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Literary Department.

THE PROGRESS OF AN ADVENTURER.

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

CHAPTER XVII.

It was in vain that Frank tried to devote himself to labor in the commercial house where he had found employment. We have seen how his muse came to search him there, and how he exerted himself not to obey her enchanting voice. Her triumph, nevertheless, was inevitable.

Frank at last announced to his parents that he was going to leave; and his mother, unable to vanquish this resolution, said to him, weeping:

"Since our prayers cannot keep you, go, my child, and may God lead you! This glory, of which you speak to us unceasingly, and after which you go, must be very beautiful, thus to make you abandon the happy home where your mother has watched over you!"

Alas! Frank left at last.

We will not attempt to describe the sufferings which came to assail him; they were grave and numerous. During six years he struggled with misery, with deceptions. But he hid his sufferings; he made no complaints, and no one knew the poem of his sorrows; it was immense. He placed the mask of indifference over his sadness; and those who saw him thus walking in this life of misery, said:

"It is laziness which keeps him there, for labor would save him."

Labor! Frank was killing himself in the attempt, for he passed his evenings in study; he labored unrelentingly in the mean garret where hunger often visited him.

An old comrade of the theatre, whom he met, secured him an engagement for Africa, and he proceeded to Constantine. He went there to replace an artist, who, having been taken ill, was returning to France.

A great surprise awaited him. The vessel which took him out, after a voyage of fifty hours, anchored before the little town which they called Stora, that reflected itself in the evening in the blue waves of the sea.

A bark, manned by a Maltese, conducted him to the port of ancient Rukhada, to-day, Philippeville. There he found a carriage, which took him to Constantine, where he arrived the morning of the following day. His first care was to go to the theatre. The artists were rehearsing, and the first person presented to his eyes was Sosthène—Sosthène, the honest comic tenor, whom he had not seen since he left Geneva.

"And Miss Elise?" This was the first question which Frank addressed to his friend after the first embrace.

"She is here."

"What happiness! I find you both again. Ah, my friend, I forget, in this moment, all I have suffered. But come! take me quickly to her."

The rehearsal was finished, and they went out. Miss Elise lived in Damremont street, opposite the Kaabah.

"She will have forgotten me," said Frank. "She has suffered on my account. Oh, my friend, if you knew how much remorse I have had! Heaven has punished my ingratitude, and it is only with trembling that I am going to find the poor girl."

"Who thinks always of you," finished Sosthène.

"Say you true?"

"Each day your name returns to her lips, and in our promenades to Mansourah, it is of you that she speaks unceasingly to me, you for whom she has prayed God so much."

"And God has heard these prayers, since my sufferings have fed, since I see you again."

They arrived at the lodgings of Miss Elise. She gave a scream on seeing the poet. "She could not believe her eyes."

"M. Frank! M. Frank!"

"Yes, Miss; Frank, who, like a traveling pigeon, wished to see the world, and who returns over-fatigued to the dove-cot."

"Whence do you come, now?"

"Alas! I have seen so many different places, traveled over them so quickly, that they all confuse themselves in my memory."

Sosthène explained to the young girl why Frank came to Constantine, and how he had become one of the company.

Miss Elise was very joyous, and the blush which covered her face told plainly to Frank that she loved him yet.

They dined together at Sosthène's boarding-house, who had found his gaiety and spirit of former time. The return of Frank was for him like a guarantee of future happiness.

"I hope that you will leave us no more, now," said he to the poet.

"Oh, no, my friend, no! I swear it you. I have suffered too much."

"You have suffered, M. Frank?" queried Miss Elise, with an accent full of sweet interest.

"Much, Miss. But what matters it to me? Now I am happy. Oh, yes, very happy!" added he, pressing Sosthène's hand, and throwing a glance full of love on Miss Elise.

rather, small cages, in which the Arabs, with legs crossed like tailors, smoked gravely their long pipes, or replied by monosyllables to the purchaser, who bought their dates or perfumes. The Arab is as sparing of words as of movements. One would say he was plunged in a perpetual contemplation, and riveted by immobility; if, at the least word which wounded his pride, or in a battle, he did not bound like a lion, whose long roarings he hears in the evening near the mountains of El-Arouch.

We said that Frank and his friends went through a long and narrow street. It was the street where the Arabs of the plain came to purchase the burnous which they gave in heritage to their sons, and which the day of the pupillage served to establish an epoch of an important event in their lives. The Arabs crowded into this street, where every instant resounded the cry, *balik! balik!* (look out), uttered by the drivers of the camels, whose long necks and stupid heads went with a rolling movement, introducing themselves right and left into the shops of which we have spoken.

The manager received Frank with affability, and allowed him to rest some days before commencing his services at the theatre.

Sosthène occupied the following day in finding lodgings for his friend. He found one in Lion street. This was a passage on the street where Miss Elise lived, not far from the Kaabah.

We will not relate the debut of Frank at the theatre of Constantine. We will not enter into details altogether useless. We will come at once to the day when Frank, accompanying Miss Elise, was nearly obliged to see her perish before his eyes.

They had directed their steps to the side of the ravine which God attached to the sides of Constantine, like a belt, or rather like a rampart for the day of invasion. Constantine is similar, by her position, to an eagle's nest. It is built in the air, above the abyss, and the ravine environs it. A bridge, commenced by the Romans, and finished by the Genoese, and finished by the Spaniards, was thrown over this ravine, opposite the gate of El-Kantara, whose name it had taken. Frank and Elise had crossed it. They seated themselves at the foot of a cistern, where the Arabs perform their ablutions and their prayers, when the sun rises, and when he leaves the earth in the purple waves of the blushing west.

"M. Frank," said the young girl, "would not one believe that he heard the grand voice of the desert passing with the least noise?"

"Oh, this is a sublime poem!" replied the young man; "this nature has something majestic and biblical, which penetrates the soul and deliciously fills it. This imposing grandeur, and these vast solitudes which spread themselves before us, seem to say in their savage harmonies, 'We have remained untrod in the day of the creation, and our echoes have not replied to the cry of the low and sordid passions of the polished world; our children know only love, know only hate, but hate in the open sunlight, and who do not creep to strike an enemy.'"

An old negro came at this moment to draw water from the cistern. Some Arabs, who were returning to the town, had also stopped there to quench their thirst.

"Be off, dog," said they to him.

The negro wished to reply.

"Away! make place!" continued one of the Arabs, lifting his stick over him.

The poor pariah lowered his head, and waited their departure to continue his work, which was to fill the leather bottles hanging at the sides of an ass which he drove before him.

This little scene painfully affected Miss Elise.

"Poor man!" said she with compassion.

"Alas, Miss," replied Frank, "there are everywhere some beings cursed and disinherited. This negro recalls to me the *negro* of the basque country."

"Poor people!"

"Yes, poor people! And, for all that, they are the descendants of the Visigoths, who were masters of Spain; but, degenerated, to-day, they bow the head under contempt, and everything in them, even to their name, is an object of shame."

"Oh, how they must suffer in their humiliation!"

"Without doubt; but are they the only ones who suffer thus? The world is full of other cages, of other pariahs, whom all fly or repulse."

"Who, M. Frank?"

"Who? Those who burn with the fever of glory! obscure martyrs of the arts and sciences, apostles of ideas! Otagos and pariahs that the world stones with sarcasm, whom misery kills with hunger! Ah, may God save and guard me, for I am almost a pariah!"

"Will you be silent, M. Frank, and not speak thus?"

"Why? Am I not going alone through the world? Who interests themselves in me?"

"Oh, you are unjust, M. Frank."

"Unjust? No. Nevertheless, I do not wish to complain. I should be wrong, I know. Nobody has said to me, 'Onward! I have walked before me, listening only to my own inspiration.' Yet how much should I have blessed God if he placed near me a sweet and tender affection on which I could lean, on the road, a consoling voice who would cry to me, 'Courage!—a loving and devoted heart which would share my sadness and joys. Oh, then I feel I should have force to follow my route, and the sarcasms of the world would leave me indifferent.'"

Exaltation took possession of Frank, and his look fixed itself, full of love, on the gaze of the young girl.

"M. Frank!"

"I loved you, nevertheless!"

"You loved me, and went away."

"Yes; but I carried my love at the bottom of my heart, like a holy thing, and there it murmured unceasingly your name. I believed I had lost you, and I suffered. I called on you from afar, and I wept! But, when hopeless, and believing myself abandoned by all, I believed that God took pity on me, and that He went to say to you: 'He has undergone the expiation—dry his tears, and be the angel of his pardon!'"

The young girl was deeply moved; a word was on her lips, but she dared not let it fall. Frank continued:

"I will consecrate my life to you. Oh! say, any that you love me yet, for you loved me formerly. Do not fear that I shall go away again. No; I return repentant and devoted. Listen, Elise. We will leave the theatre, we will labor together, and work will seem light to us. No more watches, no more of those emotions which kill by dint of keeping alive; but the existence, calm and peaceful, which toll, boldly performed, procures. It is a dream which I have had—a dream of happiness. Will you not share it with me?"

Elise replied to him gravely, showing him a flower which she had just plucked and was stripping of its leaves:

"You have said it, M. Frank; it is a beautiful dream! But look at this flower: it has had a dream, also—its own dream of happiness, in believing itself sheltered from storms in the crevice of a rock; but all at once its hand comes to pluck the flower! Believe not in your dream, M. Frank."

"Oh!" murmured he, with extreme dejection, "you do not then even hope?"

"Yes!" said she, with a strange smile.

"Well, then?"

"Oh, my hope is certain; she will not deceive me!"

"Miss Elise, your smile pains me. What is the matter with you?"

"Reassure yourself, my friend; I am happy, very happy!"

She regarded Frank, and her look brightened also in a strange manner, like his smile.

"No," said she, "let us make the round; we will return to the town by the route of Batna. The heat of the day is past, and if that pleases you, let us continue our walk."

Frank offered her his arm.

"What is this hope of which you wished to speak just now?" asked he.

"You will know it one day."

"May I not know it to-day?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because I love you," said she, simply.

"You love me, and you hide from me a hope?"

"Yes."

There was in Miss Elise's voice, in pronouncing this word, something grave, which made Frank shudder.

They walked some moments keeping silence. They went along the ravine. Suddenly Miss Elise perceived a flower at the edge of the precipice hidden by a wild vine-stalk.

"Is it an asphodel?" said she, wishing to go and pick it.

"Take care!" cried Frank. "I will go and get it for you myself."

"No, no; fear nothing," replied she. "It is a flower sung by the poets. I wish to offer it to you myself."

She advanced.

"How beautiful it is! See, M. Frank."

"Oh! I supplicate you, do not approach!"

Frank advanced in his turn to prevent her from reaching the flower; he was going to catch her, when he heard a cry.

"Ah!"

"Courage, Miss Elise; courage! God will not permit that we die here."

"Die!" repeated the young girl; "die!"

She came out of her swoon as from a dream, and she had not yet considered how horrible was her position and that of Frank; but when she saw the danger, the gaping death which awaited them, she cried:

"Oh! save me, M. Frank, save me!"

"Yes, I will save you. Abandon yourself to me; do not make a movement, and we shall be soon out of danger."

Frank got up with his precious burden, but he looked at the road he had to go, and he was afraid. It was necessary for him to reach the vine before being able to get on the blocks of granite which had served him as stepping-stones.

All his blood flowed back to his heart.

"Hold fast to me, Miss Elise," said he. She did so. Frank's hands were free, and he caught the flexible leaves which descended to him, and believed that they were saved.

The immensity of the danger tripled his forces. He was going to grasp the edge of the ravine, when he felt that the leaves were breaking under the double weight; he felt them crack, and a profuse cold perspiration covered his body, and his hair stood erect on his head.

"Help! help!" cried he.

The echoes of the chasm replied to him, mingled with the noise of the torrent which roared below him.

"Frank! Frank! I do not wish to die!" said the young girl.

"Help!" cried Frank, a last time, feeling his strength abandoning him, and his hands opening of themselves, as if to let escape the feeble support which he still retained.

But a voice was heard above them.

"Wait!" it cried.

And suddenly, with the elasticity of a panther, a strange being found himself by Frank's side. A strip of burnous surrounded his loins of an ebony black, and his large shoulders, where a herculean nerve vigorously delineated itself in full relief. His eyes burned with a fawn-colored light, and seemed to throw lightnings. He ran above the abyss with the rapidity of a bird.

He bounded he raised Miss Elise, and then returned to take Frank.

They were saved.

All this lasted not the time that it had taken to write it.

Frank regarded their rescuer; he was the old negro of the cistern.

"Oh, I shall reward you!" said he to him.

"Why, *houm*? You were both in peril; I stretched forth my hand to you; Allah commanded me to it. You owe me no reward," said the negro, going away to the side of El-Kantara.

By a providential chance the young girl had escaped unharmed.

"Oh! when I think that you descended into this gulf," said she to Frank, "I shudder!"

"Ought I then not to seek to save you, Miss?"

"But you might have killed yourself!"

"What matter?"

"Oh, M. Frank, I shall not forget your devotion, and I shall cherish all my life the recollection of your generous action! Those days which you have kept for me shall be employed in praying to God for you. Come, come, let us go in now."

