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of Light, by J. Rollin M. Squire.

CHAPTER XIV.

· When Frank returned to his little white house, he occupied himself with preparations for his departure; and he had soon finished, for his baggage was inconsiderable. Some linen, some objects of toilet, and some books, were all. No more was necessary for him, especially with the life of travels which he had led until then, and which he was going to commence anew the next day.

When these preparations were terminated, he began to reflect. What should he do? Where should he go? These two questions presented themselves to his mind, and Frank found himself much embarrassed to answer them. Certainly his embarrassment was not so great when he left Nimes for the first time, having for an entire fortune only the very modest sum of twenty sous. But at this epoch, also, he had not seen the world, and he brought away the treasure of illusion and

Frank was a great child. His first impulse was fear, but this impulse effaced itself with the rapidity of light, to make place for a sudden resolution. He closed his eyes, and walked forward headlong in the midst of difficulty.

"Bahi" said he, shaking off the sad ideas which for a moment beset him, " have I figured to myself that life would be without struggle for me? After all, I am only going to commence what I did three years ago when I left home, only to-day it is in better circumstances that I am going to do

He wished to know the sum-total of his fortune. and he opened a drawer and counted the money which he found in it.

"One hundred and fifty francs," cried he; " it is the Pactolus. I did not believe myself so rich. Decidedly, where shall I go? Where chance shall will. With such a fortune one may go to the end of the earth, since twenty sous have led me to the gates of Spain."

He ran to secure his place in the carriage which left every day at five o'clock in the morning, running from Cambo to Bayonne.

When he returned to his house he wrote to his parents to announce to them his departure, and to this letter he added another for his friend Karl,

"MY FRIEND-I have just obtained a great vicbeen severe, but : have triumphed; and now that I am free, I ask myself whonce came my terrors? Yes, my terrors; and I underline the word to make you understand the influence which they exercised over me. I believed myself lost, irretrievably lost, the day when it should be necessary to go away from Madame de Regny, of whom I have spoken to you. But I have just said adieu to her-forever, probably-and my heart regretted nothing when I took leave of her. She does not believe in my departure, but she will see clearly to-morrow that I am not a child, as she called me, and that I can show manly resolution when it is necessary.

Oh, my friend! you are happy. You know only the life which is beautiful and good; ambition has not come to knock at your door, and its forgetfulness has saved you. I envy your happiness; yes, I envy it, and yet I cannot live like you; such an existence would have stifled me. I must have struggles which appal me, and liberty which will perhaps ruin me. I leave to-morrow, and I am ignorant as to where I shall go. A little while ago Madame de Règny advised me to go to Paris. It is not yet the moment for me, especially when I think that the great Babylon left Gilbert and Hegesipus to die on a hospital pallet. What would she do for me then, who have less talent than they? No, no; I shall not go to Paris. I am going to return to school—that is to say, I am going to take up the theatre again. I have found I have a voice; unfortunately I do not know a single note of music. The theatre, in giving me anpointments, permits me to take to literature. This is why I decide to go again on the boards. Chance will lead me, perhaps, to Sosthene and Miss Elise. If that be, I shall bless this chance.

I will confess to you one thing. It is that at the time when I believed most to love Madame de Règny, it was with the memory of the young actress and her name in the heart that I worshiped the great lady. Is this strange? Finally, it is finished; my love fatigued this one, and I go, but promising myself to return again, to visit the valley of the Pyrenees, one of the most beautiful countries I have yet traveled over. I have made some excursions. I have seen Saint-Jean-de-Luz and its Infante's Palace, the island of Faisaus, or of the Conference; I have crossed the Bidasson, and I have placed my foot on Spanish ground at Irun and at Foutarabie: Fontarabie, the desert, so sad, so desolated, where smokes yet the canonade. where bullets have left their traces, where, amongst so much rubbish and ruin, the fire seems to brighten still to the last rays of the sun.

Consider a little what is imagination! How wandering and capricious it is! It leads us in spite of ourselves, and me especially. I was speaking to you of Madame de Règny, of our separation, and my letter is not finished, although I have already no longer the appearance of thinking of it. I speak to you of quite another thing. It is, in fact, no longer the subject of my thought, and I pardon her from the bottom of my heart. I reproach her only for one thing: for having kept up in me an illusion which she for a long time no longer had.

Ten o'clock strikes from the old church of Up-

per-Cambo, a basque\* church, quite a motley mixture interiorly, like a Chinese pagoda. Does it please you that I still talk with you?

up to sleep. This would be a magnificent moment for the muse, if that fool were not absent. She was jealous! Now that I no longer have another love, she will return, perhaps, by-and-by, through my open window, with the night air, in a puff of perfumes. I wish to say many things to you. I have a world of questions to address you and I know not with which to commence. Therefore I spare you them all; but I want to keep myself with you, not to remain alone with my thoughts, which, without being sad, do not cease to preoccupy me sensibly. I am like a traveler at the moment of leaving and who stops on the quay to press the hands of his friends, and not knowing what will be the term of his voyage, hesitates to quit them. I am ignorant also what will be the term of my course. I am going toward the unknown, and there are moments when I dare not look my future in the face; I am afraid, I fear; it is a moment of weakness which seizes me, but I see a small star which brightens in the sky. One would say that it looks at me, and that it cries to me: 'Courage and hopefulness.' We have all of us our star, they say; it is perhaps mine which shines up there, and God comes to illuminate it to light my route. Till we meet again, my good Karl, Heave you to talk with my star, and to fall asleep contemplating it. Your friend,

The following day, when Frank arrived on the promenade of upper Cambo, whence started the carriage which must take him to Bavonne, he was unable to refrain from passing the residence of Madame de Règny. It was five o'clock in the morning, the window blinds were closed.

"Slie sleeps!" said he, "and I shall not come at her waking, as formerly, to say to her, 'Frank is happy, for he loves you, and he is jealous of your sleep which is a theft made from his heart.' Certainly to him who had said to me that one day my beautiful romance would finish thus, I should have replied, 'It is impossible!' And, notwithstanding, he had said truly."

He regarded a long time those silent windows, and memory came to him, whispering the story of the past, enlarging, as by an optical illusion, the least detail, the most insignificant circumstances of this story of two years. Forgotten actions, and of which he had taken no notice, returned to his mind. Everything had a signification and an import; his imagination searched all the secret recesses of his memory, and he was surprised at not having taken notice of the things which it revealed

The noise of the horses which they brought, roused him from his reverie. He threw a last glance toward the windows; addressed, mentally, a last adjeu to her from whom he fled, and took his place in the carriage, which left immediately. It was very near two o'clock when he arrived at Bayonne, that town which proudly bears for her device, Nanguam Polluta, and seems to say to France, "I have guarded thy honor in the day of

Frank strolled for some time along the marine walks, which recalled the Pires d'Athenes. He regained the hotel where he had descended on arrivng, when he heard himself softly called. It was

young person got up with the last finish. Frank stopped, and regarded her with astonish-

"Do you not recognize me, M. Frank?" said she to him. "Is it possible that three years of interval may have changed me to the point of rendering me unknowable to your eyes. Let us see; look at me well."

"Pardon, Miss, but I search, and-"And you do not find: is it not so? It is very

flattering to me," added she, laughing. "I nevertheless have a recollection-

"Wait: I am going to aid your rebellious memory. A young girl swoons-

"Swoons?" "On a highway."

"On a highway?" replied Frank, more and more

astonished. - 4,1 "Yes."

"I am truly confused, Miss, but I search in "Oh, that is too much! How? you do not remember a troupe of artists going to Vigan? For me. I have always remembered a young man whom these artists encountered under a bridge,

and who became a great poet, people tell me." "Miss Agarithal" cried Frank, in complete as

"At last you recognize me; it is very fortu-

In fact, she was the sensitive person whom we saw at the commencement of our story, and who possessed the title of Dugazon, singer of Bay-

"How! it is you, Miss Agaritha, you whom I meet again here?" "Yos, M. Frank."

"Believe me, Miss, I am very happy at this meet-

"But I, too, am happy also," said she, smiling; then she resumed: "What has become of you'for three years? What have you done? Whence do you come? I read in the Gazette des Theatre that you had brought out in Geneva a comedy in verse. Do you know it is pretty, that? The journal added that Miss Elise had obtained a great success in your piece. Ah, it is then true that she has

some talent, this little Elise?" "Yes, Miss, it is very true."

"Do you know where she is now?". "I am not at all aware of her whereabouts."

\*Basques-Pays-Basque-Basques-a people formerly called Vascona and Cantabres, and who give themselves the name of Escualdunac. They inhabit, in France and in Spain, the sides of the Pyrences, and form a population of 800,000 inhabitants. This French basques provinces are Lower Navarre, Labourd, the woods of Mine and Soule. The Spanish basques provinces are Upper Navarre, Biscay and Guipizos. The barque tongue, according to the learned, is the most ancient of the world. It has almost no monuments of literature, or at least very few.

"And you wish to know, do you not?" "Yes," replied Frank, quickly.

"Unfortunately, I cannot inform you, for I am It is in vain that I should wish to give myself ignorant also of what has become of her." Frank had had a hope, but this hope vanished in

the smile, malignantly frolicsome, which Miss Agaritha darted on him. "You love her, I believe," continued sho.

"Ah, I do not ask you your secrets; tell me only what you are doing now."

"Nothing." "You have left the theatre?"

"Yes; but I am going to resume my profession."

"Truly?"

" Yes, Miss." "You renounce poetry?"

"Pretty much."

"Ah, that's a pity; poetry is a thing so beautiful!" said Miss Agaritha, with a languid tone. 'You will write me verses, will you not? An idea can you sing?"

"I think I have discovered that I can," replied Frank, laughing, in spite of the sudden question which the Dugazon addressed to bim.

"How fortunate it is. I am going to get you an engagement." Where?"

"Here. Let us see; you can surely sing the second tenor. Have you a collection?" "I know three rôles which Sosthène formerly

taught me." "More is not requisite for a debut. You will acquaint yourself with the collection in proportion. I will speak this evening with the manager; he wants a second tenor, and he cannot find one; so

your engagement is not doubtful, and I charge myself with it. Where do you live?" "At the grand Hotel D'Espagne."

" Have you been here long?" 'Why, no; two hours only."

Come this evening to the theatre; I will introduce you to my manager."

"I will be there, Miss." "This evening, then."

"This evening."

### CHAPTER XV.

Frank had signed his new engagement; he had appeared in a satisfactory manner, and for six months he sang in the character of second tenor on the stage of the theatre of Bayonne. Strange existence, that, of Frank's!

The reader, without doubt, will treat the admission of Frank into a theatre as singer as improbable; he who, after his confession to Karl in his last letter, did not know a single note of music. But the reader will remember that the hero was endowed with an exceptional memory, and that this memory was the same for the art of music as for the rest. This is exactly true; it is historic, Rrank knew perfectly an entire rôle heart, when his professor executed it for him three times on the piano. He found himself happy; he began again to work, and the events through which he had passed for two years had given to his poetry a graver character. Though preserving in them an original form, he had rendered the foundation more serious. He worked, therefore, and if at times he thought of Madame de Regny, it was like a dream which passed before his eyes, and which immediately dissipated itself; the memory of Miss Elise, on the contrary, was always in his heart, and he communed with her as the poor young girl whom he hoped one day to see again.

The close of the theatrical year arrived, and Frank, who had made disbursements to purchase quite a wardrobe for his line of characters, found himself almost without money, and with the prospect of three months of vacancy.

He wished to see Nimes again, to embrace his mother, whom he had not seen for so long; but the way was very long, and his resources very feeble. Alas! when he had paid what he owed in the city, he found himself no longer possessed of anything. and he must renounce the happiness which he had promised himself.

He longed to embrace his mother, nevertheless. "No matter; I will go and see her," said he. And without reflecting on the difficulty of such a journey, he started. He went from town to town, reposing two days and marching two days successively, for he traveled on foot. The little money which he procured in selling one of his theatrical costumes to an artist, diminished at each new light, and one morning he found himself without a

sou, in a town which he was unacquainted with. He walked all day at hazard in the streets; in the evening he was broken down, tired and hungry. He returned to the inn where he had left a valise which he carried, but he dared not ask them to serve supper, and he went up to his chamber and went to bed. He tried to sleep; it was in vain. His position appeared to him terrible. What was going to become of him?

"No, no," said he to himself; "it is not possible that a man may die of hunger in the midst of a town. I was wrong to frighten myself; to-morrow I shall find some one; Providence will make me meet an acquaintance. Yes, I was wrong to despair. Let me sleep, and not offend God with that bad thought that he can forget his creatures." Sleep came not. Early in the morning Frank

traveled over the town anew; he went to the theatre and learned from the door-keeper the names of the artists who remained after the close, and among them all he knew not one. Frank suffered horribly; hunger tortured his

breast, and he walked like a maniac. Those who, saw him pass must have taken him for such, for they turned round to see this young man with wan visage and almost haggard eyes. Ah, we repeat it: Frank suffered horribly. He saw a poor woman who asked almight him, and he envied the

happiness of that woman.
"She is happy," said he, "she dares to beg!" He regarded with a stupid air everybody who went and came, laughing and singing. He asked

ful young girls who passed near him could be joy- would come there to recite his poems, and you ous. The happiness of others astonished him, for will not have occasion to complain, my young it seemed to him that everybody must suffer like friend, if my proposition pleases you."

himself. What a horrible thing is hunger!

The night came; it was fifty hours since Frank had eaten! He sat down on a bench opposite to a coffee house; some guitar-players caine, and, after some snatches of song, one of the two made a round of the tables and collected the offerings of the idle consumers. This was a splendid idea for Frank. When the strolling virtuosos were gone away, he arose.

"Without asking charity," said he, "one may find bread!" and in his turn he advanced before the establishment. Oh! how his heart beat! the blush of shame mounted to his face, but hunger cried to him: "Courage, Frank, courage! we

shall sup to-night!" He recited with a trembling voice one of his poems, which was lost in the midst of laughs and the noise of glasses. Scarcely any one heard it. He began another, to which he had given the title of "The Vagabond," and which required a great vigor of action in the recital. This time the laughs

and the noise ceased, and each one turned toward the poet to listen attentively to hear. When he had finished there was a thunder of applause. Frank was going to make a collection, when gentleman who sat near stopped him.

"Whose are those two poems which you just recited, young man?" asked he of him.

"Mine, sir," replied Frank.
"Yours? and you are going around thus on the

public places?" "Oh, sir! it is the first time that this has happened to me!"

"You must be in great need?"

"In fact, sir 4"
And yielding so much from sufferings and emotion, Frank turned horribly pale and sank in

"What paleness!" cried he who had spoken to Frank; "what is the matter with you? you are suffering?"

"Yes, I am hungry!" " Oh!"

." Be silent, sir; for pity's sake, be silent! do not say it!"

Frank rose and made the round of the company, picking up three francs. When he passed before his interlocutor, he gave him a five franc piece. "To-morrow, at one o'clock, I will expect you

here," said he. Frank went away rapidly. He called for sup-

per on entering the inn; but from the first morsel he carried to his mouth he swooned.

### CHAPTER XVI.

They carried Frank to his bed. His long fast provoked a sudden indisposition. The first nutrito render their functions normal, it was requisite insensibly to prepare to receive nourishment, which. greedily taken, might have killed Frank. Immediate care was taken of him, and, thanks to his good constitution, the following day he was able to breakfast without fear, and to keep the rendezyous he had given the gentleman of the evening before. He went to the coffee-house; the gentleman was waiting him. "Well, my friend, how do you find yourself this

morning?" demanded he. "Better, sir, much better," replied Frank smil-

"I have thought much of you since yesterday, and I ask myself what could be the circumstances

which, with such intelligence and talent as yours, had brought you to a position so-" "Miserable, is it not?" finished Frank. "Miserable is not the word, for this position can only be momentary. Finally, I do not desire to

question you; you are, I am sure, an honest young man, and I wish, if I can, to be useful to you. Let us see: confide to me your projects; tell me what you wish to do." 'I am an actor, sir; I was going to Nimes to see my parents. Unfortunately, my resources were

insufficient to take me to my family, and not knowing any one, everywhere a stranger, I was obliged, for the first time in my life, to do what I did yesterday!" and Frank lowered his head, as if crushed with shame. "What you have done, my friend, many could

not do; for you recited us masterpieces created by yourself, and the modest remuneration' which you received was only a feeble price for their real value. Why blush so? You are a poet! Think of Homer, who went, also, from city to city, reciting his poems in exchange for the hospitality which they accorded him." "I thank you, sir, for your good words, which

are, I clearly see, a consolation rather than a truism."

" Not at all." " Yet---"

"There is no yet; and I, who am not a poet, am going to make you a comparison very prosaic. Does the boot-maker give his merchandise for nothing? Would the grocer deliver a single box of peppe without being well and duly paid? Not at all, You have delivered your merchandise also—a merchandise which calls forth pleasure, emotion; and there is nothing to observe if, to pay the bill, the public has mingled a little silver with applause, which, as sweet as it may be, cannot nourish the poet. I do not mean to say by that that you should continue to recite your poems on the public places. No; but I wish to affirm to you that the money received by you yesterday, before the coffee house, was not a charity, but a salary." "Your words do me good, sir; and I thank you come !"

"Here is what I thought, and what I have already put into execution: I am president of a sary fête. This fête should take place in three himself how they could laugh; how those beauti- | prised the members of the club that a young poet | Come, come, come!"

"It saves me/sir!" cried Frank, joyously.

"Then it is agreed?" "Oh, sir! sir! how to express to you-

"It is useless. Now I am going to make you another proposition—

"It is accepted beforehand, sir."

"Well said. It is\_\_\_\_

" It is." "It is to come and dine at my house."

"Ah, sir," replied Frank, quite confused, "I do not believe-"You accepted and you will come. There, here is my address. You will ask for Mr. Estelle, director of the post-office; we will talk longer at table. Now I am forced to leave you now. Do

not forget that we dine at six." The honest director of the post-office paid for what they had taken, and went away, after having shaken hands with Frank.

Frank could not believe in the happiness which had come to him. "God is good," murmured he; "and I was right to say that he watches over his

He visited the city, and he was surprised to find the same streets-which yesterday he had found so sombre - so beautiful. Yesterday he saw the streets through a veil of sadness; today, hope, in illuminating his soul, adorned with a joyous color the objects which struck his view.

Hope, holy daughter of heaven, whom God sent down to earth, how powerful is thy charm! How sweet is thy voice in the heart of the unhappy! Thou appearest, and the night becomes radiant; be thou blest, oh Hope! The child finds thee near his cradle, the man in the midst of his work, and the old man on the brink of the tomb, where, after his long pilgrimage here below, fatigued with the route, thy finger shows him heaven. Be thou blest, be thou forever blest, oh Hone!

At five o'clock Frank repaired to the address which M. Estelle had given him, who, after they had dined, took him to his club, where he passed a part of the evening.

Three days afterwards, the fete announced by the director of the post-office took place at the club, and Frank there obtained a success which recalled to him the musical and literary parties which he gave in Geneva, in company with Sos-

He was largely remunerated by the members of the club; for the following day, at the moment of mounting on the stage to continue his route, M. Estelle remitted him the sum of two hundred "There," said he, "here is what will take you

directly to your home. A good journey, M. Frank. I shall always he happy to have news of you, foror I greatly deceive myself—you will win a great reputation." this man, whose generous interest had saved him,

when he believed himself abandoned by all. Ho promised himself to keep the recollection of it all his life, and he did not fail in the promise which he made. Two days after, he was with his family. It was an immense joy for him again to see his mother.

"You will leave us no more now, will you, my loved Frank? I have cried much, ah, since these three year! naughty child who makes his mother weep. But here you are, and I weep no longer, How pale you are-you have suffered much, my poor child. But why did you thus leave us? What need had you to run over the world-to abandon your country? Did you think that happiness was to be found far from the places which saw us born?'

"I was a fool, my mother. Happiness is near you, in your looks, on your heart and in your

There was a fete in Frank's house. They killed the fat calf to celebrate the return of the prodigal child. Every one was surprised at the new manners of Frank: his friends of the workshop were amazed with the tone and the language of their old companion.

Karl ran up as soon as he had learned of the noet's arrival.

"Karl, my good Karl! here I am returned again, or rather have not been away. It is a dream which I have had, and which has lasted three years. But what a dream, my friend! I will relate it to you some evening under the old chestnut trees of our beautiful fountain," said Frank, pressing in his arms the companion of his youth.

At the end of a few days he began in duty to search for a place. He found one in an office, and he tried to work again with ardor. For three months his new occupation abstracted his mind from all other thoughts; but little by little the calm and uniform life of the office began to weigh on that imagination which required movement and contrast.

The muse which he had driven away came anew, presenting horself and calling him softly. He had courage to repulse her, and to close his ear to her voice. The muse returned again.

Oh! away with thee; be oft'!" said he: "for thy caresses are perfidious, for thy accents are deceitful: the illusion is now fled, and, poor and shipwrecked. I wish no more to quit this post."

And the muse murmured to him in a whisper: 'Frank, Frank, heaven has affianced me to thy heart; that I mingle my songs with thy tears.

Come!" "Frank, Frank, why broak thy luto? why stifle thy soul? The flower perfumes the evening air; the birds sing in the blossoming branches. Come,

a markatementa "Frank, Frank, what thinkest thou? God has marked thee on the forehead as an angel of light; club, whose members give every year an anniver- rise thom: and onward, to pour into lights who weep and suffer words which console. Why stop days; there will, be a ball and a concert. I ap- on the road? Let us go where God sends us.

"No!" and Frank rose; the fover devoured him, for he struggled with his soul; for he felt that the same aspirations always carried him away in spite of himself.

He struggled thus during a year. One evening, as he was scated with Karl, near the ruins of the ancient temple of Diana, which Nimes possesses with so many other Roman monuments, he recounted to his friend the combats which he had to bear up against himself not to quit a second time his parents and his country. "Advise me," said he to him; "come to my

aid, my good Karl. Ought I to obey this fatal voice which had enticed me far from you?" "Friend," replied Karl, "we all have, in coming into the world, a mission to fulfill and in spite

of our efforts to remove ourselves from it, we return to it always. It is this that the world calls destiny.'

"You believe, then, that it is destiny which urges me?"

After what you have shown me since your return, yes. One does not see accomplished every day a progress so rapid as yours, and acquired in so little time a like perfection."

"Karl, I would wish to see you near me. Why

should we not leave together?" "Oh! I have not the same destiny as you," said

Karl, smiling. The moon at this moment poured silvery gleams over the grey stones of the old Pagan temple, and softly tinged the verdant summits of the pines of Mont D'Haussez; the clear water of the fountain sang and ran through the slender colonnade of the Roman nymphæa; a soft and gentle breeze, passing over the chestnut trees of half a century, filled the air with the perfume of their pyramidical flowers; the stars shone on a sky monotonous by strength of being pure, as Reboul has said it. It

—full of love and song. The two friends contemplated this nature, so beautiful and so rich.

was a splendid evening—an evening of the South

"Listen!" said Frank, quite pinching Karl's

"They are promenadors, who come to stop before the pavilion of the fountain. What matters it to you what they may say?" replied Karl. Oh, it is that I thought I recognized—

"Whom?" "Some one whom I had forgotten, and whose

voice has just awakened a world of memories in In fact, a young gentleman and a young lady came and seated themselves ten stens distant

from the two friends, who were thus able to hear the conversation which took place between the two promenaders. "Yes, Madame," said the young man, "after your departure from Geneva, I was ashamed of the bad action which I had committed, and I re-

pented the folly of having brought about the scandalous scene which made me incur your disfavor.' 'It is M. de Stolberg!" murmured Frank; "M. de Stolberg, with Madame de Règny."

M. Fritz," replied the voice of the great ladyfor it was she, in fact-"I confess that your conduct surprised me greatly. I searched a long time to explain what motives had made you act

"I have just told you, Madame: a folly." "Could a folly be permitted you at the moment

when people announced your marriage with your cousin, Miss Helène de Raspach?" 'Alas! no, Madame; and I should have reason

to think of it, for I was the first victim of my thoughtlessness, of my folly, as I called it just

"Miss de Raspach soon learned what had taken place: my duel with Frank--"

'And your love for Miss Elise," added Madame de Règny.

Fritz continued as if he had not understood: And when I presented myself at her house in the day, she announced to me that, wishing to leave me free to follow an existence which seemed to have for me more charms than a calm, uniform life, she voluntarily renounced her part of the inheritance of my aunt, and-"

"Yes, Madame."

"So that now you are rich-

"And free!"

Fritz, in pronouncing these words, put into his voice the most ingeniously insinuating inflection he was able to find.

"You are traveling for a long time, M. de Stol-

Since your departure from Geneva, Madame. "And it is only at Nimes that we meet."

"Yes, Madame, in Frank's country, for he was a Nimosis, as much as I remember of it."

'Yes. I believe---" said Madame de Règny

with embarrassment.

What has become of him?" "I do not know."

"Did he not accompany you to Spain?" "Yes, as Secretary."

A smile of raillery came lightly to the lips of Fritz de Stolberg, but Madame de Règny did not see it. "And you dismissed him?" said he. "No; he wished to go himself, and I did not re-

tain him." "You did well. For do you know what I heard

"That he loved you! And slander added

"That what?"

"That you loved him, also." "You were right to say slander, M. de Stolberg,

for it is a very great one, in fact." Frank trembled and rose; he was going to walk toward the great lady. Karl retained him.

"What are you going to do?" said he. "Confound this woman."

"To what good?"

