

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

THE PROGRESS OF AN ADVENTURER.

Translated from the French for the Banner of Light, by J. Rollin M. Squire.

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 Nîmes, that I believe 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 composed 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 marvellously 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 air, 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 envying country, returning to their cottages, passed near us singing, and with their song welded 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 shepherd. 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.

Of what thought Miss Elise? I am ignorant 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 since 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 rôle, 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. Sosthène—whom we shall call Sosthène 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 day.

"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 unmasked, and you will find your place free."

"Good friends! You will thank them for me—will you not?"

"Bah! It is not worth the trouble!"

"And Miss Elise?" said the invalid, hesitatingly.

"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 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 it. 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.

"Come in," said Sosthène.

"Miss Elise!" cried Frank; "you—is it you, Miss?"

"Yes," replied she, blushing; "I came—I passed—and—"

"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.

"Oh! 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—we 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 brother."

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 and love.

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

"So, therefore, your marriage is definitely settled, Fritz?"

"Yes, gentlemen; in a month the lights of Hymen will illuminate themselves in honor of your friend Fritz de Stolberg, and his beautiful cousin, Hélène de Raspach."

"We knew you were not in love with Miss Hélène, 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 assiduous court to her, and I believe to this time that he would marry her."

"You would have left him to do it, without disputing 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 projects."

"Coxcomb!"

"Ah, not at all, my dear sir! Actresses have been all out 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?"

"Elise."

"The singer?"

"Herself."

"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 sentiment!"

"She loves Frank."

"The young lover player?"

"Yes."

"How do you know it?"

"I heard it said the other evening in the green-room 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 perspective of bankruptcy, and—"

"It is simply monstrous, what you say, Fritz!"

"Why, no; it is entirely simple."

"What moral?"

"My dear, moral has nothing to do in this case."

"Therefore you are thoroughly decided to ruin this young girl?"

"Say rather to save her from misery."

"Beware! Frank may well put himself athwart your devotion."

"I will mislead him."

"Your affianced, Miss Hélène de Raspach, will learn this new folly, and—"

"She is not ignorant of it."

"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 perfectly free to carry them out."

"It is charming!"

"And convenient, above all."

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

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

That which the intended of Miss de Raspach said regarding the direction of the theatre, was, unfortunately, 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 director who found himself obliged to suspend the payment of the actors. This was at least the news which Sosthène brought to his two comrades in entering the furnished hotel in the Rue de la Coratère, 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 engagement."

"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 aid ourselves something else. Reestablish yourself at first, my friend; we are not at the last extremity—the devil! I have a splendid ideal 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 café; adieu to cards. Bah! after all, it is not 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. Sosthène?"

"Have I not said it awhile ago, Miss? live in peace with our consciences 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 housekeeper?"

"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."

"But I am now, my friend, I assure you. I am, 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 good!"

CHAPTER VI.

For fifteen days the three friends had lived under the same roof and shared the same fortune. Sosthène had imparted his idea to Frank, and they had put it in execution. They gave entertainments 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 piano. 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 men, and the gracious smile of every great and

beautiful woman. He studied unceasingly. Sosthène and Miss Elise were proud of their comrade, and their touching friendship exaggerated further the merits of the poet. One day as the young actress 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 her.

"Oh, how fine it is, how delicate it is," said he; "you have the fingers of a fairy, and you embroider like an angel."

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

"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!"

"I?"

"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 speak."

"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 Régny."

"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 seemed to bloom under her fingers.

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

"Ah! said Miss Elise, blushing still more."

"You do not ask me who is the person that I love?"

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

"Oh! certainly."

"M. Frank, here is my piece finished; I go immediately to carry it to the magazine."

She arose.

"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—my 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!"

"M. Frank, you are an honest heart, therefore 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 habitually 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 Deatrice 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, Sosthène entered, quite joyous.

"Good news, friend," cried he, "they ask us this evening in the salon of Madame de Régny; you know the young widow, so young and so rich."

"Ah!" replied Frank, mechanically.

"How, ah! There is your response? You are not happier than that? But it's a magnificent windfall for us."

"Pardon, my friend, pardon! I was preoccupied, absent."

"You are troubled, Frank, you have cried, what has happened?"

"Nothing, oh! nothing."

"Where is Elise?"

"She is gone to the magazine, where they give her work."