They reached the town and met Sosthène who came to meet them. The young girl recounted to him what had passed and how Frank had nearly killed himself in his attempt to save her.

Some days after, they left Constantine, the company of which they formed a part going to make its first appearance at Bone, the use of whose theatre was comprised in the privilege of the manager of Constantine. They embarked at Philippeville, or, rather, at Stora. It was evening; the sea was calm and promised for the short trip which they had to make, a magnificent time.

Frank and Miss Elise remained on deck and contemplated the sublime spectacle. On one side the immensity of the sea, on the other the shore of the African soil; not far from them yet, the white houses of Philippeville, washed by the Mediterranean; further, they perceived, like a Titan phantom, the gray mass of Cape de Fer, which advanced into the midst of the waves, as if to oppose a barrier to them, when, as an untamed mare, the sea tossed, under the influence of the tempest, and hurled aloft the foam of its wave which falls again in immense sheafs on the shoulders of the giant.

The vessel continued its course toward the city of grapes, as the Arabs call Bone. They heard only the noise of the paddle-wheels which struck the blue water in their rotary movement, striking out phosphorescent sparks which joined themselves at the prow of the ship in a wake of light. As Frank and Elise watched, a sweet and vague emotion filled their hearts.

"Happy the pilgrim who travels through the world!" said Frank; "for he looks on sublime spectacles which the sedentary man never will see."

"Yes," replied Miss Elise, "the pilgrim meets God everywhere, and in that which he has made the most beautiful and the grandest."

"Nevertheless, every pilgrim has an end. Repose is requisite to the traveler after a long day of marching."

"Without doubt; thus God has pointed him the required repose; that is to say, the tomb!"

"Oh! what a thought!"

"You deceive yourself, M. Frank; I have no sorrow; I have no trouble."

"Yes, indeed! and it is wrong, very wrong to hide it from one whom you call your brother."

"Yes, you are my brother, and I love you much, truly; believe it."

"Ah! you make me desperate, Miss; you tell me that you love me, and you are disposed to render me unhappy."

"I?"

"Yes, since you unceasingly repulse my love."

"M. Frank, pardon me; but if you know—ah! truly you would pity me."

Miss Elise dried two tears which came to glisten in her eyes. She wished to descend to her cabin. Frank dared not retain her. Something painful, that he could not explain, seized his heart and commanded respect for this sorrow which he could not know, and which had put a cry of infinite regret into the last words of the young girl. He remained alone, leaning on the side of the ship; a thousand thoughts came beseging his spirit, and he could not define any of them. Miss Elise suffered, but what was this suffering? She loved him; she had told him, and her love made her weep! What was passing in the heart of the young girl? There was a secret, a terrible secret, since she dared not confide it to him—to him who loved her! Frank, lost in thought on that subject, did not hear Sosthène, who had just come on deck, and who touched him lightly on the shoulder to make him lift his head.

"Ah! it is you!" said he.

"Yes. In a moment we shall be at Bone. The lieutenant just told the passengers; and I came up to see the aspect of the town where we shall appear to-morrow. You have not been to bed?"

"No."

"Elise, neither? She just went down only a moment ago, to her cabin."

"Yes."

"No! feel you are very laconic this morning, my dear Frank."

"Tell me, Sosthène, you have known Elise for a long time, have you not?"

"Without doubt."

"And you know her life, assuredly?"

"Why do you ask me this question?"

"Oh, reply to me, I beg of you!"

"Yes; I know her life."

"And it is—"

"Worthy of the reputation of the *negro* of the cistern."

"Oh! pardon me, I stand! pardon—I believe you so—but—"

"But?"

"But there is a secret which you do not know, then."

"A secret!"

"Yes; a secret which makes Elise suffer, and which she will confide to no one."

"Who told you so?"

"Herself."

"When?"

"A little while ago."

"Here?"

"Yes. I pressed her to reply to me, and she fled, weeping."

"Poor girl!"

"Let us see, Sosthène, if you know it, tell it me. She is perhaps not free."

"She is free."

"But then, what think of her persistence in refusing my love and the offer of my hand?"

"I know not—"

"Another love, perhaps?"

"Has she not said that she loves you?"

"Yes."

"How can you suppose, then, that another—"

"It is true."

"It is a bad thought which you have had, Frank; a thought which, I see it now, will return unceasingly to your mind."

"Yes; for I am jealous of a past which I do not know."

"Listen, then," said Sosthène; and Frank quickly drew near his friend.

"When you left us, at Geneva, Elise commenced to feel the effects of that unrelenting disease—"

"What say you?"

"A thing of which she had prohibited me to speak to you. But there is a doubt in your soul—a doubt offensive to Elise, and it is for that that I fall in the promise which I made her one day."

"Oh, think! out with it!"

"You had just left Geneva with Madame de—"

"For pity's sake, my friend, pronounce no more the name of that woman!"

"You had been gone a week. Elise, who for some time had suffered without having told us, was obliged soon to give up her work; and seeing that the disease from which she suffered made rapid progress each day, I called a physician."

"And what did he say?"

"What I said to you a moment ago, that she was attacked with an unrelenting disease—consumption. We were obliged to quit Geneva in our turn; we were engaged at Alais."

"A little town on one side of Nîmes?"

"Yes."

"Continue."

"Scarcely were we arrived there when the poor girl was obliged to renounce the hope of being able, even to debut, for the disease which the physician had announced, suddenly declared itself, with alarming symptoms."

"Oh!"

"Our resources had been exhausted by the journey; our manager suspended, naturally, the salary of Elise; and, as the disease made rapid progress, they advised us to put our friend in the hospital."

"In the hospital?"

"Yes. She was admitted there through the kindness of some of the charitable persons of the town, whom her fate had deeply interested."

"Miss Elise! she in the hospital!"

"What could I do? The theatre claimed my presence every day; who had cared for her?"

"It is true!" replied Frank, with extreme depression. "Adieu!" said she to me, the morning when they took her there; "adieu, M. Sosthène. If you see Frank, one day, and if chance brings him later into this town, tell him that in a corner of the cemetery, charity will bury the poor Elise; for I shall never return from the hospital."

"Poor girl!" murmured Frank.

"No, Elise; no, my child," I replied to her; "you will not die; you are young, and nature will soon take the supremacy. In fact, at the end of a month, she came out of the hospital. But the physicians declared that all the aid of the art would be useless if the disease returned a second time."

"And you have told me nothing of that since I returned among you?"

"She prohibited me from speaking to you of it the day when she saw your return."

"Oh! and I, during that time, I was at the feet of another! Whilst she suffered, I addressed my love to Madame de Rigny! Oh, my friend, I am ashamed and my heart is tortured by remorse."

"I believed that the disease would return no more," continued Sosthène; "but for some time the paleness of her face, and this little cough, to which you have not paid attention, seems to announce that the disease is there, which watches the poor girl like a prey; and I remember, with fright the last words of the physicians of Alais."

"Oh! what do you say, Sosthène?" replied Frank, with anxiety.

Sosthène continued: "She remembers it, also; for only eight days ago she came to me, and said:

"Death did not wish to take me at the bottom of the ravine of Constantine; but he has sent me the disease again, and this time I shall go away with him!"

The poor girl has not long to live; and that is why she refused to unite herself to you. For, she added, in speaking to me of your love:

"Poor M. Frank! he suffers from my refusals, but can I consent to become his wife? No, no; one does not wish to wed a corpse!"

"Oh, I understand her words of a little while ago!" cried Frank. "Dear, dear Elise, she believes that she is going to die."

The sun at this moment rose radiant; it deluged the seashore with its rays and the mausoleum of St. Augustine, through the olive trees of Hipone.

They had arrived, and the anchor was thrown.

[To be concluded in our next.]

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,
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"We think not that we daily see
About our hearts, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
—LIZION HOWE.

The Glad New Year.

"Come, children," said Uncle Philip, to a group of merry girls and boys on the last day of the year. "I wish to preach a sermon to you."

"Oh, I hate sermons!" said Rod, the rosy-cheeked boy, full of fun and frolic; "let's have a game of fox and geese."

"We get sermons a plenty, Uncle Phil," said Susan, who always liked what Rod liked, and disliked what he found fault with. "Parson Smith preaches, and preaches, till we all get sleepy, and then he says, 'Let's have a game of fox and geese.'"

"But Uncle Philip, isn't a bit like Parson Smith," said Mary. "I think it would be real fun to hear him, only he ought to have on such a nice ruffled shirt, and such a roguish look in his eye. Now, Uncle Phil, you must draw down your mouth, and half open your eyes, and then let me put this white handkerchief about your neck. Oh, yes, Rod, do let us have Uncle Philip's sermon. It will be as good as going to see the actors."

"I propose we vote," said the practical William. "How many wish Uncle Phil to preach a sermon?"

The hands of all the children were up, even those of Rod and Susan.

"This is a vote," said William.

"Oh, good!" said Mary. "Now, Uncle Phil, take the big arm chair, and put your hands just so on the table, and then we'll all sit in a row, and never wink once."

"But, children," said Uncle Philip, "I didn't promise to be Parson Smith, or any other parson, or to preach sermons from a pulpit. The best sermon that ever was preached, was preached without any meeting-house, or pulpit, or white neck-cloth. It was preached on a beautiful mountain in Judea. Above was the blue sky, and beneath the soft green grass. Down in the green valley was the still lake, and the hills about were crowned with the cedars, and the beautiful flowers, the lilies of the field, and the waving corn, all these were to be seen, and these were the texts. Now I tell you, children, I have found better sermons out in the woods, or in a garden of lovely flowers, than I ever found in books, and I have heard diviner preaching from the throat of a swallow, or a robin, than I ever heard from the lips of any minister."

"Oh, Uncle Phil!" said Mary, "do tell us about the sermons the swallows preach."

"I was going to give you the sermon of the snow."

"Oh, better still!" said Mary, "and can't we first sing the snow song?"

"Sing merrily O!
The beautiful snow,
Like fairies they're dancing,
Their white feet are glancing;
Oh sing of the snow, the beautiful snow."

"Oh, don't stop to sing it all," said Frank. "I feel sure that Uncle Phil's sermon will turn out to be a story. Please begin, right away, Uncle Phil; we are all as still as mice."

"Well, as I told you," began Uncle Phil, "I don't intend to imitate any minister, but to preach a real sermon from a beautiful text—the snow. When I was a boy, I lived in a snug cottage in the country, and I was very fond of all the beautiful sights of the country. I used to sit and look at the trees and the grass, and think many strange thoughts. My father and mother were very good, loving people, but they had much care and trouble. This year that I am going to tell you of, was one of the unfortunate years. The crops failed, the best cows died, the poultry was stolen, and sickness came and sorrow enough. Everybody looked sad, and I had no one to amuse me or care for me, and so I grew to be rather wild. I was into all sorts of mischief, and gave my parents additional trouble. Instead of trying to help them, I was off with other boys, sliding on the ice, and building fires in the woods, on which to roast stolen chickens, and by which to cook stolen eggs."

"I was not a bad boy at heart, but I liked fun, and I thought it smart to do as the rest did. I remember well that I was not satisfied with myself, but felt mean, especially once, when we had given poor Aunt Betsey lots of trouble by letting out

heaps of pig. But no one told me how to become better, only once in a while my mother would say:

"Philip, you'll never make a good man, like your father, if you do so."

Christmas had passed, and it was almost new year, but no one had thought of me and bought me any presents, neither had I tried to make anyone happy, but saw my father suffering on his bed, and my mother pale and sad, without a kind deed for either of them. But, as I said, I was not a bad boy at heart, but I did not understand how much happiness I could bestow, or how much sorrow I could cause; neither did I think how much evil my companions were doing to me, by making me willing to do wrong, or how much wrong I was doing them by joining their mischievous sports.

As I said, it was almost New Year, and I came home one night earlier than usual. It was snowing furiously, and I did not care to be out. I took up a book and read a story about fairies, and the good influences that govern our lives, and the bad ones that might control us. I went early to bed, and heard the snow falling against the window-pane, and the wind whistling in the chimney-top. Somehow, better thoughts crept into my mind, and I really wished I was a better boy. I thought of what good men and what evil men had done; and then I thought of my patient father, and my tried mother, and I kept thinking more and more. I remembered poor Betsey's pig, and Farmer Kent's turkeys, that we chased into the woods and then killed. I could not stop thinking, and I could not go to sleep.

After a time I rose and drew back the curtain that covered my window, and looked out. What a beautiful sight met my eye! The storm had ceased, and the snow lay white and pure over the fields. The clouds were just breaking, and the moonlight shone through them, making everything gloriously beautiful. Down on the flat, where the grass grew the greenest in the summer, was a pure white sheet of snow, without a tree or shrub. I thought to myself, how beautiful that is! I should like to be like that, as pure and beautiful. That was another good wish which was in my heart, like a prayer, and I crept back in my bed, and soon fell asleep. But I did not sleep long, but awoke and looked again out on the white surface.

"I really do wish some one would tell me the way to be good and do right," I thought again. It seemed to me as if the moonlight had never sparkled so brightly, and as I looked at it, and arranged my pillow so that I could see the white unbroken plain of snow, I began to dream. Perhaps I was asleep, and perhaps I was not. You must judge. It seemed to me as if some one was answering my wish or prayer.