Karl possessed the calmest philosophy, or the most stoical, with which it is possible to meet. "I had received M. Frank because I interested myself in him. I wished to furnish him the means

to succeed in making himself known," continued Madame de Règny. "But I soon perceived that under an energetic appearance M. Frank hid an extreme apathy, and I was obliged, in spite of the best will I had to be useful to him, to decide-

'To dismiss him?"

berg?

" No. to let him leave." "He must be gone to find Sostliène again-

"And that young actress-" "Probably."

The garden clock made itself heard, as if to inwite the promenaders to retire. They were going to close the railing. It was eleven o'clock. "Will you conduct me to my hotel, M. de Stol-

Am I not at your command, Madame?" Fritz offered his arm to conduct Madame de

Règny to the Hotel of the Luxembourg. 'What a beautiful evening?' murmured she. "Yes," suddenly said a voice which made them tremble; "the evenings of Cambo were not more

"There is some one there!" cried Madame de Règny, pressing closely to Fritz.

"There is Brank," continued the voice, "Frank, who is not gone to rejoin Miss Elise, the poor actress, but who finds again the great lady on the etherial brightness, bearing a weakspirit who had arm of the man whom one day she drove from Just passed from earth-life. Thus a bright gem her; there is Frank, for whom you blushed, whom you denied, after having given him your soul, and who says, in his turn, Frank never loved Madame do Règny."

After having said these words, the young poet drew away Karl, and disappeared with him through a sombre alley, where the most practiced sight had not been able to perceive them.

Fritz and the great lady remained immovable; they believed themselves under the empire of a hallucination.

They kept silent.

Madamo de Règny broke it the first. " Come." said she: "come!"

The moon, hiding behind a cloud, enveloped in shadows the black mass of Diana's temple. An ospray came out of the ruins, and spread its wings in giving a sinister cry, and went to repose its seemed to have watched for two thousand years over the destinies of the old Nimean colony.

The following day Madame de Règny left the city. She was accompanied by Fritz de Stolberg. [To be continued in our next.]

## The Spirit-World.

### EXPERIENCE IN SPIRIT-LIFE OF E. A. KNIGHT.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF ANNE LINCOLN.

Rest! from all toil, turmoil, noise and strifefrom all exertions of life, thought and feeling, let merest! White-winged messengers from Paradise, come unto me! cover me so entire with thy peaceful wings that I may sleep, deeply, soundly, death-

ly. Oh, how my poor, tired spirit longs for repose! Even the thought of reposing in the grave until the final trump shall sound and call all to the seat of judgment, seems not so bad, however unreasonable and improbable, for in those thousands of years surely I may sleep enough and wake refreshed.

Sick of patiently waiting, hoping against hope, struggling against fate, I get so tired, so honeless, and oh! so faithless, I wonder not I would sink into the pit of nothingness and be forever lost. He who has much hope, much life, much energy, must have health, and having that, all things may be possible; enjoyment may come, and happiness be complete. But a life filled with pain and disease of the body cannot give one much pleasure, and the only thought is of peace and rest to come.

This I felt and wrote in earth-life. I was waiting and watching for the change. Spiritual truth, in all its beauty, had dawned upon me and unfolded my insight, yet I oft became discouraged and disheartened, and felt impatient to go. One day my sad heart was giving vent to its oppression in a mournful melody, and in those strains my soul spoke. As I turned from the piano I saw a stranger spirit. He beckoned to me, and said, 'Come up higher!" I was startled. I told my vision, and knew that I was called: I felt that I should not live long in the form; but I knew that ascend the plane; higher and higher they wing I should live in the hearts of those who loved me. and that I should be with them still, for truth is illumed by wisdom's sun. faithful to the trust.

I gathered every hallowed token for some loved friends to treasure in memory of me; a ring, a lock of hair, or pressed floweret, and many little mementos I offered. My friends received them, yet said I would not die then. But alas! disappointment came to them, while hope came to me. And hope to the weary-hearted is like a reflex from heaven, where sunshine follows shadow.

The vision I had the day before I left the form was true. I saw my spirit-mother, with her sister, waiting for me, and the cause of my grief at the time was the thought of leaving my two little ones motherless in a cold, unfeeling world. I ream going." I felt calm, and fell asleep. When I ing to the soft curtains, in ever-living freshness; awoke I felt a calm, blissful influence stealing sweet vines were bending and dropping little purbeen transported where everything was transcendently etherial. I saw departed spirits around me, and recognized those of our family who had gone before. The place was strange. I saw beautiful plains and flowery scenes, lakes, valleys and groves, houses and gardens, where trees were laden with fruit and rich vines overhanging in abundance; all corresponding with earth-like scenes, and as real to the spirit as things pertaining to earth are tangible to mortal.

In this beautiful Elysium we are located according to our enlightenment, and the gems of the future sparkle in our souls by the light gleam of our own virtue. Through our purity and goodness we have a clear conception of these endless beauties that surround us. We are not veiled by the shades of sorrow: no death or decay can shut out the spiritual insight of eternal life, for these truths are neither transient nor fleeting, to fade away. And as we traverse these loved plains, our souls are filled with purer, holier aspirations, and every step in progress is another golden link added to the soul's existence.

But there were holy memories thronging my soul; past memorials were clinging to me like the ivy to its trellis. The kindred ties, the tenderest feeling that heart can know, attracted me back to earth. I saw my friends mourning me, yet they did not grieve in blindness; for, as the cloud of affliction rolled over them, it was a broken cloud and they could see light beyond the tomb. In that earth-home people had gathered to hold the funeral rites. Oh! the hollow creeds of ceremony! Of what availeth the prayers and words of the priest? We must live our prayers by our own

Many gazed upon the form of their lost friend Some sighed, while others said, " It is well!" Some gazed with curious eyes, while others wondered if she was happy—if she was one of the elect. Thus I read the thoughts of those present; their spirits stood out as plain before me as the noon-day sun.

A vase of beautiful white buds and blossoms there, which reminded me of a request I made in earth-life, that friends would drop a flower in the coffin, as a pure token of love and esteem. Some accepted the blossom and treasured it for my sake. while others received it for the sake of the flower. I watched the scene, but desired to fly from it; I | ing from soft clouds. thought if there was sorrow on earth there were glories in the skies. With reverent meekness I leaned upon my spirit guide, for I had grown

weak and weary in my watch. As on the wing of a bird I was borne away. was seated on the flowery border of a beautiful lake; from its silver bosom I could see mirrored bright spheres above. The spirit-world opened around me, the blue heavens and ocean of eternal life met; beautiful landscapes were dotted in different spheres, some higher, some lower; fragrant life. trees were waving above me, and soft zephyrs were playing through the sweet-scented boughs of nature. Glistening dews were sparkling from the | beautiful construction. This building was finely perfumed flowers that carpeted the foot-paths of the summer-life.

While watching the various scenes around me, a beautiful charlot drew near, drawn by spirits of was lost to the sight of mortal. By friends he was mourned as one too pure for earth. He had woven his spiritual coronet by his own starry virtues, and won the love of mortals on earth, as of spirits in heaven. His mission was to teach the ways of progress, to enlighten spiritual visions and elevate souls to a high condition. His life was one of progression and usefulness; he never wearied of his love-labor, and ever ministered un-to others, forgetful of self. Wherever his influence was felt, it produced harmony and unity of feeling. He gathered new spiritual gems and scattered to the lowly the wealth that heaven alone can give. All that is beautiful, pure and lovely is combined in his nature, and, as materiality faded away, his spirit became immortalized in glory. and he entered the spirit-world with the light of heaven shining upon him, and a crown of glory flight on the summit of the Magne tower, which rested like an aureola upon his head. He was veiled in a white vapor, arrayed in the snowy garb of an angel; its transparent folds were floating loosely about his form, and a garland of pure lilies encircled his waist. On his breast he wore a cluster of violets; his sleeves expanded in silvertinted wings. As the charlot moved along, it was Mowed by a long procession of spirits. The air was filled with music, as coming through a wind harp of a thousand strings. Such harmonious strains I never heard before. I was enwrapped in the sweet melodies, for I always worshiped music as something divine. They came to elevated ground; rising a circle of white marble steps, was the Temple of Truth. The construction was formed in a circle, of pure, white stone, larger than I could discern, very high pillars, and between each was an opening; white doves were circling around these crystalline portals that led

to the interior. Here, circles of spirits were formed, one above another, elevated to a scene of resplendent beauty; each grade being a condition of spirits, according to their development in the scale of progression. The lower circle is occupied by bright looking spirits, whose faces are radiant with happiness; as these circles go higher, the spirits grow brighter; still higher, I discern stars shining in silvery light; and far above, as high as I can see, is a circle of blazing suns, pouring out rays of gold and amethystine splendor, filling the temple with glory, and shedding o'er the lower circles a flowing offulgence. My eyes were blinded by wisdom's rays, and I could see no higher.

Here, beneath this dome of inspiration, is a bright attraction that no spirit can resist. Wisdom supplieth the highest, purest aspirations, and from these circles of light, lovely truths descend. It takes no study of bygone theologies to comprehend and discover the truths of God. There is an intuition implanted within every soul, that is capable of comprehending the highest truths that flow through the avenues of inspiration. The bird of promise brings rich treasures from heaven: and as the higher receives untold blessings, so they are showered upon the lower, contrasting only as the spirits are adapted to receive. Step by step they their flight; brighter and brighter the spirits grow,

They guided the new-born spirit to the first circle; he bowed in humility before his inspired teachers. Here we leave another of God's children communing with Him.

I was attracted to a winding path at the foot of this elevated plane. The soft, bedewed surface was filled with breathing flowers, that were expanding their white netals for the sunbeam's warm glow. The sky was studded with stars, tinting heaven's blue with golden lights that gleamed from some lovelit homes.

Here a chain of cottages were linked together, each bearing a different name. The cottage of Hope was simple and plain. The interior was alized when I was passing away, and said, "I lined with silver-grey folds. The sky was clingsorrow's shrouding shades; and on depressed and despairing spirits, gleams of gladness make spots of sunshine within their hearts, and hope inspires according to the spirit's need.

A group of spirits are assembled here. One sits in the centre enveloped in a sombre garment; no glittering ornaments bedeck her, save one star that shines above her pure, pale brow. She is a teacher from higher spheres; and from her bright shrine of faith spirits weave new leaves of hope in their wreaths of life, and in the radiant light of her presence come dreams of heaven. She wore a calm, peaceful smile, and reached her hand to welcome me, saying: "Those who are hopeless, and whose hearts are blighted by disappointment, come here; God hath made all truths plain, and with hope all is revealed, and every truth learned enhances thy future life."

We passed on, to the cottage of Charity. This pictured scene of bliss we love with reverence. Charity, the brightest gem, the talisman of love. llumines this home of loveliness. This emblem from heaven, gift of God, restores the blight of hope, heals the wound of error, brings back to life the crushed and dejected gives back the poor lifedrop that is drained, and restores the fallen to the innocent and beautiful. The interior of this cottage is a garniture of flowers, from the brightest to the serenest colors. Spirits are mingling here in congenial happiness; they receive the holiest aspirations; they judge not the erring, but remove darkness by spreading the mantle of light upon the errors that have encroached upon the spirit. Thus I learned the two lessons I needed

Home thoughts again returned. I knew I had passed from earth-life, but I knew there was a better home prepared for me there. I was guided to my home by my spirit mother. We came to a lovely arbor, where trailing vines of sweetness are clinging to the lattice-work; beautiful blossoms, blending with light and life; every variety in nawas passed to the friends who had gathered ture's garden are manifested here to please the taste. This was the entrance to a small room, where the walls seemed wreathed in fine lacework of silvery threads, enwoven in the smallest blossoms. Here pictures are hanging. These are the portraits of some dear remembered faces peer-

As I drew near them I found they were not pictures, but the originals of dear, departed spirits, enveloped in a cloud-like vapor. A surprise, and a loving welcome greeted me here. This is no picture of ideality, but in reality a home in heaven On one side of the room is a deep arch, festooned with evergreen vines, where the soft light is playing through, and no shades to obscure its brightness. Here is a splendid piano, with three banks of silver keys, and I still pursue the study of my

I had a desire to see some of our great, inspired masters. I was guided to a pure white palace of sculptured in beautiful figures, molded and shaped n perfect loveliness. Angels reclining, and some

with outspread wings soaring upward. The front, battle-grounds in the spheres, but all was peace one can only gaze upon this statuary with enou: inspired artists, with pen in hand. His hair lined, thick, shaded evebrows projected over his was carneted with manuscripts that he had strewn | broken. about him; they were the inspired products of his great, inspired composers, who has showered the purest productions of music upon mortals. He raised his eyes, and said, in a pleasant voice,

Child, what brought thee here?" I told him that I had worshiped him in life, and had labored hard to bring out some of his grand productions, yet felt that I had always failed to give the desired effect. I said, "I come that you may inspire me with knowledge, and encourage me to improve the talent that I am endowed with." He said, "My child, God gave thee talent, and thou must strive to attain the true knowledge that He alone can impart. Live in harmony of feeling, and ascend the scale of progression, having a perfect thy talent, perfect thyself. Be faithful unto God, and inspiration will flow through the spirit of harmony. Thou hast done well; thy labor is not lost, but is the prelude to the continuation of eternal life." Giving me a sonata, he patted me on my head, saying, "Bless thee, child of art; with a pure spirit I will bestow unto thee emblems that are a smile, he said-"So to thy labor."

desired to see—one who is endowed with exalted powers. I felt that I had gained my standing point in this study. The encouragement that I had received had given new elasticity to my nature; and I am happy, knowing that I am the pupil of the great, inspired master so far above

I am never alone, but am blest with companions, whose tastes assimilate with my own, and together we roam about, wandering over elysian lands, ever gleaning new truths and beauties from the loved scenes about us. I have met many, many friends, who have long since departed from earth-life. Individuality is eternal, and we are happy in the recognition of loved ones; yet we do not always dwell together, for the laws of affinity govern our spiritual lives. We are happiest with those who harmonize and blend with us in thought and feeling. We love all; yet there is a spiritual attraction that binds some souls together, and in this beautiful relation of nature nothing cary seven the tie, for it is indissoluble.

I revisit earth and hover over my little ones and watch them with maternal care, and try to spiritualize and elevate my earth companion to a clearer conception of spiritual attainments. I am near you all; ever pointing out life's true pathvay, and seeking to draw you upward, where the life of glory unfolds new scenes, and offers new encouragement to win spirits from the errors and grossness of earth, and to twine the affections to higher things.

We live not for pleasure alone, for we have duties to perform. The spirit spheres are not all made up of pleasure and sunshine, joy and happiness. There are shades of misery, where deep waves of sadness dwell, where the veil of darkness and sorrow clouds the spirit's brow.

We seek the spirits who cannot find rest, whose yearnings are unsatisfied. We twine the chord of love and sympathy around the weak tendrils o'er me; all seemed pure and beautiful; I had ple and white bells, turning sweetness from their of these weary hearts, for some of the purest and noblest of natures have been repelled and driven to despair.

We wandered through a dense grove of deep shaded foliage, o'er a rough, untrodden path Drooping willows are weeping in sadness, and dark hedges of cypress obscure the light, while above us is a starless canopy. Here all is gloom and sadness pictured around us—not one blossom of promise can we cull. Here we met a restless spirit, pacing back and fro. A misty cloud rolled thick around his head; his eyes wore a wild and frightful expression: his clinched hands he held to his breast, as if holding some sacred treasure He gazed at us with a vacant stare, then came to us, and implored us to leave him not alone, but to guide him out from this dark wilderness. He had been sent into eternity suddenly and unprepared for the change, for he was entirely ignorant of the future life. In his country's service he had fallen, and in this wild and frightful condition he awoke. His mind was barren; and in this misery he suffers not alone for thousands of souls are hastened hither in this unpreparatory state.

But there are no exclusions from heaven, what ever discipling mortals may have suffered; here the lost are redeemed. He innocently and confidingly gave his revelation. His life, hopes and affections were consecrated to the object of his devotion. He parted from her at his country's call. He wept, and said that the treasure he held dearer than life was lost. She had placed her miniature in his bosom when they parted, as a talisman to cheer him in his trials. And now a terrible separation seemed a reality to him; he was more than miserable, and his wretchedness alone veiled the truth that there is no separation of spirits.

This disclosure from the poor soldier-spirit saddened me, and a dim mist enveloped my sight. I could see only a crushed and troubled spirit before me. But I was surrounded by beautiful influences, that were acting upon me, and strengthening me to perform my duty. I had been influenced to act and speak in earth-life by the spirits, but never with such power as controlled me at the present time. I spoke, not knowing what I was say. I offered my hand, saying:

"Brother, the blossoms of affection are fadeless. and are blooming for thee still in ever living fragrance, and their sweet perfume will strengthen thy soul. Dry those bitter tears, for they will drop as diamonds of joy from thy blooming cheeks, while thy lips shall be wreathed in smiles of happiness.

His face calmed; he looked at me with a deep, penetrating glance, as though he could not comprehend my meaning. I promised to extricate him from the trammels that fettered his spirit and held him in blindness. I knew if there existed a soul-affinity between him and his earth-love, that he would realize the attractive force as soon as his condition would permit.

Together we roamed the spirit-lands. I taught him the glorious revelation that had been unfolded to me. I guided him to the celestial gates of truth. He began to realize that there were no

over the entrance, was a throne, where a figure is and harmony when the spirit was awake to real finely chiseled, portraying the ideal of perfection, life. Groups of spirits surrounded us, and the holding a harp of pearl. All here is made beauti- summer-life opened to us in all its blooming ful by the hand of art; nothing of nature is to be beauty. He felt attracted to earth plane. As we seen, save the soft, tufted grass, dotted with tiny neared the spot, all looked dark, like grey twilight. blue-eyed violets, lending a beautiful contrast to Soon we saw a faint light, and followed the attracthe scene. This throne opens to a spacious hall, tion. He began to grow weak, but we encour-Fine sculptured figures fill the niches in the walls; aged him. We entered a humble homestead, where sorrow had darkened the household. We chantment. In the centre is a large fountain, say a lovely form lay sleeping in death-her where the sun is shining through the silver spray | breath grow fainter and fainter, till all was still. of the sparkling water. Pure white doves are cir- A halo of light was formed in a golden crescent cling around this representation of light and puri- above her head. We saw a second head—the rety. All is serenely beautiful. Here sat one of flection of the sleeper; it bore resemblance to the lovely one, yet was far more beautiful. A faint was long and disheveled, his broad brow deeply shadow was rising in a white vapor. It was a spiritual body; and a second person stood above deen set eyes, his mouth was firm and fixed; he the cold, dead form; it was the spirit of her who seemed absorbed in deep meditation. The floor had just died. The little, tender thread of life was He clasped her to his bosom and bore her away.

own soul. This is a faint picture of one of our She was indeed lovely. Her soft hair flowed in deep waves; her eyes beamed in the clear light of the azureline blue depths; her mouth was curved in a sweet expression. She was truly an angel picture, and I did not wonder that he loved her, and that her spirit was the central attraction of his soul. The miniature that he so fondly treasured was lost, but the original found. She was a delicate organism, and the shock of his untimely death increased the disease that had fastened upon her, and the rose of life faded, and the light of her eyes grew dim-so she departed to a fairer, a more congenial clime. There she stood as the bride of heaven, clothed in etheriality, enveloped in a veil of silver-woven brightness. A coronet octave of unison throughout thy life. To perfect of snow-drops decked her brow, as pure and spotless as the lily leaf. Her spirit arms were outstretched, and in her hands she held the dewygemmed blossoms of her bridal wreath, that binds soul to soul.

The twin spirit was kneeling beside her on a flowery divan, his soft eyes dilated in the pure joys of an eternal union. The two spirits had asattuned to heaven." His eyes lighted up, and with | similated and melted into one love. Myriads of angels assembled at the nuptial scene. It grew I was delighted; I had met one whom I most lighter. The gilded rays of the higher spheres were shining, and they were in a flood of glory. A spirit brother drew near, encircled them in

his arms, and said:

"Our brother, live and expand thy soul in the pure fruition of love. It will strengthen thee in duty, guard thee in virtue, elevate thee in purity, and unfold thy comprehension to become recipient of the highest attainments of the wisdom spheres. Perfect thy love through the divine emanations that flow from God. Build no airy palaces of happiness without the foundation of duty, for happiness springeth only from the seed of duty. 'For as we sow, so we shall reap, and so produce resultant harmonies in life, blending with all that is pure and true."

A sister spirit congratulated them. Her diamond-lit eyes beamed in carnestness upon the bride. Her heavy, black hair was braided and woven with gems around her head; one star in the centre shone out in crystal brightness. Loosefolds of gilded gauzer enveloped her form. She placed one hand upon the bride's head, and with the other pointing upward, said, "Our sister, more is expected of thee in thy life-walk than of thy mate; thy spirit is more refined and more receptive to the inspiration of angels. There must be a connecting link to bind his spirit to high and holy things to draw him heavenward; for with the spirit of man the purity and angelic sweetness of woman's nature is his beacon. Manifest purity in all things: let sublime principles exist in thy works, and let the boundless depths of thy love be showered upon earth children; be a celestial light to attract mortals unward. Consecrate thyself to noble purposes, and in thy union mingle thy earnest labors with thy highest aspirations."

Before God they had given themselves unto each other, and through him they will be led to fill fill a life of beauty and of duty. Together they soar upward, one life, one love, one mission, and that the work of the Almighty. Their home is a beautiful cottage at the foot of the mountain of Progression, where the sun of light has risen, where silver streamlets from the fountain of Life are flowing, where the rosy wreaths of promise are entwined around their affections, where the soft air of a genial clime comes in sweetness, and plays like music through glistening leaves, that softens the light that comes as a herald of a still brighter home in higher spheres.

To watch the unfoldings of spiritual development of those in different spheres, we learn profitable lessons therefrom

We'behold the changes in the grand universe as it is controlled by Divine Intelligence, and see light separate from darkness. All inconsistencies and absurdities are made plain to the reasoning powers of those who have comprehension. Earthly Tabernacles fall down, while Thrones

of Spirituality are constructed upon the foundation of Truth. The most exalted position that a mortal can fill,

is to emplant truth within the human soul; to unfold the mysteries that have been buried in the depth of past theologies; to reveal the beauties of God's laws, that truth may overshadow error, light dissolve darkness, and all in Nature be as clear as eternal day.

There are many on earth who are laboring for the good of humanity.

We see one group who have labored, mid conflict and skepticism, among unharmonious and uncongenial influences; yet through their instrumentality the avenues of inspiration are open to mortal, and the life-chain connected between the celestial and terrestrial worlds.

of theological literature has turned to the pure reasonings of these beautiful teachings that they have proclaimed, and become elevated to a condition to enable them to receive the inspiration of Love, Light and Truth.

And many a human mind, wearied from study

We see this group journeying up the mountain of Progression. The first steps of their labor looked dark and gloomy, but the foregleam of truth attracted them onward, and they had much hope, while their strength increased as the reflection of light met them on their way.

Here the beauties of Nature are blooming on the borders of this majestic mountain, whither myriads are wending their way, step by step. The clouds of conflict and skepticism are folded in darkness at the foot of this mount, and they stand far above, where no opposition of opinion can disturb their peacefulness, and where dark-ness cannot dim the glorious beams that blend

Here upon this plane this group are creeting a monument, by their active labor, through the eternal principles proclaimed and independence

of thought expressed.

A banner, set with heaven's own stars of truth, is floating in folds of light, where gems of wisdom are sparkling from the golden settings of inspired souls. The heavens are filled with soft rays, blending in perfect colors of harmony, reflecting light from the all-powerful Creator and Divine Regulator of the universe, revealing Heaven, with its mighty truths, and shedding a purifying and refining influence, as God's rays, with a soit, genial glow from the pure love-beams of angels' communings.

## Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS, 102 WEST 27TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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

#### CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

"What do you hope you will have for a Christmas present?" said James, as he was going to school in company with several of his school-

"Oh, a sled," said Harry; "of course I want a sled." "And I want a china set and a bureau," said

Minnie, "so that I can have parties like grown "And I want a Chinese tumbler," said Rob, "that will roll himself over and stand up again,

just like a real man. I've seen the nicest one down in that shop there-that's what I want."

"And I want a pair of skates," said Dora. "And I want a new knife," said Bill.

"Well," said James, "I suppose we shall get something-all of us; and what 's the use of wishing? I do n't think much of Christmas, anyhow. You lose what you get, or break it, or don't care for it. I wish I could have some real fun, or something that was worth something."

"That makes me think," said Dora, "that mother is going to tell us a Christmas story to night, that she said would teach us how to get something that would last forever. I don't see what it is; for, as James says, everything breaks or loses, or is n't nice at all."

"I'll bet I know," said Rob, "what she meant -it's gold; real yellow gold, that'll last forever." "No it won't, I can tell you. It'll last just as long as you live," said James. "Do n't you remember when old Mr. Smotherem died, that he had great bags of gold under his bed, and cords fastened to each one that he held in his hand, just as if he was going to drag them away with him? But you see he did n't; and his boys counted it out and spent it, and where is it now?"

"Well, I think it's diamonds she means," said Minnie.

"I've got a ring-no, I'm going to have when I'm grown up—that was my great twentieth grandmother's. I guess that's lasted forever."

"Pooh! that's nothing," said Dora. "Like enough you'll lose it down the gutter, then it won't be forever. But you come, all of you, and hear the story, and then we shall know who is right; and I have some chestnuts that uncle Tim gave me, and we'll have a nice time. Come early, for I guess it's a long story that mother has to tell."

