

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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JASMINE; OR, THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Possibility of Human Angelhood.

"By adversity are wrought
The greatest works of admiration;
And all the fair examples of renown,
Out of distress and misery are grown."

DANTE, on the *Earth of Southampton*.

"Imagine something purer far,
More free from stain of clay,
Than Friendship, Love or Passion are,
Yet human still as they;
And if thy lip, for love like this,
No mortal word can frame,
Go ask of angels what it is,
And call it by that name."

MOORE.

On foot and in the stage coach, I reached the adjoining village, and from there I wandered on, aimless, purposeless, only possessed with an intense desire to place the distance between my wretched self and what had been home. I had taken my purse, moderately well filled, and the crumpled paper that had dropped from my father's hand. Oh, the terror, shame and agony that overwhelmed me as I looked on the familiar characters, traced by her living hand. I could have mourned her dead, but to know her living thus—forgetful of her child, in sin! I could not reconcile it with those pure, exalting maxims of her letter to me—that sacred relic of one I deemed a denizen of heaven. No; I would not seek her. She was unworthy of my love. I would bury in forgetfulness her life and crime, and seek for myself a livelihood amid the daughters of toil.

At the third village I sojourned in, I was ill for some weeks; and when I arose from that bed of suffering, much of my fiery antagonism to circumstances had died out. A softened sorrow took the place of the consuming hatred. The only beliefs I still pursued in spirit with that unworthy feeling, were Mark Catliffe and his son. For my poor, erring mother, as I deemed her, I began to feel the stirrings of a benign compassion. I pictured to myself her sorrowful life and wearing remorse, and strong and powerful arose within me the desire to seek and to console her. She was my mother, once pure and good; as the loving Christ pardoned sinners, why should I withhold forgiveness?

It was while pondering thus on better thoughts, that Rosita came to me. Dear, faithful heart, she had tracked me out to that solitary wayside place, the mother-heart within urging her on to the protection of the wandering, homeless one. I was yet helpless and weak, wondering what I next should do, or where I should go, with that sweet, impressive voice ever bidding me go to my mother. So many startling events had occurred, I was scarcely astonished when Rosita entered; but when, with many tender ejaculations and soothing caresses, she took me in her motherly arms, then my strained heart gave way, and for the first time since I left home, I wept upon the shelter of that true breast.

When I looked again into the friendly face, I saw that a great change had come over its hue and expression. The faint crimson that had gleamed beneath the dark, clear cheek, was gone; the ashy pallor had settled there; the blue eyes were misty, as if their light was quenched in frequent tears. Yet she was calm and serene as ever, though the household sorrow had not left her unscathed. She told me that Mrs. Herbert acted like a demon, all the time, since he heard that the first missus was alive. He always thought she was dead; Mark Catliffe made him believe so. He did not see her die. Now this bad man, seeing he could not get Miss Jasmine for his wicked boy, he told me; and that's why we have such a but-lie-ba-lio at the Hall. Mr. Northrup never mentions your name, darling; but the old missus she could and rave for none all the time about it, all your fault. If you had married that Austin, all would have been hushed up. Now Mrs. Agatha isn't his wife at all—and her pride is so great. The old missus—what can I do, I must not call her names. I have no right, but sometimes I cannot help it—she hates her dear Herbert now; and Miss Jasmine, she is a hateful old woman when she hates in that way."

All this she told me a few days after her arrival, when through her gentle ministrations I had gained almost my former strength.

To my inquiry concerning the Catliffes, she told me that my father had ordered both of them out of the house. They had gone, but she had been told of their prowling in the neighborhood. She had stolen away from the Hall as soon as the excitement had somewhat subsided, feeling sure she would find me, even after that lapse of time. "For," said she, with a bright, ening glance, "the good spirits gave me sight, and told me where to find you. I am to take you to your mother, my lamb, then I must return and fulfill my duty. The missus live no more at the Hall."

"Oh, no; do not leave me again, Rosita. Be my friend and comforter; I have no other on this earth! All, all have forsaken me! You alone are true. See, I will become a governess or a seamstress, or do anything I know how, and you shall be my friend and companion. Why would you return to that capricious, haughty, exacting old woman—that woman of masked face and wicked heart? And that babyish, too-cold Agatha, what need you care for her?"

"I cannot tell you now, honey; I dare not. But may be some day I will. I must return; it is my duty."

"But they will be so angry with you for leaving them, especially if they find out it is on my account. Perhaps they will not again receive you."

A singular smile played on her lips. "Mrs. Strong will receive me always," she replied. "Do you know, Miss Jasmine," she continued, "old Herbert been a howler all the time since you was gone. He wanted to follow me, but I thought best not."

I shed a tear at the recollection of my old favorite. I wept anew for the loss of home and its familiar aspects.

"You will find your mother, dear. You have the paper that tell where she lives."

"Oh, I know not that I shall go to her. Have you heard what is said of her? She is living in sin. Though my mother, I cannot, must not, dwell beneath her roof."

Rosita reddened with a flush of indignation. That pure, womanly nature repelled the gross insinuation.

"It's my firm belief, Miss Jasmine," she said, positively, "that that's an other story got up by that Catliffe fellow. He is a car-pent, and they tell all sorts of lies. I don't believe the first missus is that kind of a lady, at all. When I think of her, I always smell the sweet lilacs bloom around the holy Virgin."

It's your duty to go to her, my child, and if she is a sinner, which I do not believe, to try by the power of your love to make her better. Miss Jasmine, I'm afraid of those Catliffe people; let us go soon."

And in a few days we proceeded on our journey, until we reached the sea. Then the first spring winds were blowing, and the barbingers of the sweet blossom season were abroad.

Oh Memory, thou retrospective joy and sorrow, how cozily nestled beneath the guardian hills was that world aparted hamlet, laved by the blue ocean waves, and shrouded by the rugged cliffs, bound in by far spreading forest, a picturesque gem in Nature's wild-wood setting! There dwelt my unknown mother, by her maiden name of Wilder. There, too, lived Clarence May, a name I dared scarcely utter. In what relation did he stand to her?

It was Rosita's magnetic power that gave me strength of heart and brain for the dreaded interview, for I was then no longer the Jasmine of but a year ago. The successive blows of misfortune had shattered the glorious strength of nerve I once possessed. I had grown morbidly sensitive, and keenly alive to all sorrowful impressions. My regnant self-control was gone. She, the true friend with the dusky skin and beneficent soul, went forth on her mission of beautiful reconciliation, and prepared my mother for the reception of the child unseen by her for fifteen years. I trembled so violently when the summons came to go to her, that but for Rosita's timely help I should have fallen to the ground.

As in a dream she led me through the streets, over the ascending ground, just tufted with the early grass and the first dower-messengers of spring, through the gleaming sunshine of the morning, to a little cottage, half hidden in the overhanging rock. One of the queerest, most fantastic little old women, opened the door. She was old in a scanty gown, of a faded green color, and upon her head she wore a curiously arranged turban, or some sort of gear that was indescribable. It was composed of various colors, fabrics, and dainty patterns. She had gold rings in her ears, a scarlet kerchief around her wrinkled throat. All her quaint attire was scrupulously neat. Her hands, hard and calloused, bore unmistakable signs of hard labor. An expression of shrewd good nature and overbrimming multifariousness was on her browned and time-lined face. Dark hair, abundantly mixed with grey, escaped from beneath her mock turban. Her small, twinkling grey eyes filled with moisture when she beheld me. Her bony hand caught mine in a pressure of heart-warm welcome.

"The Lord bless and keep and save you, child! Many and many's the day and the year she has prayed for you, and now the time has come. Hurrah! Hallelulah! Praise be to God! Amen! What is to be will be," and then she lives the longest cease the most. My dear, darling, best old mistress has hung on to this peg of a hope for years and years. Says I, 'Ma'am, it may never come to pass, this side of the gates of Jannet and pearl and eternity.' Says she, 'It will! I feel it. Anastasia.' And so it has come to pass. Kneel an old woman, dear, as has no kith or kin this side of the paradise of the Lord and his angels. I'm so glad! Praise the Lord, oh my soul! Hurrah! Hallelulah! God save the Queen!"

During this ebullition she had repeatedly kissed me, stroked my hair, turned me around, and rubbed my hands until they ached with the vigorous friction.

A sweet, low voice called from an inner room, whose open door was curtained by sweeping folds of pure white. That sweet voice thrilled me as no music of this earth had ever done! I put back the screening folds, advanced, knelt down, awe-stricken with reverential love and worship as I met my mother's angel face.

It was the face of my Madonna. The same serene and spiritual beauty dwelt there; the pensile lips, the holy eyes, never shadowed by the taint of mortal sin; the golden brown hair cooping in vine tendrils from beneath the matron's cap; the white hands meekly folded, the serene and sorrowful repose, all was so pure and heavenly, that I dared to touch her cheek and hands, I knelt before her, speechless with the daughter's love that filled my soul with the revelations of purity and peace that stilled the unquiet throbbings of my heart.

Still she did not rise to greet me, though I stretched forth my pleading arms. I knew then that the appearing spirit was encased in a frail tenement of earth, that she was helpless and an invalid, and with a great compassion welled forth in penitential tears, I threw myself upon the mother's breast, and felt the pressure of her loving lips.

Oh, then all was forgotten—the ancestral Hall, the cruel father, the neglected years, the persecution of foes, the loss of love. Clamped in my mother's arms I felt that holy joy of reunion that God, the blessed Father, accords to us, his suffering children here, as foregleams of the eternal bliss.

And my dear mother murmured, "My child! my child! I think thee, gracious God!"

And with my tears mingling with hers, my knees raining on her brow and lips, her sweet caresses awakening me to a life and joy unknown before. All doubt and fear and murmur departed forever from my thought.

And Rosita, the elate mother, wept with us, and shared the joy denied to her on earth; and the strange Anastasia, standing in the doorway, wiped her eyes and sobbed aloud, ejaculating brokenly her "Hurrah!" and more pious "Hallelulah! Amen!"

Then, seated at my mother's feet, with my eyes up lifted to her wondrously beautiful face in worshipful

love, she told me that portion of her history that had been concealed from me, by the tender solicitude of good nurse Annie; and I learned from her quivering lips that a husband's frenzied hand had aimed the death blow at her heart—that, misled by false appearances by the machinations of her enemy, Mark Catliffe, he had deemed her faithless beyond all power of vindication. In an almost dying condition she had been carried from Oakflat Hall, and believing herself near the portals of the better life, she had written that touching farewell letter, and found the means to send it. Herbert Northrup had never looked upon her face again; but Mark Catliffe took to him the false tidings of her death, and over an empty grave in a distant churchyard was placed a tombstone recording her name.

"He bound me to silence and secrecy," she continued, "for the sake of my innocent child, for the safety of my days. Oh Jasmine, love, earth holds no blacker soul, no more incarnate fiend, than this same Mark, this bold, unscrupulous man! I would have dared all things in vindication of my woman's honor, but he sternly barred the way, telling me that my life was forfeited if I ever gave one token of existence. Not only that, but you, my beloved child, would fall a victim to your father's fury and unforgiving hatred of me; that by my assumed death only could I ensure your happiness in life. Oh daughter, feeble, stricken, half-demented as I was by sorrow, I would yet have risked all to regain my little Jasmine! I would have stolen you from before their very watching eyes, so strong in mother-love! But that man watched me, and I was powerless. My system never fully recovered from the shock it had sustained that fearful night. When Mark Catliffe found that, poor and enfeebled by suffering, I could not thwart his plans, he relaxed his malicious persecutions, and I was permitted to live in peace, only occasionally tormented by his hateful presence, or warned by his short, unguessed letters."

"But why, dear mother"—how sweetly melodious that name, how like a prayer I uttered it—"why this relentless persecution? Surely you never harmed one living being?"

"It is all a mystery, dear child, one that I cannot solve, though I have pondered over it until my brain and heart have ached. From the first, I felt an insupportable repulsion on encountering the baleful gleam of his eyes. Your father seemed to cling to him as to a brother, almost; but I invariably felt the influence of a gross, a tainted, a wickedly intriguing spirit. I saw what was hidden from others, that that man possessed some subtle and dangerous power, that made even strong minds subservient to his will. Why he hated me, I cannot tell. Why he should willfully have destroyed the happiness of the friend who repaid such implicit confidence in him, I cannot say. Your father felt assured, until Mark Catliffe goaded him on to suspicion, of my wife's fidelity, though he knew I had no love to give. Sometime since, my enemy demanded of me a paper acknowledging my existence, and, as usual, threatening me through you, if I refused. I gave it, and I thank heaven it has brought my child I for the occasional tidings from Oakflat Hall. I thanked and blessed my bitterest foe, for thus I heard of my child's health and quiet, unbroken life. I knew that Nurse Annie had gone to heaven, and, in prayerful expectation, I waited for the time when, by some means, I could reveal myself to you. Many plans I formed, and all were cast aside, for Mark Catliffe threatened that if ever, without his consent, I discovered myself, to wreak his yet unquenched vengeance upon the head of my child. My best friend was powerless to aid me. I relied upon God alone, and in the hope of realizing this hour have stayed my longing spirit's flight; and God has brought you to my arms, my long lost darling, my sweet, pale, Jasmine flower."

And her tears bathed me anew with their sacred healing power; and, pressed close to her heart, I felt that I had gained my shelter.

Looking into those pure and fathomless eyes, those wells of deep feeling, that brow of ethereal purity, how could I tell her that in remotest thought I had ever dared to doubt her? My remorseful heart called loudly, while my lips were sealed, "Forgive me, angel, oh forgive!"

So I never told her that a father's cruel hand had thrust me forth because of her imputed sin. I could not whisper the terrible words of accusation his lips had uttered. Rosita had been silent, too; we could not wound so delicate a spirit. I told her I had fled from Austin Catliffe, from my father's anger, and, guided by the paper and Rosita's companionship, had found the way to her calm retreat. She should not even know that once I wavered in my desire to find her, that to a stranger's help and counsel I owed the blessed meeting with the idolized mother of my dreams.

She spoke to me of Clarence May, with a holy light in her eyes, with irradiated countenance and unflinching voice. He had found her in her isolation and bereavement, in her solitude and privation, soon after she had been deprived of home and child. Mark Catliffe would have provided for her immediate wants, but with scorn and loathing she refused his every offer of assistance, resolved rather to die of want than to owe one morsel of food, one cup of water to the plotter who had wrecked her life.

During her illness she had been attended by a strange, pale, silent woman, who, at the bidding of Mark Catliffe, waited upon her with a sort of fierce pleasure; performing no office gently, speaking no kindly word of encouragement, only sternly and efficiently fulfilling the physician's injunctions. "Who this woman was she never knew. Mark called her Amaret; a strange and unflattering name for the pale, rigid, nun-like figure, clothed in deep black, with a head-gear of white that almost concealed her face.

From the money allowed for her illness and funeral, a small sum was put into her hands, and the stricken heart, with its enfeebled frame, was cast upon the world, while the husband, deceived unto the last, believed her passed from earth. For a few months only she battled with her solitude of heart, with the grim apprehensions of the future, when Clarence found her and vowed himself unto her service forever.

Romancers and philosophers, ye advocates of the "freedom of the affections," and ye worldly moralizers, what would ye all have done with two kindred, soul-affamed ones? Have accepted the world-received opinion of Mary Northrup's death, and in the sweet egotism of love have formed a second tie, under as-

sumed names, living apart from the turmoil of the great and busy mart, and forgetting all beside in the delight of congenial companionship? Or, still more free and daring, have made the heart visible unto the world's acceptance, scorning the prejudices of custom, and assuming unto themselves the right of choice, tacitly submitting to the approbrium that rested on two unsexed names? Would you have had them live in defiance of the established laws of order in vindication of the rights of love? Or, with a stoical severity would ye have unnecessarily ordained a life long separation between these mated hearts? My sorrow-tried, my angel-guarded mother, the spiritual exalted lover of her youth, did none of these. They bawled and sanctified affection, and placed it on the volute shrine of God. They did not seek the impossible by transforming the conjugal love of the spirit into fraternal affection or friendship; their inspired souls knew that a law immutable and divine ordained their mutual love; by its fervor and its purity, its heavenward aspiration, its world-wide, all embracing influence, they felt that love was holy; it enrobed them among the priesthood of the Most High; to struggle against it were to combat with God.

So they loved as do the benign dwellers of another and a purer world—with spirit and not with sense; with reverential homage, never with the doubts and fears, the intruding jealousies of lesser loves. Not for the delectable, mocking, snobbish, grossly judging world; not for all its kingdoms and its crowns would they have resigned the love that made of lowliest earth a most supernal Eden!

