different from this is the principle inculcated by religious teachers—very different its application, and yet, by some strange comparison of ideas, clerical politicians, even at the present day, often attempt to show that Religion and Patriotism are one and the same—that Christ's mission on earth was that of a patriot. Not so. Such teaching is a degradation of religion, which involves the mind in uncertainty, and drags the awful theme down to a level with the vilest of earthly interests.

The object and purpose of religion is to act as a guide to justice and rectitude of conduct, and to regulate the manifestation of certain lofty emotions—strictly this, and nothing more. It is not meant to apply to man's duty to his country. It is not a sense of religious duty which makes a man love his wife, his child, or his home, nor does it prompt him to the love of his country. It is religion which makes him love and trust in God. Religion bids us regard mankind as our brethren—patriotism tells us that our countrymen should stand nearest to our affections. Religion commands us to love our enemies—patriotism, to fight them. Religion enjoins upon us to forgive those who ill-treat us—patriotism, to slay them without scruple. Christ teaches that our love is due to all the world—patriotism, that, in certain conjunctures, the land of our nativity and our home should have the first claim. There is no want of distinction: in the contrast here, and there would seem no possibility of confounding such opposite obligations. The precepts of Christ and the demands of patriotic duty cannot, it is evident, be brought into consistency with each other. The followers of the meek and lowly Nazarene cannot, surely, imitate the ruthless disciples of Mahomet, and traverse the earth with the sword in one hand and the New Testament in the other; nor has he who said, "My kingdom is not of this world," sanctioned a sentiment of narrow nationality so nearly akin to selfishness. Yet we shall soon try to discover whether the Divine Economy has not somewhere provided a bridge of union and compatibility between patriotism and religion.

Ministers of the Gospel blunderingly undertake to adjust these conflicting claims of jurisdiction, instead of enforcing the unapolluted doctrines of their so-called Master. We are daily forced to witness the degrading and exasperating spectacle of divines enacting the part of politicians and demagogues, and inflaming the fierce passions of their hearers, as if the robe of the ecclesiastic was but intended to hide the equipments of the bravo. The exhortations of these members of the Church Militant might lead a heathen auditor to suppose that Christ had been animated, in all his appeals to the courage and fortitude of his disciples, by the ferocious fanaticism of an Alexander, or a Peter the Hermit, and that the highest display of Christian virtue was made by him who went, forth, as the Jews were sent, against the Canaanites, to smite the fabled, biped and thigh. Of this class are those revered preachers who are constantly assuring us that the Supreme Being is on the side of those principles—

may, even of that party and of that partisan ticket— which they happen to have espoused as though they, too, were the sole authorized exponents of the Divine Economy. Need we assure you that this is a most pernicious misapplication of clerical influence? If men are to measure their duties in this respect by a strictly religious standard, let them at once adopt, to their fullest extent, the emphatic and repeated commandments of the Saviour. But if, on the other hand, it is right to defend their country and all that they hold dear, by the arm of flesh, for the sake of common sense and common consistency let them not be adjured to do this in the name of religion.

Yet so it is, that, in these times, the various theories of government and the duties they impose, are so confounded with the leading topics of religious instruction that the two together enter, as almost inseparable ingredients, into every discourse from the pulpit and the rostrum. Rival engineers of Gospel artillery batter at each other with their ponderous engines of controversy, charged with "sulphur and strange fire;" and not a few will even condescend to snatch a more vulgar weapon from the grimy hands of their comrades of the porter-house and the stamp. Yet nothing is clearer than that our American Constitution is a purely political instrument; and the American citizen, as such, gleaned long ago from the physical thralldom of bigotry, uncontrolled personally by any of the thousand forms of doctrine and worship which have free play around him, and whose adoption, or by, the civil authorities as allies, has wrought such cruel mischief everywhere else under the sun—the American citizen, we say, is bound, above all other men, to keep the lines of demarcation between his religious and his political duties clear and distinct, as they were long ago laid down for him. He is obliged to defend his country—to aid her cause, by purse and sword, whenever legally called upon to do so. This duty is absolute, and cannot be set aside on the ground of any religious scruples. If, on whatever account, he does not think proper to perform it, he has no alternative but to leave his country, and to seek some other whose civil requirements are more suited to his tastes. Remaining, he must be content to hold his person and his property at the disposal of the government, in certain understood contingencies. When summoned to the field by the voice of constitutional authority, he cannot refuse to fight, however much at variance may be the occupation of a warrior with his habits and his principles. At all times, he is bound to see to it that, as far as his influence may avail, the best administration is placed in power. In order to do this, he must faithfully perform his duty at the polls. No man who habitually neglects to exercise his right of suffrage, deserves to be called a good citizen. By voting in accordance with sound and unbiased judgment, he defends his constitution and protects his country, by the most harmless, yet most potent, weapon which a freeman can employ. If he is bound by no party organization, then let him vote for the best man, on whatever side put forward. But always let him be careful to aid in securing the faithful execution of every law of the land. With regard to the great questions of the day, silence—neutrality—a cold indifference—is impossible to him; and all who endeavor to maintain such a position should be at once scouted and suppressed, as neglectful of their country's honor and defrauders of her lawful dues.

Now it is probable that of the whole number of voters among us, one half seldom or never deposit a ballot. They may plead that they are disgusted and disheartened at the prevalence of political corruption—that their single efforts can be of no avail in stemming the tide of faction; and that their private affairs absorb their whole time and attention. Such excuses, however, will not exonerate them while they continue to nestle comfortably in their homes, under the protecting wing of the government and institutions which they refuse in their turn to lift a finger or to spend an hour in serving. Are such men patriots? Is any man entitled to plume himself on his private and domestic virtues, while he sits an idle spectator of conflicts involving such vast issues, both in the present and the future? Are those interests to be thus sacrificed to the selfish scruples, the timidity, or the contracted views of individuals? What would become of your commercial prosperity, the accumulations of your industry and thrift, your fire-side ease and elegant enjoyments, if the government to which you owe the secure possession of them all, were at length to fall under the unheeded assault of traitors? What were then the hopes of your posterity? Where would be the liberty of speech and worship which, by long use, has become to you a natural necessity that you regard as little as you do the common air and sunshine? If, in some unhappy hour, the shelter and support of the Government were to be withdrawn, how vainly and how bitterly would you then wish for the opportunity you now despise of making an effort for its defence!

Not your duties as citizens are too clearly defined for any evasion. You are bound to sustain your country, and in doing so you must submit to such sacrifices as are demanded by the general welfare, bearing in mind, constantly, that it is the Government which you need as a defence, far more than the Government has need of you. Act, then, as if your existence and prosperity as a citizen of this glorious Republic depended solely upon your individual exertions, and let no creed, no dogma of sect or party, no crude and hasty theories, impede them for a single hour.

Yet we would not have you suppose that you cannot be at once intensely religious and intensely patriotic; that you cannot at the same time love Christ and your country. Incompatible as the two may have hitherto seemed to you, we assert that a bridge may be thrown over the chasm which divides them. You know that there is absolutely no such thing as the possibility of loving your enemy, of entirely eradicating all vindictive feelings—nor does Christianity, rightly interpreted, inculcate any such system of unattainable perfection. It is indeed a perfect religion—but it is perfect by virtue of its exact adaptation to human nature as it is, not to some hypothetical substitute. All it requires is, that the passions and propensities should be wholly subordinated to the guidance and control of the moral and religious nature, to which, when thus subordinated, they are most effective and indispensable auxiliaries. The efforts of a Christian minister should be directed, not to blowing up the fires of wrath and vengeance, but to maintaining the clear and steady flame of righteous indignation, by appeals against the sin, and not the person of the sinner. It is not his part to incite to the dreadful work of bloodshed and devastation, in any cause, however holy in his eyes. He who uses the pulpit as a secure vantage-ground from whence to breathe out threatenings and slaughter against all who refuse to accept his views and those of his party—what is he but a faithless shepherd, who holds forth in one hand the all-forgiving promises of immortal love, while with the other he opens wide the gateway to everlasting perdition.

Yet there is in reality a perfect and entire harmony and agreement between the dictates of patriotic duty and the requirements of pure and undefiled religion; their respective utterances are blended into a voice of ineffable consolation, which can reassure the soul, even in the darkest hour of national calamity—can support the spirit of the dying hero on the stricken field, and convert the groans of expiring martyrs into a joyful motto to the ear of faith. No effort of the most sublimated piety can eradicate this united influence; no pseudo-religious zeal can blot out the record of mankind, by the stigma of insanity, or can prove that the power of evil have outgeneraled those of good, in the order of mortal affairs. We cannot believe that humanity is to be held forever subject to

enormities utterly opposed to the requirements of their nature. We hold that the true patriot, the earnest Christian, is devoted to his country first, and through that, indirectly, to all the world—and in all the while as true a Christian as some to-day, who would fain persuade him that his profession and his practice are irreconcilable; or as those morning, howling oracles, who assume the guidance of the nation's conscience, and ask it to bow down before the shrine of their presumptuous vanity.

These it is who have brought your country to the verge of ruin, and have undermined the very foundation of her greatness. Such as these are the so-called statesmen who have brought on this bloody and protracted war. Such are many of the mushroom heroes, who, after every battle, hurry up to the seat of Government, to press their claims for swift promotion, earned by the blood of better and braver men, whose names are never heard of. Such are those who modestly ask no higher recompense for their pious devotion, than the privilege of serving their country in the safer posts of legislators, or Chief Executive. Such as these, and lowest, if not most dangerous of all—are those who "steal the library of Heaven to serve the Devil in;" whose object is simply and merely personal emolument; and who, while lifting their pockets from the public store by every knavish art, are loath in wrangling for themselves and their subservient party cliques, all the virtue and public spirit of the age. Such as these are they who follow, rejoicing in the track of ruin which a great army leaves along its path, and snuff the taint of carnage with a selfish joy. Such are they who have set up the great image of Moloch, for you to fall down and worship; and who, after heaping up prevarications and indigolities, during years of wordy strife, now glory in the thought that they have at length succeeded in sending under the bonnet of National Unity. Heaven only knows whether they are destined ever to be renewed!

This, then, is Patriotism, *par excellence*. This is the epoch and the end of all the turmoil and confusion of many preceding years; of the pompous blarneyings of your favorites and heroes of the hour, and the faithful endeavors and prophetic warnings of the honest and anxious among your servants; too often condemned to obloquy and silence. The hearts of the people are almost dead within them; and their only hope is in the workings of sorrow and bereavement, which may call them to repentance and renewed endeavor in the spirit of Faith and Charity, after a true National Life. If these be not effectual, then indeed is the voice of Patriotism silent forever, and your ruin will be swift and irremediable. Not let us hope that your present calamities may work thus much of good.

Meanwhile, remember, that between your practical obligations as citizens, and your accidental, individual theories of religion, there is a great gulf fixed. You may indulge whatever visions may arise—you may cherish the most transcendental ideas of human relations in the abstract, provided you do not allow them to influence you in the performance of your duties to the State, as clearly expounded to you by her lawful authorities. Fulfill those duties, and you have earned the merit of true patriotism. Neglect them, and the proudest assumption of moral superiority is but solemn mockery and hypocritical pretence.

There was a time when the American citizen's character was modeled after the standard we have shown you—before his grave and sturdy manhood had been exposed to the corrupting influences of avarice and ambition, or the golden prizes won in his glorious race for empire had been sipped from him by the vile hands of political adventurers. Then was the age of true, sterling devotion to his country—to his home—which made the individual forgotten in reliance upon the integrity of the whole. Until this safeguard is restored, the sound of rejoicing will never more be heard among you; until this spirit prevails again, there is no consolation for the mourner in his midst.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS.

We desire to keep this list perfectly reliable, and to do this it is necessary that speakers notify us promptly of their appointments to lecturers. Lecturers 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 relieve us by calling the attention of their hearers to the Banner or Light.

Mrs. Oena L. V. Hatch will speak in Lyceum Hall, Boston, during December, when she will receive calls to lecture work evenings in the vicinity of Boston during that month. Present address, Boston, care of Rev. Mr. Loring.

Mrs. MARIA L. STANLEY of New York, speaks in Quincy Mass. 20th and 27. Is at liberty to engage elsewhere, at convenient distances, after the above. Address immediately at the Banner of Light office.

Mrs. ANNA M. BRIDGEMAN will lecture in Charlestown Mass. 20th and 27. Address, New York City.

Mrs. FANNY A. HAZEN will speak in Chicago during Jan. in Worcester on Feb. 1 and 10; in Lowell during March Address, Brandon, Vt.

Mrs. M. F. TOWNSEND's address for the present is Bridge-water, Vt.

Mrs. Wm. Houston will lecture in Taunton, Mass. and Newburyport, Ct. during Dec. in Westfield, Mass. Jan. 3 and 10; in Worcester, Mass. Jan. 17, 24 and 31; in Bangor, Me. March 1 to 7. Address as above, or East Haverhill, Mass.

Mrs. MARY M. WOOD will speak in Boston, Ct. the third and fourth Sundays in January; in Stamford, the month of April. Address, West Haverhill, Conn. She will make her fall and winter engagements immediately.

Mrs. LAURA DEDMON GORHAM will speak in Bangor, Me. during December; in Old Town and Bradley, during January and February. Address as above, or at Providence, R. I. care of Mrs. C. H. Gordon.

Mrs. MARY L. BOWMAN, trance speaker, will lecture in Lowell during Dec. in Springfield, Mass. during January; in Haverford, Ct. during Feb. Address as New Haven, care of George Beebe. Haverford, H. B. River, Boston.

J. M. FARRAR will speak in Rockford, Ill. the first two Sundays of each month. Address as above.

Mrs. F. W. WATSON will make a tour through the Eastern States next spring and summer, speaking at Providence, R. I. the Sundays of April. Those desiring his services should address him at once at Allen, Mich.

Mrs. HELEN of Lockport, N. Y. will speak in Lowell, Mich. the first Sunday in each month; in Chicago, the second; in Lapeer, Mich. do; in Alpena, fourth do.

Mrs. FANNY A. HAZEN will speak in Bridgeport, Conn. in Dec. in Worcester, Mass. Jan. 3 and 10; in Bridgeport, in March. Address as above, or Charlestown, Mass.

Mrs. ANNA M. WINTHROP, Dec. 22, Bridgeport, Conn., will lecture in Buffalo, N. Y. in Dec. in Bridgeport, Conn., Jan. and Feb. Intends visiting Vermont in March, and will receive proposals to lecture in that State during the month.

Mrs. MARIA J. TOWNSEND will speak in Chicago, Mass. Dec. in Worcester, Mass. Jan. 3 and 10; in Bridgeport, in March. Address as above, or Charlestown, Mass. Dec. 1 and 15.

Prof. JAMES M. and Mrs. C. FANNY AZAR will speak in East Bridgewater, Mass. during Dec. Permanent address, East Bridgewater, Mass.

Mrs. F. W. WATSON will speak in Portland, Me. Dec. 20 and 27. Will speak in Worcester, Mass. and New Hampshire the month of January, if desired. Address, Exeter Mills or Bangor, Me.

W. K. FARRAR will speak in Little River Village, Me. Jan. 3 and 10; in Rockport, Me. during February. Address as above, or New's Falls, Me.

