

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## "THE ORACLE."

[AN INSPIRATIONAL POEM, DELIVERED BY MISS LIZZIE DOWEN, AT THE CLOSURE OF HER LECTURE IN CHICAGO, ILL., SUNDAY EVENING, AUG. 7, 1864.]

The authorship of this Poem, the style of which so closely resembles that of Poe, could not be ascertained; the only answer given to the inquiry was, that the name was not essential.

Like the roar of distant cataracts,  
Like the slumbrous roll of waves,  
Like the night-wind in the willows,  
Sighing over lonely graves;  
Like oracular responses,  
Echoing from their secret caves,  
Comes a sound of solemn meaning  
From the spirits gone before;  
Comes a terrible "awake thou!"  
Startling man from sleep once more,  
Like a wild wave beating, breaking,  
On this life's tempestuous shore.

In Earth's desolated temples  
Have the oracles grown dumb,  
And the priests, with lifeless rituals,  
All man's noblest powers benumb;  
But a solemn voice is speaking—  
Speaking of the yet to come.  
There will be a chosen priestess,  
Springing from the lap of Ease,  
Hastening to the soul's Dodona,  
Where, amid the sacred trees,  
She will hear divine responses,  
Whispered in the passing breeze.

She will be a meek-faced woman,  
Chastened by Affliction's rod,  
Who hath worshipped at the altar  
Of the spirit's "unknown God;"  
Who in want, and woe, and weakness,  
All alone the wine-press trod—  
Till the salt sea-foam of Sorrow  
Whitened on her quivering lips,  
Till her heart's full tide of anguish  
Flooded to her finger-tips,  
And her soul sank down in darkness,  
Smitten with a dread eclipse.

"Pure in heart," and "poor in spirit,"  
Hers will be that inner life,  
Which Earth's martyr-souls inherit,  
Who are conquerors in the strife.  
Born of God they walk with Angels,  
Where the air with love is rife.  
Men will call her "Laureola,"  
And her pale, meek brow will crown;  
But with holiest aspirations,  
She will shun the world's renown,  
And before the Truth's high altar,  
Cast Earth's votive offerings down.

Men will sit like little children  
At her feet, high truths to learn,  
And for love, the pure and holy,  
She will cause their hearts to yearn;  
Then the innocence of Eden,  
To their spirits shall return.  
Very fearless in her freedom,  
She will scorn to simply please;  
But the fiercest lion-spirits  
She will lead with quiet ease.  
Calm but earnest, firm and truthful,  
She will utter words like these:

"Wherefore, O ye sons of Sorrow!  
Do ye idly sit and borrow  
Care and trouble for the morrow—  
Filling up your cup with woe?  
Leave, O leave your visions dreary!  
Hush your doleful misère!  
See the lilies how they grow—

"Bending down their heads so lowly,  
As though heaven were far too holy,  
Growing patiently and slowly  
To the end that God designed.  
In their fragrance and their beauty,  
Filling up their sphere of duty—  
Each is perfect in its kind.

"Deeper than all sense of seeing,  
Lies the secret source of being,  
And the soul with Truth agreeing,  
Learns to live in thoughts and deeds.  
'For the life is more than raiment,'  
And the Earth is pledged for payment  
Unto man, for all his needs.

"Nature is your common mother,  
Every living man your brother;  
Therefore love and serve each other;  
Not to meet the law's behest,  
But, because through cheerful giving,  
You will learn the art of living,  
And to love and serve is best.

"Life is more than what man fancies—  
Not a game of idle chances,  
But it steadily advances  
Up the rugged steps of Time,  
Till man's complex web of trouble—  
Every sad hope's broken bubble,  
Hath a meaning most sublime.

"More of practice, less profession,  
More of firmness, less concession,  
More of freedom, less oppression  
In your Church and in your State;  
More of life, and less of fashion,  
More of love, and less of passion—  
That will make you good and great.

"When true hearts, divinely gifted,  
From the chaff of Error sifted,  
On their crosses are uplifted,  
Shall your souls most clearly see  
That earth's greatest time of trial  
Calls for holy self-denial—  
Calls on men to do and be.

\*The name signifies a small laurel-wreath.

"But, forever and forever,  
Let it be your soul's endeavor,  
Love from hatred to discover;  
And, in whatsoever ye do—  
Won by Truth's eternal beauty—  
To your highest sense of duty  
Evermore be firm and true.

"Heavenly messengers descending,  
With a patience never ending,  
Evermore their strength are lending,  
And will aid you, lest you fall.  
Truth is an eternal mountain—  
Love, a never-falling fountain,  
Which will cleanse and save you all."

List to her, ye worn and weary—  
Hush your heart-throbs, hold the breath,  
Lest ye lose one word of wisdom,  
Which the answering spirit saith;  
Hear her, O thou blood-stained nation,  
In thy holocaust of death!  
Lo! your oracles have failed you,  
In the dust your idols fall.  
And a mighty hand is writing  
Words of judgment on the wall:  
"Ye are weighed within the balance,  
And found wanting"—one and all.

Mournful murmurs, direful discords,  
Greet you from Destruction's night,  
For Life's lower stratum, heaving,  
Brings long-buried wrongs to light,  
And your souls shall find no refuge,  
Save with the Eternal Right.  
In one grand, unbroken phalanx,  
Firm, united, bravely stand,  
First to Truth and Right be faithful,  
Next to these your native land,  
And forever let your motto  
Be this—"GOD AND MY RIGHT HAND!"

## Literary Department.

### MADemoiselle MARIANI.

Translated from the French of A. Housnaye, for the Banner of Light, by Laura L. Hastings.

#### CHAPTER I.

Le Comte Horace de —  
Last year—the 1st of September, 1858—it seems to me as if it were but yesterday—during one of those beautiful days which are so much more beautiful at Baden because they do not return every morning, a group of young men were busily occupied, before the Palace de la Conversation, planning an excursion to the chateau of the Princess Sibylle.

"Will you come to the Favorite?"  
"No, I have just received a thousand francs by the post."  
"That need not keep you from coming with us."  
"I love better to play. You know well that I love only the chateaus of cards."  
"I say that shall not keep you from coming with us to the Favorite. We shall set out in half an hour. You will come with us, or else there will not remain to you a farin."

"In a half-hour I shall have gained enough to buy the Favorite, with the Princess Sibylle included."

Thus spoke before me, whilst they were lighting their cigars, Horace de —, a friend of mine, a friend of mine, and a Russian prince, whose name I had never been very familiar with, a friend as far as the eye could reach, or, I should say, a friend of Baden.

Horace played at trente-et-quarante, and also the game of life. As soon as one saw him, they were pleased with his pride, his wit, and his seductive manner. He was eloquent without knowing it. He professed hatred of the vulgarities of the world. He wished to live free, according to the fancy of each day, but a fatal passion had, by degrees, drawn him within the atmosphere of spendthrift men and low women.

He had scarcely arrived at Baden before he had lost all the money he brought with him. How much? He did not know, for he never counted it. You are perhaps curious to know if my friend Horace returns the money that he borrows: I have nothing to tell you about it. When he was at Baden last season, he commenced by eating his neighbor's money. Many young people use other people's money, whilst they save their own for the bad days that may come to them. But there are false riches, as well as false poverty. I have seen them, in public, singing the names of their creditors as a litany, before their friends, and then, reëntering their houses, count their sou's and their deniers, meanwhile laughing at those who were not able to count them, or had none to count! But Horace had not done thus. One day, his father having refused to give him any more pocket-money, news came to him of the death of two aunts, who had left him a hundred thousand crowns.

This was during the time that they spoke much of people who were ruined at the Bourse. Horace was not so foolish as to venture his money in that which he called paper security. He deposited, as a good father of a family, three hundred thousand francs at the Treasury, resolving to eat them in three years, without a thought of the interest. Behold a foolish fellow! says one. I shall not defend him, but I can prove that he has not lost them at the Bourse, and that he had the art of living well during three years. He called that spending his youth. The day where this story commences, he had no longer an open account at the Treasury, but he was none the less younger for that. His youth, that he had limited to three hundred thousand francs, did not wish yet to be put in the tomb, therefore had opened to him the garden of Hesperides by the door of trente-et-

quarante. He had just received a thousand francs from a friend; he would be rich before sunset. It was very necessary he should become rich: he had received by the same post a letter in the following style:

"AUGUST 30th, 1858.  
DEAR OLD BEAR—I set out, and I shall arrive. Engage for me at the Russian Hotel four rooms for my dresses, one for my bonnets, and one for me.  
OLYMPIE."

#### CHAPTER II.

Where Fortune presents herself as the Queen of Hearts.