In the evening these children had all assembled to hear the Christinas story, and Dora's mother began:

Alsie lived such a life as most children think they would like to live; she had every beautiful thing she wanted. Her home was all that heart could desire. The rooms of her father's house were filled with pictures and statues, and elegant vases: and there were soft velvet carnets, that to step on seemed like walking on the beautiful moss; and there were rich curtains and luxurious furniture. And Alsie never knew a want; for if she even desired anything it was obtained for her. Now it is very pleasant, and seems very beautiful to be thus surrounded with elegance; but there are few people so good that they can bear all these beautiful things without growing selfish. Everybody has to pay a price for what they have, and the price that is almost always paid for riches, and what riches bring, is the price of a generous, loving heart.

It was no wonder that Alsie grew selfish, and thought no one needed anything she could bestow; but she had by nature a disposition that made her wish to be better, although no one taught her how, and she often used to wish that she know what made some people seem so happy who had far less to make them so than she had.

Alsie had often heard of the Christ-child who visits the earth, and carries wherever he goes beauty and gladness; and when she used to ask, about Christmas time, why he would not come and visit her, they told her that he would; and when she found her beautiful Christmas gifts, her dolls, and little carriages, and fine playthings of all kinds, they said to her, "See what the Christ-child has brought to thee." But Alsie soon learned to know better, for she found out that her father and mother and friends bought all those things at the shops; so she asked them no more about the Christ-child's coming; "for," said she to herself, "they do not know anything about it, and I must ask some one else." But every Christmas, when she heard of his goodness and hearty and love, she kept wishing in her heart that he would visit her. That wish was a beautiful prayer that kept ascending until the angels heard.

As Christmas came near again, Alsie kent thinking more and more of the beautiful Christchild, and she did not look lovous and glad, but as if she wished something that she had not.

What does my darling sigh for?" said her father, "Christmas is near, and then there will all they wanted." be beautiful dolls for thee, and houses for them to live in; and if thou wilt thou shalt have a little man, "who has love in his heart, and who does horse and carriage."

"I am tired of dolls !" said Alsie. "I do not wish for any more, and I can ride in mamma's carriage."

"What will thou have then, my pet? Thou knowest that thou hast only to wish, and all that thou askest will come," said her father.'

"I keep wishing, but it does not come, and there is no use; go away, and don't ask me. You don't know what I want!" said Alsie, pettishly. Her father was greatly grieved, and went out to try, and think what he could bring face." beloved child that would satisfy her. Very nearly the same thing occurred with her mother,

who tried to find what would really please her darling child. "Wouldst thou like a beautiful bracelet set with

gems in glittering gold?" said she. "I have a casket half full now," said Alsie. "Why should I wish for more?"

"Wouldst thou have a ring with glowing rubles then?"

"My fingers are heavy with those I have." "And wouldst thou have a satin dress, embroidered with rose color ? and a rose diadem for thy head? and beautiful wreaths that shall fasten it on the side? Only say, and I will summon all my maids, and it shall be obtained for thee," said the mother, anxiously.

"Do what thou wilt," said Alsie, but she would say no more, and they said she was ill, and called a physician, who said she must go into the fresh air and sunshine, and do as she wished. So they let her go forth as she chose, and she walked forth often alone, thinking, "I wish I could tell where to find the Christ-child, for he would know what I want, and no one else knows."

Alsie soon grew tired of walking past the fine

new ways. She went through the narrow lanes and by-ways, and into the places where the poor live. One day she met a man whose manner was so gentle and so full of kindness that she could not help smiling as she looked at him. He came from one of the humblest of the houses in the street, and Alsie wondered what he had been there for; he also wondered why she was walking in so miserable a place.

"Have you lost your way, child?" said he, gen-

"No," said Alsie; "I have no way. I only go where I choose; the doctor sends me out, and I get tired of going one way."

"And what has such a rosy-cheeked girl to do with the doctor?"

"Perhaps, sir, you could tell me," said Alsie. looking up trustingly into the kindly face of the gentleman, "something about the Christ-child. They don't know at home, for they tell me he will bring me dresses and dolls, and horses and rings; but he don't-he never comes at all. It is my father and mother that buy them all at the shops; and I've been wishing and wishing I could see him. Do you suppose he has shining garments like an angel? and does he love every one? and does he really come to good children? I wish if you knew you would tell me, and take me where I can see him."

"That is just what I would like to do," said the gentleman. "I have wished to find him, too, and think I have. Come with me."

He took Alsie by the hand, and she skipped and danced as she had not done for many a day. He led her into still more miserable streets, and entered one of the most miserable dwellings, Here was a sight that Alsie had never imagined before. There was sickness and poverty, and cruel suffering. The room had no fire that bitter cold day, and little children were there who had no comfortable clothes. The mother lay in a wretched bed, looking pale and wasted by disease. There was no furniture but an old chair and table, and on a shelf a few bits of broken crockery. Soon there entered a little boy, not older than Alsie. He ran to his mother's bed, and

"See, is it not good? a nice bit of bread for you, and some cold potatoes for Margle and Bess; and I did not taste a bit, though I was half starved; and now we can have a dinner, and you'll get well right away, won't you?" and he climbed on to the bed and kissed his mother over and over again, and Alsie thought the room grew light, as the boy's face shone with love. Then he jumped down, and ran to his sisters and kissed them. and gave them each a cold potato; and he laid the bread on his mother's hand, and begged her to eat, and all the time beautiful gleams of love shone from his eyes.

The gentleman took Alsie by the hand and led her out, and said not a word. "Why don't they have good things to eat?"

said she. "And why do n't the sick woman have bread and a nice bed, and the little girls a plenty of clothes?"

"Where could they get them?" said he, "unless the Christ-child brought them."

"And will he?" said Alsie. "Oh, I hope he will! But what made that boy's face look so light? I almost thought that the Christ-child was com-

"Perhaps he was," said the gentleman, "But come," and he led her up broken stairways into a little attic. There sat a man, who could not move his limbs, and whose face looked so sad that Alsie thought she should cry. Here, also, was no beautiful or even comfortable furniture, but a pile of straw in one corner, and a stool and an old broken violin. Soon there came in a little girl, about Alsie's age, and she brought a loaf of bread and a

"See, grandpa," said she," I got it with the money they gave me for singing. I sang that beautiful song, 'Christ is coming.' I think he came, for they smiled and gave me pennies, and told me to buy some bread to eat, for I looked hungry. But I did n't eat, but ran home to you; and now you'll get better, wont you? and play again for me to sing. And then we'll have such a nice Christmas!" and she took his hand and kissed it, and wiped away the tears from his eyes with her ragged dress.

And Alsie thought her face, too, brightened as if a light shone from it. And the gentleman took her by the hand and went out, saying not a word. "But why did n't that man have some nice coffee with his bread? and a comfortable chair to sit in? And why didn't the little girl have some

warm shoes and a bonnet?" said she. "How could they have these unless the Christchild brought them?" said he.

"And will he?" said Alsie. "Oh, I hope so! I almost thought he was coming as the little girl kissed the old man, she looked so loving and so bright."

"Perhaps he was," said he.

Then he took her to many such homes-homes where there was misery enough, hunger and cold, and want of every kind-until Alsie could bear no more, and began to cry piteously:

"Ol, why are they so poor and so miserable?" said she. "I wish I was the Christ-child, this very minute; and I would not wait, but I'd give them

"Every one is a Christ-child," said the gentleloving deeds. There are beautiful gifts that last only a little while."

Just like my doll and playthings," said Alsie. "Yes, they are pleasant to see, but there are other gifts, that never perish. Those are the gifts that come to the heart that does loving deeds. That little boy has many such, who toiled the best he knew to get bread for his sick mother. And that little girl, that sang for her grandfather's bread, had a beautiful gift laid up in heaven, and you could almost see the Christ shining in her

"But my father and mother do n't need bread," aid Alsie sadly. "I can't be a Christ-child." "There is one Father in heaven, and all are his

children," said the gentleman. "And then I can be a Christ-child to anybody?"

said Alsie gladly. "Oh, I have so much bread at home, and so many clothes; and then I have money. See! here is my purse. Let us go and buy something nice for them," and she led the way, and they entered many shops, and bought many things-warm stockings and shoes, and hoods, and clothes, and bread and cake, and baskets full of good things, for the gentleman emptied his purse also.

Alsie was no longer tired of the shops, but everything delighted her. Her eye was full of orightness, and her step was light and joyous.

They carried their purchases and distributed them to those they had visited. To the poor sick woman they gave nice fruit and some warm blankets, and had coal brought for her fire. And Alsie put the stockings, with her own hands, on the feet of Margie and Bess, and tied a warm tippet around the neck of the boy. And she opened the packages of bread, and broke off pieces for the hungry little ones. And they went again to the shops, and seeing the gay people, and she tried forlorn attic, and carried what was most needed.

Thus they visited every home that they had found so and, and made it glad.

When Alsie went home her mother was overjoyed to see her looking so happy; and her father took her on his knee and called her his beautiful darling, and kissed her again and again.

"Tell me," said he, " what has so changed thee? Thy face looks like sunshine. I can almost see it

"I have found the Christ-child," said Alsie. "Hast thou? Thou dear one, tell us where," said the father.

Then Alsie told of all she had seen, and what she had done, and how the Christ-child came right into her heart when she was putting the stockings on to the feet of Margie and Bess, "And I'll never let him go away from me more," said she.

"No, thou shalt not," said her father, "but shalt teach us how to find him." , And the tears came to the mother's eyes as she

rned the beautiful lessons of love from her bel child.

We will all be Christ-children," said she. "I had imost forgotten that the world was not all beautiful, like our home."

Oh, what a merry Christmas Margie and Bess and their loving brother had; and what pleasure came to the old musician's heart as he saw his grandchild with her tidy garments, and her satisfied face, as he was seated in a comfortable armchair before a warm fire. She sang again to him the beautiful song, 'Christ is coming,' and it seemed as if the angels heard and joined the song.

To many other homes came also a Christmas Alsie. She had found that there are beautiful thine, treasures of the heart that can never perish, and treasures and gentle, and was the joy of MAN!

When heart that the thine, thine, To be the first and surest, of all thy fettered clan, speak that truth—the purest—of Liberty to MAN! her own home. Every gift that was given to her seemed to tell her what she could do for others; and as Christmas morning brought her many beautiful offerings from those that loved her, she no longer felt weary of them, but kept thinking how she, too, could give back again still other gifts, and so make the world seem like a beautiful garden, where one seed gives forth thousands of blossoms that bear other seeds. She and the good gentleman became excellent friends, and often went together, like Christ-children, doing good and loving deeds.

"There!" said Dora, as her mother finished the story, "I told you it was n't diamonds that lasted forever."

"And I said it was n't gold," said James. "Well, what is it," said the mother, "that is a perpetual treasure, and is never to be taken away?

Oh! love, love, love," said all the children. "Yes," replied Dora's mother," that kind of love that glows in the heart, and makes people do loving deeds. The best gifts we can ever have, are the gifts that we each lay up in the heaven of our spirits, when we do acts of kindness to others. spirits, when we do acts of kindness to others. that disgrace frontier-life under the protext of The Christ comes to us when we do Christ-like civilizing and Christianizing the Indians. deeds. Let us all be the Christ-child to some poor, sad, needy one, and then what a blessed Christmas will there be."

#### A POEM.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MBS. L- W-

BY L. B. ROTHRICK.

Sister, when life's path seems dreary, And the spirit, worn and weary, Fain would cross the silent river leading to the other shore;
When life's sad and wretched token
Feeds a grief that's all unspoken,
it the dark-hued, guileful raven oft keeps croaking nevermore—

Comes there not amid the sadness, Oftentimes, a ray of gladness, With its rainbow hues of beauty light ning all the

darkness o'er? Telling of the joys supernal, In the land of life eternal, Which await the heaven-born spirit, as it leaves its prison door?

Ohi the blest and full fruition, In the glorious realms elysian, a love that knows no ending, g

'ning evermore; Where the spirit's bright ideal Shall become a glorious real, Giving life, and joy, and gladness, such as ne'er was felt before!

Well I know, though heavy laden, Sighing for that distant Aiden, which weary ones are sighing, seeking, sighing evermore, That life's broad, unfathomed river

Takes its course from God the Giver, And a more than human wisdom guides us its dark billows o'er!

And amid those billows dashing,
Hopes and fears alternate clashing,
Safely shall we pass the breakers, and the tempest's deadly roar;
Safely reach our destined haven, Where no more the creaking raven Doubt shall whisper, harsh and dreadful, to the

spirit, nevermore. Spiriti part of God's own being! With thy blessed power of seeing, Thou hast brought to earth a gladness, opened wide heaven's glorious door; Caught from thence a gleam of glory, Brighter far than lives in story, To baptize with living lustre earth's dark path-

Angel bands with joy descending, With our inner being blending, Have dispersed the dark ning shadows which our earth-life clouded o'er:

way, o'er and o'er.

Plucked from death its every terror, Scattered wide the clouds of error, Which the spirit erst enveloped, wandering on Time's mortal shore. Now we see a shining lustre, Pure as heaven's own radiance, cluster

Round the brow of Death, the angel, as he opens wide the door,

To the fount of life eternal, To the home of love supernal, Where the blest, enfranchised spirit lives and loves forevermore.

Far beyond Time's surging waters, Wander earth's immortal daughters Freed from sickness, pain and sorrow, which their earth-life darkly bore;
While a joy that's past concealing,
All the depths of love revealing,
Like a crown of fadeless splendor, wreathes each brow of beauty o'er.

There the spirit's ceaseless yearning, Which on earth met no returning, Shall of love receive its fullness, on that far-off seraph shore, And a welcome, glad and real, From the soul's enthroned ideal. Shall from grief to heaven-born rapture all our quickened life restore.

Oh! thou Heaven of bliss supernal! Land of flowers forever vernal! How we turn to thee in sorrow, when dark shadows, looming o'er,
Speak of change, and peril dire,
Purging, as it were, by fire,
All the soul from earthly dross, which dims its
Heaven-born lustre o'er!

Sister! know through tribulation

We must reach that great salvation, Strive and labor; long it may be ere Death's an-gel ope the door To admit the weary laden
To the joys of that blest Aiden,
Where all wrongs are quickly righted, where
blooms pleasure evermore. Bedford, Mich., 1864.

### MARYLAND.

BY CHARLES HENRY BROCK.

Shout! for the rising glory encircles the land and Where millions speak the story that MARYLAND Is FREE! No brand of shame upon her records oppression

now, For the nation's star of honor illumes her queenly brow.
Fling wide each temple portal of Liberty to-day,

And be your hymn inmortal reccheed o'er the way. Where MARYLAND, in beauty, leads up her mighty

Of sons, toloyal duty at Freedom's faith and shrine, Perish the tale forever, of the Massachusetts men! Oh! be its burning never the theme of tongue or pen! Their blood cries out no longer from ransomed

BALTIMORE,
For Freedom stands the stronger above that faded

gore; And PLYMOUTH ROCK is blending with the surges The anthem never ending, that MARYLAND IS

The Chesapeake-I wonder if its tide goes down to-day,
And echoes a grander thunder to the ocean from the bay?

Oh Marylandi thy station upon the border-line, Burns for thy struggling nation, like a beacon-light When bold or covert treason shall shroud her

stormy sea The helms of truth and reason shall guide thy barks by theel And in the long forever, when eloquence and song Shall say 't was thine to sever the right from hoary

wrong,
What coronals of glory thy foreliead shall entwine,
When men of battles gory shall say the deed was

### THOUGHTS ON THE WING.

BY J. M. PEEBLES,

Am in Providence, city of Roger Williams' memory. This Pilgrim brother of the past, a fugitive from English persecution, sought in New England the asylum of freedom; but finding among those of his own creed a most bitter intolerance, he raised his voice against it, defending toleration and the fullest freedom of religious utterances. For this he was arraigned before the Elders of the churches, then before the "General Court," and finally banished from that very Chris Elders of the churches, then before the "General Court," and finally banished from that very Christian colony, Massachusetts. He repaired to the Indian country of the Narragansetts. By the noble sachems of this tribe he was kindly received, and during fourteen weeks found only kindness in their hearts and shelter in their wigwams from the severity of winter. In this, which most imitated the Man of Nazareth—the pious, prayerful "Puritans," or the Indians, who extended the brotherly hand to the stranger? I would feel brotherly hand to the stranger? I would feel myself safer to-day among the Sioux, Pawnees and Dacotahs of the Northwest, than those to-bacco-peddling, liquor-vending whites and defrauding Indian agents, traders and missionaries

ONWARD.

Rosseau was banished from France for denying the divine right of kings; Columbus was called by European courts a "visionary"; Galileo, though compelled to recant, whispered, "It does move." Brave, heroic souls! the present does them justice! Theodore Parker, when excommunicated by the Tuitarian denomination when refused. by the Unitarian denomination, when refused their pulpits, when meeting the cold glances of former friends, kept true as the needle to his course, making the land ring with the highest truths that glowed in his inspired soul; and now his name is universally honored, while thousands of pilgrims flock to his tomb beneath the blue sky of Florence santial the very turf with their tear-drops of sorrow. How true that the demons of to-day become the gods of to-morrow, and the infidelity of one age, the orthodoxy of the next. Parker well

"If it is a good thing to honor dead saints and the heroism of our fathers, it is a better thing to honor the saints of to-day, the live heroism of men who do the battle when the battle is all around us."

When Spiritualism becomes popular, fashionable and "respectable," its inspirational days will have been numbered, though its dead body may for a time remain unburied, as do the dead bodies of Quakerism, Unitarianism and sectarian Uni-

POLITICAL CHANGES. Much less than a generation since, Garrison was anti-slavery sentiments. Now, "Maryland, my Maryland," is a free State, and the City Council invite a colored fugitive to return as speaker to a common feast of congratulation. On the evening of Nov. 8th, 1837, there was a riot in Alton, Ill.—a press was destroyed and E. P. Lovejoy slain, a press was destroyed and E. P. Lovejoy slain, a martyr to principle and freedom. Less than thirty years have passed, and what a harvest from that day's sowing! God's seeds never blast; truths, like good swimmers, never sink, and principles never perish. At the late election, Illinois rolled up a majority of some thirty or forty thousand for freedom. Cannot fossil politicians and conservatives everywhere discern the signs of the times? Are not slaveries of all kinds seen to be sectional and temporal, while freedom, by virtue of a divine incarnation in all human souls, must of necessity be universal and eternal? The re-former must not be a gloved man, nor should his robukes be beautifully harmless, sparkling through velvety lips or rolling from an oily tongue; but he must go out into Humanity's great harvest-field, finil in hand, beating the sheaves, burning the chaff, and gathering the grain to feed

the multitude.

"Tender handed touch the nettle,
'And 't will sting you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of metile,
And it soft as slik remains."

HEALING THE SICK. On my way castward, I spent a day with Dr. J. P. Bryant, witnessing his astonishing cures by the laying on of hands, after the apostolic method. I here met Mr. King, of Byron, N. Y., and saw the Doctor operate upon him for paralysis of the right side of fourteen years' standing, unfitting him to write or efficiently transact business. He was cured by one operation, and accompanied me East from Rochester.

Case No. 2.—Mrs. Chester Morse, of Pultney, Steuben Co., N. Y., had not touched foot to the floor for seven years; and, though bedridden and disheartened, the Doctor made her to walk with ease and comfort in fifteen minutes.

ease and comfort in fifteen minutes.

Case No. 3.—Mrs. Foster, of Webster, N. Y., had been confined to the house, unable to walk, for nine years, from spinal and other difficulties. The Doctor first saw her on Saturday evening. He operated upon her, and the next morning she walked with him one quarter of a mile. This lady was then in the city paying the Doctor and his excellent family a visit.

And among hundreds of other cases was Mrs.

And among hundreds of other cases was Mrs. A. M. Wait, of Walworth, Wayne Co., N. Y., who, after walking on crutches for three years and three months, was almost instantly healed. The following is no extract from a letter instruction from ing is an extract from a letter just received from her by the Doctor:

"Words cannot express the thankfulness I feel for the bene-fit you have conferred upon me. I look upon you as an instru-ment in God's hands for doing good. \* \* I have not need-ed my crutches since I left, and I can walk around to my neigh-bors with perfect case."

Dr. Bryant's rooms are literally thronged each day. He heals the poor "without money and without price," and seems thoroughly consecrated to his mission.

In this city Spiritualism is in a sound and In this city Spiritualism is in a sound and healthy condition. The meetings are largely attended, the singing good, the "Children's Progressive Lyceum" prosperous, under the able conductorship of Dr. Webster, and the "Moral Police" organization is very efficient, under the presidency of our truly benevolent and worthy working brother, L. K. Joslin. Bro. J. G. Fish, of Michigan, succeeds me in Providence. The committee could have made no better choice, for being more conhave made no better choice, for being more constructive than destructive, he ever leaves when departing a well-cultivated vineyard in attestation of his "aptness to teach," and the gennineness of his commission to preach the genuine-ness of his commission to preach the gospel of the spiritual dispensation, which is a moral force, not a law—a power, not a plan—a life, and not a formal system grim and gray with the moss of ages. Providence, R. I., Dec. 13, 1864.

## Correspondence.

Notes from Miss Johnson.

We make the following extracts from a letter written by Miss Susie M. Johnson, the popular lecturer on Spiritualism. After leaving Boston last June, she visited Maine and lectured in Oldtown, Rockland, Bucksport, Bradley, and visited Banger, from whence she went to Dover. She says:

"After eight hours' folting I arrived at the picturesque village of Dover, situated in the valley of the Piscataquis river, and one of the pleasantest inland villages I ever visited. There are sov-

est inland villages I ever visited. There are soveral small woolen manufactories in the place, and an iron foundry. The whole appearance of the the town is neat, thrifty and independent.

The Spiritualists occupy what was formerly the Universalist Church—most of the members now converted to Spiritualism, and they are in earnow about it, too. Many of the audience come from twelve to fourteen miles to meeting, and think themselves well paid for their labor. There is not that skeptical, critical analysis that characterizes the spiritual element of Massachusetts; but there is a candid, earnest enthusiasm in their acceptance and investigation, which makes them believer ance and investigation, which makes them believing workers, rather than doubting drones. They have had but few speakers outside of their own immediate vicinity, owing partially to inaccessi-bleness, and the fact that they hold meetings only half the year. In the winter season the means of conveyance are liable to much obstruction.

From Dover I went to Dexter, twelve miles distant, where I gave five lectures to large and ap-preciative audiences, although they had had no speaking of the kind in two years, before. There are live souls there, who wait but the presenta-tion of truth, to accept and believe. Thence to Bangor, stopping by the way, at Exeter, to per-form funeral service over the body of Mr. T. Shaw, an active spiritual pioneer, whose moral worth and personal influence was universally acknowland personal inducace was universally acknowledged and generously exercised. His departure to another plane of labor, though a seeming calamity to those who mourn his physical absence, may be converted into a blessing, if they emulate his example as a testimony of his worth.

The last two Sundays in October I spent in Rockland, where I found people wide awake in the investigation of spiritual truths, and determined to make good use of all their faculties for obtaining knowledge. Thus ended my summer's

campaign in Maine.

Were there no other results than those apparent in a continued interest and encouragement from the people who gave me their attention, and provided for my temporal comfort out of the fullness of their hearts, I should feel more than paid for the time and labor. But I have garnered in memory's treasury many pleasant pictures; of river, lake and mountain, and also expanded my heart-chamber by the introduction to several noble, faithful friends. I hope when the spring opens the frozen streams, and bursting budg come again. campaign in Maine. the frozen streams, and bursting buds come again, other adventurers may feel impressed to visit the "Pine Tree State," and I will insure for them a fallow soil in which to sow the seeds of future good, and a hospitable reception in the home of

strangers by the wayside.
In November I visited Plymouth, and there witnessed a phenomenon unusual in the history of Spiritualism, namely, that all, or nearly all the active members of the spiritual fraternity were young people. Mr. Baxter, whose celebrity as a young people. Mr. Baxter, whose celebrity as a medium has become quite general, conducted the singing in excellent taste and with equal effect, assisted by young ladies of no ordinary talent. Mr. Carver, corresponding secretary, also a young man of more than common promise, exercising manly judgment in his selection of speakers, and dignity in conducting the meetings, seemed to me a prophecy of the future, when the delicate sentiments and underlying truths of our philosophy should become identical with the character of our young men and women, as they now are with the young men and women, as they now are with the

young men and women, as they now are with the philosophy of experienced age.

I stood upon Plymouth Rock, visited Plymouth Hall, Court House, etc. From Plymouth I went to Taunton, and from thence to Foxboro. I had intended to be at leisure during December; but when a hungry people cried, "Where art thou?" I answered, "Here am I!"

May the folds of your spiritual Banner never traff in the dust of oblivion, or its Light grow dim in the mists of error.

Susie M. Johnson.

Foxboro, Mass., Dec. 7th, 1864.

in the mists of error. Sus Foxboro, Mass., Dec. 7th, 1864.

Letter from Dr. Child, of Philadel-

Mn. EDITOR—This is an age of books, and I have just been looking over the "advance sheets" of a book entitled "Jesus of Nazaroth, or a true history of the man called Jesus, embracing his parentage, his youth, his original doctrines and works, his career as a public teacher and physician of the people. Also, the nature of the great conspiracy against him, with all the incidents of his tragical death—given on spiritual authority from spirits who were contemporary mortals with Jesus while on the earth—through Alexander Smyth. Philadelphia: published for the author.

