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CHAPTER V.

Sometime after Frank wrote the following letter to his friend Karl, the companion of his youth:

"My very affectionate Karl-You must believe me dead. It is very happily nothing; but there have passed so many things around me, or rather in me since my departure from Nimes, that I belive I have had a dream, and I ask myself seriously if I am really awake. Figure to yourself that I am at the theatre. I play comedy. Yes, my friend, I am an artist, and the journals pretend that I have talent. This is not all: I write also verses which are printed and sold. I have composéd a comedy in three acts, which we have played four times successively in one week. I do not wish to make you an analysis of it, but I just say to you, that there is a rôle of a young girl which has been marvelously interpreted by one of our most beautiful actresses, who has a sympathetic voice which disturbs, and a look-oh! if you saw her look, you would do as I-you would love Miss Elise. She calls herself Elise. It was for her that I began to study, as I wished to acquire learning, talent. I am so happy when she says to me, 'It is well, M. Frank!' And she says it with a voice so sweet, that she would make me accomplish the impossible. I have been in Geneva for four months. Geneva is a town which pleases me much; this country is full of poetry; one breathes it with the nir, one drinks it in the strong perfume of the mountains. The other day I accompanied Miss Elise in a walk; we followed the shores of the lake—though we may be in the full month of December, the days here recall the autumn season, the sun is so glowing, and the sky so pure. We followed therefore the shores of the lake, I told you; the young Swiss of the environing country, returning to their cottages, passed near us singing, and with their song wedded itself to the noise of the clear-sounding bells of their herds; then this noise lost itself in the distance, and all returned again to silence. This silence made us dream deliciously. The twilight spread itself on the summit of the Alps, whose echoes repeated from time to time the sound of the trumpet, or the horn of the hunter and the shephard. I thought of the time when you read me in your books of travels descriptions of Switzerland. and I saw again your house in the Rue de l'Aspic.

and the little library. thought of it. But she was touched as well as I.

Does not the aspect, M. Frank, of this beautiful and poetic Nature fill the heart with sweet sensations?'

'Yes,' I replied, recalled to myself by the sound of this loved voice; 'one would wish to be able to live here forever; the soul purifies itself in meditation, and feels mount up in it the emanation of love.'

This was the first time that I had pronounced this word before Miss Elise. I felt her start. For myself, I trembled like a leaf.

Let us go in, M. Frank; let us go in, it is late.' We took the road to the town without speaking, but the silence was more eloquent than all possible words; for, without having told it her, she knew that I loved her, and sluce her smile always welcomes me, I believe that I am loved.

I wrote, the other day, to my parents to reassure their tenderness. You who may see them every day, tell them that the best part of my heart rests among them. Write me.

Your friend, FRANK."

Although Frank was of a robust temperament. the continual evenings which he passed at work, united to the studies of his rôles, seriously injured his health; he sought in vain to struggle against the mischief, and instead of taking time for salutary repose, he wished to prosecute the task which he had imposed upon himself; but his will became ineffectual, his force abandoned him, and he went to bed, and for fifteen days fever and delirium did not quit his pillow. M. Sosthènewhom we shall call Sosthene simply, in the future, the first who interested himself in Frank, and who loved him veritably—was his nurse, and did not quit him while the illness lasted.

"How do you find yourself?" asked he one

"Much better, my friend; it seems to me that my forces return, and that I am able to get up." Take good care not to do it; the physician expressly prohibited it."

"Oh, my friend! I wish to go to the theatre to resume my service. I fear that the director will engage another artist to fill my place."

"Reassure yourself; your comrades have offered themselves to play your rôles unscaled, and

you will find your place free." "Good friends! You will thank them for me-

will you not?"

Bah! it is n't worth the trouble!"

"And Miss Elise?" said the invalid, hesitating-

She? She is an angel, my friend; she has attended you like a sister."

"What say you?" "I say that during eight days she has not left your pillow."

"Ah! I have not therefore dreamed?" "How?"

"When I believed to see her there, bending over my forehead, and smiling to me through her tears."

"Yes, my friend, she came, and it was only when the danger had completely disappeared,

that she would consent to take some repose. Come, do not cry! Think of the prescription of this young girl?" the physician prohibiting emotions, and that I am charged with its execution."

"Fear nothing; these tears are too sweet to do me harm. There, let me cry;" and he added, how good you are to love me so!"

"We love you-we love you because you merit t. Zounds! that's not a great matter. Come, be calm; try to sleep a little. I will come to see you after the rehearsal."

He pressed Frank's hand, when some one knocked softly at the door.

"Miss Elise!" cried Frank; "you-is it you,

"Come in," said Sosthèue.

"Yes," replied she, blushing; "I came-I pass-

"And you came up, and you did well," added Sosthène, by way of conclusion; "for you will keep our invalid company a moment; I am going to the theatre."

He advanced an arm-chair to the foot of the bed, and there sat Miss Elise.

"You are going?" said she to him, hesitatingly. | land!" "Ohl you may remain, Miss; you know well that bad tongues can say nothing against you."

She, however, got up. "And what can they say "-resumed Sosthène, animatedly—"our other artists? are we not a family apart in the great family? It is true, that the old prejudices on our account have disappeared. We are no longer pestiferous—be it so; but we are yet the feverish, whom every one salutes from afar. It is therefore for us to aid and sustain each other mutually. Let us be, all, one and the other, brothers in intelligence and in heart, and let the foolish and ill-natured talk. Remain, Miss: remain."

"You are right, M. Sosthène," replied the young actress, in sitting down at the foot of the bed; "go to the theatre. I will watch our friend, our broth-

Sosthène went away. Frank and Miss Elise remained alone. There was a moment of silence. Frank contemplated sweetly the young girl. There was in his look a whole poem of gratitude

At the same moment, the following conversation took place at the "Circle of Lions":

"So, therefore, your marriage is definitely settlad. Eritz?" 'Yes, gentlemen; in a month the lights of Hy-

men will illuminate themselves in honor of your friend Fritz de Stolberg, and his beautiful cousin, Helèna de Raspach."

We knew you were not in love with Miss Hèlèna, and you greatly disappoint our friend, Albert de Lutz, who had hoped to unite himself to her."

"They love, therefore?" " People say it."

In point of fact. I remember that he paid as siduous court to her, and I believe to this time that he would marry her." "You would have left him to do it, without dis-

puting the heart of your affianced?"

"Why should I have disputed it to him?" "You do not love, therefore, your cousin?"

"Love? no, not more than she loves me." " Why do you marry? who obliges you?"

"The will of my aunt." "Explain yourself."

"It is easy: My aunt left us all her fortune on the express condition, formal, that we should marry together, and that the one of the two who should refuse the other should lose their part of the inheritance."

"And you do not wish to be that one?"

"Nor my cousin any more."

"I understand: you marry yourselves---" "To marry the inheritance."

"It is logic."

"It is, frankly, logic,"

'And the cost, you bury your youth." "On the contrary. And the proof is that before the signature of the contract I wish to offer you a

supper and show you my new conquest." Your new conquest?' "Oh, when I say new, it is as good; though until

the present the beautiful is ignorant of my proiects."

" Coxcombl"

"Ah, not at all, my dear sir! Actresses have been all cut on the same pattern, and God in making them a heart left the key in the door." "Ah! she is an actress?"

" Adorable!" "Do we know her?"

" You know her."

"Her name?"

" Eliso."

"The singer?" er sekte filmet akt hat tidt "Oh! then I may predict to you that you will

be at some trouble to win her." " You believe it?"

"I am sure of it. Miss Elise, an honest girl-"So much better!"

"In love--" "So much more! There is nothing so stupid as

entiment!" "She loves Frank."

"The young lover player?"

" Yes."

"How do you know it?".

"I heard it said the other-evening in the greenroom of the artists." "Bah! she will forget Frank."

" Perhaps." "It is certain. He is not yet her lover-he never will be. On the other hand, the direction is on the point of striking its balance, the economies of Miss Elise must be diminished; she has the per-

spective of bankruptcy, and---" "It is simply monstrous, what you say, Fritz!" "Why, no; it is entirely simple."

"What morall"

"Therefore you are thoroughly decided to ruin | beautiful woman. He studied unceasingly. Sos-

'Say rather to save her from misery.' "Beware! Frank may well put himself athwart

vour devotion." "I will mislead him." "Your affianced, Miss Helèna de Raspach, will

"How?" "The other evening, at the theatre, I was by her side; I made remarks aloud on Miss Elise, which must have enlightened my cousin as to my intentions. But, I have told you, as we marry the heritage of our dear aunt, and as our hearts remain strangers to this marriage, my projects of conquest do not trouble my cousin, and I am perfectfree to carry them out."

It is charming!"

"And convenient, above all."

"Ah, gentlemen, all we have to do is to lay our reads together."

"Fritz, I declare you the most immoral man of the twenty-two counties of our poetic Switzer-

That which the intended of Miss de Raspach aid regarding the direction of the theatre, was, infortunately, only too, true. The administration had speculated on two new grand pieces which had been brought out at great expense. The benefit had not responded to the expectation of the lirector who found himself obliged to suspend he payment of the actors. This was at least the news which Sosthène brought to his two comrades n entering the furnished hôtel in the Rue de la

Coraterie, where Frank lived. "What will become of us?" murmured Frank on hearing the recital which the good tenor made to them.

"Be without fear, my friend. God never abandons honest men, and with courage they triumph

through trial." "Yes, we who are men; but Miss Elise-oh, pardon!" said he, addressing himself to the young girl, who, till then, had kept silent in mute dejection. "Oh, pardon, Miss! but I shall suffer so much to see you unhappy that I would give my

life to save you a tear!" "Thanks, M. Frank, thanks! but have no fear for me. I shall work while waiting for a new en-

gagement." You will work?"

Without doubt," said she smiling. I understand embroidery, and they will not refuse me work in the stores where I furnished myself for the theatre."

That is good," said Sosthène; "and we will find ourselves something else. Reëstablish yourself at first, my friend; we are not at the last extremity-the devil! I have a splendid idea! we are going to get rich!"

What is your idea?"

"Listen-I will tell you: in the meantime here is what I propose: Economy, reform in the budget; good evening to the cafe; adieu to cards. Bahl after all, it is n't the sea to drink! You, Frank you will come to live with me; that will leave us one rent to pay instead of two, and even three, if Miss Elise consent to come and live in a chamber, quite small, of which I can dispose. She then can make herself at home as she shall deem proper, except during the hours of repast, when we shall have the honor of serving her like a little queen?"

"But the world, M. Sosthone?"

"Have I not said it awhile ago, Miss? live in peace with our conscience and let the foolish and ill-natured talk."

"And as a little while ago I said to you; you are right, and I accept." " Well said."

"You accept?" said Frank quite joyous, "you will be our neighbor?"

" Was I not at Vigan?"

"It is true."

"You will become our housekeener?" "I give you a holiday to-day; it is just the end

of the month." "And you will come to-morrow to take possession of your little chamber?"

" To-morrow." "And I, also."

"You, when you are well."

good!" -

"But I am now, my friend, I assure you. Iam, altogether, entirely well.".

"Talk to me of hope to reanimate a heart of twenty years! Come, it is agreed: from to-morrow, the little family, united by esteem and friendship, may defy the storms of fate—as says the refrain of a comic opera-and yet find happiness."

"Decidedly, it's an ill wind that blows nobody

CHAPTER VI.

For fifteen days the three friends had lived under the same roof and shared the same fortune, Sosthene had imparted his idea to Frank, and they had put it in execution. They gave enter tainments in the richest saloons of Geneva. He recited his productions on particular occasions, and Sosthène accompanied him, who sang charming little ditties with style, and had a real talent for the plano. They were greatly received. People disputed for the two artists whose programme, musical and literary, figured agreeably between the waltz and the cards.

Frank had never seen the world, therefore, he was dazzled by a luxury which he had nowhere met. The applause which his poems received from this elegant public, was quite a revelation for him. He believed himself a comedian; he recognized himself truly a poet, and his imagination, exalted by the praises which were lavished on his muse, caught a glimpse of new horizons, He had had until then only a sweet and tranquil ambition; pride glided into his dreams of the future, and showed him the glory which induced him to predict already the approbation of grave "My dear, moral has nothing to do in this case." men, and the gracious smile of every great and

thene and Miss Elise were proud of their comrade, her work. and their touching friendship exaggerated further the merits of the poet. One day as the young accharge. There is virtue! tress was working on a piece of embroidery—it was a command from one of the best magazines of the town, Frank entered and sat himself near

"Oh, how fine it is, how delicate it is," said he; you have the fingers of a fairy, and you embroi-

der like an angel." "Hush, you flatterer! I am, on the contrary, very clumsy, and my piece does not advance

"Is it then hurried?" "Yes; for the person who commanded it has sent already to the magazine to know if it were finished. Ah! why, you know her, you spoke to

me of her yesterday evening!" "Yes, you, and with warmth, besides!"

"What is her name?"

"You do not guess?" "How will you that I guess?"

"Be frank; you know of whom I wish to "I assure you, no."

"Oh! the terrible deceiver. Can it be? Perchance you are in love with her?"

"In love with whom?" " With Madame de Règny."

emed to bloom under her fingers.

"I? oh, Miss Elise!"

"Are you not free with your feelings?" "No," replied Frank, with a grave voice. Miss Elise blushed, and made her needle run rapidly through the light tissue, where the flowers

"I, love Madame de Règny!" resumed Frank, would it not be folly? Besides, I have told you I am not free with my feelings; I love some one

"Ah! said Miss Elise, blushing still more." "You do not ask me who is the person that I

"To what good? I do not know her."

"Oh! certainly." "M. Frank, here is my piece finished; I go imnediately to carry it to the magazine."

" Wait! It is already a long time that the secret of my heart has been on my lips, without daring to pronounce a word in which is my whole soul, and yet you know the word-iny eyes have told it you: Miss Elise, I love you! Miss Elise, it was for you that I wished to educate myself, as soon as I knew you. It was with the hope that you would love me, one day, that I passed my nights in working; because when your voice said to me Courage, M. Frank!' your looks also seemed to promise me a sweeter recompense—that of your love. Tell me, that I may not deceive myself, tell

me that you love me!" I will reply to you frankly; yes, I love you! Yes, I have divined your love, when already I felt myself drawn toward you. But I shall never be more than your friend, your sister!"

' What do you say?" "Alas! we women, we have presentiments of future things, and we deceive ourselves rarely." "Explain yourself."

"M. Frank, I believe in your love to-day." "Well." "Well, you will no longer believe yourself in

love, after a time." "Oh! Miss, what you say is very bad. I, to

cease to love you?" "Oh! I shall not wish you to." "I swear it to you. I shall never love but you." "You believe it, to-day, and you are sincere in saying it to me; you have a generous nature, but which exaltation directs; it cannot be otherwise; the poet has need of emotions and enthusiasm; a calm and uniform feeling would make his muse prove abortive, to whom caprice and fantasy is necessary to live. You will forget me one day, when your muse shall go to find, far from your sister, the inspiration which habitude shall have driven away. Believe me, M. Frank, let me love you as a brother, and do not ask me another love, for I should suffer too much when abandoned. As soon as far from you, when your name shall grow, I shall be able to say, happy and proud, 'I was the Beatrice of his glory!' and I shall bless God!" Frank fell on his knees to the young girl, and

it was with a voice full of emotion that he replied to her "Oh! do not say that, do not say that: it was forever that I wished to unite my life to yours!

Miss Elise, will you be my wife?' "Your wife, I?" and the face of the actress brightened for a moment, but it became suddenly pensive.

"No!" said she, "I do not wish to be an obstacle to your future; the poet, like the artist, has need of independence. And I should not love you, if I were selfish enough to accept the offer you make, and with which I am deeply touched Till we meet again, M. Frank, you will reflect, and you will see one day that the poor actress was right."

She took her work, which she had just terminated, and went out, leaving the young poet a prey to a profound emotion.

A moment after, Sosthene entered, quite joyous. "Good news, friend," cried he, "they ask us you know the young widow, so young and so

"Ah!" replied Frank, mechanically. not happier than that? But it's a magnificent windfall for us."

"Pardon, my friend, pardon! I was preöccupied, absent." "You are troubled, Frank, you have cried,

What has happened?" "Nothing, oh! nothing." " Where is Elise?"

" Ah! she has said to you-"That she wished not to be an obstacle to my future." 'It is abnegation that, for she loves you, I know

"All at once you speak as she, you also?"

"She is gone to the magazine, where they give

"Good girl; she has not wished to be at one's

"This is the first time that you ever accused

"Well, yes, know it even as you must have

already perceived: I love Miss Elise, and I told her

so a little while ago for the first time; I offered

"She has done well. The artist must guard her

your sister, Frank. Something has happened

" Say, rather, prido."

during my absence."

her my hand, and-

"And?"

independence."

"Ah! you calumniate her!"

And she has refused!"

"I say the truth, she is proud."

it. Many others in her place would have accepted, and thus riveted a bullet to the wing of your muse. Listen, Frank. I do not wish to reproach you, but there is a little grain of pride which com-mences to germ in you. You flatter yourself, with reason, perhaps, of gaining one day reputation, celebrity; and to attain these, nothing would be to you an obstacle; you would break entirely through every affection. Glory is a jealous mistress, and you would sacrifice to her kisses the pure and holy joys of modest friendship. Elise has understood it thus, and her refusal has no other cause."

"You may believe it."

"I do not believe-I fear it." Frank made no reply. Miss Elise came in. It was the dinner hour; the repast was made silently. When it was finished, the two friends prepared themselves for the evening at Madame de

Règny. Miss Elise entered her chamber. "My God!" murmured she, in prayer; "ordain that he may forget me; and give me strength and resignation!" She heard a knock at her door, and opened it;

it was a strange person, a woman, who brought her a letter. She broke the seal; from the first lines, tears flowed from her eyes. This letter was from Fritz de Stolberg, the affianced of Miss Holè-

na de Raspach. CHAPTER VII.

Sosthene and Frank had been out to a party at the house of Madame de Règny. The little homecircle of the artists, full of laughs and lively conversations formerly, was silent now. A cloud of sadness seemed to have passed over the humble dwelling, and to have banished from it all gaiety. The song no longer came to the lips of Miss Elise; Frank no longer worked, and absented himself often; Sosthène, himself, naturally so frank and so joyous, had no longer any refrains; the absences of Frank disquieted him, the sadness of the

young girl made him suffer. Let us see why Frank abandoned his friends, and why he fled from study, which, until then, he

had loved so much.

It will be remembered that Miss Elise had first named Madame de Règny to the poet the day when he revealed his love to her. The young actress was not mistaken; the night before. Frank had spoken of the grand lady with a certain enthusiasm, which, perhaps, had been a revelation of his character, and had given birth to sage reflections in the mind of her whom he wished to make the companion of his life.

The party of Madame de Règny had assembled at her house the richest society of Geneva, and the elite of the foreign aristocracy, which the mildness of the climate and the beauty of the sites draw every year to Switzerland.

The noble traveler-Madame de Règny belonged to the category of these pilgrims of fortune, who go promenading their ennui and their caprices over the world-the noble traveler had neglected nothing to give to her guests the splendor of a fête truly princely; she had transformed her salons to a fairy scene, where the eye, sweetly surprised, ran from marvel to marvel.

Madame de Règny had a dazzling toilette; she wore a robe of Nacarab velvet; she had a headdress of volvet with a white plume held by a clasp of diamonds on her shoulders, where ran a collar of gray pearls of a dull whiteness, such as the most skillful divers of Ormus never found.

She was beautiful, thus!-beautiful and happy in the middle of a court of admirers, who, at every step, discovered a new grace and exquisite charm even in the eccentricities of the beautiful and noble stranger; for let us say it, Madame de Règny, an early widow, and consequently free in her actions, walked in her independence like a bird under the blue sky, having no other law than that of her fantasy, and giving all to this law. She had already seen Frank at another evening party, and what they had said of the young poet, his rapid progress, his nights and his perseverance, had given her the desire to have him at her house at her next reunion.

. Frank, yet under the impression of Miss Elise's refusal, appeared there, as to a work which we long to finish, and be alone with our thoughts. There was a sad vagueness in his look; they put to the count of a dreamy and poetic nature this air of undefinable sadness, and Frank appeared only more interesting to the eyes of Madame de Regny, this evening in the salon of Madame de Règny; whose rapid imagination began to versify the young actor. She wished Frank to tell her his

"How, ah! There is your response? You are she to him," and God reserves you, without doubt, a brilliant future; but beware! Your past struggles are nothing in comparison to those which you will have to bear; the tree of your illusions will see its leaves fall, one by one, if you do not arm your believing soul against the attacks of doubt which certainly will come to disturb you. You have caught a glimpse of glory through the prison of your hopes, such as your generous aspirations

history, and, when he had finished speaking:
"You have accomplished the impossible," said

have shown it you. But I fear-I fear for you; the disenchantment will be great; for one day you will weep over your young and holy beliefs. There will be still time, perhaps, to return again, toward the blest health where your ignorance had found shelter, and to avoid thus the tempest by remaining in port. But to what good to say that to you? The poet obeys the secret voice which cries to him, 'onward.' M. Frank, I therefore pray that God may give to your genius happiness and glory!"

Frank heard the great lady, and his imagination exalted itself in proportion as her words fell on his heart as a prophetic encouragement. When Madame de Regny left him, for a moment he already no longer thought of Miss Elise; his sadness had fied. He followed with his look the young widow across the salons, who was going to receive the homage of her guests, letting fall wherever she passed, the pearls of her smile and the sparkles of

Strange thing! Frank was jealous-jealous of all those handsome young gentlemen who lavished the incense of their flattery on the queen of the fête. He began to hate them; he was guilty of the grave wrong of wishing to believe himself their equal, if not in fortune, at least in intelligence. and even superior in genius. Poor Frank! As Sosthène had said to him, pride took possession of him and spite commenced the work of its hatred for all the favorites of fortune. Indeed he thought badly; his interior reasoning was the most unjust, as he acknowledged later, when he knew life, men and things better. In fact, how could be dislike all those fine young men? What had they done to him? If he were obscure and poor, was it their fault? On the contrary, they cheered and extelled his talents, and made themselves the echo of his fame. If he had reasoned more sagely, he had understood that, and far from being humiliated before them, he had had a sense of noble pride for the brilliant testimony which they gave to his intelligence and his efforts. However, it would be necessary clearly to refrain from accusing Frank; he submitted to the effects of his new position, and the contrast with the past was so great that he walked with giddiness; but it was said that all must serve to the progress and to the advancement of the poet; his pride made him take an immense step. He wished glory-to improve himself on all-and his will said to him: "This glory you shall have."

His bitter and sad thoughts wore away insensibly. The noise of the fête, the brilliancy of the lights, the orchestra, whose captivating voice reached him through the rich doors, all this multitude, in short, happy and laughing, threw a sweet and soft reverie into his soul. He saw as in a dream his beautiful prairies and the noisy workshop; all his infancy passed before his eyes; he had no more pride, and he thanked God. This was an immense poem which sang to him his youth; he forgot his labors, and his watches; he forgot all, to listen to this blest hymn of memory; even those beautiful young girls who passed near him, with laughter and hope on their lips.

Madame de Règny came to him. "M. Frank, what is the matter with you?" said she to him, in seeing him absorbed in his reverie.

This voice, so full of undefinable charm, woke him as with a start.

"Nothing, Madame," replied he; "thanks, nothing."

"You talk with your muse. Is it not so? Pardon me if I have disturbed you. She says such beautiful things to you that I am sorry to have troubled your tête-à-tête."

"In short, I was with her, Madame, and we went over a very beautiful country."

"Very beautiful, certainly, since it made you forget ours. And how call you this country, M. Frank?"

"Memory!"

"Ah! a love, perhaps?" " A friendship, Madame."

"It must be very great, to come and search you here."

"It is holv!" "You think of your friend Karl, of whom you

spoke to me a little while ago?" Yes, Madame. He is such a

loved me so much. If he saw my success to-day,

he would be happy and proud." 'Have you no other friends? M. Sosthene, for

example? "Without doubt: but he is a friend of vesterday, a friend, as I may find many more; whereas,

Karl is rather my brother than my friend, and I am far from him, far from mine, for a long time, forever, perhaps-without real affection to console me during the trial, without any voice truly friendly to encourage me in my forlornness and in my solitude." "Don't let yourself be discouraged, M. Frank;

you have scarcely commenced your career. At your age, hope is young; she only stretches forth her wings."

"Hope? Yes; but she has been so many times deceived. She beguiles so often that I dare not surrender myself to her; and besides, in reflecting serialsly, should I not recognize that it is folly in the to wish to lay claim to glory, to this tardy goddess, who visits only the dead? So many things are wanting in me, you see. I am too ignorant! If I have made some progress thus far, it has been only by a supreme effort, and in a state of febrile exaltation, which will kill me. I feel it, if I require to continue my work. And. however I admit thus, in face of my weakness even, I attach myself to this hope of which you speak to me, and, fortunate or unfortunate, I shall continue to struggle with myself, to conquer ignorance and go on to the end. Yes, yes, I shall con-

"Well said. I love to see you think thus. Courage, M. Frank. We will find you protectors, who will smooth the road for you.'

" Madame-"Believe always in the future; believe also in the friendship which will come to offer itself to you; she will weep your solitude with the sweet overflowings of the heart; she will reanimate your courage in the days of exhaustion."