These eternally wedded spirits needed no outward form to ratify the sacred compact. In the archives of heaven, on the sun-tablets of a higher dispensation were recorded the angel names of these pure, faithful and eternal lovers. But of the daily companionship, of the blessed home intercourse, of the inspiring constant presence of the beloved, they made renunciation, and accepted the discipline of its attendant loneliness as one of the great means of progress.

Daily, hourly, incessantly, these great, self-abnegating souls communed, in aspiration, thought, emotion, prayer, immortal hope. Afar, over intervening ocean-leagues, came wafted to her spirit ear, the messages of his yearning heart. She felt the cloud of sadness that shadowed his brow; the thrilled harp-strings of his spirit responded to the wall of sorrow in her breast. The same exultant throb of individual freedom, of gained insight and awarded harmony visited the soul of each. His inner hope strengthened her failing strength; the reflection of her feebleness paralyzed the strong man's arm, while the glow of returning life and health, willed by the sympathy of affection, nerved afresh the inspired being of the lonely dweller of the sea.

They met face to face, as well as soul to soul. Coming home from long voyages and journeys, Clarence May spent many of the winter days and long bright hours of summer in the cottage-room. From other lands he brought the sublimity denied to him at home; by the united labor of his hand and brain, he surrounded the loved one with all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. He had furnished for her the lovely happy home; he had brought the strange Anastasia Doolie, whose chequered life had been one tissue of romance, to live with Mary Wilder, her servant, companion and friend. A few kind villagers visited my mother; she was deemed a widow, and all agreed that she was "a perfect lady." There were rare and blissful gleams of happiness amid the darkness of her earthly lot.

As became a righteous indignation, Clarence May often desired to meet with my dear mother's mysterious foe, but never had he seen Mark Catliffe, anxious as he was to find him. No clue to that bad man's place of abode could be found.

Captain May, as the fishermen and sailors called him, was beloved of all, esteemed as the friend of the invalid, and for once the tongue of calumny was hushed.

That dear, patient mother, with the candor that knows no evil, and the childlike confidence that time in her could not destroy, told me that free as she deemed herself before God, pure as she felt her Clarence's soul to be, there had always remained between them, unexpressed by their own wills and sanctioned by their views of duty, an impassable barrier of respectful reserve. Their precious moments were not spent in lovers' dalliance, in the interchange of caresses and honeyed words; soul spoke with soul, and that sufficed; at meeting and at parting she pressed her pure lips to his cheek, and he left a kiss upon her brow. Thus was life renewed and consecrated this most chaste and perfect love.

With what bitter, stinging humiliation I knelt at her feet, and with burning blushes told her of the sudden and violent death of the love I had cherished as a lily blossom of the skies! How my mother's glorious dark eyes dilated with the sorrow and horror of "the pure in heart." She soothed me, oh, so tenderly! that I wondered could ought of earth be equal to that precious and undying maternal love?

For one day only Rosita tarried with us; no inducements or entreaties sufficed to prevail on her to stay.

"They need me at the home, I must go; I know they need me. I shall not tell them where I have been; but that bad man, that Catliffe, will know; he finds out everything! I think, honey dear, you both better re-move from here," she said.

"We will, if it becomes necessary. I feel his fatal influence is around us yet. But he will not be permitted to harm my child. I know this. Rosita, for your goodness and care of my darling, I thank you, and the Father of Mercies will bless you!" replied my own dear mother.

Rosita, ready equipped for her journey, knelt down before her, and in a faint and tear-filled voice implored her blessing:

"I've been a poor, weak, sin-fal crea-ture," she cried; "I've done wrong things for my-self and for others; but your blessing will make my life holy, amen!"

And with both hands upon the suppliant's head, my Mary blest her, and kissed the dusky cheek. Folding me in her arms, Rosita embraced me with a heart too full for utterance. Refusing all reward, she passed with bowed head and clasped hands over the threshold of "Ocean East."

But at the outer door she was way-laid by Anastasia, who, unable to control her feelings, grasped bold of her arm, and cried between her sobs:

"And are you really and truly going to leave us for good? You, as has been the Lord's messenger, and a blessed angel of peace and gladness to this place? It's from the beautiful West Indies, or some of the tropical islands you are? You see, I've lived there, and can tell by the color of your skin—but many makes ally! I did n't say that to hurt the delicacy of your feelings; the tongue is an unready member and no mistake. Miss runs on thirteen knots an hour sometimes, as the Captain says. It's a family falling of the O'Doolies. I'm dark as a gypsy, or a Hottentot, or a Malay, or kangaroo myself. Never had any beauty to boast of, but these coffee-colored complexions wear best after all. Only saints and angels and aperiens can afford roses and lilies in their faces; hard working folks, like you and me, grow brown and tough and hard, all but the heart, that's soft, thank fortune! But must you go? Oh, if only my feelings was n't so over-tenderly! I've had them cracked, and broke, and crushed, and under, and under, and glory to be toed! I'm whole and alive yet. Good-by, good-by; the Lord save and bless and keep and guard and set his holy angels round about you! Amen, farewell."

Rosita had silent pressed her hand, and departed for the village inn, where she was to take the stage-coach. Returning to my mother's side, I wept for that dear friend I might never again behold.

That day Rosita had had one of her "sights," in which she predicted happiness, unexpected and supreme, for poor Jasmine and her mother; but it would be attained to only by severe discipline and added tribulation. In my ear she whispered, and my heart contracted with a pain exceeding all others gone before:

"Take the best care of her, Miss Jasmine; obey her in everything; learn all you can from her, for I am told you will not keep her very long!"

And I did watch over her with intense and brooding love. Oh, thanks be to thee, my Father! I did fulfill all my duty there.

CHAPTER XV.

The Spiritual Philosophy.

"Immortality of awakens
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears and pains
Like the eternal thunders of the deep
Into my own this truth—Thou livest forever." ANON.

"Folded eyes are brighter colors than the open ever do." MISS BARNETT.

Come rest with me awhile beneath the home-shelter of Ocean Rest. It is an oasis of repose such as life seldom offers to the wayfarer; the ground is strewn with the fragrant blossoms of the May; the melodies of bird song and leaping rivulet, the upspringing floral offerings of the beauteous season of renovated life, the joyous rustling of leaves, the sweet aroma, the golden blue skies; the mirror-calm expanse of the sea, emerald-green hills, and verdant crown, rugged cliffs—all send abroad their messages, and invite the meditative heart to rest.

Rest! oh, angel-word of consolation, framed in the land of peace, significant of the warm heart's joy, the longing spirit's divine fruition! Rest from the hypocrisies of life, the bordering cares and trivialities of being; from the haunting faces and spying forms of concealed foes, from the hatred laden air, the foot poisoned by ill-will, the draught embittered by malicious gleams. Oh, how sweet to rest in undisturbed security in the realization of the one life dream, within a mother's guardian arms!

I lived, then, that heart-life that in a forest of heaven, and with the terror of losing it from my tenacious clasp, I sought to improve its every moment; yet the consciousness of past calamity was with me ever. If Ralph had but died, I should have mourned his loss; but never with such poignancy of self-abasement, such humiliating throbs of shame as his unmanly, cruel desertion caused me. Worthily and beloved, I would have forever enthroned him on the inner soul, shrine, as a spirit to whom my worship was due, my earth life dedicated. I could but weep over a ruined idol, false, and but to the outward semblance, fair.

My father's wall of adamant appeared between our souls thenceforth. Her wrongs and mine formed joint cause of accusation against him. Of all the dark, troublous and revengeful thoughts that surged in my brain, I dared not tell the forgiving saint, my mother. But methought her calm soul-reading eye, pierced to the innermost recesses of my spirit, and saw there the gibbering phantoms of unright and wrong. There was a deep significance in her low, soft inquiry, "What is it, Jasmine?" Then she would take my hand, and speak to me of God, of Nature, of immortality, of life and duty, discipline and gain, until the evil spirits vanished. I breathed in the atmosphere of a freer, purer world, until sin resolved itself into the penitential suffering that led to ultimate purification; until darkness led to the light, and human wrongs were rectified by the overruling power of the Divine.

My olden reverence of all things beautiful, true, and exalted was reawakened; my earth-bound aspirations winged once more heavenward, my dormant energies revived, the poetic incense sped from my soul and wafted its ministrations of humble beauty to my mother's appreciative heart. She clasped me fondly in her arms, and said:

"Clarence will find in you a co-laborer; such as you are I have dreamed of you. Guard well the gift you have, it may yet bless the world. Oh, most noble is the poet's aid to this our struggling and benighted earth! Greater than the monarch's away is his who wields the sceptre of true feeling; he is he who wears the starry crown of inspiration! The telling millions bless the poet-preacher, and from the pages of fiction the tried heart gleams sublime lessons of truth. Live so as to become worthy of this ordination of the beautiful, this ministry of me, my child."

Loving words of encouragement! but I had so much to overcome, my glowing self-distrust, my impetuous will and fiery temper. From the day of a stepmother's advent beneath my father's roof, I had been half a prisoner; the superficial knowledge I had gleaned was valueless as regarded my spirit's advancement. I had not loved my teacher—the stereotyped nonentity, Miss Dean—consequently I had not loved my labor. Re-

Correspondence.

Excommunication of a Spiritualist.

I send you, Mr. Editor, the charges that were made against one of our members by the First Congregational Church of this place, and her answer. I will also state for the benefit of your readers, that the President of Oberlin College, the great evangelist, Charles G. Finney, is pastor of this church. They have had a revival during the past winter, and there have been a large number added to the Church. But in the meantime a few of the members had been brought, by some means unknown, to see that creeds and forms did not constitute religion, and felt inclined to think for themselves. Instead of employing others to think for them, and also to exercise their own judgment in regard to what was right and wrong. They no longer found themselves the subjects of creeds and false doctrines, founded on the imagination of visionary men. They were now willing to receive the truth from what their source it might come, if it was only based on reason. But our good pastor became alarmed in respect to the condition of a few of his lambs, who had gone so far astray from the path of rectitude that their situation seemed to him perilous, and he prayed to God that the Lord might reveal to these lambs how dangerous was their condition. But it seems that the Almighty did not hear his prayers—at least he did not answer them—so they were still permitted to continue in their rebellion.

And now our good Shepherd, becoming wroth, declared that their most be something done; that it would no longer do to allow these unruly members to pass unscathed. If they were permitted to go on longer, openly declaring the freedom of thought and speech, it would be but a short time before the whole church would have the scales removed from their eyes, and they would worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. So the good Shepherd called a meeting of his people, to take into consideration what should be done with these members; and they finally decided that it would not do to turn them all out of the fold, but they must make an example of some one of them. By so doing it might bring the rest to submission. Certainly our good pastor did not wish to enslave any one by obliging them to submit to the church government. No, far from it. He was perfectly willing that all his subjects should have the right to their own opinions, provided they conformed with his own; and if they should be so mad as to think otherwise, they should, by all means, keep their thoughts to themselves. After a person has connected himself with these good people, there is no such thing as getting honorably released. It is an excellent place to get noticed. All one has to do is merely to differ in opinion with his pastor, and then his name will be read from the pulpit for three or four Sabbaths in succession, and his merits and demerits will be discussed by every person in town. It would not do to permit members to withdraw from the Church whenever they chose. If this was the case it would be but a short time before there would be no members, and they could no longer sustain their church government. This is their commandment: "Servants be obedient unto your masters." Certainly when a servant disobeys his master, it is no more than right that he is in some way should be punished for it. Thus it is with the church government. When any of its members do not (or the mark, they are made a public example to the world, that the rest of its subjects may see what their fate will be if they persist in the same disobedience to their masters.

Now the question arose among our good people, who should be the victim. It would not do to take brother P., for by so doing they would lose the large amount that he pays annually to support the Church; in addition, he would express his views freely in answer to the charges, which might dangerously unsettle the calm minds of other members, and lead them to think freely, too. It was very essential that they should select some one who would not answer the charges thus made.

Good Deacon Bull stated that he had visited Mrs. Schull, who had seen fit to worship God according to the dictates of her own conscience, and she told him if the charges were brought against her she did not think that she would be able to answer them, owing to her want of self-control, by reason of her ill-health. So, feeling assured that they had selected the one they sought for, her good brothers Bull and Andrews introduced the following charges.

Mrs. Schull was summoned to appear before the church and answer to the charges that were made against her. She was taken somewhat by surprise and seeing that they did not expect she would appear to answer them, and feeling somewhat indignant toward her accusers for the cowardice which they had shown by selecting a lady as their victim, she resolved to answer the charges the best she could in the short time they had given her, being only one-fourth the usual time.

The good people were assembled on the day appointed to take the matter into consideration. The meeting was opened with a very earnest prayer by the pastor. He said, "Oh God, we pray that this meeting may be conducted in such a manner as will please thee. It has become necessary that this woman should be made an example of, that your people may see how ruin it is for them to rebel against thy government." &c. He immediately commenced carrying his prayers into effect, by conducting the meeting to his own liking. The charges were then read by the clerk. Then the good shepherd asked the one accused what answers she had to make to them. The answers were then read, to the surprise of the audience and confusion of the pastor, whose countenance changed often, and he sighed disconsolately. As soon as the reading was finished, he arose considerably confused, and said there was no need of discussing the matter, as she pleaded guilty on the first two charges, and that was enough to convict her; and the last charge she denied when she stated that she believed in modern Spiritualism, as she did in ancient Spiritualism. "He stated that there was no such thing as ancient Spiritualism."

Mrs. Schull, in answer, said that she believed in Spiritualism, and if she had embraced any of its errors, she would like to have them pointed out, that she might discard them. In answer to which, he stated the errors it embraced were so numerous that they had no time to discuss them, and even if they had time, he did not consider it expedient for him to do so, as he considered it a subject that tended to lead mankind from their God, and the less we have to do with it the better we are off. (He should have thought of this before the charges were made.) He further stated that Mrs. Schull, in her answers to the second charge, wholly denied the divinity of Jesus Christ, when she stated that he possessed a two-fold nature, a carnal and a divine, the same as all other men. He said none but the good possessed the divine nature; the wicked had none of it.

Mrs. S. then asked him what the passage meant where it said, "Though I make my bed in hell, God is there." Oh, he said, that was referring to God's omnipotence. But he had no time to discuss that question. Several of the members wanted the meeting postponed to some period when they would have time to discuss it. But the good pastor was too happy for that. He said that he had a much more extensive job than he had contracted for, and he stated that he thought they had better vote on it, so as to get it off their hands as quickly as possible. The vote they cast was the subject, the worse it was for them.

Whatever he said was law to the wretched ones on the first and second charges. Now they convicted her

on a charge that they were guilty of themselves. They had broken their covenant with her, in not visiting and laboring with her when they thought she was wandering astray. They could not excuse themselves on these grounds by saying that they did not know it, because both of her accusers, Bull and Andrews, stated that they had been aware of the fact of her being a Spiritualist, and not attending the church ordinances for the past four years. Is this doing to others as you would be done by? But then we do not know as they are to blame if they do not know any better. We presume that they think they are doing God's service by persecuting others that do not believe with themselves.

Yours respectfully,
A MEMBER OF THE SAME CHURCH.
Oberlin, Ohio, 1863.

THE CHARGES PREPARED.

The undersigned represent that Sister Elizabeth D. Schull, a member of the First Congregational Church in Oberlin, is guilty of unchristian conduct in the following particulars:

1st. We charge her in breaking her covenant with this church, in not attending the public worship and ordinances of the Church for two years past.

2d. We charge her with heresy in denying the cardinal doctrines of the Gospel—viz., the divinity of Christ and the doctrine of the atonement by Jesus Christ.

3d. In embracing modern Spiritualism, with its various errors. All of which is submitted to the church for action.

Mrs. SCHULL'S REPLY.

To the First Congregational Church of Oberlin: I am most happy to have this privilege of answering for myself to charges which my accusers have brought against me for unchristian conduct, as they are pleased to term it.

I would say, in answer to the first charge, that it is five years and more since I have attended the ordinances of the church, and will add that one of my accusers has been acquainted with the fact for nearly that time, and other leading members, also. This (to me) looks a little like the breaking of covenant vows on the part of the Church, also.

I might excuse myself, and truly, too, by saying that the circumstances of my family have been such as to oblige me to work so extensively hard during the "six days," that I too much felt the need of rest to attend public worship on the Sabbath. But that is not all of the truth. The Church had ceased to benefit me spiritually, so I chose to worship God according to the dictates of my own conscience, and under my own vine, had a place to plant one.