An ancient writer exclaimed, "Oh, that mine nemy would write a book!" Had he lived in an ancient write a book!" Had he lived in this day, he would write a book!" Had he lived in this day, he would had a much better opportunity of being revouged upon his enemy. This book is one of the most singular productions that I have ever seen. The writer is a gentleman of fifty-five years of age, a plain mechanic with a limited education outst and uncounter may be the ucation, quiet and unassuming manners, but sub-ject—as he relates—for years to very peculiar ex-periences and influences. The history of these inperiences and influences. The history of these influences and of the book, forms an Introduction in which the author gives, in eighteen pages, quite an interesting and very peculiar account of them. Then comes "the confession of Saul of Tarsus," addressed in familiar style to his "friend Alexander," the author. The book itself, as its title indicates, purports to be a history of Jesus, and in a volume of three hundred pages we have a much more full and minute account of the facts and in volume of three hundred pages we have a much more full and minute account of the facts and incidents which are said to have been connected with this wonderful man, than has ever been given in any history with which I am familiar. The story is written in an attractive style, and did it not come in conflict with the religious prejudices of the readers, would be quite interesting. Such a history of any man would be read with interest. The view generally held by Spiritualists is that The view generally held by Spiritualists is that Jesus was a man; that his mission was God-like, and, perhaps, higher and more beautifully fulfilled than that of any other—yet only the mission of a divine man, a type of the highest and best condition of humanity toward which all should aspire; an example for mankind; and, if he were more than a man, this could not be. We do not ask men to be like the angels in all things, much less like the Infinite God.

The whole circumstances in this history are peculiar, and are given in an attractive manner, and will claim the attention of those who are interested in the singular phenomena connected with the book. That it will arouse the ire of those who, through education or from any other cause, think they believe that Christ is "the very God," there cannot be a doubt. The old cry of "infidelity" will be hurled at the book and its author; but such weapons, though kept alive by the same spirit that
lighted the fagget and crucified the martyrs, and
Jesus himself, are losing their power; they recoil
upon the heads of their authors. "The Age of
Reason" has dawred, and there are too many who feel that such doctrines do not satisfy the de-mands of their nature. Such may rise from the perusal of this book with new thoughts and an open field for reflection, such as they might not reach by any other channel. While I admit the book to be an interesting one, I am not certain that it is a real history, though it contains many valuable suggestions and is calculated to make a ripple upon the ocean of mind, and, like a pebble east into the water, this will send out its ever wid-

ening circles.

The book is published for the author, and will be ready for sale about the first of the year. Price,

two dollars. Yours truly,
HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.
634 Race St., Philadelphia, Dec. 15, 1864.

CHILDHOOD.-Cast not a shadow over childhood. Sooner be all other seasons of the day of life cloudy; they are not all alike, the third, the fourth, the fifth decades; early at sunrise let it not rain into life; only this one never-returning, irredeemable time darken not!

Book-keeping taught in one lesson-don't lend

## Correspondence in Brief.

A Vision.

As I lay upon my bed awake in the morning before it was light; I seemed to see a great church, more grand and splendld than I had ever seen before. The isles and the pews were shining in tapestry, the pulpit was glittering in rosewood, and adorned with the most costly upholstery. This church was filled with a congregation clothed in the richest and most fashiounble garments. The minister was at prayer in the pulpit, and, as he prayed, I seemed to see an angel standing behind him with a book open and a pen in his hand; but he wrote nothing in the book, for I perceived the prayer was formal, and came not from the heart. Then the minister pronounced the benediction, and the congregation arose and began to retire very Then the minister pronounced the benediction, and the congregation arose and began to retire very orderly from the church. The minister came down from the pulpit, and lie, the angel, and I, passed out after them into the street. Then I saw that we were in a great city and that it was winter; snow and ice were on the ground, and it was bitter cold. As the congregation moved along the street. I saw a little girl, ragged and bare-footed; but the congregation did not seem to see the child; then I saw a sailor-like looking man go up to the child and exclaim, "Here, you poor, little, d—d wretched creature, take this!" and he gave her some money. Then I saw the minister and the congregation look around upon the sailor with a kind of religious horror for his profanity; but the angel wrote it down in the book among the accepted prayers of the saints. And as we moved but the angel wrote it down in the book among the accepted prayers of the saints. And as we moved still further along, I saw a little boy, pale and trembling with the cold, and as the congregation passed by I could hear him beg for a cent for his sick mother and her starving babe at home; but, like the priest and Levite of old, they passed by on the other side. Then I saw a beyy of harlots pass by, and they took compassion upon the child, and went with him to his humble home, and saw the sick mother and the starving babe.

and went with him to his humble home, and saw the sick mother and the starving babe.

They took the hungry child in their arms, and while nursing the sick mother, and feeding the hungry babe, I saw the tears of pity trickle down their painted faces; then I heard the voice of Jesus, saying that even harlots and drunkards and profane swearers shall enter the kingdom of heaven before the self-righteous Pharisees, that give largely of their abundance to send missionaries to the Heathen, and for the building of costly churches, and for high salaries to an idolized and self-righteous priesthood, instead of feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and elevating the down-trodden; that even the profane swearing of the vulgar is less shocking in the sight of heaven, than long prayers, composed to be heard of men, and recited in the pulpit for pay.

FREDERICK ROBINSON.

Marbichead, Mass., Dec. 17, 1864.

Marblchead, Mass., Dec. 17, 1864.

#### Care for the Soldiers.

Our Washington correspondent, "A. H.," speaking of the care Massachusetts evinces for her soldiers in the field, says:

"Massachusetts men have been styled brag-garts by most anti-New Englanders, and, in truth, I must admit that we are in the habit of placing I must admit that we are in the habit of placing Boston at the head of cities, but, I conceive, with full treason. Boston is always alread in good works, and certainly she has good claim to her name of being the soldier's friend. Her recent munificence in providing a Thanksgiving dinner to the soldiers in and around Washington, was a Yankee notion worthy of imitation. Blessings innumerable were showered upon old Massachusetts, by soldiers from every State, for her thoughtfulness in providing for them on our annual festival. The soldiers on that day had a regular New England dinner, and no son or daughter can ask

val. The soldiers on that day had a regular New Eugland dinner, and no son or daughter can ask or wish for more on that day.

A ball at the Camphell Hospital closed the scene. Rev. Mr. Gaylord, formerly of Boston, and now chaplain of the hospital, was the leading spirit of the occasion, and I venture to say that no ball manager ever carried on or arranged cotillons to better satisfaction. The ball was held in the chapel, and one could hardly conceive himself to be within the limits of a bospital, much less within the sacred walls of a chapel.

There is also a stage at one end of the chapel, and once or twice in each week theatrical performances are given by a company composed of the immates, and the ever ublquitous Gaylord is the stage manager. Recently, on the occasion of

the stage manager. Recently, on the occasion of Grover's theatre being engaged by the opera, his whole company appeared at the hospital theatre, whole company appeared at the hospital theatro, and gave a free performance. A temperance so-clety also holds its meetings in the same place, and I think your readers will agree with me in saying that Mr. Gaylord is a pattern chaplain; he is almost worshiped by the inmates of the hospital, and visitors can but note the difference in the appearance of the men from those under the guidance of lugubrious-looking Orthodox chaplains."

### a mysical manifestations.

In a recent number of the Banner I saw an account of some surprising manifestations which took place in the presence of Miss Jordan who lives in Muncie, Indiana. While living in the West, I frequently lectured in this town and boarded at the house where this lady lives, and thus had many excellent opportunities of witnessing the exhibitions of spirit-power that take place in her presence. In the day time, when she and I were the only persons in the room, I have frequently seen a large, double-leafed dining table raised from the floor without any human agency being ethiployed, and, on one occasion, turned being ethployed, and, on one occasion, turned completely round without being touched. Under similar conditions I have repeatedly seen and felt hands at the opposite end of the table from where Miss Jordan sat, her own hands plainly visible when the table the time. upon the table at the time.

I have in my possession three outlines of large hands made at my request, the paper and pencil being taken out of my hand, and the complete outline made without the intervention of any hu-man being, done in broad daylight and under cireumstances that left no room for suspicion. At other times I have in daylight, and in the evening by lamplight, obtained impressions of those hands in flour, clay and putty, which showed the papilla of the ends of the fingers very distinctly. During many years I had an opportunity of witnessing hundreds of remarkable manifestations through her, the full record of which would fill a large volume. Respectfully, WILLIAM DENTON. Wellesley, Mass., Dec. 16, 1864.

### The Allen Boy Seances.

It will be seen by the following letter, and a notice in another column, that the scances for physical manifestations in the light, through the mediumship of the "Boy Medium," Henry B. Allen, are to be resumed, in this city, at No. 8 Avon Place, on the 30th inst.:

"MR. EDITOR—I have a few statements to make in reference to the manifestations in the light, given in the presence of my "Boy Medium." given in the presence of my "Boy Medium." Having learned, from repeated experiments, that the manifestations are more powerful and satis-factory in the presence of a small number of persons than a large company, also having been requested by the medium's guardian spirit not to have so large a number as we have had, I have decided that for the present I shall not admit more than twenty persons to any one scance.

I have secured pleasant rooms, in a quiet locality, and have altered my terms to correspond with the number of persons admitted, as will be seen by my card in another column.

by my card in another column.

The morning scances are equal, if not superior, to those in the evening. Tickets will be provided so that parties may secure them in advance for any day in the week. As I have only two weeks to stop in Boston, at present, I hope that our inquiring friends will improve the opportunity to witness these interesting and astonishing manifestations.

J. H. RANDALL." J. H. RANDALL."

### Illness of Charles A. Hayden.

I am requested by Charles A. Hayden to say, A nm requested by Charles A. Hayden to say, through the Banner, that in consequence of a four weeks, confinement within doors from bilious typhoid fever, he has been obliged to disappoint friends in Worcester, Washington, and other places in which he had engagements. While he sympathizes with the regrets of friends, he is happy to inform them that he is gradually convalescing, and hopes to be again at his public duties in January. He may be addressed for the present, Livermore Falls, Me.

Busic M. Johnson.

Providence, Dec. 16, 1864.

Turkey will raise over five million bales of cotton this year.

Por the Banner of Light.

# N. P. TALLMADGE.

DY CHARLES LINTON,

The writer of this article paid a visit to the late Nov. N. P. Tallmadge, at his late residence, in Cornwall, Orange County, New York, in June last, and while there some things transpired during the visit which will, he thinks, not only interest, but benefit all who may candidly peruse the account of them.

There is a delicacy connected with the treatment of the memory of the departed which may well make us shrink from too familiar expression, and had I not the sanction of the dear friend, in life, I would not disturb his memory now. He gave me express permission to say all which will be written, and the reader must judge whether it will be of any advantage to mankind.

He was, at the time, living with his wife and her family, in one of the lovellest spots of the romantic place mentioned above, where the mountains and valleys, the sunshine and shade, the varied foliage and the onward flowing, classic Hudson, make up an over shifting scenery, which the memory will dwell upon in ecstacy; but what Irving and Willis have left unsaid I shall not attempt to tell.

Previous to my arrival, the Governor had been aken suddenly unconscious, and for some ten days remained in that state, totally oblivious to all that was pressing around him. When he awoke from this long sleep, he said he saw his friends by bis bedside, and was glad to see them, but did not know he had been unwell. He was not conscious of any pain during all the time, and awoke seeming much better in bodily health, for, previous to the attack, he had been troubled with a most distressing cough, arising from a bronchial affection of several years standing, and this had left him entirely, and he could get a good night's sleep. But he found that the one faculty of naming things, or places, or subjects, had almost left him. And I must say he seemed to enjoy his failing, for when in conversation a name would escape him, or a quotation slip away just as he was going to point an expression, he would smile, and, tapping his forehead, say, "I have it in here, but for the life of me I can't call it out." To me this seemed strange indeed, for I had seen him in the prime and vigor of his great mind, descapting on the affairs of nations, with listening judges and senators around him; or, throwing off the statesman, tell an anecdote to the very life, making every point with such unerring precision, that the same audlence would be convulsed with laughter.

I was in conversation with him almost every hour daily during my stay with him, and found that though he seemed better in health, his cough was returning, and he thought his time on earth was very short. He said, on one occasion, "I am willing to go at any time—in no haste, but when it is thought best I will cheerfully go. I cannot do much more here, but I expect to have a great deal of work to do in the spirit-world."

In conversing with him about the difference between the belief he held and that which was professed by the different Churches, he said, "They do not believe what they profess; they are continnally haunted by the fear of death. But, sir," said he, with all that emphasis so peculiarly his, "I care no more for death now than the taking of a cup of cold water! Of course I should like to pass away without pain or much suffering, or being a trouble to my friends; but that I cannot control, and am content to take as it comes."

Men may very readily talk about dying when in the prime and strength of manhood, just as the boy will talk about the dark woods in broad daylight; but when we see one standing on the very verge of the grave, knowing he is so standing, looking in, yet in no fear of the fall, we may well stand back and ask," What is it that takes away the terror from that narrow cell?"

Feeling that in a case of this kind it was most essentially necessary to be entirely correct, I read ver to him the notes from which the above quo tations are made, and he pronounced them true in every particular. "And further," said he, "the envy, or jealousy, or malice of some of my enemies, or some over-zealous sectarians, may, after my decease, lead them to say that this late attack was caused by my devotion to Spiritualism, and that I died either recanting my belief, or crazy, or something of that sort. I now say that I was never more thoroughly convinced or satisfied of the truth of Spiritualism in my life.

He spoke as coolly of dying as of going to see his friends. In fact he looked upon death as a doorway in the passage to that land in which were so many loving ones waiting to welcome him with open arms, and he expected momentarily to see the door open for him to enter upon the reward due to those who spend the earthly life so well. I remember his description of his inconsolable grief at the death of a beloved son. How he mourned and could not be comforted, and was not, until he heard from him and was thoroughly convinced of his happiness in the spirit-world, He contrasted this poignant grief, this hopeless torture of the soul, with his feelings at the death of another son equally beloved, and, also, at the departure of the most dear of all his earthly connections, his former wife; he mourned for these because he was not with them, but with an hallowed joy that his loss was their gain. He knew they had but gone before; their reward began earlier than his; he must suffer yet a little while, It was very elevating to sit and listen to him, and when I came away, the memory of what he had said dwelt with me as a bright gleam of sunshine

on the dark path of life. His character as politician and statesman never came much under my observation, but he was a noble friend. Time and tide altered not the course of his friendship. Like the golden ore, the many fires but made it brighter and purer. Herein I speak of that which I do know from my own experience. When we were preparing the first series of "The Healing of the Nations" for the press, and after it was published, his whole deportment toward me was as kind and forbearing as it could have been had he been my own father. And after we dissolved partnership, his kind notice of the "second series" of the same work must be fresh in the minds of some of my readers. And I hope it may not seem too egotistical to state that he still upheld me in the "third series," upon which I am now engaged, and portions of which I frequently read to him. To me he was ever a true friend," whose like I ne'er shall look upon

again," And he will be rewarded. His reward began long before he left the body, for he could look beyond the grave and see his future life of labor and usefulness going on forever in an endless progression, and in anticipation in the present, enjoy the reward of the future.

In conclusion, permit me to state that in a letter received from his widow soon after his decease giving an account of his departure, she says, "He passed peacefully away to that land he so long looked forward to. He died in the full faith of SPIRITUALISM." Peace be with him.

J. BURHS, PAGERESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, THE LAST INTERVIEW WITH GOV. REEPS FOR SALE: THE DANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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

# Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATUEDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1864.

OFFICE, 188 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM No. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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 a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divinoinspiration 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, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

#### Wealth and Riches.

It is not money that evidences a nation's wealth, but labor. Labor is the only token of wealth Take that away, and the springs of national life at once dry and disappear. Each dollar that a man has ought, in the first instance, to serve as a certificate of so much positive effort, proving that work to that amount had been performed.

It is a very common mistake, to suppose that money, which is indeed riches, is wealth also. It stands merely as a representative, and is of itself no more than an instrument. Health is something absolute and permanent. The man has it who has ability, facility, skill, knowledge, character. There is a moral as well as an intellectual wealth in every country; and it is more esteemed. the less money is considered as but a means and an instrumentality. The inventor is wealthy. So is the author. So the mechanic. So, too, the common laborer. To get money from it, all that is wanted is to bring opportunity and application together.

We do not as a people eat money, nor drink it, nor wear it. We can but spend it, and make it earn for us (what many sound economists insist it should never be allowed to do) more money still. Unless we work, we cannot of course have it; which goes to show that it is the representative, in the first place, of labor. In the complex arrangement of social affairs, new classes have come in between labor and riches, founding their success on the needs which this very social arrangement demands. Such are traders, merchants, and men of commerce. They give birth to another class in turn—the money-changers and brokers of the State streets and Wall streets of large cities. This class merely "accommodate" the other; that is to say, they buy and sell money, and stocks, instead of products, and are the furthest removed possible from actual labor.

Considered as a matter of morals, which is the light, after all, in which every subject is to be regarded, the getting of money, except so far as it secures a man's social independence and enables him to impress his power upon others as he could not otherwise impress it, is not worth the exhaus-tion which it entails on the higher and finer and nobler qualities of the man. We might manifest individual power much more impressively than by rehearsing the condition of our bank-books. If our bank account is the best testimony which we can produce of our value, what do we thereby confess ourselves to be in the event of the banks breaking? A man must needs hang his name upon a very brittle thread, who is willing to have it depend from a rumor of his standing in moneyed circles. Character contains all the real wealth which the individual possesses; and within that word is limited the whole circle of a man's abilities, aspirations, faculties, and tastes. Money is but a creature of them all, to be used exactly a they decide and desire.

### The Question for the Future.

After our present national troubles shall have been composed, the war ended, and the train of questions which gave rise to it put in a way of final settlement, the great topic which is certain to absorb popular attention will be that of the finances. How to manage our debt, pay the regularly accruing interest on it, and provide sufficient revenues, will furnish fully as many questions as the greater part of us will care to bestow our serions thoughts upon. The national debt will prove an ever-present theme, around which is to revolve a circle of other and related questions, of the first interest to the nation, and worthy the powers of

our ablest and best disciplined minds. To this end an entirely new class of men will undoubtedly be provided. They are schooling themselves for their work even now, familiarizing themselves with the absorbing topic which will in due time engross the attention of individuals and parties, and acquiring those habits of thought and treatment which will be in such demand when the trial really breaks on us. Such men are to be far more philosophic than the earlier class of our public characters, since in their discussions will necessarily be bound up the welfare of whole classes of human beings, including the question of their very existence. The relations of labor and capital are to be closely looked into in the future, and more equitably adjusted. And a score of questions are to rise, all of which will closely affect the welfare of the individual, his progress, and his highest aspirations.

Funeral of Mrs. Farnham. The funeral services over the form of Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham, whose spirit passed to a more extended field of labor in the immortal land, Dec. 15th, in New York, after a useful career in earthly existence of nearly forty-nine years, were held in that city on Sunday, Dec. 18th. Mrs. Farnham was well known throughout the country as a distinguished philanthropist and author. Her labors have been extended in various channels, to the great advantage of hu manity, and especially for the elevation of the female race. Her published works exhibit great earnestness, ability and unyielding perseverance. Her last, and perhaps her greatest effort, was the two volumes which she gave to the public the present year, entitled " Woman and Her Era." She will be missed from her place among the world's reformers.

Her remains were taken to Dodsworth Hall, at two o'clock Sunday afternoon, Dec. 18th, where appropriate services were held. Remarks were made by Rev. O. B. Frothingham, who was eloquent in his description of her life and writings. He was followed by Judge Edmonds, who gave a very interesting narra-tive of his twenty years' experience and acquaintance with her; dwelling particularly on her exertions in behalf of the immates of the Sing Sing Prison, (of which institution he was formerly a Commissioner,) and the great pow-

rod. Dr. Hallock then spoke most eloquently for about ten minutes. In the course of his remarks, which were to the point, he said she had lived a Spiritualist, and she passed on a Spiritualist.

The hall was not large enough to accommodate all who came to pay their last tribute of respect to the memory of one who has done her full share for the benefit and elevation of humanity.

#### Cora L. V. Hatch.

Sunday afternoon, 18th inst., in Lyceum Hall, in this city, Mrs. Hatch gave a fine and elaborate solution of the mooted question of The Trinity, or what is meant by the words, "Father, Son and Holy Spirit," their origin, and how they came to be perpetuated by Christianity. It was a deep, searching theme, and argued with great ability.

The audience, which packed the hall in every part, in the evening, decided, by a large majority, on the following as the theme for the discourse:

"What relation does this life hear toward the next? That is: what is the different standing in the world of spirits of two persons, one dying young, and the other living his three score and

With rare beauty of diction, which touched the leart of the audience, she elucidated the subject for three quarters of an hour, and then devoted half an hour more to answering questions propounded by many of the auditors. After this, and while in the trance state, she gave the following pretty poem, finely illustrative of portions of her discourse. The poem was also given at the close of her lecture, Tuesday evening, in Plymouth. It is entitled

#### THE LESSON OF THE WATER-LILY.

'Neath the silent water's darkness, Where no ray of light can come, Struggling 'mid the stagnant marshes, Finds the lily germ its home; From the water's mystic flowing Gaining life, and strength, and form; From the dark earth round it growing, It receives the life-glow, warm.

Day by day the tendrils quiver Upward through the watery sheen, Until where the moonbeams shiver, Spread the leaves their living green; Then upon the lake's calm bosom Blooms the lily, strangely bright, Resting, like a heavenly blossom, In the radiant morning light.

Calyx, green and purple, holding Petals white and pure as snow: Chalice, sparkling dew-gems holding; Stamens, gold, like evening's glow. Like a star grown pale in falling, Yet as pure as in the skies, Or a flower which, 'mid their culling, Angels dropped from Paradise.

Nothing of the earth it weareth; But no lily e'er could bloom, If the life-stem, which upbeareth, Were not nourished in the gloom. Lily, lily, once in darkness, Thou didst vainly sigh for light; Now the sun and stars caress thee, On the placid waters bright.

Learn, O soul of man, this lesson: By the woes of earth distressed, Soon the sun of Truth shall greet thee-On Heaven's waters thou shalt rest.

Our ffiends will be pleased to learn that Mrs Hatch has been reengaged for another month, and will remain here through January. She will speak week evenings in places not too remote from this city.

### The Suffering Poor.

High prices for the necessaries of life still rule, hence there is a large amount of suffering among the poor of this city. Not a day elapses but that several pitiful creatures visit this office soliciting charity. Oh that we had ample to supply all their wants! But stern necessity bids us wait, and patiently plod on, relying on Divine Providence to increase our exchequer, that we may expand our system of supplying bread to the needy poor. We have, however, during the past year, aided many destitute ones by supplying them with breadthanks to the sympathizing hearts that have from time to time responded to our call in behalf of

Now we gratefully tender our thanks to Dr. H F. Gardner for the interest manifested by him in this direction. He called the attention of the audience at Lyceum Hall, on Sunday evening, 18th inst., to the sad condition of the poor of Boston, and stated that we had established a Bread Fund for the purpose of alleviating, as far as possible the necessities of this class of our population, and proposed that a contribution be taken at the close of Mrs. Hatch's lecture, in aid of said fund. The result was, those present nobly responded by contributing fifty dollars.

In this connection we deem it not inappropriate to copy from the Sunday Dispatch the following which shows that the public press is fully alive to the present condition of the poor, owing to the increased and still increasing prices for food and clothing:

"Day by day the cost of supporting a family is increased. One day, sugar goes up a cent a pound; the next, cotton cloth advances two or three cents a yard; then the prices of butter and eggs go up, followed by advances in flour, lard, tea, shoes, meat, burning fluid, clothing, milk, fuel, rent, and so on. There is no backward turn of the tide. Occasionally there will seem to be a set back in tea casionary there will seem to be a set once in tea or sugar, in cotton cloth or in flour, but it will be only for a day or two, while the great bulk of ar-ticles used are still going higher and higher. Though gold is about fifty cents lower than at one time, the cost of living is to-day greater than at any former period during the war. Families heretofore enjoying an abundance, are now compelled to economize, and cut off all luxuries, while those heretofore living comfortably with strict economy are now pinched. There is probably more suffer ing in Boston, now, than in any other December during the war. Those who have investigated the matter are astonished at the number of the poor who are insufficiently clad. When cotton cloth was cheap a small sum of money sufficed to fur-nish comfortable under-garments for a child, and few there were who were not supplied; but now there are many that are deprived of even these comforts. And the matter is growing worse, and will, until a more general and systematic charity is organized to meet their wants."

### Mr. Foster's Scances.

This excellent medium is still with us, having been solicited by his numerous friends to remain in Boston a short time longer. The manifestations are of the most convincing character. The best minds in our community are fully convinced of their genuineness. Did our space allow, we could give columns of details. We however advise those who are skeptical, to embrace the present opportunity of visiting Mr. Foster's rooms, No. 6 Suffolk Place, and see for themselves Many have already done so, and assure us that they are fully convinced "that there is something in it;" what, they are at loss to imagine. But this they are certain of, viz., that there is some power er she exerted over them by her acts of kindness which produces the wonderful results arrived at, and love-which are far more effective than the over which Mr. Foster has no control.

### New Publications.

Enoch Arden, and Other Poems. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co

It is not often that a book of poems of such rare beauty makes its appearance and takes a stronger hold on the popular taste of the people than this collection of the Poet Laurente of England. This neatly printed volume, in blue and gold, contains besides Enoch Arden, fifteen other smaller poems, among which are "Aylmer's Field," "Sea Dreams," "The Grandmother," "Northern Farmers," etc. This elegant volume is very appropriate for a Christmas or New Year's present.