Then Madame de Règny added to him, holding out her hand:

Will you that I be your friend?"

Frank was dazzled. He regarded Madame de Règny without answering her. She continued:

'You will bring me your productions; we will read them together, and I will advise you. I wish to have my part in your successes and in aiding you to conquer your difficulties. When you are sad and discouraged, you will come and tell me your sadness and your discouragement like a friend. Do you wish it?"

Let the reader not be amazed at the language of the young widow, or the sudden proposition which she made to Frank. We have said that she was an eccentric woman, and this word will apply to all her actions.

A second time she held out her hand to the poet, who took it and carried it tremblingly to his

"Madame, God wills that I succeed, since he makes you speak thus to me. No obstacle can arrest me, because I hope."

The party drew to a close; they were interrupted by some guests who came to salute Madame Sosthene, who was vigorously applauded in the seats. execution of a brilliant fantasia on the piano, his own composition. They went away together. From then Frank went every day to the house of his beautiful protectress, which tormented the honest comic tenor, who said in a whisper, in secing him leave the house, "Poor fool! what torments you prepare yourself!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS, 192 WEST 27TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

"We think not that we daily see About our hearths, angels that are to be, Or may be if they will, and we prepare Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
[LEIGH HUNT.

The Evergreen by the Riverside.

On the sunny banks of a beautiful river, some one had planted a little hemlock tree, and it had grown, year by year, very beautiful, and hung out its bright green foliage at all seasons, not minding the hot suns of Summer, or the cold storms of Winter. No other trees were near it, and for a time it seemed to feel quite proud of its position, and was content with being so very well clothed, and so very pleasantly located. The soft winds murmured in its branches, and the beautiful rill flowed by its side; and it knew nothing of the world but that which made its sap to flow and its leaves to brighten, and its branches to grow.

"Fortunate tree!" so the dusty poplars thought up by the roadside-" living in such beauty and quiet, while beneath us roll ponderous carts, and herds of cattle send showers of dust over us."

"Fortunate tree!" thought the maples over by the grove; "it never knows of change, but has all it wants. How green its leaves always are; the winter it does not dread, and the frost seems never to harm it! Oh! if we were all hemlocks!"

What do they all mean ?" thought the tree: "is there anything to live for but sunshine and beauty? Sometimes I seem to get a breath of air that is not pure-I wonder where it comes from? and sometimes I hear harsh sounds-I wonder what they mean? I thought the world was all like this sky, and this river, and this beautiful green bank."

After a time, a railroad-track was laid close by the river's bank, and a station was built not far from the hemlock tree. This caused a great change in the locality; for, after a time, the world began to show itself there. Travelers, weary aand faint, walked past. People began to congregate at the station, and there they talked of the affairs of men. The tree was greatly disturbed by these things-all its quiet and peace were gone. The sunshine was often obscured by the smoke and steam; the green bank was covered with black cinders, and even the softly-flowing water seemed less beautiful, for the ripple of its current could seldom be heard, so much confusion was there about.

"Dear me," sighed the hemlock, "and this is the world! and yet it is nothing to me. I am well clothed, and nothing really harms me. I will still look at my beautiful river, and take in the sunshine, and not mind all I see and hear. No doubt I was made a hemlock just to stand here and show the beauty and loveliness of the earth. How glad I am nothing can touch me, and yet how sorry I was for that poor, old woman that came trudging by with a baby in her arms, and a pack on her back! But what could I do? I thought once I'd just rustle my branches, and see if she would not look up and see how blue and clear the sky was; but what's the use? I must take care of myself, and so I kept very still until she was past, and then I plumed my topmost limbs, and smoothed all my branches, and was sure I had nothing to do with trouble and care; but dear me! if here does not come another poor soul. A ragged beggar, I do declare! and he seems to think he can sit down here and rest. I want all the bank to myself. I must teach people to keep from it;" and so the tree lifted its branches so that | power?" the hot sun should touch the man's head, and he arose and went on.

The world kept coming more and more, the weary and sad, and sometimes the gay and glad, but oftenest the tired and desponding.

"My life is truly wretched," sighed the tree: Oh, for the beautiful times when I, clothed in inv beauty, lived unconscious of all this sorrow. How weary I am! How disagreeable it is to be

so disturbed!" It was a hot, dusty day in the city. The very air seemed to scorch one. Even in the morning there was no cool breath, and the vines on the brick walls drooped their leaves, and the trees in the Parks lowered their branches, as if begging of the earth the moisture they could not receive from the sky. In one of the poorest and most wretched streets dwelt a family of seven. One room and a little sleeping-room constituted their home. There were the father and mother, hard-working, cheerful people, whom the world had not dealt kindly with. Then there were Bill, and Mary, and Dick, and Tim, and baby Lulu, the children. And as they all had to be fed and clothed, no wonder there was little left to pay a high rent. And then such wondrous good appetites as they all had, and such ways of finding holes in their boots and shoes, and getting their clothes soiled! The mother had to be up early in the morning, and work late at night to keep them looking decently tidy.

Well, this hot, dusty day, just after the great clock on the church had struck eight, Bill came rushing into the room that he called home.

"I've done it-sold every paper-and have got instenough money to take us all out there, and to buy two loaves of bread for our picuic dinner! I told you I'd do it, and I ran up to the station. and the train starts just at nine, and father's got leave to take a holiday, if he'll work half of the Fourth, and so we are all going."

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Mary and Dick, and Tim; and "Ugh! ugh!" cried baby Lulu, till such a merry sound the street had not heard for many a day. Even the mother, weary and pale, looked quite fresh and blooming as she hurried to get the clean aprons and the freshly-washed bonnets

"But," said Tim, "nobody has been to tell Carl You know we promised him that he should go." "But there's not time, and then we have not much dinner, and you'll all be so hungry," said the mother.

"Well, then, we'll go hungry," said Bill; "a promise is a promise, and poor, lame Carl has n't had a bit of fun all summer. If I only had a sixpence to pay his fare in the stage—but I have n't there.

"Run, Mary," said the mother, "that's a good child, and get Carl ready, and Bill and I will lead and lift him across the street, and Dick and Tim can take turns carrying the baby and the basket." angel of the river, and it said, 'We flow on forever,

At half-past eight the party left the hot, close room, and reached the station where the father do Regny. Frank took leave of her, also, with met them, just in time to secure comfortable

> "This seems to be your picule, Bill," said the father; "pray where are we going?" "Oh, just as far as the money would take us up

to the third station." "But how do you know there is anything there

to be seen?" said the mother. "Oh, there always is in the country. What

difference does it make where, if we only find trees and air?" said Bill. "But I hope there'll be some flowers," said

Mary. "And I hope we can see the water," said Carl,

and the boats. Oh, if I could only sail on a river—way on and way on, and never come back!" "Oh, who'd make me beautiful little crosses out of paper, to put in my books, if you were to go away? and who would come and sing to baby Lulu when mamma is tired?" said Mary.

"And who'd mend my kite?" said Dick. "Oh, don't go away, and when I get to be rich I'll have a boat, and we'll sail way off to England, and go and see the queen."

"Oh, fudgel" said Bill; "England's nothing, and the queen is only a woman. I saw her picture, and she was n't half so splendid as some of the ladies that I've seen coming out of the churches with their white veils; but see! here we

are at the end of our money's worth,"

And sure enough, in a moment the party were landed at the station, and the cars went whirling on further.

"And now where are we to go?" said the fath-"everything is left to you, Bill."

Bill stood looking about him, for his ideas seemed all at once to have vanished. He expected, once out in the country, to find a beautiful spot, with green trees and fresh grass; but here was the dusty track, and already the hot sun beat down, and there seemed to be no beautiful place near. The mother already looked tired and pale, and

Carl stood wondering with his eyes on the flowing river. "Oh, I see!" said Bill, suddenly; "there's the very spot just under that beautiful hemlock. I

do believe it grew on purpose, and then it's so very near that we need not get tired walking." "And need not go away from the river," said Carl, "but can watch the boats all day, and hear

the waves! Oh, yes, you know all the best things, Bill. I'm glad we are to stop here.' " But-" said Mary.

"Oh, there can't be any buts at all," said Bill. "If there 's anything I like, it's a hemlock tree. I remember them way up where we came from. It always seemed to me as if they were old friends, and I expect to hear them speak. Oh, it 's jolly to find a hemlock here! Come, let's go and seat ourselves, and a fine day we'll have!"

Thus, with baby and basket and Carl, they moved on, and soon settled themselves under the beautiful tree.

"Dear me!" sighed the tree, "there's no peace for me! those miserable people are determined to spoil my day. What can I do to drive them away? How miserable they look! why, their clothes are sadly worn! and what a shabby coat the father has! and then there's a lame cripple!" "Hush!" said Bill; "didn't you hear those

branches rustle? They seemed to be saying, Come, come; we'll give you a pleasant shade.' I told you that hemlocks were like fine gentlemen that always have a kindly word for one.' The children all looked up wonderingly at the

branches, and even the mother seemed, in lifting her eyes, to find something sweet and beautiful to trust in.

They 'mind me," said she, " of my own home, way up among the hills, and the beautiful days there when I could always see heaven in the sky, and God's love in the stars, and beautiful angels in the trees; yes, Bill, I am glad you brought us here: the tree loves us all, no doubt, and we will call it a beloved friend."

A little murmur of shame passed through the branches, but these words thrilled to the very centre of the tree.

This is a new joy," it said, the sad less sorrowful. Can it be I have such

"Carl, how tired you look," said Mary. "Come,

lie down on the soft bank of grass." "Yes," said Dick, " and here's my hat for a pil-

low; and I'll bet you're hungry." "I did n't have any breakfast," said Carl: "we had none, and I did n't care if I could come with to know of such misery drives me half frantic, you, and now I do n't feel hungry; looking at the

river and the tree somehow feeds me." "But we have bread," said Bill, "a plenty, as long as it lasts, and I'll run and get you some water, and who knows but I can find a berry

"And this is love!" sighed the tree; "this is a part of the great, loving world. Oh, how good it seems to know of it! but I can do nothing. I have no bread to give, nor drink; alas! I am only a hemlock. But suppose I bend down a little lower and shelter the poor lad's weary frame." And the branches drooped, and into Carl's eyes came soft, tender light.

"I am thinking," said he, " as I see these branches, of the beautiful angels that bend so gently to us, sheltering us from harm."

"That is just what I was thinking," said the mother. "I sometimes seem to get very near to God through the trees, because, you see, they bend over us so lovingly, like dear friends."

"Yes," said Carl, "I suppose they are friends and I wonder they don't talk, as Bill said." "Oh, if they knew how selfish I had been!" said the tree; "What can I do to bless these people?"

"Hush!" said Mary, "hear that soft rustle." "Yes," said Carl, "it seemed to me like, 'Rest, rest, rest.' No doubt the tree would cure my

tired back if it could." "But it cures heart-ache," said the mother, "and that is better. I feel like a girl again as I sit here. Oh, I am very sure that there is a beautiful way for us all to travel, if we look to all the beautiful things we can see, instead of the hard, cruel ones.

"See, Carl is asleep," said Mary; "don't he look like an angel? Let's take the baby and walk to the river's side, where the rest are, and maybe he 'll have sweet dreams."

"Softly, softly sleep," sighed the hemlock; "at least I can make one spirit happy." And the branches rustled more and more, and Carl slept a ong, sweet, restful sleep. When he awoke his eyes gleamed with delight. "Oh, such a time as [have had! I dreamed God had put an angel into everything, and he meant we should see it, and I thought to myself, 'I'd like to know where the angels are that are about me.' Then I saw that we could n't find the angels outside till we had one in ourselves; and I dreamed I saw a great, bright light, and I spoke to it just as if it was God; and I said, 'Put an angel into me, then I can find a single red, but just enough to take us all up all the angels.' And I began to feel the soft light resting on me, and I opened my eyes, and the first thing I saw was the angel of the trees, and they said, 'See, we grow everywhere, that you may look up and see Heaven's love!" and I saw the

that you may be sure God's love never falls! and the angel of the grass said, 'We come creeping everywhere, that you may be sure that there is no place without God's beauty! Was n't that nice? I guess I shan't care any more when my back aches or when I'm hungry, for I'll find the angels everywhere."

"Oh," said the mother, "I believe that dream; I feel it now."

"Yes," said Bill, "I told you hemlock trees were dear friends; but let us have our dinner; and—is n't it nice—father brought some candy in his pocket, and I didn't tell you that I bought an orange for Carl with the two-pence I got back for change. Oh, is n't it jolly out here? I wish we could live under hemlock trees all the time."

"Or that we could take their angel with us," said the mother.

"We can do that as easy as nothing;" said Bill if they'll only let us. I've a mind to cut some branches, so that we can have them in our room to say, ' See here, how cool we are, and what a nice place there is up by the river.' "Oh, do," said Mary, "if father can only reach

the branches," "I'll bend low," rustled the tree.

"And then I'll never forget," said Carl, "how near God is to us, for I'll remember that every thing has its angel." "Even I," rustled the tree.

"And we'll all think of the beautiful things, if the days are dark." "And you won't cry any more, mother," said

Mary, " when you think of the good times that are gone, if you can find good times now?" "And Carl shall be the angel in the attic." said Dick; "and we'll make a great pair of wings for

him, just like these branches." The tree bent low its beautiful branches, and a new life seemed flowing through it as the father cut a bunch of them for the lifted hands of each

of the children. The day was almost done and the far-off whistle of the engine warned the party to leave the green bank and go back again to their lives of toil and care in the city.

"Never spent such a day!" sighed the tree. "I feel a gladness in every fibre. I have sent love enough in those branches to brighten their home for many a day, and yet I feel younger than ever. What a world this is! Glad am I that it has come nearer to me."

[CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

To Correspondents.

EMILY R. B., MAQUOKETA, IOWA, writes-How much I love to read your stories. I must tell you how much I love you, and when I am going to speak hasty or impatient words, your sweet memory will check them. I love to write to you, and not many days pass but I think of you." Pleasanter than all else is it, to know that you are striving for the good and true. I love to think of my many young friends, far and near; we are all drawn near to each other as we strive for the good and beautiful. Write again. L.M.W.

Will not the writer of the soul-full note, without address or signature, allow it to be answered, or must the response flow back on the chords of sympathetic recognition? If so, may there be whispered words of gratitude for the sweet appreciation of a strong endeavor, and words of courage and hope. Each spirit does its work; but it only does its noblest and best when inspired with a lofty making a solemn vow in my own heart that if, desire. The Infinite never closes up the channels through which the currents of love can flow. They go outward laden with blessings for others, and return back, bearing golden seeds which best satisfy the cravings of the heart. Every path is beautiful if but it lead to a region where the spirit may expand, and come nearer and nearer to the All Pure and Beautiful L. M. W.

Answer to Enigna in our Last.—Superstition.

Written for the Banner of Light. WHEN I GO HENCE.

Life and death are are two golden links in the chain of endless being; equally bespeaking the Infinite goodness of the Divine Existence-and that was a beautiful superstition, those ever-burning lamps in ancient tembs, imaging immortality, and the upward tendency of all things. Death is but the severing of the physical and the spiritual -a passing point in the drama of each soul's endless experiences—a withdrawing of the curtain, to show us those we love; and may be likened to a star, that, fading from our skies, flies to illume some summer clime in the sidereal heavens; or to a rose twining and running up the garden wall, and blooming sweetly on the other side; or to a grand "triumphal archway, through which millions yearly walk to those sunlit Islands of God, where, 'mong the mountains of the beautiful, delicious perfumes, and silvery sounds from lyre and lute, and auras from ever-blossoming flowers ascend with the matins and the vespers of such as the divine John in vision saw " around the throne with harps and vials full of odors sweet:" musing thus, I sung in better RHYME than rhythm-When I go, let no wail in the mansion be heard, No wavelet on soul-sea or heart-chord be stirred; But may calmness and trust their faith-offerings bring,

To blend with the triumph; "Oh death, where's thy sting?"

Let the hour be morn; while the first breeze is stealing

O'er forest and flower, in sweet voices revealing The soul's aspirations, like hymns in the air, That rise with the incense of flowers bent in prayer.

O'er the tomb let no willow in minor tones moan, Nor the false phrase, "died," be carved on the stone;

For such breathe not the truths that gleam through the portals, That gladden evermore the homes of immortals.

Oh, these death-scenes are sweet! for the soul then receives Vast volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves;

While each three of despair, of sorrow and pain, Will have burnished the links in life's mystical chain.

Let the harp of the morn-queen be newly restrung: There's mirth to be made, there are songs to be sung, For a mortal has passed from the care-lands of

To the realms of the loved, where music had birth.

Oh, 't is joy to stand near this glorified throng,

Whose goodness and love are the themes of each Where the cross proved a crown, that to angels is given,

With the "worthy" who glide through the azure of heaven. Rockford, Il., 1864.

Written for the Banner of Light.

"MEMENTO MORE."

BY E. M. WOLCOTT. Afraid to die! who says I am afraid? Is there not quiet in the cypress shade? Is there not peace, and rest, and calm repose, That the tired spirit here on earth no'er knows? Why should I fear to die? all loved ones gone; Battling alone life's chilly-sheeted storm;

Longing I yearn for sweet affection's bloom;

Then welcome death, welcome the silent tomb.

I had a mother once, whose love-lit eye Chided me gently when I wished to die; Gently her hand moved o'er my loosened hair, And soon in slumber soft forgot despair. Murmuring streams, green fields, and flowers sweet,

Shed their rich fragrance, waving at my feet; All nature smiled within my dream-land fair, For, oh, a mother's presence hallowed all the air.

One fair young face I found-'t was all I had! Each smile, each tone, my craving heart made glad. They laid her-white-robed angel-on her bier! I never grouned or sighed; I could not shed a tear; The burning anguish scorched my soul like fire; And then I prayed to God I might expire. Sister and mother, daughter, friends all gone-Oh, Death, I love thee! bear me to my home!

Spiritual Phenomena.

Satisfactory Tests.

I am a constant reader of the Banner of Light. purchase it weekly of one of our newsdealers. think I could not well get along without it. When I am through reading it, I send it either to the "Soldiers' Reading Room," or to some one of my friends whom I think would not be apt otherwise to see it. In this way I am satisfied I increase its circulation, for I know of several who had never seen the paper until I sent it, that now are regular subscribers. I can truly say the beautiful philosophy it teaches of "spirit communication" is a source of much comfort to me. I. like many others, was brought up strictly in the Orthodox faith; but since I have become old enough to think for myself, its teachings have been utterly repellant to me, and my heart-instincts pro-

nounce them not only false but hurtful. For years my mind has been exercised on Spiritualism, hardly knowing whether to believe it or not. I have several different times visited mediums, hoping to receive some message from the loved ones gone before" that would convince me that spirits did communicate; they have invariably told me I had mediumistic powers of my own, which I can only hope may be the case, though as yet I am not aware of it.

Some six months since I lost a darling little babe, the birdling of the flock, our household pet. Since then I have been more than ever interested in spirit communion. I prayed daily and nightly that I might hear something from her and other friends that had "gone before."

Some six weeks since, my husband and myself went East on a visit. We were intending to visit a place but a few hours' ride from Boston, so wedetermined to go there; but before going I took your paper and made a note in my memorandum book of the place of residence of several mediums, after visiting them, I received nothing satisfactory, I would at once cease to think on or investigate the subject, unless the time came, if it ever did, that, without any effort of my own, I should receive something satisfactory in my own person. In this state of mind I visited Boston.

[Here the writer gives a long account of her visits to several mediums in this city, from whom she obtained no satisfactory tests, which we omit for want of room.]

We called at the house of Mrs. Pearson. The lady made several excuses; was busy that morning, &c.; but (no doubt seeing disappointment depicted so strongly upon my countenance) finally consented, but said "she did n't suppose she would get anything satisfactory for us; she was n't much of a medium, though she had sat for people that said she had given them good tests, at any rate; if she dill sit, she should expect to be paid for her time, whether she satisfied us or not." All this was said in an honest, blunt way, that made us feel better pleased than if she had made many promises of what she would and had done. After assuring her we should be glad to pay her for her time, whether the result was what we wished or not, she sat down at a table, and we placed ourselves opposite her. She commenced talking on indifferent subjects-not one word was said in regard to Spiritualism, or what brought us there. All at once her voice changed so materially, that I looked up to see if it really was her speaking. Her eyes were shut, and she looked as though she really was in an unconscious state.

'Oh," said she, "I see a lady with a little baby in her arms; she (the lady) calls you her children." I said, "Is it the lady's baby she has in her arms?" She waited a moment, then said, 'No, your baby." Said I, "How am I to know it is my baby? Can you describe it, or tell me its name?" Again she waited, then said, "The little baby's got a rosebud in its hand; your mother says you'll know what that means."

Sure enough I did; for when our darling was laid in her little coffin, we placed a tiny white rosebud in her hand, and just before we hid her from our sight, a kind friend took it out of her little hand and gave it to us, and we now have it very carefully laid away. Yet in my unbelieving heart this was not sufficient proof, so I again asked for the name. She stopped a moment, and then gave the pet name we had ever called our little one. Oh! the unutterable joy my heart felt at that moment, when the conviction settled upon my mind that spirits did indeed communicate! Oh, sir, I would not now part with this belief for whole worlds such as this. She also described the tipping over of a boat, and a person being drowned, giving the initials corresponding with my only brother's name, who had been drowned long years before. She said his body had been found. I said I thought not; but she persisted that it had. Some weeks after, when I had an opportunity of inquiring, I was told the body was found a few days after he was drowned This, you will agree with me, was equally as good a test as the other. She said a young lady was there who had died of cancer. I asked how long she had been dead. The answer was, "Only a few hours."

Now when I left home, among my last visits was one to a young lady thus afflicted, but since leaving home I had heard nothing from her; on my return I found she had died the night before the. day I had visited Boston; this was another test. She mentioned many names that were given her by friends that she said were standing around, all of whom I readily recognised. I then asked for some proof that the person communicating was indeed our mother. She said, "Those slippers you worked in such nice flowers and gave your father, were too large." Now this was really so

but I knew that not a soul la Boston, except my | silence the skeptic everywhere, and force him to husband and myself, knew of the circumstance of my working a pair of slippers for father that were too large. This was another good test, not only that spirits did communicate, but could see and know what was going on here. And test after test did she give, every one of them such as no one could doubt. Need I say I left Mrs. Pearson's house fully believing that I had positive proof of spirit communion? And had her fee been five dollars instead of one, I should have paid it willingly.' Should there, then, be any who read your paper, seeking as I was after tests that our friends can come back and converse with us, I would carnestly recommend them to Mrs. Pearson. She is just what she professes to be, and we can but class her among honest mediums. Should this meet her eye I would ask her to think seriously if she would not only do more good, but benefit herself more here in a pecuniary point of view, than in Boston where there so many other good mediums. But my letter has been a long one; I will try, (should I again write,) to do better, but this time my heart was full. I could not cut my letter any shorter and "free my mind." Trusting your paper may continue to flourish, notwithstanding the unsettled state of our country, and that its friends will pledge themselves to keep it up in this trying time, with my best wishes for it and its editor, I remain a CONSTANT READER. Chicago, Ill., 1864.

Physical Manifestations.

Last week I read in the Banner of Light an article on the Davenport Boys, and this week I notice some remarks on the scances of Annie L. Chamberlain. Permit me to bring before the reader's notice a medium, not much known, but not the less valuable—Mary L. Jordan, of Muncie, Ind. This lady has possessed strong medium powers from childhood. She sits at a table, (it being covered with a blanket, or quilt, to exclude the light,) when from underneath the table a spirit, or several spirits, operates strongly, playing on an accordeon, ringing bells, shaking hands, etc. A dial is placed on the table, the string being passed under it, through a hole in the quilt; by means of this, communications are rapidly given, the spirits pulling the string.

But it is of the dark circles held by Miss Jordan at my house that I would speak more particularly. The medium sat at one end of a long dining table, her right hand on it, her left held by the person next to her. The circle clasped hands, except myself, who, sitting at the other end of the table, placed my left hand on it, and closed the circle with my right hand. The room was dark. Immediately bells (previously placed on the table for the purpose) were rang, sometimes close to our ears, sometimes away up at the very ceiling. A large tin pan was taken from the table, and carried round the circle from lap to lap. The head-dress was removed from the medium's head. and placed inside my husband's waistcoat, almost under his arm. I asked for some mark to remind me of the spirit, and the pan was repeatedly struck upon the table, leaving deep dents, a sure proof of physical power.

But the most delightful thing is, that through this medium the spirits of our own loved ones can make themselves known, and touch us. After a long series of demonstrations, the spirit friends bade us good-night, and soon we heard soft, low raps. On questioning, we found it was my mother. I asked to have her touch me. Immediately a soft, small hand was placed on mine, entirely different from the hand of another spirit, which was cold, while this had a gentle, glowing warmth, like spring wind, about it, not in the least like the hand of a living, earth body.

Anxious to be quite sure myself, and to assure others, I asked for an assurance that it was my mother. Quickly the fingers took hold of my wedding-ring, and shook it. I said, "Oh, mother. it is you; you remember your ring!" (The ring had been my mother's wedding-ring; she had worn it for fifty years.) The spirit hand gave an affirmative pat on my hand afterwards, caressing my face and the face of my husband (Dr. Wesley Clark). It then, at my request, took off my rings. replaced the wedding-ring on my finger, and took the other across the circle, placing it on the finger of my niece, caressing her face most lovingly. It is worthy of remark, that the rings were tight on my finger, and in removing them the finger nails of the spirit-hand were distinctly heard rattling on the rings.