I thought myself dwelling in a beautiful country, where everything was full of life and excellence, but which I could not touch, for it seemed to be far from me. I was troubled because I could touch nothing, and I approached a man that I saw beneath a tree, and asked him what it meant. He looked at me with surprise, and said:

"Why! didn't you know that you could only touch that which was like yourself? Come with me, for I can approach the trees, and flowers, and the fountain, and the stream."

So I went with him, but what was my surprise to behold, written all over the leaves, and the flowers, and the grass, some beautiful words of love, and some fair pictures of good deeds. I saw pictures where a benevolent man was feeding poor suffering children, on a tulip leaf; I saw on an oak leaf the picture of a boy, who was carrying bundles of wood for a poor woman; on a spear of grass was written 'Bless you; you have saved me from death'; on another, 'Do him that me from much, shall be given all the treasures of the earth.' I wondered much what it all meant, but, as I began to look at the pictures, I saw that the boy and man in each resembled the gentleman that I was walking with.

"Tell me," said I, "what this means."

"Why, didn't you know," said he, "that we always leave ourselves marked out on everything? This is my life, that is all. You read it because you are near me to whom it belongs."

"But where is my life?" said I. "I wish I could see it."

"That is easy," he replied.

We changed our place, and soon were in a rocky, wild country. Coarse grass grew on the ground; the shrubs even looked gnarled. There were thistles and mulleins and weeds; but on everything I saw some event of my life. Here on a thistle leaf I saw the picture of poor Aunt Betsey's pig-sty, and myself letting out the pig. On another I saw myself quarreling with Dick Shrivelt. On a spear of grass I saw written some cruel words I had spoken to a little friendless boy. On another I saw the impatient reply I gave my mother when she wanted me to bring her some wood. On an oak leaf I saw painted myself at school trying to make the boys laugh, and then hiding my own face seriously behind a book. There was a large picture on a rock, of the day I spent trying to hit old Mrs. Gamble's geese with stones, and another of the day that I tried to make the water that turned the old mill of good Deacon Sanborn flow away from his dam down through the meadow.

I saw all these things, and a great many more, and all were not bad. There were some loving, kind deeds, that seemed to be painted on the field lilies, and some gentle words, and how glad I was as I saw them. I wished the lilies would grow tall and overshadow the rocks, and that every loving word would spread itself over all the grass; but there stood the record, and I could not alter it. I was very unhappy, and must have shown it on my face, for the good gentleman said, 'You seem not to have thought that we all stamp ourselves on everything.'

"Oh," said I, "this is not me, but Mrs. Gamble's geese, and Deacon Sanborn's mill, and poor Betsey's pig-sty."

"But it was because you had all this in yourself that you see it here."

"Oh dear! dear!" said I, "what shall I do? I'm sure I don't want to be a great rough field."

As I spoke this wish I could see that the ugly pictures looked less bright, and the good words glowed with a fresher beauty.

"What time of the year is it?" said the gentleman.

"Oh, almost new year," said I.

"Then come with me," he replied.

We seemed in a moment to be standing near a field as white as the field of snow I had looked upon. There was not a blemish upon it, but like a white outspread mantle it lay.

"Is not that beautiful?" said the gentleman.

"See how pure it is; not a blemish upon it. That is my field, and now do you think I am going to let it grow all over with brambles and briars. No, I intend to have a fine garden here, and lovely flowers, and springing grass, and beautiful trees. I can do it if I will."

"Can you?" said I. "Oh, I wish I could do that."

And as I spoke I looked back to the field I had left. I saw again that my good desires made the ugly pictures fade, while the bright ones shone with still greater beauty; but in a moment more I seemed to be standing beside another pure

white outspread plain, like our snow-covered meadow.

"There," said the gentleman, "that is yours. What do you intend to do with it? If you like the looks of that rough field back there, I suppose we shall have another just like it here."

"I would rather die first," said I. "I never felt so ashamed of anything in my life as of what I have seen there."

"Well," he replied, "you and I both have something before us, something untarnished and beautiful, and that we can make very lovely."

Saying this he left me, and I stood alone before the white, unbroken plain. I thought of all the beautiful gardens I had seen, of all the blossoming trees, and of the fresh green grass and the wild flowers of the forests. I seemed to see them all growing there, and each one covered with some beautiful picture. I thought how I could repaint old Mrs. Gamble and her geese, with myself trying to help her feed them and gather the feathers, and keep the tender goslings from harm. And then I fancied myself helping Deacon Sanborn in the mill. But best of all, I seemed to think, would be the pictures I would paint of my patient father, whom I would help every day, and my mother, whose wood I could bring in, and whose water I could draw. I thought of loving words I could speak—of many gentle deeds I could do, and as I turned to look again over my wild stubble-field, I saw that it already had lost its most glaring pictures of ugliness. Another holy wish sprang up in my heart, and so earnestly did I wish that I might make all the bad fade out of my past life, and all the good in my future glow and shine on everything about me, that I awoke from my dream.

I looked through the window to the beautiful snowfield, gleaming in the moonlight, and I recalled every thought of my dream. "I am determined," said I to myself, "to put nothing but beauty about me, so help me God and his good angels."

I fell quietly asleep, and awoke in the morning with a warm spot in my heart. I felt happier than I had ever remembered to have felt, and I felt very firm in my determination. As I told you I was not a bad boy at heart, and I found it so much easier to do right than wrong that I very soon brought glad smiles to my mother's face, and saw my father getting better daily, as I helped him in every way I could. And I had fun, too. I had a plenty of play, but I did not do bad deeds or say bad words. When I was tempted to, I always thought of that beautiful white field, where I was to plant every lovely thing. If I am a good man, I believe I owe it to that lesson of the night, to that dream, if you will call it so, but I prefer to call it a lesson of the angels.

There, children, I have finished my new year's sermon, with its text, the snow, and none of you are asleep. I let you each take as much of it to yourselves as you wish; but do not forget Uncle Philip's sermon when you lie down to sleep this last night of the year."

"Oh," said Mary, "that is beautiful. I see how it is: we all have something before us, just like you, that we can make very lovely. I mean to have violets and daisies written all over with nice words, if I can."

"What's the use of saying what we'll do," said Rod; "the best way is to do it."

"I propose," said William, "that we begin by doing some kind deed right away."

"Oh yes," said Susan, looking to Rod; "you know what we saw down the road there—poor Jane Brown carrying home a little bundle of sticks for her fire. Let's all go and put a handful of wood each in her shed, and then let's think of something else."

"We will buy Mrs. Jones a new shawl; her's is only a dud. Let's empty purses, and see how much we have."

All were ready, even to Uncle Philip, and money enough was found to make many a poor soul happy when they rose the next new year's morning, and found how some fairy fingers had brought them an offering of love.

And as these children went about with Uncle Phil in the beautiful moonlight over the white snow, each one seemed to read its sermon again, and resolve to fill the new year with beauty and goodness.

Written for the Banner of Light.

CLOUDLAND PILGRIMS.

BY WM. P. BRANNAN.

Upon an afternoon in life

I gazed from out the walls of strife

Where sloping skies with clouds were rife;

And, marching onward, two-and-two,

With chantings solemn, strange and new,

Crowned Cloudland figures filled my view.

Now sunlight forms, serenely fair,

Anon impalpable as air.

They came and went, yet still were there.

"And who," I said within my breast,

"Can be those saint-like spirits blest,

That wander thus in sweet unrest?"

A voice from spirit-land replied:

"The Bards who sung, and starved, and died,

Whom aftertimes have defied,

For, ever since the world began,

The Poet, Prophet, Seer or Man,

That urged great Truths, was under ban;

And if the world should be defied

By one who flatters not its pride,

The cry is—'Have him crucified!'

Still onward passed those Bards of old

Within a sunset lap of gold,

Enshrined in glories manifold.

Their harps with mystic music rang,

A heavenly harmony they sang—

I listened, with a pleasing pang.

Forever in my breast and brain

Will live the soul-enchanting strain,

Beyond old Time and Death's domain.

It might have been a dream; perchance

It was a soul-awakened trance,

In which I saw those forms advance.

The sun is diving down the West;

The purple wave-cloud bathes his breast,

Whilst sinking to his regal rest;

And now, receding from my view,

Those Pilgrims, marching two-and-two,

Are lost within the distant blue;

Thus fading from my helpless sight,

And leaving me in hopeless night,

They journey on to endless light.

Cincinnati, O., Dec. 18, 1864.

So long as a woman inspires love she is not old. But what is to be old? It does not depend upon the fact that we have existed during a certain mysterious number of years which have been allotted to each of us. To be old, is to have no longer a beauty of charm. If a woman preserves the attractions of youth until she reaches the age of one hundred, she will be younger than the woman of twenty who has lost them.

Original Essays.

ARE WE SAFE WITHOUT A GOVERNMENT OF FORCE?

BY A. B. CHILD.

Would our nation, and the men and women that make our nation be safe without laws and their penalties; laws, each one of which is a command of force, made for the conceived purpose of lessening the amount of evil in the world, by the resistance of evil, by active war with what man thinks is evil in another?

Are we safe without this government of force that man tries upon man and pretends to rule his fellow man with?

The Church, and the great mass of people called wicked, will answer this question in one voice just as they have been taught in the school-houses and meeting-houses of their fathers, and say, "If written commandments and statute laws be made powerless; if all bondage for crime and punishment at the hand of man for wicked actions, be abolished, sin will everywhere abound, anarchy, riot, war, robbery, murder, confusion, tumult, discord, corruption will fill the land—there will be no safety, no security. The voice of the whole world is, the Christian, the heathen and the sinner, that there is no safety without laws and their penalties."

Go back so far as history can carry us into all places and conditions of men, and we find only a reign of force. And wherever force has reigned, look, and behold the dangers and insecurity of human life! For instance, our Government to-day is a reign of force. Is there no murder, no robbery in our land? Is there no anarchy over our borders of warfare? Is there no discord, confusion, no corruption?

Our laws and our commandments make for our country what we understand to be a government of force—a government whose aim, end and object is perpetual war with what is evil or wrong to its own view, and perpetual peace only to what is right to its own view. Under the rulings of this Government, in the last four years, a million of men, North and South, have been slaughtered—men who looked for the safety of their lives through a government of force. This Government, in the last four years, also has placed in jeopardy another million of men, in whom the seeds of disease are planted to develop in early death, gathered from unnatural exposures, from deprivations, from starvation, from the bad air of prisons and hospitals, and from malarious swamps and lowlands.

By our government of force another million of men, North and South, who have pursued safety through the dangers of force, have been maimed and crippled for the remnant of their earthly lives. This government of force that now rules us, is not safe, but is dangerous, it is unsafe for the protection of our lives, our health and our limbs.

By this government of force, our liberty is not secure—it is unsafe. By it, tens of thousands are now in military prisons, in States prisons, in jails, in houses of correction, and many millions are in servile bondage, North and South almost everywhere. And more than all this, our government of force hangs over every man's head, North and South, this moment, a military despotism. This is a sort of supreme bondage. A government of force everywhere infringes upon man's freedom. Our earthly successes and our property is unsafe under this rule of force. In the last four years, millions added to millions, and millions added again to millions of dollars in property that belonged to the people and was useful to the end of civilization, has, by a government of force, been sunk, burnt up, broken up and destroyed. At all times and in all places, a government of force is an injury to man's advancement in civilization; it makes a heavy tax upon man's time, efforts and possessions, and it not only retards, but it retrogrades man's civilization. The great insecurity of property in many parts of this country now comes only from the law of force that governs. And with our government of force carried to its direst ends, where is there safety in our country for any property?

All the comforts of our lives are at hazard to-day from the government of force that hangs over us. And give this government of force the length of its chain, and our country, once the garden of the earth, is as sterile as the deserts of Africa, and as fell as Libby Prison at Richmond.

Does a government of force secure to the people the great object of their pursuit, viz., happiness? Let the groans of our suffering soldiers answer. Let the tears and the agony of millions bereaved of those dear to them, by this civil war, North and South, answer.

Ask every thoughtful man and thoughtful woman in this whole country, who have pondered in their hearts the painful ordeals of human suffering that has been, and have looked to the dark, uncertain future with painful forebodings—ask them to tell if a government of force for the last four years is safe to the end of securing to the people the chief object of their pursuit, viz., happiness?

How, and where, and when is a government of force a safety and security for the people? How is it any security to the life, the health, the property, the civilization, the freedom, the happiness of any people? All governments of force are liable to the same dangers and sufferings that we now have under our government of force.

The object of a government of force, it is claimed, is for the protection of man and his rights, in safety. But in the long trial of this Government, the object has not been gained. A Government of force, to the world, a signal failure. It is entirely unsuccessful in doing what it has aimed to do. It does not lessen evil, but produces it; it makes a thousand murders where there would not be one without it; it makes a thousand robbers where, without it, there would be no need of robbing; it makes revenge, and cursing, and curses; it makes sorrow and suffering everywhere where it rules. Men who do not see curses unmeasured that come from a rule of force, are yet to have better sight.

It may be that before long, when men become clairvoyant through terrible trials in the human world, that this government of force will be dropped entirely, for the reason of its unsafety.