"You understand now," said Horace to me, after showing me the letter, "why I do not go with you to the Favorite."

He had meanwhile lighted his cigar. Suddenly he threw it over his head.

"That is the best cigar I have ever smoked," said he.  
"Why have you thrown it away?"  
"As a sacrifice to the infernal gods. You know that I am superstitious. It is not the feeble mind which believes everything, it is the strong mind."  
In saying these words he shook hands with me, and walked with a firm step toward the trente-et-quarante.

Suddenly he turned and retraced his steps.  
"I am going to play on the black," said he to us with a decided air. And he called our attention to a young girl who had black hair and eyes, but the most beautiful black which had ever sparkled on the wings of the raven.

"Is she not beautiful?" said Horace, with a sudden enthusiasm. "Is it possible she has descended to hell, like Psyche, to ask for a life of beauty of Proserpine?"

"No," answered the Prince, "she is a bird of Paradise: they call her Luciani Mariani. She is the most beautiful girl at Baden; but she has two sentiments to guard her; her mother, who wishes to marry her, and God, who calls her to the convent."

"You know her, then?"  
"Yes. During the past season she has played comedy at my sister's house, with Méry and Vivier."

"Is it Méry or Vivier who have given her a taste for the convent?"  
"No; she loves the Church as another loves the ball-room. But she goes every day to mass."

"Is it her mother who is walking with her? She is beautiful yet?"  
"Oh, that one? I cannot tell you who she is; she is chaos. Alexander Dumas could not tell her life in a hundred volumes. I believe she does not go as often to mass as her daughter."

"But, in truth, the mother is nearly as beautiful as the daughter."

At that moment the Prince left us to accost the two ladies.

"And I, who have forgotten my play," said Horace to me, "have become a dreamer."

He left me alone before the tobacco merchants. The Prince soon rejoined me.

"Those ladies have nearly decided to go with us to-day to the Favorite. As we do not leave for an hour, I have just time to set for my caricature. My caricaturist is a very witty man. Do you wish to come with me to see my position?"

"No; I had rather see the face that Horace will make before his last note of a thousand francs."

"You know he does not like to see his friends when he plays."

"I know that. I shall only show myself when he loses. If he gains, I shall conceal myself behind that sylph who strips the leaves of the *vergis-mein-nicht*, and who eats sourcroust."

The caricaturist, who was on the steps of the Conversation, showed the Prince that he was armed with his pencils.

A comrade struck me on the shoulder:  
"Ah, well, your friend Horace is in a mood to break the bank!"

In less than ten seconds I was before the green table. Horace had begun the game with five hundred francs, and, at the second chance, had valiantly staked his other note of five hundred francs. He played the principal. The black had just passed the third time.

He was there, heroic as before the enemy, scarcely knitting his brow at each turn of fate. He saw no one neither at his side or before him—not even Méry, who, with the same intrepidity, put on the red all of his own fortune.

The black passed a fourth time. The assistant threw toward Horace six notes of a thousand francs each. The player took them in his hand, and wrung them with fury, like a combatant who seizes his enemy, after which he threw them on the game.

"You cannot play only six thousand francs," said the assistant to him.

"I know it well," he replied; and he deposited the twelve thousand francs.

The black passed again four times. At each turn Horace took the notes they gave him, and threw them all tumbled with the others, not wishing to count them and know his fortune.

At the eighth turn, Méry left the table, not for lack of heroism, but for want of money. I judged that it was time to draw Horace from his victory.

"My dear Horace," said I, approaching him, "let us set forth for the Favorite."

"When the bank is broken," said he. "See, their remains only some rouleaux and some notes. If the black passes once more, the bank will be broken."

"Yes; but it is the red which will pass, for Méry has just left it!"  
Horace turned pale.

"Ah, well," said he, passing me a thousand francs, "take that to Méry, because if he does not play against me I am lost!"  
But already Méry had returned to take his place in front of us, throwing five louis on the red. Destiny—in a black coat and white cravat—

turned up six cards at the first, and said, with his metallic voice, "Thirty-nine!"

"It is finished," murmured Horace, making a pique. "It is registered above that the bank shall not break!"

Whilst he spoke, the croupier had turned three cards—three face cards.

"You will see a fourth face card," said Méry, "which will show itself purposely against me!"  
In fact, the first card turned was the queen of hearts.

"Forty!" said the same metallic voice.  
A cry of joy ran round the table. Méry himself, who loved all the victories, even those which ruined him, cried with enthusiasm:

"Nine blacks! It is beautiful! Destiny owes me nine more reds!"

Destiny owed to Méry, that day, three thousand seven hundred and forty-three reds—enough to buy all the banks on the borders of the Rhine, and even those of Monaco.

The croupiers could not find enough to pay the stakes. They were obliged to collect their small notes and their foreign coin—it was even necessary to borrow of their roulette companions; and when they had paid, the Commissioner came with great ceremony to assist at the burial of the defunct bank. They threw away the fatal cards, and dealt some new ones, and they placed under the marbles and in the cases eighty thousand francs in notes, gold and silver.

Meanwhile we had departed. Horace having gained forty-one thousand francs, judged it was sufficient for that day, so he went with us to the Favorite.

When we came out, the caricature of the Prince was finished. He was enchanted with the brilliant coat of arms which the designer had placed on his hat—a great many gules quartered with gold, with the knave of hearts and the queen of diamonds for supporters.

The excursion was very pleasant. Horace, who believed he had conquered the world, regretted he could not find a carriage with four horses. We were drawn by two sorry horses in one of those poor calashes which are at the will of any one, those who have lost, or those who have gained.

The gayest of the three was not Horace. He had a pocket full of care. What should he do with his money? He recollected that he had some debts. To gain at play to buy a horse, or to sup with a Princess, or to take a bath at the Lido, or to buy a castle, is logic; but to gain at play to pay one's debts, is never seen!

We were preceded and followed by seven or eight calashes; some were silent, others noisy.

"I was very sure," said the Prince, "that the ladies Mariani would join the excursion. I recognize them yonder; they fly before us as if they had some genuine horses!"

I promised four drinks to the coachman, if he would overtake the first calash. He answered us with his admirable *sans-froid*, that he was not able to make his horses understand that four extra florins ought to inspire their legs.

It was not until we arrived at the Favorite, that our calash approached that of Madame Mariani. The Prince hurried to the door to offer them his hand. He then presented us—Horace as a gentleman seeking adventures, and myself as an ambassador—a stale joke, which the Prince found always new.

#### CHAPTER III.

Luciani Mariani.

Luciani was nearly twenty-one years of age. She had just arrived at that hour. Undecided and charming, where the peach already blushes on the tree, but guards still its tender perfume. No curious lip had moved from her cheeks that virgin down which blooms on the peach and on woman. But she was beautiful with her foreign manners and her velled eyes, her mouth half opened, her grave figure, and the nonchalance of a Sultanness. She was the Venus of Corregio, a little darkened and gilded by the sun of Tiden. She was born, besides, on the quay des Esclavons, daughter of a Venetian father, who was killed during the last Republic of Venice, and a French mother, who had traveled much.

You can tell one of those fortune-hunting mothers, who have neither house nor country, because they dwell only in passion; capricious creatures, always ardent in the game of love and fortune, always excellent in the sublime deceptions of the heart, and holding on to the shores of Youth by the hands of their daughters—romantic women who have multiplied their hearts to guard against the unforeseen hunger of love, who have avenged themselves on men by men, who have given their first tears and sold their others at the price of fine pearls. These women are neither more nor less than women; for if they have not the pious virtues of the household, they have the aspirations of the Muse. They have not sanctified the deserted threshold of the mother, but they have poetized the errors of love.

Luciani did not seem born to continue this fortune-hunting journey through the passions. She had reaped a soul which stood sentinel before her beauty, as if she feared some one would profane the work of God. She had passed her youth at the Sacré-Cœur with a mysterious love for Jesus, plucking the flowers which blossomed under her virgin fingers to place on the steps of the altar. Luciani reserved herself to the love of God. Women commence or finish through God.

We will run over together this strange chateau, but you do not yet know the legend.

The Favorite is a castle built in the midst of a forest, in the Louis XV. style, by a German hand. It is heavily light, like a margrave dancing the Monnoe. The walls are of flint stone of all colors, as if the Princess had wished to put some rouge and some patches on the front of her castle, as on her face.