During all this I sat at the full length of the table from the medium. The room was closed; no one was in the house except the circle; there could be no deception used.

I have been a lecturer in the cause of Spiritualism for some eight years; I have wished and prayed for some test that I could not mistake. Brought up a strict church member, I have often been haunted by fears lest after all I might be deluded. I bless the spirit-power that has put the question of spirit return and identity beyond a doubt for me.

For the sake of the cause, please publish this in your paper. Yours for the cause of humanity, MARY THOMAS CLARK. Williamsport, Warren Co., Ind., Nov. 10, 1864.

Notes from Gloversville, N. Y.

To the believer in Spiritualism it is indeed cheering to witness the manifestation of spirit power, as given through some of the best mediums now in the field. How it lifts up the soul from the low and groveling sensualities surrounding our present state of existence, and points it to a higher and purer condition of life beyond the narrow river, when our friends from that "bourne from whence many a traveler returns," come to us and give us the most clear and palpable evidence of their happy existence. We are ready to adopt the language of the ancient writer and ask, Where is thy sting, oh death; O grave where is thy victory? And as a friend recently remarked after having for the first time witnessed some of these beautiful evidences of Immortality, said he, with an eye beaming with joy, "Really, it is no terror to die, after all, if such is to be our condition. I have been taught that God was a terrible Being, but I feel now that he is a God of love." But upon the mind of the skeptic how it brushes away his flimsy objections, one after another, until it finally forces him to yield to the matchless

We have been favored with a very short visit from Mr. J. H. Randall, and the Boy Medium, Honry B. Allen. They arrived at our place on the 14th, and left on the 18th of Nov. They gave several séances during their stay, which were largely attended by many of our most prominent citizens. I will not occupy your space in describing at length the manner of conducting these circles as they have already been described by others. The manifestations at the dark circles are similar to those of Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, and the presenting of spirit hands, playing on instruments of music and various other manifestations of spirit-power, as given in the light, are truly wonderful, and in my opinion are not surpassed by any medium now in this country. They carry with them a power which must eventually | the senses, and the faculties of this world which |

power of truth.

admit the truth of these manifestations. They are of the most convincing character, given under circumstances that preclude the possibility of collusion or trickery in any manner whatever, and those who witnessed them here were almost unauimous in admitting them to be of sufficient interest and importance to demand a candid and careful investigation.

With a hearty wish for the success and speedy triumph of our glorious cause,

I remain yours, Gloversville, Fulton Co., N. Y.

Correspondence.

Nature Versus Drugs.

Your correspondent, Bro. Marshall, very kindly criticises my article No. two; and as he evidently is yet a worshiper of authority, I will simply state that if Drs. Trall, Jackson, Sully, or any other person writes or teaches a truth, another person can be allowed the privilege of teaching the same truth without quoting either of them as authority. Truth is not new, and though your correspondent does not so understand it, yet he nor any other person can write a single paragraph of original matter for the press. All the originality there can be about it, is simply the stamp of the writer's style. He says: "Using poisons, indiscriminately and ignorantly, has done, and is doing, a vast amount of mischief beyond a doubt; and the science of medicine and its application to the cure of the sick, is a profound mystery, so far as the general teachings on the subject go, Mr. Higgins included."

He admits that poisons do harm when given ignorantly; and also admits that the science of medicine, as a curative agent, is a "profound mystery," and confesses that he does not know any good of it; and from his standpoint judges me, while I claim that I do understand "the application of medicine as a curative agent" is in each and every case, when administered to cure the sick, a positive injury to the patient; and I claim that no person can administer poison, except ignorantly. Mr. Marshall assumes that poisons are good when not given indiscriminately and ignorantly; but he failed to tell us how to use them except ignorantly. He further says: "But to say that medicines do not act on the human system, seems to be about as absurd as to say that fire does not act on fuel when it is being consumed."

The general reader would understand him to mean, by this analogy, that medicine consumes or destroys the body. The precise conclusion to which I would have him come. I have endeavored to show: that if poisons were not usable, they were a burden and exhausted the inherent vitality of the patient, in throwing them out or resisting them. Again, he says that "if medicine does not act upon the system, chemically or otherwise, he does not see what sets the system at work to expel it." He asks: "Does not dead matter act on dead matter?" etc. The answer to this question, I think, will be sufficient to enlighten him.

I thought I fully explained in a former article, that "dead things combine with dead things "this is chemistry. Alkali and grease will combine and form soap; decompose soap, and you get alkall and grease. Therefore, chemistry is the accretion and separation of particles of dead matter. Nothing like this happens in the domain of organic life. Food, when taken into the stomach, does not combine with it and form an entirely new substance; if so, there would be no longer any stomach. Food does not act upon the stomach any more than a stone or a piece of brick would. Yet Mr. Marshall would not contend that because the stomach rejected the stone or brick, that either of them were active? Living matter acts upon dead matter, whether introduced into the stomach in the form of food, medicine, stones or bricks. This is what I call vitality. Living matter acts on and transforms usable substances, such as food, drink, etc., into its own substance. This is physiology. Living matter resists and expels poisons and other substances, whether in the form of chloroform, alcohol, mercury, stone or brick. This is pathology. And it is for want of a proper understanding of these distinctions, and the muddle that Mr. Marshall and others get into about dead matter setting the living body in motion, when it is always in constant motion as long as there is life-that he and they do not comprehend, at a glance, the simple truth of the statements to which he has interposed objections.

I would here return my thanks to him for thus asking an explanation, for I doubt not that there are many other readers of the Banner who needed a more extended explanation of what I had writ-Fraternally,

Soul Affinity.

A. J. HIGGINS, M. D.

, Mr. EDITOR-My friend, Mr. Austin Kent, in your paper of November the eleventh, asks if Dr. Child will explain a certain assertion, made in a little book called "Soul Affinity," viz: "Every man and every woman born on earth has a counterpart born at the same time in spirit-at birth and forever after, the two are inseparably united. It is the destiny of one to range through the experiences and conflicts of matter, unconscious of the blending-the other, to ever exist in spirit, holding its counterpart attracted to its spirit-home. This union is as inseparable as the warp and woof of life eternal. God himself makes the union, and the long eras of immortality cannot dissolve it."

This assertion, my friend claims, is not true. He says: "I here testify from intuition that there is no such soul born in the spirit-world." "I see the laws and principles which make this statement of Dr, Child mentally and morally impossible. I can give these laws-so can give proof of my negative proposition." He says also: "I will ask the Doctor to define soul affinity?" This language cannot do.

He further asks: "Is soul affinity simply all of the amative, or is it all of all the faculties?" It is not of the amative, nor is it of any of our earthly faculties. It is entirely of the senses of the soul not of the senses of the flesh.

In no ungenerous or disputing way do I desire to oppose a thought or an utterance of my friend, for in the wide, vast universe there is room enough and a place for every thought and every utterance, of every one; and every thought and every utterance is true to the spiritual world of causes that gave each thought and utterance existence. So what my friend says is true for him, is true to his sight, to his condition, is true to the spiritual causes of his own being that makes his thoughts and his utterances. And what another may think and say, however different it may be, is also true to the real spiritual world that causes and produces his thoughts and words. In the spiritual world of causes, alone shall be recognized the standard of truth, for all to accept without disagreement.

What is seen by spiritual eyes needs no proof And if the objects of spirit sight were proven to exist, the proof would be furtile for conviction to

and if given would only be given to be contradicted.

The idea thrown out in the little book referred to, called Soul Affinity, is new and startling, and cannot divine. is thus as fully explained as permitted. Any idea that is new must, of necessity, if it be really new, meet contradiction. The revelation is a reality that every one hopes is true; but none but those who see it with the senses of the soul can affirm its truth, or can positively accept it. This little book referred to is but the preface of a volume I hope to put forth ere long, resting upon the basis of invisible attractions that positively govern both worlds, the spiritual and the physical. A. B. C.

Visible Speech.

A gentleman of Edinburgh, Melville Bell, after twenty years' study has prepared a means of writing sounds so as to be universally legible, i. e., of expressing sounds to the eye with the same pre-cision as the mouth conveys them to the ear. This method has been tested by a professor of modern language, in Paris and of Persian in Edinburgh. The British Standard says the Paris professor tested the applicability of this system of Phonetic symbols to represent the peculiar sounds of the French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese languages. The writing was decludered with variance correct. writing was deciphered with vernacular correct-ness by readers who were not present when the ness by readers who were not present when the words were written. The Persian professor selected some of the most difficult words in Hindu, Urde, and Persian—consisting of gutterals, dentals, and labials. Words which require long practice by students of the oriental languages, and by hearing them uttered by nations of the East. After Mr. Bell had symbolized these selected words on paper, he called in his two soms who had been in a separate room and asked them to read out the words. They were words, the Professor was sure, the youth could never have heard. But to the astonishment of the Professor, the young men sounded them out most accurately, and just as one hears from natives of India.

The above article, Mr. Editor, entitled "Visible Speech." I clipped from a late paper, thinking it might interest some of your readers who would not see it elsewhere. Besides, I should like to know if it is anything like the Universal Language" or "Alphabet" (I have not the papers for reference.) mentioned in Mr. Allen's letters published in late numbers of the Banner.

I had hoped Mr. Allen's articles would elicit ome response from other correspondents, that we might learn more of it; we still hope and wait. We are not blest with psychometric power to enable us to judge of Mr. Allen's claims to the mediumship of so important a work, but the interest and earnestness he manifests in it is certainly commendable, and we think the subject worthy of attention, and that he needs the sympathy and encouragement of those who can appreciate his

That a "Universal Language" would greatly facilitate the acquisition of knowledge, as well as the progress of civilization, none can deny; and that this will be one of the discoveries of science that will bless the world in coming years, is not at all improbable. Much, very much might be said in favor of this, and also in favor of the Phon. etic system now in use. But I will leave the subject for the discussion of those better able to do it justice than I am; hoping to get some light thereby, for I am, sure it will ere long engage the attention of all progressive minds.

A Note from a Poct.

In the Banner of Light dated Oct. 15th, which I have but just now received from my father's home up among the New Hampshire hills, where it tarries each week ere it takes its westward flight for mine—in your paper of that date I find a poem purporting to have been written for the Banner of Light, with my name affixed, and bearing for its title that beautiful and most sacred word, Heaven. In the summer of 1858 I wrote a poem for the Spiritual Age bearing this name, which appeared in that paper at that time. The only original conv of this which I possess has been buried for years in the depths of my portfolio, among sister poems and mementos and trinkets, and such little precious things, to be gazed at, perhaps, through a mist of tender tears when she who penned its lines shall have reached that happy country where there is never any crying, that glad realm whose glories and beauties, whose loves and blisses she could never weave into a mortal song.

Believe me, Mr. Editor, had the thoughts embodied in this later poem been arrayed in their own and native carb. I should have felt honored by their reappearance upon the folds of the Banner, whose weekly visits we have welcomed (my father and I) ever since its natal-day. Among its readers I number many true friends; and among its contributors I find the names of some whom I cannot make strangers, although the veil of destiny has hidden their forms from my sight. Hidden them? Nay: for in that sweet, weird region which the soul ranges when we shut behind us the daylight-door, in the beautiful Land of Dreams, I have met them all. Once in my wanderings there, I found, on the shore of a prairie sea, a cottage made of the weaving together of flowers, and upon its threshold I clasped the hand of one who had "come up through much tribulation," It was the hand of Cora Wilburn. And away, far away beyond the billows of the emerald sea, and beneath a bluer sky, I saw again a temple, lofty and grand, inlaid with rare gems and pearls of great price; and entering its courts with the gathering throng, I heard the voice of one in whose presence but few can stand and say, "To me has een given the ten talents, but only the five to thee." It was the voice of Emma Hardinge. And once again, journeying in the Mystic Land, I beheld a ladder, studded with stars, whose summit pierced the sky, and down over its spangled rounds came the wise and noble, the great and good, who had ever made the earth their abidingplace. And between them and the multitude be low stood the form of one waiting to do their high and holy bidding. It was the form of Lizzic Doten. And yet again, turning my gaze toward the sunset, I saw in the distance a city, that I knew was and condition of human life, for their progress and called the City of Sin; for, like a white cloud, unfoldment into Truth, Light, Wisdom and Love.

Third—That "life, liberty and the pursuit of hapabove its turrets and towers hovered a company of those angels whom the Father sends to his weak and tempted, his sin-defiled and unclean. Speeding on toward its gates I passed within, and found one who had descended. In the distance she had seemed encircled by flowers; but apcrown were the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me." They clustered about her-those little ones-some with faces pure and sweet and joyous, only asking her blessing, and some with faces oh! so wan and wasted and pinched with a long famine, a famine for kindness, and sympathy, and affection. And these pressed close to her side, and clung to her garments, whose whiteness they could not defile. Then, by the high resolve they could not defile. Then, by the high resolve to do the will of Him who had sent her which shone in her eye, and by the tender compassion which beamed therefrom and overspread them all like a glory, I knew her name. And the name I knew was Love.

are not designed for and cannot behold soul things, it is a trick of theirs-and so I will only say what I meant but to have said at the beginning, that this little poem is but a half-forgotten memory of the original, and has been sent to you by whom I

Yours in the love of the true, KATE E. P. HILL. New York City, Oct. 29, 1864.

[We reprint the beautiful poem above alluded to in its original form, as an act of justice to the author. The other version was copied and sent to us as original; but we cannot see what object the copyist had in making so many alterations as to mar its original beauty and still give the real author credit for the poem. We doubt not our readers will be glad of the opportunity to reperuse this gem.]—Ed. BANNER.

HEAVEN.

BY KATE E. P. HILL.

I would sing you a song of Heaven, If my soul could chant the hymu; would sing of its skies, whose gorgeous dyes Would make our own grow dim.

I would sing of its mountains, bathed in light That never will fade away; Of the murmuring breeze, through whispering trees That never will know decay;

Of glorious birds, that trill strange words-With a mystery in their flow—
'Till the scented airs grow holy with prayers
That only they can know.

would sing of its lakes, for the lilies' sakes-The purest that God has given— Of all the flowers which we call ours— How white they must be inalleaven!

I would sing to you of its violet blue, That watches the loving sky; But droops its head when it hears the tread Of an angel footstop nigh.

I would sing of Love, in that land above, 'Till I could not hush the strain— Of its perfect bliss, 'till the joys of this Would shrink to immortal pain.

But my soul is mute, like a tuncless lute That has been forsaken long; Its pulses thrill, but its voice is still, And I cannot sing the song.

Sweet land! I have dreamed of thee When the summer moonlight fell In silver showers on the nestling flowers, Asleep in the greenwood dell.

And I have woke-when the vision broke-With a sob on heart and brain,
That I should stray from that shining way,
Back to the world again.

But I know I shall see thee more, sweet land, When these fitful hours are fled; When the flowers lie low where they used to blow, And the sky in the west grows red.

shall steer my bark where the waves roll dark; I shall cross a stranger sea; But I know I shall land on thy bright strand, Where my loved ones wait for me.

There are faces there, divinely fair, That the earth lost long ago; And foreheads white, where curls lay bright, Like sunbeams over snow.

And there are eyes like thine own blue skies— Eyes I have seen before, Will grow as bright as the stars of night, When I near the welcome shore.

There are little feet I loved to meet, When the world was sweet to me, know will bound when the rippling sound Of my boat comes o'er the sea.

I shall see them stand on the gleaming sand, With their white arms o'er the tide, Waiting to twine their hands in mine, When I reach the further side. Sweet land! I have dreamed of thee,

When the summer moonlight fell, In silver showers, on the nestling flowers, Asleep in the greenwood dell. And I know I shall see thee once again,

When life's fitful hours have fled; When the flowers lie low where they used to blow, And the sky in the west grows red.

> For the Ranner of Light SPIRITUAL ORGANIZATION.

The National Convention of Spiritualists assembled at Chicago, Ill., August, 1864, passed a resolution recommending the "Friends of Progress and Reform of each and every locality," to establish local Organizations, etc.

Enclosed herein, is a copy of an Organization adopted by the Society of Spiritualists of the city of Waukegan, in the State of Illinois, on the 17th day of April, 1864, except the word " Church," and

some slight additions since made. The Declaration of Principles, and Form of Organization were given through the mediumship of Amos S. Waterman, Esq., of said city. The form of Organization and teachings in regard thereto, were in part given in visions, some of which have been written.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

Be it known, that the Spiritual Dispensation of this nineteenth contury is destined to exert its in-fluence upon the Civil and Religious Institutions of the present and future ages; and

Whereas—To the present, no well defined Declaration of Principles or Organization has been revealed, and that all people, or class of people, who demand the attention of mankind, and challenge the faith and philosophy of ages, ought, not only to be able to present valid reasons and measures therefor, but also to present clear and definite principles and reasons for their own system. Therefore, in our Light from Inspiration, Wisdom and Love, we proclaim the following Declara-

tion of Principles: First-That there is but one God, who is the Fa ther, Formator and Creator of the human family of all worlds, and the things therein contained; the laws that control and govern all things. That he is the great first cause; the Alpha and Omega the great I Am; the Unity of Truth; Light, Wisdom

and Love.

Second—As we are all children of our Heavenly Father, hence brothers and sisters, and joint heirs of divine inheritance, it is our duty to extend brotherly and fraternal care, love and charity toward all our brothers and sisters, of every color, grade piness," are inclienable rights, inherited from our Heavenly Father.

Fourth—Freedom of speech, and freedom of the press, (unabused) are individual and political rights, never to be uncharitably used toward any

of the human family, or our country.

Fifth—That the broadest and most literal signiproaching, I found they were the forms of little fication of individual thought and investigation, children, and the jewels which sparkled in her intuition and inspiration, aspiration and commun-crown were the words, "Inasmuch as yo have ion with departed spirits, who have passed on to the spirit-world, or higher life; to worship and commune with God, are inalienable rights, inher-ent in man, from our Heavenly Father, and should be sacrelly cherished, and inviolably transmitted to all succeeding generations of men. Sixth—That earth is the rudimental plane of

man's existence, hence his political and religious institutions are alike rudimental and imperfect. progressed condition on the higher planes of the celestial, or spirit-life. Therefore, gently chideour erring brother or sister, but judge not; ever devoutly seeking "more Light," Truth, Wisdom and Love.

Seventh-That modern Spiritualism is a religion mete was LOVE. which brings positive evidence of man's immor-But my thoughts have run away with my pen—tality, or eternal existence and progression. That

his progression begins on the terrestrial, and conhis progression begins on the terrestrial, and continues in the celestial planes of his existence; or, on earth, and thus on through the cycles of his spirit-life in the spirit-spheres. That the evidences and proofs which it brings of these truths are incontrovertible, as they appeal to all the senses and inspirations of man.

That the angels, or departed spirits, who have passed on to the spirit-world, or higher life, ever have, do now, and (we believe) ever will, (under favorable conditions) communicate with man, while in the flesh, or external form.

while in the flesh, or external form.

That evidences and proofs of these truths, are many, very many times more numerous, diversified, and unmistakably certain, than in any previous, or historic age known to man.

vious, or historic age known to man.

That the Communications, Revelations, and Prophecies, made to the ancient worthies, and Prophets, viz: Moses, Noah, Isalah, Daniel, and others, are not sustained and confirmed, to the inhabitants of this age, by as many diversified and unmistakable proofs, and witnesses, as are modern Communications, Revelations, Inspirations, and Prophecies.

That the Communications and Provided

That the Communications and Revelations, given in those ancient times, to those peoples, through their worthles, Prophets, or Mediums, were conditioned, and adapted to their age, condition and unfoldment, and not for the present age, or even the Christian age or era which suc-ceeded and mostly supplanted them.

That the Communications, Inspirations, Revo-lations and Prophecies in the age of the gentle Nazarene, or Jesus of Nazareth, his apostles and

others, are not to this ago; or, historically, as numerous, diversified and incontrovertable as those of this Nineteenth Century.

Eighth—That Science and Philosophy, divorced from Religion, is atheistic, and leads to finalicism, ignorance, superstition, bigotry and intolerance. That the time has gone to recognize their extend. That the time has come to recognize their eternal

unity.
That the ignorant and superstitious efforts to separate them in the past ages, was only fruitful in deluging the world in human blood.

That Modern Spiritualism teaches the eternal unity of Science, Philosophy and Religion, and the Divine Harmony of man with Nature, and

Mature's God.
That Modern Spiritualism challenges a fair and

That Modern Spiritualism challenges a fair and unbiased investigation by all the children of earth, especially of the Christian world.

That the differences in the teachings of Ancient and Modern Spiritualism in regard to the Oreation of the world, the fall of man, the future estate or condition of the spirit of man; the antagonistic principle, individual Devil, the resurrection of the physical body, salvation through faith, or the death of God, or Jesus—one of the Holy Trinity—and other discrepancies, or dogmas, tend to weaken the efficiency of the Christian tend to weaken the efficiency of the Christian doctrines in spiritualizing mankind, and preparing the way for the Spiritual Church of the Universal God.

That all discrepancies between the Christian

and Spiritual dispensations, not antagonistic to Science, Philosophy, and Religion—Nature and Nature's God—ought to be reconciled in the true

Nature's God—ought to be reconciled in the true spirit of Light, or Science, Philosophy, Inspiration and Christ-like charity.

Ninth—That the Spirit of man, the Immortal, the Divine Essence, is from God, is of God, and returns to God who gave it.

That the physical, the earthly body, is of the earth, and returns again to earth. That the spirit body, or soul, is the outgrowth, and result of the material body, and resembles it in its external form, and individualizes the Immortal Spirit in its onward progress to its Father God.

Spirit in its onward progress to its Father God.

That the Apotheosis termed death, is but a change of conditions-a birth from a lower to a higher condition. From the Mortal to the Inmortal. From the Terrestrial to the Celestial plane of

existence. That man's condition upon his birth into the Celestial, or spirit-world, will be in accordance with his individual progress, and unfoldment into the Divine attributes of Truth, Light, Wisdom and Love, and not from, or by virtue of the life, sufferings, death or crucifixion, merit or demerit, of

any other being, human or divine Tenth-That Nature's method is Divine Benefi-

That only in a knowledge of, and compliance with her unering laws and behests, can mankind hope to attain unto the fullness of Manhood and Womanhood. The perfect Man and perfect Woman. That man's status, or conditions at his entrance upon the terrestial plane of his existence, is de-pendent upon the conditions of his birth, his education, and the circumstances that surround him, That his status, or condition at his second birth, or entrance into the celestial plane of his exist-ence, is in accordance with the progress he made in his earth-life, and his aspirations and unfoldment into the Divine attributes of his heavenly

That Nature unmistakably and unerringly points to man and woman's physical, mental and spiritual perfection and purity. And equally so to the more imponderable elements of his physical and spirit-

nal nature, commonly known as magnetisms. ual nature, commonly known as magnetisms.

That one man and one woman, pure, undefiled, and exalted to the full stature of manhood and womanhood—Light and Truth, Positives and Negatives, Wisdom and Love—constitutes the perfect creative energies of the Divine Beneficence.

That any digression from Nature's laws—the Divine Beneficence—tends only to perversions: disease, idiocy, lunacy, hybreds, and the degeneracy of the hymne family: that the Divine Beneficence.

racy of the human family; that the Divine Benefi-cence is Unity. The result, or created, is Trinity, and may be defined; Father, Mother, Child, God, Nature, Man. or the Holy Divinity.

Eleventh—That all Civil and Religious Institu-

tions inaugurated for man, ought to derive their governmental powers from the free and enlightened consent of the governed.

ened consent of the governed.

That the just objects of Civil Governments are the security of property and of human life, of National and Individual rights, and to secure Universal Freedom to mankind.

That all Civil and Religious Institutions ought to be conducive to the perfect unfoldment of the Physical, Mental, Social and Spiritual—the Indi-

vidual Selfhood of the human family That Capital and Labor should hold their just relations to each other. That those selected to administer the government should be agents of those who select them, and not their masters. That when the agent ceases to answer the objects of his official position, that those who conferred that position have the right to take it again into their own hands, and retain or confer it upon another more worthy.

That all are entitled to equal Rights, Liberty

and Justice (excepting restraints for criminal of-That man should do unto others as he would have others do unto him.
That we should love our neighbors as ourselves.

That we should render good for evil;
That we should seek to promote the highest good of mankind. good of manking.
That we should deal by others as we would have
God deal by us.
That we should individualize and perfect the

human system.

That we should acquire, enlarge and expand the mind and intellect

That we should beautify and purify the soul.

That we should beautify, purify, harmonize and individualize the body, soul and spiritual self-hood; that we may be unfolded into our fullness. of the divine attributes of Truth, Light, Wisdom and Love. That our days on earth may be as blessed as the angels in heaven. That we may be fit companions of the great and good of earth, and now exalted and heatified angels and arch-angels in our Heavenly Father's mansions, pre-

pared for the good and exalted of the children of men from all earths in the vast universe of God.

Thelyth—That no Articles of Faith, Confessions, Creeds or Dogmas, shall over be admitted as con-ditions of membership into the Spiritual Church.