In the annals of all reformations, there never was a bolder, a greater step taken than that step shall be when man shall abolish all human law and all human governments, and step into the government of attraction. Spiritualism is a silent index that points all its disciples thereto. And since the step is great and bold, it will have an opposition great and bold, too.

Sometime and somewhere in human progress, a government of invitation, precept, attraction, must supersede a government of force—and this shall be simply for the reason that the former is unsafe and the latter is safe. The precedents are innumerable to show that a government of force is unsafe. But there is not a precedent in human history to show that a government of forgiveness is unsafe.

The world has tried the experiment of only one government, viz., the government of force. It has

had no experience in a government of attraction. There has been a great deal of the profession, pretence of forgiveness in the world, but real forgiveness has never reached human government.

They seem daring to question the usefulness of laws and commandments, and speak of their abolition. I do not know that the question was ever before presented. But the advancement in human progress will, in the future, bring this subject up and hold it up for adoption and practice. This new government legitimately forgiveness, substituted for penalties; it is simply the Christianity of Christ substituted for the Christianity of the Churches; it is man's humanity in the place of his inhumanity; it is the exercise of his better, instead of his meaner nature; it is the silent voice of man's inner promptings, instead of the clank and clamor of externalism; it is the ever increasing power of man's spiritual nature, instead of the falling power of his physical nature.

The way we may judge of the safety of this new government is not by precedent, but by a careful analysis of human nature, which analysis will show that man's nature was not made for or adapted to a government of force, but for a government of attraction; that force always makes manifestations of evil, and forgiveness always makes manifestations of goodness; force makes hell, and forgiveness makes heaven; force makes war, and forgiveness makes peace.

It is the nature of the human heart, everywhere, to return kindness and gratitude for an act of real kindness received—I mean an act of kindness that is out free from all selfish ends. And in the acts of real kindness shall be the corner-stone on which shall rest our safety in the absence of a government of force.

It is human nature, everywhere, to return injury for injury, evil for evil, unkindness for unkindness; and in the exercise of this nature lies the foundation that supports all governments of force—the cause that incites and produces all war, cruelty, inhumanity, and all the dangers that fall on man from the hand of man. Commandments and a government of force produces, or at least continue, all the curses of bad morals that afflict humanity, by stimulating man's meaner faculties; and these curses make our lives unsafe at all times and in all places. While a government without commandments, without human law, without penalties; a government of attraction that invites and calls into exercise man's better faculties; a government that calls man onward and upward by precept and example, by sympathy and compassion, by meekness and generosity, by forgiveness and love, is the government that resists not evil—is the only government of Christ, and is the government that men will, sometime, reach for and take. It is a safe government.

THE GODHEAD WITH THE MANKIND IN JESUS OF NAZARETH.

BY JOHN S. LYND.

In one of your recent issues, Mr. Editor, I perceived that the intelligence was accused of blasphemy in asserting that Jesus Christ, according to ancient record, was inspired by Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, and that the former was not a Saviour of mankind, but only an Exemplar. It seems to me not blasphemy, or out of place for me to insert, in your columns, though a humble individual, my belief of the nature of the incarnation, or the indwelling of God in the man—the nonmaterial degree of all mysteries.

I shall use the term genealogy, and it must be understood that I use it in a modified sense, so as to consider mankind as one great undivided family, and conceive them as descended from a common progenitor in one line of genealogy. I have chosen a section of that line

cross, and go, as a martyr to the cause of love, wisdom and virtue. He would be a great Exemplar, a dyed Reformer, but not a Saviour. The one to reform creed-born religions, abolish servitude, and bring the harmony of heaven on the whole earth.

This man would be the man of men among perhaps a thousand generations, and be the identical man whom Nature's laws generated in Nature's matrix and brought forth out of human genealogy, without miraculous agency, to pour light upon man's path, cause a divine faith to shine in the heart of human nature, and guide him to happiness and heaven.

Pythagoras and Newton, and such like men, were born under the same law, to unfold the latent energies of the physical creation. The advent of some men is to expound the moral law, and others the physical. This great law that governs our genealogy, is the law of laws that gives now and then a spiritual leader, as Christ; or a physical leader, as Newton, to our race—it is but the universal law of human descent, fixed and irrevocable.

The soul of man is connected with his Creator, and in the long line of genealogy—if we judge the future from the past—there will occasionally arise an heavenly anointed one, who will be adored and believed in as a paradigm of divinity, whose doctrine will seem to fall, as it were, from heaven, to renovate the soul of man, and crystallize forever his angelic affections. Man is a child of God, for his spirit seems always immanent in him, and it is as much a law that he should show himself at great intervals of time in the progeny of our race, as it is for a father to transmit his disposition to some of his children. It is said man bears the stamp of God's image, and his purified soul is the lodgment of the Holy Spirit. If so, it is a fixed law in Mother Nature and Father God, that humanity, at certain epochs, will show its divine prototype—that is, its divine original, and some distinguished personage will rise up such as David, Confucius and Jesus Christ, who seem to be particular favorites of heaven. Their animal, moral and intellectual powers will move in heavenly order, to reflect the divine light in beauty and glory, while the world's corruption will brood like a vampire, and become innocuous around them. And what is remarkable, the long yearnings of pious souls bring forth the man divine from the womb of genealogy. Even all the benefactors of our species who have been deified by the gratitude of posterity, and their memories long-cherished in human hearts will seem to visit the world again. Thus Jesus of Nazareth is singled for, hoped for, and expected. The holy principles of spiritual religion, which his Church possessed and enjoyed in the days of her bridal purity, would be transcendently effulgent and magnetically attractive, could it be but safely exhumed from the popular cemetery of ghostly creeds.

This paper, already too long for your patience, is but a hint in the great subject before me.

Norridgecock, Me.

DREAMS.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Much of the wear and tear, the turmoil and the daily warfare of life is reproduced in our dreams. As physical conditions manifest themselves in the character of these nightly experiences, so also do our moral and spiritual states portray themselves in the quality of our dreams. The turbulent, antagonistic mind will toss about on stormy seas of trouble; the craven and superstitious fear will find itself pursued by phantoms; the restless, unsatisfied spirit will wander from place to place in search of change, not knowledge; the worldly-biased will meet the hollow displays, all the glitter of external life, to find them bubbles, all.

Our dreams present to us the truthful mirror wherein is reflected our condition of progress, or its lack. We can measure our soul's growth by their aid; for if we have admitted the love of Spiritualism, and if we have gained, through experience, the wisdom of advancement, then will our dreams be in exact correspondence with the interior aspirations, the efforts of a true, pure, just life. With moderate health, the beauty of a contented mind, a firm reliance on the over-ruling Good, and the benign guardianship of the angel-world, we can always ascertain the whereabouts of our moral and spiritual states; we can designate the planes we occupy. Symbolic visions, beautiful and teaching allegories of color, form, of changing scenes that signify ascension, will be presented to the clear sight of the soul. We shall catch radiant glimpses of the heavenly life, and receive truths wherewith to ennoble life. We may not retain the memory of the beauties we have looked upon; but an impression of lasting usefulness has been made upon the passive spirit by these visitations of the night.

How natural it is for us to soar away, (without wings even,) to feel the elasticity of a body unburdened by the clay! Thought transports us visibly from place to place; we sit among the stars, or walk the seas, and rest upon the gorgeous sunset's couch; we take no account of time, and distance is no more for us. All these are foregleams of the immortal life that awaits us, so lovingly divested of the heaviness of this. Oh, that our lives were so purely true, so nobly just, that in our waking hours we could enter the gateways of the Happy Land, and, hand-clasped, with its angel-dwellers, learn of the spiritual laws whose alphabet we are so painfully laboring to understand.

A Sealed Letter Answered.

Having heard of L. L. Farnsworth as a medium for answering sealed letters, I prepared some questions, and sealed them up with three seals on the envelope, which contained the questions I desired answered by the spirit which I addressed. The above seals contained my own initials. In a short time I received a perfectly satisfactory answer to the questions.

Upon the return of the sealed letter I found that the seals had not been tampered with. The following are the questions and the answer:

MY DEAR DAUGHTER MARY—Can you communicate? If so, will you answer the following questions? 1st. Are you happy? 2d. Who did you first meet with in the spirit-world? 3d. Do you often come to me? 4th. Have you ever communicated since you left the earthly form? 5th. Will you go to the Banner of Light office and communicate through the Banner? 6th. Will you get some who are spiritualists and advise me in relation to my material matters?

The following is the answer to the sealed letter: MY DEAR FATHER—I am happy and glad to communicate to you. I first met with brother Richard and Ellen. I am often with you, and have communicated through Mrs. E. I will try and communicate through the Banner of Light. Uncle H. will communicate through the medium, Mr. Farnsworth, and advise you.

I will here state, for the benefit of the public, and in justice to Mr. Farnsworth, the medium, that I have a son, Richard, and a daughter, Ellen, in the spirit-life; and I also have a brother in spirit-life, by the name of Horace, and he communicated and advised me, which advice I have followed, and have been greatly benefited by it. I must say that this is truly one of the greatest proofs of spirit communication that I have ever experienced or heard of. I wish to have this published in your valuable paper, for the good of the public who desire and seek for evidence and truth that departed spirits can and do return and communicate with mortals.

And may I say, blessings ever attend the medium, Mr. Farnsworth, in his great and important work, who is now located in Chicago, No. 400 West Lake street. Yours for truth, WILLIAM LAWRENCE.

PRAYER IS GOOD, BUT WORK IS BETTER.

BY WILFRID WILLEYS.

O, I worship not in churches, No allegiance own to creeds; And I seek not at the altars For my soul's outlying needs, Food—the old moss-grown traditions Of the "Fathers," in their graves; Of a different stuff, I fancy, Is the vital truth that saves.

"If the salt have lost its savor," Spake our Master, ages dead, "Cast it out; 'tis fittid only For the rabble's feet to tread."

So these old moss-grown traditions, Through the ages handed down, Full of savor in the old time, Savorless to us have grown.

Let us cast them from our churches, To be trodden down of men, And a mine of never virtue Open to the world again.

Under foot—a firm foundation Whereupon the new may stand—Lay these allegoric fables; And a structure, fair and grand, Worthy man's progressive wisdom, Worthy man's immortal mind, Shall arise, a glorious beacon, For the guidance of mankind.

Faith, we teach, must yield to knowledge; Action supersedeeth speech; And our hands must do a service That our prayers can never reach.

Prayer is good, but Work is better; Faith is mighty, but sublime Are the knowledge and endeavor That immortalize their time.

Spiritual Phenomena.

A Remarkable Medium for Physical Manifestations, in Cincinnati.

Is it not great cause for congratulation that this mighty work of the reform and regeneration of humanity, by the truths and principles of what we call Spiritualism, is in the hands of spirits of the other and better world themselves? Again and again they have promised us, heretofore, that mediums of every shade, variety and degree, would increase and multiply, to convince the world of the terrible errors of the past and present time, and restore truths for the future. And have they not, and are they not, faithfully fulfilling their promise? Why, the world even now is beginning to teem with mediums—bless them, for their instrumentality—and all mankind is beginning now to inquire, what does all this mean? In every department of life, inquiry and investigation are beginning to enlist and occupy the minds of men and women, and soon, we have no doubt, the world will be set in its proper spiritual motion. God grant it!

Since the development and unfoldings of the mediumistic powers of the Davenport Boys, who are now doing so much good in England, bearding the lion in his den, many mediums of a similar character have been brought forth by the power and active energy of the spirits. Physical mediums, so-called, are now becoming comparatively plenteous, so that the demonstrations of the truth of spirit power can be witnessed by almost all who wish. Rappings, movement of tables, playing of musical instruments, lifting of ponderable bodies, ringing of bells, and tying and untieing of mediums, speaking through trumpets, and many festivities of hands and arms produced by the spirits, are indeed becoming things quite common, so much so, that we hear very little of the obloquy and calumny which used to be heaped upon those who declared the absolute truth and fact of these things. In the East and in the West, in the North and in the South, all over this wide extended country, where the great sun of Spiritualism first began to shine, mediums of every kind are now being raised up. Way across the ocean, amidst the old established civilization of England and continental Europe, the "dry bones" are beginning to shake, and mediums are having their day. God speed the great and good work in the hearts of spirits in and out of the material form.

But the particular object of this writing is to inform the readers of the Banner of the fact that here in Cincinnati we have one of those remarkable physical mediums, who, I have no doubt, is destined, in the manifestations to be made through him, to become a greater medium than the Davenport Brothers. His name is WILLIAM M. ODEN—a native of Kentucky—Nicholas County, I believe. He came to this city a year or two ago. He knew nothing about Spiritualism, nor anything of his own spirit instrumentality. Being in my office one day, some time ago, one of my associates in the office, who had given the manifestations of spirits some attention, and by whom, by the way, I was introduced to Mr. Oden, noticed that whenever Mr. Oden sat, or stood, raps, yes, positive raps would be heard, and thumping, noises would obtrude themselves. My friend says, "Why, Mr. Oden, you must be a medium." "What's that?" said Mr. Oden. "Why, an instrument through whom spirits communicate," answered my friend.

