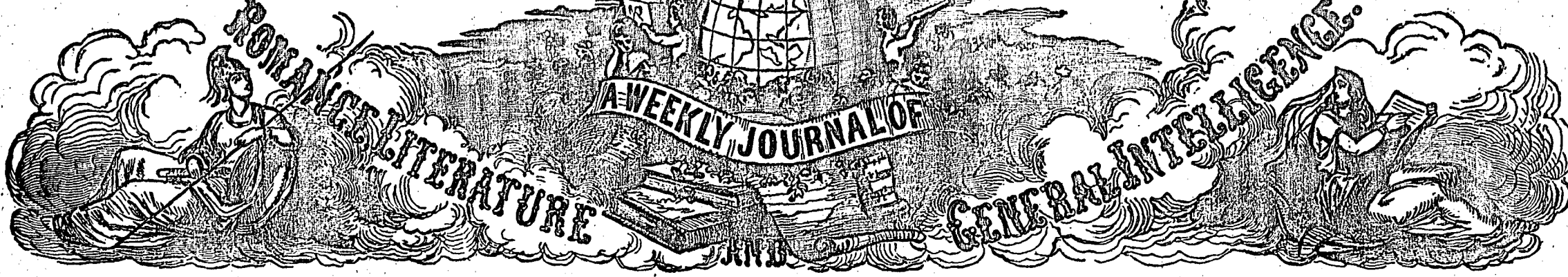


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THE PROGRESS OF AN ADVENTURER.

Translated from the French for the Banner 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 Nîmes 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 hope.

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.

"Bah!" 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 it."

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, worded thus:

"MY FRIEND—I have just obtained a great victory. The combat has been severe, but at last I have triumphed; and now that I am free, I ask myself whence 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 Rigny, 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 Rigny 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 Hespéris 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 appointments, permits me to take to literature. This is why I decide to go again on the boards. Chance will lead me, perhaps, to Sosthène 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 Rigny, it was with the memory of the young actress and her name in the heart that I worshipped 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 Faisans, or of the Conference; I have crossed the Bidassoa, and I have placed my foot on Spanish ground at Irun and at Fontarabie; Fontarabie, the desert, so sad, so desolate, where smoke yet the cannonade, 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 Rigny, 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?

It is in vain that I should wish to give myself 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 said, 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, I leave you to talk with my star, and to fall asleep contemplating it. Your friend, FRANK."

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

"She 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 significance 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 to him.

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 adieu 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, *Nungam Polluta*, and seems to say to France, "I have guarded thy honor in the day of treason!"

Frank strolled for some time along the marine walks, which recalled the *Pirée d'Athènes*. He regained the hotel where he had descended on arriving, when he heard himself softly called. It was a young person got up with the last finish.

Frank stopped, and regarded her with astonishment.

"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.

"Yes."

"I am truly confused, Miss, but I search in vain."

"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 Agartha!" cried Frank, in complete astonishment.

"At last you recognize me; it is very fortunate."

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 Bayonne.

"How! it is you, Miss Agartha, you whom I meet again here?"

"Yes, M. Frank."

"Believe me, Miss, I am very happy at this meeting."

"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 Théâtres* 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."

"And you wish to know, do you not?"

"Yes," replied Frank, quickly.

"Unfortunately, I cannot inform you, for I am ignorant also of what has become of her."

Frank had had a hope, but this hope vanished in the smile, malignantly frolicsome, which Miss Agartha darted on him.

"You love her, I believe," continued she.

"I?"

"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 Agartha, with a languid tone.

"You will write me verses, will you not? An ideal 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 him.

"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 début. 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 singular 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 history.

Frank knew perfectly an entire rôle of music by 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 Rigny, 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 Nîmes 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 halt, 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 do 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 alms of 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 himself how they could laugh; how those beautiful young girls who passed near him could be joyous. The happiness of others astonished him, for it seemed to him that everybody must suffer like 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 came, 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 virtuoso was 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 a 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—"

And yielding so much from sufferings and emotion, Frank turned horribly pale and sank into a chair.

"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 supper 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 nutriment had surprised the nutritive organs, which, to render their functions normal, it was requisite insensibly to prepare to receive nourishment, which, greatly 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 rendezvous 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 smiling.

"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 Nîmes 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 have you 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 pepper 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 again."

"Here is what I thought, and what I have already put into execution: I am president of a club, whose members give every year an anniversary fête. This fête should take place in three days; there will be a ball and a concert. I apprised the members of the club that a young poet

would come there to recite his poems, and you will not have occasion to complain, my young friend, if my proposition pleases you."

"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 creatures."

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; to-day, 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; he 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. Do thou blest, he thou forever blest, oh Hope!

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 fête 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 Sosthène.

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 francs.

"There," said he, "here is what will take you directly to your home. A good journey, M. Frank. I shall always be happy to have news of you, for—or I greatly deceive myself—you will win a great reputation."

It was with a profound regret that Frank left this man, whose generous interest had saved him, when he believed himself abandoned by all. He promised himself to keep the recollection of it all his life, and he did not fall in the promise which he made. Two days after, he was with his family. It was his 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 years! 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 holy caresses."

There was a fête 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 poet'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 herself 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 off!" 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!"

"No!"

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

"No!"

"Frank, Frank, what thinkest thou? God has marked thee on the forehead as an angel of light; rise, then, and onward, to peer into hearts who weep and suffer words which console. Why stop on the road? Let us go where God sends us. Come, come, come!"

"No!" and Frank rose; the fever 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 seated 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 has 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'Aussoux; the clear water of the fountain sang and ran through the slender colonnade of the Roman nymphaea; a soft and gentle breeze, passing over the chestnut trees of half a century, filled the air with the perfume of their pyramidal flowers; the stars shone on a sky monotonous by strength of being pure, as Roboul has said it. It was a splendid evening—an evening of the South—full of love and song.

The two friends contemplated this nature, so beautiful and so rich.

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

"They are promisers, 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 me."

In fact, a young gentleman and a young lady came and seated themselves ten steps 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 repented 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 Rigny."

"M. Fritz," replied the voice of the great lady—for 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 so."

"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 Hübne de Rasbach?"

"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 now."

"How so?"

"Miss de Rasbach soon learned what had taken place: my duel with Frank—"

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

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—"

"And your hand?"

"Yes, Madame."

"So that now you are rich—"

"And free!"

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

"You are traveling for a long time, M. de Stolberg?"

"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 Nimesois, as much as I remember of it."

"Yes, I believe—"

"What has become of him?"

"I do not know."

"Did he not accompany you to Spain?"

"Yes, as Secretary."

A smile of rally came lightly to the lips of Fritz de Stolberg, but Madame de Rigny did not see it. "And you dismissed him?" said he.