That any member may withdraw his or her name therefrom at their pleasure. That all persons of well ordered life, who sincerely and devoutly aspire unto the Divine attri-butes of Truth, Light, Wisdom and Love, are, and of right ought to be, members of the Spiritual

Love is the weapon which Omnipotence reserved to conquer rebel men, when all else had failed. Reason he parries; fear he answers blow to blow: but love-that sun against whose melting beams winter cannot stand—that soft, subduing slumber which wrestles with the giant-there is not one human creature in a million, not a thousand men in all earth's large quintillion, whose clay heart is hardened against love.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LATE JUDGE TALLMADGE.

BY PROP. S. B. BRITTAN.

(Continued from our last.)

In the spring of 1854 the present writer having prepared a MEMORIAL, addressed to the members of the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled, Governor Tallmadge was the first to sign the same, heading the list of thirteen thousand names. The document, which was two hundred feet long, backed with canvas, bound and mounted on a cylinder-for the sake of convenience and preservation - was submitted by General Shields to the Senate. That the Governor took a special interest in this presentation of the claims of the spiritual phenomena will be inferred from the following, which is extracted from his Appendix to "THE HEALING OF THE NA-

"This Memorial, though laid upon the table, is nevertheless preserved in the National Archives—and there it will remain as long as free government and free principles are recognized among men. In less time than has elapsed since the Declaration of Independence, which proclaimed the freedom of man's political rights, this Memorial will be regarded with even greater interest, as proclaiming the mental freedom of the human race."

It was in the autumn of the same year that the Governor prepared his elaborate Introduction and Amendix to the "Healing of the Nations," in which he asserted and defended the just claims of Spiritualism in a most earnest and convincing manner. The book, which is a large octavo, was published in the Spring of the ensuing year (1855). The Governor's authentication of the transmundane portions of the work is clear and forcible, whilst his own contributions to its pages plainly prove that, ten years since the native vigor of his mind was in no degree impaired. The modification of his theological opinions had resulted from no relaxation of his mental powers. Moreover his faith in the life-to come had acquired new strength from the facts of a living experience. With the amiability of a cultivated and truly Christian gentleman, and a charity that was genial as summer sunshine, he still combined the fearless spirit and manly independence which so strongly characterized his political career. After discussing the general subject at length, and with admirable method, he thus concludes:

"Such is the spirit with which the friends of truth have embarked in this great cause. They are not to be deterred by the denunciations of the press, the fulminations of the pulpit, nor even by the bulls from the Vatian. They claim for themselves liberty of thought, liberty of conscience, liberty of thought, and liberty of conscience, liberty of speech, and liberty of action. They are men who know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain them."

When Spiritualism serves to develop the normal capabilities of the mind; to purify the natural, affections; to rationalize our views of Religion, Nature and God; and to quicken the soul's aspirations after a higher life, it exerts its legitimate influence and at once ennobles the whole character. The case of our eminent friend presented an illustration of its hanniest consequences. He was thus enabled to solve the grand problem of existence and to realize its profound significance. A rational reverence and a hope full of immortality, chastened every human passion and affection, thus rendering his daily life more simple, natural and beautiful. For him, at least, the whole creation was invested with new and imperishable charms. It was emphatically a resurrection out of "the valley and shadow of death" into new light, liberty and life. Spiritualism was a messenger of mercy to lead the willing soul away from scenes of bitter strife-where the passions hold their perpetual saturnalia, and the land is rendered barren and desolate-up into the white fields, where Angels are the reapers, and the 'Harvest Home" is heard in Heaven.

Late in the autumn of 1856 the writer, by special invitation, visited the Governor at his "Forest Home" in Wisconsin. The Gothic cottage, in the midst of a large Park, surrounded by native groves of oak and hickory, is associated with golden memories. Its surroundings were every way attractive, whilst peace and a truly generous hospitality presided within. During the week spent in that delightful retreat we had much familiar intercourse. Our friend regarded temporal possessions and worldly honors as altogether beneath the great realities of the immortal life and world. Hence he looked forward to his own departure with a calm satisfaction that often found expression in words. Indeed, every allusion to the anticipated change indicated that his hopes were firmly anchored, and that no event could disturb the deep serenity of his spirit. This may be illustrated by a little incident. One day a visitor, who was viewing the Governor's domain, remarked to him that "the man who possessed such a home ought to live forever to enjoy it." "O," said the Governor, "I have no idea of remaining here; I am only preparing this for some one else who has no better situation." Then looking up to the clear sky, he continued, "I understand that up there, where I am going, they have much finer places than this."

For several years the health of Governor Tallmadge had been seriously impaired; and in July last he sent a messenger to the writer to request a personal interview at his late residence in Cornwall, where his wife still resides. He was able to walk about and to converse, but was feeble in body and his memory somewhat obscured. His mind was in shadow. It was not like the deep eclipse that hides the sun; it rather resembled the fleeting images of broken clouds, floating in the natural atmosphere. The intellectual light still shone through and occasionally, for a moment the original lustre seemed to be only softened and subdued like the light of the autumn sun, seen through the gathering mists of evening, or the veil of the Indian Summer.

Having retired to a private apartment, the Governor, with great composure informed me that his career was about to terminate-that he had completed his mission on earth and expected to receive his passport with little delay-how soon he was not permitted to know. A placid smile illuminated his features. It was like the glory of the departing day, when its fading splendors are poured through the windows of some classic and venerable ruin, consecrated by time and the offices of religion. His special interest in seeing me prior to his departure was made manifest when he consigned to my keeping the materials for a large volume, embracing his life and times, and comprehending numerous interesting incidents and reminiscences illustrating the public and private characters of many distinguished persons.

I spent one day and two nights with the Governor. When the hour arrived for the termination of our interview he took me cordially by the hand, and pointing heavenward, said with impressive emphasis, "We shall meet up there." In reply to my remark, that we might yet enjoy another conference on earth, he added, "That is doubtful; but that we shall meet again is cortain." The writer returned to New York, and the Governor soon went West to visit his relatives. There was truth in his impression. We were privileged | ser and divinity.

to meet no more in the flesh; but it is yet left to the living to reverently cherish his memory, and to wait for the fulfillment of his prophecy when we shall meet in the solrit.

While the active periods in the life of Governor Tallmadge were wisely occupied, it is no less apparent that he finished his career in a manner that does no violence to the order of Nature. To spend the concluding period of human existence in the pursuit of wealth, and power, and fame, does not accord with any just conception of the responsibilities of life. Moreover, a sudden departure from the busy scenes and dusty highways of the world is abrupt and unseemly. Our friend had finished the battle of life and achieved its victory. He found opportunity to quietly lay aside the polished weapons of his warfare, to compose his mind, and to arrange the preliminaries for his journey in a becoming manner. The last years of his life were appropriately employed in communion with Nature, and in devout and grateful contemplations. The particular hour that witnessed his departure was suggestive. The shadows of night were passing away; the morning star paled in the orient, when, calmly—in the sev entieth year of his age-he rose from his couch put on the robes of Immortality, and walked forth to behold the rising of the "sun that shall no more go down."

The ashes of our honored friend repose beneath the sylvan shades of RIENZI, near Fond du Lac. Wisconsin; but the spirit is free and confined to no local habitation. Wherever the glory of God is most displayed, even there the affinities of a noble nature may choose its dwelling place.

Letter from Washington.

MR. EDITOR-The receipt of the ever-welcome and, I trust, ever to-be-waving Banner, causes me to lay aside everything else, not excepting business, and to indulge in a careful inspection of its printed folds. And one of the immediate effects of this overhauling is a prompting to send you a few more epistolary lines from this place-which, of course, you are not obliged to let your readers know anything about, without you think they contain matters of public interest to them.

At present our society is publicly administered to by lady Francis Lord Bond. Having been favorably noticed by the spiritual and secular press, whenever she has appeared, she is too well known to your numerous readers for me to say further respecting her than that, coming among us as she did, personally a stranger to all, she has made and leaves behind her many warm friends here. who will ever wish her God-speed on her destined way. Her discourses, written under influence, are delivered in a perfectly normal state. With a commanding presence, clear and flexible voice, fluent speech, apparantly free from platform restraints, etc., she deals the most telling and trenchant blows at popular Orthodoxy, which I judge many of her hearers-at least in this city-ever publicly heard. Indeed, this seems to be her missioned work, and for which, by all her school and home instructions, her associations, social relations, persecutions, clerical connections, etc., she is peculiarly fitted.

While some of her auditory are not yet prepared to accept her progressive, theological teachings -not unfrequently taking exceptions theretothey find no little difficulty, as some have learned to their cost, trying to controvert them. In public and in private, a lady in the truest and best sense of the word, she is doing a needed work, and doing it effectively and effectually. May she ever feel the sustaining power of the angel hosts in all her journeyings.

Mr. Colchester has lately returned to the city, and is again astonishing crowds of callers with his peculiar and wonderful powers. Professionally he has all he can conveniently attend to, besides being often called upon to give private scances at the residences of our most distinguished families everywhere meeting with surprising success. At an evening party, recently, I saw his powers put to a severe test. As each one present offered him written questions, he would seize the different bits of paper, throw them over his shoulder on to immediately write or speak out t answers which invariably proved correct. He also read a private letter for Mrs. Bond, and finally concluded by one of the most exceedingly novel, convincing and satisfactory tests, given to the only sceptical lady present, which the company generally declared they never saw excelled.

Interest in the phenomenal facts of Spiritualism remains unabated, or rather, more strictly speakng, is largely on the increase; and it is not, as heretofore, confined solely to the curiosity hunter. heard this week one of the most scientific men connected with a neighboring college affirm that he has been for months quietly and closely examining one branch of this subject, and is still pursuing his studies with growing interest and zeal. I trust he will give to the public the benefit and result of his valuable investigations. Ever and anon I hear of public and private representative men in this vicinity, high in social, civil and military life, who are seeking to practically know from whence the source of this mysterious power and intelligence. Deeper and faster than we really are aware is the cause gaining ground. The heads, hearts and consciences of the people are being quickened as never before. We labor and await a general baptism—a down pouring and out pouring of the spirit—a universal pentecostal descent of divine grace and power.

I understand that several mediums are think ing of making Washington their headquarters for the winter season, to labor among us professionally. Let them come. There is work and room for all. The present winter is to be a memorable one in other respects than the political. Let Spiritualists be prepared for every emergency.

The latest political rumors are that Gen. Banks is to be our next Secretary of War; Mr. Stanton to be elevated to the United States' Supreme Bench, in place of late Judge Taney; Mr. Robert . Walker to succeed Mr. Fessenden as Secretary of the Treasury; Admiral Farragut to relieve Mr. Welles as Secretary of the Navy; Messrs. Seward and Gov. Dennison, the only members of the Cabinet who will be likely to continue in their respective positions. We shall see. G. A. B.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 24th, 1864.

Still in the Form. The impression seems to prevail in many parts of the country, that Mrs. Mary Bradbury, of this city, who for the last thirteen years has had an extensive reputation as a healing medium, has ended her mission on earth, and gone to her reyard in the spirit-world. For the information of the suffering, and particularly of those who have written letters of condolence to her worthy husband, I would say that Mrs. D. is still an earthly medium, through whom the "old doctor" con-tinues to exercise his medical skill in relieving the afflicted. The report of her demise probably originated from an accident to a railroad train, or originated from an accident to a rantoac train, on which she was a passenger. Long may it be ere her work of benevolence on earth is ended, is the earnest prayer of one of the multitude who have been benefited through her mediumship. A. B. Rockford, Ill., Nov. 28, 1864.

Egotism is a mere burning of personal incense, in which the egotist is at once altar, priest, cen-

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON BOAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENG. KBEPS FOR BALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the

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For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY, - -Spiritual is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duites, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine inspiration in Man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universa; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Maqazine.

The Kingdom of Ideas.

It is charged upon the people of New England that they boast unduly, because they both claim and demonstrate that theirs is the chosen locality where ideas originate for the continent. It may be that outsiders imagine we boast, in this latitude, in the mero act of asserting and defending the ideas to which we are wedded. Our positiveness may furnish the only ground for the suspicion; and where there is more or less activity of thought, anybody must know that there is more or less of accompanying positiveness of expression, amounting in many cases to downright dogmat-

Dr. Holmes-or Professor Holmes, as many prefer to style him-recently pronounced a lectureand an excellent one it was, too-before the "Fraternity" of this city, in Music Hall, his theme being "New England's Master Key." He took up the charge of New England conceit—a charge so often and so readily flung at her-and examined it in all its parts and qualities; showing incontestably that it is a fact that this section of the country is the seat of ideas, and from necessity, or the natural operation of established laws. Under the skillful dissection of the lecturer, it was made to appear that the reason why New England influence, in literature, in morals, in divinity, in art, and in the habits of general thinking was so pronounced and positive as it is, is because there are more men and women in New England than in any other part of the country, who make cortain fields of thought a special study, pursuing it through the length of their lives, and exhausting all that can be gained from any source upon their chosen topic. By this course, in the lapse of years, a distinct class of persons, who are called for distinction's sake intellectual persons, has been steadily growing up in New England, and especially in Boston, which is the capital of New England—and a body of knowledge, scientifically arranged and thoroughly digested, has been collected on almost every known subject of thought, which class and which body it is impossible to find for the looking, in any other part of the coun-

It is true, as Dr. Holmes says, that the other States and cities can have these very same things whenever they determine to have them; but for the present they are more given to the making and spending of money, and the people of New England are more settled than those of any other section of the country. New York and Chicago are devoted to the acquisition, and of course the display of material wealth alone; as for the collection and comparison of abstract ideas, they care little or nothing about them, in the capacity of cities, nor will they do so until the present stimulus for mere money-getting shall have lost some measure of its power. They can do what Boston is doing, when they choose; but they certainly have no cause to find fault because they in reply. It explains itself: are not now what Boston is, and something besides.

Nowhere on this continent, said Dr. Holmes, has "intellectual specialization" been carried so far as in New England, and especially in its capital. And this, he added, was the real explanation of the position of New England in our civilization, and the jealousy with which she is regarded in certain quarters. He said, with profound truth, that the least favorable condition of a province, or town, for full and varied development of the highest human faculties, is one where a single money-making employment absorbs most of the energies of its people. If Shakspeare had been born in Newcastle, it is not unlikely that he might have became a coal dealer instead of an actor. Cincinnati and Chicago, San Francisco and New York are too much absorbed in money-getting and money-spending to expect that they will rival Boston in the variety of its mental products. Boston-said the lecturer-is a place of individual, specialized development, and people cannot long and eagerly pursue different "notions," or ideas—mental, moral, intellectual, political, philanthrophical—without learning a good deal about

How to answer the attacks of the jealous ones and the carpers, troubles many persons; but no such difficulty suggests itself to our mind. It is as Dr. Holmes says: one way is to make more and better books, to specialize our study more and more, and thus to maintain that position in the world of intelligence which makes envy and detraction more than ever idle and contemptible. Another way is, to colonize the less favored portion of the land with scholars and thinkers. The great question of government, added he, which the old world has failed to answer is—Are men the friends of man, or are they his enemies?

A New York journal has just taken up the question of New England's powerful influence over the mind of the nation, and dippantly and sophistically combats the opinion of it which has taken so wide a hold on the faith of the people. It demands to know if the leading minds of New England are indeed so far in advance of the other minds of the country in respect of the liberal ideas which they entertain and advocate, how it is that proof of the fact is not shown in the creative ability of New England men-insisting that we are all scholars here, but none of us constructionists and creators. It admits freely enough that the men of New England are men of ideas and abstractions, of theory and analysis, of speculation and inquiry-but insists, and thinks it carries its whole point by insisting, that they are incapable of constructing constitutions and system, or setting up any of the practical machinery by which the affairs of the world are made to go forward. The very question of the would-be critic convicts him of the ignorance he does not realize. Men of ideas are not necessarily men of affairs, the world over. Thinkers are not organizers, nor are organizers by any means always thinkers. It is true now, and will be true always, that the man of ideas and inquiry is the leader of his race and time.

Mr. Chas. H. Foster's Senuces.

This well-known Test Medium is still with us. accomplishing a vast amount of good. All classes visit his rooms at No. 6 Suffolk place, and a maiority receive indubitable evidence of spirit-communion. He sits for manifestations at his rooms during the day, and on evenings frequently visits private residences, by invitation, to hold scances.

On a recent occasion he visited a private residence on Franklin square, and manifested to a select party of five persons, among whom was one of our most noted divines, who said he was pleased and instructed by what he saw. On this occasion we learn that the physical manifestations were of the most powerful description. A large sofa moved some distance from its usual location without contact of hands; a heavy table was lifted from the floor by the invisibles; a lady's pocket handkerchief was taken from her pocket, tied in cnots, and deposited in a corner of the room; and two of the party distinctly felt the hands of a spiritchild take hold of them. The skeptics present were perfectly satisfied that all these mysterious things vere done by some invisible agency of which they had not the slightest knowledge.

Daniel B. Hall, of Bucksport, Me., visited Mr. Foster's rooms a short time since. Having occasion to call on Mr. F. at that time, we were invited. to take a seat at the table. No sooner were we seated, than Mr. Foster said to the gentleman, whom he had never seen before: "Josiah Hall, a spirit, your father, is present, and wishes to shake hands with you."

The gentleman was then requested to privately write several questions on a slip of paper. He did so. The first was to his spirit-father, Josiah Hall and run as follows:" Did I do right in taking the child?" The paper was carefully folded several times, and then placed in the hand of the medium. After a few moments had clapsed, Mr. Foster said: In answer to the question, I would say that you have done perfectly right in taking the child. I impressed you to do so."

"Another spirit will corroborate the above," said Mr. Foster, "by giving his initials on my arm." Instantly the medium bared his arm, and there appeared upon it, in scarlet letters, "J. E. H."

Correct," said Mr. Hall; "he was a nephew of mine, and was killed at the battle before Petersburg. Va. In reference to the child. I will state that my wife saw a girl three-and-a-half years of age, at a friend's house in Boston, and expressed a desire to adopt it; consent was given, and I decided that we take it. It is a good test. The medium could n't have known anything about the transac-

Mr. Foster then said: "You have a bill in your pocket-book, sir, which I wish you to place in my hand."

Somewhat surprised at this novel procedure Mr. Hall hesitated, but finally drew his pocketbook, and took a receipt from it, and passed it over to Mr. Foster. Without unfolding it, the medium said:

"This bill is against A-H-L-, and is dated July 25, 1864. I give you this test to let you know I keep the run of your financial affairs. Your nephew, James E. Hall."

We opened the bill, and found the name and date there recorded precisely the same as given by the spirit.

Subsequently a spirit wrote through Mr. Foster's hand the name of "George F. Genn."

"Do you know any one by this name?" inquired Mr. F.

"Yes," replied Mr. Hall, "he was my wife's brother. It is a good test-perfectly correct."

Thus ended the scance, and the gentleman retired, well satisfied that he had not been "humbugged."

On another occasion a spirit manifested at the Banner of Light Circle, requesting one of our associates to send a note to a gentleman who keeps a store on Washington street, to the purport that he go to Mr. Foster's, as a spirit (giving his name) had something of importance to communicate. The note was accordingly sent to the gentleman's

Not long since, Mr. Foster was invited to hold a private scance at the residence of a wealthy gentleman in a neighboring city. There he met an English lady, on a visit to New England. She had never witnessed any of the Spiritual Phenomena, she said; had heard of them, but was a thorough skeptic. However, she was open to conviction, provided the evidence was sufficient.

The medium replied: "Please to write some spirit-friend's name, or think of one." The lady wrote several names, to which only "raps" were the response. Mr. Foster suggested that the spirits spell a name by aid of the alphabet. As soon as she commenced touching the letters with pencil, the medium remarked:

"I see a vision. I think it has something to do with what you wish to know. I behold a wreath of green and white, and within the wreath is the ace of a beautiful child. The name I see. It is Fidelia! Is that the name?"

The lady replied, "It is. I made a wreath just such as you have described, myself, and placed it upon the child's face after she was laid in the coffin. She passed away in China. Will the child state the disease of which it died?"

The answer was given, "Diptheria;" which was correct.

"Give me a description of the color of your eyes and hair," remarked the lady. The answer was given correctly.

"I see a spirit near you," said Mr. Foster, to the lady. "She says she is your mother, and will identify herself by making a drawing of a leaf. A Mother's Love' is written on the inside of the leaf, and her initials. You have in your wardrobe at home," continued the medium, "a handkerchief with an embroidered leaf upon it, and the words, 'A Mother's Love,' in the centre."

The statement made by Mr. Foster, the lady admitted to be true in every respect. Other tests quite as convincing, were given, when the scance closed, the lady expressing herself well satisfied

that.no.deception had been practiced. Such manifestations as we have but faintly outlined above, are daily given through Mr. Foster's instrumentality, and the instrumentality of other mediums, and yet the skeptical world stand alonf and in wondering astonishment ask, "Can it be so?-do spirits really return and manifest?" Investigate, carefully, honestly, and you will soon ascertain the truthfulness of the spiritual manifestations everywhere around you-in the palaces of the rich, and the hovels of the poor. Spirits of the departed do return and manifest, and give consolation to the bereaved in many a household of our land, to-day, where war's terrible scourge hath set its fatal seal. Your own dear ones, who have passed on, are waiting anxiously to receive you-knocking at the doors of your hearts for en- | success or not.

trance and recognition, and yet you spurn them from you. They weepingly retire, to patiently wait until the scales shall be lifted from your eyes; when you, too, in the coming time, shall bless the Father for the knowledge of the great truths inculcated by Spiritualism.

Answering Sealed Letters.

The Spirit Guides who control our Public Free Circles, signified through the Message Department of this paper some time since, that they were willing to allow their medium to be used, for a short time at the close of each circle, that spirits who were able to control might have the opportunity of answering questions propounded by their earth-friends by letters laid upon our table for that purpose.

These letters in consequence have rapidly accucumulated of late; and as they bear no address, the writers will not receive them. Hereafter all such letters must bear the name and place of residence of the parties sending them, and contain a sufficient number of red postage stamps to remunerate us for re-mailing them to the writers. Write the questions as briefly as possible, as necessarily only brief answers can be given, the spirit simply writing its answer upon the envelope.

Our spirit-friends desire it to be distinctly unlerstood that in no respect do they agree to warrant a correct reply. The matter is without and beyond their control. Therefore the writers must ake the chances of having their letters answered. If their spirit-friends have the power to controltheir letters will be answered and returned. If not, that ends the matter.

We are willing to aid our earth-friends and spirit-friends to the extent of our power to bridge the chasm between Life and Death; and as we know that, under certain conditions, the departed can return and manifest themselves to those whom they have left behind, so we are willing to be instrumental, in as far as we may be able, to aid them in doing so.

The Florida Case.

It is not generally thought, by the better informed journals of the country, that the affair of the Florida will result in any change in the friendly relation existing between this country and Brazil. It is admitted that the mode of the capture of the Florida pirate constituted an offence to the sovereignty of the Emperor of Brazil, but it clearly lies within both the power and province of our Government to make such representations of the whole case to the Emperor, as shall entirely satisfy him of our intention to do his government no injustice, and least of all an insult. We shall certainly do what is right in the premises, without being forced to do it, or having it pointed out to us; and any interference by a foreign power will be deemed an impertinence not easy to overlook.

Corn L. V. Hatch's Lectures.

In the afternoon and evening of Dec. 27, Lyceum Hall was crowded with the most intelligent people in our city, eager to hear what the spirits had to say on the Spiritual Philosophy which so largely engrosses the attention of the community at the present time. In the evening members of the audience handed in some dozen questions to be spoken upon. Each question was read and voted down by the audience, thus leaving the spirits to choose their own subject. The result was, the theme selected interested every one present. The speaker proceeded to give one of the very best lectures of the course, on "The Soul and its Possibilities." Mrs. Hatch speaks in the same hall next Sunday.

Church-goers' Excuses.

An exchange sets forth a terribly long list of excuses-all of them exceedingly illogical and shallow-which are regularly urged by those who pride themselves on being set down as "churchgoers," and who would think it an unpardonable address. Subsequently we received the following | sin, no doubt, to attend a spiritual meeting on Sun-C. H. CROWELL, Esq.—Dear Sir.: Your note of the 17th I received, informing me of a communication given at your Circle that r. m. desiring me to "go to Charles H. Foster's, this week." I went to see him, yesterday, and was well satisfied, as I received some most excellent tests. Thanking you for your kindness in sending me that note, I am, Very respectfully yours, Boston, Oct. 21, 1864. HARRY W. DYER.

Not long sizes Mr. Foster was instead to 1212. day. The excuses, many as they are, are a ridicu-

We find in Hall's Journal of Health a recipe for concocting not only a nourishing, but a stimulating beverage from beef, which is well calculated to take the place of articles heretofore used with not always an innocent effect upon invalid systems. It has been found that in cases of great exhaustion, attended with cerebral weakness, produced by severe labor or any other cause a preparation from beef may be used instead of brandy, which exerts an immediately stimulating influence upon the brain. The concection is an amber-colored liquid, of an agreeable flavor.

Incendiarism.

New York city has been thrown into a panic over the discovery that an attempt was made on the evening of Friday, Nov. 25th, to fire at least eight of the hotels at the same time, with the hope. evidently, of destroying the city. Gon. Dix has ssued an order requiring all refugees to register their names within twenty-four hours after their arrival, it being thought that the whole was a rebel plot. Several arrests have been made, and enough has transpired to show that a wide-spread conspiracy is in existence, having stupendous schemes of destruction for its object. This early discovery will probably bring it all to nought.