"Good girl; she has not wished to be at one's charge. There is virtue!"

"Say, rather, pride."

"Ah! you calumniate her!"

"I say the truth, she is proud."

"This is the first time that you ever accused your sister, Frank. Something has happened during my absence."

"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 her my hand, and—"

"And?"

"And she has refused!"

"She has done well. The artist must guard her independence."

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

"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 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 communicates 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 Régny. 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 Hélène de Raspach.

CHAPTER VII.

Sosthène and Frank had been out to a party at the house of Madame de Régny. The little home-circle 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 Régny 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.

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 best 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 Régné left him, for a moment he already no longer thought of Miss Elise; his sadness had fled. 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 her spirit.

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 Madame de Régné 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 he 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 extolled 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 glowed to him: "This glory you shall have."

His bitter and sad thoughts were 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 best hymn of memory; even those beautiful young girls who passed near him, with laughter and hope on their lips.

Madame de Régné 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 holy!"

"You think of your friend Karl, of whom you spoke to me a little while ago?"

"Yes, Madame. He is such a noble heart; he loved me so much. If he saw my success to-day, he would be happy and proud."

"Have you no other friends? M. Sosthène, for example?"

"Without doubt; but he is a friend of yesterday, 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 seriously, I do not recognize that it is folly in the 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 this, 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 continue it!"

"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 overflows of the heart; she will reanimate your courage in the days of exhaustion."

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

"Will you that I be your friend?"

Frank was dazzled. He regarded Madame de Régné 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 lips.

"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 de Régné. Frank took leave of her, also, with Sosthène, who was vigorously applauded in the 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 seeing him leave the house, "Poor fool! what tortures you prepare yourself!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Children's Department.

BY MISS 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 life."
—LUCY 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 and 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 river 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 the hot sun should touch the man's head, and he arose and went on."

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

"My life is truly wretched," sighed the tree; "to know of such misery drives me half frantic. Oh, for the beautiful times when I, clothed in my 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 just enough money to take us all out there, and to buy two loaves of bread for our picnic 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 ready.

"But," said Tim, "nobody has been to tell Karl. 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 Karl 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 a single red, but just enough to take us all up there."

"Run, Mary," said the mother, "that's a good child, and get Karl 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."

At half-past eight the party left the hot, close room, and reached the station where the father met them, just in time to secure comfortable seats.

"This seems to be your picnic, Bill," said the father; "pray where are you 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 away off to England, and go and see the queen."

"Oh, fudge!" 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 father; "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; "don'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, "to be able to make the sad less sorrowful. Can it be I have such power?"

"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 pillow; and I'll bet you're hungry."

"I didn't have any breakfast," said Carl; "we had none, and I didn't care if I could come with 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 somewhere?"

"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 a 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 long, sweet, restful sleep. When he awoke his eyes gleamed with delight. "Oh, such a time as I have had! I dreamed God had put an angel in to 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 all the angels.' And I began to feel the soft light resting on me, and I opened my eyes, and there they were, the angels of the trees, and they said, 'See, we grow everywhere, that you may look up and see Heaven's love! and I saw the angel of the river, and it said, 'We flow on forever,

that you may be sure God's love never fails! 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—let's 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, isn'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 everything 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 whisper-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 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 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 ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.—Superstition.

Written for the Banner of Light.

WHEN I GO HENCE.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

Life and death 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 tombs, 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, fading from our skies, flies to illumine 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, among 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 law in the mansion be heard,
No waveling 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 throe 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 earth,
To the realms of the loved, where music had birth.

Oh, 'tis joy to stand near this glorified throng,
Whose goodness and love are the themes of each song;
Where the cross proved a crown, that to angels is given,
With the "worthy" who glide through the azure of heaven.

Rockford, Ill., 1864.

Written for the Banner of Light.

"MEMENTO MORI."

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 ne'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;
One smile 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 groaned 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!

Satisfactory Tests.

I am a constant reader of the Banner of Light. I purchase it weekly of one of our newsdealers. I 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 pronounce 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 no 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 darling 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 we determined 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, making a solemn vow in my own heart that if, after visiting them, I received nothing satisfactory, I would at once cease to think on or investigate the subject, unless the time came, or if 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 did sit, she should expect to

but I knew that not a soul in Boston, except my 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 earnestly 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 are 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

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 séances 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 accordion, 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 rung, 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 "bourn" 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, O 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 power of truth.