"No; he wished to go himself, and I did not retain him."

"You did well. For do you know what I heard said?"

"No."

"That he loved you! And slander added that—"

"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 Rigny. "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?"

"No, to let him leave."

"He must be gone to find Sosthène again—"

"And that young actress—"

"Probably."

The garden clock made itself heard, as if to invite 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 Stolberg?"

"Am I not at your command, Madame?"

Fritz offered his arm to conduct Madame de Rigny 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 beautiful."

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

"There is Frank," continued the voice, "Frank, who is not gone to rejoin Miss Elise, the poor actress, but who finds again the great lady on the arm of the man whom one day she drove from 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 de Rigny."

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.

Madame de Rigny 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 osprey came out of the ruins, and spread its wings in giving a sinister cry, and went to repose its flight on the summit of the Magne tower, which seemed to have watched for two thousand years over the destinies of the old Nimean colony.

The following day Madame de Rigny 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 strife—from all exertions of life, thought and feeling, let me rest! White-winged messengers from Paradise, come unto me! cover me so entire with thy peaceful wings that I may sleep, deeply, soundly, deathly.

Oh, how my poor, tired spirit longs for repose! Even the thought of reposing in the grave until the final trumpet 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 hopeless, 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 I should live in the hearts of those who loved me, and that I should be with them still, for truth is 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 do them. 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 realized when I was passing away, and said, "I am going." I felt calm, and fell asleep. When I awoke I felt a calm, blissful influence stealing over me; all seemed pure and beautiful; I had been transported where everything was transcendently ethereal. 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 genes 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 vexed 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 avail the prayers and words of the priest? We must live our prayers by our own noble acts.

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 was passed to the friends who had gathered 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 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. I 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 trees were waving above me, and soft zephyrs were playing through the sweet-scented boughs of nature. Glistening dewdrops were sparkling from the perfumed flowers that carpeted the foot-paths of the summer-life.

While watching the various scenes around me, a beautiful chariot drew near, drawn by spirits of ethereal brightness, bearing a weak spirit who had just passed from earth-life. Thus a bright gem was lost to the sight of mortal. My friends who were 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 unto 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 rested like an aureole upon his head. He was veiled in a white vapor, arrayed in the snowy garb of an angel; his 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 silvery tinted wings. As the chariot moved along, it was followed 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 enraptured in the sweet melodies, for I always worshipped 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 effulgence. 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 ascend the plane; higher and higher they wing their flight; brighter and brighter the spirits grow, illumined by wisdom's sun.

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 petals for the sunbeam's warm glow. The sky was studded with stars, tinting heaven's blue with golden lights that gleamed from some loveliest 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 lined with silver-grey folds. The sky was clinging to the soft curtains, in ever-living freshness; sweet vines were bending and drooping little purple and white bells, turning sweetness from their tiny cups. Here heavenly light pours through sorrow'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, illumines 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 life-drop 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 first.

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 were clinging to the lattice-work; beautiful blossoms, blinding with light and life; every variety in nature's garden are manifested here to please the taste. This was the entrance to a small room, where the walls seemed wreathed in fine lace-work of silvery threads, enwoven in the smallest blossoms. Here pictures are hanging. These are the portraits of some dear remembered faces peering from soft clouds.

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 idealty, but in reality a home in heaven. On one side of the room is a deep arch, festooned with overgreen 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 life.

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

with outspread wings soaring upward. The front, over the entrance, was a throne, where a figure is finely chiseled, portraying the ideal of perfection, holding a harp of pearl. All there is made beautiful by the hand of art; nothing of nature is to be seen, save the soft, tufted grass, dotted with tiny blue-eyed violets, lending a beautiful contrast to the scene. This throne opens to a spacious hall. Fine sculptured figures fill the niches in the walls; one can only gaze upon this statuary with enchantment. In the centre is a large fountain, where the sun is shining through the silver spray of the sparkling water. Pure white doves are circling around this representation of light and purity. All is serenely beautiful. Here sat one of our inspired artists, with pen in hand. His hair was long and disheveled, his broad brow deeply lined, thick, shaded eyebrows projected over his deep set eyes, his mouth was firm and fixed; he seemed absorbed in deep meditation. The floor was carpeted with manuscripts that he had strewn about him; they were the inspired products of his own soul. This is a faint picture of one of our 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 worshipped 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 octave of union throughout thy life. To perfect thy talent, perfect thyself. Be faithful unto God, and inspiration will flow through the spirit of harmony. Thou hast done well; thy labors are 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 attuned to heaven." His eyes lighted up, and with a smile, he said—"So to thy labor."

I was delighted; I had met one whom I most 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 me.

I am never alone, but am blest with companions, whose tastes assimilate with my own, and together we roam about, wandering over ethereal lands, ever gleaming new truths and beauties from the loved scenes about us. I have not 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 can sever 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 pathway, 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 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 call. 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 unpropitious state.

But there are no exclusions from heaven, whatever discipline mortals may have suffered; here the lost are redeemed. He innocently and confidently 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 to 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

battle-grounds in the spheres, but all was peace and harmony when the spirit was awake to real life. Groups of spirits surrounded us, and the summer-life opened to us in all its blooming beauty. He felt attracted to earth plane. As we neared the spot, all looked dark, like grey twilight. Soon we saw a faint light, and followed the attraction. He began to grow weak, but we encouraged him. We entered a humble homestead, where sorrow had darkened the household. We saw a lovely form lay sleeping in death—her breath grew fainter and fainter, till all was still. A halo of light was formed in a golden crescent above her head. We saw a second head—the reflection of the sleeper; it bore resemblance to the lovely one, yet was far more beautiful. A faint shadow was rising in a white vapor. It was a spiritual body; and a second person stood above the cold, dead form; it was the spirit of her who had just died. The little, tender thread of life was broken.

He clasped her to his bosom and bore her away. She was indeed lovely. Her soft hair flowed in deep waves; her eyes beamed in the clear light of the azure 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 ethereal light, enveloped in a veil of silver-woven brightness. A coronet 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 dewy-gemmed 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 assimilated and melted into one love. Myriads of angels assembled at the nuptial scene. It grew 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-like eyes beamed in earnestness 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. Loose folds of gilded gauze 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-work 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 upward. 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 all 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 implant 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.

And many a human mind, wearied from study 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.

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 mountain, and they stand far above, where no opposition of opinion can disturb their peacefulness, and where darkness cannot dim the glorious beams that blend and unite the spirits in order and harmony.

Here upon this plane this group are erecting 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 soft, genial glow from the pure love-beams of angels' communings.

over the entrance, was a throne

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."
LIZOR HUNT.