In this castle in the wood everything is strange, from the kitchen, all stocked yet with its ancient

dishes, to the saloon, with its tapestry hangings woven by Sibylle; from the hermitage where the Princess did penance, having at her table Saint Joseph, Mary Magdalene and Jesus Christ, three guests of wax which still remain, to her indiscreet boudoir where her lover, reproduced by a hundred mirrors, multiplied himself infinitely when he threw himself on his knees to her; from the saloon of feasts, carnivals and spectacles, to the portrait gallery, where the Princess is represented a hundred times in all the metamorphoses of life and love.

I had known the Favorite for some time. So I studied Mademoiselle Mariani more than the portraits of the Margrave. I was struck with the unusual design of that severe beauty, all enclosed in itself, who listened to our historical ramblings, speaking little, and scarcely smiling when Horace said a witty or foolish word, for it was characteristic of Horace, never to draw back, even from foolishness.

On entering, he had made his respectful compliments to a China baboon designed to hold spice.

We stopped as long in the kitchen as in the boudoir. For that kitchen was quite a museum; the singularities of China and Japan, the skillful fancy works of Saxony and Sèvres, the finest glasses of Murano, the purest crystals of Bohemia, everything was there, in admirable order, as if a Dutch housekeeper's hand put them to rights every day. The Dutch ware would give you a desire to put it on the table, it represented with so much skill all the wonders of a dinner in a fairy story, from the bunch of asparagus to the apples of Normandy—from the cherries of Lucullus to the raisins of Malaga. It was said that the fire would light itself in the large stoves; that the cook would appear as at the Theatre Dubureau, and that a myriad of scullions would kill the dwellers of the poultry yard.

"Do you not think," said Mademoiselle Mariani, "that one breathes in—I know not what—but some good odor from the kitchen, Prince?"

"That is not astonishing," said I, with the most convinced air in the world. "The Princess Sibylle comes to-night to sup at her chateau. You do not, then, know the legend?"

As I said these words, a storm that we had not anticipated, began to fall on the chateau; it was as dark as night around us, and made things appear a little fantastical. Mademoiselle Mariani, who believed in friends coming back, urged me to tell her all I knew.

"Oh, do tell us this story!" cried Luciani, with animation.

"You will not believe it!"  
"She believes in coming back," said Madam Mariani. "She is always in fear of the night. You could not make her remain here alone till to-morrow morning even to become in her turn the Princess Sibylle."

"I believe it; I would not remain here myself for any price."

"Tell us, then, your legend."  
"It shall be done quickly."

And I related the history of the suppers of the Margrave Sibylle.

#### CHAPTER IV.

The Legend of the Favorite.

"The Princess Sibylle had had many lovers, but she loved only one. He was a young Captain, a soldier of merit, very brave, and very beautiful, that she concealed in the castle during a year.

When Lent came, Sibylle, according to custom, took refuge in the little hermitage which is below, to do penance. It was the Captain who tied to himself the hair-cloth. They were to part at midnight, one moment before Ash Wednesday; they had a last supper together with all the charming follies of a passion which thinks not of the morrow.

"Adieu," said the Princess, "I shall expect you Palm Sunday, at midnight; I shall not go out until then; but Palm Sunday God will return my heart to me to love you."

"Adieu," said the Captain, "I go to war; I will fight like a lion in thinking of you. If I do not return Palm Sunday at midnight, it will be that God has called me on high."

On Palm Sunday the Princess put on her most beautiful attire, her dress flowered with gold and silver, open on the breast and arms, with a garland of roses for a girdle. Although her lover was not coming until midnight, she mounted twenty times to the highest window of the castle to look far off into the horizon to see if she could discern him. When night came, she wept.

"For what does the Princess Sibylle weep?" asked those around her.

When every one was asleep—for she had not told her secret to her squire or her women—they served the most beautiful supper which had ever shone on the table of a king.

"I have fasted during forty days," said she to her court, "now I wish a supper all alone."

At each instant she would listen at the window as if she had just heard the galloping of a horse; and at each instant she would look at the clock to see if it was going to strike the hour so much desired and feared. One minute before midnight, she placed herself at the table.

"You frighten me," said Mademoiselle Mariani, interrupting me.

Horace wished to laugh.  
"Hush!" said the young girl; "listen, or go from here."

The Prince seemed only to have half heard. Some days since he had begun a campaign against Madam Mariani; he continued his eloquent battle with his eyes. Madam Mariani played with her fan.

"I do not know why I tell you this legend," said I, "for when we return to Baden, you can buy it for two sous."

"I have sought it for three years," said the Prince. "The Grand Duke will not grant the privilege of printing it."

I then continued the legend of the Favorite.



CHAPTER V.  
The Nocturnal Suppers.

"Midnight sounded from all the clocks of the castle. Midnight! that *De profundis* of the twelve hours which are dead. The Princess, who filled with a feeble hand the cup of her lover, let fall the bottle, crying, 'Midnight!' and she listened. She heard only the wind whistling in the chimneys and in the corridors:

"Am I mad?" said she, wishing to seize her reason again. "If he could not come, he should have sent me a courier."

She took a phœnix and tried to carve it herself. She put one wing on her lover's plate, and the other wing on her plate.

All at once the door opened with a great crash. It was the Captain. She ran to meet him and wished to throw herself in his arms, but it was only a phantom.

She withdrew from him in terror; she saw him deathly pale, and his jacket covered with blood. She fell, half fainting, in her arm-chair. The phantom came with measured steps and seated itself in front of her.

"Wilfrid!" murmured she, faintly.

The phantom moved its lips, but said not a single word.

Nearly at the same instant he bowed and disappeared.

The Princess, in her fright, awoke all her court, and told them that at the moment she placed herself at the table an unknown phantom came and seated itself in front of her.

The following night, at midnight, as she was lying in bed, she opened her eyes as she heard the fatal hour strike, and saw the Captain appear. This time he said he came to sup with her.

The second day after, being more and more frightened by the apparition, she wished that at midnight all her court would remain with her, that she might not see the Captain. But at midnight the door opened, and he came to salute her.

"Do you see?" said she, growing pale. But she alone had seen the phantom.

Some months passed thus. She had prayed much to God; she had read all the philosophical treatises against supernaturalism, but at midnight, whether she was in her bed or at a ball, the Captain came to her—always pale, always bleeding.

She took another lover, but she charged herself not to sup late with him. One night, nevertheless, she forgot the hour. Midnight sounded; the Captain came and seated himself beside her.

"What have I done to thee?" said she to him, daring to speak to him for the first time.

"You have told me to come and sup with you, and I come to sup with you."

This is the last sentence of the legend.

Now, for what this castle is abandoned, or this kitchen so well prepared for nocturnal feasts, I do not know. Perhaps the Princess is condemned for her sins to come and wait every night for Captain Wilfrid. Or, since they are re-united in death, they come perhaps, at the hour when the world is in dreams, to live over their past love in the tapestried saloon. That which is out of all doubt is, that neither you nor me would dare to wait for them at table at midnight, or when the door opens. The peasants of the country affirm they have often heard the rattling of pans, the clashing of forks and the tinkling of glasses, in the silence of night. They have a custom of saying: "There is the Princess Sibylle, having her Sabbath yet."

An old soldier, who had never known fear, wished to pass the night in the castle, in the face, even, of the Princess; that is to say, in the portrait gallery. He slept soundly in hand, but he awoke in fright, for he heard a great noise in the kitchen, and saw by the light of the moon, pass gravely before him, the Princess Sibylle and Captain Wilfrid, who went to supper."

CHAPTER VI.  
First Coup de Soleil.

"Is it finished?" said Horace to me.

"I have told all that I know. I forgot—in dying, the Princess Sibylle has wished they would not disturb her kitchen furniture—saying that she should always come at midnight to sup at the castle."

"Do you see," said Madame Mariani to me, "how your legend has struck Luciani? I am very sure she will not sup this evening."

"Mademoiselle," said Horace, "if you wish to wait for me above, I will come at midnight to ask of you a supper, and I promise you to be a gay guest."

"Do not laugh," said Mademoiselle Mariani, looking at him; "I know not why, but I imagine something will occur to you some day, which will cause you to believe in phantoms."

"Me? I am only afraid of highway robbers." Horace placed his hand on his bank notes, and continued:

"There is something, however, I am more afraid of than highway robbers; it is love."

Mademoiselle Mariani cast a searching glance upon Horace.

"What a strange creature," said he to me, with emotion. "It is not astonishing that, on my last turn, they should turn up the queen of hearts."

We all returned to sup at the Conversation, in the private hall.

Méry, Alberic Second, Vivier and some others were waiting for us with their hands full of gold and their spirits full of gaiety, so much is it true—of Baden—that a moralist has said: "The sun is a *louis-d'or*."

Vivier recounted a thousand and one jests to Mademoiselle Mariani that he might see her teeth, for she laughed with an adorable laugh of thirty-two teeth.