Mrs. F. W. WATSON will speak in Leitch, Vt. Jan. 10; in East Middlebury, Jan. 24. Address as above, or Rockport, Vt.

Mrs. E. A. HAZEN, Springfield, Mass. will speak in Worcester, Mass. Jan. 20 and 27.

Dr. L. H. WILSON will speak at 308 Broadway, New York, throughout the year. Address, New York, care of Rev. Mr. Watson.

Audience in Bangor will speak in East Haverhill, Vt. second Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt.

Dr. L. E. OGDEN will speak in Utica, N. Y. Dec. 20; in Haverhill, Mass. during January. In regard for the Banner of Light, and also for the sale of Spiritual and Reform publications.

Mrs. LAURA M. HAZEN will speak in Stockton, Me. the first Sunday in each month; in Portland, Dec. 20; in West Haverford, Dec. 27; in Exeter, Jan. 10.

GEO. A. FARRAR, trance medium, will lecture (if requested) at 20 and attend lectures in the vicinity of Lowell and Andover, Me. the present winter and during spring. Address Auburn, Me.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1863.
OFFICE, 135 WASHINGTON STREET.
BOOK NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.
LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

The Issue.

"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 have a far other and far brighter vision before me. 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 refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime."—*Extract from the Bright Speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.*

The Increase of Spiritualists.

Occasional passages in the new and powerful novel, "Peculiar," from the pen of Mr. Epes Sargent, recall our thoughts to a great many facts of a cumulative character in respect to Spiritualism; and, among others, it is as well that we be put in mind again of the great and impressive fact, that Spiritualists, as such peculiarly, are increasing everywhere over the country and throughout the world. The array of prominent names, all of them belonging to persons of culture, of weight, and of distinction, which is cited in that book, suggests to the reader, as well as to the carper and unbeliever, that the world does indeed move in this matter, and that progress is making, whether some people will or no. Fortunately, it has been demonstrated that this great spiritual upheaval can go on, with or without the aid of *mediums*; it lives, even when science opposes it; it progresses, even in the face of philosophy; sectarianism has no power to obstruct its path, for it works silently, but powerfully, as well in the church as out; prejudice cannot withstand its advances; and passion turns blind and gropes about in the dark, when it seeks to stop its march with its wild words and angry gesticulations.

People will believe, because they are fully prepared to believe and cannot help believing, that disembodied spirits do communicate with those in the form. And those who have been trained to an exclusive faith in the creeds are the more ready to believe it. In many cases, than those whose faith has had no training or discipline at all; for they remember that their old faith itself rested entirely on the nontheistic stories of spirit manifestations. There is, too, an irresistible yearning in tens of thousands of hearts for a nearer, and still nearer, approach to the life which they all know ought to be felt directly by them. They are praying in silence for what they have never yet enjoyed, but what they are almost sure of being able to reach forth and grasp. As a consequence, there are more actual believers in the spiritual phenomena to-day, in the churches, than ever before, and more than pastors and deacons have a real suspicion of. But it is nothing these men can hinder, or even help; when men can stay the coming of the eastern light by holding up their hands against it, they may be glad to know that they have it in their power to stop the progress of spiritual faith and its redeeming consequences.

But the spread of Spiritualism as a new and lasting power manifests itself quite as much in the new line of topics which are raised for discussion, and in the inspiring motives that animate their discussion, as in any show of numbers of which it can boast as converts. There is where the matter is tested. We can readily see that the public mind is much more spiritualized than ever before; that topics of a spiritual and exalted character are brought up oftener, and dwelt on more persistently; that all public and popular matters are regarded more from a spiritual standpoint. These considerations form a more satisfactory test than any other. They tell a story whose meaning cannot be put aside.

We can see it plainly enough in the current literature: in the writings of men who are habitually regarded as the leading thinkers and writers. Even though the preachers pretend to revolt at open affiliation, they unconsciously lend their power to the advancement of the spiritual ideas, and they do it because by doing something else they would detach themselves from all sympathy from those around them. They must keep *sympathy* with their parishers, or there will not be left even the bond of a salary to hold them. Our popular tales recognize the new gospel at all points; and so does the current poetry; and the essays, and addresses, and editorials, and speech. In fact, one can see for himself, by comparing the character of public discussions on political topics to-day with those of political topics ten and fifteen years ago, that there has been a very great change wrought in the matter, and that it has been wrought, too, in a spiritual direction.

This new aroma of Spiritualism pervades the very atmosphere in which we all live. It is something that we breathe, and do not know it. It crops out in man's expressions, and they do not seem to know it. They are impelled by its silent influences, and they cannot tell by what power they are made to act. No more proof is required, by a penetrating mind, to show that the visible and invisible worlds have indeed come into contact at this period of the world's history, and that the contact forms a new epoch for us all. It would prove a much more blessed epoch than it yet has, and would produce its evangelizing results much sooner, were men to recognize and publish the truth as fast as it dawns upon their receptive souls and cooperate with the invisible powers who are waiting at all times to do for man more than he could ever think to pray for. Let us take care that none of us hinder the spread of the new and purer religion in the hearts of all.

The New Statue of Freedom.

This crowning ornament to the new dome of the extended national capitol has been duly raised to its place, the head taking its position last. The entire work is spoken of as being two feet and seven inches taller than President Lincoln is, in his stockings, and is made very largely of copper. It is mentioned that during the repairs and extension of the capitol, there has been nothing but trouble and grief of the nation; and we know that with the setting up of this crowning statue of freedom on the top of the dome, Grant's successes have lifted the weight from the nation's heart forever. We hope there is something substantial in the sign. There have been signs based on very much slender foundations. This, too, happens to be one which makes us every one wish to believe in its reality. After this, therefore, may we not look for our country's triumph in every future struggle?

Blossoms of Our Spring.

This charming *novel*, by Hudson and Emma Tott, will be published on the 15th of the present month, if no accident intervene. If any of our readers intend to make their friends a Christmas or New Year's Present, this is just the book to buy. Price (in cloth) \$1.00; postage 20 cents. Address BARNES & LOVELL, Boston, Mass.

Opening of Congress—Important Documents.

The Thirty-Eighth Congress of the United States opens under peculiar circumstances. It will probably be called on to put in the process of final settlement the most momentous questions ever raised in our history. It is therefore to be hoped that its members will address themselves to their task with all possible seriousness. The President's illness was not calculated to lighten the load of responsibility which attaches to the members of this body, but the intelligence of his mending state had a tendency to restore wonted cheerfulness. Just at the opening of the present Congress, two important occurrences are noted: one, the completion of the Goddess of Liberty on the dome of the capitol, and the other, the introduction of fresh water from Potomac Falls, some ten miles away. We trust both will prove emblematic in the most pure and exalted sense. Our rulers can neither become too pure from temperance, nor can they devote themselves with too much singleness of purpose to the spirit of Liberty. The doings of the new Congress we shall comment upon, from time to time, as it offers topics that concern the great interests of a free and progressive people.

The House was duly organized by the election of Mr. Colfax, of Indiana, as speaker, by a majority of twenty-one votes, thus showing a working majority on the side of the Administration.

The President delivered his Message to both houses of Congress on Wednesday, Dec. 9th. After briefly alluding to our foreign relations, and some other matters, he speaks encouragingly of our financial affairs. He says the receipts during the year from all sources, and the balance in the Treasury at its commencement, were \$901,125,674 68, and the aggregate disbursements \$885,796,630 63. And in allusion to our armies, he says no considerable body of troops, it is believed, were ever more simply provided and more liberally and punctually paid; and it may be added that by no people were the burdens incident to a great war ever more cheerfully borne.

Perhaps the most important document, just at this juncture of affairs, is the Proclamation of Amnesty which accompanies the Message. It is a document of great national importance, and pregnant with vast consequences. The country was hardly prepared for it, perhaps, just at this time; but now that it has come—and as the country more fully realizes the development and gradual change by which it was brought about—it will undoubtedly deem it a wise, judicious, and timely movement. We feel assured that no settlement of this great national struggle can be effected without securing the final abolition of slavery.

The following extracts from the Proclamation give its main features:

Whereas, the Congressional declaration for limited and conditional pardon accords with well established judicial exposition of the pardoning power; and whereas, with reference to said rebellion, the President of the United States has issued several proclamations with provisions in regard to the liberation of slaves, and whereas it is now desired by some persons heretofore engaged in said rebellion to resume their allegiance to the United States, and to relinquish their loyalty to the Government within and for their respective States;

Therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do proclaim, declare and make known to all persons who have directly or by implication participated in the rebellion, that, except as hereinafter excepted, that a full pardon is granted to them and each of them, with restoration of all rights of property, except as to slaves and in property cases where rights of third parties have intervened, and upon the condition that every such person shall take and subscribe an oath, and thereupon keep and maintain said oath inviolable, and which oath shall be regulated for permanent preservation. [Here follows the form of oath.]

The persons excepted from the benefits of the foregoing provisions are all who are or shall have been civil or diplomatic officers, or agents of the so-called Confederate Government; all who have left judicial stations under the United States, to aid rebellion; all who are or shall have been military or naval officers of the so-called Confederate Government above the rank of Colonel in the Army, of Lieutenant in the Navy, and all who left seats in the United States Congress to aid the rebellion.

All who resigned commissions in the Army or Navy of the United States and afterwards aided the rebellion, and all who have engaged in any way in maintaining colored persons or white persons in charge of such, otherwise than lawfully a prisoner of war, and of such persons may have been found in the United States service as soldiers, seamen, or in other capacity; and I do further proclaim, declare and make known, that whenever, to any of the States of Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, South Carolina and North Carolina, a number of persons not less than one-tenth in number of the votes cast in such States at the Presidential election of the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty, having taken the oath aforesaid, and not having since violated it, and being a qualified voter of the election law of the State existing immediately before the so-called act of secession, and excluding all others, shall re-establish a State Government which shall be Republican, and in no way contravening said oath.

Napoleon's Proposition.

A Paris letter to a New York journal says of the French Emperor's proposition for a European Congress—"I need not tell you that everybody in France, every political faction, favors the scheme, and that if the affair goes no further, Napoleon will at least have gained an increased popularity for himself and his dynasty at home—which is a consideration not at all to be despised. But what will Europe decide about it? All we know certainly at present is, that certain powers which are sure to gain by such a congress, as for example Italy and Spain, have already accepted or will accept the invitation, while as regards the more important powers, England, Austria and Prussia are now negotiating in order to decide what questions they shall ask Napoleon before agreeing to come into the scheme. The meeting of the congress, if it ever takes place, is therefore a long way off, and we shall have plenty of time to pass in review the movements that take place in regard to it. For the present the congress is deemed by most people an impossibility; nevertheless the imperialist papers try to make it appear that there are, on the contrary, great chances of its success."

The Skating Pleasure.

The winter is here with its pinchings and its enjoyments. From outside appearances, the skating fun is to be as wild as ever before. Irons are already well up in the market, and the spruce young fellows are considering of fixing up their old ones, or of purchasing new, or of presenting a pair to some bonum lassie skater who was known as the nonpareil on ice, the last winter. The windows of all the stores where such things are to be found for sale, now hang as thickly with them as trees do with fruit in their season. The sight is rather inspiring, even to one who cannot conceal the fact that he carries about with him a "frosty paw." As a New York paper has it, there is many an one to-day, who, seeing these sights and feeling the influences of the time, are longing to be where Hamlet's father was when he smote the sledded Polack—"on the ice."

The Second Edition of the Plain Guide to Spiritualism.

This work, by Uriah Clark, is a useful addition to the spiritual literature of the day. As a book of reference it is invaluable, and we are pleased to know that it is meeting with general acceptance everywhere. For its contents in brief, see advertisement.

The second edition has just been issued by the BARNES & LOVELL Publishing House. Orders by mail or otherwise promptly filled. Wholesale bookellers will be supplied on favorable terms.

The President's Message and Amnesty.

Our exchanges are discussing these important documents, and, as a general thing, side with the President's views, as every sensible person ought. We make a few extracts:

The Boston Post says "the position taken with regard to the return of the Southern people to their allegiance, is liberal to every interest but to slavery; and, instead of letting this alone, it presents the Proclamation as on a par with the Constitution."

Slavery may be left to the mercy of events. The great difficulty begins as it passes away, and in the questions arising out of race. The message rather announces conclusions than discusses principles. The territorial theory is rejected, and the ground taken that when the requisite number of legal voters under existing State Constitutions, take the oath, they shall be the State. The specification is, the qualified voters according to the election law of the States existing immediately before the so-called act of secession, and excluding all others. Any number of persons, not less than one-tenth in number of the votes cast in 1860, on taking the prescribed oath, may be the State. Thus while the President recommends a condition as to slavery, on the return of States, he proposes to put the political power of the returned States in the hands of the white race."

While the Journal endorses both the message and proclamation, the Advertiser fears that the President would sustain the State suicide policy; but rejoices in the course adopted by the executive. It says, "the offer now made to the rebellion, is made at a moment which sufficiently proves the magnanimous spirit by which the proposition was dictated. With wise statesmanship our success is turned at this critical instant to such use as may tend to divide the enemy, to separate the misled from the treacherous leaders, and to make the interests of the many our powerful ally in defeating the purposes and punishing the crimes of the selfish. It holds out the prospect of a reference to the Supreme Court, as the sanction for insisting upon the great social revolution accomplished by the military power and for military purposes alone. And it prepares the way for that restoration of the Union, which holds the dearest place in the hopes of every patriot. A calm and wise judgment, a penetrating insight into the conditions of the problem, and a heart strengthened by courageous patriotism, have brought this great measure before the nation. We pray that a united people may support the efforts of their Chief Magistrate for the settlement of this unparalleled question, and that the rebellious may be brought to realize their condition, and to accept the hand now extended to them. The hour is full of high promise, when statesmanship joins its efforts so wisely with those of our heroic and triumphant armies. With firm courage and united purpose, it shall not be long before we reach the goal toward which we have so long wearily toiled."

The Traveler says of the Message, that "it is a most satisfactory document, and will please all but those persons who are determined to find fault with everything that proceeds from the administration; and those conservatives are bitterly disappointed who predicted that Mr. Lincoln had abandoned his 'radical' views, and was about to fall back upon, and fall down before, those exploded notions to which they cling after all men of sense have given them up. On the subject of slavery and emancipation, the President is as clear and as emphatic as it is possible for man to be, his opinions having undergone no change, and his determination to uphold the rights of all men in the country being without abatement."

In reference to the Amnesty Proclamation, this journal remarks:—"The question of the acceptance of the offered olive branch by the people of the South, opens a wide field for discussion, with some difference of opinion; but whether accepted or not, it demonstrates to the world the desire of the Government and of the people of the North to deal gently with their erring fellow countrymen, as far as is compatible with their duties to the nation, humanity, liberty and posterity."