I am charged with heresy. Now I am aware hereby is a harsh sounding word to those who do not quite understand its import. Mr. Webster defines heresy as a difference of opinion, or an opinion differing from the Church, and we all know the Church is not infallible, and may perchance entertain erroneous opinions, as well as individuals. I, at least, feel at liberty to think for myself, and trust in God, whether the Church be pleased or displeased.

I am charged with denying the "cardinal doctrines of the Gospel." If the Gospel of Jesus is the one meant, I deny the charge, as I accept all his teachings. I have never denied the "Divinity of Jesus." I believe he, like all other men, possessed a two fold nature—the internal, or divine, the external, or human. And when he said, "I am in the Father and the Father in me," the Divine spoke. When he rebuked Peter, the human spoke. But nowhere in his teachings can I find him claiming to be God. I believe Jesus to have been a man, and Christ to be the principle of truth in all time. And it is by believing the truth and living it in my daily life that I expect to be able to work out my own salvation as Jesus did his.

I cannot accept any doctrine of vicarious atonement. If Jesus came to make such an atonement by his death, he certainly must have overlooked the great object of his mission, as he nowhere says that his death was to atone for the sins of the world; besides, he says in his prayer, before his crucifixion, "I have glorified thee on the earth, I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." Jesus was a martyr to his principles, as many others have been, who have dared to be true to the God within them, and think and act for themselves, independently of the preconceived notions of the churches; and doubtless many of the churches of the present day would treat Jesus to-day (could he return to earth as he walked among men in his time,) much in the same manner that the Jews treated him. I feel preached the "atonement," not Jesus. It was not at all strange that Paul should retain many of his Jewish notions, and from analogy to Jewish sacrifices, preach a sacrificial atonement. Paul had a right to his own opinions, so I feel that I have a right to receive them, or reject them, and entertain opinions of my own.

I do believe in modern Spiritualism, and also in ancient Spiritualism, which I believe to be one and the same thing, differing only in degree of development in accordance with the advancement of the age. I believe God's laws are unchangeable, and that the same law that allowed Peter and John to see Moses and Elias, and John the revelator, to converse with angels, stands unrevoked to-day. I believe God communicates his angel-friends, as ministering spirits, to commune with us, and I have tangible evidence of their presence, encouraging me to a nobler, purer, and higher life, and strengthening me to bear unmoored the jere of the time-serving.

I have unbounded confidence in a Supreme Being, who creates, governs, controls and guides the destinies of nations and individuals. I love to contemplate the works of his hands. The tiny flower beneath our feet, the stately canopy of heaven, the feathery tribes sheltered in the living, breathing foliage of a thousand forests, all chant forth the boundless praise of the great All-Father. I only see discord in his noblest work—namely Jesus gave a new commandment, saying, "Love one another," and "Judge not, lest ye be judged;" and "with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

I thank God most, dearly, that we are endowed with facilities to think, reason and believe for ourselves, and that man is not our final judge. I have dared to think and believe what to me is truth, and if my religion cannot bear the test of reason, philosophy and common sense, it may go; and if the Church has a better to offer me, I will accept it with pleasure. I am charged with breaking my covenant vows with the Church. But, has the Church faithfully kept her vows toward myself? Who shall call her to judgment?

I have endeavored to answer to the charges as best I could in the short time allowed me for that purpose. I will close by asking my accusers to give me a clear elucidation of the "various errors of modern Spiritualism," and point out to me those which I have embraced, and I will gladly relinquish them.

That Spiritualism, as it now exists in its rudimentary and yet undeveloped state, has many, many errors clinging about it, no one denies; but let him who knows himself to be perfect, be the first to lift up his voice in total denunciation of all the claims of Spiritualism, or any other system that has its foundation well laid in reason and philosophy, for truth will stand, let who will oppose it. Whatever may be the errors of Spiritualism, or any other religion, I am ready to discard all errors that I have embraced, when convinced of them. Henceforth, my Church is the world, and humanity, my brothers and sisters.

ELIZABETH D. SCHULL.

Places and Persons.—No. 2.

Chicago is not only theemporium of fashion for the Northwest, and the world's granary, but the traveler's congregating point. Over a hundred miles of cars go in and out of Chicago daily. I recently passed a day there, to make purchases for self and friends. While bargaining for a barrel of sugar, I met a friend from Wisconsin and another from Iowa on the same business. In looking for dry goods, I met friends who had come a day's journey to replenish the family wardrobe. At the milliner's, I found the fashion vendors intent upon supplying the rural places with the latest styles of hats, cloaks, etc.

I went down, with old Sol, to the Sherman House, to await the return of his majesty. There I met a few long ago friends, in the city attending the New Church Convention.

Early morning found me at the station, eastward bound. "The day will be long and the ride lonely," I said to my soul. But my morning dreams were broken by the appearance of Mr. Davenport, looking for Warren Chase. Then came the "Lane One," in search of Mrs. Nellie Willits. Here we met, all going to meet the to-morrow's appointments, going the same way. There was a bleak storm without, but in our hearts, clear sky and the calm that is born of Faith and Hope.

To give a pen-picture of Warren Chase, would be as useless as sending you a photograph of your friend. You have seen Warren, heard him, and understand his gospel. The years that had come between him and me have left a few traces upon his brow and slightly frosted his hair; in fact upon his face he is unchanged.

Mrs. Willits is a small, girl-like woman. She has the heart of a child—fresh and free—a girl's faith and hope, with the energy and experience of a woman. Few persons at twenty-three have seen deeper shadows than she has seen—few have seen more genuine joy. Suffering is the mother of peace. Those who love most, who enjoy most, are those who have come out of great sorrow, whose robes have been washed in tears, whose souls have been purified in the furnace of affliction. Mrs. Willits is a trance speaker, but little known out of the West. Give her time, and the nations will hear her voice—so says prophecy.

I spoke two Sundays in Sturgis, Mich. Sturgis is a pleasant town of two thousand souls, on the Southern Michigan Railroad. The Spiritualists there have manifested their faith by their deeds. They have builded and paid for a church, inaugurated a Progressive Lyceum, and have a good library. Why may not the friends of free thought in other places go and do likewise?

Two of our speakers, Abram and Nellie Smith, are living in Sturgis. There is great need of their services in the reform field; but, for some reason, they choose to aid other speakers peculiarly, and remain silent themselves.

H. P. Fairfield, a clairvoyant and magnetic medium, is located at Sturgis. He is doing a missionary work in casting out diseases, in opening blind eyes and in speaking "peace" to the turbulent waves of sorrow that beat upon the shores of soul-land.

I met in Sturgis O. B. Stebbins and Mrs. Laura C. C. Stebbins. Mr. Stebbins is an out-and-out war man. He is at war with ecclesiastical bonds, at war with the oppressor, the defrauder and defamer of women. He is warring now with the powers that rob men of his manhood, of his citizenship, of his wife, his home and his children. The Gods prosper him!

Mrs. C. was born in France, of English parents. She has, perhaps, seen thirty-five years. She has an English face and figure. Her eyes and hair, black as night. Mrs. C. has been for a number of years a successful teacher of the Harmonical Philosophy. Her culture and her rare mediumship have won for her the admiration of a host of genuinely good souls.

H. F. M. BROWN.

Physical Manifestations.

Some six weeks since, Mr. Editor, the celebrated "Davenport Boys," by the urgent requests of a large number of our citizens, paid a visit to this place, and gave two public entertainments of their truly startling manifestations, and also several interesting and very satisfactory private circles during the day. They occupied the Court House, which will hold four or five hundred persons, and it was filled to its utmost capacity by many of our most intelligent citizens. The demonstrations were of the most convincing and satisfactory character, and created the most intense excitement. Many different tests were given by the mediums, which could not fail of convincing the most stubborn skeptic of the reality of the phenomena. For while the mediums were securely bound and shackled, they held a handful of wheat flour in each hand, there by precluding the possibility of their using their hands in making any manifestations, without spilling or scattering the flour. Still at least half a dozen hands and arms of the most beautiful shape and different sizes, were made visible to the whole audience, under the full glare of gas light. Filled there were a large number of our church brethren who were not satisfied, from the fact that they could not make it appear to be a "humbler."

So a few weeks after the Davenport Brothers had left, one of our clergymen procured the services of a certain juggler, styling himself the "Fakir of Delhi," who announced to our citizens that he would expose the rope-tying and other manifestations produced by the Davenport Brothers. When the time arrived, the Court House was densely crowded with eager spectators. The "Fakir" made his appearance amidst the applause of many of his Methodist friends, (for they were the ones who had invited him there.) The same skeptical committee who tied the Davenport mediums were selected to tie him. But before they had finished tying him, he complained of the manner of tying, and said that no living person could extricate himself tied in that manner. The committee then stated to the audience that he was tied precisely as they tied the mediums, only not so securely around the wrists.

After working at least half an hour, he was compelled to acknowledge his defeat and failure, amidst cries of "Down with the Methodists," and cheers for the Davenport Boys, from the audience. His own friends deserted him, and said that they believed him to be the "biggest humbug of either."

Since then the Davenport Boys have been here, and submitted to the most critical examinations, and have been perfectly successful in every respect. The "Fakir" promised to meet them here, but like the ridiculous Leland, did not make his appearance.

J. W. WILLIAMS.

Princeton, Ill., Oct. 27, 1863.

Elkhart, Ind.

The population of this young and enterprising city are fast learning the truth and becoming acquainted with the philosophy of Spiritualism. Situated on the Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana Railroad, at the junction of the air line with the old road, and on the St. Joseph River, with extensive water power, and in the midst of one of the best farming districts of the West, it is a pleasant and desirable location for our eastern friends who wish to go forth and still find good improvements and good people.

I have lectured there during the last month (October), to better advantage than I had greeted me there before, and I have just off and pleased and encouraged by them in every respect. This is one of the places where Spiritualism has had a steady and healthy growth, and it has outgrown its sectarian enemies, and now takes the front rank in society, in enterprise, intelligence and respectability. The surrounding country is also strongly impregnated with the same phibic

phy. I lectured seven times during my stay, at points out of the city, and had good audiences at all, except Goshen, where the people seem badly edited with spirits of a lower order, such as are kept in bottles and eggs, and those said by the priests to be kept in dry pits. Goshen being a sort of rival town, and the county seat, pulls at the lower end of the rope, and any doctrine or person popular in Elkhart, will be sure to be the opposite in Goshen; but even there a few, active minds are laboring against superstition, and letting in some light when an opportunity offers, and with some success.

October has been a busy month with me, as I have traveled in four States, and lectured eighteen times, with the four Sundays, in Elkhart, and also attended the great fair and exhibition of the Western ladies at Chicago, got up for a most laudable purpose, for the soldiers, and it was a magnificent affair and success, which other parts was white plainer than mine will describe. Yet I must say I am glad, because the ladies got it up, and am happy to add my mite, in both dimes and words, to the noble workers and worthy cause.

WARREN CHASE.

Bloomington, Ill., Oct. 30, 1863.

Written for the Banner of Light.

WHERE IS HEAVEN?

Is it heaven in the heart of the summer wood,
Where the grand old trees that have centuries stood,
Seem to whisper of things unknown,
Where bird voices echo the green arches through,
And the lovely-eyed wild-blossom's helmet of blue,
Bows low to the sweet wind's tone?

Is it heaven where the spices scented Southern breeze,
Blows o'er the bright islands of tropical seas,
And lingers away the hours,
As dreading return to a Northern land,
From the glittering waters and golden strand
Of the sunny clime of Sowers?

Is it heaven where towers and steeples rise,
And church-towers point to the bending skies,
And incense fills the air?
Where the mellow organ's deep refrains,
In gorgeous temples and dazzling fanes,
Wave o'er the molten air?

Oh, no! It is not that the land is fair,
Or that incense fills the balmy air,
Or that musical murmurs flow,
The heaven we seek is a state of love,
As high as the boundless white above,
And as deep as the sea below.

The angelic watching beside the gate,
Is the angel of Love; and the demon of Hate
Can never be admitted there.
The soul must walk in the path of right,
And its every thought must be pure as light,
Ere it breathe that tasteless air.

Lower, Ohio.

E.

Pinned to Spirit Life.

Like a rosebud plucked in the early spring, untimely from its parent stem, yet lovely and fragrant, Miss Carrie E. Clinton, of Philadelphia, late of Albany, N. Y.

This young and accomplished child possessed rare intellectual endowments, and an active and ardent mind, but like many of the fair ones, she was marked as a victim of consumption.

It has been well said, "that death loves a winning mark." During the last three months she has been gradually wasting away, but her earnest, soul, conscious of a great labor before it, felt that it could not leave the earth.

She was not only a believer in the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism, but as a medium she was enabled to see and converse freely with her spirit-friends who came around her.

Gradually the worm of decay was wasting her form, and the pallid cheek and sunken eye gave unmistakable evidence that the old garment of mortality had become too small and too much worn for her soul to remain longer a prisoner within it. As she neared the world's end, she was going home, and with a characteristic earnestness, she prayed fervently that she might be met there. Still, such was her faith in the consolatory influences around her that she waited patiently until the summons came to join the innumerable host in the better land. Farewell, loved one, we know that thou art

"Gone to thy Heavenly Father's rest!

The flowers of Eden round thee blowing!
And on thine ear the murmurs sweet
Of Shiloh's waters softly flowing
In the white robe of angels clad,
And wandering by the sacred river,
Whose streams of holiness make glad
The city of our God forever!"

We know, too:

"That there is not a charm of soul or brow,
Of all we know and loved of thee,
But lives in better beauty now,
Baptized in immortality."

After writing the above my friend, Samuel H. Faint, who was sitting by me, said, "I see a spirit here who has a poem to give in reference to that young lady;" and he spoke it as follows:

"I was on a dark autumnal morn,
We heard her leave her dying sigh,
While angels hovered round her bed,
Waiting to bear her soul on high.

She a gone—(they've beckoned her away)
And bid her quit her mortal frame,
And seek a life in that new world,
Where angels bless their joys proclaim.

For true religion was her guide,
On which she dwelt with deep delight,
And in a dying hour she found
It made her every prospect bright.

She early sought the path of peace,
And did a mortal life pursue;
A course from which she varied not,
Lure kept it close in view.

Forgive the tributary tear
That mourns thee from a world like this;
Forgive, if we have kept thee here,
Or stayed thee from thy home of bliss.

No more confined to scenes of night,
Thy soul has soared to realms of day;
And now thou'rt 'tasting in the light
Which round the world of spirits plays."

Philadelphia, Pa., Oct., 1863.

H. T. C.

ANOTHER MEDIUM AND SOLDIER COME WITH THE ARMY.

ANOTHER.—Benjamin N. Wright, of Montpelier, Vt., left the field of Gettysburg to prove the reality of spirit life, aged 29 years 6 months eleven days.

He was one of our best test mediums, and for several years gave unmistakable evidence, at times, of a high inspiration. He leaves a family to contend with the opposing elements of the world, that needs the sympathy of all philanthropic souls. He has made himself known to his wife since he left us, and gives her the blessed assurance that he is watching and guarding her with as much tenderness as in former days, and wishes it said to the world that he lived and died a Spiritualist.

The funeral was held in the Village Hall, where a large company of intelligent friends had congregated to lend their sympathy to the mourning family, and bear the words that the spirit saw fit to give them on that occasion, and many heard for the first time the truths of immortality elucidated in accordance with our philosophy, through your humble servant.

J. J. F.

Oct. 15th, 1863, Philadelphia. B. wife of Alfred Smith, aged 29 years 6 months and 4 days.

Sister Smith was a believer in the spiritual religion, and approached the other world without fear, regretting only to leave her husband and children. She has already redeemed her promise to her husband to commune with him, having controlled a medium and clearly identified herself to him, assuring him that she is happy, and that she is relieved from all sickness and suffering; that she is not far away, but is ever near to cheer and counsel the loved friends who now mourn her departure. Her aged father and mother (brother and sister) are sustained in their bereavement by a

knowledge of the religion of Spiritualism. They were among the early believers and pioneer workers.
Cuba, N. Y., Oct. 28, 1863. N. H. MILLMAN.

Sept. 20th, Louisa B. wife of John M. Holston, aged 23 years 8 months 23 days.
Oct. 23th, their son, William Mortimer, aged 1 month 6 days.
Oct. 27th, Mrs. Mary Whittemore, aged 78 years 5 months.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS.

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

Mrs. LAMAR OFFER speaks in Boston, Mass. Nov. 15; in New York, Nov. 22 and 29. Address: P. O. Box 100, New York.

Mrs. M. G. TOWNSHIP will speak in Milford, Mass., during Nov. 15; in Taunton, Mass., and Haverhill, Ct., during Dec. Would be happy to make engagements for the remainder of the winter and spring as early as possible. Address: Manchester, N. H., or as above.