Mr. Oden did not feel altogether right. He told my friend that for many years he had had those noises around him, and did not know what to make of them. "Let's sit down, and see if the spirits won't communicate," says my friend. They sat down, and sure enough intelligent communications, through the alphabet and interrogatories, were given, with names of spirits, etc. This of course astonished the parties. Among other communications, one was given from a Mr. Harris, I believe, whom Mr. Oden had left in the town of Nicholasville, Kentucky, alive and well. This amazed Mr. Oden; he could not believe that Mr. Harris was dead; but he afterwards wrote and ascertained the fact that Mr. Harris had departed this life a few days after Mr. Oden had left Nicholasville.

After the discovery of the mediumistic powers of Mr. Oden, of course I became interested, and time after time, in my office and elsewhere, have I had communications through him by raps, and those, too, louder than any I have ever heard coming through the instrumentality of any other medium. I have questioned Mr. Oden about his power, and not knowing the why or wherefore, he told me this most singular incident, which occurred to him just previous to his coming from Nicholasville, Ky., to Cincinnati. He had been a strong Union man, indeed, had been a captain in Col. Metcalf's federal regiment of Kentucky. That, on account of his "loyalty," he had got into difficulty in Nicholas County, and was put in prison, in the common jail of the county; that, as a prisoner, he was most completely hand-cuffed and ironed. One morning, to his great surprise and astonishment, with no effort of his own, his shackles fell from his wrists and ankles, the door of his cell was unlocked, the prison doors were opened, and, solitary and alone,

he walked forth into open day as a free man, and then he made his escape to Cincinnati. Is not this a miracle equal to that which released the apostle of Jesus from prison?

When Mr. Oden told me this, I was more than surprised. "Why," said I, "Mr. Oden, you must be an extraordinary medium." And time has shown the fact. All the demonstrations made through the Davenport are made in presence of Mr. Oden. I have sat with him in many a dark circle, with many others. Repeatedly I have seen him tied—have tied him myself—his arms, legs and body—with a strong rope, and in a moment the spirits have untied him. I have known him to be tied by the spirits much more strongly than any person of the circle could tie him, and then untied by the spirits. On one occasion, being tied by one of the circle very strongly, he was released, and the rope which tied him, came over to my wife, a medicinal medium, who was distant some yards from Mr. Oden, and her wrists were tied together, to the infinite astonishment and merriment of the circle, when the lights were brought.

I have known Mr. Oden to be tied as tightly as human hands could tie him, his hands tied together, and then tied to his legs, which were also tied together, and thus, in his tied, stooping posture, Mr. Oden's coat has been thrown off from his back and cast to another part of the room; and then the very same coat has again been put on, Mr. Oden yet remaining in his tied position. This I have been witness to, repeatedly. It has been done very often with Mr. Oden—is now done with him, whenever called for at a séance. Besides this, all sorts of musical instruments are played upon through this medium, and what is more than curious—and I never knew this to occur with the Davenport or any other medium—wind instruments can be played upon by the spirits through him. It is an actual fact, that at a séance at the house of a friend in this city, where were assembled some twenty persons, of both sexes, with Mr. Oden, a life was laid upon the table, just for experiment, with little expectation that it would be played upon; but forthwith the life was taken over our heads, and resting in the air in one corner of the room, it played distinctly the tunes of "Old John Brown," "Hail Columbia," and the "Marseilles Hymn." Was not this truly wonderful? Never had I heard before or since a wind instrument manipulated by the spirits; and I set this experiment down as one of the most remarkable ones, showing that Mr. Oden possessed not only very great powers, but very peculiar ones. What was satisfactory about this experiment, too, was the fact that the spirit, who "played upon the pipe," called himself "Len Woodruff," a gentleman, when in this world, well known to many of us—popular in this city as a local editor of newspapers, and distinguished as a performer on the flute or life. Do any of the readers of the Banner know of a similar manifestation to this?

I have seen, with Mr. Oden, a ponderous piano, weighing over eight hundred pounds, lifted from the floor by the spirits, Mr. Oden only applying one hand on the top of it. This experiment also I have witnessed: On one end of the table, opposite to where Mr. Oden sat—he being strongly tied, and a handkerchief tied over his mouth—a tumbler full of water was placed. This tumbler of water would be conveyed to the mouth of the helpless medium, and he would readily drink all the contents, when the tumbler would be put back in its place. In the séances of Mr. Oden, varied and beautiful lights appear, some ascending like rockets, and others crossing and descending like small shooting stars, while other small lights would play about and around his head.

Besides these wonderful powers for physical manifestations, Mr. Oden also possesses the power of writing communications from the spirits and the power of personifying spirits and speaking for them. These powers I have seen him exercise repeatedly with great success. At one time he took up a pencil at the upper end, and so holding it between his thumb and two fingers, he wrote out a communication in a good handwriting—not his own—and signed by the autograph of a celebrated actor of Pike's Opera House in this city, who had recently departed this life, and who was unknown to Mr. Oden. This communication of the actor was addressed to his wife, and was very interesting, and I took good care that his wife got it, although she was not a believer in these manifestations. But I believe she trusted in that communication, singular as it was, though whenever I have seen her she is very careful not to say a word about it.

Although thus gifted, Mr. Oden does not give up much of his time to manifestations. He seems, indeed, to be somewhat morbid in reference to them. But notwithstanding this, his friends induce him to hold many private séances, and on some occasions he has ventured to appear before the public in this city. What he wants is encouragement; indeed, this is what all our mediums—extremely sensitive as they are—most want. Our mediums of every description and everywhere should be better encouraged, spiritually and materially. I think the good time is coming when our gifted mediums will occupy their proper places in the estimation and regard of the community, and when they will not be compelled "to feed on the chicken's dish—eat," but will derive a good support and competence from their labors in the spiritual vineyard. "So mote it be."

Cincinnati, Dec. 15, 1864.

A. G. W. O.

McQueen's Séances.

Permit me to call the attention of the readers of the Banner of Light to the excellent physical manifestations at John McQueen's circles. Mr. McQueen's manifestations are of the most powerful character. Skeptics are forced to acknowledge that the demonstrations are outside the pale of trickery, deception or collusion.

From one to sixteen bells are rung at once, keeping perfect time to the tones of the violin, played by some member of the circle, the bells passing around the room over the heads of the circle, with seemingly lightning rapidity, and changing the tune the instant the music does. It is claimed that four spirit bell-ringers are the performers. Tambourines, or pans, are made to sail around the room, and are played upon by spirit-hands. Sometimes pans and bells will be found resting on the heads of persons in the circle. Indian yells are heard. They are produced independently of human organs of speech. Bright, small lights are frequently seen, and grayish clouds of light. Spirit-hands are felt patting and passing over the hands and heads of different persons simultaneously. The hands are of different sizes. But perhaps the most wonderful feat is the raising of the medium to the ceiling in a chair, and carrying him around over the heads of the people. The medium is placed in a perfectly rigid and unconscious state across the seat of the chair, and in that manner carried up.

In many places where I have given courses of lectures on the Philosophy of Spiritualism, the people have said, "We like your Philosophy, but we have no evidence that spirits of the departed do communicate. Give us some demonstration that these things are so."

I have concluded arrangements with Brother

McQueen, and we will travel together during the winter months, he giving séances for physical manifestations, and I courses of lectures on Spiritualism. We will hold both dark and light circles; the light circle immediately following the dark one. The physical manifestations are confined to the dark séances. In the light, Mr. McQueen and myself will be controlled by a variety of spirits, for the instruction and amusement of those in attendance.

We will be happy to receive invitations to visit different localities, especially where persons are anxious to investigate Spiritualism.

Pas Pas, Mich., Dec. 21, 1864.

A Spirit.

The following account of the appearance of a spirit after it had left the body, is taken from the San Francisco Alta California:

"Several weeks ago a married lady residing in the Sandwich Islands, who had come to this city for her health, and was boarding at a house on California street, passed the night and plainly saw a phantom of her husband, which she supposed to be her living husband, and in that supposition called to her son, a boy about twelve years of age, saying, 'Henry, here's your father.' She got up and advanced toward the figure, when it disappeared. She pinched herself to see whether she was not asleep, and found herself to be fully awake. The vision vanished, but she was much notwithstanding the fact that she had left her husband in vigorous health at Honolulu, a few weeks before, she feared greatly that the vision indicated his death. When she went down to breakfast in the morning, a gentleman boarding in the same house noticed the marks of weeping and endeavor to get her into a good humor. She told him the cause of her uneasiness, and he attempted to remove the unhappy impression from her mind, but failed. She insisted that her husband must be dead, and that she must return to Honolulu by the first boat, and so she did. A few days after her departure, a vessel arrived from Honolulu with news that her husband had died. His death, however, did not take place on the day when she saw the vision, but a week before."

Correspondence.

Letter from Miss Beckwith.

It is a long time, dear Banner, since I addressed you last, and although I know you are favored with a number of correspondents, still, when the force of something—I can hardly tell what—impels me to write you a word, I cannot resist; and to-day, while the elements seem at war, and no sunbeams invite me out of doors, I commune with my letters, myself and you.

A rest of two months in the summer season, gave me a needed strength; and September found me in the good old town of Stafford during two Sundays, and then I made my first visit to the city of Portland. When I entered the city, early in the morning, I felt as if I had entered a friend's home. I journeyed to the house of an unknown friend, as I journeyed to the house of an unknown friend. "How strange it is for me to be here, knowing no one, and myself unknown." But soon after, when, with the response to the ring I gave the door-bell, I felt something better than that—a tinkling of sympathy's silver bells, that opened the way into the hearts as well as into the doors. Oh, is there anything on earth like these influences that cluster round the household of our faith, to open the avenues of human sympathy? These guests, arrayed in the vestal garments of unstained purity, making white the walls of our inner being with the touch of their moving fingers, and hanging their pictured, whose glorious dyes rival the limner's skill.

My stay in Portland was more than pleasant; and after two weeks' sojourn there, I journeyed from those friends, with the thought, "I am blest, indeed!" God grant you, friends, the lights to guide, the truths to inspire, that you may open the heart's door to all those who need comfort, rest and peace. Leave them, under a dark and rainy night to take the Steamer Montpelier to Boston over the dark waters, there came a light to cheer me, and the faces of my Portland friends gleamed through its brightness.

October, with its wealth of golden glory, sent me to Quilley, for another season of rest and pleasure, and the gleaming of a lantern-light within, throwing its rays athwart my path, and I blessed the souls of those whose efforts cleared the road of sojourning, and opened in our midst the fountain, whose waters are Life.

Rogers's Chapel you know of, as its dedication was mentioned in the Banner of Light. It is a pleasant building, and well filled with pleasant Sabbathers.

The month of November found me in Philadelphia; and how can I tell you of the harvest I reaped while there? Our friends held free meetings in Sansom street Hall and the attendance is good. The audiences are composed, of course, of many new beginners, thus encouraging us all to believe we are not in vain. My efforts are, of course, feeble, for print cups will not hold a quart; but I felt sure they were not in vain, and sometimes the sympathy of our audience carried me so far away from myself as to make me wish I might be translated and unite my destiny with those who often speak of "the loved and gone because." But I have not time to tell you of the feeling a joyful sadness, knowing that I was still here, yet glad to feel that I had for one moment been so near the city of our dreams, (more real than all else we know.)

The Progressive Lyceum is progressing wonderfully—with its conductor working hard for the interests of the cause, and the leaders who are seen trying to understand the rules and regulations for such a system of teaching; the children's faces brightened with expectation, and from the little four year old candidate to those of the Liberty Group, one finds an earnest expression of feeling.

With the gymnastic exhibitions on both Sabbath afternoon and week evenings, I was particularly pleased. They are quite proficient in this direction, having been well drilled by their conductor who understands the art of making these needed movements with ease and strength.

To tell you all about Philadelphia would be to monopolize your time and paper, and I must not say that, with a pleasant home, surrounded by friends who became very dear to me, I look upon my visit there as one of the brightest spots in the page of my roaming. I had, also, while there, the seldom afforded pleasure of listening to two lectures delivered by Mrs. Currier, who is speaking this month. Her lectures were good, and I was not to be disappointed with any; so long as we are trying to serve our cause we shall be upheld by friends here and in the world of spirits; and how blest it is to think that we may live and be of some service. Then let your folds still wave over our army of minds, and though there be treason in high places, we will still trust to the hand of the united "seekers after truth," to hold in firmness the staff from which our "Banner" floats. Yours in truth, M. L. BECKWITH.

Dec. 14, 1864.

Meadville, Penn.

Is the county-seat of Crawford Co., on the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad, and one of the best located places in the West, to which it is of which it properly belongs. Both the Railroad Company and citizens are making extensive improvements, much of which is owing to the oil, oil lands and oil wells speculation, of which this is a sort of financial headquarters. This feverish excitement and wild speculation, with an underground and oily basis, is one of the marvels of our age and country. It is astonishing how rapidly this fever has run up almost worthless lands into stocks, and divided lands, wells and flowings, into shares of all sorts of fractions of one hundred, as a base for division, and by buying and selling has already made a few men rich, and more, of course, poor; and yet some of the wells have proved a rich treasure for the owners, and these, though few compared to the whole, are amply sufficient to set about the tide of speculation and bring out the wild and enthusiastic articles that run through the newspapers and excite the people till a rash of speculators is produced, and thousands of "Trusts" are organized, and a lesson of life. The speculation is mainly in stocks and shares by the idle sharpers who infest our cities and large towns; but there is real wealth and great value in petroleum, and the working men are bringing it to the light and we are lighting our homes with it. No doubt it will be found in

some other places as well as in this region. The town (or city) is full of strangers and fortune-hunters, and citizens and all seem bent on money-making.