"What a pity!" said he all at once. "You are so beautiful that you love only your beauty. Some one will knock three times, and you will not answer."

Luciani turned pale, as if the presentiment of a great passion had already seized her heart.

"I will not answer twice," said she; "but when I close the door it will be terrible."

Mademoiselle Mariani laughed, but she had a singular expression.

"Those who have loved," said I, "love to love."

"No," replied she to me, "I shall not be one of those who console themselves of one passion by another, and who thus, from one fall to another, are always consoling themselves, but are never consoled."

The supper was very gay. I have never eaten such beautiful cray fish. We were very thirsty, and we drank Champagne to quench our thirst. Madame Mariani was sparkling. Luciani alone drank water.

Midnight sounded.

"Behold the hour when the Margrave Sibylle seats herself at the table to await the Captain," said Horace, raising his glass. "Gentlemen, let us drink to their health."

"Laugh never at those who will laugh no more," said Mademoiselle Mariani, gravely.

CHAPTER VII.  
Mademoiselle Olympe.

The next day Horace re-took his passion for play, occupying himself no more about Mademoiselle Mariani. He met her several times before the Conversation, but he contented himself with bowing, without even removing his cigar.

In travelling one will take fire for an hour, if the hour opens with a new prospect and closes over the past hour.

Horace found that beautiful girl very beautiful; a little out of latitude among those women who go to Baden to seek their fortunes; he judged as a matter of course she had some true virtues—a genuine character—in fact, a real woman. But he had not come to Baden to find that; what he desired most in the interludes of play, was one of those young ladies who live only in the follies of a life of vanity. And then the true reason—if there is one—was that he was in love with Mademoiselle Olympe.

Who was that young lady? A beautiful creature who covered herself with rice powder, and dressed according to the fashion-book; who played with passion, but loved only her dresses and her bonnets. They applauded her style at the supper at the Maison d'Or, and her language at the Chateau des Fleurs. Each age has its Hotel Rambouillet and its Sevigne's.

For what did Horace love that young lady? He loved her as Grief loved Manon Lescaut. There are some women that we love for their virtues; there are others that we love for their wickedness. There are some genuine maladies of the heart.

Madame Mariani and her daughter had descended from the Hotel Victoria, where they most frequently dined, and this day they came to dine at M. Weber's, where Horace always dined. Did Luciani wish to continue the romance commenced the day before? Had Madame Mariani learned already that Horace was a bachelor, with a name and perhaps a fortune—that is to say, what she sought for her daughter?

Their entrance towards seven o'clock was an event, for it is the fashionable dining hour of most people at Baden. The most greedy forgot to eat.

The mother and daughter traversed rapidly the first hall, without noticing the buzz which was raised around them, without appearing to recognize any one among the diners; but Mademoiselle Mariani had nevertheless seen Horace sitting at table with two courtesans.

"Why have we come to dine here," said she to her mother, with a movement of impatience. She wished to go from there; her mother retained her, but she would not eat. "Ah!" murmured she, concealing her pale face in her hands, "it is jealousy which learns me love!"

Some days after, Horace sought with many glances of the eye, here and there, before the Conversation, in the saloons, at the theatres, and in the Lichtenthal avenue.

"Where is Mademoiselle Luciani Mariani?" asked he of the Prince.

"Those ladies set out for Paris the second day after our excursion to the Favorite."

"Gone!" said Horace, with an air of regret. "They have depopulated Baden."

"Yes; but they lost time here."

"They lost time?"

"Yes; Mademoiselle Mariani will be of age soon; it is necessary she should be married."

"It is a pity!" said Horace.

CHAPTER VIII.  
Guided Saloons.

Madame Mariani had perhaps not lost her time, for the Russian Prince, who loved ripe fruit, had mysteriously left Baden for Paris. Who of us has known Madame Mariani? She has lived two winters in the rue de St. Georges. She received once a week that picturesque world that one meets everywhere: foreign ministers, men of letters, idlers and adventurers. Her saloon was the saloon of a traveler; they traveled there, but never stopped.

They spoke of her by turns as rich and poor. The truth was, that she possessed scarcely six thousand francs of income; but she had, like all governments, her direct revenues and her indirect revenues, without counting public credit.

She affected a luxury of fortune which deceived only the simple. They dined frequently at her house for her daughter, but not for her wine, for they served at her table that wine too well known in Paris, which tastes neither of the vine or the cellar; but in return Luciani perceived her invention. They said, moreover, that if the mother was a little foolish, the daughter had all the virtues.

Nevertheless, this luxury of fortune was kept a little secret. No one ever knew the condition, or, I should say, the misfortune of Madame Mariani. But she went to all the *fetes*; she went in the best company. One would see her always at the Opera and at the Italiens; they spoke even of her horses. The truth is, that her dresses lasted a long time, and she had her horses three months only by paying six hundred francs per month; and at Spa, Baden or Dieppe, she lived without ostentation.

She kept her fortune in two hands. I believe, moreover, that she ate the principal before the revenue, counting that the fine eyes of her daughter would magnetize the chart of destiny. But she was frightened to see Luciani taking root in the forest of pious ecstasy. She tore her from it violently, and cast her, all surprised, into the *fetes* of the Parisian world, where the women go half naked, speak of deeds of charity, waltz and praise the sermons of P. Lacordaire.

When Mademoiselle Mariani entered a saloon, it was dazzling; she desired to veil her beauty as well as her modesty, as the sun under the clouds of April. They acknowledged her beauty with enthusiasm; the women themselves, not being able to prove a stain on this radiant sun, judged they had but this resource—to kill her with praise. Only it occurred frequently that they would invite the mother, and forget the daughter; but the mother would arrive embelished by her daughter, made young again by that halo of twenty springs, knowing also, that all the worship which was extended to Luciani, might reflect a little on her path; happy yet, when she was not contented with a mother's pride, of being the confidant of the lovers of her daughter.

The winter before last was passed in attending *fetes* of the *beau monde*. Luciani, at once thrown on herself, gave herself up by degrees to the pride of sovereignty; for her unlooked for beauty had made her a court. She learned love before loving; but she guarded piously her heart. At night, all wearied by dancing, she would kneel by her pillow ere she slept, as if to drive from her visions of love; but the next day she would go out and dispense, like the prodigal child, that luxuriance of youth.

The lovers of idleness, who went and came without wishing to stop, who professed a passion as Zouxis made a painting, taking the profile of this one, the eyes of that one, the flowing hair of Danaë, and the marble breast of Aspasie, found themselves suddenly before a marvel which possessed them all.

Some of them, rich old bachelors, thought to marry her, though without a dowry, and although endowed with a young acting mother. Others, adventurers, thought only of their inestimable

good fortune if they could possess so handsome a woman. For both it was a *steepie-chase*, recorded in the annals of Parisian love.

Luciani laughed a little at this race for her beauty. But in vain, whether at the Opera, at the ball, or the woods, where they displayed under her eyes their wit, or their foolishness, their millions or their horses, she would only say the comedy was badly played.

The most sincere of all her lovers was a Baron des Pyrénées, who made a great sound with his two millions. He was fifty years of age, and had never been young. He thought that if he wedded Luciani, he might live in the twenty years of the young girl, as in a paradise regained. But Luciani did not wish to live in the fifty years of the Baron.

"Nevertheless," said the mother, "two millions! and think, we have not paid for our new dresses."

"That is my greatest vexation," said Luciani; "but I had rather have an old dress and a young husband!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

## THOUGHTS IN THE WOODS.

BY JENNIE VALERIA.

'Tis sweet to live in God's free air,  
Undazzled by the city's glare,  
Midst meadows, streams and mountains;  
To wander through the forest glade,  
Or, tired, at length to seek the shade,  
By one of nature's fountains.

Nursing bright thoughts beneath the trees,  
Or listening to the summer breeze  
Which bloweth fresh upon me;  
Whilst joyous hopes within me rise  
Of happier scenes beyond the skies  
Which now are smiling on me.

The little flowers by the side  
Of the clear stream, seem half to hide  
Their beauty, half to show it;  
More proud, perchance, if they could dream  
How oft their fragrance forms a theme  
For lover or for poet.

How blithely doth the blackcap sing!  
The joyous lark with eager wing  
Shoots upward—wild with gladness;  
The wood-pigeon's soft undertone,  
Recalling joys forever flown,  
Fills all my soul with sadness—

A sadness sweet, though fraught with pain;  
The days long past return again,  
By all their hopes attended;  
And strains of never-changing truth,  
And low-toned voices heard in youth,  
In one fond union blended.