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 schoolmates.

"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 folks."

"And I want a Chinese tumbler," said Rob, "that will roll itself 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 not 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 not 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. "Don't you remember when old Mr. Smothered 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 not; 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 Christmas story, and Dora's mother began:

Alice 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 carpets, that to step on seemed like walking on the beautiful moss; and there were rich curtains and luxurious furniture. And Alice never knew a want; for 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 Alice 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 knew what made some people seem so happy who had far less to make them so than she had.

Alice 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 Alice 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 beauty 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, Alice kept thinking more and more of the beautiful Christ-child, and she did not look joyful 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 there there will be beautiful dolls for thee, and houses for thee to live in; and if thou wilt thou shalt have a little horse and carriage."

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

"What wilt 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 do not know what I want!" said Alice, pettishly.

Her father was greatly grieved, and went out to try, and think what he could bring 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 Alice.

"Why should I wish for more?"

"Wouldst thou have a ring with glowing rubies 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 Alice, 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."

Alice soon grew tired of walking past the fine shops, and seeing the gay people, and she tried

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 Alice 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, gently.

"No," said Alice; "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 Alice, looking up trustfully into the kindly face of the gentleman, "something about the Christ-child. They do not know at home, for they tell me he will bring me dresses and dolls, and horses and rings; but he does not—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 Alice 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 Alice 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 Alice. He ran to his mother's bed, and said:

"See, is it not good? a nice bit of bread for you, and some cold potatoes for Margie 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 Alice 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 Alice 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 don'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 Alice. "Oh, I hope he will! But what made that boy's face look so light? I almost thought that the Christ-child was coming."

"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 Alice 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 Alice's age, and she brought a loaf of bread and a bit of cheese.

"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 not eat, but ran home to you; and now you'll get better, won't 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 Alice 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 not 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 Christ-child brought them?" said he.

"And will he?" said Alice. "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 Alice could bear no more, and began to cry piteously:

"Oh, 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 all they wanted."

"Every one is a Christ-child," said the gentleman, "who has love in his heart, and who does loving deeds. There are beautiful gifts that last only a little while."

"Just like my doll and playthings," said Alice.

"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 told 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 face."

"But my father and mother do not need bread," said Alice 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 Alice 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 let 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.

Alice was no longer tired of the shops, but everything delighted her. Her eye was full of brightness, 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 Alice 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 forlorn attic, and carried what was most needed.

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

When Alice 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 shine."

"I have found the Christ-child," said Alice.

"Hast thou? Thou dear one, tell us where," said the father.

Then Alice 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 remembered the beautiful lessons of love from her boy-child.

"We will all be Christ-children," said she. "I had almost 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 arm-chair 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 gladness, but more than to all came the joy to Alice. She had found that there are beautiful treasures of the heart that can never perish, and she grew loving and gentle, and was the joy of 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 not diamonds that lasted forever."

"And I said it was not 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. The Christ comes to us when we do Christ-like 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 MRS. L. — W. —

BY L. B. ROTHBICK.

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,
And the dark-lured, gulfed raven off keeps croaking nevermore—
Come, there not amid the sadness,
Oftentimes, a ray of gladness,
With its rainbow hues of beauty lighting all the darkness o'er?
Telling of the joys eternal,
In the land of life eternal,
Which await the heaven-born spirit, as it leaves its prison door?

Oh! the best and full fruition,
In the glorious realms elysian,
Of a love that knows no ending, glowing, bright—
'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 Alton,
For which weary ones are sighing, seeking, sighing evermore;
That life's broad, unfathomed river
Takes its course to 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 seething roar;
Still reaching our destined haven,
Where no more the croaking raven
Doubt shall whisper, harsh and dreadful, to the spirit, nevermore.

Spirit! pray of God's own being!
With thy blessed power of seeing,
Thou hast reached to earth's 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 pathway, o'er and o'er.

Angel bands with joy descending,
With our inner being blending,
Have dispersed the darkling shadows which our earth-life clouded 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 eternal,
Where the blest, enfranchised spirit lives and loves forevermore.

Far beyond Time's surging waters,
Vander 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 endless 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 and 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 eternal!
How 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 angel ope the door
To admit the weary laden
To the joys of that blest Alton,
Where all wrongs are quickly righted, where bloom pleasure evermore.
Bedford, Mich., 1864.

MARYLAND.

BY CHARLES HENRY BROCK.

Shout! for the rising glory encircles the land and sea.
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 illumines her queenly brow.
Fling wide each temple portal of Liberty to-day,
And be your hymn immortal reechoed o'er the way.
Where MARYLAND, in beauty, leads up her mighty line
Of sons, to loyal duty at Freedom's faith and shrine,
Purify the tale forever, of the Massachusetts men!
Oh! be a 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 of its sea,
The anthem never ending, that MARYLAND is FREE!
The Chesapeake—I wonder if its tide goes down to-day,
And echoes a grander thunder to the ocean from the bay?
Oh Maryland! thy station upon the border-line,
Burns for thy struggling nation, like a beacon-light divine,
When bold or covert treason shall shroud her stormy sea,
The helms of truth and reason shall guide thy barks by thee!
And in the long forever, when eloquence and song shall say 'twas thine to sever the right from hoary wrong,
What coronals of glory thy forehead shall entwine,
When men of battles gory shall say the deed was thine,
To be the first and surest, of all thy fettered clan,
To speak that truth—the purest—of LAMAR to MAN!"
—Philadelphia Press.

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 utterance. For this he was arraigned before the 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 intimated the Pan of Nazareth—the place, the people, "Puritans," or the Indians, who extended the brotherly hand to the stranger? I would feel myself safer to-day among the Sioux, Pawnees and Dakotas of the Northwest, than those tobacco-peddling, liquor-vending whites and de-frauding Indian agents, traders and missionaries that disgrace frontier life under the pretext of civilizing and Christianizing the Indians.

ONWARD.

Rousseau 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 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, baptizing the very turf with their tear-drops of sorrow. How true that the demons of to-day be the gods of to-morrow, and the infidelity of one age, the orthodoxy of the next. Parker well said:

"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 heroes 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 time remain unburied, as do the dead bodies of Quakerism, Unitarianism and sectarian Universalism.

POLITICAL CHANGES.

Much less than a generation since, Garrison was imprisoned in Baltimore for uttering and acting 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. 25th, 1864, there was a riot in Alton, Ill.—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 blight; 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 all kinds seen to be leveling, sectional and temporal, while freedom, by virtue of a divine incarnation in all human souls, must of necessity be universal and eternal? The reformer must not be a gloved man, nor should his rebukes be beautifully harmless, sparkling through velvet lips or rolling from an oily tongue; but he must go out into Humanity's great harvest-field, flail in hand, beating the sheaves, burning the chaff, and gathering the grain to feed the multitude.