The "Boy Medium."

Mr. J. H. Randall informs us that he will be in this city on Monday, the 5th inst., with Henry B. Allen, the boy medium-through whom wonderful physical manifestations are given in the light-and will give scances as soon as a suitable room can be obtained, notice of which will be given in the morning and evening papers: We hope skeptics as well as believers will avail themselves of the opportunity to witness these manifestations.

Mercantile Library Lectures.

The Rev. W. H. Milburn delivered the second lecture before the Mercantile Library Association, in Music Hall, on Wednesday evening last, taking for his subject, "What a blind man saw in Europe." Previous to the lecture, Gilmore's Band gave a fine concert. Bayard Taylor delivers the third lecture of the course on the 14th.

Dr. N. Palmer, Magnetic Physician, located at No. 78 4th Avenue, New York City, is said: to have made many remarkable cures. One of our New York correspondents says the doctor is a reliable man, and worthy of public patronage.

Mr. J. V. Mansfield is located at 102 West 15th street, we understand. As we have heard nothing from the gentleman direct, we are unable to inform our readers whether he is meeting with

New Publications.

THE FRIEND OF PROGRESS. December, 1864. New York: C. M. Plamb & Co., 274 Canal

The second number of this new monthly has made its appearance, looking fresh and healthy. It purports to be, as its name indicates, the friend of progress, "loyal and responsive to all true edu-cational, philanthropic, and religious movements." The contents of this number are quite varied, as will be seen by the following list: "A Plea for the Masculine, by Julius Dickerson; The Thought that Burns in our Time, by Rev. O. B. Frothingham: Eden and Gethsemane, (poetry) by A. O. K.; New Berne, N. C., by Miss Anna Gardner; Home-Life, by R. R.; Religious Organization, by C. M. P.; The Home: Woman its True Owner, by J. K. Ingalls; The Kinder-Garten, by Mrs. Louise Pollock; Lover's Bower, (poetry) by D. Helen Ingham; Rome and Reason; Minor Topics; Our Library, "Man and his Relations," "Broken Lights," Woman and her Era;" Publishers' Notices,

There is plenty of room for and much need of reformatory journals, and we bid this one Godspeed, in its onward progress.

HAND-BOOK OF HYGIENIC PRACTICE. By R. T. Trall, M. D. New York: Miller & Wood, Pub-lishers, 15 Laight street.

This work is designed as a practical guide for the sick room, and is the result of twenty years' experience in the Hygienic System of an eminent physician. It contains plain rules for self-treatment, and specific directions for administering the remedial appliances of this system of the healing art at the bedside of the patient. Dr. Trall has been long and favorably known to the public, and has a large practice in New York. Besides being medical director of two hygienic institutions, he has the sole management of the New York Hygeio-Therapeutic College, and is also editor of the Herald of Health, a very useful monthly. His sphere of usefulness is certainly large, and he must have acquired an experience rarely reached by practitioners. This system of practice "adopts all the remedial appliances in existence, with the single exception or poisons." The work is alphabetically arranged, and contains an appendix illustrative of the hygeio-therapeutic movements.

THE HYGIENIC COOK-BOOK. By Mrs. Mattie M. Jones. New York: Miller & Browning, 15 Laight street.

In this little work of forty-eight pages are directions for preparing a variety of hygienic dishes, which are practical, concise, and in a form cheap enough to bring it within the means of every family, such as bread, pies puddings, mushes and soups; cooking vegetables, canning fruits, etc.; to which is added an appendix, containing valuable suggestions in regard to washing, bleaching. removing ink, fruit and other stains from garments, etc. Housekeepers will find much useful information in this cook-book.

"THE ORIGIN OF EVIL AND THE IMMENSITY or God "-is the title of a little pamphlet which has been sent us, by Samuel B. Smith, 429 Broadway, New York. The subject is both vast and profound, and could scarcely be hinted at in its elementary features, within so brief a compass. The author employs Scripture quotations freely in his task of discovering the origin of all that makes life miserable, and appears to lay as great stress upon the controversialism of texts as upon the enunciation of great underlying principles and laws. Yet his work, of which this pamphlet is, in fact, but the introduction, will no doubt be worth reading and considering. It is to be completed in seven numbers, at ten cents each.

THE ADVENTURES OF ROB ROY. By James Grant, Esq. Illustrated. Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth.

The author of this attractive volume offers an exciting narrative, embodying a series of imaginary adventures, strangely mixed up with realities, married. which will compel very close attention. He has already become known to a wide circle of readers by his stories of "Jack Manley," Dick Rodney," 'Oliver Ellis." and others of similar character. The reader will find within his covers what will lishers—to reduce the scale of prices some time gratify him for his curiosity in looking between them for amusement and recreation.

LIFE IN THE WOODS. Edited by John C. Geikie. Illustrated. Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth.

Robinson Crusoe, the Swiss Family Robinson, and that class of books, have always been very attractive for young people, and the present is one of the most attractive of that popular class. It details with striking fidelity the experience of a settler's family in the wilds of Canada, where it is hard for a poor man, or for any sort of a man. to get a living. The boys will follow along the narrative with breathless interest, and be sorry enough when they turn the leaf which indicates structive Christmas or New Year's present to give the 408th and last page.

ROMANTIC BELINDA. A Book for Girls. By Mrs. L. C. Tuthill. Boston: Crosby & Ains-

Mrs. Tuthill's Juveniles are well known all over the land. Not a young miss but wants to know, with the coming of every holiday season, what new book has come from the pen of her favorite. The present is a very pretty offering to juvenile taste, and will find as wide and warm a welcome as any of its popular predecessors.

DORA DARLING; or, The Daughter of the Regiment. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

A handsome volume of 370 pages, filled with exciting incident, and forming a pleasing and affective story. It is after the style of "Cudjo's Cave," and many of its scenes and characters are more or less familiar to the general reader of modern fiction. A prettier book is not often issued from the press.

WILLARD PRIME. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. This is another of the Plymouth Rock series, by the author of "The Little Rebel" and "The Tailor Boy," the popularity of which is sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the third number of the series. It is just the thing for the coming holidays.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for December closes the sixth volume, and has a fine table of contents. This magazine presents its readers with able articles on literature and the national policy which could not otherwise reach the publie in so cheap and popular a form, thus making it almost an indispensable family visitor.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for December is equal if not superior to any of the previous issues. The opening illustration of the "Snow Birds' Christmas Visit" is quite a gem; the fashion-plates and other embellishments are very fine. The January number will commence a new volume. Terms, \$2,50 per year.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH enters upon its fifth volume next month. It is an excellent magazine. few teachers.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We are under lasting acknowledgments to our friend, PROF. S. B. BRITTAN, for the excellent Sketch of the Life of HON, N. P. TALLMADGE, the first portion of which we published in our last issue: the balance will be found in this.

The Read every line of the BANNER. It is a grand number. The Questions and Answers, under Message Department heading, are especially

Those who desire sittings with Mr. Foster, the Test Medium, had better apply at once, as he soon leaves for Washington, D. C., we understand.

"ANCIENT AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM,"-No 21 of the series will appear in our next.

The Eddy Family are giving private sittings in Brooklyn, N. Y. They intend visiting Philadelphia some time the present week.

Alas for those women whose staff is their necdle; for when they lean upon it, it pierces, not their side, but their heart. The needle has slain more than the sword.

Mr. J. H. Green, who was an intimate friend of Coloridge, has prepared a treatise on the "Spiritual Philosophy," embodying the teachings of that remarkable thinker and speaker.

The tree of knowledge should yield a common food to all men. Taxes on knowledge are so many government-dragons chained about the tree.—Ex.

Digby says he endorses every word of the above, and adds, " Not only knowledge is taxed, but the soles of his boots are also tacks-ed."

S. M. Clark, Superintendent of the Printing Department in the Treasury, has nearly completed the necessary plates and machinery for the issue of three-cent notes. It is understood that Secretary Fessenden favors this denomination of currency, in order that the people may be relieved from the exactions of those speculators who obtain control of the nickle cent and two cent nieces as fast as issued from the Mint, and compel dealers requiring them to pay a premium of ten to fifteen cents to obtain a necessary supply for the transaction of business.

A curiosity in the shape of twenty-one nuts in the centre of a large English oak was discovered at a saw mill in England, recently. Not the least flaw could be discovered in the timber, and the nuts were sound and of a mahogany color

Edwin Hammond, of Middlebury, the big sheep man, has refused \$20,000 for his two bucks "Gold Drop" and "Silver Mine." "All wool."

The lightning makes short visits; it no sooner appears than it bolts.

A Maine editor was nearly mobbed by the ladies for calling an Affghan a horse blanket.

The suspension bridge about being constructed across the Ohio, between Cincinnati and Covington, Ky., is ninety feet high, four hundred feet longer than the Niagara bridge, and will cost

On the post mortem examination of the body of a man who died suddenly in Waterbury last week. the singular fact was discovered that he had but one kidney.

Lydia Maria Child writes that when she heard Maryland had become a free State, it took ten years off her age at once.

Ex-Governor James H. Hammond, of South Carolina, whose death was lately announced, was the man who called workingmen "the mudsills of society."

If you observe a gentleman with his arm around a young lady, it is morally certain they are not

ON A STRIKE.—The printers on the morning and evening papers of this city were on a "strike" last week, in consequence of the determination of the "Press Association"—a combination of pubsince adopted by the Printers' Union, from 50 cents per 1000 ems, to 45 cents, ditto. The printers were willing to compromise, by making the scale 48. The publishers would not accede to this, hence the strike.

HE that watches over the worlds in space, watches over every thought.

By reference to the advertisement of the Craig Microscope, in another column, it will be seen that Mr. G. G. Mend has removed to Chicago, Illinois, where he can hereafter be addressed. Those of our readers who desire a beautiful, useful and into old or young, and one that will last a lifetimeand never lose its interest, had better send for the wonderful Craig Microscope. Dealers will do well to send to Mr. Mend for a supply before the holidays are fairly upon them.

The San José Mercury says the wife of José Castro, of Monterey has given birth to thirty-six children, all of whom are living together in that country. The first twenty are twins, each pair representatives of either sex. Of the remaining children, eleven only were single born.

The last man that " bit the dust," had just taken his morning bitters—" at the front," of course.

TOO POOR TO TAKE A PAPER.-The editor of the Banner of Light says: "We met a Spiritualist the other day who was too poor to take the Banner; he said, at the same time, in answer to our interrogatory, that it cost him fifty cents per week for tobacco." That is just nothing. We know a lady who reads the Banner—has read it for years, but never purchased a copy. She is "too poor" to pay for it; but she gives splendid parties and years silks and diamonds. She needs light .-Hull's Progressive Age.

Digby says the best thing he ever took, was a smile" from the lips of infancy.

Massachusetts will have the right to place statues of two eminent deceased citizens in the national statuary hall at Washington, and John Quincy Adams, and Col. Robert G. Shaw, of the 56th (colored) regiment, are suggested as worthy the honor.

The yacht Vision, which left New York for Europe five months ago, with only two men and a dog on board, has not been heard from, and probably has gone to the bottom.

COVER THE ENDS.—The legs and feet are far from the central part of the body. They are not in great mass, llke the trunk, but extended and enveloped by the atmosphere. Besides, they are near the damp, cold earth. For these and other reasons they require extra covering. If we would secure the highest physiological conditions, we must give our extremities more dress than the The Atlantic Monthly for December serves up a literary feast from the best minds of the day, and promises to keep up its excellence in the future. The January number will commence the fourteenth volume of this popular monthly.

must give our extremities more dress than the body. We men wear upon our legs, in the coldest season, but two thicknesses of cloth. The body has at least six. Women put on them four thicknesses under the shawl, which, with its various doublings, furnishes several more—then over all, thick, padded furs; while their legs have one thickness of cotton under a balloon.—Dio Lewis.

There are many preachers in this world, but

Rosa Bonhenr, the sprightly French painter of horses and cattle, is one of the richest women in

"My hair is eighteen years older than my whiskers," said a lawyer, "and I cannot understand why my whiskers should turn grey first." Because you have worked with your jaws more than your brains," said his wife.

When a person is continually in the habit of slandering his or her neighbors, be sure that person is full of corruption himself. Heed him not.

San Francisco has 120,000 inhabitant now, and had 450 in 1848.

The project of emigration of a million of Irish to Spain, with the object of there forming a colony, assumes each day more probability of success. Negotiations about the matter are now going on.

The States having the greatest number of miles of railroad are, Illinois, 3,041 miles; Ohio, 2,973 miles; Pennsylvania, 2,918 miles; New York, "Uncle Sam" is pretty well ironed; al-2.768. though the rebellion has somewhat taken the starch out of him.

Much of the pain and pleasure of mankind arises from the conjuctures which every one makes of the thoughts of others; we all enjoy praise which we do not hear, and resent contempt which we do not see.

Accounts on file in the departments at Washington, show the singular fact that since the rebellion began forty thousand more Southern whites than blacks have received assistance from the government. This proves that the blacks are capable of taking care of themselves.

Personal.

A letter from Miss Emma Hardinge, dated San Francisco, Cal, Oct. 30th, has just been received by us, containing a donation of \$5,00 in aid of our Free Circle Room. We tender our sincere thanks to the good lady for this timely assistance. We need all the material aid our friends may youch safe us in these trying times, no matter how small the amount sent.

Miss Hardinge states that owing to her engage ments to speak all over the State in behalf of the coming man," she has been unable to send the last of her "jottings " for publication; but wishes her Eastern friends to be informed that they shall hear from her soon.

James M. Allen, having completed his labors in

half-past seven o'clock. Admission twenty-five cents. They are all fine vocalists, and well deserving of the compliment which the society propose to give them for voluntary services rendered at their meetings during the past season. A good programme of music has been selected, and a pleasant occasion may be anticipated. Miss Lizzie Doten has consented to deliver an address, on the occasion, and probably will give a poem.

Appointments.

Mrs. N. J. Willis speaks in Charlestown next Sunday; N. Frank White in Quincy.

J. M. Peebles will speak in Providence, R. I. every Sunday during this month, and will lecture in the vicinity upon Spiritualism; also before literary societies; or temperance and Masonic fra-

Meetings in Chelsen.

Our citizens have been enjoying for the past two Sabbaths a "feast of reason and a flow of soul," administered through the medium of Miss Lizzie Doten, and never, during our experience in spiritual matters, have we heard lectures so conclusive uments, so scientifically high-toned and practical. Slie held large and appreciative audiences in perfect sympathy with her subjects, by clear and sound reasoning, and, in short, has done a good work among us during her short

The good work goes bravely on in old Chelsea, and prejudices and superstition are fast fading away before the ever advancing march of civilization and reason; and to be a Spiritualist now-adays is quite an enviable position.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch lectured here on Tuesday evening last. There was a good audience, and her lecture was high-toned and eloquent. She is one of our great martyr spirits of the present day, and will surely wear the crown by earnest work in the vipeyard of the Lord.

Rev. D. F. Goddard lectures to us next Sabbath. God bless the Banner, and may it ever be a banner of light to the benighted and blind of all the earth, to inspire them with hope in this life and the life to come.

"Ever will the truth come uppermost, And ever will justice be done." PROGRESS.

Chelsea, Mass., Dec. 1st, 1864.

A CARD.—To avoid numerous applications, I wish to state through the Banner, that I shall receive no more calls to lecture, after this date, Nov. 28th. NELLIE J. TEMPLE. Lowell, Mass., Nov. 28th, 1864.

The Cabinet Organ of Mason & Hamlin has, for so small an instrument, wonderful volume and power, and a variety of expression that is equalled only by a costly pipe organ, while its purity and sweetness of tone are truly charming. It is most admirably calculated to neet the wants of families and small churches. It can be transported with safety, takes up no more room than a melo-deon, does not soon get out of order, and makes an elegant article of furniture for the parlor. We are but doing a favor to our readers by calling their attention to the Cabinet Organ.-American

Persons wishing to economize in clothing their children, will do well to try metal-tipped shoes. Children invariably wear out their shoes at the toe first. Metal tips never wear out at the toe, and a pair of tipped shoes at an additional cost of a few cents, will more than outwear three pair of the same quality without them.—Journal.

A Three Days' Meeting.

The Friends of Progress will hold a three days The Friends of Progress will hold a three days' meeting at Greensboro, in Uncle Seth Hinshaw's free Hall, Henry Co., Ind., beginning Dec. 9th, and continuing through Sunday the 11th. A universal invitation is extended to all mankind, irrespective of doctrines, creeds or opinions, all of which may be freely expressed. Able speakers are engaged. All from a distance will be provided with entertainment free of cost. By order of Committee.

J. H. HILL. J. H. HILL.

A Festival.

The Friends of Progress in Geneseo, Ill., will The Friends of Progress in Geneseo, III., Will hold a Festival on Thursday afternoon and evening, Dec. 22d, 1864, at Snift's Hall. Leo Miller and other speakers are expected to be present. All friends in neighboring towns are invited to be present with us. Come one, come all; you will be cordially received. Per Order of Com. Geneseo, Henry Co., Ill., Nov. 15, 1864.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

II. B., SOUTH HARDWICK, YT .- We cannot attend to the business you request us to, as we are not Job printers; and we do not choose to get the work done for you, for we have not time to attend to other people's business gratuitously; and we answer you in this way, instead of writing, because we cannot afford the expense of wasting a sheet of paper, and at envelope, and paying "Unels Sam" three cents. We have had too many such jobs on hand. This notice we hope will be heeded by many others who are continually subjecting us to expense to answer their letters of inquiry on matters with which we have nothing to do and know nothing about. An editor cannot be grand scribe for all creation.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

I will warrant to any person using my PIMPLE BANISHER a beautiful complexion. It will remove tan, freekies, pimples, sunburn, morphew, &c., in from one to four weeks, imparting to the skin a beautiful white bland appearance. MORTHEW, that yellow deposit so often seen upon the face and forchead, vanishes by its use like dew before the morning sun. Sent free of charge to any address, on the receipt of \$1 and stamp. Address, DR. J. P. GOODNOW, P. O. Box No. BH Post Office, New Bedford, Mass.

TP Buy Copper-Tipped Shors for children. One pair will outwear three without tips. Sold everywhere. 3m Nov. 5.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are twenty cents per line for the first, and fifteen cents per line for each subse-quent insertion. Payment invariably in advance.

THE NEW MONTHLY. THE FRIEND OF PROGRESS.

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Eden and Gethsemaine, (Poetry.)—By A. C. K.
Now Berne, N. C.—By Miss Anna Gardner.
Home-Life.—By R. R.
Religious Organization.—By C. M. P.
The Home: Woman its True Owner.—By J. K. Ingalls.
The Kinder-Garten.—By Mrs. Louise Poliock.
Lover's Hower, (Poetry.)—By D. Helen Ingham.
Home and Reason.
Minor Topics.
Notices, &c., &c.

For sale by all newsdealers. Single copies 20 cents; \$2 cerycar. C. M. PLUSIB & CO., PUBLISHERS.
Dec. 10.—lw 274 Canal street, N. Y.

MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS.

MASON & HAMLIN respectfully invite attention to the fact that their CABINET ORGANS are, by the written testimony of a MAJORITY OF THE MOST EMINENT ORGANISTS AND MUSICIANS IN AMERICA, as well as a number of distinguished artists of other countries, dichared to be unequalled by any similar instruments; "THE BEST OF THEIR CLASS!"—also, that they have been invariably awarded the first premiums at the numerous industrial Fairs at which their instruments have been exhibited. They will be glad to send to any one desiring it an illustrated catalogue of styles and prices, with a large amount of this testimony.

CAUTION TO PURCHASERS.

Maine for the present, may be addressed until
Feb. 1, at the office of the Banner of Light.

A Complimentary Concert

is to be given to Laura Hastings, Minnie Prouty and Winslow L. Hayden, on Thursday evening, Dec. 15th, by the "Gospel of Charity," at their hall, corner of Bromfield and Province streets, at half-past seven o'clock. Admission twenty-five of the Can make a larger profit.

CAUTION TO PURCHASERS.

The high reputation of our Cabing Orange that other instruments are the same thing; that there is no essential difference between the Cabinet Orans which here guestioned our Cabinst Orans which here guestion of our Cabinst Orans with various sames made by other makers. This is not true. The excellence of our Cabinst Orans which here guestion of our Cabinst Orans which there is no essential differences of construction, which, being patented, cannot be employed by other makers. These are essential to their better quality and volume of tone and unrivaled capacity of expression. When a dealer represent another instrument as the sum lining at the Cabinet Orans which here is no casential differences of construction, which, being patented, cannot be employed by other makers. These are essential to their better quality and volume of tone and unrivaled capacity of expression. When a dealer represent another instrument as the same thing; that there is no casential differences of construction, which, being patented, cannot be employed by other makers. This is not true. The excellence of our Cabinston and the maker is not true. The excellence of our Cabinston and the maker is not capacity of their workmanship, but

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Tills is the only instrument of high power which requires no focal adjustment, and therefore can be readily used by every one—even by the children. Its low price places it within the reach of all, and should be on the table of every family, it is valuable for physicians, scientific men, students and schools, and for every one who is a lover of the beautiful things of Nature. It magnifies 100 diameters, or 10,000 times, and is capable of being made a never-ending source of instruction to old and young. It renders the pus, blood and milk globules, and cancer cells, as well as the thousands of animals in a single drop of stagmant water, distinctly visible; shows the tubular structure of the hair, the claws on a fly's foot which enable him to adhere to glass and other amounts of the animal surfaces, and opens up the minutize of creation to the view of the astonished beholder, "where the unassisted sight no beauty sees." As a cirr, or a prizesex to a friend or child, it is unsurpassed. On receipt of the regular price, \$2,50, this Microscope will be carefully packed in a neat box, and sent to any address prepaid. A liberal discount offered to agents and others. We advise dealers to purchase a stock for the holidays. Address, GEO. C. MEAD, Chicago, illinols.

Dec. 10.—e w

A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT ORGANIZATION. A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT ORGANIZATION,

AS I am now on a brief visit from California, and myself beAlleving in the existence of a Supreme Being, and in the
Messiahship of Jesus of Nazareth, and in his present exalted
position as our Great Head, or Ruler by Divine right, I would
take this method of bringing to the notice of the readers of the
Banner who may entertain somewhat similar sentiments, to
write me their views on the propriety or necessity of forming
an Organization that shall embrace Religion as well as Philosophy, Science and Progress; and, if need be, will visit a portion of those persons during the winter. "Agitation of thought
being acknowledged as the beginning of wisdom," be us who
call ourselves Christ-followers, agitate the subject of OrganiZation among ourselves for a brief period. IRA B. EIDFY.

Chicago, Il., South Side Park Av., 1st house West of Hoyne.
Dec. 19.

SPIRITUAL, ASTROLOGICAL LIFE CHARTS, CORRECAL, ANTROLOGICAL LIFE OHARTS, CORRECAL, ARTHOLOGICAL LIFE OF CORRECAL WHICH SHE CONTROL AND ANTROLOGICAL CONTROL OF CONTROL OF

MRS. CHARLES II. COLGROVE, the celebrated Clairvoyant and and most gifted lady in the country, is now stopping at No. 147 Devonshire street. Will give advice respecting husness, health, and all other matters desirable to know. Satisfaction always guarantoed. Interviews strictly confidential. If wished. Reference given if required. As a Clairvoyant, Psychometrist or Doctress, she is unequalled. 1w*—Dec. 10.

DR. J. A. NEAL, No. 34 West 15th Street, No. 34 West 15th Street, No. 34 West 15th Street, plan of manipulation peculiar to himself, and which is very uniformly successful. Confidence of complete success is at once established in the minds of patients, when his method is once applied. He is prepared to receive boarders as patients. MADAME GALE, Clairvoyant, Healing and Test Medium, 18 Lowell street. Healing and Iw-Dec. 10.

BROOKLYN HEIGHTS WATER-CURE, 63 and 65 Columbia Street,

Corner of Cranberry,......Brooklyn, N. Y. Till's establishment is located between Fulton and Wall is street Ferries, on the far-famed Brooklyn Heights, overlooking the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and is one of the most delightful residences for Patients and Boarders that can be found, being very convenient of access to the business part of New York, and yet so situated as to be free from its noise and confusion.

of New York, and yet so situated as to be free from its noise and confusion.

Facilities are here afforded for a thorough course of hygienic treatment, which embraces the use of those agencies that the latest investigations have proved to be the most efficacious, including strict attention to DIET, REST of mind and body; the European system of Hydropathy, which combines with the ordinary water treatment, judiciously applied, the still more potent action of the Turkinsi Bath; the Swedish Movement Curk, and the various Electrical appliances.

For terms, &c., address, CHAS. H. SHEPARD, M. D. Nov. 19.—4w

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HAVING purchased the elegant residence of the late Moses Kneeland, Esq., we have fitted it up for the reception of patients, and invite the suffering throughout the country to our successful as well as peculiar method of treatment, being the same as practised by Drs. Newton and Bryant, and pronounced by many who are conversant with the cures of both equally wonderful. Residence on Marshall, second door south of Division street. P. O. Drawer 177.