We have been favored with a very short visit from Mr. J. H. Randall, and the Boy Medium, Henry 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

silence the skeptic everywhere, and force him to 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 unanimous 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,
J.
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" 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 reskating 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 alkali 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 middle 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 written.

Fraternally,
A. J. HIGGINS, M. D.

Soul Affinity.

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 ears 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 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 futile for conviction to the senses, and the faculties of this world which

are not designed for and cannot behold soul things, 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 is thus so 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 precision as the mouth conveys them to the ear. This method has been tested by a professor of modern languages, 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 deciphered with veracious correctness by readers who were not present when the words were written. The Persian professor selected some of the most difficult words in Hindi, Urdu, and Persian—consisting of gutturals, dentals, and labials. Words which require long practice by students of the oriental languages, and by hearing them uttered by natives of the East. After Mr. Bell had symbolized these selected words in paper, he called in his two sons 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 some 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 efforts.

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 Phonetic 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.

E. T.

A Note from a Poet.

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 carries 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 1853 I wrote a poem for the Spiritual Age bearing this name, which appeared in that paper at that time. The only original copy 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 garb, 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 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 then? 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 been given the ten talents, but only the five to thee." It was the voice of Emma Harding. 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 abiding place. And between them and the multitude below stood the form of one waiting to do their high and holy bidding. It was the form of Lizette Doten. And yet again, turning my gaze toward the sunset, I saw in the distance a city, that I knew was called the City of Sin; for, like a white cloud, above 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 approaching, I found they were the sparks of little children, and the jewels which sparkled in her crown were the words, "Inasmuch as you 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 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.

But my thoughts have run away with my pen—

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 cannot divine.

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 reread this gem.]—ED. BANNER.

HEAVEN.

BY KATE E. P. HILL.

I would sing you a song of Heaven,
If my soul could chant the hymn;
I 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.

I 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 in heaven!

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 footstep 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 tuneless 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 waked—when the vision broke—
With a sob on my 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.

I shall steal 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,
I 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 are fled;
When the flowers lie low where they used to blow,
And the sky in the west grows red.

For the Banner 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 Nauvogan, in the State of Illinois, on the 17th day of April, 1864, except the word "Church," and some slight additions since made.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

BE IT KNOWN, that the Spiritual Dispensation of this nineteenth century is destined to exert its influence 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 Declaration of Principles:

First—That there is but one God, who is the Father, 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 and condition of human life, for their progress and unfoldment into Truth, Light, Wisdom and Love.

Third—That "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," are inalienable 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 liberal signification of individual thought and investigation, intuition and inspiration, aspiration and communion with departed spirits, who have passed on to the spirit-world, or higher life, to worship and adore God, are inalienable rights, inherent in man, from our Heavenly Father, and should be sacredly cherished, and inviolably transmitted to all succeeding generations of men.

Sixth—That earth is the rudimentary plane of man's existence, hence his political and religious institutions are alike rudimentary and imperfect. Man ever has been, and is now, erring, ignorant and sinful; even the most highly gifted and uncolored of the children of earth, compared with his progressed condition on the higher planes of the celestial, or spirit-life. Therefore, gently chide our erring brother or sister, but judge not; ever devoutly seeking "more Light, Truth, Wisdom and Love."

Seventh—That modern Spiritualism is a religion which brings positive evidence of man's immortality, or eternal existence and progression. That

his 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-world. 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.

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

That the Communications, Revelations, and Prophecies, made to the ancient worthies, and Prophets, viz: Moses, Noah, Isaiah, 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 Revelations, given in those ancient times, to those peoples, through their worthies, 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 succeeded and mostly supplanted them.

That the Communications, Inspirations, Revelations and Prophecies in the age of the gentle Nazarene, or Jesus of Nazareth, his apostles and others, are not to this age; or, historically, as numerous, diversified and incontrovertible as those of this Nineteenth Century.

Eighth—That Science and Philosophy, divorced from Religion, is atheistic, and leads to finalism, ignorance, superstition, bigotry and intolerance. 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 Nature's God.

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 Creation 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 efficacy 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 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. That the Apostles termed death, is but a change of conditions—a birth from a lower to a higher condition. From the Mortal to the Immortal. 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 the virtues of the life, sufferings, death or crucifixion, merit or demerit, of any other being, human or divine.