"Tender hands should touch the nettle,
'And 'twill sting you of your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it will be as harmless as a cat."

HEALING THE SICK.

On my way eastward, 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 Putney, 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.

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. A. M. Walt, of Walworth, Wayne Co., N. Y., who, after walking on crutches for three years and three months, was almost instantly healed. The following is an extract from a letter just received from her by the Doctor:

"Words cannot express the thankfulness I feel for the benefit you have conferred upon me. I look upon you as an instrument in God's hand for doing good. I have not needed my crutches since I left, and I can walk around to my neighbors with perfect ease."

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.

ZION.

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 conduct-ship 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 constructive than destructive, he ever leaves when departing a well-cultivated vineyard in attestation of his "aptness to teach," and the genuineness 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 Bangor, from whence she went to Dover. She says:

"After eight hours' jolting I arrived at the picturesque village of Dover, situated in the valley of the Piscataqua River, at the place where the old inland villages I ever visited. There are several small woolen manufactories in the place, and an iron foundry. The whole appearance of 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 earnest 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 believing workers, rather than doubting drones. They have had but few speakers outside of their own immediate vicinity, owing partially to unsuccessfulness, 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 appreciative audiences, although they had had no speaking of the kind in two years, before. There are live souls there, who wait but the presentation of truth, to accept and believe. Thence to Bangor, stopping by the way, at Exeter, to perform funeral service over the body of Mr. T. Shaw, an active spiritual pioneer, whose moral worth and personal influence 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 truth, 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 buds come again, our adventures 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 truth, and a hospitable reception in the home of strangers by the way-side.

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 medium has become quite general, conducted the sittings 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 mainly 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 philosophy of exoteric ages.

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 flocks of your spiritual Banner never trail in the dust of oblivion, or its Light grow dim in the mists of error. SUSIE M. JOHNSON.

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

Letter from Dr. Child, of Philadelphia.

MR. EDITOR—This is an age of books, and I have just been looking over the advance sheets of a book entitled "Jesus, the Nazarene," 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 Smith, Philadelphia: published by the author, 1864.

An ancient writer exclaimed, "Oh, that mine enemy would write a book!" Had he lived in this day, he would have a much better opportunity of being revenged 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, quiet and unassuming manners, but subjected to religious persecution for years by similar experiences 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, it gives a 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 could be read with interest. 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 fagot and crucified the martyrs, and Jesus himself, are losing their power; they recoil upon the heads of their authors. "The Age of Reason" has dawned, and there are too many who feel that such doctrines do not satisfy the demands of their nature. Such may rise from the perusal of this book with new thought 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 cast into the water, this will send out its ever widening 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. 18, 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 them.

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 splendid 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 fashionable 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 orderly from the church. The minister came down from the pulpit, and he, 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 her; they passed by her as if she were not there. Then I saw a sailor-like looking man go up to the child and exclaim, "Here, you poor little, I—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 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 bevy 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.

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 clothing the down-trodden; that 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.

Marblehead, 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-Union Englishers, and, in truth, I must admit that we are in the habit of placing Boston at the head of cities, but I conceive, with full reason. Boston is always ahead 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 or wish for more on that day."

A ball at the Campbell 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 collations to better satisfaction. The ball was held in the chapel, and one could hardly conceive himself to be within the limits of a hospital, 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 inmates, and the ever ubiquitous Gaylord is the stage manager. Recently, on the occasion of Grover's theatre being engaged by the opera, his whole company appeared at the hospital theatre, and gave a free performance. A temperance society 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."

Physical 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 while living 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-ended dining table raised from the floor without any human agency being employed, 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 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 the room, the complete outline made without the intervention of any human being, done in broad daylight and under circumstances 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 of this kind, 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 seances 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.' Having learned, from repeated experiments, that the manifestations are more powerful and satisfactory 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 seance.

I have secured a pleasant room, 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.

The morning seances 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."

Illness of Charles A. Hayden.

I am 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. SUSIE M. JOHNSON.

Providence, Dec. 16, 1864.

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

THE LAST INTERVIEW WITH GOV. N. P. TALLMADGE.

BY CHARLES LINTON.

The writer of this article paid a visit to the late Gov. 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 loveliest 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 ever shifting scenery, which the memory will dwell upon in ecstasy; but what Irving and Willis have left unsaid I shall not attempt to tell.

Previous to my arrival, the Governor had been taken suddenly unconscious, and for some ten days remained in that state, totally oblivious to all that was passing around him. When he awoke from this long sleep, he said he saw his friends by his 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 falling, 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, descending 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 audience 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 continually 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 over to him the notes from which the above quotations 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 haloed 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 more fires beat 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. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMDENWELL, LONDON, ENGLAND. KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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Banner of Light.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine inspiration in man; it aims through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is theistic 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 traded 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 exhaustion 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 as 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 serious 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 humanity, 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 Edmunds, who gave a very interesting narrative of his twenty years' experience and acquaintance with her; dwelling particularly on her exertions in behalf of the inmates of the Sing Sing Prison, (of which institution he was formerly a Commissioner,) and the great power she exerted over her by her acts of kindness and love—which are far more effective than the

rod. Dr. Haddock 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 to 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 bear 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 ten years?"

With rare beauty of diction, which touched the heart 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-LILLY.

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 friends will be pleased to learn that Mrs. Hatch has been reëngaged 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 necessities 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 piteous 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 bread—thanks to the sympathizing hearts that have from time to time responded to our call in behalf of poor humanity.

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 he 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 or sugar, in cotton cloth or in flour, but it will be only for a day or two, while the great bulk of articles used are still going higher and higher. Though food 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 suffering 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 furnish comfortable undergarments 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 Seances.

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 which produces the wonderful results arrived at, 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 Laureate 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 Hammett 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 Reineck. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Frederick Lyhold.

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 folks.

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. Lindsey, 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, "Photographed 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 a worker. He has dedicated his life to the truth-inspiring philosophy of the nineteenth century, and he will, we hope, live to witness a full fruition 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, over 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 attention 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 comprehensive philosophy and a work of art."

"Peculiar."

The London Star gives two columns of very cordial commendation 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 rebel loss is estimated as high as twenty thousand, and sixty-two cannon.

Gen. Sherman has arrived safely at Savannah, invested 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 accomplished.

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?

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER is taken from the spirit world, and is given to the public through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-plane in an unevolved state, eventually progress into a higher condition. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Circle Room.