Mitecaukee, Wis., Nov. 7, 1864.

MRS. ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN will commence a Marshall street, Charlestown, on TRURSDAY, Oct. 20th. at 8 o'clock, P. M., and continue every evening (Sundays excepted). Tlekets admitting a gent and lady, \$1.00. Single tickets for ladics, 50 cents, to be obtained at this office.

MAGNOLIA WALK RESTORES.

THE long sought for vegetable compound for invigorating the scalp, and restoring grey and faded halt to its natural color; also causing new hairt og gow, and dry, harsh hair to become soft and silky, as in youth. It has been used in private circles for years with the most signal success. It is no cadeipenny affair. Try it, Mediums and others wishing to supply their friends will receive a liberal discount. A. S. HAYWARD, No. 61 Nassau street, New York, Proprietor.

INFORMATION WANTED.-The address of ■ Mrs. Barrodot, whose husband formerly resided in Canada. Please call or send to MORRIS STEWART, 273 Hanover street, Boston. 2w*—Dec. 3.

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THE recent full in Gold having produced a corresponding effect on the value of Merchandize.

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BY PROF. S. B. BRITTAN, M. D.

BY PROF. S. B. BRITTAN, M. D.

FOR fifteen years the author has been employed in researches which have at length resulted in the production of this extraordinary book, covering the wide range of Vital, and Mental Phenomena, as exhibited in Man and the Anhual World. It is, however, especially devoted to Max—to the constitution and immortal existence of the Soul; its present Relations to the Body; to the external forms and internal principles of Nature, and to the realm of Universal Intelligence.

The curious mental phenomena that hover along the horizon of our present existence—which the learned have either regarded as illusions of the superstitions of the ignorant—are here execulty classified and explained with peculiar aptness and great coplousness of illustration; with singular independence of thought, and rare philosophical ability. In the language of one of our ablest literary reviewers, The author has a happy faculty of so illustrating obscave and protound subjects, that they are comprehended by the common mind.

Da. BRITTAN grapples earmestly with the facts that have puzzled the brilins of the philosophers of every age and country; and has grasped in his masterly classification the great ext Wonders of the Maxata Wonder.

In this respect his remarkable book is a COLLECTION OF RARE CURIOSITIES, and must attract universal attention. At the same time, the student of Vital Chemistry, Physiology and Medicine; the Divine and the Moralist, the Motaphysical Philosopher, and the Political Reformer, will find it repicts with profound and profitable instruction.

TABLE OF CONTENTS:

The Tenant and the House: Electro-Physiological Discoveries; Circulation of the Animal Fluids; Conditions of Vital Harmony; Physical Causes of Vital Deraugement; Voluntary and Involuntary Faculities; Influence of the Plasslons on the Secretions; The Mind as a Destructive Agent; Renovating Powers of the Human Mind; Mental and Vital Powers of Resistance; Evils of Excessive Procreation; Mental Electrotyping on Vital Surfaces; Influence of objects and ideas upon the Mind and the Morals; Relations of Mind to Personal Heauty; Relations of Mind to the Character of Offspring; The Senses and their Functions; Psychometric Perception; Philosophy of Fascination; Animal and Human Magnetism; Magnetism as a Therapeutic Agent; Importance of Magnetism in Surgery; The Phantom Creation; Psychological Halincinations; Mental Telegraphing; The Faculty of Abstraction; Philosophy of Sieep; Psychological Mysteries of Sieep; Inspirations of the Night; Sommanbulism and Somulloquism; The Chairvoyant Vision; The Law of Prophecy; Apparitions of the Living-States Resembling Death; Philosophy of Inspiration; Rationale of Wordidp; Natural Evidences of Immortality. TABLE OF CONTENTS:

To One clegant volume, 8vo., tinted fald paper—extra vel-lum cloth hev. boards—with Steel Engraved Portrait. Price \$3,50, postage free. For sale at this office. Aug 20. THE PROGRESSIVE ANNUAL FOR 1864 COMPRISING

An Almanac, a Spiritual Register, and a

General Calendar of Reform. General Calendar of Reform.

THE ANNUAL contains forty pages of original articles, prepared expressly for this publication, and with trifling exceptions, never before published.

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great care, and are the most complete over published; com prising more than ohe thousand names.

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12mo., 72 pages, sent by mail, pospaid, for 15 cents. For sale at this office. Nov. 12.

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reported verbatim.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

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much of truth as they perceive-no more.

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Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs,) on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

MESBAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, Oct. 31.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Stephen Fleid, to his wife, Jane, in Ordensburg, N. Y.; Susio Jenkius, of Washington, D. C., to her father; Capt. Alexander Ulee, to his wife and friends, in Georgia; Georgic Fay, of Tennessee, to Capt. Goss, of the Federal Army.

Tuesday, Nov. 1.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: James H. Brooks, to Thomas T. Brooks, of Macon, Ga.; Bill Canningham, of the 15th Georgia Regiment; Joseph Thompson, to his friends; James T. Cullen, to Mary Anna Cullen, of New York City.

Thursday, Nov. 3.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Joseph B. Hester, to his mather, Ann E. Hester, reading near Spottaylands, Va.; Walter Grosse, to his friends; Hattle J. Donaldson, who died in Canada, to her father, Lieut. James R. Donaldson, at Fort Darling; John H. Prescott, to Hugh Lee, of Lexington, Ind.

Donaldson, who died in Canada, to her father, Lieut. James R. Donaldson, at Fort Darling; John II. Prescott, to Hugh Lee, of Lexington, Ind.

Mondon, Nov. 13. — Invocation: Operations and Answers; Heltze Otto Hecker, of New Orleans, La.; Col. Geo. T. Patton, to John M. Patton, of Richmond, Va.; Lida Dumas, to her father, Lieut. Geo. Dumas, now a prisoner; Peter Gross, (colored.) to folks in New York; Mrs. Welsh, wildow of the late Patrick Welsh, to Dr. Andrews, of Albany, N. Y.

Tuesday, Nov. 15. — Invocation; Questions and Answers; David Parsons, to friends in New, N. II.; Lieut. Henry Fitz William, to friends, and brother Thomas; Hattle Grey Boulware, to Dr. Andrews J. Triph Boulware, of Lavista, Spottaylvania Co., Va.; Stephen Carson, of Nevada City, Cal., to friends in Troy, N. Y.

Mondoy, Nov. 21. — Invocation; Questions and Answers; Capt. John T. Devereux, to Brig. Gen. James II. Winder; Horaco Ferris, to his lawyer, Robert Bradbury, of 117 Kassau street, New York City; John T. Council, to his friend, Rev. W. H. Weltons, of Petersburg, Va.; Minerva Roll, of Richmond, Va., to her relatives at the North.

Tuesday, Nov. 22. — Invocation; Questions and Answers; Gen. Felix Zollicofer, to friends at the South: Charles H. Huge, to friends; Message to Mr. Noyes, Editor of the Malio Democrat, Saco, Me.; Maian Thompson to Mrs. Thompson, of Stanton, S. C.; Augustus Higgs, to friends; Mary Illis, to her son Abram Hills, at the North; Louis St. Julien, to Pauline St. Julien.

Invocation. Infinite Jehovah, while the spirit of prayer trem-

bles through these human lips, may we radiate an influence that shall call forth the highest, holiest aspirations of these human natures. We would not ask that any especial blessing may rest upon them, more than all others, for we know that of one essence thou hast created all intelligences that ever have been, that are, and ever can be. Spirit of the Hour, were we to pray for any general blessing, it would be for the outpouring of that glorious spirit of Truth; Truth, that comes not through gilded temples; Truth, that is not robed in purple and fine linen; Truth, in all its simplicity, robed in its own glad garments of light; Truth, that comes without human device, without art, alone in its beauty and power. Eternal Spirit, thou knowest that these people have need of Truth. Thou knowest that the absence of this glorious spirit has caused war, bloodshed, desolation everywhere. Thou Mighty Spirit, in thine own time, thine own way, do thou baptize these mortal children with Truth-Truth as it means with thee-not that which will minister to the caprices of the few, but that which will minister to the necessities of all. Oh God our Father, thou who art infinite in all things, the soul sends out its grandest thoughts of praise to thee. It knows that thou art good and powerful: knows that thou art its parent; knows that thou art guiding, art shaping its course; that thou art its sun, from which it derives all its strength. power and beauty. Then, oh Father, the soul must be at peace with thee. There can be no war waged between soul and its parent. Eternal harmony must reign. Oh, this is heaven, this is peace, this is the Kingdom of Wisdom, into which these mortal children of thine will sooner or later come. Then they, too, will join in thanking thee for all things that have been, that are, and are to come.

Questions and Answers.

SPIRIT.—We are now ready to consider whatever subjects you may have to propose. QUES .- W. R., of Ohio City, Kansas, sends the

following question: "Please to explain a part of the 6th verse of the 28th chapter of Matthew, which reads, 'He is not here, for he has risen.'"

Ans .- We cannot see that there is any necessity for explanation in the case. The text explains itself. The record says the angel told those friends of Jesus who went to look for him at the sepulchre, that he was not there; that he had risen. They Cloubtless meant just what they said. He was not there. They looked, expecting to find him in the sepulchre where they had lain his body after death. But the angels knowing that he had been removed, both bodily and spiritually, answered according to the record. But the answer does not imply that body and spirit were together still-by no means. It is our opinion that the record had direct reference to the spirit. He was not there -had risen above and beyond form and time.

Q .- [By a person in the audience.] What had become of Jesus's body?

A .- It is our opinion that certain members, perhaps of his family, certain of those who professed to be his friends, had taken it away, not withstanding the record affirms to the contrary.

Q.—What did the friends who took the body of

Jesus away, do with it? A .- Disposed of it according to the custom of

the times.

Q.—In what way? A .- We were not there to see, therefore cannot

inform you.

Q.-I would like to ask whether the summerland of A. J. Davis exists objectively?

A .- It is our opinion that it does not. This summer-land, to us, is a mere production of fancy. The soul has no need of either summer or winter, of a land of perpetual verdure, or the contrary. Any one who reasons spiritually and philosophically, will see that the soul is removed from the law of material things when it is entirely separated from the physical body. It is then thought-absolute thought. It lives in the world of thought, acts in the world of thought, and has no need of oither heat or cold, of dry land or water.

Q.-What are the conceptions in the world of soul, with which the spirit occupies itself?

A .- It employs itself in building grand temples of thought; in drawing grand pictures of thought. There the artist paints grand pictures-grand pictures from the natural realm of thought. There are erected great temples of wisdom, but they are all of thought. The soul follows out its natural inclination, if we may so speak. It is gifted with certain tendencies, and requires certain degrees of unfoldment, before it becomes mature. Spirit here is confined by the limits of society, cramped and fettered by material chains. Not so with soul

in the spirit-world. Its powers are as limitless as hears. I could come back, but I not know any scarce comprehend our ideas; but we know also I was told I could come, could say what I likes. that the time will somer or later arrive when you, standing upon the shore of the immortal world, will see things as we now see them; will cease to weigh and measure things by a mortal standard. Now you should not be blamed for doing this, because you live in a world of materialism, and must weigh and measure all things by your material senses. Thought here is outwrought in a material form; thought in the spirit-world is outwrought in a spiritual form. There is the difference.

Q.-What reason have we to suppose that we shall find pictures of thought in the spirit-world any more than in A. J. Davis's summer-land?

A.—If by the term summer-land the seer means to convey the idea that things material are to be found there, we cannot agree with him. But if he means to convey the idea of a land of perpetual wisdom, knowledge, which is light, then we shall agree with him. The soul is ever building temples of thought; continually building temples of wisdom in which it may dwell. Here soul is limited by the laws of the physical body, the laws of the world in which you exist. When you pass out from that realm of law, you enter another realm. of higher law-the spiritual; and when you get there, the soul perceives that its own powers are almost limitless.

Q.-When you spoke of temples in the sniritworld, you did not mean to be understood as material temples, did you?

A .- No, certainly not. Q.-Can those objects be seen by other spirits beside those who project them?

A.-Certainly they can; each thought is conected with every other thought.

Q.—Then they exist independently, outside of mind? A .- Yes; they are objective presences.

Q.-Do they exist when not thought about or cen by the spirit?

Q.-What is thought, from a spiritual standpoint?

A .- Thought is God, and God is thought. Q.-Has spirit any additional senses in the spirit-world to what it has here?

A .- Yes; or faculties they may be better called. The soul, or spirit, finds itself possessed of new faculties upon its entrance to the spirit-world. Faculties it had no use for here it finds use for in its new sphere of action; but they are so totally unlike anything you have here, there is nothing with which to compare them. They belong to the sphere of action in which they dwell, and are dispensed with as soon as there is no further need of them.

Q .- When Jesus cursed the barron fig-tree, did it die in consequence of his having cursed it?

A .- We believe that Jesus cursed the fig-tree in order to give his friends a demonstration of the power of mind upon matter. He wanted them to understand that mind or thought was the master of matter; that taking advantage of the laws governing in the case, mind could produce that condition you term death.

Q .- Would not the tree have died if Jesus had not cursed it?

A .- Probably not. Possibly it might have been

Q.—Is it possible for any person in the Western World to carse a person in this part of the coun-

try, and thereby produce death? A .- Yes, it is possible to send out such a psychologic influence as to change entirely the magnetic and electric currents in such a way as to

Q.-Within what distance, measured in feet and miles, can such power be exercised by an indi-

A .- It is not dependent upon space. The powor can be exercised when persons are thousands of miles apart. Mind is superior to atmospheric life. Mind is not hindered in its operation by dis-

Q.-Can an individual by mere power of will of natural law?

A.—Under certain conditions, certain individuals can psychologize persons, causing them to be blind to certain objects. This is done by virtue of natural law. You must remember that all things have an existence by law, and must continue so by virtue of law. Nothing was ever done outside of law. That would be a miracle, and we do not believe in such.

Q.-Did any of the ancient Hindoos attain knowledge superior to that exercised by Jesus in his miracles?

A.—In certain directions it is our belief that they did-if by the belief in miracles you mean demonstrations of the power of mind over matter. Q.—Is that power likely to be used and exersised by this people within the next half century? A .- It is our opinion that it is:

Q.—To a degree equal to that exercised by A .- It is our opinion that it will be. Coming

events are said to cast their shadows before. Can you not discern by the signs of the times the shadowing forth of this great power?

Q.—What was the cause of this power dying out with the ancient Hindoos?

A .- In our opinion they changed places with regard to natural law, as our mediums of the present day are said to lose their mediumistic powers, when they only change places with regard to law. They happen to stand in that peculiar position with regard to natural law that enables them to receive and transmit intelligence from the spirit-world to mortals; but suddenly from some cause, known or unknown, they find themselves unable to transmit that intelligence, and then they say they are losing their powers when they have only changed places with regard to natural law. Oct. 25.

Rudolph Seltzer.

I was Rudolph Seltzer. I hardly know what I am here. I comes here to this country in 1849. I stays here in Ohio, sometimes in Indiana, until I sees you in trouble. I sees you in trouble about, well, I suppose about the slavery question. I support that government. So I shoulder my gun, and I goes out to fight. I goes under General Sigel, and I meets me chances like the rest, thousands of them. I comes on the other side. I fights for your Government, and I lose meself—that's how

I was born in a small little place called Gott. forty-five or fifty miles from Gottingen. I have there four brothers, two sisters-not all; I say I have there four brothers and two sisters, but I lost some of them-no. I's not lost them, because they're with me: but they come on the other side before I did; but in all I had, that-that's what I

Two years after I comes to this country, I marries me wife. I lives in Ohio. I does very well. I likes here very much. Now I comes back this way. I hears something about it—well, I what would that father's feelings be?

its own infinite source. We know that you can thing about it; but when I gets to the spirit-land

Now you see it's all very good to go fights, but you feels no so good when you lose yourself. Well, it's what I comes back for to-day, is to say to my wife, if I can, I not like her to go away from the place; I likes her to stay there, and let me come and talks with her, and I tells her what to do. She's not gits her money from Government what's coming to her. Ah, she's no got it, somehow, I not know how; maybe she's not know how. [Will she get your letter?] I don't know, sir; some of the folks on the other side tells me they've got folks what knows my folks, and they'll send them the letter, book-what's it to come in? [In a newspaper.] That's what I thought it would come in-send it to my wife. She's in Columbus-Margaret Seltzer. [We will send the paper to her.] Ah, that's good; I likes it. And I want something what you call this? [Medium.]—I can talk through—I like something like that to come there, then I shall tell her about getting the money and things she's troubled about.

Ah, faith, I not know exactly what I am here. I's sort of turned out of meself; I'm not two, and I'm not one, somehow or other. Well, I not likes this dress; it's not comely to me. Maybe I should like it when I get better used to it; I do n't know. Well, sir, I will say I'm much obliged; I am much thank—that's it. Oct. 25.

Tim McCarty.

How do you do, sir? Well, sir, what are you going to do for me? All that's left of me is Tim McCarty of the 61st New York. I wants to come back and talk with my friends. I've tried to come before, but not one could I get; beg, borrow or anything of the sort; they were all gobbled up some way.

Well, sir, are you going to send my letter to the priest? [He won't believe it.] Oh, the devil! I don't know, sir, but I want to talk with him. [Why?] To know what the devil he told me so many lies for, when I was here. Oh, it's all very well, this Catholic religion, to live by here. I want to meet him face to face myself. I want to let him know that he lied to me. I want to tell him the Catholic religion is no good at all. I'll use arguments that won't fail. If he won't believe what I tell him, I'll do as I saw one of our soldiers do to a rebel. He told him to surrender. Ah, no, he was n'ta-going to surrender to a Yankee. "Well," says he, "I'll try a more persuasive argument." [Did he surrender?] Surrender? oh, yes, he grounded arms mighty sudden! He weakened him a little. God! I don't know what you call it, but I noticed he was mighty weak after it. Well, sir, I got some brothers; got a sister here in service-not Uncle Sam's service-oh, no, sir, but in service, for all that,

I'm in a bad way-mighty bad way, for I want to go to them all, at once. Well, here I am on this side and me folks are on another, and where I am I find nothing like it; I find no purgatory at all; I do n't find any great God to fall down before, either [Do you find houses there?] Houses, yes, when you come round here. [What do you live in?] I roosts in the air, sir. Faith, it's all the answer I can give you. It's all very well to talk about living in houses, but it's roosting in the air to me. It's all very well there, but when you want to come back to earth and talk with your folks, then I'd like me own body again, or as me own was when here. When I was here I believes what the priest tells me.

Well, sir, I should like very well to be where -right round about as I was, only I've not got right round about as I was, only I ve not got the body. I should like to go home again and talk. I say home again, because it was home when I was there. I don't care about coming back here to live, but I 'd like to go home and talk to the folks for a little while. Oh, I want to tell them not to believe in the Catholic religion, for it's all moonshine. I've been stirred all up inside of meself ever since I come to the spirit-land, on account of that sume railition.

recount of that same religion.

Now, just say to me folks, if you please, if they Q.—Can an individual by more power of will will furnish me with one of these bodies at home, become invisible to other people in a way outside of natural law?

I'll go there and spake; I'll be Tim McCarty, just as I was, without me body. I'll do as much as I was, without me body. I'll do as much as I was without me body. can towards mitting this rough earth-life smooth for them. Ah, it's purty good when you look on one side of it, and not so good when you look at it on the other side. Some folks believe the world is round. I don't believe it; if I were to judge from what I'd seen of it. I would say it was catafrom what I d seen of it, I would say it was cata-cornered, and you'd get hit every time you go near a corner. Well, sir, now if I had a good dip of whiskey I'd go off nice. What are you going to do with my letter? [Print it.] Well, do the best you can, and I'll pay you when you come aloft to roost. I'm not the most unhappy chap that ever lived. I'm all right. I'm all right there.

Henry Glines.

I am Henry Glines, sir; son of Colonel Josiah I am Henry Glines, sir; son of Colonel Josian Glines, of the 8th Georgia. I saw nineteen years here. I have seen four months—more than four months away from here. I was wounded and taken prisoner by your forces; died on your hands. Say I received very kind treatment. I would thank Lieutenant Walsh—I believe that was the name he gave me; he was a Lieutellant of some Rhode Island regiment—for his kindness in fulfilling his promise, that of sending a letter to my mother. Tell my father and mother I am happy. Were I here knowing what I have learned since death, I would never take up arms against the Government. Say I have met my sister Isadore who died

at eleven years of age; also many other friends, who send kind greetings to the friends on earth. I would be glad to go home as here. If my parents will furnish me with the privilege, I shall gladly avail myself of it. Thanks, sir. Good-day.

Invocation.

Our Father, Life, wondrous Deity, to whom all natures pay their vows, while these waiting soils hope to learn somewhat of thee, hope to eatch faint glimpses of the soul's better land, may they learn thou art as near them as the pulsations of their own being; that that better land is around and within them. Oh Life, thou art turning the leaves of thy volume for us, one by one. Thou art scattering beautiful gems, one by one around us. Thou art crowning us with great aspirations, filling us with new hopes that can never perish Infinite Spirit, the great car of human progress is rolling on; the nations are learning more and still more of thee, and yet the cry is from all quarters, "Tell us of God? tell us of the soul's future home?" And the answer comes over land over well, I suppose about the slavery question. I think maybe as I's come here to stay, as I come here to makes it my home, I likes to have a good government, so I thinks I shall do what I can to support that government. So I shoulder my gun, telling the soul thou art its kind and loving Parent; that its home is everywhere; its power is unlimited; that it is a bright star born of thine own Central Sun, around which it must ever revolve. Oh Life, baptize these thy sons and thy daughters with truth; truth in its simplicity; truth in its beauty; truth that will never die. And unto thee, now and on all occasions, we pay the deathless homage of the soul. Oct. 27.

Questions and Answers.

SPIRIT.—We are now ready to briefly consider aquirles, if you have such to offer. Ques.—Does it cause spirits unhappiness when

they see their friends unhappy in this world?

Ans.—That depends upon the amount of, sympathy existing between spirits embodied and disembodied. All unhappiness in the spirit-world is simply relative unhappiness, not positive.

A .- That, also, depends upon the amount of sympathy existing between father and child. Q.—Suppose that he loved that child as much as it were possible for a parent to love a child;

A.—Then, certainly, it would produce unhappiness upon the part of the parent. That would be

a result of natural law,
Q.—Does not your assertion rather conflict with
the Orthodox doctrine that all the blessed in the
world to come will be perfectly happy without al-

A.—Certainly it does. The old Orthodox doc-trine has been exploded by all reasoning minds,

-Wherein do angels and disembodied spirits

A.—There is no difference. Q.—What are we to understand by relative hap

A.—Happiness is of two kinds: One is absolute, and not born of human conditions; the other is relative, and born of human conditions. All unrelative, and born of human conditions. All un-happiness that exists, either with you in an em-bodied state, or with those humans who have passed beyond the conditions of Time, exist in consequence of human experiences—is born of humanity, and, therefore, closely related to humani

Q .- Are not all spirits born of humanity? A.—Yes; but we are speaking of a condition of unhappiness, not of the spirit.
Q.—Will there ever be a time when spirits will

enjoy perfect happiness?
A.—It is our opinion that that time has arrived

A.—It is our opinion that that time has arrived with many, many thousands.
Q.—Do I understand you to mean that spirits, after they leave this world, go on progressing until they reach a condition of perfect happiness?
A.—That is our belief.
Q.—Every one?
A.—Every one. There are no exceptions.
Q.—What effect has the condition of death, or different manner of death, upon spirits?

different manner of death, upon spirits?

A.—It has the effect to produce those conditions by which the soul finds itself surrounded immediately which the soul finds itself surrounded immediates. ately after the change. It is the legitinate pro-ducer of the soul's surroundings after death. But, like all things else that have an existence, those conditions are subject to the law of change and

growth. Q.—Is there exquisite pain necessarily connected with death?

A.—When the passage is entirely natural, then

A.—When the passage is entirely natural, then there is no need of pain, nor is there any. But when the passage is by violence, then there is exquisite pain for there is need of it. All the little fibres that bind the spirit to the physical form are rudely severed, and the result is pain, distress,

suffering unhappiness.

Q.—What is the difference between death caused by opium and by alcoholic spirits?

A.—They are synonymous. They serve to leave the spirit in oblivion, to conceal it, to obscure it. from outer life. They drive it back upon itself, make it live within itself for a time.

make it live within itself for a time.

Q.—Is there any way an unhappy spirit may be rendered less so by friends in mortal?

A.—Most certainly. There are millions of avenues through which mortals may assist their spirit friends. They are all open, never have been closed, although supposed to have been so.

Q.—In what way can this be done? A.—Call for them in thought; minister to their weakness with your own strength; lead them up by your own high aspirations; cause them to follow you in kind deeds, through everyday good acts. Do you suppose that they will be slow in emulating your example? Vorily we tell you they will not. In other words, be to them a light; guide them out of darkness into the open light of day, into the light in which you live. Q .- If one is not a medium, he cannot do this,

A.—All persons are more or less mediumistic, else they could not be bound to the great universo of mind. It is through these mediumistic powers of mind. It is through these mediumistic powers that you are allied one to all others in the universe. Although a few individuals stand out all are more or less gifted.