Tenth—That Nature's method is Divine Beneficence.

That only in a knowledge of, and compliance with her unerring 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 terrestrial plane of his existence, is dependent 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 existence, is in accordance with the progress he made in his earth-life, and his aspirations and unfoldment into the Divine attributes of his heavenly Father.

That Nature unmistakably and unerringly points to man and woman's physical, mental and spiritual perfection and purity. And equally so to the more innumerable elements of his physical and spiritual 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 perversion; disease, filth, lunacy, hybreds, and the degeneracy of the human family; that the Divine Beneficence 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 Institutions inaugurated for man, ought to derive their governmental powers from the free and enlightened 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 Individual Selfhood of the human family.

That Capital and Labor should be held in 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 offenses).

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.

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 selfhood; 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 beautified angels and arch-angels in our Heavenly Father's mansions, prepared for the good and exalted of the children of men from all earths in the vast universe of God.

Twelfth—That no Articles of Faith, Confessions, Creeds or Dogmas shall ever be admitted as conditions of membership into the Spiritual Church.

That any member may withdraw his or her name therefrom at his pleasure.

That all persons of well ordered life, who sincerely and devoutly aspire unto the Divine attributes of Truth, Light, Wisdom and Love, are, and of right ought to be, members of the Spiritual Church.

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 those melting chambers 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 multitude, whose clay heart is hardened against love.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LATE
JUDGE TALLMADGE.

BY PROF. S. D. 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 NATIONS":

"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 Appendix 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 general 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 Vatican. They claim for themselves liberty of thought, 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 happiest 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 certain." 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

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 spirit.

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 shined in the orient, when, calmly—in the seventieth 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 KENZIE, 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 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, apparently 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 thereto—they 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 journeys.

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 sittings 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 the floor, and immediately write or speak out the 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 speaking, is largely on the increase; and it is not, as heretofore, confined solely to the curiosity hunter. I 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 thinking 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 J. 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 reward 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. B. is still an earthly medium, through whom the "old doctor" continues to exercise his medical skill in relieving the afflicted. The report of her demise probably originated from an accident to a railroad 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, censor and divinity.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMDENVILLE, LONDON, E.N.W.
KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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

Banner of Light.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

SPIRITUALISM 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, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to 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 universe, of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, tending to true religion at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

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 mere 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 dogmatism.

Dr. Holmes—or Professor Holmes, as many prefer to style him—recently pronounced a lecture—and 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—concoit—a charge so often and so readily flung at her—and examined it in all its parts and qualities; showing inconspicuously 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 influences, 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 certain 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 country.

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 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 Shakespeare had been born in Newcastle, it is not unlikely that he might have become 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, philanthropic—without learning a good deal about them.

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 flippantly 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 constructors 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 Seances.

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 majority receive indubitable evidence of spirit-communion. His sittings for manifestations at his rooms during the day, and on evenings frequently visits private residences, by invitation, to hold seances.

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 dylines, 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 knots, and deposited in a corner of the room; and two of the party distinctly felt the hands of a spirit-child take hold of them. The skeptics present were perfectly satisfied that all these mysterious things were 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 ran 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 elapsed, 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. B. 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 not have known anything about the transaction."

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 pocket-book, 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 seance, and the gentleman retired, well satisfied that he had not been "humbogged."

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 address. Subsequently we received the following in reply. It explains itself:

C. H. CROWELL, Esq.—Dear Sir: Your note of the 17th I received, informing me of a communication given at your Circle that P. 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 since, Mr. Foster was invited to hold a private seance 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 a 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 face 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, "Diphtheria," 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 seance 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 aloof, 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-

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 accumulated 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 understood that in no respect do they agree to warrant a correct reply. The matter is without and beyond their control. Therefore the writers must take the chances of having their letters answered. If their spirit-friends have the power to control their 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 "church-goers," and who would think it an unpardonable sin, no doubt, to attend a spiritual meeting on Sunday. The excuses, many as they are, are a ridiculous, if not bitterly satirical commentary, out of their own mouths, on the good which is got from the most of the sermons preached in the churches. We never heard excuses offered by non-going Spiritualists, and probably never shall. Spiritualism will have to be "fashionable" first.

Beef better than Brandy.

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 concoction 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. 23th, to fire at least eight of the hotels at the same time, with the hope, evidently, of destroying the city. Gen. Dix has issued 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 seances 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 success or not.