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

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, Nov. 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Gen. Felix Zollicoffer, to friends at the South; Charles H. Hoge, to friends; Message to the South; Editor of the Maine Democrat, Saco, Me.; Marian Thompson to Mrs. Thompson, of Stanton, S. C.; Augustus Briggs, to friends; Mary Willis, to her son, John, at the North; Louis St. Julien, to Father St. Julien.

Monday, Nov. 28.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Lieut. Samuel Nixon, to his brother, Charles Nixon; T. J. Montgomery, to his brother, J. H. Montgomery, in Richmond, Va.; Willie T. Demarest, of No. 11 King street, New York City; Charles Evans, of the 14th Connecticut Regiment; John O.'Brien, to his brother, James; Robert Clark, to his father, Benjamin Clark, of Fayetteville, Lincoln Co., Tenn.; Alice F. Toombs, to Rev. David Holmes, of Charlottesville, Tenn.

Tuesday, Nov. 29.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Sergeant Robert M. Bullock, of 5th North Carolina, Co. A.; Patrick Sheehan, 7 Christie street, New York; David Casey, to his mother, in Bucksport, Centre, Me.; Hiram Williams, of the 9th Conn., to the boys of that regiment; Ensign Leach, of the 3rd 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. Howell, the author; Foster March, colored, of Boston, to his brother William; Alexander Guy, to Robert or Stephen Guy, of Charleston, S. C.; Johnney Nolin, to his father, Jeanon on board the "Nippon"; Annie E. Berger, to friends in New York and Baltimore.

Monday, Dec. 5.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Stephen Seddon, to Hon. James A. Seddon, Secretary of War of the Confederate States; James Jarvis, of the 2d Maine, Regt.; Hiram Osborn, to Rev. Adams, and boys of the regiment; John H. Hooper, to friends in Cambridge, Mass.; Lida Gugenheimer, to Mrs. Laura Gugenheimer, and uncle Alfred, who is in Chicago, Ill.

Tuesday, Dec. 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Jane Stuart, colored, to her brother, Scott, and to her three brothers, Alexander, James and Robert; Peter Edwards, to his son, Nat and Peter; Robert Harris, to his mother, in Hingham, Mass.; John H. Hooper, to his brother, John H. Hooper, Jr., of New York; Wm. Apol, colored, to his brother, Peter, and wife; James W. Forbes, to friends in Philadelphia, Pa.; to the child of that city; Wm. Apol, colored, to his brother, Peter, and wife; James W. Forbes, to friends in Philadelphia, Pa.; to the child of that city; Wm. Apol, colored, to his brother, Peter, and wife; James W. Forbes, to friends in Philadelphia, Pa.; to the child of that city.

Tuesday, Dec. 13.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John G. Oldham, of Newcastle, Eng., to his brother, Richard Dennis, to his brother, Peter, and wife; James W. Forbes, to friends in Philadelphia, Pa.; to the child of that city; Wm. Apol, colored, to his brother, Peter, and wife; James W. Forbes, to friends in Philadelphia, Pa.; to the child of that city; Wm. Apol, colored, to his brother, Peter, and wife; James W. Forbes, to friends in Philadelphia, Pa.; to the child of that city.

Monday, Dec. 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Lieut. John Seddon, to his brother, John Seddon, in Charleston, S. C.; father, in Gaston, Ala., or sister, in Richmond, Va.; David Lewis, to his mother, at Brewster, Me.; Joe Carson, to Charlie Hill; Wm. Ellis, of Newburyport, Mass., to a friend.

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 mysteries—would read 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 continue to render thanks. Nov. 15.

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 effect, 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 hell—and 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 act 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 clairvoyant—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 callibre all that ever was, is, and all that is to come.

Q.—How do you explain the philosophy of individualism upon it?

A.—Your individuality consists more in form than in soul. We may say it consists entirely in form, or the manifestation of soul. Resolve 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, Deity, 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, 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 spirit-land. 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 certainly 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 not know anything about this—I did not myself. I did not know anything about it myself until I come to die.

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'd 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 ain't 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 come here.

Well, capt'n, good-by to you. I feel kind of strange here; I don'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 myself, 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, sir. Good-day. Nov. 15.

Hattie Grey Boulware.

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

I am Hattie Grey Boulware. I been in the spirit-land since the 19th of October. [How old were you?] Eight years—eight years, eight 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 what was to send to La Vista? [Yes.] Are you Yankee? [We are called so. We shall send

your letter just the same.] Just the same? [Did you think we would not?] I did not know. Good-day. Ask my father to write back to you. Nov. 15.

Stephen Carson.

I'm here early, sir. [We are glad to have you come.] I died yesterday—yesterday afternoon—at Nevada City, California.

I want to inform my folks in Troy, New York, of my death. I expect it was by accident. [Do not you know?] Yes, as well as any one can. At any rate, I wasn'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 accident. I fell on the street, as I was walking, and died. 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 know about this place; read your paper; knew all about it.

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 ain't prepared to give any advice about that now; it don'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 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, 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 reflected 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, 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 is?

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 is reflected.

Q.—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 together and live in harmony in the spirit-world?

A.—Not unless they lived in spiritual harmony here; not unless there is sufficient attraction existing between them, as spirits, to bring them together. We know of many families widely separated in the spirit-land.

Q.—Is there any difference between mind and soul?

A.—They are both the same.

Q.—What is the cause of phantoms seen by persons laboring under delirium tremens?

A.—In some instances they are mere productions of physical or human life—belong to human life. In other instances they are productions of mind, soul, spirit, and, in that sense, are realities.

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

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

A.—The spirit, soul or mind cannot always manifest itself harmoniously, in consequence of comparatively imperfect human conditions. It projects a form that corresponds to its exterior life. Sometimes they are hideous, unpleasant to gaze upon; sometimes they are beautiful. Then you may know the soul is in harmony with its own exterior life.

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

A.—In many instances they are.

Q.—Where they are neither external productions or reproductions of memory, what are those pictures?

A.—Then they are pictures of the soul, representations of the condition of the spirit.

Q.—Is it that the soul itself is a snake or serpent, 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 produce 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 epoch in its individuality wherein it has need of more light, and as Nature always supplies all the needs of the soul, it has come in the form of modern Spiritualism.

Q.—Will the spirit, now or at some time, make some prophecies of great consequence to the 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 result thereof, we certainly can and will prophesy the events that are in the unborn future. Many, very many are foreshadowed to us so clearly that our prophecies doubtless will be without mistake.

Q.—Will the spirit tell us the use and need of prophecy?

A.—It is sometimes of use in strengthening the so-called faith of humanity in its God, or the Ruling 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 specially 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. 11.

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. Devereux, 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 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.] Good-day, sir. Nov. 21.

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 taken prisoner, carried to Andersonville, and when I 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 not give me a drop of water or a piece of bread. Many a time I'd given a thousand dollars for a glass of water, but they would not 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 not see it now.