A face appears to soothe and bless,  
A maiden stoops to my caress;  
Oh, vision fair but fleeting!  
If fancy such a phantom shows,  
How dear the form from whence it rose!  
How sweet her angel-greeting!

Ah! were she here, whose modest grace  
Lends double charms to Nature's face,  
My bliss would be complete;  
But severed far by mountains and streams,  
'Tis only in the hour of dreams,  
I e'er may hope to meet her.

## Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

"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."  
LEIGH HUNT.

## THE MAGIC BRACELET.

Anna Belle was the daughter of a very rich man who lived in an elegant house, surrounded with delightful grounds, which were covered with rare flowers and trees. There were fountains of water perpetually flowing, on the borders of which grew aquatic plants, and there were little ponds filled with gold and silver fish which gleamed in the sunshine; and on the surface of the water might be seen snowy swans, and little yellow ducklings, and gossams swam and froliced on the smooth surface.

Anna Belle had a large bird-house full of birds of beautiful plumage. Snowy pigeons sunned themselves on little shelves made for them; gay parrots swung and chattered in the trees whose branches were conducted through the sides of the bird-house; lively mocking birds were carefully kept in their separate rooms, while canary birds and tamarisks vied with each other in displaying their beautiful plumage.

Besides Anna Belle had rabbits, and lambs, and deer, and two white goats that were trained to draw a nice little carriage in which she used to ride. She had a play-house in which were dolls of all sizes, with their wardrobes, rocking-horses, and many small carriages.

"Oh, what a happy child must Anna Belle be," said every one who knew her, and of the many beautiful things which surrounded her; but these people forgot that it is not any kind of beauty outside one's self that is sure to bring happiness, but only a happy spirit within.

Anna Belle was never contented long at a time. She was always wishing for something that she had not, and as soon as she obtained it she got tired of it, and wanted something else. She was never satisfied long with any amusement. If she thought to herself, "I will take a little ride with my goats," and ordered them harnessed in the pretty carriage, she very likely changed her mind by the time they were driven to her, and would declare she did not wish to ride, but would go and feed the fishes. By the time she had made some one bring her crumbs for that purpose, she would say she was too tired to feed the fishes, and she would go and gather grapes from the green-house, but before she reached there she would change her mind, and say:

"Oh, dear, I have not fed my birds to day," but on the way to the aviary she would remember something else that she would rather do.

Thus, instead of being a happy child, she was continually discontented; and every one thought her a most troublesome girl. She never knew what it was to be contented with what she had, but was always turning to something else which, when possessed, suited her no better. One who knew her could think of nothing but a chameleon, which changes its hue with every change that it makes—being green on a green leaf, brown on a brown branch, red on a bright red flower, and so on.

One day Anna Belle went to walk down a beautiful path that led far down to a forest, taking with her a basket of cherries to eat in the woods; having first chosen strawberries and had them

gathered for her, and then ordered cakes instead, and then oranges, and was suited with neither; but, having worn out the patience of her attendants, she was obliged to take the cherries or go with an empty basket.

As she was about to sit down under the beech trees to rest, and think whether she would not turn back and gather flowers to wind in a garland, instead of walking in the woods, a beautiful lady stepped out from among the trees, and in a very pleasant manner asked Anna Belle to direct her to the road; for, said she:

"I have lost my way, and am very weary trying to find it."

"Will you have some of my cherries?" said Anna Belle. "When you have rested I will show you the direct path to the road. It is not far from here."

The lady thanked her and sat down. Anna Belle was very polite to the lady, and gave her the nest of her cherries, and told her about her home, and her beautiful birds, and flowers, and animals.

"I suppose you are the happiest girl in the country," said the lady.

"Oh, no," said Anna Belle; "when I see my goats white, I wish they were black; and when I dress my doll in a pink dress, I wish it had on blue; and when my gold-fish swim, I wish they would fly; and when my birds sing, I wish they would talk; and so I don't think I ought to be happy until I can have everything just as I wish."

"Would you like to be happy?" said the lady. "Oh yes indeed," said Anna Belle, "for everybody is tired of me, and I hear them calling me little Miss Changeable."

When the lady was rested and refreshed, she proposed to Anna Belle to show her the way, which she readily did. Then the lady said to her, "You have been a very kind and obliging girl to me, and I would like to give you something to remember me by. Have you noticed my bracelet?"

"Oh," said Anna Belle, "it is the most beautiful one that I ever saw."

"If it pleases you," said the lady, "you can have it on these conditions: you must keep it on for six months, and not attempt to remove it. I shall fasten it with a secret spring which no one will discover, and if any one attempts to take it off, it can only be done by breaking."

"Oh," said Anna Belle, "I will gladly wear anything so beautiful all the time. But how can you give away so rare an ornament?"

The lady only smiled and kissed her. She fastened the bracelet upon Anna Belle's wrist, saying, "In six months' time you will find me here again, and I shall wish to know how you like the gift I have given you, and then, if you wish it removed, I will touch the secret spring; but before that time, remember, you are not to attempt to remove it. Farewell; may you have pleasant thoughts of me as you look upon the ornament that encircles your wrist."

She then entered a carriage that stood waiting for her, and drove away, and Anna Belle ran quickly to her mother to tell her all that had happened.

Her mother was much surprised at first as she saw the golden bracelet, with its glittering gems, and said the beautiful lady must have been a queen, to have possessed so rich an ornament, and to have been willing to give it away to a little girl like Anna Belle.

"What kind of stones are they, mamma?" said Anna Belle.

"They are the rarest of rubies. See how they gleam, and send out their red rays, as the bright light strikes them?"

When Anna Belle told her mother all she had said to the lady about her own changeable temper, her mother smiled and said, "I understand why the lady gave you the bracelet on such conditions. You must note this gift well, my child, for it may have power to teach you much."

Anna Belle did not care to stay longer to listen to her mother, but ran to prepare for a large party to which she had been invited to dine. She decided to wear a white dress, with cherry ribbons, to match the rubies in her bracelet, and she went down to dinner well satisfied with her attire, and was sure that every one would admire her. At first she desired to sit by her mamma; but when her place was arranged with much trouble, she declared she would sit beside her grandfather. He looked at her with his usual look of love, but said, "I am an old man, and cannot be thought to know the taste of the present day; but if I had seen a young lady wear such a rich turquoise bracelet in my day, I should have seen her with blue ribbons."

"They are not turquoise at all, but red rubies," said Anna Belle vehemently. "Mamma told me they were."

But on looking down to her wrist, she saw the gems of a bright blue. She wondered greatly, and as soon as she was able she went to her room and changed the ribbons to blue.

There was to be a dance in the evening, and Anna Belle was permitted to order the third dance as she pleased. "I will have a cotillon," she said. But just as all was arranged, and the music had begun to play, she declared that she would not dance a cotillon, but would have a waltz. Before the waltz had commenced, she insisted on a contra dance.

In a pause in the dancing she heard a young friend say to another, "Who would think that Anna Belle would dress in such horrid taste? Only see her elegant emerald bracelet, with blue ribbons! She could learn better than that of her parrot."

Anna Belle looked at her bracelet, and, sure enough, it was green instead of blue. She felt greatly vexed, and asked some one to remove the bracelet altogether; but no one could unclasp it, and she was obliged to see its gleaming green beside her blue ribbons.

She told her mother her troubles, who only smiled, and asked her if she could understand why the gems changed color. Anna Belle declared she did not care why; she only wished the bracelet was on the lady's wrist, instead of hers.

A few days after, Anna Belle was invited to go with a boating party, to gather lilies. She was delighted, and was pleased to think that she could wear her hat with green feathers, which would correspond with her emerald bracelet.

On reaching the spot where they were to embark, Anna Belle found the party all seated, awaiting her arrival. She took the seat reserved for her, but she was soon discontented, and wanted another. The rowers advised the party to keep still, but Anna Belle insisted that she would have her own way. The commotion made the boat rock, which much disturbed the party. As Anna Belle took her seat beside a lady she heard her whisper, "What horrid taste that child has. Just see her topaz bracelet, with its yellow glory, and those green feathers and that green trimming! If there is anything I like, it is to see people contented and pleased, and dressed in decent taste. I should know, though, that a girl that could not know her own mind a minute would never know what colors to wear."

Anna Belle looked with dismay at her wrist,

and saw the bright yellow stones where last she saw emerald green. But she could not help herself, and tried to forget her vexation in gathering the snowy lilies which floated so tranquilly on the peaceful waters.

Thus day after day it happened the same. The colors of the stones in the bracelet changed just when Anna Belle wished them to remain permanent. She detested the bracelet more than any ornament which she had ever possessed, and felt very angry that she could not remove it from her wrist. At last she went to her mother, and asked her what she should do.