New Publications.

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

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 educational, philanthropic, and religious movements." The contents of this number are quite varied, as will be seen by the following list: "A Plan 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 Bern," N. C., by Rev. A. M. Gardner; "Home-Life," by R. K.; "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 God-speed, in its onward progress.

HAND-BOOK OF HYGIENIC PRACTICE. By R. T. Trall, M.D. New York: Miller & Wood, Publishers, 15 Light 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 Hygienic-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 of poisons." The work is alphabetically arranged, and contains an appendix illustrative of the hygienic-therapeutic movements.

THE HYGIENIC COOK-BOOK. By Mrs. Mattie M. Jones. New York: Miller & Wood, 15 Light 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 OF GOD"—is the title of a little pamphlet which has been sent us, by Samuel B. Smith, 423 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, which will compel every 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 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 even when they turn the leaf which indicates the 408th and last page.

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

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 affectionate story. It is after the style of "Cudjoe'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.

VILLARD 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 public 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 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.

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

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

WE are under lasting acknowledgments to our friend, PROF. S. B. BRITTON, 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.

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

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 needle; 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 Coleridge, 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.—Ez.

Digby says he endorses every word of the above, and adds, "Not only knowledge is taxed, but the soles of his boots are also taxed."—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 nickel cent and two cent pieces 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 Afghan 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 \$1,500,000.

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 of her age at once.

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

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

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 publishers—to reduce the scale of prices some time since adopted by the Printers' Union, from 50 cents per 1000 lines, 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. Mead has removed to Chicago, Illinois, where he can hereafter be addressed. Those of our readers who desire a beautiful, useful and instructive Christmas or New Year's present to give to old or young, and one that will last a lifetime and never lose its interest, had better send for the wonderful *Craig Microscope*. Dealers will do well to send to Mr. Mead 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-three 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 biters—"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 wears 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 statutory hall at Washington, and John Quincy Adams, and Col. Robert G. Shaw, of the 66th (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, like 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 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.—*Die Lewis*.

There are many preachers in this world, but few teachers.

Rosa Bonheur, the sprightly French painter of horses and cattle, is one of the richest women in Europe.

"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 poison is full of corruption himself. Heed him not.

San Francisco has 120,000 inhabitants 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, 2,018 miles; New York, 2,708. "Uncle Sam" is pretty well ironed; although the rebellion has somewhat taken the starch out of him.

Much of the pain and pleasure of mankind arises from the conjectures 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 Harding, 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 vouchsafe us in these trying times, no matter how small the amount sent.

Miss Harding states that owing to her engagements 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 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 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 fraternities.

Meetings in Chelsea.

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 in their arguments, so scientifically light-toned and practical. She 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 tarry.

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-days 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 martyrs of the present day, and will surely wear the crown by earnest work in the vineyard of the Lord.

Rev. D. F. Gouldard 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."

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.

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 meet the wants of families and small churches. It can be transported with safety, takes up no more room than a melodeon, 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 Baptist*.

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 pairs of the same quality without them.—*Journal*.

A Three Days' Meeting.

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.

A Festival.

The Friends of Progress in Geneseo, Ill., will hold a Festival on Thursday afternoon and evening, Dec. 22d, 1864, at Sniff's Hall. Col. 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 expect to return rejected manuscripts.)

II. B. NORTH HAVEN, Vt.—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 no other persons to whom we can refer you. We answer you in this way, instead of writing, because we cannot afford the expense of wasting a sheet of paper, and an envelope, and paying "Uncle 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 a good scribe for all creation.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

I will warrant to any person using my PIMPLE BANISHER a beautiful complexion. It will remove tan, freckles, pimples, sunburn, morphea, etc., in four weeks, leaving the skin to the skin a beautiful white and appearance. MORPHEA, that yellow deposit so often seen upon the face and forehead, vanishes by its use in the morning and evening. Sent free of charge to any address, on the receipt of \$1 and stamp. Address, DR. J. H. GOODNOW, P. O. Box No. 184 Post Office, New Bedford, Mass. 1st—Nov. 19.

Buy COPPER-TIPPED SHOES for children. One pair will outwear three without tips. Sold everywhere. 3rd Nov. 5.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

THE NEW MONTHLY.

THE FRIEND OF PROGRESS.

Number 12. December.