Mrs. ANANDA M. SPENCER will lecture in Portland, Me., and in N. York City.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CORNELL will speak in Buffalo, N. Y., November; in Philadelphia, Pa., Dec.; in Troy, N. Y., Jan. Address, box 816, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. FANNY DAVIS SMITH will lecture in Worcester, Nov. 29. Address, Milford, Mass.

Ursula Clark lectures in Milford, Mass., Nov. 15; in Chicago, Nov. 22; in Bangor, Me., Nov. 29. Address, Banner of Light office.

Mrs. SARAH A. HORTON will speak in Lowell, Mass., Nov. 23 and 29, and during March. Address: Brandon, Vt.

Miss EMMA HOBBS, will lecture in Williamstown, Conn., during Nov.; in Taunton, Mass., and Haverhill, Ct., during Dec. Would be happy to make engagements for the remainder of the winter and spring as early as possible. Address: Manchester, N. H., or as above.

Mrs. MARY M. WOOD will speak in Somers, Ct., the third and fourth Sundays in January; in Bangor, Me., the first of April. Address, West Killbuck, Conn. She will make her fall and winter engagements immediately.

Mrs. CORA L. V. HATCH will speak in Clinton Hall, New York, during November; in Boston, at Lyceum Hall, during December; she will receive calls to lecture week evenings in the vicinity of Boston during the month of January. Address, New York; in December, Boston, care of Banner of Light.

Mrs. LUCAS DEANES GOSNOLD will speak in Springfield, Mass., Nov. 15; in Taunton, Nov. 22 and 29; in Bangor, Me., during December; in Old Town and Haverhill, during January and February. Address as above or at Providence, N. Y., care of C. H. Gordon.

Miss MARTHA L. BACSWORTH, trance speaker, will lecture in Philadelphia, Pa., during Nov.; in Lowell, Mass., Dec. 1; in Springfield, Mass., during January; in Hartford, Ct., during Feb. Address at New Haven, care of George Beckwith. Reference, H. B. Storrs, Boston.

Mrs. H. M. MILLMAN will speak in Utica, N. Y., Nov. 16; in New York, Nov. 23; thence to Canfield and Florida. Will continue for other lectures in the vicinity of the above places. If applied to very soon.

Mrs. M. G. TOWNSHIP will answer calls to lecture. Address, Liberty Hill, Conn.

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

Mrs. ANNA M. MICHENER, Box 439, 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.

Miss NANCY J. THOMPSON, inspirational speaker, Jacksonville, Vt., is engaged to speak on Sundays, one half the time the present year, at Ashfield, Mass. Who will speak there on the following week days, if required.

WARRICK CHASE is lecturing in Southern and Central Illinois and Missouri. He will speak at South Pass, Ill., the 1st and 2nd of Nov. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

Dr. JAMES COOPER will speak in Dayton, O., Nov. 15; in Chesterfield, Ind., Nov. 22 and 29; in Anderson, Ind., Dec. 1; in Indianapolis, Dec. 1 and 2; in Cullin, Dec. 1 and 2; in Greenburg, Dec. 3 and 4; in New Madison, O., Dec. 4 and 5.

Mrs. H. M. BROWN's present address is Cleveland, O., where she is engaged to speak for the present.

Mrs. G. GARRISON, trance speaker, Lowell, will speak in Worcester, Dec. 4.

Miss P. GRASSMAN will speak in Clinton, Me., Nov. 16; in Bangor, Nov. 22; in Bangor, Nov. 29; in Portland, Me., Dec. 2 and 9. Will speak at Manchester and New Hampshire the month of January, if desired. Address, Kitter Millis or Bangor, Me.

Mrs. K. A. BATES, Springfield, Mass., will speak in Quincy, Mass., Nov. 15 and 22; in Worcester, Dec. 15, 20 and 27.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1863.

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FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

The Name.

"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 I have a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I still cherish it. I see one vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north in one unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild hills of the Atlantic westward to the calm 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 John Bright's Speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.

The Use of Shams.

Little thought any of us that, in the event of dire civil war in the land, a class would suddenly spring up, made rich by the necessities of the nation, who would outdo in decorative enormities even the grotesque and wholly irrational extravagances of which as a people we had been guilty before. But in the midst of the means of widows and the fatherless, glancing in their nondescript hues among the sad smiles of the bereaved who had generously sacrificed all they had to give to their distressed country, there has stepped forth almost unheralded, and certainly unknown heretofore, whose displays of jewels and millinery, of coaches and carriages, of trunks and trunks, actually shock all well-bred beholders with the impression which they give of their boldly vulgar contrast and improprieties, a class, or rather a mob, of men and women, to which by common consent has been applied the characteristic title—Shoddy.

It is not without the limits of chance, of course, that large and numerous fortunes should be made by shoddy, in furnishing supplies of every sort to the government in a time of war. That matter is adjusted very naturally by the law of supply and demand. As human affairs run, too, it may be expected that some men would get rich at such a period, while others enjoyed anything but the favors which these opportunities have to offer. Yet all that furnishes no sort of excuse or palliation for a large class in the community's running riot with their suddenly acquired fortunes, and doing more in one brief year to undermine the foundations of public virtue than can be done in a long course of years to patiently carry up the structure. Those who are permitted to live in this day can at least say that they have lived to the witness of what not even their fathers and mothers of the revolutionary era ever saw.

The moral of all this extravagance and folly is perfectly plain. It can hardly ruin a people whose character rests on the solid bottom of virtue and truth, but it brings up to the surface a whole crop of internal diseases and morbid tendencies, in the shape of fever, boils, pimples, rash, measles, mumps, and fevers, which would have made more serious and lasting mischief had they continued to run riot, without any curb or check. In the hidden staple and fibre of the national character. All evil has its uses; and we sometimes think that the greater its enormity the sooner it reaches its true end and works its cure. It has been said again and again, that the nation needed discipline, even the discipline produced by a great war. We have asked that, and are having it still; every deadly battle scars the body of the whole nation with its ghastly wounds. But the gross evils of sudden riches, too, overtaking a character that has as yet been subjected to the test of little or no culture, and to the influences of nothing but refinement and genuine simplicity—these are working out their results upon us in a different way from the other, but the end will disclose the fact, hitherto unnoticed, of the great need of just such a discipline.

Extremes work cures of their own. Extravagance in character and manners in time becomes intolerable, and thus lays the foundations of simplicity, directness, and truth. Shoddy will in the end erect for us in this country a genuine Aristocracy, but it will be quite the reverse of Shoddy. No rapidly had we been tending to gross materialism in our tastes, in consequence of our unprecedented prosperity, that it was a serious question if not merely the national manners would have been depraved beyond recovery, but if the national manhood and womanhood were not in the way of being destroyed. Hence we required correctives of the most decisive character—alternatives as violent in their operation as it was possible for us to endure and yet live. The remedies have been applied—they are in the course of application to-day—and there need be no fear lest they shall be withdrawn before the intended cure is thoroughly effected.

Shoddy performs an excellent turn in making riches less and less attractive, and of themselves, the better and more sensible portion of the people seeing that they cannot be made to stand for reality. Shoddy is today a beacon, a warning to the nation. It carried its head as loftily last summer at Saratoga, that all cultivated, really superior people, became at once disgusted; and when shoddy, in its fine linen and fearfully gorgeous apparel, saw that the genuine Aristocracy which it aspired to imitate, was attired in its plain muslins and simplest robes, it grew tired after a time, hung its head, and voted the Springs the dearest place it had ever known. Hence, viewed in this light, shoddy really administers practical lessons to the people on this side of good taste, modesty, and economy. Though it cannot hope to carry out the influence to its utmost limit, it is yet true, and strikingly so, that shoddy tends to make wealth vulgar and mean, and actually to bring it into disrepute. The nation becomes gorged with its senseless shows; the popular eyes are dazzled with its tawdry glitter; the taste of the public is made sick with its loud and bold pretentiousness; and everything appertaining to refinement and culture is shocked by the coarse, illiterate, boorish, and really barbarous phraseology in which it conches its senseless meanings.

The community is being actually forced into a sense of what is proper and becoming. If it would learn so healthful a fact in no other way, then it is well that this very way has been brought to light. All excellent results, if at all permanent in their character, are invariably wrought to a man or a people the whole of what they cost. If we can but have a line, which shall be generally recognized and respected, drawn between true refinement and vulgar display, between what is true and what is sham, it will be well for the country and for every section of it. An able contemporary speaks very emphatically of the existence of such a line already; and we cannot more acceptably, or pointedly, close the present article than by quoting a passage from its columns as follows:

One has but to walk through the more fashionable thoroughfare to see that shoddy, unconsciously to itself, is displaying a wear an exclusive liver of gorgeousness. It is coming to be known, like the western gamblers, by its gold chain and its velvet

walcoat, and the huge brilliant in its shirt bosom. As Lord Castlereagh fixed all eyes upon himself at the European Congress by appearing in the starred and ribbed erud, he alone unribbed and unstarred, so the women of the world, the "fashionable fair" whom shoddy adores and aspires to imitate, are a doing to shoddy all the shows and adornments of its dream. By the utter simplicity, the inexpensiveness even, and "forbearance." If we may so speak, of their costume, may the flowers of the rose-bud garden already be known star off. The trailing of long "clouds of glory" through the public streets, the sweep and flutter along the opera stairs of robes that "exclusively grace a court"—these are now falling to the exclusive use and behoof of "shoddy." Shoddy in a little while will be known by its iridescent "Afyghans," its sparkling wheels, its coachman ablaze with buttons in the Park; it will be known in the streets, at the café, at the theatre by its many-colored rustling, by the profusion of its jewels, even by the vivacity and variety of its coiffures. The more nearly it reaches the "extremest standard of what but a year or two ago would have been pronounced "style and fashion," the further it will fall itself from the "style and fashion" of the current day. Yet a little while, and, thanks to the alternative and counter-irritant influences of shoddy, "style" among us may really come to mean taste, and fashion cease to be synonymous with frivolity and folly.

The Funs over the Rams.

If we are to believe what the Richmond papers have suddenly taken it into their heads to say on the subject, we may make up our minds to it that "it is of no consequence," after all, as Mr. Toole would say. In giving up their fond dreams of aid from a foreign iron-clad navy, it is "our grapes" with them, and nothing else. The Examiner says it is extremely doubtful whether the importance of such a fleet to the rebel cause had not been overrated. And it proceeds to argue with all deliberation, that the Federal monitors would be far superior to any which could be brought across the ocean—which is something they would not have been inclined to admit, even less than a year ago. But toward England these rebel sheets feel as mad as March hares. Following the lead of Jeff Davis, who tells his people that there is no use any longer in looking for hope from England, the Richmond papers open their guns upon that power. The Examiner says the seizure of the rams is the most unfriendly act ever done by England toward the South, and that there can be no hope of Parliament's releasing the vessels. The Dispatch declares the seizure to be an act of war, which the South is not now in a condition to repel, but which "will be held in everlasting remembrance by this and all future generations of Southern men." As matters at present stand, the Examiner says it is "prudent to consider the iron-clad fleet among the things that, though brilliant in design, are never destined to completion."

The Russian Ball in New York.

It was "high jinks" with the officers of the Russian Squadron in New York, last Friday night. A ball was given in their honor by a Committee of the most public spirited citizens, the cost of the same amounting to ten thousand dollars. The affair required the use of the Academy of Music and Irving Hall, which is opposite. All New York turned out and made a proper demonstration. Of course shoddy was there, and blazed away in all its initiated glory; and so was the genuine Aristocracy, that reposes on quiet and gentle manners, and believes in simple elegance, and no other than appropriate adornments. One thing was noticeable: those who took too much wine, or what not, at the supper in Irving Hall, found themselves effectually restrained from getting back again into the Academy. New York is "coming up," if it sticks at a venial offence as that; really there are hopes of her. Speaking of this Russian Ball, we are reminded to quote the very neat bit which Henry Ward Beecher made in his Liverpool speech, where the mob interrupted him with such rudeness. He was asked—"What about Russia?" He answered, that for himself, he did not think much of this talked about Russian alliance; but he soberly submitted it to the audience if it was just the thing for England to be coquetting with the Hebel Commissioner Mason—any more than for us to be coquetting with Russia!

A Warning from the London Times.

The London Times has an article in one of its more recent numbers, holding up in warning tones the threatening position of affairs throughout the world, and urging that it is the plain duty of England to seize and use all the opportunities of her position, and as arbitrator, make and keep peace while she can. This is but the actual and near sight of what was foretold by the invisible powers long ago. They have said that the world would be "in arms," and that the convulsion would strike this Continent first. Out of these convulsions, be they prolonged to a course of years, or not, was to be born the new and more glorious era. Men's minds must be revolutionized first, and the larger and more humane ideas will then find room to enter. Then will follow the operative action of those ideas, and the results will be marked and widespread. We do not doubt that Europe is about to have her day, or that it will end in a practical elevation of the masses of the people, and the expansion of their political privileges. As fast as men obtain light, they enlarge their desires. We are at the threshold of an enlargement more marked than any the world has ever known before.

The French Blockade.

France has given formal notice of having blockaded the Mexican ports, with the exception of Vera Cruz, Tampico, and one or two others. They can now have an opportunity to show as Yankees how to make a blockade efficient. There has been grumbling enough among them to signify that they are adepts in this business, and now we want to see them carrying it out in a style wholly worthy of their pronouncements. The task of France in Mexico, however, is more play compared with ours; we were continually defeated by their blockade runners, having lost fortunes in their mind, while there is not the least danger that their blockade will be run by Yankee shippers. It is barely possible that France will learn something worth the cost about this continent, before she has got through this lesson. The one thing in favor of their making an easy and effective blockade is, that there are few or no inducements from the interior country to tempt the daring of blockade runners.

Psychometry.

At the suggestion of a friend we were induced to send our autograph to Mrs. A. B. Severance, of Whitewater, Wis., for the purpose of testing her powers as a psychometrist. In about a week a letter containing five pages of manuscript was mailed by the lady to our address. On perusal, we were somewhat surprised at the accuracy of her delineation of us. In some respects, of minor importance, she erred; but as a whole, we could not have delineated our own character any more truthfully. Hence we coincide with our correspondent, C. E. Sargent, of Philadelphia, whose note on this subject was published in our last issue, that Mrs. Severance possesses great psychometric powers. If the reader would investigate this wonderful science—for it is undoubtedly a science—we refer him to Prof. Denton's new work, "The Soul of Things."

Dr. James Cooper on a Lecturing Tour.

Dr. Cooper, whose labors in the West have been most effective in promulgating the truths of Spiritualism, starts on a lecturing tour through portions of Ohio and Indiana, beginning at Dayton, on Sunday, Nov. 15th, as will be seen by his appointments in the lecturer's column.

Reception of the Mexican Minister.

The President's reception of the new Mexican Minister was a matter of more than common interest, under the circumstances. He replied to his speech with discretion, and yet very frankly, and showed himself a wise diplomat in his place. The Minister was given to understand that, let the French be in or out of Mexico, the people of that nation had warm friends among us—which very naturally leaves the inference that we were no friends of their foreign invaders. It satisfies all hearts that an opportunity has been given the Chief Magistrate of this nation to express, even in qualified phrase, the natural sentiment of this people toward Mexico. Were the present rebellion broken down, a new policy would soon be declared relative to this matter; but with one hard tied by the war in the Southern States, it is hardly to be expected that we should rashly court another. All foreign powers, however, will be made to walk off this Continent in due time. The people of every State upon it have been bred in the ways of representative republicanism, and a more spirited of a foreign effort at subjugation will amount to just nothing at all. America is a name synonymous with Freedom; and no European power will ever succeed in fastening chains upon any portion of the Continent.

The November Elections.

The elections which have been held in several of the States this month, have resulted in most decisive verdicts in favor of sustaining the Government in its efforts to crush out the rebellion. All the loyal States have now spoken their sentiments on this subject most emphatically, and nobly come to the rescue of the Government in its hour of need.

In Massachusetts, Gov. Andrew, and the whole Republican state ticket, has been re-elected by a majority ranging between forty and fifty thousand.

In New York (democratic last year), the Republicans have carried their ticket by near forty thousand.

In New Jersey, the Union party made large gains. This State went democratic last year.

In Maryland the election was the most important of any, for it embraced the question of emancipation of the slaves. The Union emancipationist party succeeded by a handsome majority. Among the five members chosen to Congress, is that patriot and statesman, Henry Winter Davis.

Wisconsin has given a Republican majority of about fifteen thousand.

Few returns are in from Illinois, but these show very large Union gains.