"Have you not noticed why the gems change?" said her mother.

"No," said Anna Belle; "I only know that they are hateful, and I am tired to death of them."

"From all you have told me," said her mother, "I think the stones change their color only when the wearer shows a fickle mind. I believe you can remedy all your trouble with the gems by first remedying your own bad habits."

"I am sure," said Anna Belle, "if I thought I was as disagreeable as those gems, I would try and improve." As she watched herself, she found that her own wayward temper was represented in her bracelet, and she began to try and improve herself. At first she found it very difficult, and many times a day she beheld the gems change their color from blue to green, and red and yellow and brown and black.

It had become noised about among her friends and the servants that Anna Belle's bracelet would reveal her changeable temper, so it was watched by all. This mortified her so much that she resolved that one day she would keep the stones of the same color, so she said: "Look now, all of you; you see the red rubies; if at night the rubies remain unchanged will you not kiss Anna Belle, and say she is worthy to be called the steadfast child instead of the fickle one?"

Whatever Anna Belle began to do that day she finished doing, unless called away by others, and before she began anything she thought whether she really desired to do it; and when night came she had the delight of seeing her bracelet gleaming with the rubies as bright and red as in the morning.

Then her friends said, "How well Anna Belle looks; her eye is steady and her lips are beautiful; and all over her face glows the strength of her effort to do right."

She was so pleased with the success of her endeavor, that she continued to find it easy and pleasant to control her temper, and when the six months had transpired when she was to meet the lady in the grove, she looked each morning and evening and found her bracelet glowing with the same bright red stones.

When she appeared before the lady in the woods, she looked like quite another girl than when there before. "Pray tell me," said the lady, "how have you liked the gift I gave you? I am delighted to find it looks the same as when I gave it to you."

"Oh," said Anna Belle, "I hated it for a long time, and I would have given all I possessed to have been able to have removed it; but after a time I found that the fault was not in the bracelet but in myself, and that it only showed my fickle, wayward disposition. So, instead of removing the bracelet, I wished to remove the cause of its changeableness. I believe I have corrected my bad habit, for every one loves me, and they now call me steadfast Anna. I am sure I am thankful to you for giving me so valuable a teacher, although for many weeks I wished I had never met you."

"I will take back the gift if you will let me, for I know of another child that needs it, and in its stead I give you this one of pearls and diamonds, that you can remove when you wish."

So saying, she unclasped the ruby bracelet and put in its place a lovely one, fit for a queen, and Anna Belle saw her disappear with a smile on her face, by the path that she had first come.

Does any one know who received the bracelet after Anna Belle, or of any little girl or boy that needs to wear it?

## Enigma.

BY X. E. W. X.

I am composed of 15 letters.  
My 1, 9, 3, 13 is universally cherished.  
My 5, 10, 6, 15, 11 is to divine.  
My 2, 12, 8 is a number.  
My 7, 4, 14, 6 ornaments the face.  
My whole is, according to Webster's definition, "Sameness of kind or nature."

## Word-Puzzle.

N A T M U L S E O U A E

When arranged, will represent the beautiful but sad proofs that Summer has gone.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA BY X. E. W. X.—"Colonel Grierson's Raid through Louisiana."

ANSWER TO ENIGMA BY E. W. AND



Written for the Banner of Light.

JAFFER CLAYTON'S PRAYER.

Oh thou supreme, almighty Cause,  
Whatever be thy various name,  
Who framed great Nature's perfect laws,  
Sublime, eternal, and the same,

We know thee Wise—creation wide  
Displays thy wisdom everywhere:  
We know thee Just—naught is denied  
That claims a parent's equal care.

We know thee Merciful: replete  
With mercy is the varied year;  
In winter's cold and summer's heat,  
Thy many mercies do appear.

We know thee Good. Yea, goodness is  
Thy very spirit and thy name:  
The earth, the heavens, and the seas  
Alike thy goodness all proclaim.

Then why, oh Universal Good,  
Should we, thy children, bow in prayer,  
And on thy sacred car intrude  
Our vain, imaginary care?

What can we pray for? Have we not  
All that our sober senses crave?  
Thou carest for our present lot,  
If need canst care beyond the grave.

If thou art Omnipresent, thou  
Canst see us whosoever we be:  
If Omnipotent, then our woe  
And weal are surely known to thee.

And if thou art Omnipotent,  
Thou canst control our destiny;  
And ne'er will doom to punishment  
What ne'er had power to injure thee.

For if in this our being here,  
We had no choice or agency,  
And Justice, Love, and Mercy, are  
The attributes ascribed to thee,  
Oh, teach us how, while here, to live  
And take no life we cannot give.

Cincinnati, Ohio, 1864.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Apparitions of the Living.

Mr. EDITOR—The following circumstance was recently related to me by a lady between 70 and 80 years of age, and I have thought that some good might be done by its publication. For the high standing in society, respectability, and earnest truthfulness of this lady I can vouch in the strongest terms. I will give the narrative as nearly in her own language as I can:

"My father was a goldsmith; we lived on a farm in the town of —, Conn. Our house was situated some little distance from the main road, and a lane led from the road to the house, and up into the barn-yard. On the opposite side of the lane from our house was my father's shop, and also a store kept by my uncle Christopher. Between the house and the store the lane was flanked with large flat stones. Uncle Christopher was a bachelor, and boarded in our family. When traveling to the neighboring towns he always went on horseback, riding a large, powerful horse, whose gait was usually a gallop. We could always tell when he was returning home, from the sound of his horse's feet galloping up the lane, across the stones and up into the barn-yard, where it was his usual habit to unsaddle his horse, turn him out, and come down to the house, bringing the saddle on his back.

One day there came three men to the farm to see uncle Christopher. He was away, but as it was near his usual hour of returning, they concluded to wait for him. They stayed in the shop with my father. In the house were my mother, my four sisters and myself—making ten persons in all in the house and shop. About five o'clock we heard uncle Christopher's horse galloping up the lane, and looking out of the window we all saw him and his horse, and heard the clatter of the horse's feet as he passed over the flag-stones. The men in the shop also saw him and his horse, and heard the sounds made by the feet. All ten thus saw and heard, and each one knew him and his horse quite well. We waited a long time for uncle to come down to the house, and finally, as the men became impatient, one of my sisters and myself went up to the barn to tell him there were men waiting for him. We could find neither him nor his horse, and of course we were very much startled by the singularity of the circumstance of his disappearance, more especially as it was impossible for him to get back to the road without re-passing the house; and we were certain he had not done that. We reported that there was no uncle Christopher there, neither could we ascertain that he or his horse had been there. Father then went up to the barn, but could not find him. His face, when he returned to the house, wore a very troubled expression. We questioned him, but he only shook his head, and said that he had been deceived, thus trying to allay our fears. In a short time we again heard the sounds of the horse's feet, and this time uncle Christopher really came. He had not been up to the barn before, therefore what we saw was not his real presence, nor that of his horse, and yet ten persons both saw and heard. There was not one of us who would not have testified in the strongest manner that the first appearance was really and truly his visible self, and the horse he rode we could as strongly testify to. Nothing came of this, nor could we discover that it in any way influenced the fortunes of Uncle Christopher or any of the company."

This lady also related to me another singular circumstance, which I am tempted to lay before your readers:

"You remember, James," said she, "how our house was built for you were often in it when a boy; and you remember, also, that there used to be Sunday meetings down at —'s works, about a mile from the farm. One Sunday I went to meeting, arriving there a short time before the services commenced. Soon after seating myself in the house, one of my neighbors, a lady, came in and took a seat beside me. 'Why, Cynthia!' said she, 'how did you come here?' I told her that I had just come on foot. 'But,' said she, 'I saw you in your house not fifteen minutes ago, standing beside the cradle of your child, rocking it with your foot. I spoke to you, but you did not answer me, and you were not dressed for church. You were in the east room, and while I was speaking to you, you suddenly left the cradle and went out into the kitchen, turning when you reached the door, and looking at me with a singular expression of countenance. I came directly from your house to this place, and I am astonished beyond measure to find you here.'"

Now, James, I had not seen this lady before on that day, and I had been away from home about one-half an hour. What to make of it I know not; but this I know, that at the time she said she saw me I was not in the house."

Again, Mr. Editor, let me say that I have the most implicit confidence in the truth of this excel-

lent old lady, having known her when I was a boy, and having renewed my acquaintance with her about one year ago. She is not a Spiritualist, but is an earnest, praying, and good-working Christian woman. She is truly itself, if there is truth on earth.