A Plan 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 Bern, N. C.—By Rev. A. M. Gardner. Home-Life.—By R. K. 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.—By J. K. Ingalls. Minor Topics. Notices, &c.

For sale by all newsdealers. Single copies 20 cents; \$2 per annum in advance. C. M. PLUMB & CO., Publishers, 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 large number of the most eminent organists and musicians in America, the most perfect and beautiful articles of other countries, declared to be unequalled by any other instrument. "First best of their class"—also, that they have been invariably awarded the first premium at the numerous Industrial Fairs at which their instruments have been exhibited. They will be glad to send to any dealering in musical instruments, and to sell at a large amount of this testimony.

CAUTION TO PURCHASERS.

The high reputation of our CABINET ORGANS has frequently induced dealers to represent that other instruments are the same as theirs, and that they can be readily used as such. This is not true. The excellence of our CABINET ORGANS which have given them their high reputation are the result of their superior construction, and not of their cheapness. In large measure, of essential difference of construction, including, among other things, the quality of the materials, the quality of the workmanship, and the quality of the sound. When a dealer represents another instrument as the same as the Cabinet Organ, it is usually an attempt to sell an inferior instrument on which he can make a larger profit.

WAREHOUSES.

MASON & HAMLIN, 274 Washington street, Boston. MASON BROTHERS, 7 Mercer street, New York.

PREPARE FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

THE CRAIG MICROSCOPE!

FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

A NEW OPTICAL WONDER!

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Simplified and Adapted to Popular as well as Scientific Use.

THIS is the only instrument of high power which requires no skill in its use, and 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, scientists, men, students and scholars, and for every one who has a love for 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 reveals the hidden beauties of the globe and the human body, as well as the thousands of animals in a single drop of stagnant water, distinctly visible; shows the tubular structure of the hair, the claws of a fly's foot which enable him to walk on the ceiling, and the spongy lobes between the claws, which enable him to adhere to glass and other smooth surfaces. It opens up a new world of vision to the view of the astonished beholder, "where the unsatisfied sight no beauty sees." As a gift, or a present to a friend or child, it is unsurpassed. On receipt of the order, price \$2.50, the Microscope will be carefully packed in a neat box, and sent to any address prepaid. A liberal discount offered to agents and all our friends. We advise dealers to purchase a stock for the holidays. Address, GEO. O. MEAD, Chicago, Illinois. Dec. 10.—1w

A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT ORGANIZATION.

As I am now on a brief visit from California, and myself being a member of the Spiritualist Association, and in the presence of the Spiritualists of Jesus of Nazareth, and in his present exalted position as our Great Lord, or Ruler by Divine right, I would like to state a few thoughts about the organization of the Spiritualists. I have been thinking of the readers of the *Banner* who may enter into some similar sentiments, to write me their views on the propriety or necessity of forming an organization, and the advantages of such an organization. I have been thinking of the readers of the *Banner* who may enter into some similar sentiments, to write me their views on the propriety or necessity of forming an organization, and the advantages of such an organization. I have been thinking of the readers of the *Banner* who may enter into some similar sentiments, to write me their views on the propriety or necessity of forming an organization, and the advantages of such an organization.

SPIRITUAL, ASTROLOGICAL LIFE CHARTS.

COHENKILL, written out from the birthday, in which is foretold all that relates to Health and Sickness, Love and Marriage, Hopes and Disappointments, Law and Law-suits, and all other matters desirable to know. Sent daily, whether married or single, and sex. Full particulars always sent free of charge. Send 25 cents for questions, \$1. Address, EUSTIS LARKIN, Camden, New Jersey. Dec. 10.

TO ALL INTERESTED.

MRS. CHARLES L. HOLROYDE, the celebrated Clairvoyant and Test Medium, is now in the country, is now stopping at No. 147 Devonshire street. Will give advice respecting business, health, and all other matters desirable to know. Satisfaction always guaranteed. References given if required. As a Clairvoyant, Psychometrist or Doctor, she is unequalled. 1w—Dec. 10.

DR. J. A. NEAL, No. 34 West 15th Street, New York, still continues his treatment of Diseases by a system of manual therapy, and is now in the city, and is uniformly successful. Confidence of complete success is at once established in the minds of patients, when his method is applied. He is prepared to receive boarders as patients. Dec. 10.