The slave-holding State of Missouri, which last year wheeled into the ranks of the Union and declared herself in favor of emancipation, has sustained that verdict in her recent election.

The Western Powers and Russia.

Our later foreign advices inform us that, in St. Petersburg, the talk is openly of the chances of a rupture between Russia and the Western Powers—France and England—the name, however, to take at first a merely diplomatic form. But that is no more than the usual way. The time set for the accomplishment of such an event is about Christmas; at any rate, we are promised it previous to or by that time. Though we are not outsiders ourselves, it has seemed next to an impossibility, in our eyes, for Eastern and Western Europe to get on as they have done for a considerable time past, without finally reaching some sort of a climax. Where there is so much smoke, there must be some fire. We can with difficulty conceive it to be possible for Russia to remain in her present relative position to the Western powers much longer, without an explosion in some quarter. The Crimean War sowed seeds which may naturally be thought by this time to have sprouted. If they have not even borne fruit, Russia is in arms today, though she may have kept up the appearance of peace. She will be ready to play her part, whenever the threatened rupture comes.

Dr. J. R. Newton.

This gentleman, with whose great healing powers our readers are familiar, has been located at Hartford, Ct., for several months past, where, it is said, he has treated seven hundred and fifty cases, including some severe ones of chronic suffering, and has restored by far the greater number. Among the cures reported made by the Doctor, we give the following:—Mrs. A. C. Bradley, Hartford, internal tumor and cough. Disease never understood by her physicians. Could not speak, even in whisper, for two years—used pencil and slate. Totally cured.—Sarah Knox, 70 Hudson-street, Hartford—a young lady with a very sore hand, that had resisted the skill of all physicians. Cured in one treatment.—Hannah Whittlesey, Newington, bedridden for seventeen years, spinal weakness—brought in in the arms of attendants—and in ten minutes, was able to walk. Has since walked two miles.

Dr. Newton closed his engagements at Hartford on the 1st inst., we understood, and intends resting for a short time, in order to recuperate his over-taxed energies.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy.

This lady so highly spoken of and esteemed by our Western friends, arrived in this city, we are informed, just as our forms were going to press. She speaks in Lyceum Hall the second and third Sundays of this month. As we have not yet had an opportunity to listen to her lectures, we cannot speak of her abilities from personal knowledge, but shall do so in our next issue. We understand the length of her visit North has unexpectedly been limited to the 1st of December, consequently she can only speak (except on week evenings) in this city and New York. This is to be regretted, for many of our friends in the neighboring cities and towns were expecting to have her speak for them during the winter. She very much regrets disappointing them, and did not know until a few days before she left home that she would be obliged to do so, but unforeseen circumstances compel her to return at the close of her engagement here and in New York.

The Alden Type-Setting Machine.

We viewed in operation, while in New York recently, that greatest wonder of the age, viz: The Alden Type-Setting and Distributing Machine. In our opinion the time is coming—it is even now—when this machine will make as great a revolution in the printing business as did Hoe's ten cylinder press, when first introduced. Every new invention comes when it is most needed. A company has been organized in New York city, and these machines are being manufactured there to order. We and our associates tender our obligations to Messrs. Alden and Welch for their politeness in showing us over their establishment, and other courtesies extended. We shall not attempt a description of this wonderful invention, as it is utterly impossible for us to do so with any degree of accuracy.

The Spiritualists' Guide.

The "Plain Guide to Spiritualism," has already grown so popular, and met with such a rapid sale, the first large edition is now nearly exhausted. See the advertisement in the 11th page, and send your orders without delay, as the publisher is doing greater service to the cause of Spiritualism in the Plain Guide.

Miss Hatch.

We understand that Mrs. Cora L. Y. Hatch, who is now delivering a course of lectures in Lyceum Hall, New York, is engaged to speak in Lyceum Hall, in this city, through the month of December.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, Nov. 2, 1863.]

For the Banner of Light.
LETTER FROM H. T. CHILD, M. D.,
OF PHILADELPHIA.

Poem by the Inspiration of Miss A. W. Sprague, given through Miss Lizzie Doten, of Boston, at Sanson St. Hall, Philadelphia, Oct. 25.

I know that your readers, Mr. Editor, will feel grateful to Miss Sprague for the beautiful poem which I send you. Permit me to say, by way of introduction, that our good sister Lizzie Doten has been giving us during the month of October one of the best courses of lectures that we have ever listened to, and I am happy to say that we have had large and appreciative audiences; none more so, however, than the one that listened to the closing lecture of Sunday evening last, in which Miss Sprague gave us a very interesting account of her experiences in Spiritualism, some notes of which I have preserved and may present to your readers at a future time. The poem, given at the close of the lecture, I was enabled, by the aid of a brother photographer, to get a correct report of. It was as follows:

Oh! Thou! whose love is changeless.

Both now and evermore;

Source of all conscious being!

Thy goodness I adore.

Lord, I would ever praise Thee.

For all Thy love can give;

But most of all, oh Father!

I thank Thee that I live.

I live! Oh ye who loved me!

Your faith was not in vain;

Back through the shadowy valley

I come to you again.

Safe in the love that guides me,

With fearless feet I tread—

My home is with the angels—

Oh, say not I am dead!

Not dead! oh no, but lifted

Above all earthly strife;

Now first I know the meaning

And feel the power of life—

The power to rise unnumbered

By woe, or want, or care;

To breathe fresh inspiration

From pure, celestial air;

To feel that all the tempests

Of human life have passed,

And that my ark, in safety, rests

On the mount of last;

To send my soul's great longings,

Like Noah's dove, abroad,

And find them swift returning,

With a sign of peace from God;

To soar in fearless freedom

Through broad, blue, boundless skies,

And catch the radiant gleaming

Of love-lit, angel eyes;

To feel the Father's presence,

Around me, near or far,

And see His radiant glory

Stretch onward, star by star;

To feel those grand upliftings

That know no space nor time;

To hear all discords ending

In harmony sublime;

To know that sin and error

Are dimly understood,

And that which man calls evil

Is undeveloped good;

To stand in spell-bound rapture

On some celestial height,

And see God's glorious sunshine

Dispel the shades of night;

To feel that all creation

With love and joy is life;

This, oh my earthly loved ones,

This is eternal life!

There, eyes that closed in darkness

Shall open to the morn;

And those whom death had stricken,

Shall find themselves new born;

The lame shall leap with gladness,

The blind rejoice to see,

The slave shall know no master,

And the prisoner shall be free.

There, the worn and heavy laden

Their burdens shall lay down;

There, crosses, borne in meekness,

At length shall win the crown;

And lonely hearts that famished

For sympathy and love,

Shall find a free affection

In the angel home above.

Oh, children of our Father!

Weep not for those who pass,

Like rose-leaves gently scattered,

Like dew-drops from the grass.

Ay, look not down in sadness,

But fix your gaze on high;

They only dropped their mantles—

Their souls can never die.

They live! and still unbroken

Is that magnetic chain,

Which, in your tearful blindness,

You thought was rent in twain.

That chain of love was fashioned

By more than human art,

And every link is welded

So firm it cannot part.

They live! but oh, not idly,

To fold their hands to rest,

For they who love God truly,

Are they who serve him best.

Love lightens all their labor,

And makes all duty sweet;

Their hands are never weary,

Nor way-worn are their feet.

Thus by that world of beauty,

And by that life of love,

And by the holy angels

Who listen, now, above,

I pledge my soul's endeavor

To do what I can

To bless my sister woman,

And aid my brother man.

Oh! Thou! whose love is changeless,

Both now and evermore;

Source of all conscious being!

Thy goodness I adore.

Lord, I would ever praise Thee

For all Thy love can give;

But, most of all, oh Father,

I thank Thee that I live.

Mr. Clark's Lectures.

Uriah Clark, the well known pioneer-champion in the cause of Spiritualism, and the author of the popular work, "Plain Guide to Spiritualism," gave his lectures before the Lyceum Society of Spiritualism, in this city, on Sunday, Nov. 1st, to full audiences. The hall was even more crowded at the second lecture than at the first, which is good evidence that his discourses were appreciated. Mr. C. is a pleasant and agreeable speaker; his voice is clear and sonorous, but not in the least boisterous; his style is rather quiet, but sufficiently earnest to at once command the attention of his auditors.

His subject in the afternoon was upon the "Agitations and Alarms attending the Advent of Spiritualism," which was treated in a very able manner, as

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The cause of the *paraphrase* is alluded to in our sixth page by the *invariables*. Also, a report of the remarks made at our Office Oct. 8th, to the question, Do the undeveloped spirits receive aid from their progressed spirit friends? etc.

Shew's *Penn.*, which have been adopted by the Board of Education of the City of New York; and are the best adapted for School use of any pens extant, will be sent to any part of the Free States on the receipt of \$1.00. Address J. P. Snow, P. O. Box 848, New York City.

The World's Crisis, in its new dress, puts on airs. It backs out of its statement, that it contained more matter than any weekly paper with which it was acquainted, by saying that it meant "any other religious weekly paper." Here it again errs, for *Zion's Herald*, with its smaller type and larger dimensions, contains much more matter than the *Crisis*. We do not profess to be religious, Bro. *Crisis*, in the Second Advent sense; but we do profess to be religious in deeds of charity, and strive to aid ALL, to the extent of our ability, on the road to happiness—which is heaven.

Neuralgia, of late years, has increased very much in this country, and it puzzles physicians why this is so. The *invariables* have had the matter under consideration for some time, and it is their opinion that this disease is induced, in a majority of cases, by the use of water drawn through lead pipes.

We would call the attention of our readers to Dr. Fenn's card, in another column. He is a regular physician, and a graduate of one of the best Medical Colleges in this country, and has been connected with medicine for fourteen years.

New playing cards are spoken of, the pictures on which are to be taken from the forms and faces of men who have distinguished themselves in the war. Eminent contractors will sit for the knaves.

We found the above capital bit at the Rhododendron floating on the sea of literature, and so put out an ear to keep it moving.

A new style of hoop skirt was exhibited at the Indiana State Fair. Lead weights are attached to the bottom hoop to keep the thing down on windy days. The ladies do not fancy the improvement.

Mrs. Little, healing medium, with whom we have been acquainted many years, is doing good service for suffering humanity. For her address see card in another column.

The importation of diamonds and steel gun-barrels to this country has vastly increased of late. The one to glitter in the ball room, the other on the battle-field. What a comment on the civilization of the age!

See the advertisement of Benj. H. Oranston, mesmerist and healing medium, in another column.

Rebel loss at Chickamauga—17,999.

In *Hecce* they hunt compass with dogs, as they used to hunt fugitive slaves. White men do not like it.

The *Banner* establishment renders a unanimous vote of thanks to Thomas H. Locke, Esq., of Penn Yan, N. Y., for a large box of luscious grapes, fresh from his extensive vineyard, sent through the agency of U. Clark, Bro. Locke has one of the largest and finest vineyards in Western New York, and produces some of the purest native wines.

Late advices from St. Domingo inform us that the revolution there was in full blast—that the rebels held possession of the entire island, with the exception of the Capital and the east end. They were last reported within a few miles of the city.

Henry Ward Beecher was entertained at a public farewell breakfast in Manchester, on the 25th ult. Thanks were voted to Mr. Beecher for his various addresses, and congratulatory speeches were interchanged.

Late foreign papers announce the "important" fact that the Princess of Wales may be expected to present her husband with "a little darling" some time in March next.

Punch says some kind little milliners have, out of their scant earnings, subscribed, in aid of the victims at Warsaw. This is indeed a pretty illustration of the needle being true to the pole.

It was a bright chap who said the world could not be round, for if it was, there could be no end to it.

The rebels esteem Longstreet a great General, because it is a long street that has no turning.

H. W. Beecher says there are many persons who think that Sunday is a sponge with which to wipe out the size of the week.

American ornithology has the preference all over the world. So have its wearers.

There are many hypocrites in society, who stand well before the earth; but who will appear as they are, in heaven.

A New Brunswick paper says that the Gypsies are emigrating to Australia from Europe. There are now over a thousand in this country and Canada.

A young married woman, whose husband has "gone to the war," heard in a conversation the remark, that the government wanted more cavalry and more infantry. She replied, that she knew nothing about cavalry, but added, with a sigh, that if more infantry were needed, the Government had better send some of the volunteers home again.

The new Lord Mayor of London is a Unitarian, and a friend of the American Union.

The *LYCUM HALL SOCIETY*.—Don't forget that one of these *recherché* affairs comes off on Tuesday evening of the present week.

A Whiteside, Long Island, correspondent had better put a mustard poultice to her feet. Her brain is evidently diseased.

There is a great luxury in doing good. Jacob lived a long time ago, when, it is said, so much was not expected of people as now, but he gave away a tenth of all he earned. How many of the Christians of the present day do that? And how many really believe that doing good is the true secret of happiness?

Necessity is said to be the son of Eternity. Well, on reflection, *Digby* thinks it must be a true saying, as the old saw reads: "Necessity is the mother of invention." We do not exactly see the point.

Cost oil has been found, by accident, to be a most effective means of protecting fruit trees against the ravages of the carcutis, by placing sawdust, saturated with the oil, at the foot of the tree.

Pierre Soule has gone into the military business, having become a General in the rebel service. Poor soul!

A country schoolmaster thus describes a money-lender: "He serves you in the present tense; he lends you in the conditional mood; keeps you in the subjunctive; and ruins you in the future!"

Mr. Charles Barral, of Hoboken, N. J., who died lately worth about \$400,000, left the bulk of his estate to public charitable institutions, as follows, says a New York paper:

After specifically devising \$150,000, he left the residue (\$250,000) in equal shares to the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor, the Eye and Ear Infirmary, the Home for Female Deaf-mutes, the Prison Association, and the Association for the Relief of Respectable Aged and Indigent Females. The executor of his will are Judge Edmonds and Mr. Geo. L. Brown, broker, Wall street.

The London Times, in discussing the American War, says the last blow has yet to be struck, and the Federals will have extraordinary good fortune if the third battle on the scene of two defeats reverses the associations connected with the ill-famed field of Bull Run.

Digby, while in East Boston recently, observed a very stanting chimney there, which, he observed to a friend, must have a fire on the real estate, or it could not stand in that position.

MANTLY AND HEAVENLY INTEREST. Ben Adam had a golden coin one day, Which he put out at interest with a Jew; Year after year, awaiting him, it lay, Until the doubled coin was twice as great; And these two four—so on, till people said, "How rich Ben Adam is!" and bowed the servile head.

Ben Selim had a golden coin that day, Which to a stranger asking arms he gave, Who went rejoicing on his homeward way. Ben Selim died, too poor to own a grave; But when his soul reached heaven, angels with pride showed him the wealth to which his coin had multiplied.

Brigadier General Louis Blanck died at his residence in New Jersey, on Saturday last, in his 52d year. He was a native of Bavaria.

Dr. Windship can lift twenty six hundred pounds, and says he shall fetch up three thousand pretty soon.

Out your climate to your constitution, as much as your clothing to your shape.

Gospel of Charity.

This social gathering had their second meeting last Monday evening. About one hundred and fifty persons, of both sexes, were present. A part of the evening was spent in remarks relating to the future character of the meetings, and the remainder in introducing its members to one another, and in conversation with each other.

It was stated that at each future meeting, for twenty-one Monday evenings, the subject of one of the twenty-one rules for action, as published in the *Banner*, in order, would be considered for forty-five minutes each evening, giving nine speakers, that would be chosen by the directors, five minutes each. The remainder of each evening to be spent in social conversation.

Announcements.

Miss Lizzie Doten will speak in City Hall, Charlestown, on Sunday, Nov. 15th.

We understand that Mrs. Chappell, of Potsdam, N. Y., whose ill health compelled her to relinquish her engagements in Massachusetts in October, intends soon to visit us, and answer all calls for lectures.

Uriah Clark lectures in Milford, Mass., Sunday, the 15th, and in Charlestown City Hall, the 22nd. Address this office.

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. Conant to be the medium for answering sealed letters sent to us for that purpose—it is proper to state that another lady medium answers them. Address "BANNER OF LIGHT," 108 Washington street, Boston.

ROOMS TO LET.

TWO LARGE UNFURNISHED ROOMS, with dressing-room attached, (up one flight) will let, singly or together, with or without board, at No. 4 Exeter Place.

This is one of the most desirable localities in Boston. Application should be made immediately.

Volunteers, Attention!—For the derangement of the system incidental to the change of diet, wounds, eruptions, and exposures which every Volunteer is liable to, there are no remedies so safe, convenient, and reliable as HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. 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. I. FENN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, No. 148 PLEASANT STREET, - BOSTON, (Near the Providence Depot.)