The Worcester Spy says:—"The President accompanies his message with a proclamation, contemplating the return of certain States to the Union, and defining the conditions on which they will be recognized. The chief interest of this most important step consists in the fact that the acceptance of the proclamation of Jan. 1, 1863, and of the various acts of Congress relating to the emancipation of slaves, is made a condition precedent to the return of any hitherto disloyal State to the Union. No one has ever doubted, certainly no man of intelligent faith, that all the revolted States would ultimately, and in some manner, return and become a part of the United American Republic. That they will not return as slave States—that they will never again introduce that element of mischief, discussion, and unmitigated wrong into the councils of the Government, is pretty thoroughly assured. The President recognizes the full scope of the results attained by his proclamation of emancipation, and the country would have trusted him to stand by it without the assurance that to abandon it now would be to abandon a lever of great power, and be also a cruel and astounding breach of faith." By the proclamation published this morning he makes assurance doubly sure, and gives a bond to fate itself."

The New York Times, after pointing out the efficacy of the several parts of the President's plan to secure the end in view, says it believes "that the closer it is examined, the more it will be discovered to be completely adapted to the great end desired."

The Tribune says that "Tennessee, Louisiana and Arkansas may be reorganized and restored to the Union on this basis at an early day, and that the residue will gradually follow." And it thinks that the favorable effect of the proclamation abroad will be equally marked and decisive."

The French in Mexico, etc.

The most recent news from Havana, Mexico, and St. Domingo, is of great interest, especially that which refers to what the French are doing in Mexico. If we may put faith in their stories, Juarez is now ready to take his flight from San Luis Potosi, having packed up his archives and treasures, ready for the expected migratory movement. The French forces were gradually pushing into the interior, and the star of empire seemed to be ascending to the zenith. The advice from St. Domingo are not very exciting. The struggle between the Spaniards and the people still continued; but, as the former were rapidly pouring fresh troops and supplies into the island, while the resources of the natives were being rapidly exhausted, there is scarcely a doubt where the final triumph will be.

Rebel Bloodhounds.

The rebels have recently been trying an experiment with some of their bloodhounds on a detachment of black troops, doubtless thinking that the soldiers would run from them just as they did when they had nothing like guns in their hands. But they awoke to their mistake. Not only did the colored fellows turn and kill their gang of dogs, but they pitched in and killed a goodly share of the men who operated them! It was a poor experiment, considered in any light. One of the slaughtered dogs was to be skinned, and his hide to be forwarded to New York, where skillful taxidermists would stuff and properly mount it for public exhibition. The rebels said they could replace the men they lost, without a great deal of trouble; but they could not think of making the hounds good again. The creatures were valued at several hundred dollars each.

Newspapers are "monarchs of the land," according to Henry Ward Beecher.

Miss Doten's New Volume of Poems.

Our friends everywhere will hail with delight this volume of choice gems from the "Inner Life." Miss Lizzie Doten is widely known in this country as one of the most remarkable mediums of the age, and the poetic organization of her brain is well adapted to receive such peculiar inspiration from the spirit-world. Under this influence she has given utterance to some of the finest poems in the English language, many of them having already undergone the criticism of the secular press, and received their highest encomiums. We speak strongly in regard to these poems, for we feel sure the verdict of the public will fully sustain us in so doing, especially in reference to those from Poe, Burns, Miss Sprague, and others.

Much of the contents of the volume has never before appeared in print. We particularly allude to the inspirational address on "The Mysteries of Godliness," delivered by Miss Doten in New York in the early part of November last, and also the poem by Poe given at the same time, in which he bids "Farewell to Earth." Both of these productions are said by those who heard them to possess more than ordinary merit.

In an interesting preface to the work, in which Miss D. gives a minute account of her mediatic power, she says: "I have given to this work the title of 'Poems from the Inner Life'; for, aside from the external phenomena of Modern Spiritualism—which, compared to the great principles underlying them, are but mere froth and foam on the ocean of Truth—I have realized that in the mysterious depths of the Inner Life, all souls can hold communion with those invisible beings, who are our companions both in Time and Eternity."

Speaking of Poe's poems, she further remarks: "Of tentatives, and particularly under the influence of Poe, I would awake in the night from a deep slumber, and detached fragments of those poems would be floating through my mind, though in a few moments after they would vanish like a dream. I have sometimes awakened myself by repeating them aloud. I have been informed, also, by these influences, that all their poems are as complete and finished in spirit-life as they are in this, and the only reason why they cannot be repeated again and again is because of the difficulty of bringing a human organism always into the same state of exaltation—a state in which mediums readily receive inspiration—and render the poems with the least interference of their own intellect."

The book will be ready for delivery on Monday next. It will be bound in elegant style. All Spiritualists will feel proud of this volume, and very naturally desire to possess a copy of it.

Mrs. Hatch in Boston.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch commenced a course of lectures in Lyceum Hall, in this city, the first Sunday of this month, to continue for four weeks. Mrs. Hatch's popularity, and the general interest felt in Spiritualism, do not appear to have diminished, for she was greeted with crowded audiences, who listened to her eloquent discourses with close attention. Previous to her lecture in the afternoon, as usual, she gave utterance to an invocation which carried the souls of many of her listeners out toward the great Father of Life, with an earnest desire to know more of him. She then announced her subject as "God and Man—the Creator and the Created." After quoting from Scripture the text, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God," &c., she proceeded to give a portrait of the God we were commanded to love, as he was represented in the Bible. She then dwelt upon the emotion of love, defining its true nature, and showed how absolutely impossible it was to love a being whose leading traits were jealousy, hate, revenge, &c., as the Hebrew God was made to appear from the records of "Holy Writ." We could only love him through fear. She then gave a warm and glowing description of the Infinite, Absolute, All-loving Father, whom finite man cannot comprehend, but who is everywhere where the soul recognizes him, and whom we instinctively love from a sense of his goodness, and his ever-loving and watchful care over us. We should love him from the depths of our soul, and with that earnestness and love which a fond mother bestows upon her darling child. He is a God of infinite love. We should love him in good deeds of charity; we should love him in all his works; in the song of the birds; and for his attributes which dwell in the human soul. And in the presence of death we should love him, for he gives us death, that we may enjoy life eternal.

The above is but a faint idea of the tenor of the discourses. In the evening a committee from the audience selected this subject: "The Destiny of the Earth." She said the earth had no destiny—it is and will ever continue. She then spoke of the planetary systems and of the immutable laws of the Creator, which governed and regulated all their movements, and of the utter impossibility of disturbing or annihilating one of these planets without throwing the whole system into a chaotic mass. It can never change its place in the solar system.

At the close of the lecture, the audience availed themselves very generally of the privilege of asking questions bearing on the subject, occupying about three quarters of an hour. Some very nice points and metaphysical questions were discussed by the lecturer with an ability, freedom and fluency which astonished many of the audience.

Another Gem from "Birdie."

We invite the attention of our readers to a sweet little poem, that will be found on our sixth page, under the "Message Department," which was composed in spirit-life and given through the organism of Mrs. J. H. Conant, on Monday afternoon, Nov. 9th, by Anne Cora, daughter of Mr. L. B. Wilson. It is from the same spirit who gave that gem of a poem through the organism of Miss Lizzie Doten, which we published last April, entitled "Birdie's Spring Song," and was very generally copied by the secular press. The following two stanzas are from that poem, as many of our readers will remember:

With rosebuds in my hand,
From a summer-land,
Father, I come to stand
Close by your side.
You cannot see me here,
Or feel my presence near,
And yet your "Birdie" dear,
Never has died.

Mother I could not stay;
In a sweet dream I lay,
Waked to heaven away.
Far from the light;
Then with a glad surprise
Did I unclose my eyes
Under those cloudless skies,
Smiling with light.

This lovely child—who passed to the spirit-world five years since, after having lived nearly thirteen years in earth life to bless and comfort her devoted parents—was remarkable for her amiable, happy and angel-like disposition; at once winning the admiration and love of all who came within her sphere; and she appears to be a like favorite in the summer-land, judging from the many spirit messages her parents have received, descriptive of the "angelic loveliness of their hearts' idol."

Psychometry.

Mrs. A. B. Governor, the psychometrist, of Whitewater, Wis., desires us to announce to those who have written for psychometric delineations, that she has more orders on hand than she can fill at present; but each shall be attended to as rapidly as possible.

Orthodoxy versus Spiritualism.

The Boston Recorder, a weekly newspaper, published in the interest of what is claimed to be Orthodox and Evangelical Christianity, has a notice of Mr. Sargent's new novel of "Peculiar." In which, while generously admitting some of the great merits of that work—"its thoroughly home-bred quality—its 'wild vision'—the 'clear delineation of the characters'—the 'conception and delineation of female human nature,' &c.—it finds fault with the author's 'attempted defence of spirit phenomena and manifestations,' which it pronounces 'a blemish and a bore.' That was to be expected. And so a defence of monogamy would be regarded as 'a blemish and a bore' by a Mormon saint. It is not to be supposed that one brought up to regard the resurrection of the natural body as an essential of faith, should read with patience Mr. Sargent's concise and readable summing up of reasons for believing with St. Paul that there is a natural body and a spiritual body; the inference being that when the latter is eliminated from the former, it has no more occasion for it again than for the ecclesiastical master which that body has parted with."

The beauty of Mr. Sargent's use of the spiritual facts in his novel is, that so far from being extraneous to the story, they are radically interwoven with it. The whole novel depends for its disentangling upon the verity of these phenomena; and yet this is so ingeniously brought about, that the general reader hardly detects it. So far from the Spiritualism being a "blemish," every unprejudiced reader will admit that the very spirit of immortal life is breathed into the story by the full and hearty faith of the author and his apt employment of the phenomena which are so distasteful to modern theologians claiming to be "Orthodox" and "Evangelical."

How do these critics get over the fact that these "phenomena," at which they are so disturbed, were as fully credited by the founders of their sects as by Mr. Sargent himself? John Calvin and Martin Luther both believed in them. Mr. Sargent quotes in support of one of his instances the testimony of Cotton Mather, a Boston man, who was a shining light in the church to which the Recorder is supposed to be loyal. Richard Baxter, whose "Saint's Rest" the Recorder will not deny is revered among Presbyterians as few books are except the Bible, not only believed in these phenomena, but bases much of the weight of his argument for the immortality of the soul upon the fact of their occurrence! In this very "Saint's Rest," which the Recorder has probably endorsed and commended many a time, and without which no "evangelical" Sabbath School library would be regarded as complete, Baxter utters, in regard to phenomena precisely analogous to those which Mr. Sargent is rebuked for admitting, this remarkable declaration:

"I know many are very incredulous herein, and will hardly believe that there have been such apparitions. For my own part, though I am as credulous as most in such reports, and do believe that most of them are *visions or delusions*, yet having been very diligently inquisitive in all such cases, I have received undoubted testimony of the truth of such apparitions; some from the mouths of men of undoubted honesty and godliness, and some from the report of multitudes of persons who heard or saw. Were it fit here to name the persons, I could send you to them yet living, by whom you would be as fully satisfied as I: houses that have been so frequently haunted with such errors, that the inhabitants successively have been witnesses of them."

And then Baxter goes on to quote approvingly from "godly, zealous" these words, which the Recorder will no doubt regard as "a blemish and a bore": "Many deny that the soul of man remaineth and liveth after death, because they see nothing go from him but his breath; and they come to that impiety, that they laugh at all that is said of another life. But we see not the devil (spirits); and yet it is clearer than the sun that this *evil* is full of devil; because, besides God's word, experience itself doth teach it."

Baxter further says: "The writings of Gregory, Ambrose, Austin, Chrysostom, Nicphorus, &c., make frequent mention of apparitions, and relate the several stories at large. You may read in Lavater de Spectris, several other relations of apparitions, out of Alexander ab Alexandro, Basilides Ptolemaeus and others, Ludovico Vives, (lib. 1.) De Veritate Fidei, saith that among the savages in America, nothing is more common than to hear and see spirits in such shapes both day and night. The like do other writers testify of those Indians; so with Olaus Magnus of the Islanders. Yes, godly, sober Melancthon affirms that he had seen some such sights or apparitions himself. Lavater also himself, who hath written a book wholly of apparitions, a learned, godly, Protestant divine, tells us that it was then an undeniable thing, confirmed by the testimonies of many honest and credible persons, both men and women, some alive and some dead, that sometimes by night, and sometimes by day, have both seen and heard such things; some, that going to bed had the clothes plucked off them, &c."

Can we give any natural cause of men's speaking Hebrew or Greek, which they never learned or spoke before; of their venturing their telling persons that are present their secrets; discovering what is done at a distance which they neither see nor hear? • • • • • Sure it were strange, if in an age of so much knowledge and conscience, there should so many scores of poor creatures be put to death as witches, if it were not clearly manifest that they were such."

All the above quotations are from that high priest of Orthodoxy, and that good and learned man, Richard Baxter, of whom Coleridge says, "I should as soon think of doubting the Scripture verity, as his recalcitancy."

John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, died only twenty-two years ago. The spiritual phenomena were manifested for a succession of years, in his own home, and from him Mr. Sargent quotes this impressive remark: "With my latest breath will I bear testimony against giving up to infidels one great proof of the invisible world, that, namely, of witchcraft and apparitions, confirmed by the testimony of all ages."

Now will the Recorder and Journals of a similar stripe, which are assailing "Peculiar" because of its Spiritualism, please explain to us why it is that it was quite Orthodox and right for Richard Baxter to believe certain phenomena in 1691; but altogether heterodox and wrong, "a blemish and a bore," for Epes Sargent to narrate the occurrence of precisely the same things in 1863? Will Methodists explain why John Wesley was all right in believing these things, and the author of "Peculiar" all wrong?

We really do not understand these gross inconsistencies, this quiet ignoring of notorious facts, in the speculations of our Orthodox contemporaries. The truth is, they are groping in the fog of that materialism which has been sweeping over the civilized world during the last century and a half, and they shut their eyes even to the teachings of the founders of their own sect, whose teachings come in conflict with their own preconceived notions on the subject of spiritual existence and agency. We can prove to the Recorder, by the affirmations of the great leaders and authorities of its own sect, that in regard to these phenomena it is Mr. Sargent, the novelist, who is orthodox and evangelical, and these modern revilers of Spiritualism—Doctors of Divinity though they be—who are anti-orthodox and anti-evangelical.

This assertion will surprise our friends of the Recorder, but it is literally true. It was deemed downright impiety by the fathers and founders of the Recorder's sect to deny these very things that a novelist is now assailed by degenerate sectarians for affirming! Into such gross contradictions will theological assidues sometimes precipitate worthy and well-meaning men, unconsciously biased by the materialism of the age in which they live.

Cora L. V. Scott.

We are informed that Mrs. Hatch has received the necessary documents from the Supreme Court of New York, directing her from Dr. B. F. Hatch, and that hereafter she will resume her former name of Scott.

New Publications.

DEAR WATERS. By Ann H. Drury, author of "Misrepresentations," "Friends and Foes," etc. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham, 143 Washington street.

This English work is finely written, and gives a faithful portrait of both humble and fashionable life, exhibiting a skillful delineation of character and a comprehensive knowledge of human nature rarely displayed by novel writers. Its teachings are of an elevated moral tone, and the plot is intensely interesting.

ROMANCE. By the author of "Charles Ancher," "Counterparts," etc. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham, 143 Washington street.

"Romance" is not a tale of everyday life, but displays more of the Oriental charm of imagination in its masterly analysis of character. The author has such a perfect command of language that the reader cannot help being exceedingly interested in the story. Both "Romance" and "Dear Waters" are elegantly printed on clear type.