MADAME GALE, Clairvoyant, Healing and Test Medium, 18 Lovell street. 1w—Dec. 10.

BROOKLYN HEIGHTS WATER-CURE.

63 and 65 Columbia Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Corner of Cranberry, Brooklyn, N. Y. This establishment is located between Fulton and Wall street, on the corner of the Brooklyn Heights, overlooking the city 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. Facilities are here afforded for a thorough course of hygienic treatment, which embrace 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 Turkish Bath; the Swedish Movement Cure, and the various electrical appliances. For terms, &c., address, CHAS. H. SHEPARD, M. D. Nov. 19.—1w

DYNAMIC INSTITUTE.

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 proved by many who are conversant with the cure of both equally wonderful. Residence on Marshall, second door south of Division street. P. O. Drawer 171. DR. PERSONS, & GOULD. Nov. 19.

MUSICAL CIRCLES.

MRS. ANNIE LOID CHAMBERLAIN will commence a series of CHURCHES at the house of Col. G. H. Wing, No. 40 Rock street, New York, on Thursday, Dec. 22d, at 8 o'clock, P. M., and continue every evening (Sundays excepted). Tickets admitted a gent and lady, \$1.00. Single tickets for ladies, 50 cents. On children, 25 cents. 1w—Dec. 5.

MAGNOLIA HAIR RESTORE.

THE long sought for vegetable compound for invigorating the scalp, and restoring gray and faded hair to its natural color, and making it grow and dry, and hair to be combed soft and silky, as in youth. It has been used in private circles for years with the most signal success. It is not calculated to injure the hair, and is perfectly safe. It is sold by all druggists and others who deal in hair. A. S. HAYWARD, No. 61 Nassau street, New York, Proprietor. 1w—Dec. 3.

INFORMATION WANTED.

The address of Mrs. Harriet, whose husband formerly resided in Canada. Please call or send to MORRIS STEWART, 274 Canal street, Boston. 2w—Dec. 3.

"THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY." WITH A DISCOUNT.

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An Original Book!

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was claimed by the Spirit who spoke the name it bears, through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. Conant.
while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with no names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly 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.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Circle Room.

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.

Monday, Dec. 5.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Stephen, Jr. to his wife, John, in Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Susan Jenkins, of Washington, D. C., to her father; Capt. Alexander, of the 1st Regt. of the 1st Div. of the Army, to his wife and friends; in Georgia; George Fay, of Tennessee, to Capt. J. H. Conant.

Tuesday, Dec. 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: James H. Brooks, of Thomas T. Brooks, of Macon, Ga.; Bill Cunningham, of the 1st Regt. of the 1st Div. of the Army, to his friends; James T. Cullen, to Mary Anna Cullen, of New York City.

Wednesday, Dec. 7.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Joseph H. Hester, to his mother, Ann E. Hester, residing near Spotsylvania, Va.; Walter Gross, to his friends; Hattie A. Donaldson, who died in Canada, to her father, Robert Donaldson, at Fort Darling; John H. Prescott, to Hugh Lee, of Lexington, Ind.

Thursday, Dec. 8.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Helise Otto Hecker, of New Orleans, La.; Col. Geo. T. Patton, to John M. Patton, of Richmond, Va.; Lida Dumas, to her father, Louis Dumas, now a prisoner; Peter Gross, (colored), to folks in New York; Mrs. Welsh, widow of the late Patrick Welsh, to Dr. Andrews, of Albany, N. Y.

Friday, Dec. 9.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: David Parsons, to friends in Rye, N. H.; Lieut. Henry Fitz William, to friends and brother Thomas; Hattie Grey Bouwmeester, to Dr. Andrew J. Trip, Boulevard, of Lafayette, Spotsylvania Co., Va.; Stephen Carson, of Nevada City, Cal., to friends in Troy, N. Y.

Saturday, Dec. 10.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Capt. John T. Devereux, to Brig. Gen. James H. Winder; Horace Brown, to his brother Joe, and his sister, wife of Rev. Wm. Clark; Horace Brown, to his brother, Robert Bradbury, of 11 Nassau street, New York City; John T. Council, to his friend, Rev. W. H. Weston, of Petersburg, Va.; Minerva Holt, of Richmond, Va., to her relatives at the North.