Our worthy and industrious friend, Dr. G. Newcomer, has tried hard to introduce Spiritualism; if he does not succeed it will not be his fault. He has fitted up an elegant hall, and lined it with elegant pictures worthy of his own make, and offered it free to speakers. He has secured speakers, and given the citizens a rare treat; but most of them are only slightly awakened by curiosity, not yet dreaming of the extent or beauty of the philosophy we teach. In fact, the people of the Keystone State, except in Philadelphia, are not yet advanced to or interested in Spiritualism. They are an honest, industrious and contented people, quite satisfied with the world as it is, and satisfied to live here, or die, if they must, in the old way, and go to the old-fashioned judgment, since they have got used to that style.

Dec. 1, 1864.

WARREN CHASE.

Letter from Washington.

I have long delayed writing you, dear Banner, but will now endeavor to give you an inkling of our position here. As announced, our meetings commenced in October with T. Gale Foster, who spoke for us five Sundays, giving us five of the deepest, grandest lectures on the Spiritualistic philosophy I have ever heard. It is no disparagement to the host of super-excellent lecturers to place Mr. Foster as the peer of them all. He was followed by Mrs. F. L. Bond. During this month our desk has been occupied by Miss Nettie Coburn, a delicate trance speaker, through whom we have received spiritual food satisfying our very souls. I consider her as one of the very best evidences of spirit control I have ever seen. The change of spirit influence is the most marked of any ever under my knowledge.

We feel the loss of some of our ardent friends who were with us last season—Dr. Champlin, Dr. Hay and Dr. Dresser having all left us for other work. Dr. Dresser, while here, introduced a medicine for the cure of chronic diarrhoea, with marked success. It was my fortune to witness its effects on a number of patients in the soldiers' hospitals in this city, where the patients had been given up to die by the surgeons, and in every instance it has proved a permanent cure. This disease is the scourge of the army, and rarely does it succumb to the remedies of the regular faculty. As Dr. Dresser's remedy does not come under this rule, it cannot be adopted, and is only used clandestinely. Is not this a severe commentary upon our boasted freedom? We are derided on account of our advocacy of the power of curing by laying on of hands, and even when we offer medicines which prove their power they are discarded, because, forsooth, they are not regular. I hope the Doctor will be enabled to introduce his medicine to the public.

Spiritualists are ever foremost in the needed reforms of the times. The colored free schools of this city were inaugurated by Spiritualists, and are conducted with unexpected success. Bro. A. E. Newton has given his whole heart to the matter, and William Hamlet and T. B. Caldwell, of Massachusetts, are also enlisted in the cause. These are the only Massachusetts Spiritualists I have known this season as taking part. And I am glad to say that the colored people are treated with greater consideration, for it has been proverbial, where slavery has existed, that the colored people have no rights which the whites were obliged to respect. The progress they have shown in fighting our battles, where they have taken part, has caused all candid persons to put them on an equality with the whites. I do not think the war will end until every right of the blacks will be recognized—and the greatest step was taken when their right to bear arms in defence of their own country was given them. They will have for a long time a prejudice to overcome, but their intrepidity, valor and courage in the army will demand and command for them a fair chance in the race of life. Col. Higginson, of Massachusetts, an ardent Spiritualist, has given to the world his experience as a pioneer of the colored army, he having been among the first to lead a colored regiment to the field. Col. Daniels, of this city, (also a Spiritualist), formerly of New Orleans, raised the first colored company, and this was done while the Government almost prohibited it.

I recently met with a lady of Michigan (Mrs. Gibbs), who was visiting sick soldiers. In conversing with her, I found her to be a Spiritualist. She said she had had two sons die in the service; her only two remaining ones were then in the hospital, wounded, and her husband was also in the service, and she said after they had gone she was determined to go too. She came to Washington, and worked for her husband, in order that she might give her services gratuitously to the wounded soldiers. I was constantly hearing of her good acts, and certainly have never seen greater self-sacrifice.

Washington, Dec. 21, 1864.

Old Memories.

How they cluster around our heart-strings, those old, half-forgotten dreams of the past, thrilling our inner being like glimpses of some far-off, beautiful land. Dreams of our boyhood days, when we were happy, laughing children, playing on the village green, with no care or sorrow to darken our pathway, all bright, all happiness, like a lovely day in mid summer! Then come the more sober years of growing manhood, with its earnest cravings and its lofty aspirations, its longings for a portion of the chivalry of other days to yet linger around our heart-strings, that we, too, might go forth on some wild errand of enterprise, for the one whom we have clasped among the highest and noblest of our Father's works. Our meeting with a gentle one, marriage, and the birth of a beautiful bud, now plucked to unfold its leaves in a fairer world; and, anon, the wild waves of civil war sweeping over our fair land like a whirlwind, gathering up both good and bad, and bearing them forth on its bosom, perhaps never again to gladden the old home in their earthly form. How it rises before me now, that terrible battlefield, where we stood beneath the folds of the old flag, with shot and shell whistling around us like hail, and after the battle, many a brave comrade missing from our mess, mustered in above; but, thank God, not dead, for often do they come from their spirit-homes to cheer us in our earth-course. The great-souled Grant, the post-warrior, Lander, pure-hearted Willie Groat, from Ball's Bluff, from Antietam, from Lookout Mountain, from Gettysburg, and from many a battle-field of other days, come our daisy warriors with those who were once slaves. Thus they come; some to guide us and some for assistance. Oh how beautiful this communion with the loved ones of other years! not mouldering in the silent tomb, but bursting forth into renewed beauty, with the gross and material portions laid aside, and only the nobler qualities clinging to them still. Would that all could feel the peace and happiness which fill the hearts of those who believe in modern Spiritualism.

But, while we gain strength and knowledge from this communion, let us not forget the command of our Elder Brother: "Go ye forth in my name proclaiming glad tidings to all." Thousands there are in our midst, who for years have been looking for one ray of hope to break through the dark clouds of doubt and despair; to such let us go forth, bidding them be of good cheer, for the sun shall shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day, and they, too, shall see and believe.

Fraternally yours, F. L. HILDBERT.

South Orono, Me.

A man applied to Dr. Jackson, the celebrated chemist of Boston, with a box of specimens: "Can you tell me what this is, sir?" "Certainly," said the doctor, "this is iron pyrites, or, 'Wink, sir!' in a voice of scorn, he said, 'I told you it was iron pyrites, and what is that?' 'That's what it is,' said the chemist, putting a lot on the shovel over the hot coals, where it disappeared. 'Dross,' said the doctor, 'Why, there's a woman who owns a hill full of that in our town, and I've married her!'"

New Publications.

GASLAW'S PACIFIC MONTHLY. January, 1865. New York: D. M. Gaslaw & Co., 34 Liberty street, publishers. Vol. 1, No. 1.

This new aspirant for public favor is half way between the style of the Atlantic and Harper monthlies, of the size of the former, is elegantly printed on clear and beautiful type, and numbers eighty pages. It has many fine illustrations of views on the Isthmus, and in the wilds of California, and is to be devoted mainly to the interests of the Pacific States, where the editor has resided for the last six years, and became imbued with the necessity of having such a representative as this in the Atlantic States, through which to speak directly to the capitalist and the masses of the great commercial cities of the older States of the Union and of Europe. The editor says, "We shall endeavor to make the interests of the Pacific States our interests, and shall faithfully and candidly devote our columns mainly to placing before the world, and more particularly our brethren, friends, and kinsmen of the Atlantic Sepe, such facts in regard to them as will interest, instruct and benefit. We shall also give full and reliable information in reference to their mining, manufacturing, agricultural, commercial, educational, social and national interests. We shall eschew all political and sectarian animosities. We stand, as we have always stood, firm and unwavering for an undivided country. This monthly, in the conduct of which no means, effort, or expense has been spared, brings to its aid and assistance literary ability of a high order. Among our present and future contributors we have the gratification of naming Rev. H. W. Bellows, D. D., Prof. J. J. Mapes, Dr. L. W. Ogden, Wm. H. Conventy Waddell, Esq., of the Geographical Society; Mr. Geo. Cathcart (Telix Oran), Mrs. B. F. Frodsham, the poetess; Mrs. Emma Rigel, of Philadelphia; Mr. Frodsham (the art critic), John Penn Curry, Esq., for twelve years connected with the California Press; B. M. Evans, Esq., mineralogical contributor, and a number of other talented and popular writers, whose contributions to future numbers will adorn the pages of our work."

The general appearance of the magazine is favorable, and there is a spirit of energy manifested in its columns which augurs success. It certainly is much needed, and starts out in a new field, and should meet with a hearty support, and we hope it will.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. An Illustrated Magazine for boys and girls. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

We have received the first number of this Magazine. It is surely an era in the life of boys and girls, when such writers as appear in this Magazine willingly leave what is deemed their higher sphere of labor, and give their words to them. It certainly is to us a beautiful proof of the true progress of the day. Childhood has been turned away with slops; boyhood and girlhood have had to take, not even "milk for babes," but chalk and water, that could not nourish, but only prevent a healthy appetite; and can we wonder that they have grown up just fitted for "dime novels," and "yellow-covered literature"? Thankful indeed are we to enumerate the names of the contributors to this initial number: Harriet Beecher Stowe, Lucy Larcom, Gail Hamilton, J. T. Crowbridge, Edmund Kitchie, Dio Lewis, "Carleton," John Wells, Author of "Ten Acres Enough," Mayne Reid.

The one article by Dio Lewis is worth the price of the number. The practical article, "Farming for Boys," is full of the right sort of words. The best criticism we can give of the book is that he handed it to an intelligent lad, and he was chained to his chair for hours, eagerly following one article with another. We need not predict success to such an undertaking. It is already a success.

THE FRIEND OF PROGRESS. January, 1865. New York: C. M. Plumb & Co., 274 Canal street.

Number three of this new monthly periodical has made its appearance. The number before us is an improvement on the previous ones, as the reader will readily perceive on perusing the articles named in its list of contents: Timid Tom and Old Gurdy, by Rev. Edward C. Towne, with Dedication to Rev. Henry Ward Beecher; Out and In, (poetry) by Belle Bush; Progress in Literature, by Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham; Interest on Money and Rents; Bessie Grey, (poetry) by George S. Burleigh; Sanctification by the Truth, by Rev. O. B. Brothingham; The Kinder-Garten, (No. 2) by Mrs. Louise Pollock; The Moral Police Fraternity; Carmia, (poetry) by Alice Cary; The Conflict of Creeds, by R. R. Minor Topics; Our Library.

The editor promises in a forthcoming number, another paper from Rev. Edward C. Towne, in which he proposes "to demonstrate beyond the possibility of a doubt the thorough radicalism of Mr. Beecher's most inspired utterances." And he further remarks that "the conflict in Mr. Beecher's new belief with old opinion is truly startling, and especially so when it is seen that this conflict invariably ends in the overthrow of the traditional notions which he still retains the credit of meaning to teach."

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. January, 1865. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This standard literary monthly has won an enviable place in the affections of the reading world, and the enterprising publishers are determined it shall continue to be worthy of such a place. This number appears in a new and antique style of type, which gives it a neat and clear appearance, yet we do not think it is as beautiful a style or as easily read as the new and improved style of type on which we print the Banner of Light. Bryant, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Hawthorne, Whittier, Wadsworth, Taylor, Higginson, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mrs. Stowe, and others contribute to this number, which is a sufficient guarantee of its excellence. The subscription price is four dollars per year.

FRANKS ON THE FIELDS; OR, THREE MONTHS' RUSTICATION AND WHY I DID NOT BECOME A SAILOR. By R. M. Ballantyne, author of "The Wild Man of the West," etc. With illustrations. Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth.

This is a work well calculated to interest the young reader, for it is full of active life, thrilling adventure on sea and land, and pleasant domestic scenes, which make a work of this kind interesting to the general reader. It is well gotten up with illustrations, and makes three hundred and seventy-nine pages.

GRAVE'S VISIT; OR, THE WRONG WAY TO CURB A FAULT. By the author of "Douglas Farm." Illustrated with engravings. Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth.

A pleasant little story, making nearly one hundred and fifty pages, finely adapted to girls of a readable age, though the boys would not be uninterested by a perusal of it. The lesson it inculcates is just what young expanding minds need.

THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW. Vol. X, No. 19; December, 1864. New York: Edward L. Sears, editor and proprietor. For sale by A. Williams & Co., Boston.

The contents of this ably edited quarterly are as follows: "Pericles and His Times"; "The Civilizing Forces"; "Chief Justice Taney"; "Spanish Literature";

Lope de Vega; Currency—Causes of Depreciation; Leo X. and His Times; Chemical Analysis by Spectral Observations; The President's Message; Notices and Criticisms. This work needs no praise from us to make it sought after. It is sure to find its way into the hands of the scholar and critical reader.

THE BOSTON ALMANAC. 1865. Boston: Published by Geo. Coolidge; for sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street.