Well, I should like to have you say that Horace Brown, of the 2d Indiana, Company I, twenty-seven 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. Do not 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 rebellion. [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. I won't any what power I shall exercise. I'll be generous to 'em if they're down, but if they're 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 don'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 not 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 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,

Mediums in Boston.

Mediums in Boston.

MRS. R. COLLINS,
CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN AND HEALING MEDIUM
No. 6 Pine Street, Boston.
CONTINUES to heal the sick, as Spirit Physicians control
the power for the benefit of suffering humanity.
Examination \$1.00. All medicines prepared by her wholly
composed of Roots, Barks and Herbs gathered from the garden
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DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE,
AT NO. 7 DAVIS STREET, BOSTON.
THOSE requesting examinations by letter will please en-
close \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the
address, and state sex and age. (T—Nov. 19.)

MRS. ANNA HYDER.
TRANSCE AND PLACES to receive her friends
at the CIRCLE ROOMS of MRS. ANNIE LODGE CHAMBER

DR. WILLIAM B. WHITE, Sympathetic, Clairvoyant, Magnetic and Electric Physician, cures all diseases that are curable. Nervous and disagreeable feelings removed. Advice free; operations, \$1.00. No. 4 JEFFERSON PLACE, (leading from South Bennet street), Boston. Dec. 3.

CLAIRVOYANCE.—MRS. COLGROVE may be consulted personally, or by letter, respecting Business, Health, or other desirable matters, at 147 Devonshire street, near Summer street, Boston.
3m^o—Oct. 22.
4wth—Dec. 24.

MADAME GALE, Clairvoyant, Healing and Test Medium, 18 Lowell street. Examination by lock of hair, sent by letter, \$1.00 and two three-cent stamps. Dec. 24.

SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, No. 12, Du. St. (over "Lithiatore") Boston. 3m^o—Oct. 22.

MRS. LATHAM continues to exercise her gift of healing at 292 Washington street. Oct. 29.

SOUL READING,
Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character.
MR. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit them in person, or send their photograph, or lock of hair, they will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in pa-

and future met physical disease, with prescription thereof to what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be successful in the future. The object of these letters is to suggest, to induce marriage, and hints to the inhumanously mistreated, whereby they can restore or perpetuate their former love. They will give instructions for self-improvement, by telling what faculties should be restrained, and what cultivated. Seven years' experience warrants them in saying that they can do what they advertise without fail, as hundreds are willing to testify. Skopjes are particularly invited to investigate. Everything of a private character KEPT STRICTLY AS SUCH. For Written Definition of Character, \$1.00. Hereafter all calls or letters will be promptly attended to by

either one, or the other.
 Address, MIL AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE,
 Aug. 20. of Whitewater, Walworth Co., Wisconsin.

DR. J. P. BRYANT,
 WILL HEAL THE SICK, AT THE
WAVERLY HOUSE,
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Until February 1st, 1865.
 Dec. 24.—lw

JAMES R. NEWTON,
THE HEALER,
HAS closed his engagements in Rochester, N. Y., to rest
in NEWPORT, R. I. and will commence healing the mul-
titudes in CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, on MONDAY MORNING, MAR-
CH 6th, at 10 o'clock, in a public hall, "Free," and continue day
for at least thirty days. tf-Dec. 24

DR. P. B. BRISTOL,
PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN.

WILL be at the VEAZIE HOUSE, Geneva, N. Y., November 29th, 1884, till February 1st, 1885, to heal the sick, and to give a system of practical operations requiring but a few minutes.

Dec. 17-4w*

DR. N. PALMER,
MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN,
76 Fourth Avenue,
NEW YORK

Near 10th Street.
Dec. 3.-7w*

GRAY R. YETTERSON, ASSISTANT

PSYCHOMETRY.
BY sending me an AUTOGRAPH or LOCK OF HAIR, I can describe the Disposition and Character, give a Rating for Business and Marriage Life. Terms \$1.00. Address J. B. MILES, Forksville, Lake Co., Illinois. 4th-Dec. 1900.

S New York, still continues his treatment of Diseases by plan of manipulation peculiar to himself, and which is very uniformly successful. Confidence of complete success is once established in the minds of patients, when his method is once applied. He is prepared to receive boarders as patients as Dec. 10. 4w*

SAMUEL H. PRENTISS, Healing, Speaking,
and Trance Medium, No. 2 Concord street, Worcester,
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SCENES IN THE SUMMER LAND.
NO. 1.—THE PORTICO OF THE SAGE.
BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

THE Artist has endeavored to impress on canvas the
he has often had clairvoyantly of a landscape in
Spheres, embracing the Home of a group of Sages. Wise
those who desire to have the same view as himself that a
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 A fine assortment of STATIONERY, NOTIONS, I
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 Address, TALLMADGE & CO.,
 April 30. Box 2222 Chicago,

The Great Indian Catarrh Medicin
 IS the cheapest and most reliable remedy for the Catarrh
 of the bladder. One box will last a person two or
 weeks and has taken three times a day. It only needs to be
 taken in a small quantity.

Sent by mail on the receipt of 50 cents and a 3-cent stamp.
Address, DR. A. J. HIGGINS, Box 1908, Chicago, Ill.
Oct. 13.

UNION SOCIABLES
ARE held every TUESDAY EVENING, in LYCUM HALL, 57 Tremont street, Boston. Spiritualism, and other interesting dancing to commence at 8 o'clock *precisely*. Ticket admitting a Gentleman and two Ladies, 75 cents. 5th—Oct.

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THOSE desirous of procuring a superior article for the cure of Diarrhœa—for children as well as adults—can obtain the same by forwarding \$1.00 by letter to DR. J. T. GILLMAN, 222 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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BELA MARSH, at No. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, keeps constantly for sale a full supply of all the Spiritual and Oratory Works, at publishers' prices.
ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Aug. 29. *U*

MISS L. HASTINGS,
TEACHER OF PIANO AND MELODEON, VOCAL MUSIC
(Italian Method), and FRENCH and LATIN LANGUAGES, receives and visits pupils at their residences, or receive them at her own residence, 100 Lowell street, Boston. Terms reasonable. *U*-June

SIX DOLLARS FROM 50 CENTS
CALL and examine something urgently needed by every body, or sample will be sent free by mail for 50 cents. Retailers for \$5.00. R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, Nov. 26-ly

N. KENISON.
CORN DOCTOR, ROOM 21 TEMPLE PLACE, Boston. 1
from 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. Dr. K. has had twenty-five 3
of experience. 8w-Dec-11

DR. J. T. GILMAN PIKE,

**Hancock House, . . . Court Square
BOSTON.**
A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST
60 School Street next door East of Parker House
WM. L. JOHNSON, Dentist, NASSAU HALL,
Trafalgar street, entrance on Common street, Boston,
Aug. 24.