Sunday, Dec. 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Gen. Felix Zolotarev, to friends at the South; Charles H. Hord, to friends in New York; John T. Council, to his friend, Democrat, Sec. Mc.; Jordan Thompson, to Mrs. Thompson, of Boston, S. C.; Augustus Briggs, to friends; Mary Hill, to her son Abram Hill, at the North; Louis S. Allen, to Pauline S. Allen.

Invocation.

Infinite Jehovah, while the spirit of prayer trembles 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 special 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 beat 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.

Oct. 25.

Questions and Answers.

SMITH.—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 is 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 doubtless 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, notwithstanding 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 summer-land 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 either 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 its own infinite source. We know that you can scarce comprehend our ideas; but we know also that the time will sooner 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 spirit-world, 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 connected 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 seen by the spirit?

A.—Yes.

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 barren 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 so.

Q.—Is it possible for any person in the Western World to curse a person in this part of the country, and thereby produce death?

A.—Yes, it is possible to send out such a psychological influence as to change entirely the magnetic and electric currents in such a way as to produce death.

Q.—Within what distance, measured in feet and miles, can such power be exercised by an individual?

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

Q.—Can an individual by more power of will become invisible to other people in a way outside 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 exercised 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 Jesus?

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 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, 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 myself—that's how it be.

I was born in a small little place called Gote, forty-five or fifty miles from Göttingen. 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 mean.

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

hears I could come back, but I not know anything about it; but when I gets to the spirit-land I was told I could come, could say what I likes.

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 not 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'm sort of turned out of myself; I'm not two, and I's 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 to some 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't 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 roots 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 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 me 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 myself ever since I come to the spirit-land, on account of that same religion.

Now, just say to me folks, if you please, if they will furnish me with one of those colleges at home, I'll go there and speak; I'll be Tim McCarty, as I was, without me body. I'll do as much as I can towards making 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 do n't believe it; if I were to judge from what I'd seen of it, I would say it was catenoid, or a round cone, or something like that, you see near a cone. 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.

Oct. 25.

Henry Glines.

I am Henry Glines, sir; son of Colonel Josiah 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 battle-ground, and my body was cremated. I would thank Lieutenant Walsh—I believe that was the name he gave me; he was a Lieutenant 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.

Oct. 25.

Invocation.

Our Father, Life, wondrous Deity, to whom all natures pay their vows, while these waiting souls hope for thee, and seek to catch the faint glimpses of the soul's better land, may they learn that 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 ear 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 sea, under the earth, and through the skies. All things, animate and inanimate, answer to the call; for let thy numerous manifestations of Mind and Matter all join in the answer—join in 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.

SPRIT.—We are now ready to briefly consider inquiries, 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 largely relative, and is not positive.

Q.—Suppose, for instance, that a father should leave a child who should prove to be a bad man; what would that father's feelings be?

A.—That, also, depends upon the amount of sympathy existing between father and child.

Q.—I suppose that the father and child as much as it were possible for a parent to love a child; what then?

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 alloy?

A.—Certainly it does. The old Orthodox doctrine has been exploded by all reasoning minds, long ago.

Q.—Wherein do angels and disembodied spirits differ?

A.—There is no difference.

Q.—What are we to understand by relative happiness?

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 unhappiness that exists, either with you in an embodied state, or with those humans who have passed beyond the conditions of Time, exists in consequence of human experiences—Is born of humanity, and, therefore, closely related to humanity.

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 when many, many thousands of spirits, after they leave this world, go on progressing until they reach a condition of perfect happiness?

Q.—That is our belief.

Q.—Every one.

Q.—Every one. There are no exceptions.

Q.—What effect has the condition of death, or different manner of death, upon spirits?

A.—It has the effect to produce those conditions by which the soul finds itself surrounded immediately after the change. It is the legitimate producer 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 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 abuses that bind the spirit to the physical form are ruthlessly 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.

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

A.—Not certainly. There are millions of avenues through which spirits 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? Verily 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, can he?

A.—All persons are more or less mediumistic, else they could not be bound to the great universe 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 more prominent than the rest in this respect, yet all are more or less gifted.

Q.—Do infants commence their existence in the spirit-world in an infantile state?

A.—We are sure Time leaves them, there Eternity takes them.

Q.—Do they advance and become adults?

A.—They advance and become adults. 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?

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

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 repose, 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 body.

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 clarity? I hope they are 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.—Precisely; only one is governed and controlled by spiritual law, and the other is not.

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