Tilton & Co. have in press a superbly illustrated edition of this work, done in the highest style of art, with thirty-three illustrations by Hammatt Billings, printed in the nicest style, making one of the most beautiful books of the day.

EATON'S SELF-LEARNING COUNTING ROOM ARITHMETIC, By W. H. Eaton: Commercial College, 80 Washington street, Boston.

This is a very convenient pocket edition of a very useful work, containing rules, with illustrations for every rule in interest, bank discount, profit and loss, simple and compound equations, dividends, exchange, insurance, and form of accounts—problems which are absolutely necessary for every man and boy to understand. Mr. Eaton is one of the most accomplished and competent teachers in our city.

A STRIKE FOR FREEDOM: or the Persecuted Wife's Exposure of the Scenes behind the Curtain: In a Life Drama of twelve parts. By Mrs. E. P. W. Packard.

Mrs. Packard is the wife of a Calvinistic clergyman, who placed her in an insane asylum because her mind had become imbued with too liberal ideas to suit his mode of teaching and practice. She tells her story in a clear, sharp, caustic manner, which at once gains the sympathy of the reader. The book is creating considerable sensation.

THE ROOT PRINCESS: A Christmas Story. By Robert Reinick. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Frederick Lyholdt.

This is a very pleasing story from the German, by Fanny Fuller, and is tastefully illustrated with large colored plates, representing various kinds of animals, birds, insects, formations from the vegetable kingdom, &c. A capital thing for the little

#### A New System of Short-Hand Writing.

"Glad to hear it," thousands of students will say; for there is indeed a great necessity for some better system of short-hand writing than the public are yet acquainted with-one that can be easily read and rapidly written, and put into practical use without spending so many years in acquiring a limited knowledge of it, as has been the case heretofore. From a partial examination of a system invented by Prof. D. P. Lindsley, of Connecticut, we are of the opinion that he has matured a system which will accomplish the desired object. He has, as Horace Mann says, "Phonographed Phonography" in so condensed and easy a manner as to enable the student to make it practically useful in six months. The author of this improved method of short-hand, is now in this city, for the purpose of giving lessons to those who may wish to learn it. He has already an evening class at Eaton's Commercial College, 80 Washington street, where he will be happy to explain or teach the system to all who desire a knowledge of this new development of a progressive age.

### Moses Hull.

This gentleman is doing good service in the cause of Spiritualism at the West. He is indeed worker. He has dedicated his life to the truthinspiring philosophy of the nineteenth century, and he will, we hope, live to witness a full frui-tion of his labors. The dark clouds of bigotry and error that have enveloped humanity for so many years are fast breaking away, and through their silver lining gleams the glorious sunshine of Truth! Let us all persevere, then, in the good work, ever studying to be as harmonious as possible, and we doubt not the good Father, who has us in his keeping, will finally crown our efforts with success.

#### Prof. Brittan's Great Work. "MAN AND HIS RELATIONS," is attracting the at-

tention of the press in Europe as well as in America. The London Spiritual Magazine for December, in an extended criticism, pronounces it "one of those valuable books in which a philosophical mind gathers up the results of its observations, experiments, and reflections, during the greater part of an active lifetime on some great theme, and so fitting them into their proper places and proportions as to present at once a compehensive philosophy and a work of art."

### "Peculiar."

The London Star gives two columns of very cordial commandation to Mr. Epes Sargent's novel of "Peculiar," but remarks of its Spiritualism-The reader will readily pardon a single idiosyncrasy where there is so much to interest and be admired." A new edition of "Peculiar" is published to-day, and copies may be had at this office. The "idiosyncrasy" alluded to by the London Star will not probably disaffect the readers of the Banner.

### Army News.

Gen. Thomas's victory over Hood, in Tennessee, appears to have been complete. The re bel loss is estimated as high as twenty thousand, and sixtytwo cannon.

Gen. Sherman has arrived safely at Savannah. nvested the city, and demanded its surrender. He has captured Fort McAllister, and is in communication with the fleet.

The Liberator, in entering upon a new volume, says:

"So enormously enhanced is the price of paper, and also of printing, that we have left to us no other alternative than to increase the subscription terms of the Liberator, or discontinue it at the close of the present volume. We shall still have to struggle against wind and tide in order to keep our barque afloat. Those of our friends with whom we have consulted unanimously advise us to put the terms of the paper at four dollars per annum; but we are very reluctant to do this, and have concluded, therefore, to make the trial at three dollars and a half, instead of three dollars, as hitherto."

We trust this able pioneer in the Anti-Slavery. cause will not be allowed to suspend its labors for want of support, now that the great end for which it has so long struggled is about being accomplish-

The Boston Congregationalist rebukes the New York Independent for advocating the opening of the Boston City Library on Sunday. The Congregationalist regrets that any religious journal; should express such an opinion, and does not believe the Boston city government will do anything to help the young men to break the Sabbath. We would like to have the Congregationalist inform us which is the greatest sin, sleeping in church during the sermon, or reading some entertaining book in the city library, on Sunday?

#### ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

EMMA HARDINGE.-The Folsom (Cal.) Telegraph, in speaking of Miss Hardinge, says: "She certainly is a remarkable woman, possessed of a powerful and pleasing voice. For nearly three hours she held the audience spell-bound by the gifted power she possesses. Every age has had its remarkable women, and the present age is no exception."

LELAND AND JAMIESON.-W. F. Jamieson, in a note in the Progressive Age, says S. P. Leland refuses to debate the question of Spiritualism with

THE PROGRESSIVE AOE, published at Kalamazoo, Michigan, is all alive with good things. God bless you, co-laborers in the great cause of reform. Persevere unto the end, and your reward

Rev. Leicester A. Sawyer, a translator of the New Testament and author of several controversial works, proposes a rationalist convention to form a new Christian sect for the salvation of the world. By rationalists, Mr. Sawyer means those who disbelieve the miracles and deny the inspiration of the Scriptures. So says a cotemporary.

WM. L. DAYTON, U. S. Minister to the Court of France, died in Paris on the 2d inst., of apoplexy. He was a statesman of marked ability and firmness. Consul Bigelow has been appointed in his place.

The Daily Evening Voice should change its name to The Workingman's Daily Voice. It seems to us the latter name would be more comprehen-

The President has ordered a draft for three hundred thousand men, to make up deficiencies in the army. Massachusetts has such an overplus on the other call that but few men will be needed for her on this call.

During the Revolution, with a population of three millions, there were three hundred and ninety-five thousand men called into the service. If the same proportion were called out now, we should have an army of four million soldiers.

The State Temperance Alliance wants to raise \$10,000 for the service of the next year; and William B. Spooner and Oliver Ames have each given \$500 toward it.

At a recent festive meeting, a married man, who ought to have known better, proposed, "The ladies-The beings who divide our sorrows, double our joys, and treble our expenses." Upon which a lady proposed, "The gentlemen-The sensitive individuals who divide our time, double our cares, and treble our troubles." The married man did n't stop to hear any more.

It is an excellent rule in dress not to be among the first to adopt a fashion, nor the last to abandon it. That is a bit of philosophy which is not intended peculiarly for the ladies.

As a proper care of the body is one of the cardinal virtues—so considered by the wisest menthat ever lived—it is quite time that people give closer attention to, and guard with jealous care, the earthly temples in which their souls have been permitted to dwell, till their missions here are fulfilled: t. e., until old age bids the spirit depart to its eternal home. Many of our people, owing to the sudden and extreme changes which the atmosphere undergoes in this northern climate at this season of the year, die prematurely of consumption. This is because the digestive organs are not kept in a healthy condition, the blood thereby losing its vitality, and the system consequently falls an easy prey to that disease. In this connection, we ask our readers—as they value life and health—to be sure and road the valuable that the property being convinced of their reality.

One unmistakable case came under our immediate attention—that of a distressing inflammatory relation—that of a distressing inflammatory relation to the suitable of their reality.

One unmistakable case came under our immediate attention—that of a distressing inflammatory relation to the su cardinal virtues—so considered by the wisest men life and health-to be sure and read the valuable essay which we publish on the eighth page, from the pen of R. Leonidas Hamilton, M. D., of No. 546 Broadway, New York.

WOMAN.

Not she with traitorous kiss her Master stung; Not she denied him with unfaithful tongue; She, when apostles fied, could danger brave-Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.

A dentist wishes the press to correct the statement, made on Horace Walpole's authority, that alum is a preservative of the teeth. He says that it is, on the contrary, one of the most destructive agents with which the teeth can come in contact.

A pro-slavery clergyman was recently traveling from New York to Boston. Being told that one of his fellow-passengers was Wendell Phillips, the noted abolitionist, he determined to enter into conversation. After a few moments' argument, he said: "But if you are so opposed to slavery, Mr. Phillips, why do n't you go down South and preach to the rebels?" "For the same reason, sir," was the roply, "that you do not go to hell to preach religion to sinners." The interlocutor sloped.

Picket-A chap who is sent out to borrow tobacco of the enemy for the officers.

A poet who is prematurely bald, excuses it in this ingenious and complimentary manuer: "Baldness," he says, " is only a proof of politeness to the beautiful sex. Is it not the duty of a gentleman always to uncover his head in the presence of the ladies?"

"We want you to make for the church," said a vestryman to a carpenter, "two new commandment boards. We want them of free, sound timber, with no knots in it." "You'd better take some of the 'nots' out of the commandments then," replied the carpenter.

The purest and holiest relation in life is that of marriage, which ought never to be regarded as a mere civil contract, entered into from mere worldly ends, but as an essential union of two minds, by which each gains a new power, and acquires new capacities for usefulness.

A petition from fifty thousand citizens of Illinois will be presented at the coming session of the Legislature of that State, for the repeal of the Black Laws.

The operation of changing black hair to red, so much the rage in Paris, costs eighty dollars, five hours of time and an intolerable headache.

An exchange declares that "girls who aint handsome hate those who are, and those who are

handsome hate one another." There are five million native Germans in the United States, and this year's immigration will

add seventy thousand to that number. Hon. Eli Thayer, formerly representative in Congress from this State, and now residing in New

York, is organizing colonies to settle in Missouri There are eighty people in Great Britain who have an income of over £50,000 a year-about a quarter of a million in gold.

"Why, Tom, how well you are looking! I guess the grocery business must agree with you. What did you weigh last?" "Well, really, I do n't

The new fractional currency is red-backed, with metallic ring on the face, which is printed in black. It is twice as long as the old issue.

A Paris letter says that crinolines are to be discarded; many fashionable dames have appeared on the race-grounds in costumes having long skirts falling in ample folds about the person, without the support of hoops or steel springs.

In Curwen's Letters he tells us that he saw in the British Museum the first Bible printed "by authority":

"Turning to the fist Psalm, instead of 'Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night,' I saw the following: 'Thou shalt not fear the bugs and vermin by night,' &c. There were other remarkable differences, but I had not time to examine many taxta." many texts."

" Mamma, can a door speak?" " Certainly not, my dear." "Then why did you tell Anna, one morning, to answer the door?"

How brightly do little joys beam upon a soul darkened by the clouds of sorrow-as stars come forth from the empty sky when we look up to them from a deep well, or from cellars.

FRIENDSHIP.—The first foundation of friendship is not the power of conferring benefits, but the equality with which they are received and may be returned.—Junius's Letters.

#### More Extraordinary Cures by Dr. Newton.

'We copy the following interesting account of the cures performed by Dr. Newton at Auburn, N. Y., by the "laying on of hands," on Sunday, Dec. 4th, from the Advertiser and Union of that

city:

"Much excitement was caused in this city yesterday, by the visit of Dr. J. R. Newton, whose peterday, by the visit of Dr. J. R. Newton, whose peterday, by the visit of Dr. J. R. Newton, whose peterdises his wonderful powers. From the hour of ten in the morning until one o'clock P. M., Markham Hall was densely packed by the "lame, halt and blind," "the wounded, sick and sore," beside hundreds of others whose curiosity led them there to witness the cures performed. The lame and rheumatic were made to discard their crutches and walk off, the deaf were made to hear, the blind to see, and the dumb to speak. In this matter-ofwalk off, the deaf were made to hear, the blind to see, and the dumb to speak. In this matter-offact age it is hard to convince the public that such things can be true; but hundreds have witnessed the effects produced by the gentleman, and have had conviction forced upon their minds. More than two thousand and five hundred persons, variously afflicted, visited him yesterday at the hall and at his rooms in the Exchange Hotel. We were present during the evening, and witnessed several remarkable cures. One of the most striking of these was a case of lameness in a little girl named Emma Clack, the daughter of a widow residing on Owasco street. The child had been until a charitable neighbor applied to the Doctor, who, by means of an article of the girl's clothing, brought to him at the hall, passed his influence to the sufferer and enabled her to walk to the hotel in the evening, when he caused her to run about the sufferer and enabled her to walk to the hotel in the evening, when he caused her to run about the room freely without help. His services to the poor are gratis, and none but the wealthy are required to pay a fee.

His power is claimed to be derived from heaven, and his ideas are at variance with the established forms of the Church. These we do not propose to discuss; but certain it is, that those who have seen his curse are alled with conflicting irrages are

MASON & HAMLIN'S CABINET ORGAN.—Such an instrument is all that is needed in any church of ordinary size; and even in Trinity Church, in this city, the grandest specimen of the Gothic architecture on the continent, Dr. Gutler, the celebrated organist, has introduced one of them into the chancel, as better adapted to some parts of the service, and to some classes of music, than the the service, and to some classes of music, than the great pipe organ, whose tones make the walls tremble. In the churches throughout the country they answer every requirement, and have already been widely sought for and introduced. Such eminent artists and musicians as Thalberg, Lowell, Mason, Zundel, Root, and many others, bear testimony to their merits in the highest torms; and once hearing them will satisfy the most skeptical that they are just what the Clurch has been waiting for—something to aid without drowning the singing, something easily obtained, easily kept in order, and giving nower, majesty, and melody in the worship of God. For this nothing is equal to the organ; and here we have an organ, sweet, solemn, sonorous, and grand, the instrument you will love the longer you hear it.—

N. Y. Observer. N. Y. Observer.

### Scaled Letters Answered.

J. V. MANSFIELD, the well-known reliable writing medium for answering scaled letters, has located, for the present, in New York City, where those who wish to communicate with their departed friends can forward letters for that purpose, Enclose, with the sealed letter, \$5.00 and four three-cent postage stamps. Address, J. V. Mansfield, 102 West Fifteenth street, New York City.

### Bread for the Destitute Poor.

Fresh bread, to a limited extent, from a bakery in this city, will be delivered to the destitute poor on tickets issued at the Banner of Light office.

### A Call.

The usual Quarterly Meeting of Vermont Spiritualists will be holden at Bridgewater, Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 31st, 1864, and Jan. 1st, 1865, commencing on the first day at 9 o'clock A. M. A cordial invitation is extended to all who seek progression and reform, hoping that every prejudice will be laid aside, either religious, political or so-cial, and all join harmoniously to have a good and profitable time. Several prominent speakers are expected, and we hope an interest in the good cause will induce many more to come. Board free in private families for all who see fit to come.
J. M. HOLT, NATHAN LAMB,
G. G. RAYMOND, T. TRACY,

John E. Chapman, Thomas Middleton, CHARLES BABCOCK, DAVID F. WILEY, SULLIVAN WHITE,

NATHAN LAMB, T. TRACY, A. E. SIMMONS. Jos. E. WILLIS, B. F. WEEDEN, B. F. SOUTHGATE. DANIEL LAKE, CHAS. WALKER,

#### EZRA J. ROBINSON, To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.] W. K. J .- Yes; and we remailed it to the person you requested, in New York City.

B. B.. NORRRISTOWN. PA.—The Poem has been received.

TO CURE DIARRHEA.-For a violent attack, take two table-spoons full of **Dr. T. B. Talbot's Medi-**cated **Pi**noapple Cider every ten minutes until it is hecked. For sale everywhere. B. T. BABBITT, Sole Agent.

64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72 and 74 Washington St., New York. PIANO.—Mrs. PAIGE'S New Method of Teaching the Pland. Circulars now ready. Address, enclosing stamp, MRS. PAIGE. 246 Washington street, Boston, over Chickering's Plano Warerooms.

recollect, but I believe it was a pound of butter." outwear three without tips. Bold everywhere. 2m Nov. 5.

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TICKETS—For gentleman and lady, \$1,50. Single tickets, at 55 cents each, will be furnished to ladies only. The number will be limited to twenty persons for each Seance. Tickets to be had only at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, 184 WASHINGTON STREET, 184 WASHALL.

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### Sleep is the great renovator of mental and bodily-health. DODD'S NERVINE

IS A POSITIVE BLESSING to Nervous Sufferers. It al lays all irritation, and, like sleep, promotes all the proper scoretions—thus equalizing the Nervous Fluid throughout the system. It produces a delicious sense of repose; calms the agitated mind; quiets the throbbing muscles and twithcing nerves, and repairs the waste of the vital force. It CONTAINS NO OPIUM or MERCURY, neither poisonous mineral or herb. It is ALWAYS BAFE, and ALWAYS BENEFICIAL. Sold by BELA MARSII, 14 Bromfield street, Boston, and by all respectable druggists.

11—Dec. 31.

THE INDIAN REMEDY; CONTAINING, among other medical agents, the roots of a plant spoken of by an oil medical Author, as follows:
"The roots are employed internally in hematuria, or bloody urine, uterine hemorrhage, immoderate menstrual discharge blood-splitting, heetic fever, asthma, catarrial cough, profit yia, &c., either in powder, or in Infusion. In female complaints, such as leucorrhea, menorrhea, and after partruition they act as good astringents. The Indians value them mucl as such, both in Canada and Missour!." they act as good astringents. The Indians value them much as such, both in Ganada and Missouri."

By the structure and shape of the root of this plant, Nature seems to have indicated it as her peculiar remedy for female compidints. Its shape is a perfect fac-simile of the uterus and its Fallopian tubes—hence its power in the arrest and prevention of parturient and other floodings, and the curo of the complaints recited in the extract above.

This medicine is prepared by and had only of the subscriber. \$2,00 per package—sent by mail on receipt of price.

1101A.G.P. DRESSER, M. D.,

120 Dec. 31.

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INVALIDS who will send a Photograph, with fair and auto-graph and the lady's fee, 82, will receive a Diagnosis whose accuracy may be relied on, with a prescription through a pri-vate lady medium who has never yet failed in any point, and who conters with no other person. Positive reliance cannot be piaced on examinations with Hair and Autograph only, and all such are declined. WM. R. PRINCE, Flushing, N. Y. Dec. 31.—2w

A SUIT OF ROOMS, suitable for Housekeeping, No. 22 East Canton street. House has all modern improvements. Apply at 625 Washington street, corner of Washington and Hollis. Dec. 31.

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MISS LIZZIE WHITTLE, Fashionable Cloak and Dress Maker, 80 Warren street. Work done at the residences of customers, if desired. Dec. 31.

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W E have just received from the Bindery a new lot of LIZZIE DOTEN'S Beautiful Book of

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#### BROKEN LIGHTS. BY FRANCES POWER COBBE

AN INQUIRY INTO THE PRESENT CONDITION AND FUTURE PROSPECTS OF RELIGIOUS FAITH. Probably no work of the present day-if we except "Re nan's Life of Jesus "-on any religious subject, has attracted more attention than this work, from the pen of this vigorous trans-Atlantic writer. We earnestly commend it to the atten

trans-Atlantic writer. We carnestly commend it to the attention of all, without regard to class or sect.

"Broxen Lights" is a title which might readily be mistaken for that of a novel, but is not inappropriate to the far graver work for which it has been chosen. The lights by which the religious world has walked for thousands of years are certainly broken in the reflections furnished by Frances Power Cobbe, an English woman who is known to us as having compiled a collection of the works of Theodore Parker. She is a woman of ability, working in a direction to which the tastes and convictions of very few women would lead. She discusses the various forms of Christian theology with scrupplous cander, so far as she understands them, being evidently sincere in the position she holds that the Bible is at war with science, and is doomed to capitulate in the struggle. She accounts for the acceptance of prevalent decirines by the assumption that "men's minds are saturated with such ideas from early childhood.

She takes the ground apparently that reason is the loftlest of

counts for the acceptance of prevalent doctrines by the assumption that "men's minds are saturated with such ideas from early childhood.

Bite takes the ground apparently that reason is the loftiest of human powers. She is unwilling to accept in defence of the Reriptures any interpretations modified by the progress of the age; asserting that the Maker of the human intellect knew how to address it, and the inference which mankind have drawn from revelation must be what It emeant that they should draw. Few of her opponents will dispute this state ment, but very many of them believe that the liblie was adapted to a progressive race and widely varying conditions, holding spiritual food for diverse natures, and admitting countiess interpretations, all vitalized by some underlying truth. She thinks it incredible that God's Word could have contained teachings which for eighteen centuries have failed to comprehend. But to her the Word is not an influite utterance. Its inspiration is the same in kind, if not in degree, as that of other instructive works, and she regards this method of interpretation as the only one by which the system of historical religion can possibly be saved. She admits that this expedient is but a foriorn hope, and adds:—"If Christianity be not true, let it pass away, slowly, caimly, and without peril or cellipse of faith." In an appendix she treats of, Colenso's work on the Pentateuch, and the reader will not be surprised to learn that she regards it as a compendium of facts whose weight cannot be resisted by any candid mind.

The Christian Register says:—"Those whose faith is purely traditional, and who are afraid of a free handling of religious subjects, would do well not to heed it, but all who value truth, and whose faith rests on rational evidence, will gaze with interest and profit on these 'Broken Lights."

Price \$1,75. For sale at this office.

Dec. 17.

### TWELVE MESSAGES

PROM THE SPIRIT OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, through I Joseph D. Stiles, medium, to Josah Brigham, of Quincy. This volume is embellished with facesimile engravings of the handwriting of John Quincy Adams, Abigail Adams, George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Richard Henry Lee, Stephen Hopkins, Thomas Jefferson, Samuel Adams, Lavater, Melanethon, Columbus, Cromwell, Jackson, and others, written through the hand of the medium, 459 pages, printed in large, clear type, ou stout paper, and substantially bound. It is, perhaps, the nost elaborate work Modern Spiritualism has called out.

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ous expressions to her thoughts .- Portland Transcript. Her writings evince great mental ability, vigor of thought and purity of character. If her life had been spared, she would undoubtedly have taken high rank among the female vriters of our day.—Nashua Gazette.

These Poems show a strong individuality, an earnest life.

and a remarkable facility of composition.—Rutland Herald.

This book will be especially welcome to those who knew the author as a lecturer, and who, by her carnest and persussive speech, have so often been quickened to loftier thought, or filled with the balm of consolation.-Christian

MISS SPRAGUE sprung from the people. Springing thus from the people, she was loved by them. Her friends, numerous in this section of Vermont, can but regard this book with lively interest, and as a memento of her whom they so much admired.—Bellows Falls Times.

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It is an indispensable sort of New Testament to this modern dispensation, though the authority through the authority. It is an indispensable sort of the age, and most fellents, the doubtful, the doubtful, the unfortunate, the fillent, the doubtful, the unfortunate, the fallent, the doubtful, the unfortunate, the fallent, the doubtful, the unfortunate, the fallent, the despondent, the afflicted; a complete compend for writers, speakers, seekers; an indispensable companion to lecturers and mediums, and an advocate of their claims as well as the claims of the week in faith, the doubtful, the unfortunate, the fallent, the despondent, the afflicted; a complete compend for writers, speakers, seekers; an indispensable companion to lecturers and mediums, and an advocate of their claims as well as the claims of the people; a plain guild, embracing the pres and come; theoretical practical, searching, frank, free, fearless; offensive to none but the persistently blind and initiatated; liberal and charitable to all; safe to be put into the hands of all; chaste, cloquent and attractive style, distinct in the presentation of principles and pointed in their application, and overwhelming with arguments and facts in proof of Spiritualism. The author has had a large experience in the ministry, and in the editorial and spiritual lecturing field, having been among the carliest ploner clampions, visiting all the Northern, Eastern, Middle and Border States; and this volume embodies the studies and labors of years. It is the first and only book going over the whole ground.

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THE MYSTERIES OF THE NUMBER SEVEN, THE TRINITI

The Dual Unity of the Universe; Or, The True Relation of the Male and Female, 's also plainly clucidated.
The second chapter contains a "Reply to Man's Long Standing Question of Woman's Crush Treatment of Her Berning and Outcast Sister; 'to which is added "The Sphere of Woman,"

Showing her true position in the world, according to the lav

#### For sale at this Office. Price, 35 cents; postage free. INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM;

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June 4.

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AT SARATOGA HALL, BALTIMORE, ON THE EVENING OF JANUARY 31, 1864. This very interesting pamphlet is for sale at this office Price 25 cents; postage 2 cents.

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INTRODUCTORY.—Adam not the first man; Men built cities in Asia thirty-five thousand years ago; Luke Burke and the credibility of History; The Fate of Genius; The New York Tribune and Leonard Horner on Egyptian Pottery 13,500 years left flow we know that the Egyptians made Pottery 15,500 years before Adam's date; The Artesian Well borlings of the French Engineers in the Egyptian Delta; Discovery of the Colossal statue of Rhampses II., and what followed it; Synchius and the Chaldeau Chronology, stretching back 35,000 years. (thiese Kings IR,000 years ago.)

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#### RELIGIOUS HISTORY AND CRITICISM, BY M. ERNEST RENAN.

BY M. ERNEST RENAN,

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These Messages indicate that spirits carry with

them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition. We ask the reader to receive no decrine 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 WASHING-TON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs,) on Mon-DAY, 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.