In connection with general practice, gives special attention to DISEASES OF THE LUNGS AND SCROFULA. Attention also given to Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Female Complaints, Pleurisy of the Nervous System, and all Chronic Diseases. All letters of inquiry promptly answered.

Office hours from 9 to 4 P. M. Patients must call during office hours.

MRS. J. S. FORREST, PRACTICAL

MAGNETIC AND CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN. WHO has met with such unrivaled success in the treatment of diseases of every description, continues to examine and prescribe for the sick, and administer the medicine, Vapor Bath, in connection with her treatment.

MRS. FORREST'S PAIN ANNIHILATOR. ONE of the best preparations now in use. It cures Sore Throat and Hoarseness; it cures Bilious Colic; it cures Nervous Headache; it cures Dysentery; it cures Barachia; it cures Sore Eyes; it cures Neuralgia; it cures Chilblains, &c. Every family should have a full supply of it on hand. Prepared only by Mrs. Forrest, and sold at her office, No. 91 Harrison Avenue, Boston, Mass. Price, 25 cents, and 50 cents, and 1 per bottle.

HENRY H. ORANSTON, MESMERIC AND HEALING MEDIUM. WHO has had six years' experience in the healing by laying on of hands and prescriptions, has taken the room adjoining the hall, in Bromfield street, where he will be happy to wait on all who are afflicted.

J. H. PRESCOTT, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, No. 6 Suffolk Place.

Office hours from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Nov. 14.

"I STILL LIVE!" A POEM FOR THE TIMES!

BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE. THE above is the title of a beautiful POEM, by Miss A. W. Sprague, and is the last written by her, who died, published in its final form. It is a volume of 33 pages, published by the Lamented author, just before her departure for the better land. The Poem is dedicated to the brave and loyal hearts offering their lives at the shrine of Liberty.

JUST PUBLISHED—A PAMPHLET ENTITLED "THE GOSPEL OF HARMONY" BY MRS. B. GOODRICH WILLARD. In which are solved THE MYSTERIES OF THE NUMBERS, SEVEN, TEN, THIRTY, AND THE LOGIC OF DATE, illustrated with a plate.

THE DUAL UNITY OF THE UNIVERSE; Or, the Relation of the Male and Female, is also plainly elucidated.

The second chapter contains a "Reply to Man's Love for the Queen of Heaven," and a "Reply to Man's Love for the Queen of Earth," which is added.

"THE SPIRIT OF WOMAN," Showing her true position in the world, according to the law of Nature. For sale at this office. Price, 20 cents; postage free.

DR. J. P. BRYANT, Practical Physician for Chronic Diseases

LIVER AT STRAUSS, UTICA, WATERTOWN, OSWEGO, COOPERSTOWN, AND BINGHAMTON, N. Y. CHRONIC DISEASES CURED WITH A FEW OPERATIONS! NO MEDICINES GIVEN! NO SURGICAL OPERATIONS PERFORMED! HAS OPERATED SUCCESSFULLY AT THE WAREHOUSE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHRONIC my residence is at Syracuse, commencing July 17, 1868, I have registered 2000 operations, and for the satisfaction of friends, I will give the names of a few who have been cured by me within that time.

Mrs. Eliza Plam, 38 Blandford street, Utica, N. Y.—Suppurating Tumor, eight years' standing, perfectly removed with two operations.

Dr. M. W. Millington, Stanwix, Oneida Co., N. Y.—Anasarca. Blind twenty years. Had not seen his wife or child during that time. After one operation recognized them immediately. His joy at the sudden restoration (he says) is indescribable.

Mrs. Martha Cook, 4 Pine street, Utica, N. Y.—Chronic Hemiplegia, or Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia; perfectly cured with one operation.

Mr. Alonzo Miles, Manassett, Jefferson Co., N. Y.—Great Nervous Depression, and other chronic diseases, three years. Had been given up by his physicians as incurable, and advised to resort to a foreign climate as the only means of comfort. Can be referred to.

Mrs. J. J. Squires, of Cooperstown, Oswego Co., N. Y.—Blindness; very obstinate chronic inflammation and granulation of the eye, six years' standing. Can now see as well as anyone, and free from pain. Any inquiries made of her will be promptly answered.

Mrs. Catherine Flint, Litchfield, Berkshire Co., N. Y.—Singular Difficulty and Liver Complaint, forty years a great sufferer. In 1868, she was restored to her natural condition, and perfectly free from pain.

Mr. A. H. Pratt, Putnam, Jefferson Co., N. Y.—Bad case of Bronchitis and Bleeding of the Lungs—a good case to refer to. Inquiries made of him will be promptly answered.

Mr. J. H. Hubbard, Postmaster at Geddes, Oneida Co., N. Y.—Terrible case of Asthma. Perfectly cured, and can be referred to.

Mr. Charles Gorham, Elbridge, N. Y.—Fractured Ligament, four months unable to walk, except on crutches. Made to walk without crutches in one operation. Is now able to walk as well as anyone. Can be referred to.

Ephraim Smith, Kaosag, Oswego Co., N. Y.—Lysipus; a great sufferer for years. Perfectly restored with one operation. Can be referred to.

Mr. Edward Beach, South Butler, Wayne Co., N. Y.—Rheumatism of the neck and shoulders, chronic, limbs contracted. Unable to feed or dress himself. For five years unable to walk, even with crutches—moved about in a chair on rollers. Made to walk in a few minutes, without even a cane. Had been treated by six different physicians, at an expense of \$100, without benefit. Was told the same day by an eminent physician of Syracuse, that no power on earth could benefit him. He is now able to walk, rejoicing in new life. Can be referred to.

Mrs. Welcome Spencer, Colton, N. Y.—Fever Bore; great suffering for years; treated by several physicians, without benefit. Perfectly cured with four operations.

Mr. J. H. Hubbard, Postmaster at Geddes, Oneida Co., N. Y.—Terrible case of Asthma. Perfectly cured, and can be referred to.

Mrs. Joseph Hanchett, Phoenix, N. Y.—Heart Disease and Nervous Debility. Can be referred to.

Mr. John Bunting, Clay, N. Y.—Chronic inflammation of the Kidney and Bladder. Perfectly cured.

Mr. Augustus Shaw, Newburgh, N. Y.—Hip Disease, sixteen years; used crutch and cane fourteen years. Left crutch and walked away with one operation.

Miss Hester Toller, Mexico, N. Y.—Paralysis of Optic Nerve. Made to see perfectly clear and distinct with two operations.

Miss Mary B. Bealey, Elbridge, N. Y.—Hip Disease eight years; four weeks unable to lie down; seven years unable to walk without crutches. In nine days, seven years of age. Has left her crutches, and can walk as well as anyone. Her photo taken at my rooms at my rooms.

Mr. Joel Hinman, Willowvale, Oneida Co., N. Y.—Went twenty-five years' standing, perfectly removed with one operation of five minutes.

Mr. Henry Remington, Copenhagen, N. Y.—Most distressing rheumatic action, and severe of the stomach, confined to the last month of the time in great agony. Perfectly restored, and can be referred to.

Mr. W. H. Bennett, Blank Road Post Office, Oneida Co., N. Y.—Complete prostration of the entire system—almost a skeleton. Pronounced incurable by many physicians. Had been living on morphine for years. Not allowed to use opiate, and is as vigorous as ever. Would be pleased to answer any inquiries made of him.

TERMS FOR TREATMENT always reasonable, according to the means of the patient. Those persons who cannot afford to pay, are cordially invited "without money or price," Nov. 14.

DELA MARSH, at 10 BROMFIELD STREET, keeps constantly for sale a full supply of all the Spiritual and Reformatory Works, and all the latest and best of the *Banner of Light*. Also, ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. Nov. 7.

THE EMPIRE OF THE MOTHER, By H. O. WENTON. In paper covers, 35 cents; in cloth, 50 cents. THE SELF-ABNEGATIONIST, By H. O. WENTON. In paper covers, 40 cents; in cloth, 55 cents. THE BLACK MAN, By WILLIAM WELLS BROWN. Price, in cloth, \$1. For sale by DELA MARSH, 10 Bromfield street. Nov. 7.

FOR FAMILIES, SCHOOLS AND LYCEUMS, A New and Unique Evening Exhibition, COMBINING INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT, designed to be given at PRIVATE RESIDENCES, SOCIAL GATHERINGS, SCHOOLS and LYCEUMS within fifty miles of Boston, has been arranged for the winter of 1868-69. Not allowed to use opiate, and is as vigorous as ever. Would be pleased to answer any inquiries made of him.

JOHN B. ADAMS, West Roxbury, Mass. Oct. 31.

The Apocryphal New Testament, BEING all the Gospels, Epistles, and other places now extant, and not included in the canon, as given to John Christ, his Apostles and the companions, and not included in the New Testament by its compilers. Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage. Price, 75 cents; postage, 10 cents. Address, Banner of Light, Boston, Mass. Oct. 24.

VERMONT BOOK STORE, S. & O. B. SCOTT, REXFORD, VERMONT. BOOKS of all kinds constantly on hand and for sale on most reasonable terms. A supply of new and popular works as soon as issued. Also, for sale, any of the works advertised in the "Banner of Light" Oct. 17.

STAND FOR SALE. BEING advanced in years, and the infirmities of age, I am desirous to dispose of my stand for the sale of Spiritual Books, Papers and other Periodicals; and being desirous that a supply of good books should be in the hands of the public, I therefore, through the columns of the Banner, present this notice.

SAMUEL BARRY, S. W. corner of 4th and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia. Oct. 17.

THE third course of the Union Societies at Lyceum Hall, will commence on Tuesday evening, Oct. 20th, 1868, and continue every Tuesday evening through the season. Music by Holloway and Edmond's Quadrille Band. 5m Oct. 10.

D. W. WOOD, Counsellor at Law, 57 Court street, Boston. Will attend to every description of Law Business, on reasonable terms. Refers by permission to Dr. A. B. Child.

AT THE OLD STAND, No. 654 Washington street, may be procured every variety of pure and fresh Medical Books, Herbs, Oils, Extracts, Fats, and Popular Medicines, together with all articles usually found in any Drug Store. A liberal discount made to the Trade, Physicians, Clergymen, and those who buy to sell again.

HOME'S NEW BOOK.

INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE, Recently published from the advance English sheets, in meeting with rapid sales all over the country. It is an exceedingly interesting and startling work. It has been favorably commented on by the press generally. Spiritualists and all others will find something to interest them in.

THE PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF D. D. HOME,

THE CELEBRATED SPIRIT-MEDIUM, ENTITLED, INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE, With an Introduction by JUDGE EDMONDS, OF NEW YORK.

ONE ELEGANTLY PRINTED AND CLOTH-BOUND 12MO. PRICE, \$1.25.

CONTENTS: Introduction. Chapter 1.—Early Life: I become a Medium. Chapter 2.—Before the World. Chapter 3.—Further Manifestations in America. Chapter 4.—In England. Chapter 5.—At Worcester, Naples, Rome, and Paris. Chapter 6.—In America. The Presence. Chapter 7.—In France, Italy, and Russia—Marriage. Chapter 8.—Russia, Paris, and England. Chapter 9.—The "Corbillion" and other Narratives. Chapter 10.—Miraculous Preservation. France and England.

Chapter 11.—A Diary and Letter. Chapter 12.—In Memoriam.

The extraordinary Life and History of Daniel Home, (or Home, as he is sometimes called,) the Spirit-Medium, from his humble birth through a series of associations with persons distinguished in scientific and literary circles throughout Europe, to even a familiarity with crowned heads, has surrounded him with an interest of the most powerful character. As a spirit-medium his superiority is supreme, and the publication of these memoirs will probably excite as much comment in this country as they have in Europe, and will be eagerly hailed by every one interested in Spiritualism.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT, In order to meet the large demand for this remarkable work, has made arrangements to supply it to its subscribers and readers, and will send it by mail, postage free, on receipt of price, \$1.25.

Address, BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.

PROF. DENTON'S NEW WORK: THE SOUL OF THINGS: PSYCHOMETRIC RESEARCHES AND DISCOVERIES.

BY WILLIAM AND ELIZABETH M. F. DENTON. "Enter into the soul of things."—Wordsworth.

CONTENTS: PART I.—Psychometric Researches and Discoveries. CHAPTER 1.—Picture on the Retina and Brain. Pictures formed on the Retina when beholding Objects: These Pictures Enduring: Pictures seen with closed eyes: Visions of the Blind: Visions of Objects seen long before by the Sighted: In which they live: Influence of a Country on the People: Women more susceptible to Psychometric Influence than Men: Psychometry as a Discoverer of Crime.

CHAPTER 2.—Pictures on Surrounding Objects. Deceased Pictures: Pictures taken in the Dark: Pictures taken on all Bodies continually, and enduring as those Bodies: All past History thus Recorded.

CHAPTER 3.—Psychometry, Dr. Buchanan's Experiments: Effects of Medicines upon Persons when held in the Hand: Characters described from Union Labels.

CHAPTER 4.—Experiments. Experiments with Geological, Meteoric, Miscellaneous, Geographical, Archaeological, and Metallic Specimens.

CHAPTER 5.—Remarkable Phenomena Explained. Spectral Illusions: Apparitions: Visions. CHAPTER 6.—The Geological, the Paleontologist, the Miner, the Astronomer, the Physiologist, and the Anatomist: Its employment in the cure of Diseases: Its benefit to the Artist and the Historian: Radiant Forces passing from Human Beings and Influencing Others: Influence of People on the Country in which they live: Influence of a Country on the People: Women more susceptible to Psychometric Influence than Men: Psychometry as a Discoverer of Crime.

CHAPTER 7.—Mysteries Revealed. Fortune-Telling: Dreams: Belles and Amulets: Hallucinations.

CHAPTER 8.—Conclusion. Psychometry reveals the Powers of the Soul: As the Body becomes weaker it becomes stronger: Evidence of our Future Existence.

PART II.—Questions, Considerations, and Suggestions. How Objects are seen: Psychometry: How the Psychometer Travels, and how to Travel: How Account for the Hearing of Sounds: Golog backward in Time: Continued Effects of Influence: Departed Spirits: Predominant Influences: Conclusion.

For sale at this office. Price, \$1.25; postage, 20 cents. Oct. 25.

NEW AND VALUABLE BOOK. THE CURABILITY OF CONSUMPTION Demonstrated on Natural Principles! BY ANDREW STONE, M. D.

Inventor of the Pulmonometer, or Tester of the Vital Capacity; Author of the Thermal or Cool System of Medicated Inhalation; and Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute.

IN this work of over 500 large pages, the Doctor has given to the public a large amount of most valuable information in regard to the preservation of health, the causes of disease, and how it can be cured—especially, that fatal destroyer, CONSUMPTION. He deals with the "ills that flesh is heir to" in a clear, comprehensive and common sense manner. He gives the cause and cure of from forty to fifty of the most permanent diseases which afflict humanity. The Doctor most earnestly believes that it was never designed that man's existence should be consumed in premature decay, and with that conviction fully impressed on his soul, he has endeavored to give the world something which will benefit the human race.

The work has many illustrations in it, which explain the nature and effects of disease on the system. Every one, whether sick or well, can find something in this book which will be of great value to them if heeded in season.

For sale wholesale and retail at this office. Retail price \$1.50. Postage free. Oct. 3.

THE KORAN;

COMMONLY CALLED THE ALCOBAN OF MOHAMMED, TRANSLATED IN English immediately from the original Arabic, BY GEORGE S. BALE, Esq., to which is prefixed THE LIFE OF MOHAMMED;

OR THE HISTORY OF THAT DOCTRINE Which was begun, carried on, and finally established by him in Arabia, and which has subjugated nearly as large a portion of the globe as the religion of Jesus has set at liberty.

Price, 21 cents; postage, 10 cents. For sale at this office. Sept. 12.

The Religious Demands of the Age:

A Report of the Franchise to the LONDON EDITION OF THE COLLECTED WORKS OF THEODORE PARKER.

BY FRANCIS POWER COBBE. Price, 25 cents; postage, 5 cents. For sale at this office. Sept. 12.

SPIRITUAL HAND-BOOK.

PLAIN GUIDE TO SPIRITUALISM!

A Hand-Book for Skeptics, Inquirers, Clergymen, Editors, Believers, Lecturers, Mediums, and All who need a Thorough Guide to the Phenomena, Science, Philosophy, Religion, and Reforms of Spiritualism. BY URIAH CLARK.