J. M. S.  
Boston, Sept. 5, 1864.

Facts of Spiritual Communion.

Mr. EDITOR—Agreeably to a call made in your paper some time since, for facts, I desire to present a case, illustrative of the wisdom and power of spirits, to discern the motives and acts of individuals, in and through the medium of clairvoyance and impressibility. Dr. S. L. McFadden, a clairvoyant and healing medium, through whom, for the last ten years many wonderful revelations have been made and given, of the acts and events of the life of individuals from their childhood up to old age, is the medium through whom the communications were given that I am about to relate.

While located in the city of —, in the State of —, a lady came to him (this medium), for the purpose of receiving tests of the truth of Spiritualism. After giving her various tests and answering her mental questions, he told her that he saw she had contemplated the murder of her husband by poison; and that she had lined the bottom of her trunk with greenbacks, taken from his coffers, as he was a capitalist; and the principal motive in this dispensing of him, was that she might be left free, to unite herself with another man, with whom she had been in love for some time, and who was co-operating with her in the plan for his murder. The doctor described his person and disposition minutely, all of which, in awe and astonishment she acknowledged to be true. The doctor told her if she committed the act, a life of misery and wretchedness awaited her in future.

This occurred in October, 1863, and so far as known, the husband has not been killed or wife eloped with her intended. Shortly after this event the doctor and his lady, who, by the way, is an excellent healing medium, went on business to another city in the same State, for the space of three months, when they returned again and notified the public accordingly. Subsequently one morning a little boy came into the kitchen where the doctor's wife was engaged, with some fine beads for sale, which she purchased, asking him at the same time where he lived, to which he replied, five miles in the country. She took the beads to the doctor and he said "trick, poison," and immediately ran after him, and overtook him in a store, where he addressed the boy in an indignant manner, and asked him where he lived; he pointed to a house close by where the woman lived who had received the tests. The doctor went home, and on examination, found the beads contained enough poison to kill a dozen persons, which had been put in by cutting small gashes in every bead, and inserting poison. Thus was the fact revealed. The spirits said the woman had been fearful of exposure, when she found the medium had not left the city for good, and therefore determined to murder him.

During an experience of sixteen years, in the belief of Spiritualism, I have never seen a medium who surpassed doctor McFadden in the accuracy and convincing character of his tests of spirit power and intelligence.

Yours, A. G. PARKER, M. D.  
Stockton, Illinois, 1864.

Correspondence.

Spiritualism in Pennsylvania.

There is no department of your folds, dear BANNER, in which I am more interested than that devoted to communications from the scattered devotees of our flock. While the Orthodox world is crying out on every hand that "Spiritualism is dying out," the positive testimony to its sure and steady advance is everywhere overwhelming in its arguments. And one fact stands out before every speaker more significant in its meaning than volumes of mere assertion, viz., the suspicion with which every public laborer is met by the clergy of various denominations, unless upon first introduction they will cheerfully endorse all the articles of their creed. It has become a rule, with rare exceptions, for them, as well as for all trustees of public halls, to ask, first, what "Church" we belong to. The next question is sure to settle the matter: "Are you a Spiritualist?" or, some pointed allusion to our faith and philosophy, which shows that they are conscious of one "blessed" fact, and that is, that Spiritualists are getting almost as numerous as Church members, and are becoming such a power that any intolerance seems to them justifiable in putting down the "delusion."

In my travels as a public lecturer, I have many times met clergymen whose first business was to arraign me before a self-constituted tribunal, something after the order of a Popish confessional, and childlike, with my natural love of honesty and truthfulness, I have always found my candor met with all sorts of "righteous" condemnation, while plain matter-of-fact argument with such opponents has been out of the question. A case in point occurred recently in Unionville, Centre Co., Pa. A Methodist minister in a neighboring town engaged to me the basement room of the church for an evening discourse. The day before I was to fill the appointment, he wrote me, saying the Trustees of the church were much dissatisfied with the arrangement, owing to various rumors and conjectures concerning the object of my labors, though nothing against my personal character was brought against me; that if I would state more definitely the nature and object of my work, and he found no foundation for the rumors, he would do what he could to get me a hearing. I replied to him that I seldom took any notice whatever of rumors or conjectures which were usually very absurd and untrue; but if he would state to me what those "rumors and conjectures" were, I would meet them, &c. I referred him, likewise, to certain parties who had listened to my discourses in Unionville for the nature thereof. Since, an ominous silence on his part has explained the whole thing to my satisfaction.

In Central Pennsylvania, in the very hot-bed of Conservatism, I found more than one Methodist minister full and firm believers in the Angel Dispensation. One is a medium of rare ability, and has given a large manuscript volume of communications, some of which are essays of the most profound character. But he dare not show his colors to the world of Orthodoxy, and of late he complains that his wonderful talent is taken from him. Oh, unprofitable servant! wilt thou not wake in the future to see how thou hast impoverished thyself, when those bright jewels of promise were lighting thy way to the higher life? I am really most cheerfully surprised to find in the evangelical churches so many believers in our Philosophy. Indeed, the public mind is, in the main, favorable to our gospel, and whenever it shall take on a practical reality, hundreds and thousands will pour into our ranks, and help to bear the standard of Divine Equality and heaven-

born Justice, until it shall become firmly planted in the soil of coming generations.

There is no mistaking "the signs of the times." With all the hostility, bitterness and suspicion which has been engendered in the hearts of individuals against the dissemination of the spiritualistic philosophy by ignorant and prejudiced leaders, the great heart of the People is beating to the music of the higher life, and no despotic power of earth can long hold in chains of mental darkness the souls of God's inspired children.

One touching incident I may relate as evidence of the power of God, through his missionary spirits. While in Harrisburg, I visited one afternoon the hall then occupied on week days by S. Paist for holding seances. An aged, pained man, with threadbare coat and lopped hat, entered the hall and waited his turn. With trembling steps he followed to the little ante-room, but the picture of that face and form as he emerged I can never describe in language. Would I had it sketched in living colors, that I might carry it about in my travels as the grandest exponent of our faith I ever saw in human form. His countenance seemed bathed in light—a placid calmness sat upon his face, but the tell-tale tears were gushing from his eyes, and his tottering form seemed animated with new life. His words were few. From them I learned that he had never before known aught of the joys of angelic communion; but on this occasion he had received incontrovertible evidence of the great truth from his departed wife and other members of the family. A few days after, I met him on the public street. To my question, "Does life now look any brighter to you?" "Oh, yes! brighter, brighter!" said he. "I feel very different now about going." He then told me his son and daughter-in-law had become converted to the faith, by tests given through S. Paist, and that the latter, who had suffered much from mental disturbance consequent upon unfavorable and trying circumstances, had become a changed woman and quite reconciled to her lot.

I am surprised that more of our lecturers do not penetrate into the country towns and villages of Pennsylvania. Her is a wide field ready to the harvest. It is true the labor is of the pioneering order, but it must be done by some one. The reward will not come so much in dollars and cents as in future harvests, which it will take time to mature. But the soil is deep, and will well repay culture to the true philosopher. In every place I went I found sufficient interest to support introductory lectures; and when the present political and military excitement is past, the people will gladly welcome all true laborers. The Friends, especially of the Hicksite order, are many of them, outspoken Spiritualists, and the religious element I find among them is quite harmonizing in its effects. Their discipline, though mechanical and rigid to a degree, has, in the main, been productive of moral growth and universal charity. They are, many of them, practical Christians, and the dispensers of a genuine hospitality, while the prejudice of color finds no place among them for its baneful and intolerant influences.

In this city there are many nominal Spiritualists, and some practical workers, whose lives attest the genuineness of their faith. With the usual proportion of churches, there is a large class of minds who dare do their own thinking, and would cheerfully support a rational and consistent system of education by means of public lectures; but they are too far advanced to be satisfied with a spurious article. Yours for truth,  
—M. J. WILCOXSON.

Newark, N. J., Sept. 5, 1864.

To the Friends of Progress, Organized for Spiritual Meetings.

I have a few words to say to you in behalf of myself.

A few years ago the spiritual forces took possession of my interior being. Since that time I have been a willing subject of their influence. I have labored by night and by day. I have been glad to be a humble instrument for good in the hands of angel workers. I have a circle of spiritual guides and guides, in whom I trust. I believe the time will come when the thoughts they have given me—the beautiful system of printing they have elaborated through my organism—will be received and understood by the whole world. The plans of my guides are broad and deep. They include the establishment throughout the earth of a comprehensive, beautiful and philosophical system of sound-representation, which shall serve as a link to bind together the nations.