Tuesday, Nov. 22.—Invocation; Questions and Answors; Gen. Fellx Zollicoffer, to friends at the South; Charles II. Hogo, to friends; Mesage to Mr. Noyes, Editor of the Maine Democrat, Saco, Me.; Marian Thompson to Mrs. Thompson, of Stanton, S. C.; Augustus Briggs, to friends; Mary Ellis, to her son Abram Hills, at the North; Louis St. Julien, to Paulpost, Julien.

her son Abram Hills, at the North; Louis St. Julien, to Paulne St. Julien.

Afonday, Nov. 28.—Invocation; Questions and Answers,
Llout. Samuel Nixon, to Benjamin, Thomas, or Charles Nixon;
T. J. Montgomery, to his brother, J. It. Montgomery, in Richmond, Va.; Willie T. Demarest, of Xo. Il King street, New
York City; Charlie Evans, of the 10th Counceticut Rediment;
John O. Brien, to his brother, James; Robert Clark, to his
father, Benjamin Clark, of Fayettesville, Lincoln Co., Tenn.;
Alico F. Toombs, to Rev. David Holmes, of Charlottesville,
Tenn.

John O. Hifen, to his orother, James, Robert Clark, to his father, Benjamin Clark, of Fayotteville, Lincoln Co. Tenn., Alleo F. Toombs, to Rev. David Holmes, of Charlottesville, Tenn.

Tuesday, Nov. 29.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Sorgeant Robert M. Ridick, of 5th North Carolina, Co. A.; Patrick Shechan, 7 Christic street; New York; David Casey, to his mother, in Bucksport Centre, Mc.; Hiram Williams, of the 5th South Carolina, to the boys he promised to return to.

Thursday, Dec. 1.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; W. H. Groves, of London, Eng., to Wm. Howlit, the author; Poter Marsh (colored), of Buston, to his brother William; Alexander Guy, to Robert or Stephen Guy, of Charleston, S. C.; Johnney Nolan, to his father, fireman on board the "Niphon;" Annie E. Berger, to friends in New York and Bailmore.

\*\*Monday, Dec. 5.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Btophen Seddon, to Hon. James A. Seddon, Secretary of War of the Confederate States; James Jarvis, of the 2d Mich. Reg.; Hiram Osborn, to Ben. Adams, and boys of the regiment; John P. Hooper, to friends in Cambridge, Mass.; Lida Gugenbeiner, to Mrs. Laura Gugenheimer, and uncle Alfred, who is in Chicago, Ill.

Tuesday, Dec. 6.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Jane Stuart Genn, who died in Edinburgh, Sectland, to her three brothers, Alexander, James and Robert; Peter Edwards, to his sons, Nat. and Peter; Robert Harris, to his mother. In Illinols; Jacob Shultz, to his friends.

Thursday, Dec. 6.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Phillip Schultz, of Philadelphia, Pa., to Dr. Child, of that city; Wm. Apel, (colored,) to his brother Peter, and wife; James W. Forbes, to friends in Fisherville, Ill.; Annie Greene, anughter of G. W. Greene, of lichmond, Ya., to Friends at the North; Andrew Bardum, to Jonathan Buffum, of Lynu, Mass.

Thursday, Dec. 13.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; John G. Oldenham, of Nowcastle, Eng., to his brother; Richard C., Jones H. Hester; Billy Ford, to the boys of the 2d Inwa. Annethy, Dec. 15.—Invocation; Questions and Answ

#### Invocation.

Holy Spirit, the light of thine everlasting presence beams in through the clouded skies of the material world. Thy love floats around us like the fragrance of sweetest lilies. We drink it in, and the soul becomes stronger for so doing. Holy Spirit, in our dealings with thee, through thy countless manifestations, we have learned to love thee, and we are perpetually adoring thee in spirit. Wherever we turn, under whatever circumstances we exist, thou art sustaining, blessing us, in night as in day, in sorrow as in joy. Through all the various conditions, through all stages of life, thou art with us in thy majesty, thy greatness, thy everlasting love. Oh Father, we feel new wisdom from thee. What though we have walked through the valley and shadow of death, thou art with us, therefore we fear no evil. What though changes come, and shadows fall around us, still through thine everlasting presence thou art sustaining us perpetually. Though the soul may seem to wander from thee, and though its life seems, at times, separated from thy life, still it cannot wander from thee. It must ever live in thy presence and rejoice in thine Infinite love. Oh Father, Spirit, we sometimes long for the mighty power to unfold the mysteries of the spirit-world to thy mortal children. They ask ever to know of that better land and home to which they are all traveling. Oh Father, we would unfold those mysterieswould rend in twain the veil that obscures the future from them. But we have not power to do this, and it is well. We are satisfied. Oh Father. when we look at Nature and see thee there in thy glory, we are satisfied to wait thy time. Mighty Spirit, of whose great soul all other souls are born, we dedicate to thee the feeble utterances of this hour. They are thine; do with them as seemeth to thee good; and to thee, oh Father, we will con-Nov. 15. tinue to render thanks.

### Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are now ready to consider whatever questions you may have to propound.

QUES .- [By an Infidel.] Supposing Spiritualism to be true, what effect, if any, will one's conduct in this life have upon his future happiness?

Ans.—"Supposing Spiritualism to be true, what offect, if any, will one's conduct in this life have upon" the life which is to come? The greatest of all effects. The soul rears for itself its own home and future surroundings-its own heaven or helland all these various conditions are the result of thought, outwrought thought. The soul is perpetually begetting thought, either good, or what men call bad. That which is good, or high, or holy in itself, begets corresponding good. That which is the opposite begets its counterpart. Now every not of your mortal lives exists as an effect in the future; is a child born of that which is the present to you. Thoughts never die; they are eternities in themselves. So, then, thought that is projected in active life here, projects its effect into the future; and all good deeds or mistakes you make in life, are all transcribed upon the canvas of that

future by an unerring hand, which is destiny. Q.—It has been a matter of dispute among literary men, whether Homeric poems were written by one, or several persons. Please give me your

opinion concerning the matter? A .- It is our opinion that the ideas emanated from various sources. They may have culminated in the present form through one source; but it is our belief that they emanated through various

sources. Q.-Explain the philosophy of the prophetic power of instinct?

A .- Instinct is clairvovant-powerfully so: and therefore, as clairvoyant, must be prophetic. Q.—Explain the philosophy of clairvoyance.

then. A.—The philosophy of clairvoyance lies in the infinity of soul-existence. The soul being infinite in power, holds within its calibre all that over was.

is, and all that is to come. Q.—How do you explain the philosophy of individualism upon it?

than in soul. We may say it consists entirely in you think we would n't? I did n't know. Goodform, or the manifestation of soul. Resolve you day. Ask my father to write back to you. all back-if we could-into soul-life, in its strictest sense, and you would all be alike. The difference exists in the manifestation.

Q.—Is there, then, only one consciousness in the universe? If so, how can every one experience a separate one?

A .- It is our belief, strictly speaking, that there is but one in the universe; and that consciousness may be called God, Jehovah, Delty, any name you may see fit to apply to it.

Q.-How is it that each person has only his individual consciousness?

A .- Because this great infinite power is divided, that it may grow; that the law of progress may be sustained. The principle, the primates of life, dent. I fell, on the street, as I was walking, and are one and the same throughout all life. The difference exists only in manifestation.

Q.—If the life-principle were infinite in its origin, how can it grow?

A .- It cannot grow, as you understand the term. Growth, as it means with soul, is not the growth of the plant, of the animal, of the form. It is perpetual life. Immortality implies growth.

Q.-Life implies procedure from that which was not living. How can there be a perpetual outgrowth from that which was Infinite Life in the first place?

A.—It is absolutely impossible to define Life for Life is God and God is Life.

Q.-When persons in the earth-form have devoted themselves to the accumulation of property, and have repressed all the finer feelings of their natures, what is their condition in spirit-life, and what are their employments?

A.—Inasmuch as all the finer feelings of their natures have been warped, distorted by their unhealthy condition, it is very natural to suppose that at least the effects are carried into the spiritland. He who was miserly here, will be very likely to be so in spirit-life until he has outlived that condition—until hard experience has taught him a better way.

Q .- What are the employments of such persons in spirit-life before they have outlived that condition?

A.—They are as various as human desires. Q.—Can you specify some of them?

A .- Yes; they will be very likely to seek out some one similarly developed, who loves worldly wealth as well as they did, and through their human appetites satisfy themselves, or try to.

Q.-In answering the first question, did I understand you that acts, as placed upon the record of soul, are independent of outside influence? A .- You might have understood us so, but cer

tainly we did not intend that you should. Every act is born of some thought, is inseparably connected with it. You may say that you act without thinking, but you never do.

Q.-Does thought govern action? Is soul independent of action? A.—Thought always governs action. Nov. 15.

#### David Parsons.

I'm not good at making speeches. [Do the best you can.] I seen the boys crowding this way, and when I learned what they were up to, I thought I'd try my luck here. This is the first time I was ever uniformed in this style, and I feel little sort of unused to it, I do.

I'm from Rye, New Hampshire. This is Boston, they say. My name is Parsons-David Parsons, son of Sam Parsons.

Well, here I am. I died, I suppose, well, near as I can get at it, at Petersburg, Virginia. That comes as near to it as anything. I'm from the 9th New Hampshire. Now the folks do n't know anything about this-I didn't myself. I didn't know anything about it myself until I come to

I should like to meet the reb that helped me over, pretty well. [What would you do to him?] Oh, I'd shake hands with him, I guess. I suppose I should have served him about the same way, if I'd had a chance to.

Well, it's all right; I'm pretty well satisfied. It's a pretty good place, and what I want you to tell my folks is that I went out nice and easy; that I can come back. Now they don't know anything about it. I suppose it will be rather startling news to the folks. I guess if a ghost had come here, when I was on earth, and told me he could come and talk, I guess I 'd been scared on it.

Well, if you'll do the best you can, the boys say my folks will get my letter. All I want is to let em know that I can come and talk: that this spirit-world is altogether a different place from what I'd been told it would be-nothing like it. I tell you, you can't have any idea of it when here. I aint got the hang of it myself yet. I feel pretty much like a cat in a strange garret. Well, I just been plodding at one thing, myself, since I come to the spirit-world; that's trying to learn how to

Well, capt'n, good-by to you. I feel kind of strange here; I do n't know why, but suppose it's all right.

I hear old Abe is reflected. [Yes.] Good news. [How long have you been in the spirit-world?] Well. sir. I've been there since some time in September. Good-by to you. Nov. 15.

### Lieut. Henry Fitz William.

I am here, sir, for the purpose of sending some intelligence to my friends in Montreal, Richmond, and in Georgia.

I was Lieutenant Henry Fitz William, of the 2d Georgia Cavalry. I was wounded at the battle of Winchester-died there. My friends are anxiously hoping to hear from me, knowing nothing of the circumstances of my death.

I know very little concerning this control my self but I have learned that there are subjects all over the country that we can make use of. To my friends in Montreal I would say: " If I should give you my advice, it would be as it was before death. Stay where you are at present."

To my friends in Georgia: "Join our friends in Virginia, if you can." To my brother Thomas. who is a prisoner, I believe, in your hands: "Cheer up. The clouds can't always remain." Thanks, Nov. 15. sir. Good-day.

### Hattie Grey Boulware.

Oh dear! oh! [What's the matter?] Oh, if you'll please to send a letter to my father. [Oh ves. 1 Send it to La Vista, Spottsylvania County, Virginia, will you?-to Dr. Andrew J. Tripp Boulware.

I am Hattie Grey Boulware. I been in the months and one day. Oh, I'm so sick here. [It

will pass off soon.] I want my father to give me some one I can speak through. I died at La Vista, at nine o'clock in the morning, of inflammation of the lungs and brain.

Don't forget, will you? [Oh no.] Please to direct right. Tell my father, soon as I can I will write—soon as I learn how. Did you understand life. In other instances they are productions of you was to send to La Vista? [Yes.] Are you mind, soul, spirit, and, in that sense, are realities. Yankees? [We are called so. We shall send!

A .- Your individuality consists more in form your letter just the same. ] Just the same? [Did Nov. 15.

### Stephen Carson.

I'm here early, sir. [We are glad to have you come.] I died yesterday-yesterday afternoonnt Novada City, California.

I want to inform my folks in Troy, New York, of my death. I expect it was by accident. [Do n't you know?] Yes, as well as any one can. At any rate, I was n't sick. The last thing I remember of doing here, I was walking on the street. Yes, sir, I died by accident. I'm sure I was well. [Might it not have been by apoplexy?] Well, I don't know, sir-don't know, sir, think it was by accidied. My head's affected some way. I think something fell on me. I'm quite sure it did.

Will you please to tell my folks that I, Stephen Carson, died yesterday afternoon, at Nevada City, California? That's what I'm here for. I knew about this place; read your paper; knew all about

I can remember up to one o'clock-can't go beyond that. I don't know-well, I don't know as I lived a minute beyond that; might have been two or three hours, but no more than that. My God! it's a strange world we live in.

· Tell 'em to sell the place; do the best they can; I aint prepared to give any advice about that now; it do n't amount to anything. Nov. 15.

#### Invocation.

Our Father, thou who art the Life of this day of tears, thou who art the fashioner of the dewdrop, the Individualizer and Immortalizer of the human soul, thou who art our Father forever and forever we would worship thee in deep sincerity and in all truth; not in thought alone, not in word, but in deed we would worship thee. Oh God, we would worship thee by feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and by speaking words of sympathy to those who are desolate, and have fallen, in the way of life. Oh God, thy presence, like an everlasting joy, is around and within us, supporting us, and ever saying, "My child, I am here. I am here." Oh God, we look to thee in glad thanksgiving for all the blessings the past has conferred upon us, all the blessings the present showers around us. all that is in store for us. Oh Father, Spirit, thy love is mighty, and it overcometh all things else. Thy power is supreme. Oh Spirit of Eternal Truth, we know that thou art able to lead us unto all things; able to do away with darkness; able to lead us into the light. Oh God, we render thee praises. We can do no less. We bring unto the altar of the present all that glad thanksgiving that belongs to the soul; and we know thou wilt continue to bless us as thou hast through all the past. So to thy name, which is Eternity's, be all honor and glory and praise, everlasting. Amen. Nov. 21.

#### Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are now ready to consider whatever subject you have to propose. QUES.—Mrs. A. E. Gale, of Elbridge, New York, in a lengthy letter to the editor, wishes to know

why the friends she has known, and who were interested in the Message Department of the Banner of Light when here, have never any of them communicated to her through Mrs. Conant.

Ans.—Your correspondent certainly exhibits a lamentable degree of ignorance concerning the philosophy of return. It should be remembered that over nineteen thousand of the messages published in your paper, called the "Banner of Light," have been mortally verified beyond a doubt. Now this should settle the question as regards the truth of the philosophy of return. Your correspondent should not suppose that because she cannot receive a message from the friends in question through this medium, that she may not do so through others, or that, because they have failed thus far to communicate through Mrs. Conant, that they will always fail. It does not prove that they have not power to return and communicate sometime. It only shows that their time has not yet come. There is a time for all things; a time for the rain to fall, for the sun to shine, a time for Patrick Murphy to return, and a time for Prince Albert of England to return. Everything is done through law, and perfect order is visible throughout God's universe. Your friends, in their ignorance, promise to return, before passing through death, at a specified time, but they speedily learn, upon their entrance to the spirit-world, that they cannot do this; that they must obey law, and come

in order. Q.-Can you define to us what clairvoyance

A .- Clairvoyance is simply an exhibition of the power which belongs to the soul. Soul in itself. possesses all the past, all the present, and all of the future. Clairvoyance is but an exercise of that power. You may call it clairvoyance, or give it any other name.

Q.-Are we, as individuals in disembodied life, endowed with members, such as hands, arms, &c., such as is the case with the physical body?

A .- We cannot say that you have members exactly like those of the physical body, because you have no need of them. Thought is constantly outworking itself in form, therefore you must have a form in the spirit-land that answers to the demands of the individualized spirit. The form physical would not answer in spirit conditions; but, nevertheless, you have a form with members.

Q.-How shall we know the difference between the mind of the soul and the mind of the human? A.—How shall you know the difference between mind and soul?

CHAIRMAN.—Between the mind of the soul and the mind of the human? A .- Mind is simply a mirror, in which thought s reflected.

O .- Is the human mind and soul forever connected? A -The relationship is broken at death with the

human. Mind lives on. Q.—Is there any difference between the terms mind, spirit and soul?

A .- They are only terms used to express different conditions of the spirit. In the abstract there is no difference.

Q.-Is the mind of the soul different from the soul?

A .- That question we have just answered. Q.-Do you think families will be united to-

gether and live in harmony in the spirit-world? A .- Not unless they lived in spiritual harmony here; not unless there is sufficient attraction exspirit-land since the 19th of October. [How old isting between them, as spirits, to bring them towere you?] Eight years—eight years, eight gether. We know of many families widely separated in the spirit-land.

Q.—Is there any difference between mind and

A .- They are both the same. Q .- What is the cause of phantoms seen by per

ons laboring under delirium tremens? A .- In some instances they are mere productions of physical or human life—belong to human

Q.-How does the soul produce them, or why

does it produce bideous objects rather than beautiful and harmonious ones?

A .- The spirit, soul or mind cannot always man-

ifest itself harmoniously, in consequence of comparatively imperfect human conditions. It projects know the soul is in harmony with its own exter-

Q.—Are they reproductions of things they have seen and forgotten?

A .- In many instances they are it .- .. Q .- Where they are neither external productions or reproductions of memory, what are those A .- Then they are pictures of the soul, repre-

sentations of the condition of the spirit. Q.-Is it that the soul itself is a snake or ser

pent, that the phantom assumes that form? A .- No; but it is as able to project its power in that form as in any other.

Q.—Why does soul select that form?

A.—That we cannot tell.

Q.—Is it the purpose of modern Spiritualism to inaugurate reforms among the people of this day, to destroy old institutions, and benefit humanity? A.—Certainly it is.

Q.-If so, are the elements now working to pro

duce those reforms? A.-Spiritualism proposes to tear down all institutions that have become useless; proposes to wage war between one and all of them, and rear in the stead something more useful, more beautiful-something the human mind in the present has need of.

Q .- What is the prime cause of the manifestations of modern Spiritualism?

A.-We believe that the soul has attained an spoch in its individuality wherein it has need of more light, and as Nature always supplies all the ern Spiritualism.

Q.-Will the spirit, now or at some time, make ome prophecies of great consequence to this people, with the view of its being a test of the truth of Spiritualism?

A.-If we can see that any good will be the re-

prophecy? Power. So far, or in that sense, there is need for prophecy: but we cannot see that there is in any other. It is argued by some, did we know what the future held in store for us, we should do very different; would do thus and so. This is not so. You would do precisely that which the soul designs you to do, whether we prophesied concerning an event or not.

Q.—Is every individual in earth-life attended by guardian spirits?' If so, to what extent?

A .- To some extent this is true. Certainly all have friends in the so-called spirit-world, and they come to them with more or less attraction, more or less power. Some come to them from one cause some from another. These are termed guardian spirits. When they see you are surrounded by danger, they very naturally do all in their power to avert the danger. Therefore they are called guardian spirits. It is not because they are spe cially commissioned to watch over you by the Infinite Father, but their coming is simply the result of the law of attraction.

Q.-We are to understand that it is so?

A.—Certainly. Q.—Do people in this nation stand in need of prophecy in the four years to come?

A .- We cannot see that there is any special need in that direction. Nov. II.

### Captain John T. Devereux.

Good-day, sir. I would like to ask, if it is in order, what course I shall pursue in order to open communication with Brigadier-General James H. Winder, in the Southern section of the country, I suppose, I am unaccustomed to these things, having but recently become a dweller in this new sphere of action myself. I had no knowledge of these things before death, so you see I am not at all posted as to the way and manner of communicating to friends in this way. I have been informed that you publish the letters or messages of people on our side to friends in the body. Well, suppose you say that Captain John T. Doveroux, formerly serving under Brigadier-General Winder, is exceedingly anxious, for various reasons, to talk with him. Be kind enough, also, to inform him that his honored father is also very anxious to communicate with him. I am quite sure he is communication with Brigadier-General James H. to communicate with him. I am quite sure he is in trouble, but I cannot tell how or where. I am very anxious about him. If you will solicit the Richmond Examiner to copy this letter, I shall be very glad. [We will publish your request.] Nov. 21. Good-day, sir.

### Horace Brown.

You're not like me; if you was, you'd veto the passage of rebs. I saw too tough times in their prison to feel very pleasantly toward them. I was aken prisoner, carried to Anderson ville, and when was fortunate enough to get out they set their infernal hounds upon me. Then when I was down they shot at me; then when I was sick they would n't give me a drop of water or a piece of bread. Many a time I'd a given a thousand dollars for a glass of water, but they would n't give it to me; they might have. Oh, I've got no sympathy for 'em; talk to me about a reb! [You'll feel better soon.] Maybe I shall; do n't see it now.

Well, I should like to have you say that Horace Brown, of the 2d Indiana, Company I, twentyseven years old, who died with the rebs. comes back, and would like to talk with his friends in this way. I'd like to get a letter to my brother Joe, if I could. He's down South. He's with Sheridan. He don't know anything about these things. And my sister-she's married a Methodist minister, or something of the sort. Yes, she's married a Methodist minister by the name of Clark-William Clark. I should like to-well, I should like to knock down that Methodist wall, if I could. The amount of it is, I want 'em to give me an opportunity to talk. Don't stop to cry about what I suffered in prison, but let me come to them. [They will probably do so.] Well, I shouldn't wonder. I won't forget one fact: that a reb can feel just as anxious as a Union soldier to reach his friends. [You should forgive them.] Forgive 'em? Yes, if I was placed-now I mean to say if I was in those officers' places and they were in mine, don't you suppose I'd do different by em, even if I had this experience? Yes, sir; no man ever sued to me for a glass of water and piece of bread, when they were down, without getting it; but let him get up and stand on his legs, and I'd give him an almighty thrashing, if I could.

Well, sir, good-day to you. I'm no Christian. and I'm not in the mood to sing peace to rebeldom. [You are not in your form now.] Oh well, what's the form? Form can't do anything. The

spirit is what does all the work. It was the form that carried the musket?! No. sir: 'taint. If the form carried it, my old body could rise up and carry it again. [You can't carry it without a body.] Well, I can carry something that's worse. a form that corresponds to its exterior life. Some- I won't say what power I shall exercise. I'll bo times they are hideous, unpleasant to gaze upon; generous to 'em if they 're down, but if they 're sometimes they are beautiful. Then you may on their feet I'll show them fair play. Well, it's all right, I suppose. I don't want the folks to think that I've retrograded any. I'm just the same as I was here. Good-day to you, sir. Nov. 21.

#### Horatio N. Ferris.

I am exceedingly anxious to come into a situation to be able to talk with my lawyer, Robert B. Bradford, 117 Nassau street, New York City. I want you to be kind enough to print this in your paper: Horatio N. Ferris, of New York City, who came to this spirit-world last summer, would like to communicate with his lawyer in the body. I can thank you, sir; that's all I can do. Direct to 117 Nassau street, New York. Nov. 21.

### John T. Council.

Ah, sir, I am a rebel, but I hope I do n't intrude. My friends are exceedingly anxious about me. They have not yet become satisfied that I am no more in the body. I take this means to inform them, if you'll be kind enough to send a brief message. Direct to Reverend William H. Weltons, Petersburg, Virginia. Tell him that his friend John T. Council, who was wounded and captured in Hanover, August, 1863, comes here soliciting an interview with him and the rest of

his friends. I was a member of Company C, 13th Virginia Cavalry. Do n't make any mistake, if you please. Now be sure and direct right. I believe he signs himself in this way: Rev. W. H. Weltons. So needs of the soul, it has come in the form of mod- you'll so direct, please, Petersburg, Virginia. Ask that he drop you a note in reply. I certainly am very grateful, sir. Nov. 21.

### Minerva Reid.

Minerva Reid, of Richmond, Virginia, solicits an interview with her brother, half-brother, aunt sult thereof, we certainly can and will prophesy and uncle here at the North. Please spell my the events that are in the unborn future. Many, last name R-c-i-d, and say that I passed on on very many are foreshadowed to us so clearly that the 14th of September last, of fever, at our home our prophecies doubtless will be without mistake, in Richmond. All the rest of the family are well. Q.-Will the spirit tell us the use and need of Ask them, also, to drop a note in reply to the Richmond Examiner, if you please. I was nine-A.—It is sometimes of use in strengthening the teen years of age, and was the daughter of Thomas so-called faith of humanity in its God, or the Ruling K. Reid, of Richmond. My friends will be surprised to learn that'I have passed away.

### THE POET'S CONSOLATION.

Though none of all I loved may shed Upon my grave a tear, Yet will fresh dews from roses red,

Nov. 21.

Fall gently on my bier. And though no wanderer, passing there, May linger where I lie. Yet will the moon its radiance fair

Ne'er to my grave deny. And though no human friend with love Upon that grave may look, Yet lives my memory in the grove,

The flowers, the brook, the leafy grove, The moon with gentle rays, Will ne'er the nost cease to love, Who sang but in their praise.

And in the rippling brook.

### Obituaries.

Passed away in Holderness, N. H., Oct. 31st, Col. Jesse Ladd,

ured 53 years. R months 8 days. aged 53 years, 8 months 8 days.