This Almanac has been a general favorite for the last twenty-nine years, and has not yet lost its hold on the public. Besides its value as an almanac, it contains a Map of Boston, an Index to the Streets, a Chronicle of Events, Registers of National and State governments, and a hundred other matters for which there are always thousands of inquirers. Of course any one who can afford so to do will procure a copy, whether invited, or not.

TRAGEDIES: To which are added a few Sonnets and Verses. By T. N. Talfourd. Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth, 1865.

Talfourd is too well known to the reading world to need an introduction at this time. His poetic productions exhibit genius of the highest order. In this collection is the classic tragedy of Ion, which has long enjoyed an undimmed lustre, both in the Old and the New World; also, the fine rendering tragedy of "Athenian Captive," and a good variety of the author's smaller poems, making a good sized and well printed volume.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Crosby & Noyes: "The Autobiography of a New England Farm-House;" "Together," a novel. From Lee & Shepard: "The Sailor Boy."

A New Book by a Poet-Artist.

We are pleased to learn that the poet-artist, W. P. Brannan, of Cincinnati, Ohio, has a volume of Poems and an Autobiography in press, and soon to be issued by Messrs. Carroll & Co. Mr. B.'s poems sparkle with the true, poetic fire. Our readers have frequently been favored with gems from his pen, and in this week's Banner they will find another, entitled "Cloudland Pilgrims." The Ohio National Union, in speaking of the portrait of Archbishop Purcell, which Mr. Brannan has just finished, says: "It is sufficiently lifelike to speak for itself. We are pleased to learn that Mr. B. has numerous orders, and that his lengthening reaping a rich reward for his meritorious labor. He handles the pen with as much ease and grace as the pencil, and both so admirably that it is difficult to determine in which he excels—hence he has been styled the poet-artist of the Queen City of the West. He is a gentleman whom to know is to esteem, while his poetical contributions to our columns have endeared him to our readers." We shall hail the book with pleasure, and trust it will meet with a large sale.

Mrs. Chamberlain's Seances.

Mrs. Annie Lott Chamberlain's circles, at her room, 138 Washington street, continue to be fully attended. The manifestations are of a very remarkable nature, as well as interesting. We advise all who possibly can, to attend, if they want their doubts removed in regard to spirit-manifestations.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

"THE GLAD NEW YEAR," (on our second page), by Mrs. Love M. Willis, is a gem—very precious—for the children. We hope they will treasure it well in their little hearts. "CLOUDLAND PILGRIMS," (also on our second page), a Poem, by the "Poet-Artist," Wm. P. Brannan, is a superior production. Under the "Original Essays" heading will be found an article from the pen of Dr. A. B. Child, embodying new and peculiar views; also, an interesting article from John S. Lynde, entitled "THE GODHEAD WITH THE MANHOOD IN JESUS OF NAZARETH."

On the third page, under the head of "Spiritual Phenomena," will be found a very interesting account of Spiritual Manifestations through the instrumentality of Wm. M. Oden, (a remarkable medium), prepared for the Banner by Judge Carter, of Cincinnati. There will also be found on this page a letter from Miss Beckwith, one from Warren Chase, and one from Alfred Horton; also a word on "Dreams," by Cora Wilburn, and "Old Memories," by F. L. Hildreth.

The sixth page is filled with the usual amount of entertaining and instructive matter, from embodied and disembodied spirits. This department of the Banner is attended with great extra expense; and as it is considered indispensable by many of our patrons, we hope and trust they will induce non-subscribers to the Banner to subscribe "once—thus guaranteeing the continuance of this department of our journal. The donations we receive from time to time in aid of the Free Circle Room, do not amount to but a fraction of the expense incurred, as will be seen by our list of receipts, which we publish occasionally.

On the eighth page the reader will find an interesting synopsis of Judge Edmonds's lecture on "The Progress and Objects of Spiritualism;" a fine poem by Mrs. Walsbrook, and "Another triumph of Spiritualism," being an account of the discovery and destruction of a snake in a human stomach. The Boston Journal pronounces the account a hoax. We pronounce it true.

We have several lengthy original articles on file—very interesting—awaiting a chance to see the Light. And they will, too, as soon as the story now running through our columns is concluded.

We have received Hudson Tuttle's large picture of "Scenes in the Summer-Land," from which the cartes de visite were taken, a full description of which we shall give in our next issue. In the meantime it will be on exhibition in our Free Circle Room, and we hope to find a purchaser for it.

Mrs. Lola Walsbrook is lecturing with good success in Ohio. In Wellington they opened a church for her, and she gave the first spiritual lecture that had been listened to in that town for three years.

The Albany Union League have established a charitable fund for the purpose of supplying bread to the deserving poor, at the suggestion of our friend, Dr. E. Andrews, who backed up his hint with a donation to the value of one thousand loaves of bread. That's the true way to find "the kingdom of heaven."

The attention of test mediums is directed to an advertisement elsewhere, which interests them particularly.

The Spiritualists of San José, California, have organized themselves into a society for the purpose of holding regular meetings. The cause of Spiritualism is largely on the increase throughout the State.

Sojourner Truth, the negro prophetess, is house-keeping at the Freedmen's Village, on Gen. Lee's estate in Virginia.

CORRECTION.—In our last issue an error was made in the report of the answer of the spirit to the inquiries made by Mrs. A. E. Gale, of Elbridge, N. Y., in regard to the communications from spirits, which are published in the Banner from week to week. Instead of "nineteen thousand," as printed, it should have read, "over nine-tenths of the messages published in the Banner of Light have been mortally verified beyond a doubt."

THE SIEGE OF WILMINGTON, N. C.—The large naval force which left Fort Monroe, two weeks since, has arrived off Wilmington and engaged the forts at the mouth of the harbor, at one time throwing one hundred and ninety projectiles per minute. During the two days' bombardment twenty thousand shot and shell had been fired. At the last accounts, Dec. 26th, Fort Fisher had not surrendered, although its fire had nearly been silenced.

The news from Tennessee shows that Gen. Thomas has won several victories over Gen. Hood's rebel army, destroying and capturing nearly one half of it.

Mr. Eben Sutton, of South Danvers, changed worlds a short time since, leaving behind him a property valued at about four million dollars. Leaving no children, or will, it all goes to his widow and a rich brother. What a grand opportunity was lost to help the poor, and thus "lay up" some of his "treasures in heaven."

Dame Tatle stalks abroad to-day with more brazen face than ever. She is near akin to Dame Slander; so both are in harmony, and carry on business conjointly.

MR. GARRISON'S PORTRAIT.—The portrait of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, just finished, is for sale by C. H. Brainard, Esq., the publisher. Price \$1.50 per copy. Address Liberator office. We have not seen this portrait; but those who have, pronounce it an excellent likeness.

The population of the city of Chelsea is nineteen thousand. As "dead as Chelsea" is played out, then, of course, isn't it, Ben?

TERRIBLE FIRE.—A letter from Japan in the Tribune says that in consequence of the explosion of shells at the attack made by Choshu, a leading Daimio on Mino, the capital of the Mikado, the spiritual sovereign of Japan, some months ago, fires broke out in many places, which caught up by a high wind then blowing, raged unchecked until this populous city was reduced to ashes. According to the native accounts the fire raged two entire days, laying in waste nearly one thousand blocks or squares, destroying seventy-eight thousand houses and temples, and three thousand seven hundred ware-houses. About five-sixths of the city was in ashes, and half a million people were made homeless. Japanese houses are not altogether paste and paper affairs. A very large portion of the European peasantry are sheltered by no better. The great temple of Hui-quan-ge, the most famous in the empire, was burned.

An arrangement has been made by which the Reconstruction Act of last session is to pass, and receive the signature of the President, provided that Louisiana is exempt from its provisions. That State is to be re-admitted at once, the Senators and Representatives receiving seats in Congress.

SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.—Some, who are not posted in facts, think that Spiritualism is losing ground. We might as well say the Mississippi river was losing ground because it makes less noise near its mouth than it does away near its source, when tumbling among the rocks. Spiritualism has become like the mighty Amazon, too broad and deep to be stopped by any human efforts.—*The World's Crisis.*

Sealed Letters Answered.

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

Broad for the Destitute Poor.

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

We have been at some pains to ascertain what instrument of the many now soliciting the public favor combines the greatest amount of real excellence. We have prosecuted this inquiry entirely independently of aid or direction from interested parties. The opinions of some of the best musical critics, composers, and performers have been obtained; reports of expounding made in the ordinary use of various instruments in churches, schools and families, have been compared, all of which, with singular unanimity, concur in assigning the first place to the Cabinet Organ of Mason & Hamlin—a decision that corresponds with our previously formed convictions received from personal observations.—*New York Christian Advocate.*

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

H. A. FAYETTE, IOWA.—We have no doubt every sensible mind thinks just as you do in regard to the lecture you criticize. Some spirit with curious ideas of the "Summer-Land" must have controlled the medium. The whole subject has been gone over by another correspondent, hence we shall be obliged to omit your remarks at this late day.

J. L. D. CHICORE.—Address, New York City, care of C. M. Plumb & Co., 274 Canal street.

W. C. STRAUSS, N. Y.—\$2 received. Ditto, \$1.50.

TO CURE SORE THROAT.—Add ten drops of Dr. B. T. Talbot's Medicated Tincture of Cedar to a pint of cold water, and use as a gargle; put a wet cloth around your neck when you retire.

For sale everywhere.

B. T. DARRITT, SOLE AGENT, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72 and 74 WASHINGTON ST., NEW YORK.

Buy Copies—Three Shells for Children. One pair will contain three without tips. Sold everywhere. Jan. 1.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, THE FRIEND OF PROGRESS.

Number 111, for January, 1865.

CONTENTS:

Timid Tom and Old Gurdy, by Rev. Edward C. Towne. Out and In, (poetry) by Belle Bush. Interest on Money and Rents. Bessie Grey, (poetry) by George S. Burleigh. Sanctification by the Truth, by Rev. O. B. Brothingham. The Kinder-Garten, (No. 2) by Mrs. Louise Pollock. The Moral Police Fraternity. Carmia, (poetry) by Alice Cary. The Conflict of Creeds. Minor Topics. Our Library. Ac.

Single copies, 10 cents. \$2 per year. To be procured of all news-vendors. The three numbers sent, postpaid, for 50 cents. Address, C. M. PLUMB & CO., 274 Canal St., New York.

WILLIAM DENTON, GEOLOGICAL LECTURER.

AND MINING GEOLOGIST, IS PREPARED TO EXAMINE AND REPORT ON GOLD, COPPER, MANGANESE, IRON, COAL, AND OTHER MINERAL LANDS.

Office 20 State Street, Boston.

The Great Indian Catarrh Remedy.

Will positively cure the Catarrh when perseveringly used. Single copies, 10 cents. \$2 per year. To be procured of all news-vendors. The three numbers sent, postpaid, for 50 cents. Address, C. M. PLUMB & CO., 274 Canal St., New York.

TO TEST MEDIUMS.

THE SPIRITUAL CIRCLE of this city, believing that there is no better field for usefulness than that presented in this community, wishes to correspond with some excellent Test Medium, with a view of ultimately securing his professional services. The Circle will furnish, free of charge, a good room, fuel, etc., and will also extend all reasonable aid. Address, Dr. A. J. HIGGINS, Box 143 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

WANTED.

THE address of every lady and gentleman who desires to be put in communication with the Circle, will be published in this paper, if they will send their names to the Circle, care of Dr. A. J. HIGGINS, Box 143 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

MR. & MRS. H. M. RICHMOND.

HAVE opened rooms for healing the Sick, without medicine, at 310 E. 2nd St., New York, until April. No charge to the poor.

MAGNOLIA HAIR RESTORER.

A POSITIVELY RESTORER OF THE NATURAL COLOR, AND CURE OF ALL DISEASES OF THE HAIR, IN SCALD, ITCH, AND ALL OTHER AFFECTIONS. A. S. HAYWARD, Proprietor, 61 Nassau street, N. Y. 2nd Jan. 1.

SECOND EDITION—JUST PUBLISHED.

A NEW BOOK OF POETRY.

BY A VERMONT AUTHORESS:

The Poet, and Other Poems.

BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

ONE HANDSOME 12mo. VOLUME.

PRICE, \$1.50. Postage, 20 Cents.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:

MISS SPRAGUE was an independent thinker, and gave vigorous expression to her thoughts.—*Portland Transcript.*

Her writings evince great mental ability, vigor of thought and purity of character. If her life had been spared, she would have been a most valuable contributor to the literature of our day.—*Boston Herald.*

These Poems show a strong individuality, an earnest life, and a remarkable facility of composition.—*Boston Herald.*

This book will be especially welcome to those who knew the author as a lecturer, and who, by her earnest and persuasive speech, have so often been quickened to higher thought, or filled with the balm of consolation.—*Christian Repository.*

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

A book of woman's faith, and prayer, and aspiration; as such, worth reading.—*Christian Inquirer.*

These Poems are characterized by great ease of style, flowing rhythm, and a purity of sentiment, and frequently contain high moral lessons.—*Continental Monthly.*

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS, 155 Washington street, Boston.

AN ELEGANT CHRISTMAS OR NEW YEAR'S PRESENT!