ADVENTURES OF DICK ONGLOW AMONG THE REDSKINS. A Book for Boys. With illustrations. Edited by William B. G. Kingston. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

Here is a book full of startling adventure and hair-breadth escapes which befall a bold adventurer while on a journey through the Southern and Western portions of North America to California. He portrays in a vivid and fascinating manner his various encounters with the Indians who inhabit that region of country, together with his exciting tussles with buffaloes, bears, wolves, panthers, jaguars, alligators and rattlesnakes, altogether making a narrative of sufficient interest to satisfy the cravings of almost any mind which delights in the romance of wild and daring adventure. The book is splendidly got up, and contains over three hundred pages, with illustrations.

THE FARMER BOY, AND HOW HE BECAME COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF. By Uncle Juvinnell. Edited by William M. Thayer. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co., 245 Washington street.

This is a work edited by the author of the "Pioneer Boy," "The Printer Boy," and other popular books written expressly for the youth of our country. It is a fitting companion for his others, and should be in the hands of all those who have read Mr. Thayer's previous interesting works, as well as those who have not. It is a good sized volume of over three hundred pages, elegantly printed with illustrations, and handsomely bound. A timely and appropriate gift for the holidays.

SPOTLIGHTS FOR YOUNG EYES. Moscow. By Sarah W. Lander. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co., 245 Washington street.

Here is another elegant volume of over two hundred pages, with illustrations, for the young student. It portrays, in a familiar, conversational style, sights of scenes in the Russian city of Moscow. Much instruction can be gained from it.

THE LADY'S FRIEND. A monthly magazine of Literature and Fashion. Edited by Miss Henry Peterson. Terms, two dollars a year. Published by Beason & Peterson, 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia. January, Vol. 1, No. 1. A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, Boston.

The ladies will no doubt hail this new monthly with pleasure, as it is especially devoted to their interests and entertainment. It is a very neatly got up affair, and contains nearly one hundred pages of entertaining reading matter, a double plate of fashions, with four figures in full costume, a fine steel engraving, representing an interesting scene, and four pages of music, besides patterns of embroidery, new styles of bonnets, caps, sleeves, etc. If it is not sufficient inducement to invest two dollars for twelve installments, then we advise all to add fifty cents to the amount, and order fifty-two numbers of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and they will be sure to receive tenfold light for the slight investment.

INDIVIDUALITY; OR, Reason in Search of God. The light so long looked for is before you. God is Love, Light and Purity. A Revelation. Buffalo: J. Warren & Co., printers. Price 25 cents.

The above is the title of a pamphlet of thirty-seven pages, and purports to be a spiritual production, through the mediumship of William Brown, of Buffalo, N. Y., by profession a sailor.

HISTORICAL WAR-MAP.—B. B. Russell, 515 Washington street, has issued a new edition of his popular title history of the war, which contains an accurate map of the Border and Southern States, with all the prominent places and scenes of conflict—all for the moderate sum of twenty-five cents.

New Music.

From Titson's, 277 Washington street, we have received the following musical compositions: "When in my heart with friendship true," from Donizetti's opera of Robert Devereux; "Major General U. S. Grant's Grand March," composed by Josef Gungl; "The Swamp Angel," words and music by Frank Wilder; "Tony Pastor's Combination Song"—"Fanny, a comic song by H. S. Thompson, entitled "Guns Jeddedlah."

Dr. Dio Lewis's Normal School.

This Institute was incorporated in 1860, and under the judicious management of Dr. Lewis, it has become very popular. We consider it one of the most useful institutions extant. Proper attention has never been paid to physical education in this country, and we are indeed gratified that Dr. Lewis has located such an establishment in Boston, where those so disposed may qualify themselves as teachers. In the department of gymnastics, Dr. L. personally trains every candidate for the new profession. The sixth session of the Institute will open January 2, 1864. On application to Dr. L., a circular containing full particulars will be forwarded to any address.

Mrs. Chappell.

We had a pleasant call from Mrs. Sophie L. Chappell, of New York State, last week. This favorite lecturer has come on here to fulfill engagements to lecture in this and neighboring cities. She spoke in Charleston, last Sunday, and will probably speak in this city the first of January.

Grove Meetings.

A report of the proceedings of the Grove Meeting at Dexter, Me., Sept. 26th and 27th, which we regret to say did not come into our possession until recently, will appear in our next. Bro. D. H. Hamilton sent it promptly.

Warren Chase in Egypt.

We copy the following from the Cairo Daily News of Dec. 4th:

"The meeting of the Union men last night, to listen to an address by the Hon. Warren Chase, was largely attended, a number of ladies filling the front seats. The house was densely packed—every inch of standing room was occupied. Mr. Chase was listened to with close attention, and his remarks elicited much applause. We regret our inability to give even a synopsis of his speech, but it was one of the soundest, most logical discourses we have ever listened to in this city."

Announcements.

Mrs. A. M. Spence speaks in Charlestown next Sunday, and Mrs. Chappell, of New York, in Quincy.

Mrs. Clara A. Fields, of New York, will speak in Troy, in that State, on Sunday, Dec. 20th. She would like to make engagements to lecture in the vicinity of her home during the winter.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

A war democrat "recruiting officer" remarked to us the other day that in his opinion the only true patriots and honest men engaged in the war are the private soldiers, who have shouldered the musket and gone into the field for \$18 per month. No wonder the war is "dragging its slow length along," when men in the empty of the Government entertain such sentiments.

"Cousin Benja" made us a call recently, for which we thank him. We always feel better when such people visit us. We need not invoke the blessings of the Father on you, "Benja," for He is blessing you daily.

Go to the Fair at Maud Hall, this week, in aid of the Sanitary Commission. See notice in another column.

The names of spirit friends daily appears on Mr. Foster's arm, in scarlet letters, at No. 8 Suffolk Place. Mr. F. courts the scrutiny of the scientific.

Friends of the Gospel of Charity will meet every Monday evening, at Fraternity Hall, Bromfield, corner of Province street, Boston. Spiritualists are invited. Admission free.

The new stained glass windows for King's Chapel, Boston, presented by John A. Lowell and made in Munich, have arrived, and will be uncovered to the public for the first time on Christmas day.

The Bank of the Metropolis, at Boston, has surrendered its charter and closed its business.

MINISTER DAYTON'S POSITION.—A Paris letter says: "You will not fail to observe the hands and well-measured (as we know here) compliment paid to Mr. Dayton by M. Drouin de L'Isle in his despatch of the 18th of September. Such compliments from a Foreign Secretary are rare, and will create for the American Minister a high position in the Diplomatic Corps. I may say here that Mr. Dayton, although not an optimist in politics, is not at all fearful of any rupture between France and the United States, neither upon the question of the rebellion nor upon that of Mexico. His relations with this government are now such that he need not fear the machinations of Bismarck, Mason & Co."

Digby says if he could find a good finding store, he don't know but he'd patronize it liberally. He has been shaved so much in purchasing his shirts, dickies, bosoms, etc., that he don't know where to buy without getting cheated. Poor Digby! Who will enlighten him?

"*Peculiar*, a Tale of the Great Transition," by Epes Sargent, is one of the most interesting novels we have read in many a day. The story is founded on facts brought to light by the present war. It is a tale of the times, and thrills one with the vigorous power, the intense sympathies of this passionate, pulsing present. —Boston True Flag.

The Philadelphia Bulletin says that coal is coming down in price. This will be grate full news to the poor, just now.

Gen. Isaac F. Shepherd was presented by his friends in this city, last week, with an elegant sword, belt and sash, and horse equipments, and \$300 in cash to buy a horse when he returns to the battle-field; as a mark of their esteem for his patriotism and bravery in the cause of his country.

The receipts of the Great Fair at Chicago, in behalf of the Sanitary Commission, are stated at sixty thousand dollars.

The free colored schools in Washington are well attended, and are accomplishing great good.

PRICES IN ENGLAND.—The high prices ruling in the United States, contrast strongly with those that obtain in London dealers. Good stout Brussels carpets are sold in London at 62 1/2 cents per yard, and velvet carpets at 75 cents per yard. A "Prince of Wales" couch costs \$17.50; a Prince's easy chair \$7.50; and full sized iron bedsteads, \$1.63 1/2.

An Irish paper has the following remark:—"The Americans and English educate their children in the fear of God and the love of money."

It is stated that a large number of cargoes of bituminous coal have been contracted for in the British Provinces and England, and will soon arrive at Boston.

A lady in Richmond advertises in the Dispatch that she will sell a second-hand merino dress for two hundred and fifty dollars.

The Boston Investigator says:—"Perhaps some of our readers are not aware of the object to which The World's Crisis is devoted. It is a Second Advent publication, and its chief purpose seems to be to prove that Christ is soon to come and reign on the earth. Where he is to reside when he gets here, is not stated; but if he has no more to do with priests than he had when he was on earth before, they will not be very glad to see him."

A vein of ochre of immense breadth has been discovered recently in Andover county, Ver., by a miner named Capps. A bed of sulphur, covering sixty acres, has also been discovered in Lassen Meadows, at the foot of Humboldt Canon. The stratum of sulphur is from one to three feet thick, and will furnish an inexhaustible supply of the raw material for the manufacture of sulphuric acid, now coming into great demand in the territory. Several manufactories have been started, which expect to furnish the acid from this bed of sulphur at one half the cost at which it can be imported from California. This discovery must be of immense value to Nevada.

Fine crops of cotton, it is said, can be grown in the Southern settlements of Utah Territory. An experiment has been tried, which establishes the fact beyond controversy, says the Farmer's Oracle. Next year a large crop is anticipated.

They have a "Honey Lake" in California. Digby thinks it must be a very sweet place.

The Freedmen of South Carolina are making large investments in the land of rebels about to be sold by order of the Government. A letter in the New York Post, says that "the negroes are marking out their twenty acre lots all over the department, and I have been informed by Mr. Ketchum, who receives the deposits, that on this island alone, over two thousand dollars have been paid in by the freedmen to secure their homes. The idea that they can become landholders fills them with delight, and there is no doubt but the soil will be well cultivated. The negroes who bought lands last year have done well."

Wednesday, Nov. 25th, completed eighty years since the British forces left New York, a proceeding that closed what is especially called the American Revolution. The great federal victory won on that day, in 1863, will render it doubly memorable.

Gen. Butler has issued a lengthy order relative to colored troops, the effect of which is to call upon male negroes to fight for the freedom of their race, and to instruct every officer and soldier in his command to aid the coming of all colored persons into our lines. Negro soldiers are to be paid a bounty of \$10, and \$10 per month, while their families are to be furnished subsistence.

Special dispatches say that the rumor of the death of John C. Breckinridge, from wounds received in battle, is confirmed.

The recent great fire among the shipping at New York, destroyed property to the amount of, not less than \$300,000.

Among the treaties to come before the Senate for ratification, is one made last summer by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs with the Chiefs of the Creeks, by which those who joined the rebels are permitted to return to their allegiance, but are to be forever disqualified from holding offices of honor, emolument or trust among the Indians; and the treaty engages to abolish slavery, as the Cherokee Nation has done already, and to colonize freedmen on land belonging to the Creeks.

It is said that Gen. Meade's Army is quietly encamped in Calpepper County, on the south bank of the Nappahannock. Lee occupies his old position at Orange Court House, his advance line guarding the Rapidan fords. The pickets are again on friendly terms. There is but little firing, and few casualties on either side. Bushwhackers, of course, are beginning to swarm on our flanks and rear.

Recruiting goes on slowly in Massachusetts. The quota, if more efforts are not made soon, will not be filled by the 15th of January. There are too many "underground railroad" at work. We heard a recruiting agent offer, a day or two since, \$325 per man for forty men, to be mustered into the service in a neighboring State. He was willing to give bonds to fulfill the contract. The authorities here should be on the alert, if they would avoid the trouble of another draft.

Jeff Davis issued his annual message to the rebel Congress on Monday. It is mournful in its tone.

Mr. J. M. Peebles, one of our best lecturers on Spiritualism, has accepted a clerkship in the Commissary Department of Gen. Grant's army, from which, it is hoped, he will return improved in health, and rich with the experience he will there necessarily encounter.

Rev. R. W. Beecher's speech at the New York Academy of Music occupies over a page of the Independent.

Natural Remedies—Dr. Bryant.

We copy the following remarks respecting Dr. Bryant, from the Rochester, N. Y., Daily Express, Dec. 2, 1863:

"Discoveries in medical science are no longer interdicted by the faculty. Improvement in the methods of treatment, and preparation and administration of remedies, are not regarded as necessarily partaking of charlatanism—although new ideas in respect of ministering to human life are apt to run into quackery. Experience has exploded some of the modern cures, and out of it some good things have come, which common sense has directed the objectionable wrappings and trappings designed to 'humbug' the patient who expects 'some great thing,' instead of the simple prescription of washing some things in Jordan. The magnetic principle has something in it, however, pretensions have distorted and perverted it to base uses. The intelligent physician who is now practicing it here, has shown by many successes that poor humanity often perishes from mere neglect of the simplest and most natural means of cure. He makes the lame to walk; and that is enough for one man's ambition."

We saw in his room a collection of crutches and canes, sufficient to build a pyre for 'Old Galen' or more ancient Hippocrates, by those disabled by hip disease, contracted muscles, rheumatism, or paralysis occasioned by drugs, have left behind them, trophies to the doctor, who taught them how to walk without such aids. We chanced to witness an operation upon a lad who had been confined to a rocking chair, helpless and suffering greatly, for a long time, from inflammatory rheumatism, who in half a dozen operations had been invested with new life, and enabled to walk a mile to visit the doctor. This is one of many veritable cases treated successfully without a particle of medicine, instruments or machinery whatever. Dr. Bryant is a young man of very intelligent and pleasant appearance, his face resembling the portraits of the late Dr. Eliza Kane, the Arctic Adventurer. He has practiced his method of cure with success everywhere. To his rooms at the Waverly Hotel, scores of people go, daily, to be treated, and we think he is accomplishing much good."

Dr. B. will practice at the Waverly House, Rochester, N. Y., until March 1864, after which he will visit Buffalo, N. Y.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

L. K. C., UTAH, N. Y.—\$2.50 received Dec. 9.

C. P. R., WORONSTER, MASS.—Agreeable, of course. Condense as much as possible.

S. M.—Did n't have room for your article.

G. C. G., DORCHESTER.—Your letter and money received. Please receive our thanks for the interest you take in extending the circulation of the BANNER.

C. A. D., WORONSTER.—The manuscripts are safe, and will be returned in the course of the present week. If we decide not to use them.

W. C., CAIRO, ILL.—\$5.00 received.

A Word to the Boys Going South.

It would not be strange if, with the change of climate and exposure to which you will be exposed in the land of "Dixie," you should stand in need of some medicine to be used immediately; such a remedy is Perry Davis's Vegetable Pain Killer. The Pain Killer has been tested in every variety of climate, and by almost every nation known to America. It is the almost constant friend of the missionary and the traveler on sea and land—for the cure of Colds, Coughs, Weak Stomach and General Debility, Indigestion, Gramp a d Pain in the Stomach, Bowel Complaint, Colic, Diarrhea, Cholera, etc. Do not go without a bottle in your knapsack. To be had at the Drug stores.—[Prescott Journal.]