It is soldom the privilege of one to record the death of an individual in whase nature were embodied more of those elements which constitute a truly clinistan character, than the one whose physical dissolution it is our lot to notice here. Seldom has any man been more unjustly and uncharitably assailed than he, and from none more so than from those who made the loudest professions of Christianity. When the starting intelligence was heralded to a wondering world, that a channel was opened through which they who had "passed on" could return and glorify the hearts of man with messages of

He his carthly race has run, We are left to Journey here, Through this world of doubt and fear; He has found a sweet release, Reached at last the Port of Peace. Slanders foul and pola nous breath, Laden with its load of death, Can no more his pleasures mar, Dimming his ascending star i He has passed beyond them all, Endiess impliness is his. Nover ceasing joy and bliss. When, dear brother, we shall leave All the scenes which frot and grieve Diay we grasp thy friendly hand In a higher, holler land.

JOSEPH D. STILES. Departed, on Friday morning, November 25th, Orris Page, a full and consistent believer in spirit growth here and here after. By kindly acts and words, he drew to himself, the good in others, and passed from our midst beloved by all who knew

him.

Mr. Scaver, of Byron, and Mrs. Hazen—an elder sister of Mrs. Hyzer—officiated at the funeral held at Ellicott Hall, in this village. There gathered together the friends of this good man from all classes, to pay their respects and listen to the teachings of this new religion, that had shed its own pure and peaceful light upon his earth-life-a life which, in yielding up, casts nothing upon Spiritualism that can dim its brightness as a light to our feet while here in the form.

A. E. L. Batavia, N. I., 1864.

Born into the Summer-Land, from Dayton, O., Dec. 7th. 1864, Harry M. Ayres, son of B. M. Ayres, deceased, and Har-riet H. Ayres, aged 13 years and 2 months. "And he said unto her, Is it well with thee? is it well with thy hurband? Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is ucit."—Kings ii. chap. 4, v. 26. Funcral services performed by the writer. Laura Curpy. Dayton, O., Dec. 12, 1864.

Passed on to her spirit-home, from Kelley's Island, O., Nov. 21st. Hattle C., wife of Wm. True, and daughter of Ansel and

Mary 8. Randall, of Montville, Me., in the 35th year of her age, by a protracted discase of nine weeks. Sho left this for the other shore in full, unshaken faith in the spiritual teachings, having been a trance medium for seven years. Her mission with us is millide; her pleasant anticipations are now realized, and her happy spirit has been escorted to the bright shore by a band of dear angel friends, whom she often saw waiting at her bedside during the last few weeks of her stay in the earthity casket. ften saw waiting at her believed during bio-er stay in the earthly easket. Kelley's Island, Eric Co., O., 1864.

Nov. 11th, 1864, from the residence of his brother-in-law, Willets Keese, at Huntley Grove, III., the spirit of Kezia Hanson, wife of Nathaniel Hanson, of Maccidon, Wayne Co., N. Y., left the firm in whileh it dwelt sixty-four years, to meet the welcome of friends who had gone before. "This is the resurrection and the true life."

R. B. Krisk.

Dec. 12, 1864.

Born to higher life, Dec. 7th, 1864, from Danby, Vt., Mrs. Lticy Flak, wife of Lyman E. Fisk, agod 76 years 2 months and

The Angel Death has once more visited this mundane sphere and borne a loved one to a brighter world of eternal progression, from whence, with the tenderest care, she can watch over and guard the loved ones she has left behind.

At the funeral services, the friends were addressed through the mediumship of B. F. Richardson, of Berkshire, Vt., the "Blind Pilgrim."

haoves Societies and Lecturers to promptly nolly us of ap-pointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur. Should perchance any name appear in this list of a party known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is intended for Lecturers only.1

this column is intended for Lecturers only.]

MRS. CORA L. V. HATCH will lecture in Lyccum Hall, Boston, during January.

Mus. LAURA CUPPY will lecture in Charlestown, Mass., the three first Sundays in January: in Portland, Feb. 5 and 12. Address as above, or Dayton, Units.

N. FRANK Whitz will speak in Toy, N. Y., during January: in Somerawille, Conn., during February: in Springfield during-Match. Address Quincy, Mass.

F. D. Waddensony, Wass.

F. D. Waddensony, Wass.

Miss Marria L. Bickwith, trance speaker, will lecture in Taunton, Mass. during January: in Kafford, Conn., during February: in Worcester during March: in Lowell during April: in Plymouth, May 8 and 13: in Portland, Mc., May 20 and 27, and during September. Address at New Haven, care of Octory Bickwith.

J. H. Randall and Henry B. Allen will be in Boston two

J. H. RANDALL and HENRY B. ALLEN will be in Boston two weeks from Dec. 31; in Portland, March 12, 19 and 26 and April 2. Address accordingly, or care of Banner of Light. Mrs. Sarah Helen Matthews will speak in Eden Mills, t., during January.

Vt., during January.

Lois Waissbooker will speak in Liverpool, O., Jan. 1; in Eaton, Jan. 8. Address, Liverpool, Medina Co., O.

Mrs. Susiz A. Rutfdinsson will speak in Chicopee during January. Address as above, or South Hardwick, Vt.

Mrs. S. A. Honton has removed her residence to Rutiand, Vt. She will answer calls to speak Sundays and attend functals. Address, Rutland, Vt.

rais. Address, Rutland, Vt. Mrs. Sanan A. Byrnes will speak in Chelsea, Jan. 8. Address, 87 Spring street, Rast Cambridge, Mass. ress, of Spring street, East Campriage, Mass.
Mins, Sophia L. Chappell will speak in Cincinnati, O., Jan;
in Dayton, one Sunday every month. Address, care of
Irs. A. Patterson, No. 260 Walnut street, Cincinnati, O. MRS. FRANCES LOND BOND will lecture in Lowell, Mass., in lune. Address, care of Mrs. J. A. Kellogg, Amherst, Mass. John Mathew will speak in Iowa Falls, Iowa, Jan. 2; in Port Dodge, Jan. 3 and 9.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Lowell during January and May; in Chelsen during February; in Haverbill during March; in Plymouth, April 2 and 9; in Providence, R. I., April 23 and 35. Mrs. M. S. Townsend speaks in Woodstock, Vt., during January; in Charlestown, Mass., during March. Address as above.

above.

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

WARREN CHASE will lecture in Washington, D. C., during January. He will also speak week evenings on the war, the currency, reconstruction, the origin and destiny of the races, etc. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

Mas. Augusta A. Chanien will speak in Worcester during January; in Lowell during February. Address, box 815, Lowell, Mass.
Mas. E. A. Bliss, of Springfield, Mass., will speak in Charlestown, Jan. 22 and 29, and Feb. 5 and 12; in Plymouth, Feb. 19 and 26; in Lowell during March. a 29; in Lowell auring starch. L.T. Pottru, trance speaking medium, will lecture in Des lijnes, Iowa, every Sunday until further notice.

ns. A. P. Brown will speak in Danville, Vt., every other Buday until further notice. Is at liberty to speak on week-dayevenings, if wanted.

Sevenings, II wanted.

Mas Sustz M. Johnson will speak in Foxboro', Jan. 8 and
day a Taunton during February; in Plymouth, March 19 and
Address, 89 Warren street, Boston, or as above. ... Mil Lydia Ann Praisale will lecture one-half the time at Utlerand washington, Mich., until further notice. MRIALCINDA WILHELM, M. D., inspirational speaker, will peakh Pennsylvania during January. Address, care of M., puckan, Lancaster avenue and 34th street, West Philadel-phia. 64.

Jaks M. Allen's address, for the present, is Banner of ight tice, Boston.

Light Mee, Boston.

J. C. fissi will speak in Providence, R. I., during January and Mach; in Worcester, Mass., during February. Address, Qanges Allegan Co., Mich., or according to appointments, W. Kripler will speak in Stafford, Jan. 1 and 8; in Plymouth, 19,:15 and 22. Address as above, or Snow's Fails, Me. Machester, M. H.

Miss. Machester as above, or Manchester, N. H.

D. Hijkanizon will visit the West this winter. Will lecture on the route. Subject: Reconstruction, or the Millennial Frierrity. Address for the present, Lewiston, Mo. Autress E. Simions will sefeak in East Bethel, Vt., on the fren E. Simions will speak in East Bethel, Vt., on the Singny of every month during the coming year. Ad-Woodstock, Vt.

ss Lizze Doren, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Ms. uer Undernite, M. D., is again in the field, and ready elve chils for leethres. Address care of A. J. Davis, 274 FRANCES T. YOUNG, tranco speaking medium, No. 12 place, Boston, Mass.

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

A. Bownan, inspirational speaker, Richmond, Iowa. Beb. Todd Decatur, III. Mil Belle Scougall, inspirational speaker, Rockford, III. MR IDA L. BALLOU, Fond du Lac, Wis. Mr. Lizzie Carley, Ypsilanti, Mich.

W. JAMIESON, inspirational speaker, Decatur, Mich.
Mail. T. Strauns will answer calls to lecture. Address, outlesseer. Me. Souriexeter, Au. George Karns, of Dayton, O., will answer calls to lecture on Suipys, at recessible points. Ounris spears upon questions of government. Ad-lation, Conn.

OVINA HEATH, trance speaker, Lockport, N. Y. MRS. GRAH M. THOMPSON, trance speaker, post office box 1019, Citeland, Q.: residence, 36 Bank street. STA FITCH, tranco speaker, box 4295, Chicago, Ill. MISS AP. MUDGETT will answer calls to lecture, and attend morals. Address, Arthursburgh, N. Y., care of D. W. Odell. Mns. A.P. Buown, inspirational speaker. Address, St. JohnsburgCentro, Vt.

MRS. FRICES LORD BOND, care of Mrs. J. A. Kellogg, Am herst, Mas. MRS. H. & G. BROWN may be addressed at Kalsmazoo, Mich. Miss L. Whittien, Dansville, N. Y.
Miss Hell Kalamazoo, Mich.
F. L. H. and Love M. Willis, 192 West 27th street, New
York City.

Mus. N. J. Whils, trance speaker, Boston, Mass.
Rev. D. P. Dairels will answer calls to lecture and attend
unerals. Addres, Laduyotte, Ind.

MRS. MARY J. VILCOXON, Hammonton, Atlantic Co., N. J. DR. JAMES COPER, of Bollefontaine, O., will answer calls to peak on Bunday or give courses of lectures, as usual.

L. JUDD PARDER Buston, Mass., care Banner of Light. REV. ADIN BALLOU, lecturer, Hopodalo, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. II M. Miller, Elmira, N. Y., care of Wm. B.

J. S. Loveland, Willimantic, Conn. H. B. STORER, Oxboros, Mass., or 4 Warren st., Boston.

SPECIAL NOTICES. [Each insertionis all advertisements under the above head-

Miss Jennie Lob, musical medium, care Erastus Stobbins, Chicopee, Mass. HENRY C. Gondor, medium, 66 West 14th street, corner 6th avenue, New York

### NOTCES OF MEETINGS.

Boston.—Meeting will be held at Lyceum Hall, Tremont st., (opposite head of School street.) every Sunday, (commencing Oct. 2), at 24 and 130 M. Admission, fiften cents. Lecturers engaged:—Cyra L. W. Hatell during January.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lees street Church.
"The Children's Progressive Lyccum" meets at 10% A. M.
The Children's Progressive Lyccum" meets at 10% A. M.
The following lecturers are engaged to speak afternoon and
evening:—Chas. A. Hayden during January; Mrs. A. A. Curder for February: Mrs. E. A. Bilss for March; Mattie L. Beckkith, for April; Charles A. Hayden for May; Mrs. Frances
Lord Bond for June.

Wongsyer, Mass.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:— Mrs. A. A. Currier during January; J. G. Fish during Febru-ary; Miss Beckwith during March. ary; Mts. Beckwith during March.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Weybosset street, Suddays, afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7M o'clock. Progressive Lycoum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10H o'clock. Speaker engaged:—J. G. Fish during January.
Pontland, Mg.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every sunday, in Mechanica' Hall, corner of Congress and Casco streets. Free Conference in the formoon Lectures afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—J. M. Peebles during January; Mrs. Laura Cuppy, Feb. 5 and 12; W. K. Ripley, Feb. 19 and 26; Wm. Lloyd Garrison, March 5; J. H. Itandail and Henry B. Allen, March [1, 19, 26 and April 2; Mattle L. Beckwith, May 26 and 27, and during September.

27, and during September.

OLD TOWN, ME.—The Spiritualists of Old Town, Bradley, Milioni and Upper Stillwater hold regular meetings every Sunday, afternoon and ovening, in the Universalist Church.

NEW YORK.—Ebbit Hall, lear the corner of Thirty-third street and Broadway. Free meetings every Sunday morning and evening, at 10% and 7% o'clock. Fred. L. H. Willis, permanent speaker.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES, PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WERK IN THE BARNER DIGITAL CONTROL IN CHILDREN OF LIGHT.

The Presence of Processes of Proces BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The Friends of Progress meet every Sun-lay evening at the Scientific and Progressive Lyceum, No. 133 Washington street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Washington street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CINCINNATI, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the laby of Ohio as a "Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists," and inavesecured Metropolitan Itali, corner of Minth and Walnut streets, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10% and 7% o'clock. Speaker engaged: —Mrs. H. L. Chappell, Jan. J.

MABHINOTON, D. C.—Spiritualist Meetings are held every Sunday, in Smeed's Hall, 4819th street. Speakers engaged:— Warren Chase during January; Roy, J. M. Peebles during February; Mrs. F. O. Hyzer during Match.

### New Books.

THE PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF D. D. HOME, The Celebrated Spirit Medium,

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CONTENTS:

Introduction.
Chapter 1.—Early Life; I become a Medium.
Chapter 2.—Hefure the World.
Chapter 3.—Further Manifestations in America.
Chapter 4.—In England.
Chapter 5.—At Florence, Naples, Rome and Paris.
Chapter 6.—In America; The Press-gang.
Chapter 6.—Early Paris and England.
Chapter 7.—1857—France, Italy and Russia—Marriage.
Chapter 8.—The "Cornhill," and other Narratives.
Chapter 9.—The "Cornhill," and other Narratives.
Chapter 10.—Miraculous Preservation; Franco and England.
Chapter 11.—A Diary and Letter.
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CONTENTS:

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HAS closed his engagements in Rochester, N. Y., to rest at NEWPORT, R. I., and will commence healing the multi-tudes in CHIOAGO, ILLINOIS, on MONDAY MONNING, MARONE, that it o'clock, in a public hall, "Free," and continue daily for at least thirty days, tf-Dec. 24.

DR. P. B. BRISTOL, PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN,

WILL be at the VEAZIE HOUSE, Geneva, N. Y., November 28th, 1864, till February Ist, 1865, to heal the sick, by a system of practical operations requiring but a few minntes. Dec. II—4w\* DR. N. PALMER, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN,

Near 10th Street.
Dec. 3.—7w\*

New YORK. SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED.

L. FARNSWORTH, Medium for Answering Scaled Letters, has located in Chicago, Ill. Persons enclosing \$2,00 and scaled letter, will receive a prompt reply. Post Office address, llox 3577, Chicago, Ill. Residence, 469 West Lake street. Dec. 24.

PSYCHOMETRY.

By sending me an Autognaph of a lock of Hair, I will describe Diseases and Delineate Character, give Instruction for Business and Marriage Life. Terms \$1,00. Address, J. B. MILES, Forksville, Lake Co., Illinois. 4w\*-Dec. 10. DR. J. A. NEAL, No. 34 West 15th Street,
New York, still continues his treatment of Disease by a
plan of manipulation peculiar to himself, and which is very
uniformly successful. Confidence of complete success is at
once established in the minds of patients, when his method is
once applied. He is propared to receive boarders as patients.
Dec. 10.

SAMUEL H. PRENTISS, Healing, Speaking and Trance Medium, No. 2 Concord street, Worcester 3m-Nov. 19.

NEW AND STANDARD WORKS ON

ALSO, PAMPHLETS, NEWSPAPERS, Etc., FOR SALE BY J. BURNS PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENG.

ALL New Publications on the Spiritual and Progressive Philosophy, whether published in England or America,

can be procured as above, soon after their issue; also, any of the Works advertised in the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT. F Subscriptions taken for the BANNER OF LIGHT at 17s. per annum. Sample copies always on hand. tf—Oct 1. SCENES IN THE SUMMER LAND!

NO. 1.—THE PORTICO OF THE SAGE. BY HUDSON TUTTLE. THE Artist has endeavored to impress on canvas the view he has often had clairvoyantly of a landscape in the Spheres, embracing the Home of a group of Sages. Wishing those who desire to have the same view as himselfof that mysterious land beyond the gull of darkness, he has published it in the popular Carte de Visite form. Single copies 25 cents, sent free of postage. Large size plotograph, \$1; large size colored, June 25.

June 25.

PROGRESSIVE PUBLICATIONS. WESTERN DEPOT, No. 356 STATE STREET, corner Harrison street, Chicago, 111.

LIBERAL, SPIRITUAL, PROGRESSIVE AND REFORMATORY BOOKS AND PERIODICALS. TA fine assortment of STATIONERY, NOTIONS, PHOTOGRAPHS, &c., will be kept constantly on band.

Address, TALLHADGE & CO.,
April 20. Blox 2222 Chicago, Ill.

Agency for the "Banner of Light,"

The Great Indian Catarrh Medicine

Is the cheapest and most reliable remedy for the Catarrh or
Cold in the Head. One box will last a person two or three
weeks when taken three times a day. It only needs to be tried
to become panular. to become popular.
Sent by mail on the receipt of 50 cents and a 3-cent stamp.
Address, DR. A. J. HIGGINS, Box 1908, Chicago, Ill.
Oct. 15.

SPIRITUAL, ASTROLOGICAL LIFE CHARTS, SPIRITUAL, ASTROLUGIUAL LIFE URARIS, CORRECTLY written out from the birthday, in which is foreshadowed all that relates to licalth and Slokness, Lovo and Marriage, Hopes and Disappointments, Law and Law-Suits, Losses and Gains, &c. Every Chart written under spiritual influence, and all warranted to give satisfaction. Send date of birth, whether married or single, and sex. Full Charts, \$5; ten-year Charts, \$3; five-year Charts, \$2; five questions, \$1. Address, EUSTIS LARRARD, Camden, New Jersey.

UNION SOCIABLES

A RE held every TUESDAY EVENING, in Lycrum Hall,
A RE held every TUESDAY EVENING, in Lycrum Hall,
B T Tremont street, Boston. All Spiritualists are invited.
Dancing to commence at 8 o'clock precisely. Ticket admitting a tientleman and two Ladies, 75 cents.

5m\*—Oct. 15.

DIARRITGEA CORDIAL:
THOSE desirous of procuring a superior article for the cure
of Diarrhea-for children as well as adults-can do so
y forwarding \$2.00 by letter to DR. J. T. GILMAN PIKE,
(Room No. 2,) Hancock House, Boston.

BOOKS:

BELA MARSH, at No. 14 BROMELD STREET, keeps constantly for sale a full supply of all the Spiritual and Reoffmatory Works, at publishers' prices.

TALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Aug. 20.

MISS L. HASTINGS,
TEACHER OF PIANO AND MELODEON, VOCAL MUSIC,
(Italian Method,) and French and LATIN LANGUAGES, will
visit pupils at their residences, or receive them at her own, 33
Lowell street, Boston. Terms reasonable. tf—June 18.

SIX DOLLARS FROM 50 CENTS. CALL and examine semething urgently needed by every-body, or sample will be sent tree by mall for 50 cents, that retails for \$6,00. R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y. Nov. 26—ly

CORN DOCTOR, ROOMS 21 TEMPLE PLACE, Boston. Hours from 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. Dr. K. has had twenty-five years' of experience.

DR. J. T. GILMAN PIKE,

Hancek House, - - Court Square,

HOSTON.

A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST,

60 School Street next door East of Parker House.

PURE NATIVE WINES of all kinds for 50 needs per Bottle, at 50 Federal street, by THOMAS RANNEY WM. L. JOHNSON, Dentist, NASSAU HALL, Wash ington street, entrance on Common street, Boston, Mass. Aug. 20.

#### SOMETHING TO READ AND THINK ABOUT.

A New Ern.

The hour is coming-and it is a fearful and solemn hour, even to the wisest and the best-when we must bid adieu to the scenes which please us, to the families we love, to the friends we esteem. Whether we think, or whether we think not, that body, which is warm and active with life, shall be cold and motionless with death. The countenance must be pale, the eyes must be closed, the voice must be silenced, the senses must be destroyed, the whole appearance must be changed by the remorseless hand of our last enemy. We may banish the remembrance of the weakness of our human nature; but our reluctance to reflect upon it, and our attempts to drive it from our recollections are in vain. We know that we are sentenced to die: and though we sometimes succeed in easting off for a season the conviction of this unwelcome truth, we can never entirely remove it. The reflection haunts us still: it lies down with us at night, it awakes with us in the morning. The irrevocable doom is passed upon us, and too well do we know it. "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return."

#### Part First. TO THE AFFLICTED.

We hereby notify the public that Prof. R. Leonidas Hamilton, M. D., the most celebrated Liver, Lung and Blood Physician of this or any age, has, after an experience and success unparalleled in the History of Medicine, for over a quarter of a century, demonstrated the fact that the Liver is the main purifier or strainer through which the blood and fluids of the body are cleansed from all poisonous qualities; and that obstructions and derangements in the natural action of this vital organ, is the first and primary cause of nearly all abnormal conditions of the system of a general naturo.

SYMPTOMS OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

A sallow or yellow color of the skin, or yellowish brown spots on the face and other parts of the body; dullness or drowsiness, with frequent headache; bitter, or bad taste in the mouth, dryness of the throat, and internal heat; palpitation of the heart; in many cases a dry, teasing cough, with sore throat; unsteady appetite, sour stomach, with a raising of the food and choking sensation in the throat, which is often attributed to worms; sickness and vomiting; distress; heaviness, or a bloated and full feeling about the stomach and sides, which is often attended with pains and tenderness; aggravating pains in the sides, back, or breast, and about the shoulders; restlessness at night, with a tired and sore feeling of the whole body on rising in the morning; colic, pain and soreness through the bowels, with heat; constipation of the bowels, alternating with frequent attacks of diarrhoa; piles, flatulence, nervousness; all-gone feelings; thick, turbid or high-colored urine: coldness of the extremities; rush of blood to the head, with symptoms of apoplexy; numbnoss of the limbs, especially at night; tenderness and fullness in right side, which often extends to the left; cold chills, alternating with hot flashes; female weakness and irregularities; fainting fits,

Another very prominent and common symptom is the peculiar lowness of spirits and gloomy forebodings of the unfortunate sufferer; persons of naturally buoyant and cheerful dispositions are often changed to dull, morose and desponding hypochondriacs; those before amiable and sprightly, become peevish, irritable and unsociable; in short, undergo an entire change of manner and

. It depends much upon the length of time the difficulty has been existing, organization of the particular system affected, climate, general habits, occupation, sex, &c. Of course the longer the derangement, the more numerous the symptoms of internal discord. If nature, in her salutary struggles to relieve the blood from its poisonous qualities, throws or deposits the greater portion of it upon the Lungs, there is at once more or less cough, with, eventually, all the long train of most of the poisonous deposit, Diarrhoa, Dysen tery, Piles, Bilious Colie, &c., are the result. If the stomach receive it instead, Dyspepsia, Cholera Morbus, Oramps and Pains in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Heartburn, and other unpleasant symptoms. If the bilious matter is thrown to the skin, all kinds of cruntions and skin diseases is produced. It is a law of the animal economy that to be natural and free, the body must throw off all worn-out and poisonous, irritating materials, by the process called secretion and excretion as fast as it takes on new particles by assimilation and nutrition. Now I have ascertained by experiments that the majority of all this worn-out bilious matter taken up by the blood from the system is separated from it by the Liver when in a healthy condition, and then thrown into the bowels, and passed off with the excretions. By this you see the moment the Liver becomes affected from any cause, it fails to separate this offensive matter from the blood and fluids, to an extent proportionate to the torpidity or disorder of the organs; consequently nature seeks other outlets through which she can rid the blood of its unhealthy mass, when it is thrown to the surface through the pores of the skin, which it irritates, and if the unnatural process is continued long, various forms of rashes, blotches, eruptions, sores, ulcers, boils, swellings, &c., are induced such as are seen in different persons and localities of the

So with all kinds of fits and nervous diseases the same poisonous matter that is naturally, and should be, taken up by the liver, is left in the blood, and if the brain and nervous system is weakened by over-action, or any cause, they are thrown in a negative position, which renders them incapable of resisting the accumulation, and the consequence is that irregular action of the brain and nervous system takes place, and in their efforts to free themselves of the offending substances, convulsion or fits of various kinds are produced, in all degrees of severity, from the slightest fainting fit to the most dangerous cases of Apoplexy or Epilepsy. Should the irritation settle, and be confined to the general nerves of the system, Neuralgia, and all grades of nervous affections supervene, from the most intense pains and irritability to the simple restlessness so often found in females of a delicate and imperfect organization. Restlessness is at night produced from the same; and Nervous Headache, Drowsiness, Heaviness, Dizziness, Roaring, Buzzing and Singing in the Ears and Head, Dimness of Sight, Deaf ness, Throbbing or Darting Pains in the Head. If the bilious matter should settle upon the mucous membrane that lines the stomach, throat and bowels, then we find the following symptoms or manifestations of the internal disarrangement, viz., Waterbrash, Heartburn, Sickness and Vom-Iting, Colic, Pains in the Sides, Stomach, Bowels, Back or Breast, Sick Headache, Palpitations of the Heart, Wind in the Stomach, with Distress to Which the human family are subject. THE and Fullness, Choking Spells, Heat and Dryness in the Throat, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Canker in the Mouth and Throat, Bad Breath, Thirst, Cold State of the Mouth and

Chills, alternating with Hot Flashes, Dysentery, Diarrhea, Cholera and Cholera Morbus, Sour Stomach, with rising of the food, Unsteady Appetite, Constipation of the Bowels, All-gone Feelings, Piles, &c. Every one of the above symptoms will often be found to increase where there appears to be a natural susceptibility to affections of this nature.