THIS Book is exactly what every Spiritualist and Reformer has long needed as a handbook for constant use, for conference tables, conferences, circles, conventions, the arena of discussion and public forums; a return book to which to turn on all occasions of need; a text book for believers, friends, neighbors, skeptics, inquirers, editors, ministers, authors; an aid to the weak in faith; the doubtful, the unfortunate, the fallen, the dependent, the afflicted; a complete compend for writers, speakers, seekers; an indispensable companion to lecturers and mediums; an advocate of their claims as well as the claims of the people; a plain guide, embracing the pros and cons; theoretical, practical, searching, frank, free, fearless; offensive to none but the persistently blinded and infatuated, liberal and charitable to all; safe to be put into the hands of all; chaste, eloquent and attractive style distinct in the presentation of principles and pointed in its application, and overwhelming with arguments and facts in proof of Spiritualism. The author has had a large experience in the ministry, and in the editorial and spiritual lecturing field, having been among the earliest pioneer champions, visiting all the Northern, Eastern, Middle and Border States; and this volume embodies the studies and labors of years. It is the first and only book going over the whole ground.

Its Contents, in brief are:—1. Author's Preface; 2. Table of Contents; 3. Celestial footprints, walks from numerous ancient and modern authors in proof of spiritual intercourse; Chapter 1.—History, ancient and modern, rise and progress, statistics and various triumphs of Spiritualism; voices of the press and the pulpit. Chapter 2.—Variety of phenomena and mediumship, and a condensed mass of startling manifestations. Chapter 3.—The various phases of Spiritual belief; Bible statement with nearly two hundred texts. Chapter 4.—The popular objections, theories and slanders answered: "Free Love," "Affinity," marriage, etc., calmly and thoroughly discussed. Chapter 5.—Ninety-five questions, with numerous Bible texts to religiousists and skeptics. Chapter 6.—The spiritual philosophy explained; mediums numbered and classified; how to form circles, develop mediumship, and enjoy celestial communion free to all. Chapter 7.—Quotations from nearly a hundred spiritual writers authors and speakers. Chapter 8.—Organizations, agencies, forms, etc.; how to address the cause, form meetings, conferences, Sunday schools, etc.; lectures and mediums; counsel, advice, warnings, temptations. Chapter 9.—Address to Spiritualists; the great crisis; war, revolutions, alarming yet hopeful signs; various practical evils and cautions; personal and general reform; touching incidents; hopes, encouragements, consolations, stirring appeals; startling lessons; messages from the spirit-world, index.

Complete in one large octavo volume, superior type, paper and binding. Price \$1.00; postage, 10 cents extra. Pamphlet bound, 75 cents; postage, 10 cents. To Canada double postage. Liberal terms to the Trade. Sent to any part of the world, by mail or express.

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The Early Physical Degeneracy OF AMERICAN PEOPLE, AND THE EARLY MELANCHOLY DECLINE OF CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

JUST PUBLISHED BY DR. STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung

fine to all parts of the Union, with the utmost promptness and dispatch. Orders solicited.

Pearls.

And quoted also, and words free words long,
Trust on the streets fore-dog of all time
Sparkle forever."

THE CONSCRIPT BURIAL.

Bolting and reverently close the white eyelids,
Fold the still hands on the passionless breast,
God hath relieved the poor soldier from duty,
Slowly and silently bear him to rest.

Speak of him gently, his errors forgetting,
Brush the damp locks from the wan, pallid brow;
Friendless and lone, he hath passed the dark valley—
Plying Angels have charge of him now.

Hear him forth gently, comrades in duty,
Carefully smooth down his damp, lonely bed;
Never a friend had the suffering soldier—
No one to weep for him now he is dead!

Homeless and friendless! nowhere in the wide world
Were pulses that quickened or thrilled at his touch;
Speak of him tenderly, now that he sleeps,
God, the All Pitiful, careth for such.

Lay him to rest where the sea gulls are screaming,
Bing to him softly, oh blue bounding wave!
Soft airs and summer flowers garner your sweetness,
And scatter it lavishly over his grave.

"The first soldier was buried at the Conscript Camp, Long
Island, lately. He was from New York, and was not known
to have had a friend in the world."—Zachange.

Heaven gives us enough when it gives us opportunity.

HAPPINESS.

Oh happy mornings, with a morning heart
That leaps for love, is active for resolve,
Weak for art only.—[Mrs. Browning.]

When a man has learned how to learn, he can soon
learn anything.

THOUGHTS.

Some thoughts are fashioned like a bell
To ring with once being touched.

Men are to be esteemed for virtue, not wealth.

U. CLARK'S ITINERANT ETCHINGS.

Signs—Corfu—Mantua—Waterloo—LaFayetteville—
Potomac—Ogdensburg—Context with the "beast of
Elmira"—Elmira—Mantua—LaFayetteville—
Genoa—Auburn—The "beast of Elmira"—
Genoa—Auburn—The "beast of Elmira"—
Genoa—Auburn—The "beast of Elmira"—

Itinerant footfalls, indicating the progress of our
spiritual warfare, still mingle with the tramp of armies
on Southern battle-fields, and still the signs of triumph
are animating to all patient, heroic souls. My last
notes were from LeRoy, N. Y., from whence I went to
Corfu, finding a nucleus of minds ardent in the great
work of the day. Parting with the juvenile Minnie,
exchanging salutations with Lilla and George Chubb
at Albion, the latter juvenile joined me for a little
itinerant experience. I held two refreshing meetings
on Sunday in the new Court House in Syracuse, and
was happy in recognizing many old pioneer friends, as
well as some new faces "set Zionward," among the
most active of which was Dr. E. F. Butterfield, whose
large heart and liberal practice are rendering him very
successful. Syracuse is one of the most important
spiritual centres in the whole country, and though it is
a city of salt, located on a large level, it will one day
prove to be like "a city set on a hill." Another Con-
vention is talked of here, and will probably be called
during the winter.

After Mantua Station gave me a good little audience
one evening, I struck a line into Jefferson and St. Lawrence
counties. At Watertown I met two select assem-
blies on Sunday, and found the seed of the kingdom
germinating anew in some noble, veteran souls. Joels
Price still resides here, but her superior gifts are un-
sundered for a time. Susan M. Rodgers, the gifted writ-
ter and psychometrist, is in Watertown still, though
she exercises no public mediumship, nor has she ever
before the public.

Passing the fine old mansion of Bishop Hughes, I
found myself in LaFayetteville, and lectured to a large
audience of very attentive hearers. Were I in the
habit of giving names, I should refer to the Photo-
graphic Gallery of LaFayetteville, and the noble hearted
zeal of its proprietor and his lady. This region of
Jefferson County is very promising for Spiritualism.
Churches are waiting, and the people are waiting
and watching for something like the celestial gospel. More
of the right kind of workers are wanted. But the Lord
delivers as from a certain set of men and women who
are scouring the country with pretended gifts, yet
whose chief aim is to sponge and otherwise seek to
grind dull axes. Such persons are continually on the
alert for every new place they see noticed in the Ban-
ner, and then look out for a visitation. I have recently
crossed the track of several such prowlers, and it is
hoped the people will soon become intuitive enough to
guard themselves against their pretensions.

An intelligent assembly greeted me in Potsdam,
where the three days' spiritual meeting had just been
held. I say "spiritual" meeting, because such it was;
it was called as such, and such it proved to be, though
somebody took pains to publish the report under the
head of "Progressive," some thought for the purpose of
pleasing a journal which delights in the word "pro-
gressive," but questions the term "Spiritual," or
"Spiritualist," as implying a one-sided hobby-horse!
Verily it is possible to strain at gnats and gulp cam-
els. The Potsdam three days' spiritual meeting, how-
ever, was highly successful, and created a deep, wide
sensational. Bros. J. R. W. Toobey and Leo Miller,
Bleatons B. L. Chappell, Bert and Brown, and Ex-Rev.
Bro. Francis were the principal speakers. Mrs. Chap-
pell has done great service in that region. Many of
her friends hope she will soon visit the East, in keep-
ing with the several invitations extended, though she
did grow somewhat alarmed at the high editorial com-
mendations in the BANNER. The friends in Potsdam
and vicinity are seeking to make some arrangements
by which the field in St. Lawrence County may be
thrown open in a manner encouraging to public labor-
ers, and Bro. Toobey talks of settling in Potsdam to
labor in that region. Leo Miller rendered good ser-
vice in several adjoining towns, and his many old
friends will rejoice at his now being prosperous in
every particular.

Two intelligent audiences at Ogdensburg, on Sunday.
This magnificent town on the St. Lawrence, has some
true friends ready to cooperate with laborers qualified
to reach the people, and a good field stands open on
the Canadian side. While here I received a dispatch
to hasten to Gloversville, Fulton Co., over two hun-
dred miles off, and meet a noted opponent in a public
oral discussion. I do not give the noted gentleman
the benefit of publishing his name in the BANNER, be-
cause he is windy enough to blow his own horn, though
as an opponent he has marked abilities, and is backed
up by the churches and the clergy. A petition for a
public discussion was signed by twelve responsible
citizens of Gloversville, and we went into the arena
for five nights in succession, drawing out an audience
nearly five hundred strong, more than half of which
was made up of church members. The Rev. Dr. Parks,
pastor of the Methodist Church, was chairman of the
moderators, and he presided with marked ability and
impartiality, while the audience gave earnest heed
from the beginning to the end, and the whole town
seemed leashed into an unwonted agitation. And this
is the way in which Spiritualism is running down.

Another Sunday in Elmira, and one evening at
Webb's Mills. Ah, how old memories are quickened
by these repeated visitations! In my last Etching I
referred to a funeral at which I was called to officiate.

It was Henry Clay Mapes, aged twenty-two months,
the only child of Wm. J. and Harriet M. Mapes. He
was the pet and the idol of all hearts, and seemed so
joyous, so fond, so brilliant, so jubilant of life, none
dreamed how soon his spirit would burst its bonds for
the broader fields and freedom of immortal being. I
never saw the consolations of Spiritualism so appropri-
ate as they were on this occasion. As we sat down
to the family circle and gave descriptions of the angel
boy, and the scenes and companions of his angel-life,
with what joy and rapture the bereaved listened, and
death lost its terrors; and when the neighbors
came in to bear our broken words of comfort and hope
on the funeral occasion, no heart was left untouched,
no eye was cold or dry. A few days after the funeral,
the Methodist church was offered the speaker, when-
ever he might visit Webb's Mills again. Let our gos-
pel be presented bright, and it breaks down the strong-
est prejudices. Our Ex-Rev. Bro. J. V. Mapes, now
an occasional spiritual speaker, still stands as a tower
of strength in this place; and I am happy to announce
that Bro. J. Russell, a noble, worthy, intelligent and
devoted man, has recently commenced speaking on
Sundays in the vicinity of Webb's Mills. In passing,
I would name another brother, D. Sherman, of Bus-
quehanna Depot, N. Y. He was formerly of Macon,
Ga., where he was principal speaking medium for sev-
eral months, and was driven from the South by the
rebellion, losing all his property and barely escaping
with his life.

A select assembly one night in Horseheads. The
friends here are strong and earnest, but they have no
public hall at present.

Sunday afternoon and evening, Court House, Penn
Yan. This is another of my old pioneer fields, and
the believers form a solid and significant phalanx.
The Yates Chronicle, of Penn Yan, is a large, widely
circulated sheet, and its liberality toward Spiritualism
and everything progressive, is one of the encouraging
signs of the times, and its great-hearted editor has his
recognition. J. H. W. Toobey was one of my hearers
in Penn Yan, and on Monday evening I had the plea-
sure of hearing him address a large audience in the same
place, on the war, his services having been especially
invited by a committee of the Union party. He spoke
wisely and nobly in defence of the Irish in this coun-
try, and his address was full of patriotic and liberty-
loving appeals, which brought down the house with
thunders of applause.

Dr. Henry M. Dunbar, of Penn Yan, for many years
a very successful clairvoyant physician, died in Port-
smouth, Va., July 17th, aged thirty-eight. It was sup-
posed that he was poisoned by milk bought of mal-
icious rebels. His young and amiable wife reached
him a few days before his exit and had the satisfaction
of knowing that he died calm and happy in the faith
of spirit life, and with assurances that he would return
and prove her guardian angel companion. Mrs. Dun-
bar told me her own story, and I could not fail to mark
the contrast between her state of mind and the condi-
tion of this who have no faith or philosophy like ours.
Dr. Dunbar was one of the earliest clairvoyants, and
hundreds of patients and personal friends will cherish
his memory as sacred. Mrs. Dunbar still keeps her
husband's office open, and is rendering good service
in behalf of the afflicted.

I spent two evenings in dedicating a new, newly
opened hall in Geneva, one of the largest, finest towns
in Central New York, and found a few earnest friends
ready to cooperate with Bro. Thomas Dunn, who was
waiting for me or somebody else to come along and
dedicate his hall. But they want no half-way workers
in Geneva; whoever can command the right sort of
abilities may do a good work here.

Parting with a little boy who grew very sober to
think he could travel with his "pa" no further, at
present, and parting, too, with the pang of a parent,
I spent a day in my old home—Auburn. As I walked
its beautiful streets, all seemed changed and sad, from
an earthly standpoint, but the heavens smiled from
above, and the throngs moved on careless of the stran-
ger who once more walked in their midst. Heaven
only knows the labors and struggles I passed through
during the five years in Auburn in which I published
the Clarion and the Register! And what changes
have taken place among those who then cooperated
with me! Some have died, and some have worse than
died.

Over across the way there lived a humble widow
with two little boys, Mrs. Harriet Squires and her
sons John and Elijah. The boys folded and carried
the Clarion till it closed; and the little family, though
among the humblest, was nearest our hearts in the
midst of changes which saw one friend after another
drop off out of sight. The mother and boys all be-
came interested in Spiritualism. One year ago last
July, the youngest boy, Elijah, fourteen years old,
was seriously injured by a vicious boy working in a
machine shop where the brothers were employed; a
sharp instrument was buried into his knee, and a fatal
wound was induced. Elijah went home to his poor
mother, faint and bleeding, and never went out again.
They were poor people, and what oared the world?
The sufferings of the wounded boy were excruciating
and indescribable, but he murmured not, and never
breathed a word of complaint against the lad who
had unprovokedly buried the fatal iron. He said he
not only freely forgave the boy, but often spoke of
forgiving everybody who had wronged him. Elijah had
always been exceedingly loving, amiable, gentle and
sensitive, and had often suffered as only such boys can
suffer. During his illness all his conversation was of
the most spiritual and elevated character. His faith
in Spiritualism mingled with all he said, and from the
first of his illness he expressed an earnest desire to
go hence and join the angel visitants who thronged
around. He was visited a few times by a medium,
and seemed to come under a strong celestial influence.
Almost every hour during his last days he named the
writer, and expressed an earnest desire for my pres-
ence, as though I might be able to allay all his suffer-
ings, comfort his mother, and open the gates of heav-
en. His last words to his mother were those of faith
and hope, and the happy home of the spirit-land from
which he promised to come back and be her guardian
angel-boy. I visited the mother and her only surviv-
ing son on my way to Boston; it was the only home I
visited in Auburn; it is among the humblest little
wood-colored cottages in that city of splendid homes,
but it seemed the "very gate of heaven." The moth-
er's tears had flowed fast, and her emotions some-
times choked all utterance, as she told her long and
touching tale of sorrow. We sat down in silence; it
was a humble little circle of only three; but the clouds
parted, and the loved and beautiful beamed down with
smiles and messages of melting tenderness. As I took
the parting hand of that lone widow and her only son,
and saw the new light beaming in their eyes, I thanked
God anew for this glorious gospel giving such tri-
umphs of faith in the dying hour, and such consola-
tions and encouragements to even the lowliest hearts
and homes. Blessed be the memory of the poor, dear
little Elijah! Angels have already crowned them with
the joy and the glory of a martyrdom more hallowed
than thousands whose names live in history.