SOLDIERS TO THE RESCUE!—Young men, rushing into the exposure and dangers of a soldier's life, should prepare themselves for the fatal Fevers, the Dysentery, the Sore and Scurvy, which are almost certain to follow. HOLLAND'S PILLS, used occasionally during the campaign, will insure sound health to every man. Only 25 cents per box.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are ten cents per line for the first and eight cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in Advance.

~~~~~

**A Grand Holiday Present!**

On MONDAY, December 21st, WILL BE ISSUED

**A SPLENDID VOLUME!**

ENTITLED,  
**POEMS**

FROM  
**THE INNER LIFE!**

BY MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.

BOOKSELLERS throughout the Loyal States and the British North American Provinces are hereby notified that the Publishers are now ready to receive orders at the usual discount to the trade.

Retail price of the full gilt edition, (got up expressly for the Holidays,) \$1.15.

Retail price of the edition in cloth, \$1.00; postage 16 cents.

Published by WILLIAM WHITE & CO., No. 128 Washington street, Boston, Mass. Dec. 19.

NEW ENGLAND SANITARY COMMISSION FAIR!

THE Great Fair for the Benefit of the Sanitary Commission, will open at the BOSTON MUSIC HALL, On MONDAY, December 14, at 6 P. M.

The first evening will be devoted to a GRAND ORGAN CONCERT, and Exhibition of the Articles on the Table.

No articles will be sold on this evening. By this novel feature in Fair, an opportunity will be offered to all to see the most beautiful articles, before any of them have been removed.

Mr. MORSE, the accomplished Organist at Grace Church, N. Y., has kindly volunteered to preside at the Organ. No other Concert will be given during the Fair.

The hall will be splendidly decorated. The battle flags of the Massachusetts regiments, attended by a guard of honor of veteran soldiers, will be displayed above pyramids of arms. The Paintings and Sculpture at the Boston Athenaeum will be on exhibition during the Fair week, for the benefit of the Fair, together with a fine collection of Paintings loaned for the purpose by various citizens of Boston.

Through the tickets will open at 11 A. M., and close at 10 P. M. Tickets at 50 cents on Tuesday, and after Tuesday for 25 cents, may be obtained at the ticket office, and at Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, 135 Washington street. Tickets will close on Wednesday, Dec. 23d. No season tickets will be sold. Dec. 14.

LOVE AND MOOD LOVE!

(1) HOW TO MARRY TO CONJUGAL SATISFACTION. (2) BY GEORGE STRAUB. This is the name of what the Boston Investigator calls "a very handsome little work," and of which the Boston Cultivator says, "a more unique, ready and practical essay has not often been written." Its leading topics are:—

1. The Choice of a Love.
2. The Pathos of Love's Pretensions.
3. Conflicting Notions of Love.
4. Characteristics of Love.
5. National True Love.
6. When and Whom to Marry.
7. Guide to Conjugial Harmony.
8. Weddings Without Weeping.

Price, 25 cents; postage, 5 cents. For sale at this office. Dec. 18.

THE MISTAKE OF CHRISTENDOM!

THE JESUS AND HIS OFFICE BEFORE PAUL, AND CHRISTIANITY. BY GEORGE STRAUB. "The Truth shall make you Free." Price, 25 cents; postage, 5 cents. For sale at this office. Dec. 18.

DYSPEPSIA AND FITS.

**A SURE CURE**

For these distressing complaints is now made known in a Pamphlet, entitled "DYSPEPSIA AND FITS," published by DR. O. PIERCE BROWN. The prescription, furnished him by a young clergyman who has taken a state of trance, has cured everybody who has taken it, never having failed in a single case. It is equally sure in cases of Fits of Dyspepsia, and the ingredients may be found in an article here. Sent free to all on receipt of one stamp to pre-pay postage. Address Dr. O. PIERCE BROWN, No. 10 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J. 3w Dec. 19.

WANTED!

A SHANT AMERICAN GENTLEMAN to do the work of a small family. Apply to C. H. ORCOWELL, at this office.

BLOSSOMS OF OUR SPRING, A POETIC WORK,

BY HUDSON AND EMMA TUTTLE, IN PRESS.

Press of WILLIAM WHITE & CO., AND WILL BE ISSUED On December 16th, 1863.

Price, in cloth, \$1.00; postage, 30 cents. For sale at this office. Dec. 12.

IN PRESS!

AND WILL BE ISSUED ON MONDAY, DECEMBER 21st, 1863, A SPLENDID VOLUME, ENTITLED

POEMS FROM THE INNER LIFE. BY LIZZIE DOTEN.

Price, in cloth, \$1.00; postage, 16 cents. Full gilt, \$1.75. Published by WILLIAM WHITE & CO., 128 Washington street, Boston. Dec. 12.

THE WONDERFUL STORY OF RAVELETTE.

ALSO, TOM CLARK AND HIS WIFE, THEIR double Drama and the Curious Things that befel them therein; or, The Discreetian's Story. By Dr. F. B. RANDOLPH, author of "Pre-Admission Man," "Dealing with the Dead," "It isn't All Right," "The Unwilling of Spiritism," etc., etc.

Price, 25 cents; postage, 16 cents. For sale at this office. Dec. 12.

THE ROBINSONIAN'S STORY!

ON THE LITTLE WINDOW AT THE FOOT OF THE BED, AND THE VERY Strange Things that Came Through It. BY DR. F. B. RANDOLPH.

Price, 25 cents; postage, 4 cents. For sale at this office. Dec. 12.

FACTS AND IMPORTANT INFORMATION FOR YOUNG MEN.

By SAMUEL GREGORY, M. D. Price, 12 cents; postage free. For sale by BELLA MARSH, 14 Bromfield St. Dec. 12.

1000 AGENTS WANTED!

A GOOD reliable Agent wanted in every town, to take the entire control for his neighborhood, of one of the best and most profitable articles ever presented to the public. The right man will be sent to him, and he will be able to sell easily. For circular, with full description, address JACULI LEWIS & CO., 22 and 24 Nassau St., New York. 3m Dec. 19.

BOOKS!

BELLA MARSH, at No. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, keeps constantly on hand a full supply of all the Spiritual and Religious works at publisher's prices. ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. (If Dec. 12)

Western Depot for Spiritual Books!

(FIRST BOOK NORTH OF THE POTOMAC.) AGENCY FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, and all other Spiritual Publications.

NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, STATIONERY, &c., supplied to Western News Dealers at the lowest prices. Address, TALLEMIDGE & CO., Box 3393, Chicago, Illinois. Dec. 5.

A. I. FENN, M. D.

No. 148 PLEASANT STREET, — BOSTON, GIVES SPECIAL ATTENTION to Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Diseases of the Lungs. Charges reasonable, and examination and prescription free to those who are unable to pay.

Office Hours from 9 to 4 P. M. 3w Dec. 5.

CHICAGO INFIRMARY

**HEALING INSTITUTE,** No. 129 South Wacker st., cor. of West Van Buren St., CHICAGO, — ILLINOIS.

N. B.—TAKE THE MADISON STREET CAR TO THE CORNER OF RUCKER STREET, THEN GO 5 1/2 BLOCKS SOUTH.

WHERE afflicted and suffering humanity are clairvoyantly Examined and Medically, Electrically and Magnetically treated for all diseases to which the human system is heir, of both chronic and acute form. We in a special manner invite the attention of ladies who have Chronic Difficulties peculiar to the sex, such as Private Weakness, Heart Disease, Neuritis, Nervousness, Loss of Vitality, &c., &c., to our Female Physician, MRS. JANEY DUTTON, Clairvoyant.

N. B.—Examination Fee \$1. City or transient patients accommodated with board and treatment at this Institute. N. B.—Medicines prepared and forwarded by express to transient patients. After one examination. We visit professionally all the afflicted, when called, at their home. Address P. O. Box 4567. L. BASCOM & CO., Nov. 21. 3m

JUST PUBLISHED. "PECULIAR."

A NEW AMERICAN NOVEL, BY EPES SARQUENT.

A NOVEL of rare power in respect to plot, characters and style, entitled, "Peculiar."

The materials have been supplied in the testimony of Gen. Butler, Gov. Sneyler, the Provost Marshal, and others, in regard to certain social developments consequent upon the occupation of New Orleans by the United States forces. In his treatment of these thrilling and extraordinary facts, the author has exhibited at once a delicacy and a boldness that commands admiration.

The enthusiasm of the few to whom "Peculiar" has been submitted, has a ring of genuineness which cannot be mistaken. "I scribble," writes one, "to say all I think about it, but I am sure it is a very good thing. I have so wept and laughed over it, that I could not criticize it if I would. It is in truth a most charming book. Few novels can I name in which the interest is so early excited, and so absorbingly kept up to the end."

"I wish," writes another, "every woman in the land could read 'Peculiar' for it is a work that goes home to the feminine heart, and eloquently interprets much that has never before been so well expressed. The book has all the elements of a large and striking success."

"Peculiar" gets its name from one of the characters, who has been named, by his whimsical master, *Peculiar Institution*.

... This is eminently a book for reading aloud; so spirited and facile, so elegant and natural is the style; so clearly delineated and grouped are the characters; so throbbing with intensity and interest is the whole wonderful story. Read the *interview* at the White House, in which the President appears; the scene in which Mr. Jefferson Davis is photographed; the scene at Mr. Pomplander's; the vendue at New Orleans, at once so humorous and pathetic; those intimate scenes at the St. Charles Hotel, in which George Sanders and Senator Wigfall gloriously figure; the steamboat scene on the Mississippi; and that unparalleled story of *Belle's*—which we defy any one with heart of flesh to read without tears."

"We have rarely read a novel so startlingly bold, and yet so gentle; so truthful, and yet so tender; so glowing with unflagging interest as a story, and at the same time so vivid and overflowing with ideas. The scene lies half in New York and half in New Orleans."

"Peculiar" forms an elegantly-printed volume of 800 pages. In addition to these features of rare attraction, we need but remind our readers that this work is bold and strong for Spiritualism. The eminent author leaves no doubt as to his views. EVERY SPIRITUALIST SHOULD READ IT.

That it will form an important instrument in calling increased attention to the Spiritual movement, no intelligent reader will fail to perceive. It should lie upon the table of every progressive family.

One beautiful 12mo, 504 pages, cloth bound. Price, \$1.50. 25¢ Sent by mail on receipt of price.

Dec. 5. Address, "Banner of Light, Boston: Mass."







## Placed to Spirit Life!

From Plymouth, Mass. Oct. 25th. Alice Bonney, daughter of Joseph B. and Sophia B. Bonney, aged 13 years, leaving a father and mother, and a band of brothers and sisters, to mourn for a time her departure.

Alice possessed a lovely nature, amiable in disposition, and was one of whom it can be said she was known only to be loved. Although she had experienced but 13 years of life, yet she realized one of the most beautiful and happy, made such by the tender care and love of parents, and the affection of brothers and sisters.

Never have we seen a group of little ones live so harmoniously—always kind, and ever true to each other, and will be much missed and deeply mourned, as we know if we have lost a dear friend, and earth one of its most loved children, that the spirit-land retains the gem, where it will become more beautiful and angelic.

We trust the parents have the inward assurance that she still lives, and will be long visiting them, soothing them in their hours of sadness, making sorrow even heavenly.

We have always associated the names Alice and Arthur, for they seemed hand in hand to lead the lead, and with their melody had been the sunshine of that home.

Er her brow had trace of sorrow,  
Er her bright eye learned to weep,  
With the trusting heart of childhood,  
Loving Alice went to sleep.

Death's dark stream did not fright her,  
For an angel led the way,  
To that land where gleams the sunshine  
Of one bright eternal day.

You will make her voice, her footsteps,  
You will mourn, but not despair,  
For heaven will seem dearer to you,  
Now that Alice loved, is there.

Death is but the change—the passing  
From a life of pain and toll;  
God transmuting wilted flowers  
To a more congenial soil.

J. FRANCIS BAXTER.

Plymouth, Mass.

From East Portland, N. H., Nov. 17, 1863. Lett Woodbury Matthews, companion of Mrs. Sarah Helen Matthews, aged 38 years, 1 month and 3 days.

Mr. Matthews was a firm and zealous champion of the beautiful philosophy of spirit-intercourse, and by his even, calm and tranquil walk in life, greatly aided his wife, who is known by a large circle of friends, as one of the best test mediums New England affords.

A wife, child, and mother, feel sadly the loss of this faithful co-worker in humanity's cause. He was zealous in every good work, and faithfully performed his earthly mission.

Though he struggled hard for several years to battle disease physically, he could no longer resist the summons from the summer-land to exchange life physical for life spiritual. Welcomed to his bright and beautiful home in spirit-land, he now finds rest, where disease can no longer torture the noble energies of his fine cultivated spirit, where the loving tones of heart-sympathizing friends lull the breathings of his harmonious spirit in angelic utterances. Long this bright spirit struggled with earthly vicissitudes, but nobly performed his earthly mission, lovingly, faithfully and true. Once more the death-knell has sounded its shrill notes in the house where his last breath was mirrored upon the walls of his physical habitation.

Now the silent watchers of humanity stand around the bed of death, to hear the last word spoken of the loved brother and husband, but calmly they felt that the spirit was more adapted to celestial climate, where no discord reigns, than to the cold, tempestuous blasts and misfortune of earth-life, against which he long had struggled. We wait thy coming, Woodbury! Already we feel thee knock at the door of our hearts. Heaven has opened unto us, and the angel stands waiting; yes, he is among us. The Disappearance of the nineteenth century—the Gospel of Spiritualism, was fearfully advocated by this brother of charity and good will to all. He stood before the portals of the Holy Sanctuary, where truth makes its utterances with steady and unflinching trust. His faith was strong, and we feel today that he is a worker among us. His wife hears the vibratory notes of his many spirit coming from his home in summer-land. Of late he has been called to administer comfort and consolation to others under similar bereavements, and now she is made to taste the bitter cup of affliction. But in her solitude, she will hear his voice again, saying, "Helen, cheer up! In thy name I work in God's cause! I will be patient and all shall be right! The cup of affliction is not long for thee!"

Farewell, dear brother, we listen to the Father's will, and obey. Thy work on earth is done; but still thy spirit will come from thy home in the spheres, to labor for every humanity, wherever it may be found. I stand by thy bedside, and listened to the feeble tones of his gentle voice, while the Death-Angel stood waiting to conduct his spirit to its immortal home; but calmly he uttered the same affectionate words of heavenly sweetness, which characterized his earth life.

He requested his wife to delay his funeral as long as possible, so that he might gain strength to speak on the occasion. He selected his pall-bearers, Samuel Clark, of Westmoreland, was selected to conduct the services, and Mrs. C. H. Kennedy of Hingham, Va., and Miss Barbara Allen, of Boston, Mass., were selected speakers.

The services were performed in the meeting-house at East Westmoreland, N. H., before a large and attentive audience. Miss Allen, sister of Mr. Matthews, was first controlled by a spirit purporting to be the deceased, and spoke in language and style so characteristic, that his friends were satisfied it was indeed him.

The following was given, which he requested should be embodied in the notice of his departure from earth life:

To greet you here was my desire,  
My platform 's raised a little higher;  
An angel hand has tuned my lyre,  
Thanks to the choir for every psalm.  
My soul is filled with heavenly balm.  
My lamp is lighted, it brightly burns;  
Flowers are placed in my crown,  
Thanks, dear friends, for kindly deeds,  
They'll shine forever like golden seeds;  
My earthly form is lying here—don't say I'm dead,  
For now my soul with mine's is fed;  
Hope's star is shining o'er my head,  
Over Helen, words of cheer I breathe for thee;  
There are brighter days for you and me;  
The leaves of autumn on my grave will fall—  
God bless you each! God bless you all!"

EMMA EYRE.

East Westmoreland, N. H., Dec. 1, 1863.

From Canaanville, N. Y., Nov. 18th, (of diphtheria). Eddie, only son of Mrs. Ann Widdell, aged 7 years and 10 days.

Although the home of our friend is made desolate by this bereavement, yet the consolation of Spiritualism will aid her and other friends to bear up under this affliction, believing, as they do, that Eddie is not lost, but still living, and enjoying the smiles of angels in that better land, where the ties of friendship are never severed, where no wintry blasts can chill, nor turbid stream obstruct his shining pathway, but where pure streams, fair skies, and sunny breezes are the elements of our kind Father's mansion prepared for earth's children.

B. F. J.

## PUBLICATIONS

—FOR SALE AT THE—

## BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE.

20 Per Cent must be added for postage.

Works by A. M. Child, M. D.:  
Whatever Is, Is Right. \$1.00.  
The Spiritual Sunday School Class Book. No. 1. 35 cts.  
A B C of Life. 15 cents.  
Soul Affinity. 15 cents.  
The Progress of Spiritual Forces, recorded chiefly through the mediumship of Mrs. J. B. Adams. 70 cents. \$1.00 and \$1.50, according to the style of the binding.  
Progressive Life of Spirits after Death, as given in Spiritual communications, and with Introduction and Notes. 15 cents.

Works by A. J. Davis:  
Nature's Divine Revelations: A Voice to Mankind. 15 cents.  
The Great Harmonies. In 5 volumes. Vol. 1.—The Physician; Vol. 2.—The Teacher; Vol. 3.—The Seer; Vol. 4.—The Reformer; Vol. 5.—The Thinker. \$1.50 each.  
Also, late editions of the following excellent works by the same author, viz:  
The Philosophy of Special Privileges: A Vision. 15 cents.  
The Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse: being an explanation of modern mysteries. 50 cents; cloth, 75 cts.  
The Harmonical Man, or, Thoughts for the Age. 30 cents; cloth, 50 cents.  
Free Thoughts Concerning Religion: or Nature versus Theology. 15 cents.  
The Penitential: being Harmonical answers to Important Questions. \$1.50.  
The Magic Staff: an Autobiography of Andrew Jackson Davis. \$1.50.  
The History and Philosophy of Evil. In paper, 30 cents; cloth, 50 cents.  
The Harbinger of Health. \$1.50.  
Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions from the People. (A Sequel to the Penitential.) \$1.50.

Works by Different Authors:  
Arcana of Nature; or, the History and Laws of Creation. By Hudson Tuttle. 1st vol. \$1.00.  
Arcana of Nature; or, the Philosophy of Spiritual Existence and of the Spirit World. By Hudson Tuttle. 2d vol. \$1.  
Incidents in My Life, by D. D. Home, with an Introduction by Judge Edmonds. \$1.50.  
Plain Guide to Spiritualism. A Spiritual Seed Book. By Uriah Clark. Cloth, \$1. paper 75 cts.  
The Wildfire Club; by Emma Hart. \$1.00.  
The Soul of Things; or, psychometric Researches and Experiments. By William and Elizabeth M. F. Denton. Price, \$1.25.  
Dealings with the Dead; The Human Soul, its Migrations and its Transmigrations. By F. B. Randolph. 75 cents.  
Twelve Messages from the spirit of John Quincy Adams through Joseph B. Stiles, medium, to Joseph Brigham. \$1.50.

Further Communications from the World of Spirits, to subjects of highly important to human family, by Joshua, Solomon and others. 80 cents.

Essays on Various Subjects. Intended to elucidate the Causes of the changes coming upon all the earth at the present time; and the Nature of the Calamities that are so rapidly approaching, &c., by Joshua, Oliver, Francis, the bed of death, to hear the last word spoken of the loved brother and husband, but calmly they felt that the spirit was more adapted to celestial climate, where no discord reigns, than to the cold, tempestuous blasts and misfortune of earth-life, against which he long had struggled. We wait thy coming, Woodbury! Already we feel thee knock at the door of our hearts. Heaven has opened unto us, and the angel stands waiting; yes, he is among us. The Disappearance of the nineteenth century—the Gospel of Spiritualism, was fearfully advocated by this brother of charity and good will to all. He stood before the portals of the Holy Sanctuary, where truth makes its utterances with steady and unflinching trust. His faith was strong, and we feel today that he is a worker among us. His wife hears the vibratory notes of his many spirit coming from his home in summer-land. Of late he has been called to administer comfort and consolation to others under similar bereavements, and now she is made to taste the bitter cup of affliction. But in her solitude, she will hear his voice again, saying, "Helen, cheer up! In thy name I work in God's cause! I will be patient and all shall be right! The cup of affliction is not long for thee!"

Farewell, dear brother, we listen to the Father's will, and obey. Thy work on earth is done; but still thy spirit will come from thy home in the spheres, to labor for every humanity, wherever it may be found. I stand by thy bedside, and listened to the feeble tones of his gentle voice, while the Death-Angel stood waiting to conduct his spirit to its immortal home; but calmly he uttered the same affectionate words of heavenly sweetness, which characterized his earth life.

He requested his wife to delay his funeral as long as possible, so that he might gain strength to speak on the occasion. He selected his pall-bearers, Samuel Clark, of Westmoreland, was selected to conduct the services, and Mrs. C. H. Kennedy of Hingham, Va., and Miss Barbara Allen, of Boston, Mass., were selected speakers.

The services were performed in the meeting-house at East Westmoreland, N. H., before a large and attentive audience. Miss Allen, sister of Mr. Matthews, was first controlled by a spirit purporting to be the deceased, and spoke in language and style so characteristic, that his friends were satisfied it was indeed him.

The following was given, which he requested should be embodied in the notice of his departure from earth life:

To greet you here was my desire,  
My platform 's raised a little higher;  
An angel hand has tuned my lyre,  
Thanks to the choir for every psalm.  
My soul is filled with heavenly balm.  
My lamp is lighted, it brightly burns;  
Flowers are placed in my crown,  
Thanks, dear friends, for kindly deeds,  
They'll shine forever like golden seeds;  
My earthly form is lying here—don't say I'm dead,  
For now my soul with mine's is fed;  
Hope's star is shining o'er my head,  
Over Helen, words of cheer I breathe for thee;  
There are brighter days for you and me;  
The leaves of autumn on my grave will fall—  
God bless you each! God bless you all!"

EMMA EYRE.

East Westmoreland, N. H., Dec. 1, 1863.

From Canaanville, N. Y., Nov. 18th, (of diphtheria). Eddie, only son of Mrs. Ann Widdell, aged 7 years and 10 days.

Although the home of our friend is made desolate by this bereavement, yet the consolation of Spiritualism will aid her and other friends to bear up under this affliction, believing, as they do, that Eddie is not lost, but still living, and enjoying the smiles of angels in that better land, where the ties of friendship are never severed, where no wintry blasts can chill, nor turbid stream obstruct his shining pathway, but where pure streams, fair skies, and sunny breezes are the elements of our kind Father's mansion prepared for earth's children.

B. F. J.

East Westmoreland, N. H., Dec. 1, 1863.

From Canaanville, N. Y., Nov. 18th, (of diphtheria). Eddie, only son of Mrs. Ann Widdell, aged 7 years and 10 days.

B. F. J.

East Westmoreland, N. H., Dec. 1, 1863.

From Canaanville, N. Y., Nov. 18th, (of diphtheria). Eddie, only son of Mrs. Ann Widdell, aged 7 years and 10 days.

B. F. J.

East Westmoreland, N. H., Dec. 1, 1863.

From Canaanville, N. Y., Nov. 18th, (of diphtheria). Eddie, only son of Mrs. Ann Widdell, aged 7 years and 10 days.

B. F. J.

East Westmoreland, N. H., Dec. 1, 1863.

From Canaanville, N. Y., Nov. 18th, (of diphtheria). Eddie, only son of Mrs. Ann Widdell, aged 7 years and 10 days.

B. F. J.

East Westmoreland, N. H., Dec. 1, 1863.

From Canaanville, N. Y., Nov. 18th, (of diphtheria). Eddie, only son of Mrs. Ann Widdell, aged 7 years and 10 days.

B. F. J.

East Westmoreland, N. H., Dec. 1, 1863.

From Canaanville, N. Y., Nov. 18th, (of diphtheria). Eddie, only son of Mrs. Ann Widdell, aged 7 years and 10 days.

B. F. J.

East Westmoreland, N. H., Dec. 1, 1863.

From Canaanville, N. Y., Nov. 18th, (of diphtheria). Eddie, only son of Mrs. Ann Widdell, aged 7 years and 10 days.

B. F. J.

East Westmoreland, N. H., Dec. 1, 1863.

From Canaanville, N. Y., Nov. 18th, (of diphtheria). Eddie, only son of Mrs. Ann Widdell, aged 7 years and 10 days.

B. F. J.

East Westmoreland, N. H., Dec. 1, 1863.

## A Fallacy and True Revival of Religion: By Theodore Parker.

The Revival of Religion which we need. By Theodore Parker.

The Effect of Slavery on the American People. By Theodore Parker.

The Relation of Slavery to a Republican Form of Government. By Theodore Parker.

The Religious Demands of the Age: a reprint of the Preface to the London Edition of the collected works of Theodore Parker. By Theodore Parker.

The Koran. Translated into English immediately from the original Arabic. Price, \$1.50.

Pre-Adamite Man: The Story of the Human Race, from 50,000 to 100,000 years ago. By Othello Lee of Texas. Price, \$1.50.

Free Love and Affinity. By Miss Lizzie Deane. 30 cents.

Kindness for All: or, Stories for Children. By H. C. Wright. 30 cents.

Love and Mock Love. By George Stearns. 20 cents.

Optimism the Lesson of Ages. By Benjamin Wood. 40 cts.

Right Historical and Original Lectures on the Bible. By H. C. Wright. \$1.00.

The Mistake of Christendom; or, Jesus and His Gospel before Pagan and Christianity. By George Stearns. \$1.00.

The Self-Annihilation, or, Earth's true King and Queen. By Henry C. Wright. In paper covers, 40 cents; in cloth, 50 cents.

The Empire of the Mother over the Character and Destiny of the Race. By Henry C. Wright. In paper covers, 50 cts; in cloth, 60 cts.

Marriage and Parentage; or the Reproductive Element in our Social, Moral, Religious and Domestic Life. By Henry C. Wright. \$1.00.

The Unwashed Child; or, The Crime of an Unwashed and Unchristianized Maturity. By Henry C. Wright. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 60 cents.

The Errors of the Bible, Demonstrated by the Truths of Nature; or, Man's only infallible Rule of Faith and Practice. By Henry C. Wright. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 60 cts.

The Apocryphal New Testament. Price, 75 cts.

Unconquered Slavery. By Lyman Spooner. Paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

An Essay on the Truth by Jury. By Lyman Spooner. Paper, \$1.00; cloth, \$1.50. Paper, 75 cents; cloth, 80 cts.

Personal Memoir of Daniel Drayton. 32 cents; cloth, 40 cts.

The Book of Nations, compiled by John Hayward, author of several other works and other works. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

The Hierophant; or, Clearings from the Past. Being an Exposition of Biblical Astrology. Price, 75 cts.

Battle Record of the American Revolution. By Horace C. Brown. A. M. Price, 25 cts.

The Science of Man applied to Epidemics; their Causes, Cures and Prevention. By Lewis B. Hough. "Man's Life in the Future." Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cts.

A Wealth for St. Francis; being sketches of eminent St. Francis. By J. F. Phillips. 40 cents.

Christ and the Pharisees upon the Sabbath. By a Student of Divinity. 20 cents.

Six Years in a Georgia Prison. Narrative of Lewis W. Palmer, who was the sufferer. Paper, 25 cts; cloth, 40 cts.

Eugene Beckard's Physiological Mysteries and Revelations. 25 cents.

Facts and Important Information for Young Men, on the subject of Masturbation. 15 cents.

Facts and Important Information for Young Women, on the same subject. 15 cents.

Report of an Extraordinary Church Trial: Conservatives versus Progressives. By Eliza H. H. 15 cents.

A Voice from the Prison, or, Truths for the Multitude. By James A. Dyer. 15 cents.

Thirty-Two Wonders; or the Skill displayed in the Miracles of Jesus. By Prof. M. D. D. Paper, 25 cts; cloth, 40 cts.

A Dissertation on the Evidence of Inspiration. By D. C. Kelly. 30 cents.

Lays of Liberty. 30 cents.

A Voice from the Parsonage, or, Life in the Ministry. Published under the patronage of Dr. Edward A. Park, of Andover. It is interesting as a work of fiction, and it is a good occasion to the "Minister's Woe." By Mrs. S. S. 50 cents.

Consumption. How to Prevent it and How to cure it. By James C. Jackson, M. D. \$2.00.

The Curability of Consumption Demonstrated on Natural Principles. By Andrew Stone, M. D. Price, \$1.00; postage free.

Pathology of the Reproductive Organs. By Dr. Trail and Jackson. Price, 50 cts.

The Arguments on State Rights and Popular Sovereignty, Examined and Refuted. By B. D. Drayton. 5 cents.

The American Crisis; or the Trial and Triumph of Democracy. By Warren Chase. 30 cents.

Great Expectations. By Charles Dickens. Complete in One Volume—\$12 pp. Four Steel Engravings. 25 cents.

30 per cent will be added to the annexed prices, for postage, when books are sent by Mail.

Address, "BANNER OF LIGHT,"

155 Washington Street, Boston.

## New Books.

## THIRD EDITION.

First Volume of the Arcana of Nature. By HUDSON TUTTLE. Carefully revised and corrected by the author.

CONTENTS.

PART I. CHAPTER I. A General Survey of Matter.—Chapter II. The Origin of the World.—Chapter III. The Theory of the Origin of the World.—Chapter IV. History of the Earth, from the Gaseous Ocean to the Cambrian.—Part II. Chapter V. Life and Organization.—Chapter VI. Plan of Organic Life.—Chapter VII. The History of Life.—Chapter VIII. The History of Life through the Silurian Formation.—Chapter IX. The Old Red Sandstone Series.—Chapter X. Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter XI. Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter XII. Colliery.—Chapter XIII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter XIV. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter XV. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter XVI. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter XVII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter XVIII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter XIX. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter XX. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter XXI. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter XXII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter XXIII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter XXIV. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter XXV. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter XXVI. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter XXVII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter XXVIII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter XXIX. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter XXX. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter XXXI. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter XXXII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter XXXIII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter XXXIV. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter XXXV. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter XXXVI. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter XXXVII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter XXXVIII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter XXXIX. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter XL. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter XLI. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter XLII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter XLIII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter XLIV. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter XLV. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter XLVI. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter XLVII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter XLVIII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter XLIX. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter L. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LI. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LIII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LIV. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LV. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LVI. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LVII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LVIII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LIX. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LX. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXI. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXIII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXIV. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXV. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXVI. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXVII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXVIII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXIX. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXX. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXI. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXIII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXIV. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXV. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXVI. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXVII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXVIII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXIX. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXX. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXI. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXIII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXIV. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXV. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXVI. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXVII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXVIII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXIX. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXX. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXI. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXIII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXIV. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXV. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXVI. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXVII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXVIII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXIX. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXX. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXI. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXIII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXIV. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXV. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXVI. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXVII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXVIII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXIX. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXX. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXI. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXIII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXIV. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXV. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXVI. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXVII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXVIII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXIX. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXX. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXI. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXIII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXIV. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXV. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXVI. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXVII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXVIII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXIX. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXX. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXXI. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXIII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXIV. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXV. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXVI. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXVII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXVIII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXIX. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXX. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXXI. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXIII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXIV. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXV. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXVI. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXVII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXVIII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXIX. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXX. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXXI. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXIII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXIV. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXV. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXVI. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXVII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXVIII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXIX. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXX. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXXI. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXIII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXIV. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXV. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXVI. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXVII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXVIII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXIX. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXX. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXXI. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXIII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXIV. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXV. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXVI. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXVII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXVIII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXIX. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXX. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXXI. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXIII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXIV. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXV. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXVI. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXVII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXVIII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXIX. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXX. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXXI. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXIII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXIV. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXV. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXVI. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXVII. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXVIII. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXIX. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter LXXXXXXXX. The Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter LXXXXXXXXI. The Carboniferous or Coal Formation



## Children's Department.

EDITED BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

"We think not of the daily see  
About our hearts, angels that are to be,  
"We may be if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."  
(LUCAS HUNT.)

## LETTER NO. 1.

I presume, dear children, you know what it is to feel sad sometimes. Every one has trials and sorrows. There are trials of sickness and pain, the trials of bad temper and unkindness, the trials of poverty and of selfishness, the trials of separation from those beloved; these, and many more, most of us have to meet, and sometimes they seem very hard to bear, and our spirits are so clouded by them that we cannot feel the beautiful, glad sunshine of love that ever surrounds us, any more than we can see the sun-gleams on a cloudy day.

If any of you have no trials you cannot understand what I am going to say; but if you have, you will like to listen to a short description of a spiritually cloudy day. Thanksgiving day is a day of joy; it is appointed for gladness, for the brightening of all sweet and tender memories, and all the hopes that the heart loves to cherish, just as you would brighten a chain of golden beads if they had become tarnished. I hope you all know such a thanksgiving day, one full of the joy of kindness and love.

There was on my heart that day a shadow of sorrow, and my spiritual sky was clouded, and as I looked up to the blue heavens and saw them bending over with their embrace of love, I could not rejoice, but only looked at it with dim eyes. The soft air blew, but I could not feel its touch of life; the water gleamed in the sunshine, but I looked at its shadows; and although everything was outwardly beautiful, it did not enter my heart to make it thankful. I chanced to pass an unfinished dwelling: it was rough with timbers and brick and mortar, and was not beautiful in any way, but on the gable end of the roof there was placed a branch of evergreen. Some one had put it there as an ensign of beauty. It lifted its green head toward the blue sky, and seemed as if speaking its thanksgiving and praise.

I wondered who placed it there: was it some workman that was toiling for his beloved ones, and felt the gladness of his work? And as I wondered, I tried to fancy how the man looked who could spend his time and thought in that act. I began to feel the inspiration of his gladness; that is, I began to feel as if I thought he must have felt when he put that branch up there over the rough timbers. It seemed to me as if it had been lifted to bear the heart above the muddy street, toward the higher and more beautiful. Somebody had said, "I will show my gladness by a beautiful act, and others can see that there is one heart thankful this sunny, bright thanksgiving day."

I looked up again at the blue sky. It had not changed, for it was cloudless before; but now it seemed to hold many beautiful things for me—tender eyes of loving angels, and the brightness of loving thoughts—it seemed like the arch of heaven. The world changed, too. The water seemed rippling in gladness, the air seemed like a touch of kindness, and the voices of children at play expressed this gladness of Nature. My heart grew glad, spite of its trials, and felt thankful. Perhaps you will think it strange that so slight a thing as that should have had such an effect; but it is often so, and a very little thing may sometimes have great power, and it is this that I wished to show you. Children often feel that they cannot do much good, particularly to older people. Now could you not have done as simple a thing as that? Can you not every day make some unlovely thing more beautiful? A little bunch of flowers, a violet, a green leaf, given in love, often cheers and blesses wise men and women.

I think it is strange that we do not all of us, old as well as young, understand how easy it is to do good and to bless others. We should think it a great thing if we could make the clouds break away on a stormy day, and the sun shine forth in splendor, but how much greater is it to make a cloud of sorrow or of trial break away from the sky of the heart, and leave all gladness and sunshine there. Will you try and remember this, and lift your branch of hope by some kind act or word, so that the world may be better, and a happier place to dwell in?

Your friend, L. M. W.

## ELSIE:

OR,

## THE BENEFIT OF TRIALS.

What a strange woman Mrs. Moody was! No one loved her, and no one could tell why. She lived in a large house with large windows, and she had a fine yard with a great many trees in it; but if you went into the house, you would find every blind closed, and every curtain down, so that not a ray of sunshine could send its gladness through the large rooms; and if you walked in the garden, you would see stiff rows of pinks and of hollyhocks that looked very unsocial. If you ventured into the kitchen, you would behold rows of shining dishes, but you would never dream that they could be made for use, so regular and stationary they looked. If you went up stairs, there was not a wrinkle to be found in the smooth, white counterpane, or a particle of dust to be seen on bureau or stand. There was nowhere in the house a thing out of place, or a blemish to be seen.

Into this house came little Elsie, who was Mrs. Moody's niece. Her father and mother both went to heaven, and so she had no one to care for her in the place where she had been so tenderly loved, and every one said it would be an excellent place for the little orphan who needed a home, with Mrs. Moody, who lived in a fine house, and had no children. Elsie had a glad, happy heart, and felt so, too; for she thought that it would be a fine thing to live with her aunt, whose house had such large windows and such very green blinds, and in which there were so many fine things. She thought to herself, "If I cannot live with my dear mother in the old cottage, I think I would be glad to go to Aunt Moody's, she has such fine carpets, and such red curtains, and such golden books."

Elsie was very quiet the first day, for she was wondering what made her aunt so very busy, and what she could be doing in all her rooms, that looked so very clean and neat to her. She was very glad to hear the doors open and shut, and amused herself by counting the number of times her aunt drew her brush over a chair before she put it in its place and called it dusted. But after a day or two, when Elsie became better acquainted and began to feel like herself, she did not wish to sit still, and she was not amused in watching her aunt, but she wished to sing, and jump, and run. So she went into the garden, and ran down the long walk, looking up at the tall hollyhocks, and wondering if she should ever grow as high, and she stretched up on tip-toe, to see how far she could reach.

"Elsie, Elsie," called her aunt, "come into the house directly. I do not allow little girls to run in my garden—it marks the sand-walks; or to reach after plants—the plants are put there to look well from the street."

So Elsie went in again and sat down. But she soon grew tired of sitting still, and lifted the curtain a little, to see if she could look out and catch a gleam of sunshine.

"Put the curtain down quick," said Mrs. Moody,

"I do not allow little girls to touch the curtains, and I do not want any sunshine in my room—it draws the flies."

Elsie put down the curtain and tried to sit still again, but she soon felt uneasy, and reached out to take a book.

"Put that down quick, Elsie," said her aunt. "I do not allow little girls to touch my books."

Elsie thought she would not displease her aunt again, and she fixed herself very carefully on her chair, and looked at the bright leaves and flowers on the carpet, and wondered how they happened to grow without stems and out of patches of blue, that she thought represented sky, and she was just beginning to wonder if they were not like the flowers the fairies lived in, when she chanced to see a fly buzzing about. It seemed very pleasant to see even that, and she began to coax it to alight on her finger, by holding out her hand.

"What are you doing Elsie? Kill that fly quick, drive it out; I do not allow any flies in my house."

Elsie began to run around the room, delighted that she could jump and skip, and be of some use to her aunt.

"Stop, stop, Elsie, I do not allow little girls to run on my carpets, it makes dust, and wears out the carpets; sit down quick."

Thus several days passed with Elsie, till she grew very homesick, and thought constantly of her own dear home, and of her mother, who had no carpets, but had sunshine and love. These were Elsie's trials, and they were more than she knew how to bear. She had not wisdom enough to know how to overcome them, and she did not understand the law of love, so it is no wonder that she began to feel unkindness in her heart. She had many wrong thoughts about her aunt, and said:

"I will not live with her; I do not love her; I'll run away."

She could do nothing to please Mrs. Moody, but to set still, and she found nothing harder. When she went to bed she was not tired from romping, and therefore she could not go to sleep, and laid awake long hours, thinking how she loved her dear mother, and how she hated her aunt; and she wished the house would get on fire and burn up, or that her aunt would have to be tied in a chair and sit still all day, or that a great wind would blow and open the windows, and break the blinds.

One day, as she sat in the kitchen, there came a little black and white kitten creeping softly in. Mrs. Moody happened to be in the other room, or she would have said, "Put her out quick. I do not allow little girls to play with kittens;" and Elsie knew that she would say so if she saw it, therefore she caught the kitten, and covering it with her apron, she ran up stairs with it. She went into her closet and sat down on the floor and held the little creature close in her arms. Oh how good it seemed to have something to love. She remained up stairs as long as she dared, and then she shut the kitten up in the closet, and went down. By and by she stole up again, and gave it a little piece of her bread saved from dinner, and shut it up again.

But Elsie was no better contented in being shut up, than Elsie was in keeping still, so she cried and scratched, and Mrs. Moody going through the passage, heard her, and found her place of concealment.

"You naughty, naughty girl," said she to Elsie, "I shall punish you for this; I shall shut you up in the closet where you put the kitten."

When Elsie found herself alone in the darkness, she grew very angry, all her better thoughts and good wishes seemed to leave her. She said to herself, "I hate Aunt Moody, I'll not live with her, I'll run away;" and her heart grew cold every moment.

She thought of her mother, and the thought calmed her, but she would not allow good thoughts or wishes to influence her, but kept repeating to herself, "I hate her, I'll run away." She tried the door, but it was fastened, and she thought, "Well, I shall have to wait, but I'll go when I get out."

When Mrs. Moody opened the door, it was only to put Elsie in bed. She lay very still until her aunt had gone down stairs, and the shadows began to creep around the bed, and then she said, "Now I will go. I hate Aunt Moody, I'll run away from her."

She jumped up and dressed herself quickly. She did not know what it was to be away, far off alone in the damp air of night, but her heart had lost all its joy, and she felt afraid of nothing. She stole down the back stairs, ran out through the garden, and jumped over the fence. Her little feet sped through the corn-fields to the corner of the woods. How good it seemed to run, how bright the gay leaves of Autumn looked in the light of the setting sun. "Oh," said she to herself, "how glad I am I ran away. I'll never go back."

But where could she go to? It was growing chill, and darkness was creeping on; she could not sleep in the woods, and soon she could not see. What should she do?

Now Elsie had not thought of this when she resolved to leave her aunt. A great lesson of wisdom was being taught her, and she was learning that she must always think carefully before she acted, or else she might do very foolish things.

The darkness came on very fast, and Elsie did not love the darkness; and oh how cold the air felt; and the wind began to whistle in the trees. She remembered then for the first time what her mother had told her about God and his angels, but she remembered also that her mother had taught her that while her heart was cherishing wrong feelings, she could not hear the sweet voices from heaven. She knew that there was a great load of wrong feeling in her breast, for she did not want to be good. She did not wish to love her aunt, or to have her aunt love her.

She wandered about until she grew very tired, and began to be a little anxious. She could just see the chimney of her aunt's house above the trees against the clear sky, but she could see no other dwelling, only the great pines and oaks, and soon, perhaps, she could not see even them. The dried leaves of corn rustled, and the pines moaned, and she thought them very sad tones. She was not much afraid, but she thought it would be dreadful to be out all night in the cold.

The stars one after another gleamed forth—oh how bright they looked!—and far over the hill the light of the moon began to brighten the sky. It seemed like an old friend to Elsie. She remembered how it had shown into the door of the dear cottage home only a few months ago, and her mother had told her that the love of her heart was like the moonlight, and could make any place bright, and that God's love was like the sunlight.

Elsie had often watched the stars from her mother's cottage, and every time she had seen them since her mother died, she had fancied she was watching her, and that the brightest one was her loving eye. But to night she would not long think of anything pleasant or good, but kept repeating, "Oh, how I hate Aunt Moody."

She fancied she grew warmer after this, and she called it being brave. It grew cold every moment, and although the moon shed her soft light about her, the shadows were dark and solemn. Finally she sat down to think. She felt no more love for Mrs. Moody than before, but she longed more for her mother, and for her gentle care. Her little heart began repeating a sweet hymn her mother had taught her:

"Gentle, tender Shepherd hear me,  
Bless thy little lamb to-night;  
Through the darkness be thou near me,  
Watch me till the morning light."

This soothed and comforted her. Her mother knew who this Shepherd was, or she would not have taught

her the hymn, so she began to ask for more of this love and care.