Q.—Do infants commence their existence in the spirit-world in an infantile state? A .- Where Time leaves them, there Eternity

takes them. Q.—Do they advance and become adults?
A.—They advance and become mature. They never pass the meridian of maturity in life, for in the spirit-land there is no need of it. It is only the physical that ever declines—passes into old age. It is the spirit that advances until it stands upon the mountain top of maturity; then it is in the zenith of wisdom, and is capable of outworking its own mission, of becoming its own

Saviour.
Q.—What is the condition of the idiot in spirit-life?

-An exceedingly deplorable one, from the fact that they have been so educated. The education of idlots is of such a nature that they find it exceedingly difficult to become conscious of the reality by which they are surrounded. They knows no future home or existence; that it existed only here. When they find themselves still in-telligences, with hopes, aspirations such as were theirs in earth-life, they cannot believe that they have passed through death, therefore remain, in a

Q.—What is the principle that causes spirits of similar tastes to gravitate to each other?

A.—The law of spiritual attraction.

Q.—The same as here?
A.—Just the same.
Q.—Is there anything answering to sleep, or reose, in the spirit-world?
A.—The spirit requires its seasons of rest, and

those seasons of rest are equivalent to sleep, are to the spirit what sleep is to the physical hody.

Q.—Do the spirits of the dead ever visit the

living?
A:—That is an exceedingly absurd question.
Pardon us for our plainness. The spirits of those who are called dead are ever in rapport with the living, ever holding communion with their friends on earth, consciously or unconsciously.
Q.—Have such minds as Calvin and Jonathan Edwards changed from what they were here?

A.—Yes, they have changed, Q.—Progressed, too, in charity? I hope they tre not as malicious and spiteful as they were when on earth.

A.—They certainly have progressed, and in that

greatest of all avenues of progression, charity,

ALSO.

Q.—There is no such thing as selfishness in spirit-life, is there?

A.—Certainly there is.

Q.—At the same ratio as it is found here? A.—Rrecisely; only one is governed and controlled by spiritual law, and the other is not.

Q.—It is said that the spirit leaves the body with the same sensations of body that it had at the time of its death. Suppose, now, a person should die from drunkenness, would his spirit leave his body in a drunken or sober state? A .- The reflection is certainly cast upon the spirit, if nothing more. It takes on certain pro-pensities that were born of that drunken condition

and it must throw them off through human condictions, as they were taken on.

Q.—In other words, people retain all their evil propensities and passions for a good while, some time afterwards, I suppose?

A.—They retain all the passions they had

when here, until they have entirely outlived all the conditions of humanity; in other words, until the conditions of humanity; in other words, until

John T. Traverse, of New York City, mate of
the ship "Orient."

Oct. 27. by one these deformities disappear, and are super-seded by light, which is knowledge or wisdom. Q.—Is it possible for a spirit to progress to such degree as to lose all attraction to earth and earth

A .- No, we cannot believe that it is possible A.—No, we cannot believe that it is possible, for there is no need of it. Humanity and spirituality are bound together. The great world of mind, or spiritual world, is inseparably connected with human life, therefore must be, as a whole, interested in the progress of human life.

'Qn.—A kind and tender father must always be interested in the welfare of the children he had

interested in the welfare of the children he has left on earth. A .- In other words, it becomes part of his hap-

piness. By a sort of duty he is attracted to such conditions; he lives in that particular element, and it is his heaven. Q .- How can we be made conscious of the pres-

ence of spirits?

A.—By striving to cultivate the most spiritual part of your natures; not by subduing the lower, but by cultivating the higher, the more spiritual portions of your natures. Let your spirit friends see that you are doing this, and rest assured they will use every means to make themselves known

O.—Could they not make themselves known to us in some taughble way? A.—Not in a taughble form, not as an objective

A.—Not in a tangiou form, not as an angular presence.

A.—Could n't they by a touch, a sensation?

A.—No, not unless you are highly gifted with medium powers.

Q.—What are medium powers?

A.—A link in the great chain of life binding soul to soul, atom to atom; the mighty highway over which mind passes in its communion with

matter.
Q.—Is this an acquired power?
A.—By no means; it comes by virtue of law, natural and divine. You cannot acquire it.
Though you should seek for the gift a whole lifetime, yet unless it could be given you by virtue of law, you would ever be without it.

O. I have lad any new tool it.

law, you would ever be without if,
Q.—I have had my name called when I was a stranger in a town. How do you account for it?
A. — By this simple means. Possibly some spirit friend who was present with you took advantage of your mediumistic qualities to produce sound that would be visible to you.
Q.—When sleeping in a room with my door locked, I have been awakened by a person's hand on my shoulder, shaking me gently.
A.—No doubt that phenomenon was produced in a similar manner.

A.—No doubt that phenomenon was produced in a similar manner.

Q.—If a person lives in accordance with the laws of his nature, and becomes harmonious, is not that a good way to become mediumistic?

A.—It certainly is a very excellent way to live.

Q.—Is there any truth in the doctrine that the substance is improved to the product of t

spirit is immaterial, without material substance of any kind, however sublimated?

of any kind, however sublimated?

A.—There is a degree of truth attending that doctrine, certainly. There are many minds who cannot conceive of soul-life entirely apart from all things material. On the other hand, there are many who cannot conceive of soul-life only as distinct and entirely apart from things material. Now to one who believes in the non-material idea, there is truth in the theory. To those who do not believe in it, there is no truth. The materialism that surrounds the soul is only relative. You may call it sublimated, may call it nothing, still it is a principle, a power, a something that is exceedingly simple.

ceedingly simple.

ceedingly simple.

Q.—Is it not usual for disembodied spirits to feel a degree of loneliness when first thrown out upon the theatre of the future world?

A.—Yes, that feeling, we believe, is almost universal. Before the soul has become fully acquainted with its new life, a sense of loneliness must of necessity sweep over it if it, is conscious. It has been separated from things with which it was acquainted. It has not become fully united to that condition in which it is to dwell in the fu-

Hans Von Vleet.

Hans Von Vleet.

I was Hans Von Vleet ven I vas here. I vas Von Vleet here; I is one vrow now. I is one vrow ven I comes back; I vas no vrow ven I vas here, (alluding to the fact that he was temporarily occupying the form of our medium.) I wish you to know that I first live in Harlem, State of New York. Ven I vas here, I takes someting I had no right to take, someting that no belongs to me. I takes someting; I takes two tousand dollars that was no my own; that's what I come back to say about. I first have some dealings with one Jew; that's what you call him. He likes to Jew me, and I likes to Christian him. I belongs to the Dutch Reform Church. [Do you think you were a good member?] Vell, I vas. I believes in the creed; I takes the sacrament; I lives up to it outside. I no lives up to it inside, I suppose. [How do you find yourself now, Hans?] Vell, I finds myself—vell, I do n't know; I not feel very happy. Ven I comes to the spirit-land, I first meet that Jew's brother, and he tells me, "Hans, you must goes back and makes some right with my brother." So I comes here.

I vants my vrow, what I left in Harlem, to takes that two tousand dollars and gives it back to that Jew's vrow. That's what I come for to-day, sir. [Has your vrow got it?] Vell, my vrow has got it in a tin box. Ven I first go, I takes the money, I gives it to my vrow, and she takes care of it. Now I vants my vrow to give that two tousand dollars to the Jew's vrow.

[How do you spell your name?] The vrow knows how to spell. [Hans Von Vleet.] There's

[How do you spell your name?] .The vrow knows how to spell. [Hans Von Vleet.] There's knows how to spell. [Hans Von Vleet.] There's a something you cross in it. The vrow spells the rest. Ah, that's wrong; you makes a blunder. It's V, not F. That's like all vrows. [Do all vrows make blunders?] Vell. I do n't know; all do sometimes, I suppose. [Did n't you like vrows here?] Oh, vell, I likes 'em sometimes. I likes mine own vrow. I not like to be a vrow myself. [Do n't the clothes fit?] Ah, vell, I suppose they fits, but I not likes to wear what not becomes me. Vell, I wants that money I takes from the Jew gives back again. I's gotten unhanny about it. gives back again. I's gotten unhappy about it. [What is the Jew's name?] Peter Fox—that's his name. [What is your vrow's name?] Likes meown name? My vrow's no likes me own name. [We mean her first name?] Vell, the same as this vrow's. [Fanny?] Longer than that, [Frances?] Frances Von Vleet—that 's it, sir.

a not very good here; somehow I feels not I's not very good here; somenow I leads not like to like telling me own story here. I's not like to come back and condenn meself. [It won't hurt you; you'll feel better when you go away.] Vell, he tries to Jew me, and I tries to Christian him—that's he all the difference between the Jew and

me.

Vell, sir, I vills go, I suppose. I makes meself out bad enough, I suppose, to go away now; buts if I should no get right this time, mays I come again? [Yes. How long have you been away?] Since last Spring. I dies with what you call itstop all over? [Paralysis?] That's what your dectors call it. Vell, I suppose I vill go. Oct. 27.

Mary O'Connor.

I am Mary O'Connor, sir. I was fourteen years old. I left my mother early in May. She's living in Plattsburg, New York. She's looking for the coming of my father. She hears he was taken prisoner and that he's about to be exchanged. He was taken prisoner, but he died soon after, and he and I come here to-day.

My father was a private in the 111th New York, His name is John O'Connor. He says he wishes he could only come back and let everybody know what he knows, let them know that he can come. I was a good Catholic here, but I am no Catholic now, because our teachers say that in the spirit-

lichow, because our teachers say that in the spirit-land we have no need of the Catholle religion. We had it in the earth-life, because we had need of it. Now we have grown larger, can see further, and there's no need of it; and I want to tell my mother so. My mother is waiting all the time my mother so. My mother is waiting all the time expecting that my father will come home. I want to tell her that he 'll not come; that he 's with me, She's thinking about how bad he 'll feel when he comes home and finds that I am daad. But she don't know we are here together, now. I prays that the blessing of the Holy Ghost with the communion of Saints may fall like sweet showers around my mother, and lead her unto all truth. My mother's name is Mary, like my own. My mother's name is Mary, like my own.

John T. Traverse.

Ha! look here! I died to-day, by accident; life rom the ship "Orient", in one of the London Docks. I said when I died I'd come back within an hour, but it's four hours now. Never mind, never mind.

Thomas Kane.

Captain Semmes, formerly commander of the "Alabama," and now of the "Ranger," sends his respects to the Circle convened in Boston. The bearer of these respects, Thomas Kane, of London. What will I carry to him? [We don't understand that he is in the spirit-land.] Did I say so? If he was, he could bear his own respects, What will I carry to him? [Give him our compliments, and tell him we hope that he'll change his present course of life, and begin to do good.]
Oct. 27.

Charles Arlington Gates.

Charles Arlington Gates, of Gravesend, England, comes to fulfill his promise to Thomas Warington, who was a believer in the return of departed spirits.

Had I more power I would say more; perhaps it is not necessary. I said I would come did I find his Philosophy true, and have come. [Is the spirit here that last communicated?] Your guide

spirit here that last communicated?] Your guido says, "Inform the questioner that he is thousands says, "Inform t of miles away." Oct. 27.

Oblimaries.

Passed on to the higher life, Nov. 14th, from her residence in East Princeton, Mass., Mrs. Velina Vose, aged 44 years and 3

Our much loved and lamented Sister Vose was a firm believer in the immortality of the soul, and the infinistry of
angels, she having been a mediam for several years prior to
her decease, and possessing a mind of no ordinary capacity,
she became an cager and carnest seeker after truth. She hore
for sufferings—which were protracted and very severe—with
thiristian patience and fortitudes and during her sickness manfirested to those about heran unsclish love most worthy of initation. Amlable and affectionate in disposition, she was a kind
neighbor, a tender and devoted wife, a constant and true
friend, and those who knew her best loved her most.

A short time before her death she conversed calmly and
cheerfully with her almost heart-broken husband, and strove
to strengthen and prepare his mind for the afficitive dispensation so soon to follow. Signifying her willingness for her
friends sake to live, as well as her readiness to die. Sustained
by an abiding faith in the Fatherhood of God, and the Brutherhood of the entire human family, she calmly and genity
passed on from the lower to the higher life; and although she
has left a kind and devoted limband and many friends who
deeply mourn their irreparable loss, the event has cast a gloom
of sadness over the social circle in which she moved; yet we
mourn not as those without hope, but looking forward with
the eye of faith to a billssful runnion with our loved ones, we
are embled to say:

Speed these on, enfranchised spirit!

And let our tears not bid thee stay: Our much loved and lamented Bister Vose was a firm b

- Speed thee on, enfranchised spirit! And let our tears not bid thee stay; Freed from earth and all its fetters, Angels guide thee on thy way.
- Bear thee gently o'er the river, O'er the dark and sullen tide, Where the hands of loved ones beckon, Waiting on the other side.
- Where among the many mansions On that bright celestial shore, Crowned with flowers of love immortal, Thou shalt dwell for evermore.
- In the hely hush of twilight,
- When the burden of our prayer
 Is for light and angel guidance,
 And for strength our cross to bear—
- Come thou then, beloved sister,
 With thy soul so warm and true,
 Tell us of thy home in Aiden,
 Paint it to our spirit view.
- Bear a message, all love freighted, To the one that mourns thee so, Striving by thy angel presence To assuage his bitter wee.

Twine thy spirit-arms about us; Press thy lips upon our brow. Hark! methinks! hear the rustling Of thy pinions even now.

Gardner, Mass., 1864. O. S. STHART. On the morning of Nov. 19th, the spirit of Willie P. Snow, ged 5 years and 7 months, ict. its earthly tenoment to join is donr mother in heaven, only son of J. P. Snow, No. 306 Yest 43d street, Now York.

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Phonographically Reported for the Banner of Light.

My friends, it is not probable that our noble President, or our worthy Governor were impressed as I am, when they issued their proclamations calling upon the people to assemble at this time and offer thanksgiving to the Great Giver of every good and perfect gift.

Since I was with you last, a beloved brother, who was with me in the form on that occasion, has laid aside the body and is now a white winged messenger of love, not to me alone, but to many of us. I feel humbled that he was chosen and I am left to work here a little louger.

am lets to work here a little longer.

The thought which impressed me since sitting with you, was that the power of giving thanks, was a beautiful increase of our own development and capacity, and our thanks will ever indicate

I am thankful for the broad earth, the blue sky an thankill for the broad earth, the biles sky above it, the vast oceans, the lofty mountains, the green hills, the fertile vales, the little purling rills and the mighty rivers; for all the beauty and wealth of vegetable and animal life; I am thankful for our blessed country.

"Land of the forest and the rock,
Of dark blue lake and mighty river,
Of mountain, reared aloft to mock
The storm's career, the lightning's shock—
My own green land forever."

I am thankful that I live, and especially that I live in so glorious an age as this, when mankind are acquiring every day more power to appreciate the heautiful and the good, and thus to render thanks.

I am thankful for the free Government which our fathers bequeathed to us. For our noble in-stitutions, especially our FREE schools and means of universal education; and more than all else am I thankful, in this hour of our country's trial, that the light of modern Spiritualism has dawned upon us as a people.

I thank God that we, of all the nations, were

considered most worthy to receive this blessed boon. That our free schools and free institutions had raised the standard of the common people to a point in which we could have these manifestations, which gives us, not only the clearest evidence of the existence of the spirit-world, but proves its nearness to us, and its interest in all our

Shall I say I am thankful for this war, which for nearly four years, has laid its devastating hand upon us—years of suffering, untold and indescri-bable, from the barbarism and cruelty of civil war? Oh, it is terrible! and yet, what is our position? At the late Presidential election, there were more votes polled in the loyal States than have ever been given on any occasion before. Four years of war which has taken from us, with a ruthless and unsparing hand, thousands upon thousands of our bravest and noblest brothers, leaves us still stronger—a spectacle for the admiration of

The old men who had laid aside the active cares and duties of life, have been inspired with new energies—have buckled on the armor again, and are determined to stand by the Government. Our young men have come forth with a strength

and majesty such as was never before exhibited; and the nations of the earth stand appalled at the scene.

Not only in strength of noble manhood have we

experienced an increase, but in all our material resources we have a strength and wealth such as was never before realized. Though we are nominally in a state of war, we know that the end is not—cannot be afar. And

in all these things modern Spiritualism has played a prominent part.

I have said that our capacity to give thanks, is

a measure of our own condition. Let us examine the thought. The massive rock that has hung for ages from the mountain side, overlooking the broad and fertile valleys; the old tree, that for a thousand years has put on its beautiful foliage in each coming spring, and cast it off in the autumn; the animals that have roamed for long ages upon the planes, basking in the enjoyment of life; each and all of these may have been influenced by their surroundings; but if they have had any apprecia-tion of these, it is so small that we cannot reckon it so dim and unappreciative that we may never know it. Not so, however, with man-the child of God. It is given to him to perceive and appreciate, with more or less accuracy, the objects around him. To him alone is given the power consciously to return thanksgiving and praise, and these are the same in essence, to his Maker, and their Maker; to his God, and their God.

But man himself, is but a child; and the noblest, the wisest and the best of our brothers stand, today but in their infancy; and we all see things darkly, as through the glass of their own unex-panded being; but the appreciation which they have of the beauties within and around them, may be measured by their thanks.

My friends, much as I rejoice and give thanks for the past, with its rich lessons of wisdom and truth; for the present, with its living and inestimable experiences, not one of which we can spare without loss, I am still more thankful for the opening future; for I know that as there comes to be an unfolding of the interior nature, there will be not only now heartful a superior at the part of the part o be not only new beauties given to us, but a new light, a golden glory will be shed upon that which we now realize.

And this brings us to a very important practical question—one which I am glad to present to you while at the same time I desire to take to myself as much as I give to any of you. It is: How shall we be able to give thanks more appropriately? How shall we unfold our natures for the reception of higher truths? The law is simple: It is that of growth. It is illustrated everywhere in Na-We are not to look unto one another and our neighbor or our brother: "Know the But it is by turning into the garden of our own selves, and laboring there, that we can experience this growth. The world does not stand where it is to-day because it does not know better, but because it does not do as well as it knows. Let us, therefore, by an introversion of sp

seek for that wisdom which is profitable to direct, and, above all, let us seek for the power to do that which is clearly manifested to be right. Taking this stand, we shall walk up to a better condi-tion—one in which, with a better appreciation of the things that are within and around us, we shall be more thankful, and our lives will be poured in in incense of praise.

I have referred to many things in our condition

and surrounding as a nation and as individuals, that are causes of thankfulness, and I know that there are evils to be remedied; that there is suffering in the world, cruelty and oppression, wrong and outrage that ought to be removed. I would and outlage that dight to be removed. I would not have any of us close our eyes to these facts; I am thankful that we are made conscious of these things, for in no other way could we be so effectually moved in the direction from whence relief

Let us ever remember and be thankful that it is a law that in helping others we are always helping ourselves, while at the same time we must not lose sight of the fact that the great work which is needed for ourselves is to be done within ourselves. The law of development in man, as in everything else, is one of gradual growth; we can-not leap from vice and degradation to purity and goodness; from ignorance and superstition to light and knowledge: but we can turn our course from darkness to light—from error to truth—and each day may find us stronger, higher, nobler; and this should be our constant aim. The condition of the world, of our country, and

the coming future will not avail us much, unless there be an effort in ourselves to realize the un-folded manhood which is before us—to keep our places in the rolling car of progress which is mov-ing on with accelerated speed; and, whether we are in the form or out of it, let us ever seek to do our part in the great work, ever thankful that we are permitted to labor with such noble companions and co-workers as are now everywhere putting and co-workers as are now everywhere putting forth their most earnest efforts for the elevation of the races. As this is the case, we shall find that on each succeeding Thanksgiving Day there will not only be many new things to be thankful for; but all that is good and true and beautiful of the past and the present, will become still more valuable on account of our better appreciation of it.

The union of the two worlds, the spirit and the outer world, as manifested in the great works which have been carried forward during the past four years, through the joint labors of those who

have gone to the better land and those who still lowing incidents seem to us particularly worthy labor here, are but the beginning of the work that is before us. There are mighty forces at work now in all conditions of society—in all parts of ators seen to be scaled and bound, a detached hand

Letter from the Davenport Brothers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT:-Dear Friend-Our long admiration of your candid and independent manner of discussing the strange and Public.

Our reception has been more, alike in kind and degree, than our fondest hopes or the most ardent votary of spiritual evidences could have anticipated; and we owe it to truth and candor to say, that it has not been of us, or of our wisdom in designing; nor of any one with whom we have been connected in mortal relationship, but of the Divine Power that has attended our often crude and always imperfect appliances for time, place and condition. We have been able, as strangers in a strange land, to interest and astonish, and, we sincerely hope, benefit all of all classes, from the Queen upon the throne of an empire on which the sun casts no shadow, to the humblest of her subjects, as they came in contact with these evidences of life and immortal hope to all.

We sailed from New York in company with our highly esteemed friend and companion, Dr. J. B. Ferguson, of Tennessee, on Her Majesty's steamship "Britannia," on Saturday, the 27th of August. After a safe and, pleasant voyage, despite the severe and dangerous storms we met off the coast of Ireland, we arrived in Glasgow, Scotland, on the 9th of September, from whence, by way of Liverpool, we arrived in London on the 11th of September. We had scarcely arrived, when we were met by eminent men who had realized the truth of the great spiritual movement of these times, who at once welcomed us to their hearts and homes, and seemed overjoyed that through our instrumentality they could demonstrate anew the truth they had testified to their people of the marvelous displays of spiritual power to our times. Soon we were invited to present the evidences that over attend us, in the presence of members of the famous Scotch Exchange, of London, of the most eminent, scientific and literary gentlemen of the British public; of the true and noble band of Spiritualists, who have brooked here, as with you, every form of obloquy and reproach; and, sir, it is simple truth to say we were made equal to the task, and the results are to-day the subjects of talk and controversy in all the associations, clubs, papers, reviews, and parties of this wonderful people. We refer you to them for the result, and their opinions, pro and con.; for you cannot go amiss now in the vast and extended field of English daily, weekly and monthly prints to find the marvels of the Davenport Brothers, the constant pabulum with which their readers are regaled.

Among a number which we have perused, we furnish you the following, which is a faithful report of a gentleman not unknown to the American dramate world of the results of the truth the results would freely state in the society in which they moved that so far as their investigations enable them to form an opinion, the phenomena which had taken place in their presence were not the product of legerdemain. This suggestion was promptly acceded to by all present.

Before leaving this question, in which my name has been accidentally mixed up, I may be permitted to observe that I have no belief in what is called Spiritualism, and nothing I have seen inclines me to believe in it; indeed, the purility of some of the demonstrations would sufficiently allenate such a theory; but I do believe that we have not quite explored the realms of natural philosophy—that this enterprise of thought has of we are content at last to think that the laws of obloquy and reproach; and, sir, it is simple truth

can dramatic world, of the result of a challenge sent by us to the jugglers or professors of legerdemain, who at once, here, as with you, upon our first successful demonstration, advertised they could do all we did by what they called "natural agency." We challenged them in the public prints to appear before some of the most distinguished men of science, authors, &c., who had visited us, to present our evidences in their presence, but they did not dare to appear, however much they had trusted upon the reputation our fow scances had made.

The following is a copy of Dion Boucicault's report of what took place, where we were submitted to the most severe tests to which it has ever been our lot to be subjected:

To the Editor of the " Star " To the Editor of the "Star."

SIR—A scance by the Brothers Davenport and Mr. W. Fay, took place in my house yesterday, in the presence of Lord Bury, Sir Charles Nicholson, Sir John Gardiner, Sir C. Lennox Wyke, Rev. E. H. Newenham, Rev. W. Ellis, Captain E. A. Inglefield, Messrs. Charles Reade, James Matthews, Algernon Borthwick, J. Wilkes, H. E. Ormerod, J. W. Kaye, J. A. Bostock, W. J. Rideout, Robert Bell, J. N. Mangles, H. M. Dunphy, W. Tyler Smith, M. D., E. Tyler Smith, T. L. Coward, John Brown, M. D., Robert Chambers, and Dion Boucleault. Boucicault.

The room in which the meeting was held is a large drawing-room, from which all the furniture had been previously removed, excepting the carpet, a chandelier, a small table, a sofa, a pedestal, and twenty-six cane-bottomed chairs.

At two o'clock six of the above party arrived and the room was subjected to careful scrutiny. It was suggested that a cabinet to be used by the Brothers Davenport, but then erected in an adjacent room, should be removed into the front room and placed in a spot selected by ourselves. This was done by our party, but in the process we displaced a portion of this piece of furniture, thus enabling us to examine its material and structure before we mended it. At three o'clock our party was fully assembled and continued the scrutiny We sent to a neighboring music-seller for six gui-tars and two tambourines, so that the implements to be used should not be those with which the operators were familiar. At half-past three the Brothers Davenport and Mr. Fay, arrived, and found that we had altered their arrangements, by changing the room which they had previously se-lected for their manifestations. The scance then began by an examination of the dress and per-sons of the Brothers Davenport, and it was certified that no apparatus or other contrivance was concealed on or about their persons. They entered the cabinet and sat facing each other. Captain Inglefield then, with a new rope provided by ourselves, tied Mr. W. Davenport hand and foot, with his hands behind his back, and then bound him firmly to the seat where he sat. Lord Bury in like manner, secured Mr. I. Davenport. The knots on these ligatures were then fastened with sealing-wax, and a seal was affixed. A guitar violin, tambourine, two bells, a brass trumpet, were placed on the floor of the cabinet. The doors were then closed, and a sufficient light was permitted in the room to enable us to see what followed. I shall omit any detailed account of

now in all conditions of society—in all parts of the world, that are upheaving and overturalog the old institutions and forms which had crystallized around man so that it seemed impossible for him to move; and though suffering must inevitably result from these universal convulsions, they are essential to the future development and progress of the race, and no one but the most blind and infatanted can fail to see this. Just in progress of the race, and no one but the most blind and infatanted can fail to see this. Just in progression, however, as we do perceive and appreciate these things, will we be ready to do our part and receive our reward. And that which cheers me more than any other thing is, that while we are thus carnestly laboring for the progress of the race—the good of humanity—we are working nobly and truly for ourselves; and every step we take for the benefit of our brother, lifts us to a higher condition.