Bro. BANNER, I am sorry to see the Herald of Pro-
gress attempting to handle you so severely for my
harmless little paragraph about Rev. R. P. Ambler.
The substance of what I said was that "Ambler was
one of the original twelve apostles selected by A. J.
Davis for the regeneration of this generation," etc.,
and that "I did not know that a single one of the orig-
inal twelve was now found actively and efficiently
engaged in the field of spiritual progress." This, at
least, was the substance of all to which Bro. Davis
could take any exception. The Herald, in copying

my paragraph, omitted that which might have been regard-
ed a redeeming clause. But no matter, I am rather
surprised that our Bro. Davis should have allowed
himself to become so wrought up by this little para-
graph as to tax the dictionary for such hard terms as
"falsehood," "not a word of truth," "designated mis-
representations of pretended advocates," "silly false-
hood," "assurances or hardboiled," "enemy to the
cause," "traitors," etc. The author and exemplar
of the "harmonial philosophy" must have descended
somewhat from the "harmonial" plane in relieving
himself of these easily misapplied epithets. He says,
"Let the sword of truth sweep freely among us; only
traitors will dodge its awing." I should rather
conclude that if the said "sword" was swung by
skillful warriors, there could be no dodging it; its aim
would be unerring. But somebody here swings it at
very unwise random, as though he had shut up his
eyes, and struck out at large, without hitting any-
body; for I am sure of having escaped in this case,
and I must positively inform the Herald that I am not
openly susceptible to the application of such appella-
tions as are unconstructively launched forth in this in-
stance. I certainly meant nothing wrong or untrue in
my allusion to Bro. Davis's original friends and ad-
vocates. I did not suppose that any intelligent reader
of the BANNER would understand me to mean that A.
J. Davis originally set himself up to be a second
Moses, and had literally selected and consecrated
"twelve apostles" in precisely the same manner that
Jesus did. I alluded to Mr. Ambler as one of the nu-
cleus early drawn around Mr. Davis, and regarded by
all outsiders as sort of "apostles." Whether there
was a literal "twelve" or not, I do not pretend to
say; nor whether Mr. Davis called them his "apo-
stles" or not. In preparing his "Nature's Divine
Revelations," it is certain, however, that Mr. Davis
selected his "scribe," Rev. Wm. Fishbough, his
magnetizer, Dr. S. S. Lyon, and three witnesses. To
day, Mr. Fishbough is a most conscientious and rigid
opponent to Davis's philosophy; Dr. Lyon is reported to
be a materialistic skeptic, and is entirely silent on
Spiritualism; one of the witnesses is a sectarian
clergyman, and never went into the "harmonial
philosophy" beyond the first stage of curiosity; and
concerning the other two witnesses I have heard nothing
for years.

When the Universalium was under way in New
York, edited by Prof. B. B. Brittan, Mr. Davis was
regarded a central counselor in the enterprise, as
likewise the nucleus of a little band of propagandists
or speakers, among whom were Brittan, Harris, In-
galls, and Ambler, if am not very much mistaken. If
I am mistaken, I stand corrected. About the time to
which I allude, I am sure Ambler left the Universalist
ministry, either formally or informally, and com-
menced advocating Davis's philosophy; and I met him
one day in the Universalium office, and he joined in
with Bro. Brittan and others in the office. In meeting
the skeptic I then maintained, Davis's "Magic
Staff" reveals the fact that this little nucleus then
regarded him in some sense as their head or authority,
though in no orthodox sense, and Mr. Davis plainly
declares that he became so far exercised on this subject
as to adopt some measures to break down their faith
in him as their leader, and throw them back on them-
selves; and in his "Magic Staff" he tells us how
adroitly he advised T. L. Harris in his travels to go to
certain places which were at almost impossible dis-
tances, in order that Bro. Harris might learn that he,
Bro. Davis, was not an infallible director!

As an illustration of the exalted and authoritative
light in which Mr. Davis was supposed to be held by
his special friends and admirers, the waggle Rev. M.
Raynor, an aged Universalist minister in New York,
got off the memorable remark that the "Davidsonian",
instead of believing in Jesus Christ and him crucified,
believed in Andrew Jackson Davis and him magnet-
ized."

Now I do not pretend that Mr. Davis should be held
responsible for the feelings and opinions of those well
meaning brothers, but it is certain that his teachings
and his peculiar influence held a dominant sway over
their minds, for a time, at least, and then a reaction
ensued.

A man need not formally set up an authority and
insist on being venerated as high priest, in order that
he may be regarded such; he may protest against all
such assumptions, and yet protest in such a peculiar
manner as to inspire a sort of idolatry even worse
than as though he openly assumed the erection of a
supernatural standard. I think the reader will under-
stand what I mean, whether it has any application
to Mr. Davis or not. It is a singular fact, however,
that there are many persons all over the country, who
have regarded Mr. Davis as a sort of a Messiah, wheth-
er he is responsible or not; and these persons are as
great sticklers for the peculiar claims they attach to
him, as Trinitarians are for their god; and everywhere
the public advocates of Spiritualism, in times past,
have been called to do a great deal of hard work in
convincing certain opponents that A. J. Davis was
not our high priest, or anything of the kind. In more
than a score of public discussions I have been called
on to combat such claims, and to insist that Spiritu-
alists had no leaders. In the New York Spiritual
Conference, some eight years ago, I spoke of this very
thing in the presence of Mr. Davis himself, and he
seemed to appreciate what I said.

I have too much regard for Bro. Brittan and his co-
workers in the Universalium, to charge them with
blind idolatry. Mr. Brittan always took an open,
manly, rational and independent position. But where
now is the little nucleus to which I referred? Not
one of them with the author of the "harmonial philo-
sophy," unless I am much deceived. Prof. Brittan is
a steadfast Spiritualist, doing honorable service in the
New York Custom House; T. S. Harris is somewhere
else; R. P. Ambler is preaching in Norwich, Conn.,
etc., etc.; and the philosopher of the Herald of Pro-
gress seems excited because I refresh his memory with
these retrogressive reminiscences. I regret the neces-
sity calling for this review, but the demand for
something of the kind has long been felt by numerous
pioneer workers in the spiritual field.

I may say without any egotism, that no man has
done more than I have to vindicate the character and
the legitimate claims of A. J. Davis. In the numer-
ous public discussions I have held, I have defended
him against the vilest vituperations, suspicions and
slanders, in regard to his social relations, and I have
never allowed his "harmonial philosophy" to suffer
from unjust misrepresentations. I know of no cause
under heaven why there should exist any but the
kindest and most fraternal feelings between him and
myself, and I solemnly declare that I cherish no other
feelings. As to the graceful insinuations of the Her-
ald, I suffer them to pass in silence. I shall not hold
Bro. Davis responsible. Whoever is responsible, will
have his recompense, and live to regret his attempt to
blame the mission of one who has struggled and suffer-
ed too long to be moved by any other emotions than
those expressed by a silent and an earnest perseverance
in the path of duty. My life and labors as they now
are, must speak for themselves wherever I am known
as I am. For the sake of my little children and nu-
merous friends in various parts of the country, I must
put on record this public protest. I do it, however,
less in my own behalf, than in behalf of the whole
fraternity of spiritual laborers whose time has now come
to speak out in language not to be misunderstood.

The Herald of Progress has recently erected a stand-
ard of authority, criticism and censorship, over Spiritu-
alist laborers, well calculated to excite inquiry as to
who authorized the assumption of such unwonted
liberty and denunciatory judgment? Six years ago
its editor announced his intention to attend no more

Spiritualist Conventions, and since that time I believe
he has kept his word. He has vigorously, if not really
and formally, ignored the name of Spiritualism again
and again, and called it only one "wing" of his "har-
monial philosophy," as though his philosophy em-
braced everything, and among everything else he was
willing to take us under his "wing" until we could be
brought out of our chickenhood up toward the plane
of his broader statements, and use him as the grand
central medium of the century. Now, while we ap-
preciate all that is valuable in the philosophy of Mr.
Davis, it is not in accordance with our sense of right
or good taste, to allow him to belittle Spiritualism,
which we regard as embracing all science, all philoso-
phy, all religion, and all that is good and wise and
true; and that, in addition to this, undertake to set up
a sort of censorship over those who are laboring under
the banner of Spiritualism, dealing "damnation round
the land" on each man or woman who may not trim
sails in accordance with his standard, or the stand-
ard of a "Portante Grandelum."

I refer here to the late course of the Herald, in
giving countenance to rumors and insinuations against
several spiritual lecturers, now laboring in the West;
if not in endorsement, at least, in denial. The
Herald gave names, and even italicized them! There-
by virtually putting them on the black list, exposed
to public odium and infamy. Oh, Bro. Davis, did you
realize how those printed words might pierce sensi-
tive souls with unutterable sorrows, and fling shadows
along the whole line of life's battle! You forgot how
those pioneers had battled and suffered, and how they
were battling and suffering still; and how many times,
perchance, in public and private, those same pioneers
had defended you—yes, from shafts of calumny as dark
and damning as those you leave pending over their
heads.

I am but little acquainted with either one of the co-
workers you name; but they are widely known as ef-
ficient evangelists; no matter if they were the humblest,
the sooner you rescind all such censorship, the better
will it be for the cause of charity and humanity, to
say nothing of your assumption of authority to sit in
judgment over a class of laborers whom you do not
claim as "apostles." Work on in your own way, as
of course you will, without my advice, and we will
work on in our own way, and we will all coop-
erate as fraternally as possible; and when we au-
thorize you and the Herald of Progress to take sole
charge of us and our "cause" and you come to fear
our camp full of "traitors" or rebels, then "swing"
the aforesaid "sword" and annihilate all unfortunate
rights who are not good at "dodging."

But as it is now, in the humble judgment of the Spiritu-
alist public, neither you nor your Herald are au-
thorized by any power, either on earth or in heaven,
to set up a drumhead Sanhedrin for the decapitation
of every head not hung in accordance with your no-
tions. Talk about swinging the "Sword of Truth!"
Just as though you was the man to swing it, and had
become sole executioner; and we must all cry out,
not "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon," but
"the sword of the Herald and of Andrew Jackson
Davis!"

Now, Bro. Davis, I have no more to offer at pres-
ent. I have written this under the influence of no
personal feelings other than those of duty and good
will, and I hold myself ready, under all circumstances,
to reciprocate every kindly, considerate and fraternal
sentiment. Read my inmost soul, and you will find
no bitterness or wrangling there. Consider the man-
ner in which you sought to place me and the BANNER
before the public, and neither you nor the reader will
condemn me; and yet, as I have already said, I write
more in behalf of others than in my own personal be-
half. We have no personal controversy; eternal prin-
ciples alone are at stake. Some will censure me for
thus writing, but I call conscience and an impartial
public to judge as to the rectitude of my intentions in
all my duties and relations, though in common with
all other human beings, I am liable to err.

As my paragraph and your reply were published in
fall in the BANNER and the BANNER, I trust, if you
make any allusion to what I now write, you will give
the public the benefit of reading the whole of this re-
view; and if your columns are opened to offer anything
further in criticism, or censorship, I am sure you will
have the magnanimity to give me and my spiritual co-
laborers an opportunity to respond.

Last Sunday I enjoyed the privilege of addressing
large and attentive audiences in Lyceum Hall, Boston,
and rejoiced in recognizing many familiar faces, as
well as hosts of new ones, all radiant with brightening
hopes of the Spiritual Dispensation. The interest in
this city is deepening and widening, and the sub-
ban towns are showing new signs of life.

During the Sunday, I received invitations from five
or six neighboring towns and cities. New meetings
are opened in the Charleston City Hall, and the pros-
pects of success and harmony are highly encouraging.
Addressed at the BANNER, and shall hail from the
city of notions for some time, and shall report further
stobings in due season.

Nov. 5, 1893.

Correspondence in Brief.

BRO. TAYLOR.—By the following note, it will be
seen that Bro. Taylor is still in the field, ready to do
battle for the cause of truth and humanity:

As it has been a long time since my name has been
seen inscribed upon the folds, and as the friends may
think that I have erred in on the great theme of
Spiritualism, I have come to the conclusion to ask for
a notice of my position to be made through your col-
umns to the brother and sisterhood, and also to the world.
Be it therefore known to all to whom these presents
may come, that Bro. M. Taylor, of the State of Maine,
is still a full believer in and advocate of the sub-
lime theme of Spiritualism. I have never taken my-
self from the field, but have, as might be shown, been
at work wherever a door has been opened for such la-
bor, and they are many.

My address is Litchfield, Corner, Maine, at which
place I may be addressed by any who may wish for my
labor in any part of the United States.

M. TAYLOR.

NEW PHASE OF MANIFESTATION.—The star of our
glorious philosophy seems still to be rising and shed-
ding its cheering rays amid the gloom and sorrows of
our scourged and chastened nation. The BANNER OF
LIGHT, and the banner of freedom, the hallowed stars
and stripes, may they ever fling their folds to the
land of heaven, and forever wave over a land free
from the curse of slavery.

I am told by those on whom I can implicitly rely,
that in the mediumship of Mrs. Julia Brown, of Pro-
phetstown, Ill., there is a new phase of manifestation.
When she is influenced, she seems to be clothed with a
breastplate of light, which illumines her whole system,
so that in making gestures with her hands in speaking,
sparks, or small bodies of light, are thrown from her
fingers, and are visible till they fall to the floor. This
light is seen by all present. I have not myself yet seen
this phenomenon, but intend to avail myself of the
first opportunity, and then will report again, from my
own personal knowledge. If she can make it in her
way to visit Fulton, she will receive a warm welcome
at my house.

Fulton City, Ill., Nov. 1, 1893. A. W. BENTON.

Elijah Woodworth, of Michigan, writing to us on
business, closes his letter as follows:
"A few words relative to some of the published ques-
tions and answers in the BANNER. When the question
is asked what spirit is, sometimes the answer is, mat-
ter made so fine by sublimation. It then becomes spirit:
It is admitted that matter is subject to cold and heat;
it is generally admitted that spirit is not subject to
either cold or heat. If so, its nature is changed, and it
is no more material in its nature. The question is again
asked: What is spirit? Then by other higher philoso-
phies the answer is, Spirit is a substance, and it is
in the own being life and motion; and not matter. My
idea is, that spirit is a substance, not matter. I am
not of the Davian school; I once was, when I was an
Atheist."

IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT, Oct. 10th, I noticed an
advertisement of a boy medium—Henry Allen, son
of Hyde Park, Vt. Having been a reader of the Ban-
ner of Light, for some time, and while the cause
to progress in truth, I will mention I have seen
this boy Henry Allen, and saw no such manifestations
as were claimed in the advertisement. I feel it my duty,
as I am much interested in the cause, to caution you
against publishing, or calling the boy Allen, a medium,
until you have sure proof that he is one. As no name
is signed to that communication, I shall withhold
mine until further communication is made.

Yours for the cause of truth and progress.

Bro. L. K. Oonley, writing from Green Co., N. Y.,
says:

"Since the price of the BANNER OF LIGHT has ad-
vanced to \$2.00 a year, I have found many spiri-
tualists who have been trying to do without it; but am
now renewing their subscriptions, with the remark that
they would rather do without anything else. Wherever
the BANNER OF LIGHT circulates, Spiritualism is
alive."

Through the aid of the invisible, I am happy to in-
form you of my continued health, and to assure my
friends that I am never in better condition to serve
the world than at the present time.

I am to lecture in Souville, Conn. the third and
fourth Sabbaths in November. Will make engage-
ments for February and March in Massachusetts and
Connecticut.

W. K. RIPLEY.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

BOSTON.—SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, LYCEUM HALL, THE
MORSE ST., (opposite head of School street).—Lectures
held every Sunday, at 2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—
Mrs. L. M. Jones, Nov. 22 and 23; Mrs. C. L. V. Smith,
Nov. 24 and 25; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Nov. 26 and 27.
CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROADWAY, BOSTON.—
The Spiritual Conference meets every Thursday evening,
at 7:15 o'clock.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown hold
meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening,
during the season. Every Saturday night, at 8 o'clock,
the public are invited. Speakers engaged:—Miss Lilla
Lodge, Nov. 15; Uriah Clark, Nov. 22; Mrs. A. M. Spence, Dec. 20
and 27.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee Street Church.
The following lecturers are engaged to speak for the week
ending Nov. 27:—Mrs. M. S. Jones, Nov. 20; Mrs. A. M. Spence,
Nov. 21 and 22; Miss Martha A. Horton, Nov. 23 and 24;
Miss Nellie J. Temple, Nov. 25 and 26; Mrs. C. L. V. Smith,
Nov. 27 and 28; Mrs. A. M. Spence, Nov. 29 and 30.
Quincy.—Meetings every Sunday, at Johnson's Hall,
Salem St., at 8 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. E. A. Blum, Nov.
15 and 22.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regu-
lar meetings every Sunday in Mechanics Hall, cor-
ner of Congress and Casco streets. Sunday school and
free conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon
and evening, at 8 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—
Mrs. A. M. Spence, Nov. 15 and 22; Mrs. A. M. Spence, Dec. 20
and 27.

BANGOR, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regu-
lar meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, and a Conference
Thursday evening, in Plummer Chapel, a house owned ex-
clusively by them, and capable of seating six hundred
persons. Speaker engaged:—Charles A. Hayden, Nov. 15
and 22.

NEW YORK.—Dorchester Hall. Meetings every Sunday
morning and evening, at 10:15 and 8:15 o'clock. The
meetings are free.

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