"Find me a nice bed, and somebody to kiss me, and some sweet milk, and some bread, and let the moon shine bright, and the stars not go away, oh gentle Shepherd."

This was Elsie's prayer, and it seemed as if the gentle Shepherd did indeed hear, for as she turned her head, she saw a light gleaming through the trees. She did not stop to wonder where it came from, but ran as fast as her little feet would carry her toward it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DEAR BANNER—I have read you from No. 1, Vol. 1. to date. I cannot do without you if I would, and would not if I could. I venture to answer your Enigma.

Lynn, Dec. 9, 1863.

Answer to the Enigma in our Last.  
With the ice below and the wind above,  
There's nothing harder than a glove.  
If the sluggard fears that he shall want,  
Let him learn wisdom of the ant.  
A useful mineral may be had,  
For the iron horse, or the iron clad,  
When a schoolboy, I remember well  
In spelling I did much excel,  
But that was some fifty years ago;  
How I'd make out now, I do not know.  
Of all the Patriarchs, there was one  
I spelt, with great A, little a, y, o, n.  
If you cannot well become a Hero,  
Then pray do try to be a she-ro.  
If I lived South I would not fight,  
But I 'spose whatever is, is right.  
With love I would all others bless,  
And thus enjoy true happiness.  
With all things else I fain would part,  
But I must keep a LOVING HEART.

Letters Received.  
H. N. B. CONCORD, N. H.—Many thanks for your letter; it made me very happy, for it had the true spirit of progress in it. Do not forget to send me the picture, and remember that everything that you learn to do, that is useful, will benefit you and your dear loved brother in the spirit-world.

## THE BAD AND GOOD OF SPIRITUALISM—NO. 2.

BY H. S. CHAPMAN AND A. B. CHILD.

A. B. C.—Spiritualism is the last sect of the material world. It is the a b c of spirit-life. It is the infant school of spirit culture. It is real truth falling into the shadows of matter. It is a dim recognition of the chart of a stream that is to bear us on forever.

H. S. C.—It is enough for me to say of the above, that it asserts, but proves nothing.

A. B. C.—Spiritual things only assert; they do not ask for or need any proof. It is philosophy that asks for and needs proof. Philosophy is for matter only.

H. S. C.—What is a thing intellectually got together without proof? To accept a thing without evidence is not philosophy.

A. B. C.—True. Spiritualism is too big for the arms of philosophy to hold, or for court-house evidence to prove or disprove.

H. S. C.—The coolness of my friend compensates for his bad logic, and we have to make concessions to him sometimes against the truth. That's true, he says he is no philosopher, and he has no knowledge of what a thing could be intellectually got together without proof.

A. B. C.—The outward senses of men see nothing beyond the philosophy of matter, and these senses well exercised, consequently must claim that the spiritual world does not exist. Philosophy is only seen and felt by the outward senses. I do not say that there is nothing beyond this surface-world of surface philosophy. Philosophy alone would affirm the non-existence of the soul.

H. S. C.—Well, then, let us start fair. What is philosophy?

A. B. C.—Philosophy is the exercise of man's uncertain reason on what he calls the causes and effects of his presence, incipient existence. The soul, when out of matter and its love, does not need philosophy any more than a man needs the bandages of babyhood. Philosophy is useful in matter.

H. S. C.—Philosophy is the conclusion of reason—religion the conclusion of faith. It is well to have philosophy. It is better to have religion. But we sat out with Spiritualism, and not philosophy; and I therefore propose to accept your definition of the subject to be, that Spiritualism is a school for spiritual culture—and so in accordance with this, proceed to consider the teachers and the doctrines of this school of "spirit culture."

A. B. C.—Your definition of philosophy is good, and so it is of what the world calls religion. They are both good and useful in this world. Who are the teachers in Spiritualism?

H. S. C.—It may be thought curious when I say that I claim a supernatural origin for the real teachers of Spiritualism; that organized bands of spirits assemble daily to deliver to the world, through their mediums, much that it would have been better that never had been heard of. I shall therefore claim a spiritual origin for those teachers and their doctrines—holding mediums not to be quotable as authors, or mentors; but as preachers of what he told them—bearers of a message, if you please, not the maker.

A. B. C.—No man or woman, whether medium or otherwise, that writes, or speaks, or acts, is a teacher for any other man or woman in spiritual things. Whatever may be given, by spirits or otherwise, through the lips, writing, or acts of others, is no part or parcel of the teachings of another soul in the schoolhouse of Spiritualism. All outside teachings to the soul are only blanks to the soul to which they are offered.

H. S. C.—When you say, "No man or woman who speaks or acts is a teacher for another in spiritual things"—if you mean by this simply to assert individuality, that is well enough in the abstract; but if you mean to state a fact, touching spiritualistic communications, then you have said what is obviously not so.

A. B. C.—What has spiritualistic communications received from others to do with the culture of the soul of man?

H. S. C.—What business has the soul with the external senses?

A. B. C.—The soul has produced the external senses of man, and the soul will drop them. They are not the soul's educators or directors.

H. S. C.—My friend here ventures upon a new and strange philosophy. No man has ever touched bottom either as to what the soul is in itself, or what it is in its relations to the body. Plato explored this region, and his disciples after him, and they have told us a great deal about these things of which they knew nothing, and we are just as wise. But the central thought of our discourse must not be forgotten. Let me ask this, Whether Spiritualism, in its philosophy, takes its origin from a supposed spiritual world?

A. B. C.—Spiritualism does not take philosophy with it, or go after it, but leaves it to perish with the grains of sand it displaces with. We may not presume that man will ever touch bottom, or top, either, in the spiritual world. Spiritualism does not take "mediums" along with it as an accompaniment to it, but the animus of Spiritualism is the thing itself—it is life

that is self-sustaining, that needs no carrying, nor outside-fool to keep it burning.

H. S. C.—Precisely. My friend was quite willing a moment ago to be understood to know the top and bottom of this deep philosophy, for he told us with all confidence that the soul created the outward senses, implying, of course, that he knew the philosophy. Now he tells us with comfortable assurance, that he, or rather perhaps Spiritualism, neither knows nor cares anything about this philosophy.

A. B. C.—My friend sticks to philosophy, and philosophy sticks to matter. I supposed he would. If he quotes a little erroneous, it only gives spice. I did not say that I knew the top or bottom of Spiritualism, or that the soul created the body. I only said that the body was produced by the soul. There is a difference between *create* and *produce*. I must again reassure my friend that Spiritualism, as I understand it, is not a philosophy, and needs nothing to do with it. It is something better. Philosophy cannot touch bottom or top in this world; and even where it goes, it is uncertain; it is most inappropriate, clumsy and useless to handle anything with in the spirit-world.

H. S. C.—You say Spiritualism has no philosophy. What do you call the great body of writings delivered through mediums by spirits?

A. B. C.—I call them, as you do, a great body of writings.

H. S. C.—What is the general character of this body of writings in respect to religion—that is, is it on the side of doubt or faith? Does it distrust everything, or believe everything?

A. B. C.—I have never read the whole of this vast volume, but presume the character is mostly consistent with the different mediums through whom they were written, in respect to religion and faith. In this volume there is doubtless a great variety of opinions expressed; distrust and belief, too, in almost everything. But these writings are only effects of Spiritualism; they do not tell what it is. All writings will go to the grave. These writings of mediums are so tinged with the previous opinions of mediums and spirits, that they are very uncertain indicators of the character of Spiritualism.

H. S. C.—If my friend were to answer me without premeditation in respect to these writings, he would say *truth*—but this would not make for the purpose of his discourse. However, I do not desire to consider these writings under the head of *truth*, or *abundance*, for they are more than that, else they are worth no man's notice; but I shall show that they are in their general drift, truly opposed to Christianity.

A. B. C.—All the writings in this great volume are true, and true only to the causes that have produced them. In Spiritualism, we first learn that no outside standard can be set up for the guidance of the soul.

Vermont Quarterly Convention.  
The friends of Progress and Reform in Vermont will hold a Quarterly Convention at Bridgewater, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 1st, 2d, and 3d days of Jan. 1869. They earnestly invite all seekers of truth to be present. Mediums and normal speakers are especially invited. Bro. Simmons, Mrs. Townsend, Mrs. Wiley, Mrs. Works and Mr. Woolcott are expected to be present.

Mrs. Matthews will take rooms at Dr. Wiley's, and give tests to such as may desire.

Arrangements have been made at the hotel for all who cannot be otherwise accommodated, at the moderate price of 75 cents a day; fifty cents a day for horse keeping, with grain.

CHARLES WALKER, NATHAN LAMB,  
DR. WILEY, DR. HOLY,  
B. F. TOWNSEND, M. E. KENNEDY,  
E. E. SOUTHWORTH, AUSTIN E. SIMMONS,  
THOMAS HEDDLETON, GEO. G. RAYMOND,  
JOS. E. WILKS, CHARLES BARBOCK.

Bridgewater, Vt., Dec. 1, 1863.

Answering Sealed Letters.  
We have made arrangements with a competent medium to answer Sealed Letters. The terms are—One Dollar for each letter so answered, including three red postage stamps. Whenever the conditions are such that a spirit addressed cannot respond, the money and letter sent to us will be returned within two or three weeks after its receipt. We cannot guarantee that every letter will be answered entirely satisfactory, as sometimes spirits addressed hold imperfect control of the medium, and do as well as they can under the circumstances. To prevent misapprehension—as some suppose Mrs. Constant to be the medium for answering the sealed letters sent to us for that purpose—it is proper to state that another lady medium answers them. Address "BANNER OF LIGHT," 168 Washington Street, Boston.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.  
BOSTON.—SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, LYONS HALL, TOWNSEND ST., (opposite head of school street.)—Meetings are held every Sunday, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 p. m. Admission ten cents. Lecturers engaged—Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch through December; Mrs. M. E. Townsend, March 20 and 27.

CONVENTION HALL, No. 16 BROAD STREET, BOSTON.—The Boston Conference meets every Thursday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock.

CHARLESTON.—The Spiritualists of Charleston will hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening, during the season. Every arrangement has been made to have these meetings interesting and instructive. The public are invited. Speakers engaged—Mrs. A. M. Sponcer, Dec. 20 and 27; Charles A. Hayden, Jan. 17 and Feb. 21 and 28.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee Street Church. The following lecturers are engaged to speak forenoon and afternoon—Miss Martha L. Beck with during December; Miss Nellie J. Temple during Jan.; Austin E. Simmons, first two Sundays in Feb.; Mrs. C. P. Works, last two Sundays in Feb.; Charles A. Hayden, March 6 and 13.

Worcester.—Free meetings are held at Horticultural Hall every Sabbath afternoon and evening. Lecturers engaged—Mrs. E. A. Bliss, Dec. 20 and 27; Miss Sarah A. Nutt, Jan. 3 and 10; Emma Houghton, Jan. 17, 24 and 31; Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, Feb. 7 and 14; Mrs. Mary M. Wood, Feb. 21 and 28; Charles A. Hayden, March 6 and 13.

QUINCY.—Meetings every Sunday, at Johnson's Hall. Services in the afternoon at 2 1/2 and in the evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Mrs. S. L. Oppenell, Dec. 20 and 27.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Meetings will be held Sundays, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged—Miss Nellie J. Temple, during the month of December; Mrs. Sarah A. Horton during January; Mrs. M. E. Townsend during February.

Boston.—Meetings held in the Town Hall. Speakers engaged—Miss Lizzie Doten, Dec. 20 and 27; H. B. Storor, Jan. 10; Charles A. Hayden, Feb. 14.

MILWAUKEE.—Meetings are held every Sunday afternoon, in Irving Hall. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Fanny Davis Smith, second Sunday of every month; Rev. Adin Ballou, third Sunday.

Portland, Me.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Mechanics' Hall, corner of Congress and Oasco streets. Sunday school and free Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Isaac P. Greenleaf, Dec. 20 and 27.

Boston, Mass.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, and a Conference every Thursday evening, in Faneuil Chapel, a house owned exclusively by them, and capable of seating six hundred persons. Speaker engaged—Mrs. Laura DeForde Gordon, during December.

New York.—Dorchester Hall. Meetings every Sunday morning and evening, at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. The meetings are free. At 806 Broadway, J. L. H. Willis speaks each Sunday in December.

ADDRESSES OF LECTURERS AND MEDIUMS.  
[Under this heading we insert the names, and places of residence of Lecturers and Mediums, at the low price of twenty-five cents per line for three months. As it takes eight words on an average to complete a line, the advertiser can see in advance how much it will cost to advertise in this department, and remit accordingly. When a speaker has an appointment to lecture, the notice and address will be published gratuitously under head of "Lecturers' Appointments."]

DR. F. GARDNER, Pavilion, 57 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass. Dec. 1.

MISS LIZZIE DOTEN, address, Pavilion, 57 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass. Dec. 1.

MISS EMMA HORTON, 5th St. N. Y. Dec. 1.

Mrs. Lavinia Cuyler, address, F. P. Cuyler, Dayton, O. Dec. 1.

Mrs. Emma Harrison, 5th St. N. Y. Dec. 1.

Mrs. Emma M. Johnson will answer calls to lecture, at Lowell, Mass. Dec. 1.

Mrs. M. C. TOWNSEND will answer calls to lecture, at Lowell, Mass. Dec. 1.

ISAAC P. GREENLEAF, address, 806 Broadway, N. Y. Dec. 1.

Mrs. FRANK MARR, trance speaker, Brookfield, Mass. Dec. 1.

Mrs. E. A. BLISS, trance speaker, address, 111 Church Street, Boston, Mass. Dec. 1.

W. W. BROWN, magnetic healing medium, Boston, Mass. Dec. 1.

JOHN T. AMOS, magnetic physician and progressive lecturer, 2 Pearl Street, Rochester, N. Y. P. O. box 2001. Dec. 1.

FANNIS BURNHAM PALTON, South Malden, Mass. Dec. 1.

C. AUGUSTA FRICK, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture and also a funeral through the West. Address, P. O. drawer 6503, Chicago, Ill. Dec. 1.

MISS LIZZIE M. A. CANNON, inspirational speaker, care of James Lawrence, Cleveland, O. Will speak week evenings and attend funerals. Dec. 1.

Mrs. H. T. BRUNNEN, lectured at Jacksonville, Fla. Dec. 1.

Mrs. O. M. BROWN, lecturer and medical clairvoyant, will answer calls to lecture, or visit the sick. Examination by letter, on receipt of photograph, \$1. Address Jacksonville, Fla. Dec. 1.

Mrs. JULIA L. BROWN, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture for the coming fall and winter in the West. Address, Prophetstown Illinois. Will answer calls to attend funerals. Dec. 1.

Mrs. MARTHA RANTON, trance speaker. Address, J. O. Howard, Milwaukee, Wis. Dec. 1.

Mrs. L. T. WIGGINS will answer calls to lecture on Health and Disease, in Wisconsin and Illinois. Dec. 1.

Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES, formerly Miss Sarah A. Maroon, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address, 10 Spring Street, Cambridge, Mass. Dec. 1.

D. H. HAMILTON, Lewiston, Me. (twenty years a practical phrenologist) lectures now on the science of "Mastronomy," the laws of compatibility. Dec. 1.

Mrs. and Mrs. H. M. MILLER, Elmira, N. Y., care of Wm. B. Hatch. Dec. 1.

H. B. STOROR, inspirational speaker No. 4 Warren Street, Boston, or for the present, Foxboro, Mass. Dec. 1.

HENRY TUSTIN will receive calls to lecture, after the 1st of December. Address, Berlin Heights, Ohio. Dec. 1.

DR. JAMES COOPER, Bellefontaine, O. Dec. 1.

BENJAMIN TOWN, Jacksonville, Wis. care of A. C. Stone. Dec. 1.

J. B. LOWMEAD, will answer calls to lecture. Address, for the present, Williamstown, Conn. Dec. 1.

LEO MILLER, Worcester, Mass. Dec. 1.

Rev. ADRIAN BULLOCK, lecturer, Hopkinton, Mass. Dec. 1.

Dr. J. P. FARRER's address is Cincinnati, Ohio. Dec. 1.

W. F. JAMISON, trance speaker, Paw Paw, Mich. Dec. 1.

A. B. WHITING, trance speaker, Albion, Mich. Dec. 1.

Miss MARY A. TOWNES, Cincinnati, Ohio. Dec. 1.

## The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age!

MR. KENNEDY, of Roxbury, has discovered, in one of our COMMON PARASITES, a REMEDY that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a simple Pimple.

- 1 to 5 bottles will cure the worst kind of Pimples on the face.
- 2 to 5 bottles will clear the system of Bile.
- 3 to 5 bottles are warranted to cure the worst Oozers in the mouth and stomach.
- 3 to 5 bottles are warranted to cure the worst kind of Erysipelas.
- 1 to 3 bottles are warranted to cure all Humors in the eyes.
- 3 to 5 bottles are warranted to cure Running of the Ears and Bleaches amongst the hair.
- 4 to 5 bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running Sores.