Laboring thus, may we not reasonably hope that the time is not far distant when the white-weight distant when the white-winged Angel of Peace shall again settle upon our calculations. beloved country, and pour out her manifold blessings upon a united and happy people, giving "the oil of joy for mourning and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;" and, as individuals, our peace shall flow as a river, and "righteousness shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

Letter from wite
pulled his hair; the instruments at his feet crept up, played round his body and over his head—one of them lodging eventually on his shoulders, During the foregoing incidents the hands which appeared were touched and grasped by Captain Inglofield, and he stated that to the touch they were apparently human hands, though they are apparently human hands, though they

Inglefield, and he stated that to the fouch they were apparently human hands, though they passed away from his grasp.

I omit mentioning other phenomena; an account of which has already been rendered elsewhere.

The next part of the séance was performed in the dark. One of the Messrs. Davenport and Mr. Fay, seated themselves amongst us. Two ropes were thrown at their feet, and in two minutes and a half they were found tied hand and foot, their hands he hind their backs bound attickty to their phenomena that signalize the age in which we live, and the exalted virtues you have exemplified in the treatment it has met from men in high places, who seem to act as if their position and power depended upon their falsity to truth and right, prompt us to furnish to you and your readers a true and faithful account of the manner in which we have been received by the British Press, and Public. now near the ceiling, and then scuffling on the head and shoulders of some luckless wight. The bells whisked here and there, and a light thrumning was maintained on the violin. The two tambourines seemed to roll hither and thither on the floor, now shaking it violently, and now visit-ing the knees and hands of our circle—all these foregoing actions, audible or tangible, being sim-ultaneous, Mr. Rideout, holding a tambourine, re-quested it might be plucked from his hand; it quested it might be plucked from his hand; it was almost instantaneously taken from him. At the same tiene Lord Bury made a similar request, and a foreible attempt to pluck a tambourine from his grasp was made, which he resisted. Mr. Fay then asked that his coat should be removed. We heard instantly a violent twitch; and here occurred the most remarkable fact. A light was struck before the coat had quite left Mr. Fay's person, and it was seen quitting him, plucked off him upwards. It flew up to the chandelier, where it hung for a moment, and then fell to the ground. Mr. Fay was seen, meanwhile, bound hand and Mr. Fay was seen, meanwhile, bound hand and foot as before. One of our party now divested himself of his coat, and it was placed on the table. The light was extinguished, and this cont was rushed on to Mr. Fay's back with equal rap-idity. During the above occurrences in the dark we placed a sheet of paper under the feet of the two operators, and drew with a pencil an outline around them, to the end that if they moved it might be detected. They of their own accord of-fered to have their hands filled with flour, or any other similar substance, to prove they made no use of them, but this precaution was deemed unnecessary; we required them, however, to count from one to twelve repeatedly that their voices, constantly heard, might certify to us that they were in the same places where they were tied. Each of our own party held his neighbor firmly, so that no one could move without two adjacent pairs house house surges of the same places.

so that no one could move without two adjacent neighbors being aware of it.

At the termination of this scance, a general conversation took place on the subject of what we had heard and witnessed. Lord Bury suggested that the general opinion seemed to be that we should assure the Brothers Davenport and Mr. W. Fay, that after a very stringent trial and strict entities. strict scrutiny of their proceedings, the gentlemen present could arrive at no other conclusion than that there was no trace of trickery in any form, and certainly there were neither confederates nor machinery, and that all those who had witnessed

we are content at last to think that the laws of nature are finite, ascertained, and limited to the nature are finite, ascertained, and limited to the scope of our knowledge. A very great number of worthy persons seeing such phenomena as I have detailed, ascribe them to supernatural agency, others wander round the subject in doubt; but as it engages seriously the feeling and earnest thought of so large a number in Europe and America, is it a subject which scientific men are justified in treating with the neglect of contempt?

Some persons think that the requirement of darkness seems to infer trickery. Is not a dark chamber essential in the process of photography? darkness seems to infer trickery. Is not a dark chamber essential in the process of photography?
And what would we reply to him who should say:
"I believe photography to be a humbug; do it all in the light, and I will believe; otherwise, not till then?" It is true that we know why darkness is necessary to the production of the sun picture; and if scientific men will subject these phenomena to analysis, we shall find out why darkness is essential to such manifestations.

Yours obediently, DION BOUCICAULT. 326, Regent street, Oct. 12.

This letter was inserted in all the London journals, daily and weekly, except the "Times," which, having published an account of one of our séances by Wm. Oxenford, one of its editors, under the name of "a correspondent," and finding it would not suit Times-serving purposes to continue the subject, refused, and also refused the following, that all the dailies published.

From the London Standard of Oct. 24. Mr. Boucicault presents his compliments to the Editor of the Standard, and, as the following cannot obtain the admission it is entitled to in the columns of the journal to which it is addressed, he hopes, in journalistic fairness, it will be allowed to reach the public through the courtesy of the Editor of the Standard.

To the Editor of the Times: "To the Editor of the Times:
SIR—You have thought proper to introduce my name, in a particular manner, into your journal of this day. I feel entitled, therefore, while intruding on your space, to claim that privilege as a right rather than plead for it as a courtesy. Some three weeks ago I invited a party of friends to my house to witness the performances of the Brothers Davenport. Amongst those invited was Mr. Oxported a gentleman halding an animant resistent enford, a gentleman holding an eminent position on the Times. During the entertainment he asked me if he was 'to look upon the séance as a private affair, or if a notice of it would be desirable?' I replied that, as the Brothers Davenport intended to appear in public, they doubtless would wish to be noticed publicly. Two days afterwards an account of this scance appeared in your paper, written by Mr. Oxenford, but announced as from a correspondent. This article, very guardelly written, and more guardelly disguised by its heading, nevertheless brought down upon you a smarter peppering of sneers and jokes than you felt it consistent with your dignity to stand. Hereupon you admitted almost daily a letter from other correspondents, heaping ridicule on the matter, which you began by receiving with fair consideration; and these attacks, with an air of penitential reparation for having published Mr. Oxenford's notice, you printed in editorial type and place. I cannot help suspecting that, in these latter correspondents' (especially the King of Oude's friend), I replied that, as the Brothers Davenport intendrespondents' (especially the King of Oude's friend), I recognize the splenetic pens of some brother dramatists of mine, who enjoy deservedly high positions as light-leaders and high-steppers in two editorial room. Well to deserve the the Babel of sounds which arose in the cabinet, and the violence with which the doors were repeatedly burst open and the instruments expelled, the hands appearing, as usual, at a lozonge-shaped orifice in the centre door of the cabinet. The follower.

of them strangers to me, and introduced by my friends. The performance took place in their presence. When concluded, some parties desired that the proceedings of the meeting should be made public; but, feeling some delicacy on the point, I asked the opinion of soveral present, and found no opposition whatever. Lord Bury objected strongly, however, to any step which should appear like according a certificate to the Brothers Davenport, and the paper to which he refers had no such character; but it was decided to set it asked, whatever it might be, and simply express the opinion which I was asked to record. I then drew up, as carefully as I could, an account of drew up, as carefully as I could, an account of what had transpired, and I sent it to one of the most prominent of the gentlemen present, a friend what had transpired, and I sent it to one of the most prominent of the gentlemen present, a friend of Lord Bury's, for revision; some alterations were made, and, thus corrected, the paper was sent to the Times and the other principal morning journals. You omitted to publish it: this you had a perfect right to do; but I contend that having ignored it in so decided a manner, you have no right to pursue its discussion in an oblique method. This is not fair journalism; for if these your correspondents' be bona-fide outsiders, you have no right, by putting their ridicule prominently forward, to stultify the account rendered by your own editorial critic, knowing as you do that Mr. Oxenford witnessed the facts under discussion, while these anonymous writers confessedly did not that the paper was sandove, or Dayton, Unio.

N. Frank Whitz will speak in Quincy, Mass., Itec. 11: in Scheken, Itec. 18 and 25; In Toy, N. Y., during January: Address, Car Quincy, Mass., Itec. 11: in Scheken, Itec. 18 and 25; In Tennal, Me., Address, Car Quincy, Mass., Itec. 11: in Scheken, Itec. 18 and 25; In Tennal, Me., Address, Car Quincy, Mass., Itec. 11: in Scheken, Itec. 18 and 25; In Tennal, Me., Address, Car Quincy, Mass., Itec. 11: in Scheken, Itec. 18 and 25; In Tennal, Me., Address, Car Quincy, Mass., Itec. 11: in Scheken, Itec. 18 and 25; In Tennal, Me., Address, Car Quincy, Mass., Itec. 11: in Scheken, Itec. 18 and 25; In Tennal, Me., Address, Car Quincy, Mass., Itec. 11: in Scheken, Itec. 18 and 25; In Tennal, Me., Address, Car Quincy, Mass., Itec. 11: in Scheken, Itec. 18 and 25; In Tennal, Me., Address, Car Quincy, Mass., Itec. 11: in Scheken, Itec. 18 and 25; In Tennal, Me., Address, Car Quincy, Mass., Itec. 18: in Scheken, Itec. 18 and 25; In Tennal, Me., Address, Car Quincy, Mass., Itec. 18: in Scheken, Itec. 18: in Mental in Quincy, Mass., Itec. 18: in Scheken, Itec. 18: in Mental in Quincy, Mass., Itec. 18: in ward, to stultify the account rendered by your own editorial critic, knowing as you do that Mr. Oxenford witnessed the facts under discussion, while these anonymous writers confessedly did not. But if these your 'correspondents' be insiders, you have still less right to raise a sham fight, and make a great noise hislde the Times cabinet, amidst which you exhibit how you can free yourself from any kind of the; for this is no more than the Brothers Davenport have done in their cabinet, and for doing which they are accused by your correspondents of fraud and trick. I regret very much that Lord Bury, or any other gentleman present, should feel nettled by the quips and sneers of the tattlers on the press; but, when you shrink from their squibs, there is every excuse to be made for the sensibility of a private excuse to be made for the sensibility of a private epidermis. Allow me to surmise that not a little of this pleasant squibbing has been due to my as-sociation with the affair. I notice that on all the journals that have attacked this matter, the writers are dramatic authors, more or less; and if I tread on their toes in the theatre, it is only fair that they should feel for mine on the press. This they have done consistently for twenty years past, and I continue to exchange such little civilities with importurbable good humor.
Yours obediently, DION BOUCICAULT.
Liverpool, 20th October."

Mr. Boucicault is the author of "Colleen Bawn," The Streets of London," "The Octoroon," and other popular dramas, and his true and faithful report has made a profound impression. Meanwhile every journal, alike of London and England and the Provinces, is filled with discussions of what takes place in our presence, and men of the highest rank testify that what they see, feel and hear cannot be denied.

We are now fairly before the British public; we conjurors, who, after witnessing what takes place with us, decline their own challenge. We have with us, decline their own challenge. We have met earls, baronets, lords and ladies, men of science, literature and divinity, so-called; and what is more, we have been subjected to the severest scrutiny of the practical men of this great centre of civilization, and in no instance has our triumph been incomplete. The London Post, the London Times, the London Telegraph, the London Standard, the London Herald, the London News, the London Star, the London Advertiser, the Spectator, the John Bull, the Public Opinion, the Saturday Review, the London Review, the Lancet, the Globe, cum multis allis, have columns every day or week, as the case may be, on the "Davenport Manifestations;" while the papers of the adjacent cities are seriously exercised at the wisdom or folly, the philosophy or stupidity of the London press. upon our manifestations. We may safely say:

1st. We are introduced, without effort on our part, to the European public. 2d. We have effectually silenced the conjurors. 3d. We have demands upon our attention more than we can answer. 4th. And all by a direction and guidance higher than our mortal vision, ruling in and controlling all our actions, and that of all with which we come in contact, and thus affording to us, whatever the manifestations through us may be to others, the brightest evidence of an All-wise, spiritual direction and protection, that no time, no nationalists, no conditions of human power, can measure or destroy.

We feel it our duty to say this to you, as the editor of the only paper that has survived the pressure of human prejudice on our native shores, and we trust you will lay it before your numerous readers, as our appreciation of the strange and effeetual manner in which we have been presented, after years of successful exhibitions in the New, to the public of the Olden World. We have come, we have seen, we have literally conquered! It is not of us, but of the high agencies that are moving through us and others for the enduring good of a common humanity. In the full realization of this truth, we send to you, and all our friends in America, our grateful greetings.

Very respectfully, etc., THE BROTHERS DAVENPORT.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Boston.—Moetings will be held at Lyceum Hall, Tremont st., (opposite head of School street,) every Sunday, (commencing Oct. 2.) at 24 and 14 P.M. Admission, fileen cents. Lecturers engaged:—Cora L. V. Hatch during December. GOSPEL OF CHARITY will meet every Thursday evening, at the corner of Bromfield and Province streets. Admission free

THE SPIRITUAL PREEDOM will hereafter hold their meetings at Olrard Temple, 554 Washington street. There will be a Sabbath School overy Sunday, at 18 r.m. All interested are invited to attend. C. L. Veazle, Superintendent.

vited to attend. C. L. Venzle, Superintendent.
CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown hold meetings at City Hall. overy Sunday afternoon and evening, at the usual hours. The public are invited. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. N. J. Willis, Dec. 4 and 11; Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd, Dec. 18 and 25; Mrs. Laura Cuppy Jan. 1, 8 and 15; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, Jan. 22, 29, and Feb. 5 and 12; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during March; A. B. Whiting during June.
CHELSEA.—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Library Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to Dr. B. II. Crandon, Chelsea, Mass. 'The following speaker has been engaged:—N. Frank White, Dec. 18 and 25.
OUINGI.—Meetings overy Sunday in Rodgers' Chanel. Ser-

QUINCT.—Meetings overy Sunday in Rodgers' Chapel. Ser-ices in the forenoon at 10%, and in the afternoon at 2% o'clock peakers engaged:—N. Frank White, Dec. II; Mrs. Susie A. Iutchinson, Dec. 18 and 25.

TAUNTON, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in City Hall regularly at 2 and 75 r. M. Speakers engaged:—N. S. Greenleaf during December; Miss Mattle L. Beckwith during Janury; Miss Emma Houston, March 5 and 12. ary; Miss Emma Houston, March 5 and 12.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Leydon
Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Dec. 18 and 25; W. K.
Riploy, Jan. 15 and 22; Chas. A. Jayden, April 2 and 9; Miss
Martha L. Beckwith, May 6 and 13.

Martha L. Beckwith, May 6 and 13.

LOWRLL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee street Church. "The Children's Progressive Lyceum" meets at 10% A. M. The following lecturers are engaged to speak afternoon and evening:—Nellio J. Temple during December: Chas. A. Hayden during January; Mrs. A. A. Currier for February; Mrs. E. A. Bliss for March; Mattie L. Beckwith for April; Charles A. Hayden for May; Mrs. Frances Lord Bond for June.

WORCHSTER, MASS.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. A. A. Currier during January; J. G. Fish during February; Miss Beckwith during March.

PROVIDENCE, R. L.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall. Wav-

ary; Miss Beckwith during March.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Wey-bosset street, Sundays, afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7% o'clock. Progressive Lycoum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10% o'clock. Speakers engaged:—J. M. Peebles during December; J. G. Fish during January. cember; J. G. Fish during January.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Mechanics' Hall, corner of Congress and Casco streets. Free Conference in the forenous Lectures afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. 8. E. Warner during December; J. M. Peebles during January; W. K. Ripley, Feb. 19 and 26.

NEW YORK.—Ebbit Hall, near the corner of Thirty-third street and Broadway. Free meetings every Sunday morning and evening, at 195 and 7% o'clock. Fred, L. H. Willis, per-manent speaker. THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESS AND SPIRITUALISTS Of New York hold their meetings at Dadwarth's Hall Vo. 2027

THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESS AND SPIRITUALISTS Of New York hold their meetings at Dodworth's Hall, No. 806 Broadway, every Sunday, at 104 and 7% o'clock. Scats free, and the public generally invited. The Children's Progressive Lyceum also holds its regular sessions at 2 r. M.

THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESS WIll hold spiritual meetings at Union Hall, corner of Broadway and 23d street, New York, every Sunday. Circles, wonderful diagnoses of disease, and public speaking, as per notices in the daily papers.

BROOKLYM, N. Y.—The Friends of Progress meet every Sunday evening at the Scientific and Progressive Lyceum, No. 138 Washington street, Brooklym, N. Y.

Washingtons D. C.—Solritualist Meetings are held every

Washington street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Spiritualist Meetings are held every
Sanday, in Smeed's Hall, 481 9th street. Speakers engaged:—
Miss Nettle Colburn, Dec. 4 and 11; Charles A. Hayden, Dec.
18 and 25; Warren Chase during January; Rev. J. M. Peebles
during February; Mrs. F. O. Hyzer during March.

Miss. Cons L. Y. Haten will fecture in Lycoum Hall, boston, during December.

Miss. Larna Creex will lecture in Charlestown, Mass., tho three first Bundays in January. Address as above, or Dayton, Unio.

J. H. RANDALL and HENRY B. ALLEN will be in Boston from Dec. 3 until Dec. 15; in Worcester, Dec. 18 and 25. Address accordingly.

MRS. SARAH HELEN MATTHEWS will speak in Eden Mills, Vt., during January.

Lois Waisbrooker will speak in Clyde, O., Dec. 11; in Weilington, Dec. 18; in Liverpool, Jan. 1; in Eaton, Jan. 8. Address, Liverpool, Medlin Co., O.

Address, Liverpool, Steama Co., U.

1, 180 Mill. En will speak in Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 4 and 11;
in Evanaville, Dec. 18 and 25. Persons desiring Mr. Miller's
services for Sundays, or for week evening meetings in the vicinity of the above places, will please write immediately and
address him at Milwaukee, Wis.

Mrs. E. J. Pike, inspirational speaker, will lecture in Haver-hill, Mass., Dec. 4 and H. Will receive calls from there to lec-ture, or to attend funerals. MRS. E. M. WOLCOTT will speak in East Middlehury, Vt., Dec. 11; in South Hardwick, Dec. 18; in Morrisville, Dec. 22. Address, Rochester, Vt. *

Address, Rochester, vi.
18AAG P. GHERNLEAF will speak in Exeter, Me., Dec. 11;
in Bucksport, Dec. 18 and 25. Address, Exeter Mills, Mo. MRS. S. A. HORTON has removed her residence to Rutland, Vt. She will answer calls to speak Sundays and attend fune-rals. Address, Rutland, Vt.

Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES will speak in Lynn, Mass., Dec. 11; in Plymouth, Dec. 18 and 25. Address, 87 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass. Mrs. Frances Lord Bond will lecture in Lowell, Mass., in June. Address, care of Mrs. J. A. Kellogg, Amherst, Mass. CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Washington, D. C., Dec. 18 and 25; in Lowell during January and May: in Cheisea during February; in Haverbill during March; in Plymouth, April 2 and 9; in Providence, R. I., April 23 and 30.

MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND speaks in Troy, N. Y., during De-ember. Address as above. cember. Address as above.

J. M. PEEBLES will speak in Providence, R. I., during December; in Portland, Me., during January; in Washington, D. C., during February. Week-day evenings he will lecture in the vicinity upon Spiritualism, before literary associations, or Temperance and Masonic fraternities. Correspondents please address as above, or Battle Creek, Mich.

WARREN CHASE will lecture in Syracuse, N. Y., during De-cember; in Washington, D. C., during January. He will also speak week evenings on the war, the currency, reconstruction, the origin and destiny of the races, etc. He will receive sub-icriptions for the Banner of Light.

Mies, Augusta A. Curaties will speak in Philadelphia dur-ing December; in Worcester during January; in Lowell dur-ing February. Address, box 815, Lowell, Mass. WALTER HYDE lectures every week at No. 244 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss. E. A. Bliss, of Springfield, Mass., will speak in Cincinnati, O., during December; in Charlestown, Jan. 22 and 29, and Fob. 5 and 12; in Plymouth, Feb. 19 and 26; in Lowell during March.

J. L. POTTER, tranco speaking medium, will lecture in Des Moines, Iowa, every Sunday until further notice. Mrs. A. P. Brown will speak in Danville, Yt., every other Sunday until further notice. Is at liberty to speak on week-day evenings, if wanted.

ENAMES M. ALLEN'S address, for the present, is Banner of Light office. Boston. MIS. C. FANNIE ALLEN'S address is Scarsport, Mo., care of M. Balley. She will now receive calls to lecture for the au-tumn and winter, and attend funerals when desired.

tunin and willer, and artena inherin shren desired.

J. G. Fish will speak in Providence, R. I., during January and March: in Worcester, Mass., during February. Address, Ganges, Allegan Co., Mich., or according to appointments.

W. K. Riplex will speak in Somers, Conn., during December: in Stafford, Jan. 1 and 8; in Plytmouth, Jan. 18 and 22. Address as above, or Snow's Falls, Me.

aress as above, or show's rails, Me.

Miss Emma Houston will becture in Taunton, March 5 and
12. Address as above, or Manchester, N. H.

Austem E. Simmons will speak in East Bethel, Vt., on the
fourth Sunday of every month during the coming year; in
Woodslock, Dec. 4; in Bridgewater, Dec. 11. Address, Woodstock, Vt.

Miss Lizzie Doten, Pavillon, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Ms. MISS SUSIE M. JOHNSON, Chicopee, Mass.

SAMUEL UNDERHILL, M. D., is again in the field, and ready
o receive calls for lectures. Address care of A. J. Davis, 274
onal street, New York.

MRS. EMMA M. MARTIN, inspirational speaker, Birmingham. MRS. FRANK REID, inspirational speaker, Kalamazoo, Mich.

A. P. Bowman, inspirational speaker, Richmond, Iowa. BENJ, TODD, Decatur, Ill. MISS BELLE SCOUGALL, inspirational speaker, Rockford, Ill. MRS. IDA L. BALLOU, Fond du Lac, Wis. MISS LIZZIE CARLEY, Ypsilanti, Mich.

W. F. JAMIESON, inspirational speaker, Decatur, Mich. MRS. H. T. STEARNS will answer calls to locture. Address, South Exeter, Mc.

Gronge Kates, of Dayton, O., will answer calls to lecture on Sundays, at accessible points. IRA II. CURTIS speaks upon questions of government. ress, Hartford, Conn. MRS. LOVINA HEATH, trance speaker, Lockport, N. Y.

Mrs. Sanan M. Thompson, trance speaker, post office box 1019, Cleveland, O.; residence, 38 Bank street. C. Augusta Fitch, trance speaker, box 4295, Chicago, Ill. MISS A. P. MUDGETT will answer calls to lecture, and attend unerals. Address, Montpeller, Vt., care of L. L. Tanner. MRS. A. P. BROWN, inspirational speaker. Address, St-Johnsbury Centre, Vt. MRS, FRANCES LORD BOND, care of Mrs. J. A. Kellogg, Am-

Mas. H. F. M. Brown may be addressed at Kalamazoo, Mich. MISS L. T. WHITTIER, Dausville, N. Y. MOSES HULL, Kalamazoo, Mich. F. L. H. and Love M. Willis, 192 West 27th street, Now York City.

DR. JAMES COOPER, of Bellefontaine, O., will answer calls to speak on Sundays, or give courses of lectures, as usual. MRS. F. O. HYZER, box 166, Buffalo, N. Y.
L. JUDD PARDER, Boston, Mass., care Banner of Light.

MRS. SOPHIA L. CHAPPELL. Address, care of Mrs. A. Paterson, No. 260 Walnut street, Cincinnati. O. REV. ADIN BALLOU, lecturer, Hopedale Mass.
MR. and MRS. H. M. MILLER, Elmira, N. Y., care of Wm. B.

J. S. LOVELAND, Willimantic, Conn. II. B. STORER, Foxboro', Mass., or 4 Warren st., Boston

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g will be twenty cents per line.] E. Knight, the Apostle of Truth, will answer calls to lecture in the laws of life. Address, Hammonton, N. J. nov26-3w* MRS. N. J. WILLIS, trance speaker, 24% Winter street, Boson, Mass.

MRS. ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN, musical medium. Address, 10 Russell street, Charlestown, care Col. C. H. Wing. jund Mrss Jeknie Lord, musical medium, care Erastus Stebbins, Chiconee, Mass. Henry C. Gordon, medium, 66 West 14th street, corner 6th octl—3m* REV. D. P. DANIELS will answer calls to lecture, solemnize narriages, and attend funerals. Address, Lafayette, Ind.

BANNER OF LIGHT: Journal of Romance, Literature and General Intelli-

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