#### Part Second.

CONTINUATION OF PROF. HAMILTON'S THEORY. Hoarseness, Spitting Blood, Bronchitis, Asthna. or Phthisic and Consumption are produced by the same cause. The bilious materials thrown upon the delicate membrane that lines the air passages—Irritation, with cough; more or less sovere soreness through the throat, breast, sides, back, or shoulders, or pains of various degrees of severity, and unless something is done immediately to relieve Nature, inflammation will supervene followed by ulceration, night sweats, cold chills, hectic fever, raising of matter, with perhaps a little blood, diarrheea, sore mouth and throat, &c., which are indications of a powerful effort of Nature to relieve the system of poisonous, bilious material which has fastened itself upon the most delicate and sensitive organ in the human system the lungs and air passages.

In connection with the above cause, we have another which is not understood by physicians, and that is, a superabundance of action of the lungs, or, in other words, they have been compelled to labor too hard. That the machine may run well, all parts must be kept well oiled and properly balanced. Thus it is with the human system. God, whose hands so daintily fashioned this wonderful machine, has allotted to each organ a specific amount of labor, which, if properly and faithfully performed, will cause the machine to run smoothly and easily through life. But the moment one organ attempts to shirk its usual amount of labor upon a neighboring organ, that moment the harmony of the system is destroyed, and the organ, overtasked by its increased action, becomes, as a natural consequence, enfeebled, and no longer able to perform even its ordinary mount of work, falls into decay.

Suppose, for instance, that the action of the heart—the tiny seat of life—has become impaired, and instead of performing its customary amount of labor, it now performs only half as much as it should do-what is the result? In all cases where there is a lack of action in the liver, digestive organs and heart, the lungs are necessarily brought into powerful action, and are obliged to perform the work of their neighbors as well as their own proper functions.

The labor imposed upon the lungs is therefore greatly in excess of what it should be in a normal condition, producing britation, inflammation, and ultimately ulceration, general prostration and consumption. In brief, the above are the causes that produce all cases of lung diseases, throat affections and catarrh. Now the natural and proper treatment for the full and permanent cure of all such complaints is simple, safe and reliable. Instead of applying remedial agents to the lungs exclusively, we have, by vast experience learned that other organs should be aroused to action at once, and be compelled to perform as much exertion as the lungs have been compelled to perform.

Prof. R. Leonidas Hamilton, M. D., having for many years given his whole time to the treatment and investigation of Chronic Diseases, more especially of the Liver and Blood, and having been long and favorably known in every State and Territory in the Union as the most skillful and successful physician in the cure of chronic diseases, being formerly Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics, Pharmacy, Medical Botany, and Diseases of Females and Children, in Central Medical Colloge; also, Physician to the New York College of Health and the Central City Hospital, &c., has placed opportunities within his reach of no mean importance, and have added largely to his skill and experience.

Remember, Prof. R. L. Hamilton is the only physician in the world that has made Liver, Lung, and Blood diseases a specialty for a whole lifetime, and the only one that has written a full and true theory of the origin and certain cure of such complaints. Prof. H. has now perfected a class of New Specific Remedies, that does not fail to cure, speedily and permanently, where the system has not entirely broken down.

### Part Third.

OF PROFESSOR HAMILTON'S NEW SYSTEM. Have you a sallow or yellow skin? Have you brown spots on the face, or any part

of the body? Have you a hondache? Are you dull, henvy or sleepy? Have you a bitter or bad taste in the mouth? Have you cold chills or hot flashes? Have you irritation or dryness of the throat? Have you palpitation of the heart? Have you a dry, teasing cough?

Is your appetite unsteady? Is your stomach sour? Do you raise or spit up your food? Have you any choking spells? Are you troubled with sickness and vomiting? Do you feel bloated about the stomach? Have you pain of tenderness about the sto

mach? Have you pain in the sides, back or shoulders? Have you a tired or sore feeling on rising in the norning?

Do you have colic pains? Have you constinution of the bowels? Have you attacks of diarrhoa? Have you wind in the stomach and bowels? Have you Piles or Fistula? Do you have nervous and all-gone feelings? Have you scanty or dark-colored urine? Have you cold feet and hands? Have you a rush of blood to the head? Have you numbness of the limbs? Have you dizziness of the head? Have you uneasiness in lying on the sides? Have you fainting or epileptic fits? Have you female weakness? Have you monthly irregularities? Have you great lowness of spirits? Have you gloomy forebodings? Are you peevish and easily irritated?

Has your entire manner and character changed Dear reader, if you have any of the above-mentioned symptoms, Prof. Hamilton has remedies that will strike at the root of them as by magic There is no such word as fail in his treatment By them the Liver and stomach are speedily hanged to an active, healthy state, the appetite regulated and restored, blood and secretions thoroughly purified and enriched, and the whole

Do you feel unsociable at times?

system renovated and built up anew. After having successfully treated over ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND CASES OF LIVER, LUNG AND BLOOD DISEASES throughout the United States and British North America, the people can have no excuse for doubt-

HOUSEHOLD WORD THROUGHOUT THIS CONTINENT, and the mere mention of his name is a sufficient guarantee that the public may place full confidence in its worth and reliability. By the new system of treatment adopted by PROF. HAMILTON, all chronic diseases are FULLY AND PERMANENTLY CURED, with more speed and certainty than any other known method. In a majority of cases, CURES ARE MADE IN ONE QUARTER THE TIME usually required by other systems, and also there is another advantage to be gained, which is of great benefit to the laboring classes, and that is, we use NO MIN-ERAL OR POISON REMEDIES. Consequently, patients are in no danger of exposure, and need not be kept from work, or compelled to change diet or general habits of every-day life.

From the Troy Times, July 25th. 1864. PROF. R. L. HAMILTON,-We invite the particular attention of our readers to this distinguished physician. Prof. Hamilton is well known in this city and vicinity, where he has effected many wonderful and permanent cures. He presents a host of responsible testimonials from ladies and gentlemen upon whom he has operated with remarkable success. These must be convincing to all who may have been skeptical heretofore of the Professor's infallible remedies. The diseases which he treats have been thoroughly overcome by a steady and persistent use of his medicines, and we feel prepared to say that no case which he has taken hold of with any hope whatever of success, has been abandoned until a perfect cure was effected. The maladies over which he has attained such perfect control are consumption, diseases of the liver and lungs, catarrhal complaints, and all affections of the throat. These are the principal ones, the mastery of which has given him the great success he now enjoys. There are many other maladies, as the testimonials will show, in the treatment of which Prof. Hamilton has been eminently successful, The testimony presented is the more convincing because it emanates from responsible parties. There is no humbug about it. They are genuine certificates, and corroborate to the fullest extent the experience of all who have ever placed themselves under Prof. H.'s treatment. His skill as a practicing physician has never been questioned, and as a proof of his popularity, he has been obliged to change his location in New York City to more commodious apartments, in order to accommodate the crowds that throng to him for relief from the many "ills that flesh is heir to." The unlimited and unceasing success of Prof. Hamilton is the best guarantee of his skill as a physician and of the efficacy and soundness of his medicines. The medical records of the country do not present an instance where real merit had been so nearly allied to the most flattering success. Prof. H. has made the study of the lungs and liver the business of a lifetime. He has solved the problem of their various changes and diseases with immense satisfaction, and appears before the public with a full and complete explanation both of the disease and its remedy. He will tell you whether your lungs or liver are diseased, and, if so, how hadly. If you are beyond cure he will frankly tell you so. Confidence in his skill and medicines are, of course, essential to a perfect cure. And with such a multiplicity of testimonials to establish his reputation, and the past successful experience of the Professor in this vicinity, we would wivise all who are afflicted with the diseases of which he is master, to visit Prof. Hamilton with-

out delay, or write to him. From the Boston Daily Traveller, Oct. 21, 1864. HIDDEN MYSTERIES.—It may not be generally known, with the sudden and extreme changes which the atmosphere undergoes in this northern climate, at this season of the year, that the human system also experiences the most yital and important changes, and if the functions of the liver and digestive organs are not in a healthy and active condition, the blood loses its vitality and the system easily falls a prey to the ravages of consumption and decay. In this connection, we ask our readers-as they value life and health-to be sure and read the valuable essay, which we publish to-day from the pen of the highly celebrated and far-famed Prof. R. Leonidas Hamilton, M. D., of No. 546 Broadway, New York, who is now doing more business than any other physician in that city, having made this class of complaints a speciality for a quarter of a contury; and also having been a Medical Professor in one of our leading Medical Colleges for several years, places Prof. Hamilton in the front rank of his profession. One peculiarity of the Professor is his ability to tell at a giance the seat, nature and curability of all chronic diseases, in which fact, we think, consists his most remarkable success in making the wonderful cures he performs. Therefore, our advice to the afflicted is, one and all, call upon Prof. R. L. Hamilton, or try him at once.

TAKE NOTICE. All that wish for treatment or advice, please answer the following questions, by letter, and add any further information necessary to give me a

full description of each case: QUESTIONS .- Give your name, age, residence, ocmination, married or single; have you headache or dizziness, cough, asthma, loss of voice or hourseness, catarrh; expectorate much, raise blood, fever or night sweats, sleepless or frightful dreams, chills; confined to bed or house, palpitation of heart; rheumatism, dropsy, nervous fits, palsy, dyspepsia, sickness, sourness, wind or distress at stomach, billous, bowels regular, bloated or sore; costiveness, diarrhoa, appetite good, poor or craving; are you thirsty; is the tongue coated, if so, what the color and appearance, or is it very dry or cracked; have you piles, fistula, gravel; urine scanty or otherwise; have you scrofula, cancer, or any humor, if so, how does it affect you? Are you naturally strong or delicate, lean or fleshy, straight or stooping? What, if any, change in these respects? To what complaints are your family most subject? If a lady, married or single, had any children, any female complaints, irregularities, pains and weakness in the back and limbs, had any bad fits of sickness,

taken much medicine, &c. ALL SICK PERSONS MUST REMEMBER THAT IF THEY WISH TO BE PUT UPON A COURSE OF TREATMENT WHICH WILL CUBE THEM, THEY CAN WRITE AND AN-SWER THE ABOVE QUESTIONS. I CAN, IN EVERY INSTANCE, PRESCRIBE FOR THEM JUST AS WELL AS THOUGH I SAW THEM; FOR I HAVE CONSTANTLY THOU-SANDS UNDER MY TREATMENT IN VARI-OUS PARTS OF THE WORLD WHICH I NEVER SEE; ALL OF WHOM I CURE AS SPEEDILY AND SAFELY AS THOSE I SEE IN PERSON. IN FACT, SOME OF THE BEST CURES I EVER MADE I HAVE PER-FECTED IN CASES I NEVER SAW.

### IMPORTANT AND RELIABLE,

NEW TESTIMONIALS

IN FAVOR OF PROF. R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON'S GREAT SUCCESS IN CURING CHRONIC DISEASES.

cars before your door into the office, without exhaustion. With all your prestige as a successful physician, I had but little hope that you could cure me. There was nothing strange in this. Four years and four months had passed away, and during that period I had suffered constantly with chronic diarrhea and piles. I had some of the best phy-sicians, and used everything I heard of that I could procure, but all in vain. Why should I think that you could do more than others? But, sir, justice and gratitude compel me to say, that after the use of your medicines for a few months, the result was a complete cure. I ceased the use of your medicine about the first of September, and had no return of diarrhea until the 25th of January, 1864, and that attack I could trace to its cause; indeed, and that attack I could trace to its cause; indeed, and that attack I could trace to its cause; indeed, and the country to be freed from Hobilities to dr, I cannot expect to be freed from liabilities to attacks of disease more than other men. I wish I had the voice of seven thunders, and could assemble the right in the ble the sick in the world, I would direct them to you; sir, as one fully competent to heal, and whose generous and noble nature would not allow of exorbitant charges. Yours truly, Rev. GEO. H. JONES.

Of the Newark Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

#### Gravel Cured.

Mr. Geo. W. Vaughan, of Grand Rapids, Wood Co., Wis., writes: "In the fall of 1852 I was taken with a severe affection of the kidney and bladder. My strength rapidly gave way to the ravages of my disease, until I was literally nothing but a walking shadow. For the first five years of my walking shadow. For the first five years of my disease my water was of a cherry red color. At times substances the size of a bean, resembling clotted blood, would pass off, and at others something resembling coarse sand. My sufferings were well nigh intolerable. I had taken your medicine only two weeks, when I felt a decided change for the better. In four weeks I had so far regained my strength that I was able to engage in light work; and now (only two months since I commenced the use of your wonderful remedies) I consider myself a well man. It seems incredible, after suffering so long, and doctoring with so many physicians, and paying so much money, that I should be entirely cured in so short a time, and at such trifling expense; yet such is the case, as all snould be entirely cured in so short a time, and at such trifling expense; yet such is the case, as all my friends and neighbors can testify. Your prac-tice in this vicinity will be unlimited. Many are astonished at such a wonderful cure, and are daily applying to you for relief. Long may you live to

The above is a correct copy of the statement transmitted to us. It can be seen by calling at our office. Mr. Vaughan will be most happy to re-commend us to any that doubt our ability to cure gravel and affections arising from diseases of the kidney and bladder.

Incontrovertible Testimony—The Case of Mrs. Palmer—A Complete and Perfect Cure.

Mrs. L. H. Palmer, of Bedford, Hillsbord County, N. H., in a series of letters under different dates, gives a history of her case, which, as she says, "was so remarkable that strangers went many miles to see her, the same as they would a great curiosity." "I seem (she writes) to have all the complaints a person can have and live. Indeed, I seem to live but to suffer. I have head-Indeed, I seem to live but to suffer. I have headache, sore threat, with a general disorganization
of the system; any touched with a dry, tight-cough,
short breath, very costive; have night sweats,
and at times afflicted with the plies, which are intelerably painful. Now I suffer with the cold,
and again feel burning with heat. I have not
had a menstrual discharge in fifteen months; have sharp running pains in my hips and kid-neys, and my liver is apparently perfectly torpid and inactive." The medicines needed by Mrs. P. and inactive." The medicines needed by Mrs. P. were at once forwarded; and the benefits derived from them are apparent from the following extract from one of her subsequent letters: "Although I had begun to be encouraged by the slight improvement; yet I felt that a crisis was coming—one which I dare not contemplate. You can imagine my agreeable surprise, when I passed the critical period with less pain than I ever felt in my life. From that time I began to improve rapidly; nature seems to have been aroused under the magical influence of your remedies; my strength returned; my mind appeared to be relieved of all melancholy, and again the pathway of life opened brightly before me. • • Only last week I returned to my native place, from whence I was taken years ago on my bed, from whence I was taken years ago on my bed, hardly expected by my friends to reach my journey's end alive. When my old acquaintances saw me returning comparatively well, they could hardly believe that such a miracle could be wrough by medicine; they say it seems 'like one raised from the dead,' to see me moving round again. As long as I live I shall be a walking alvertisement of your truly wonderful healing powers. Words cannot speak my gratitude. Once more I find happiness in living. If I ever succeed in second in second label at-Once more I find happiness in living. If I ever succeed in accomplishing any good, I shall attribute it all to you."

### A Wonderful Cure.

KINTYRE, Winnehago County, Ill. statement of my case a benefit to the public, or mure especially to those similarly diseased. I give you a full and complete history of my sufferings. I was taken sick at Camp Douglas, Chicago, (having colunteered in the 65th Illinois Vol. Infantry.) I was taken sick at Camp Douglas, Chicago, (having colunteered in the 65th Hilmols Vol. Infantry,) with what the doctors called Pneumonia, or Lung Fover. I grew worse all the time until May, at which time I got a little better. On the 17th of the month I received a furlough of ninety days to go home, after which time I was taken down more than ever so I called Dr. R., of Rockford, Ill., a practicing physician, who examined me, and said my case was incurable, as my right lung was all gone, and be could do me no good whatever. I coughed and raised a quart of pus and matter in twenty-four hours. I could not rest night or day, but coughed all the time and sweat at nights, and in the morning would be dripping with perspiration, and was so wenk I could not turn in the bed. I called some of the best physicians in our town, and courty, but they all said they could do me no good. I grew worse all the time, and suffered more than pen or tongue can express. I, too, thought I could not get well, and so did all my friends. I was under the recatment of Dr. S. C., of Rockford, for seven months. He had other doctors come to see me, but they could do me no good. After suffering eighteen months in this way the doctors dealway they could they no more doctors come to see me, but they could do me no good. After suffering eighteen wonths in this way, the doctors declared they could he no more for me. I chanced to get hold of one of your papers from a friend, and I road it and concluded to try your romedies. But all of my friends told me it was of no use, and my doctors said "what himburgs and impostors you were." But against an their united influence I wrote to you in July, and you replied that my case indeed was very critical, but you thought you could (if it was the will of God to bless the means) cure me. You sent the medicine, and I used it as directed. I raised more pus than ever for a few days, after which time I God to bless the means) cure me. You sent the medicine, and I used it as directed. I raised more pus than ever for a few days, after which time I was able to get out of bed and go out doors. I was a complete skeleton. I got weighed the first chance I could—having recruited some time—and my weight at that time was but 90 pounts. I now weigh 155 pounds, and my health is as good as ever, but do not feel quite as strong; ye. I am going back to join my regiment and light the rebels. Now, those doctors that gave me up to die think my lungs are good yet; and if any of them doubt it, and want to run me a foot-race, I um ready; and I will bet \$5 that I can outrun any of them 40 or 80 rods, or a mile if they say so. And it is to you, Dr. Hamilton, I owe my life; for I heartily believe had I not begun your freatment, I would have been this day in my gave. I will ever remember you. May He "the doct all things well" watch over and prosper thy hands in every good work for the restoration of suffering humanity. I sincerely advise all 10 slek, no matter how apparently hopeless their hase may be, to apply to you; for I do believe, if their case is curable, you will, by the blessing of God (in whom you both put your trust), cure them. May God bless you both, is my sincere prayer.

A Romarkable Care.

It affords us pleasure to place before the public the following statement of Mrs Jennie Dunchille the following statement of Mrs Jennie Dunchille the following statement of Mrs Jennie Dunchille the satisfy the most skeptient that my assertions highly respectable lady residing at Bargettstown; Washington County, Penny Such a testinonial, Washington County, Penny Such a testinonial, AND COMMITTING ROOMS 516 BROADS washington county, result distribution was successful perusal: "I not only claim it a privilege, but consider it a dity I owe my fellow-more whose I may be seen on the following days, vis.: tals, to tell them what the valuable remedies of Bundays, Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Dr. HAMILTON have done for me. It is heped Bundays, Too 16 A. N. 104 P. M. that some doubling, suffering mortal will, through the perusal of this, be led to apply to those who deservedly rank 'honorable as men and selen-

blade, sometimes extending into the right side, When my side thus ached I could not bear ticle of clothing fastened around me. I had ache constantly, palpipation of heart, and was so very nervous that a strange footstop, or an unu-sual noise, would startle me, and cause me to tremblo like a leaf, my heart beating audibly. But the most horrible of all my sufferings was a smothering sensation—I could not get my breath. Oftentimes I have started from my hed and ran to an open window for relief. Indeed I was often afraid to lay my head upon the pillow lest, labould smother. er. All the temporary relief I could get from this feeling was in being bled, and my blood was so thick and black that it would not run a drop untess it was placed in hot water. These, with many other ailments, rendered me truly a miserable being. During this time I was running up heavy bills with eminent physicians). I had swallowed enough medicine to fill one corner of a drug-store enough medicine to fill one corner of a drug-store—at least so it seemed to me. My back was blistered, plastered, cupped, and cold water applied, until I was heartily tired of it. Yet the pain was there, and there it would stay. About this tima I was handed a paper containing a theory of Professor Hamilton's now mode of treatment. It seemed reasonable, and was corroborated by so many "Testimonials" that, although discouraged, I was induced to try it. I sent them a statement of my case, and in due time received their terms and diagnosis of my case. I enclosed the requisite fee, and received a course of their treatment. Before I had been under it two weeks I was relieved. No palpitation of heart, no smothering sensation, No palpitation of heart, no smothering somation, no headache, improved appetite, sweet and refreshing sleep. I advise, nay entreat, all those affected, especially those whose symptoms are similar to those enumerated in my case, to at once apply to Dr. Hamilton and get relief."

#### A Clergyman's Testimony. Rev. J. Wesley Quinlan, (Troy Conference,) of

Poru, Clinton county, N. Y. "I am better in health this fall than I have been "I am better in health this fall than I have been before in five years; my stomach is getting quito strong, my appetite is steady and powerful, my haby its are twice as full as they used to be; instead of being all pinched up, I am getting to be quite correspondent. I have never worked so hard, or preached so much, as this fall; I have labored two months in a protracted meeting—preached most every night; some sixty souls converted! To God he all the praise. I shall have to write out a statement of my case one of these days, and the great benefit derived from your prescriptions; they have done derived from your prescriptions; they have done more for me than all the remedies I ever took. In fact they are the only medicines that have bond-

Remarkable Testimony. Mr. Sherman B. Allen, of Ossian, Ind., writes Prof. Hamilton:

"With gratitude I place before the public n "With gratitude I place before the punio my testimony in favor of your new remedies, having been confined in the house and to my bed most if the time for eighteen months, and finding no shift in the far taking two courses of your deligitable in my carriage, and walk half a mile at a timi I urge upon all who may be suffering from deraged state of the liver and digestive organs to consult Prof. Hamilton without delay, or it may before Prof. Hamilton without delay, or it may b

#### Dyspopsia and Constitution Cured. Mr. S. S. Parker, of Alabama, Genesee County, N. Y., writes:

"My wife has wholly recovered since using medicines: Previous to applying to you signable to take the least food or drink, except starch and bread coffee. Her howels woll move for eighteen days at a times, and then by the most unpleasant efforts. Since the day after taking your medicines she had to her ordinary meals of rationable food will her ordinary meals of rationable food will very little inconvenience, and her howels move fegular and easy. Her feet and limbs, which preciously required a jug of hot water, day and night, for a long time to keep them warm, are now ward enough of themselves. Her nervous flobility which was past endurance, is much beter, at she once more enjoys her night in sweet sleet. Site sits up all day, whereas she was only moved from one hed to another, for making and change, from one hed to another, for making and change, the swith your remedies the thousands of life invalids that are suffering for want of proper hedical treatment."

Mr, Wm. S. Blakeslee, of Windham Co Greene County, N. Y., writes, Jan. 10, 1863: "Rive weeks ago my friends thought I we in-the last stages of consumption. After taking your, medicines for a few days, I began to feel anchy better, and am now able to be around and a cond to my business. I anticipate a permanent die. I cove everything to you for your great wisely in treating this disease, that has hitherto begion-sidored incurable."

Another Case of Consumption Cur

An Editor and Postmaster Testing Mr. Lewis Leslie, Postmaster at Oquaka lichderson Co., Ill., and Editor of the Oqualed Plaindealer, one of the most able and reliable furnals, in the Northwest, writes:

"I find your remedies all that could ye desired. I never felt so well in my life, as he summer, when using your medicines. I verily blieve they have been the means of saving my life." I afterwards advertised in his paper. In the Issue of June 11, 1863, in the local column, the ditor thus refers to the advertisement: "See the advertiserefers to the advertisement: "See 14 advertisement of Prof. R. L. Hamilton, in ancher column. Read it! Believe whatever he say, and if you are troubled with a derangement of the liver, send to him for inedicines. We know what we are recommending. We are personally shown to the efficacious calests of the Doctor's resedies. They are all that he claims for them. They are the last we want know and the decrease are weden. best we over knew, and his charges are mode-

Emphatic Testimony. 

Another Onso of Consumpton Oured. Another Case of Consumpton Oured.
Onleb B. Heath, a well-known citizen of Glons
Falls, N. Y., writes: "I was afflicted with a very
severe cough, which was raphily undermining my
health and weakening my lungs and was so falling that my friends began to tink my recovery
doubtful, having tried several kinds of remedies
without relief. By the recommendation of a friend
I was induced to try your freatment. I did so,
and with pleasure can infernityou that one course
completed the cure. I consider your remedies invaluable, and do not feel disposed to be without a
supply on hand,"

#### Ontarch, Liver and Ridney Disease Cured. The Testimony of a Postmister W. Stearns, Esq., Postmaster at West Brain-

tree, Vt., writes.

"I have taken instant medicines you sent me; the pain in my heart and and left side has left me; I feel like a new man. There was almost everything affed me when I commenced taking your medicines, viz.: Catarrh, Liver and Kitney complaint. I am feeling so well that I do not know whether you think it necessary for me to take any more medicines or not. Your medicines, thus far, have proved the right sort for me." have proved the right sort for me."

Further, I wish in this place to inform those who may be inclined to doubt the truth and adtheuticity of any of the above testimonials, that I will give \$1,000 to any person that can prove any of them false, having the original letters in my offide, where any one can see them. I also have over

UNITED AND CONSULTING ROOMS, 516 BROAD.

Thursdays, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. All letters must be addressed to Prof. R. LEO. NIDAS HAMILTON, M. D., No. 546 Bromlway, New York, care of P. O. Box 4,052,-[Advertise-