WE have just received from the Bindery a new lot of LIZZIE JOTEN'S Beautiful Book of

POEMS FROM THE INNER LIFE!

ELEGANTLY BOUND IN FULL GILT.

A more appropriate Christmas Present could hardly be selected.

For Sale at this Office. Price, \$5.00.

IN PRESS,

AND WILL SHORTLY BE PUBLISHED,

A NEW VOLUME OF POEMS,

ENTITLED,

"VOICES OF THE MORNING."

BY MISS BELLE BUSH,

AUTHOR OF "THE ARTIST AND THE ANGEL."

Orders received at this Office. Price, per copy, \$1.50; postage 20 cents.

WONDERFUL PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS GIVEN IN THE LIGHT!

In presence of the "BOY MEDIUM," HENRY B. ALLEN, every morning, from 10 o'clock to 10 o'clock, commencing on FRIDAY, Dec. 20th, and continuing Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings, at 7 o'clock.

No. 8 AVON PLACE, Boston.

TICKETS: For gentleman and lady, \$1.00. Single tickets, 50 cents. For children, 25 cents. The number of tickets will be limited to twenty persons for each evening. Tickets to be had only at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, 128 Washington street.

Dec. 31.

SOME FOLKS CAN'T SLEEP NIGHTS!

Sleep is the great renovator of mental and bodily health.

DODD'S NERVINE

IS A POSITIVE BLESSING TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS. It allays all irritation, and like sleep, promotes all the proper actions—this equalizing the Nervous Fluid throughout the system. It produces a delicious sense of repose; calms the agitated mind; quiets the throbbing muscles and twitching nerves; and repairs the waste of the vital force. IT CONTAINS NO OPIUM, NOR MORPHINE, NOR ANY POISONOUS MINERAL OR HERB. IT IS ALWAYS PURE, AND ALWAYS BENEFICIAL. Sold by DR. J. M. HARRIS, 14 Broadway street, Boston, and by all respectable druggists.

DYNAMIC INSTITUTE.

HAVING chased the elements of disease from the late Moses Knickerbocker, we have fitted it up for the reception of patients, and invite the suffering throughout the country to our successful as well as peculiar method of treatment, being the same as practiced by Dr. Newton and Bryant, and pronounced by many who are conversant with the cures of both Knickerbocker and Bryant, to be the most successful of all Division Street. P. O. Drawer 1.

Drs. PERSONS & GOULD.

Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 1, 1864.

MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Mrs. ANNIE LOTT CHAMBERLAIN will commence a Musical Circle at 128 Washington street, (Room No. 7), on Monday, Dec. 12th, at 7 o'clock. P. M. Tickets: 50 cents. Single tickets, 25 cents. Tickets to be had only at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, 128 Washington street.

Dec. 12.

MISS LIZZIE WHITTE, Fashionable Cloak and Dress Maker, 50 Warren street. Work done at the residence of customers, if desired.

Dec. 31.

THE ARCANAE UNVEILED!

BRITTON'S GREAT BOOK,

Man and His Relations;

ILLUSTRATING THE INFLUENCE OF THE MIND ON THE BODY; THE RELATIONS OF ITS FACULTIES TO THEIR APPROPRIATE ORGANS; TO THE ELEMENTS, OBJECTS, AND PHENOMENA OF THE EXTERNAL WORLD.

Among the curious books belonging to this department of metaphysical literature, the volume of "MAN AND HIS RELATIONS," as estimated by an eminent authority, is

"UNRIVALLED AND PECULIAR."

It is crowded with truths of the most vital interest to the human race; and whilst they are presented in a clear, rational and convincing light, the whole theme is invested with a fascination that renders it

MORE WONDERFUL THAN FICTION.

The book is making its way, and exciting a peculiar interest both in America and Europe, as will appear from the following

VERDICT OF THE PRESS:

From the National Quarterly Review.

"We regard PROFESSOR BRITTON as a man of superior intellect, an original thinker and profound student. As a cultivator of a wide and powerful industry, and as a man who has accomplished his life's work, there are few public speakers more eloquent, or who possess in a higher degree the faculty of once fascinating and convincing his audience. Our author has placed before us a mass of facts which cannot be contemplated without wonder, however much we may differ with him as to the nature of those facts. In other words, he has presented us with a large variety of curious phenomena, and he has introduced each, that we cannot help taking an interest in it. We refer the reader to the volume itself, and we do so most confidently, and with the assurance that it will prove one of the most attractive and most suggestive works of the kind issued for several years."

From the Literary Gazette and Publishers' Circular.

"The book is largely occupied with the teachings of certain inter-layers of thought; it is not, as many might be regarded as a new disquisition, in the old-fashioned style, upon the generally received Physiology and Hygiene, and their mutual relations. Its agreeable and often eloquent style, its new facts, its disregard of many old teachings, and its earnest advocacy of much that will be novel to many persons, are well calculated to attract and in many instances instruct the general reader."

From the New York Daily Times.

"It is impossible to give in a small space any idea of this elaborate and carefully prepared work. The title will show that the subject matter is as extensive as Nature itself, and it is treated in a manner that shows the author's knowledge and importance. DR. BRITTON has for many years been an attentive student of psychological phenomena, and apart from the theories which he has advanced, his work has been a collection of remarkable cases in which the influence of mind on matter, and the preponderance of the spiritual over the material, and the wonderful extent of the human mind, are the most singular facts, throwing light upon the mysteries of somnambulism, clairvoyance, and prophetic intuition. These are related as occurring in the life of a man, and are consequently described on accreted testimony. The marvelous agency known, for want of a more precise term, as 'mediumship,' occupies an important place in the work, and the facts of the visible and unseen world, and his deductions, proving the immortality of the soul and the indestructible nature of the 'thinking principle,' within a human mind, are alone, are of a nature to interest every one."

From the Friend of Progress.

"DR. BRITTON is well known as an editor, lecturer and author. His previous writings have been marked by fluency of language, and by the statement, on personal knowledge, of valuable facts. In the present larger work, he aims to throw these facts into more systematic shape, and to state their theories. His book is earnest and sincere. It contains many facts and reasonings, valuable by his personal character and long experience. The personal experiences narrated in respect to the second sight, or clairvoyance, and the experiments on the power of the will, are very astonishing, and are so plainly stated as to leave no room for any question but of veracity. But whatever criticism may be made upon the details of Professor Britton's work, he is entitled to the thanks of all, for daring to treat of themes so difficult, and in a spirit which is usually so candid. To produce a thoroughly satisfactory book on the theme he treats, is a success not yet achieved by any one; and perhaps not to be achieved until many more mysteries are unveiled. In default of such facts and reasonings must be sought in many different works, and of these 'MAN AND HIS RELATIONS' is, no doubt, one of the most important."

From the New York Observer.

"One of the handsomest books that the American press has produced. The paper is splendid, the print and press-work are both exquisite, and it is a real luxury to peruse such a volume as this. We know there are thousands of people, many of them around us in this great city, and scattered all over the English-speaking world, who have not read this book and read it with the same wonderment that we feel for the Bible."

From the Hartford Times.

Mediums in Boston.

MRS. R. COLLINS,
CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN AND HEALING MEDIUM,
No. 6 Pine Street, Boston.
CONTINUER to treat all kinds of Diseases. Physicians control her for the benefit of suffering humanity.
Examinations \$1.00. All medicines prepared by her wholly composed of Roots, Herbs and Liches gathered from our garden of Dr.

Jan-7.

DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE,
AT NO. 7 DAVIS STREET, BOSTON.

T^HOSE requesting examinations by letter will please enclose \$1, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, stating name and residence.

Jan. 7.

MIMM ANNA BYDER,
TRANCE MEDIUM, will be pleased to receive her friends at the CHURCH ROOMS of Mrs. ANNIE LODG CHAMBERLAIN, 189 Washington street, Boston. Hours from 12 A. M. to 5 o'clock P. M.

4th-Dec. 17.

MRS. FRANCES, PHYSICIAN AND BUSINESS
M^R. CLAIRVOYANT, describes diseases, their remedies, and all kinds of ailments, and cures them by the aid of her clairvoyance. Her ROSE OINTMENT, for Scrofula, Bores, Pimples, Fades, &c., &c., 25 cents per bottle.

11 COURT STREET, Room No. 1.

HOURS FROM 10 A. M. TO 8 P. M. DON'T MISS. 4th-Dec. 17.

DR. WILLIAM B. WHITE, Sympathetic Clairvoyant, Magnetic and Electric Physician, cures all diseases, and cures nervous and disagreeable feelings removed. Advice free; operations, \$1.00. 324 JEFFERSON PLACE, (across from South Bennett street), Boston. Jan. 7.

MRS. J. S. FORREST, PRACTICAL, MAGNETIC HEALING, cures all diseases, and cures nervous and disagreeable feelings removed. Advice free; operations, \$1.00. 324 JEFFERSON PLACE, (across from South Bennett street), Boston. Jan. 7.

MRS. J. S. FORREST, PRACTICAL, MAGNETIC HEALING, cures all diseases, and cures nervous and disagreeable feelings removed. Advice free; operations, \$1.00. 324 JEFFERSON PLACE, (across from South Bennett street), Boston. Jan. 7.

CLAIRVOYANCE. — MRS. COLGROVE may be consulted personally, or by letter, respecting Business, Health, or other affairs. By appointment, at 147 Devonport street, near Summer street, Boston. **4w—Dec. 24.**

MRS. LIZZIE WETTERBEE, Healing Medium, and Clairvoyant, 12 Lincoln st., (near Summer,) Boston. Hours from 10 A. M. to 12 M., and 2 till 5 P. M. Medicines given free. Dec. 31. 8w

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

SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, NO. 18 DIX PLACE, (opposite Harvard street.) Jan. 7.

MRS. LATHAM continues to exercise her gifts of healing at 292 Wadsworth street. Jan. 7.

MRS. S. J. YOUNG, MEDIUM, 80 WARREN STREET, Boston, Mass. 2w—Dec. 31.

SOUL READING, Or Psychometric Delinquency of Character.

MR. AND MRS. A. B. BEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit them in person, or send their autograph or lock of hair, they will give an accurate description of their leading traits in character and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past and future life, physical, domestic and otherwise, and thereby what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those living in the present, and the means of improvement, by which they can restore or perpetuate their former one.

Those who desire to be more fully and accurately told what faculties should be restrained, and what cultivated.

Seven years' experience warrants them in saying that they can tell the truth, and that they will not be disappointed.

Those who desire to be more fully and accurately told what faculties should be restrained, and what cultivated.

Everything of a private character kept strictly as such. No confidential communications made public.

Hereafter all calls or letters will be promptly attended to by either one of the other.

MR. AND MRS. A. B. BEVERANCE,
Jan. 1. If Whitewater, Walworth Co., Wisconsin.

DR. J. P. BRYANT,
WILL HEAL THE SICK, AT THE
WAVERLY HOUSE,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.,
Until February 1st, 1865.

Dec. 24—P.

DR. P. B. BRISTOL,
PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN,
WILL HEAL THE SICK AT THE VICTORY HOUSE, Geneva, N. Y., Nov. 28th, 1864, to Feb. 1st, 1865, to heal the sick, by the use of the medicine of the University of California, and by the use of a system of practical operations requiring but a few minutes.

Dec. 24—P.

DR. N. PALMER,
MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN.
78 Fourth Avenue,
Near 31st Street.
Dec. 3.—7m.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED.
L. FARNSWORTH, Medium for Answering Sealed Letters, has the honor to inform those who desire to send sealed letters, will receive a prompt reply. Post Office address, 106 W. 25th, Chicago, Ill. Residence, 469 West Lake street.

DR. J. A. NEAL, No. 34 West 15th Street
New York, still continues his treatment of Disease by plan of manipulation peculiar to himself, and which is a new and original system, and has been successful in every case once established in the minds of patients, when his method

also applied. He is prepared to receive boarders as patients
Jan 2

SAMUEL H. PRENTISS, Healing, Speaking,
and Trance Medium, No. 2 Concord street, Worcester,
Mass. 20—Nov. 15.

**NEW AND STANDARD WORKS OF
SPIRITUALISM.**
ALSO, PAMPHLETS, NEWSPAPERS, ETC.

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J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD,
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ALL New Publications on the Spiritual and Progress
philosophy, whether published in England or Ameri
can be procured as above, soon after their issue; also, and
the Works advertised in the columns of the **BANNER OF LIGHT**
Subscriptions taken for the **BANNER OF LIGHT** at
per annum. Sample copies always on hand. 16—Oct

SCENES IN THE SUMMER LANDS
NO. 1.—THE PORTICO OF THE SAGE
BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

THE Artist has endeavored to impress on canvas the
he has often seen and loved, a landscape in
Spheres, embracing the Home of a group of Sages. What
those who desire to have the same view as himself that of
nature land beyond the veil of darkness, he has published
the popular **CARTÉ DE VISITE** form. Single copies 25 cents,
free of postage. Large size photograph, 11; large size color
65. Usual discount to the Trade. For sale at this office.
June 23.

PROGRESSIVE PUBLICATIONS.
WESTERN DEPOT, No. 356 STATE STREET, corner Hill
street, Chicago, Ill.

Agency for the "Banner of Light,"

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