.....

SOMETHING TO READ AND THINK ABOUT.

A New Era.

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 casting 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 nature.

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 diarrhoea; 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; numbness 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, &c.

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 uncoachable; in short, undergo an entire change of manner and character.

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 disorder. 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 symptoms of Consumption. If the bowels receive most of the poisonous deposit, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Piles, Bilious Colic, &c., are the result. If the stomach receive it instead, Dyspepsia, Cholera Morbus, Cramps and Pains in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Heartburn, and other unpleasant symptoms. If the bilious matter is thrown to the skin, all kinds of eruptions and skin diseases are 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 globe.

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, Deafness, 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 derangement, viz., Waterbrash, Heartburn, Sickness and Vomiting, Colic, Pains in the Sides, Stomach, Bowels, Back or Breast, Sick Headache, Palpitations of the Heart, Wind in the Stomach, with Distress 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

Chills, alternating with Hot Flashes, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, 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, Asthma, or Phthisis 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 severe 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, diarrhoea, 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 amount 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 irritation, 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 College; 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 headache?
Are you dull, heavy 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 stomach?
Have you pain in the sides, back or shoulders?
Have you a tired or sore feeling on rising in the morning?
Do you have colic pains?
Have you constipation of the bowels?
Have you attacks of diarrhoea?
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?
Do you feel uncoachable at times?
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 work as fall in his treatment. By them the Liver and stomach are speedily changed to an active, healthy state, the appetite regulated and restored, blood and secretions thoroughly purified and enriched, and the whole 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 doubting our skill and ability to cope with all diseases to which the human family are subject. THE NAME AND FAME OF PROFESSOR R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, M. D., HAS BECOME A

HOUSEHOLD WORD THROUGHOUT THIS CONTINENT, and the mere mention of his name is 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 MINERAL 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 badly. 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 advise all who are afflicted with the diseases of which he is master, to visit Prof. Hamilton without 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 vital 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. 440 Broadway, New York, who is now doing more business than any other physician in that city, having made this class of complaints a specialty for a quarter of a century; 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 glance 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, occupation, married or single; have you headache or dizziness, cough, asthma, loss of voice or hoarseness, 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, bilious, bowels regular, bloated or sore; constiveness, diarrhoea, 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 CURE THEM, THEY CAN WRITE AND ANSWER THE ABOVE QUESTIONS. I CAN, IN EVERY INSTANCE, PRESCRIBE FOR THEM JUST AS WELL AS THOUGH I SAW THEM; FOR I HAVE CONSTANTLY THOUSANDS UNDER MY TREATMENT IN VARIOUS 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 PERFECTED IN CASES I NEVER SAW.

IMPORTANT AND RELIABLE.

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

VERNON, SURREX CO., N. J.
R. L. HAMILTON, M. D.—Dear Sir: It is with pleasure that I communicate the result of the use of your medicines. When I first visited your office in New York, I could scarcely walk from the

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 diarrhoea and piles. I had some of the best physicians, 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 medicines about the first of September, and had no return of diarrhoea until the 25th of January, 1864, and that attack I could trace to its cause; indeed, sir, 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 sick in the world, I would direct them to you, as one fully competent to heal, and whose noble 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 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 like fine sand. My sufferings were very high and 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 my friends and neighbors can testify. Your practice 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 bless your race!"

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

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

Mrs. L. H. Palmer, of Bedford, Hillsborough 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 been completely cured of my liver and heart. Indeed, I seem to live but to suffer. I have headache, sore throat, with a general disorganization of the system; my tongue with a dry, tight cough, short breath, very costive; have night sweats, and at times afflicted with the piles, which are intolerably painful. Now I suffer with the cold, and again feel burning with heat. I have not had a menstrual discharge in fifteen months, and my running pains in my hips and kidneys, and my liver is apparently perfectly torpid 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, which I dare not contemplate. You can imagine my great relief 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 my weak liver and kidneys to my native place, 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 wrought 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 advertisement of your wonderful healing powers. * * * Words cannot speak my gratitude. 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, Winnebago County, Ill.
DR. HAMILTON.—My Dear Friend: Believing a statement of my case to be of benefit to the public, or more 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 volunteered in the 68th Illinois Vol. Infantry,) with what the doctors called Pneumonia, or Lung Fever. I grew worse all the time until May, when I got a little better. On the 17th of the month I was seized with a furious attack of dysentery, and for several days I was taken down more than ever. 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 he 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 driven with perspiration, and was so weak I could not turn in the bed. I called some of the best physicians in our town, and courtly, 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 regiment of Dr. S. C. G. until I was sent to the hospital. It had other doctors come to see me, but they could do me no good. After suffering eighteen months in this way, the doctors declared they could do no more for me. I chanced to get hold of one of your papers from a friend, and I read it and concluded to try your remedies. But all of my friends told me it was of no use, and my doctors said it was a waste of money. But against their united influence I wrote 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 was able to get out of bed and go out doors. I was a complete skeleton, and weighed the first time I could—having recruited some time—and my weight at that time was but 90 pounds. I now weigh 155 pounds, and my health is as good as ever, but do not feel quite so strong; yet I am going back to join my regiment and fight the rebels. Now, those doctors that gave me up to the think my lungs are good; yet, and if any of them doubt it, 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 treatment, I would have been this day in my grave. I will ever remember you. May He "who doeth all things well" watch over and prosper thy hands in every good work for the restoration of suffering humanity. I sincerely advise all the sick, no matter how apparently hopeless their case 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, in his sincere prayer.

NIEL WATSON.

A Remarkable Case.

It affords us pleasure to place before the public the following statement of Mrs. Jennie Duncker, a highly respectable lady residing at Bargetts, near Washington County, Penn. Such a testimonial, emanating from a source so worthy, is deserving of a careful perusal. "I not only claim for my private use, but I feel it my duty to my fellow-men to tell them what the valuable remedies of Dr. HAMILTON have done for me. It is hoped that some doubting, suffering mortal will, through the perusal of this, be led to apply to those who do so bravely rank 'honorable as men and scientific as physicians.' For some eight or ten years previous to April, 1863, I suffered severely from a pain in my back, underneath the right shoulder-

blade, sometimes extending into the right side. When my side thus ached I could not bear an article of clothing fastened around me. I had headache constantly, palpitation of heart, and was so very nervous that a strange footstep, or an unusual noise, would startle me, and cause me to tremble 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 bed and run to an open window for relief. Indeed I was often afraid to lay my head upon the pillow lest I should smother. At 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 unless 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 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 time I was handed a paper containing a theory of Professor Hamilton's new mode of treatment. It seemed reasonable, and was corroborated by so many testimonials that, without discounting 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 headache, improved appetite, sweet and refreshing sleep. I advise, my treatment, all those afflicted, 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 Peru, Clinton County, N. Y.

"I am better in health this fall than I have been before in five years; my stomach is getting quite strong, my appetite is steady and powerful, my limbs are as twice as full as they used to be; instead of being all picked up, I am getting to be quite corpulent. I have cured my chronic symptoms are almost as much as this fall; I have labored two months in a protracted meeting—preached most every night; some sixty souls converted! To God be 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 more for me than all the remedies I ever took. In fact, they are the only medicines that have benefited me."

Remarkable Testimony.

Mr. Sherman D. Allen, of Ossian, Ind., writes Prof. Hamilton:

"With gratitude I place before the public my testimony in favor of your new remedies, having been confined in the house and to my bed most of the time for eighteen months, and finding no relief until after taking two courses of your delightful 'Liver and Blood' remedies. I can now ride in my carriage, and walk half a mile at a time. I urge upon all who may be suffering from deranged action of the liver and digestive organs to essay Prof. Hamilton without delay, or it may be too late."

Dyspepsia and Constipation Cured.

Mr. S. S. Parker, of Alabama, Gonzales County, N. Y., writes:

"My wife has wholly recovered since using your medicines. Previous to applying to you she was unable to take the least food or drink, except corn starch and bread coffee. Her bowels would not move for fourteen days at a time, and then moved by the most unpleasant efforts. Since the third day after taking your medicines she has taken her ordinary meals of rice, corn, and wheat, with little inconvenience, and her bowels move regularly and easy. Her feet and limbs, which previously required a jug of hot water, day and night, for a long time to keep them warm, are now warm enough of themselves. Her nervous habit, which was past endurance, is much better, and she once more enjoys her night in sweet sleep. She is up and at all day, whereas she was formerly confined to her bed, for making and changing. May God bless and cause you to live long, and bless with your remedies the thousands of poor invalids that are suffering for want of proper medical treatment."

Another Case of Consumption Cured.

Mr. Wm. S. Blackless, of Windham, Chocoma County, N. Y., writes, Jan. 10, 1865:

"Five weeks ago my friends thought I was in the last stages of consumption. After taking some medicine for a few days, I began to feel better, and now stand as well as I ever did, and am ready to go to my business. I anticipate a permanent cure. I owe everything to you for your great wisdom in treating this disease, that has hitherto been considered incurable."

An Editor and Postmaster Testifies.

Mr. Lewis Leslie, Postmaster at Oquaka Henderson Co., Ill., and Editor of the Oquaka Palladium, one of the most able and reliable journals in the Northwest, writes:

"I find your remedies all that could be desired. I never felt so well in my life, as this summer, when using your medicines. I verily believe they have been the means of saving my life. A few weeks ago I was afflicted with a severe attack of dysentery, which was rapidly running its course, and I was in the last stages of the disease. I had been under the treatment of several physicians, but they could do me no good. I was so weak I could not turn in the bed. I called some of the best physicians in our town, and courtly, 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 regiment of Dr. S. C. G. until I was sent to the hospital. It had other doctors come to see me, but they could do me no good. After suffering eighteen months in this way, the doctors declared they could do no more for me. I chanced to get hold of one of your papers from a friend, and I read it and concluded to try your remedies. But all of my friends told me it was of no use, and my doctors said it was a waste of money. But against their united influence I wrote 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 was able to get out of bed and go out doors. I was a complete skeleton, and weighed the first time I could—having recruited some time—and my weight at that time was but 90 pounds. I now weigh 155 pounds, and my health is as good as ever, but do not feel quite so strong; yet I am going back to join my regiment and fight the rebels. Now, those doctors that gave me up to the think my lungs are good; yet, and if any of them doubt it, 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 treatment, I would have been this day in my grave. I will ever remember you. May He 'who doeth all things well' watch over and prosper thy hands in every good work for the restoration of suffering humanity. I sincerely advise all the sick, no matter how apparently hopeless their case 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, in his sincere prayer."

Emphatic Testimony.

J. B. Watson, of Doniphan, Mo., writes: "The medicine for my sister came to hand in due time, for which you have my thousand thanks. My sister took the remedies as directed and got well, for which she feels most grateful. I have so much faith in you that I believe you will cure almost any disease. * * * Many of my friends and acquaintances have been cured by your medicines. That's so."

Another Case of Consumption Cured.

Oranah R. Henth, a well-known citizen of Glens Falls, N. Y., writes: "I was afflicted with a very nervous cough, which was rapidly running its course, and I was in the last stages of the disease. I had been under the treatment of several physicians, but they could do me no good. I was so weak I could not turn in the bed. I called some of the best physicians in our town, and courtly, 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 regiment of Dr. S. C. G. until I was sent to the hospital. It had other doctors come to see me, but they could do me no good. After suffering eighteen months in this way, the doctors declared they could do no more for me. I chanced to get hold of one of your papers from a friend, and I read it and concluded to try your remedies. But all of my friends told me it was of no use, and my doctors said it was a waste of money. But against their united influence I wrote 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 was able to get out of bed and go out doors. I was a complete skeleton, and weighed the first time I could—having recruited some time—and my weight at that time was but 90 pounds. I now weigh 155 pounds, and my health is as good as ever, but do not feel quite so strong; yet I am going back to join my regiment and fight the rebels. Now, those doctors that gave me up to the think my lungs are good; yet, and if any of them doubt it, 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 treatment, I would have been this day in my grave. I will ever remember you. May He 'who doeth all things well' watch over and prosper thy hands in every good work for the restoration of suffering humanity. I sincerely advise all the sick, no matter how apparently hopeless their case 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, in his sincere prayer."

Catarrh, Liver and Kidney Disease Cured.

The Testimony of a Postmaster.

W. Stearns, Esq., Postmaster at West Brattle, Vt., writes:

"I have taken your medicines, and I feel like a new man. There was almost everything ailed me when I commenced taking your medicines, viz., Catarrh, Liver and Kidney complaints. 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."

Further, I wish in this place to inform those who may be inclined to doubt the truth and authenticity 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 office, where any one can see them. I also have over twenty thousand others, just as good, which ought to satisfy the most skeptical that my assertions are based upon facts.

OFFICE AND CONSULTING ROOMS, 510 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Where I may be seen on the following days, viz., Sundays, Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

All letters must be addressed to Prof. R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, M. D., No. 440 Broadway, New York, care of P. O. Box 4,032.—[Advertisement.]