A work so great requires the co-operation of the requisite number of flesh-dwellers. I alone am weak, though aided, as I know that I am, by a numerous and powerful band of earnest spiritual philanthropists. I must have the earnest "God speed," at least of those interested in the welfare of the nations. I must be taken to the hearts and homes of true Spiritualists. There are those who can give me the true brotherly greeting; there are those who can strengthen, those who can aid, those who can sympathize from the depths of their souls with the movement which I have been led to inaugurate. Kind words from honest hearts have already been received from different portions of the country—words of sympathy and inquiry. For all such my heart flows out in gratitude. The appreciation of others than my immediate friends, is certainly sweet.

The time is coming, I have said, when the cause I have espoused will be understood. Meantime, like other mediums, I must go forth with such words as the spirit may give me to utter. As time rolls on, means will be provided, doubtless, for the giving forth to the world in permanent form, of the system which I have received, and of the ideas connected therewith. Who shall assist? Who stands ready to give me and mine such support as other medium laborers are receiving? I ask of you to whom these lines are addressed, to consider whether you are willing to extend the helping hand in this, my "time of need." My heart beats warm and high for the cause of Spiritualism. Shall I go back to the cold damps of worldly occupations, because, forsooth, the physical needs of me and mine cannot be met in spiritual labors? I have worked earnestly and gladly, with all the strength of my nature, in that cause so near and dear. I have met persecution; been stoned; have been hungry, cold and shelterless; have slept in the yard of an aristocratic mansion in the city which gives Henry Ward Beecher many thousands a year—and again in a Connecticut barn—because the liberality of Spiritualists say fit to deny me the paltry sums necessary for comfortable shelter, etc.; have been called fool by my own brother; been weary and sick from long walks, taken because I could not "afford" to ride; have been, in short, heart-sick, body-sick, purse-sick and home-sick for heaven. I care not for poverty, but I look for comfort. Must I plunge deeper therein? I care not for the contempt of illiberal minds, but I do care for the appreciation of liberal ones.

Be true, oh, my soul, to thy convictions, let them lead where they may, has been my voice, and will continue to be.

Doubtless I have not borne more than some others. All, I am well aware, have trials, and I

do not expect ever to be exempt. My failing and greatly reduced strength, however, admonishes me, in language which I cannot misinterpret, that the rough pioneer work in which I have been engaged must not be continued. Debt, and probable increase thereof, also admonishes that something more reliable is necessary.

The wants of a family require a regular and reliable compensation. In these times of starvation prices, I must look somewhere for bread for my family other than to seventy-five cent contributions for spiritual lectures in the back towns, which it costs one dollar and twenty-five cents to reach! The spirit has been willing, but the purse is weak!

Under these circumstances, duty to my family and duty to myself, requires that I should withdraw from the lecturing field, unless engagements can be received from those places where the compensation is sufficient and certain. The school-room offers inducements—tempting me back to a former occupation.

I ask of you who have taken it upon yourselves to give employment and support to laborers in the field of man's redemption from materialism, not *alma*, but *calls to speak!* Shall I have them? I am willing to work. The last breath of life I desire shall be spent in the utterance of spirit-truths, for the elevation of poor humanity, groaning under the weight of centuries. I ask not *alma*, but *calls!* Shall I have them? I read, oh, how much, to return to any labor, except in my own chosen field. Did I not, I should not write this appeal. But I cannot, must not *pioneer*. I desire to remain in the body until—and only until—that which is marked out for me is accomplished. Therefore I write this—full as it is of the first person, singular. I want the warming influence, oh, brothers, of your kindly sympathies and generous appreciation. Extend to me the helping hand, as you alone can do at this juncture. The return may be poor; but heart and soul are in the work, and perchance some feeble rays of Truth, Wisdom and Love may reach you.

The glories of the celestial life must sooner or later irradiate the earth-sphere. The earnest workers of the nineteenth century have much to do toward shaping the destinies of the future. The sunbeams of righteousness are even now shimmering through the dark clouds of superstition, and warming many a heart. Who will part still wider the gloomy mementoes of by-gone ages? Let him stand forth! Let him be known, recognized, encouraged in every well-meant effort, sustained. Let all—believers, merely, as well as "mediums"—share alike the burden of the contest. Who will stand back and refuse to do? Let him be known. 'Tis not enough to look on, in this great strife between the darkness of the past, and the light of the coming ages. I, for one, am willing to work. God and the angels will guide, and I trust, open the hearts of some, to the propriety of securing the feeble services of

JAMES M. ALLEN.  
Searsport, Me., Sept. 3d, 1864.

J. H. Randall in the Field.

DEAR BANNER—After a period of silence induced by the influence of the great national conflict, I am again permitted to return to my duty in the vineyard of Spiritualism. For nearly two years I have led a curious life—a life that is thrilling in its details—and yet though so strange and fascinating, I revert to it with many pleasing recollections. Mine has been the soldier's life. If you ask me why I entered the arena of physical combat, I can only say that it was the feeling of duty to myself and country that led me to participate in the "war of bullets."

You know the temperament of the real patriotic soldier. To-day the fire of patriotic eloquence, wrapping him in the mantle of its magnetic influence, maddening his whole nature to real and imagined perpetrators of wrong, makes him only too willing to participate in scenes of carnage for the immortalization of a principle; ever burning with enthusiasm, even in the midst of reverses, subject to all manner of deprivation and suffering, he is confident of grand victories, though he be swallowed up in the great surging sea of strife. To-morrow the quiet, unassuming citizen; no martial step nor soldierly bearing, no look of obedience to superiors, nor expression of victorious cheer reveals what he has been; but name a battle where his duty led him to strike a blow for Freedom—revert to the march and bivouac—then his countenance becomes animated, memory calls to mind the comrades with whom he shared the perils of a soldier's duty, and he lives the old campaigner over; his magic wand of experience stirs the eloquence of his soul, and the juvenile patriotism of inexperienced beings catching the fire of his glowing descriptions, are made better and wiser, purer in heart. Though the few only survive, and their sufferings have been intense, yet the knowledge of the reality of things which they possess gold cannot purchase.

I have been and done my part. I no longer have health to enable me to mingle with the elements of physical war; but I thank God that there is a great conflict of ideas in which I can engage, and my strength of body and soul, as an instrument, henceforth shall be devoted to the promulgation of those principles of spiritual truth which shall make humanity outgrow war and its attendant train of evils. Here, then, we have faint glimmerings of the great work to be done by spirits, mediums and Spiritualists.

Spiritualism—what of it? All—everything! If we live in accordance with its divine principles, it will give such an impetus to the pure truths of Christ's Christianity, that Government as well as Church will be completely revolutionized by its mighty power; indeed, we scarcely realize the sublimity of its grand mission. It is the soldier of the past, the hero of many long campaigns and hard-fought battles; and its mighty experience is the vital religion of humanity. Those who accept and are governed by its precepts, are daily growing in the knowledge of the Unseen; those who curse it are made to tremble at its revelations, and like the returned prodigal, they will come back, are coming even now, and will be made to see with eyes free from scales the great parent principles of religion, which, in their blind devotion to superstitious ceremony, they departed from. I believe that humanity lives, and that God and the love of principle in the human heart lives; for

"Ever the world goes round,  
Ever the truths come upmost,  
And ever is justice done."

Dear Editor, to you and my many kind friends among your readers, I would say that I am in this work. And I want the professed lovers of these great principles, bequeathed to us from the angel-world, to stand by the BANNER in the great rally for truth and right. Let all feel that they are color-bearers, and then the BANNER will be kept to the breeze.

I shall pass the winter and spring in Maine and Eastern Massachusetts, and should be happy to make arrangements for Sundays or evenings, wherever friends may desire.

Yours for truth, J. H. RANDALL.  
Troy, Vt. Sept. 10, 1864.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS.

[We desire to keep this List perfectly reliable, and in order to do so it is necessary that Speakers notify us promptly of their appointments to lecture. Lecturers Committees will please inform us of any change in the regular appointments, as indicated. As we publish the appointments of Lecturers gratuitously, we hope they will reciprocate by calling the attention of their hearers to the BANNER OF LIGHT.]

Mrs. E. W. WARNER will speak in Boston, Oct. 2 and 9; in Williamstown, Conn., Oct. 16 and 23. Will receive calls for November. Will also speak week evenings, if desired. Address, care of Dr. H. F. Gardner, Fawcett, 57 Tremont street, Boston.

Mr. JUDY PANDER will lecture in Worcester, Sept. 18 and 25. Will respond for Fall. Address Boston, at the Boston Hotel.

Mrs. MARTHA L. BICKNELL, trance speaker, will lecture in Portland, Me., Sept. 18 and 25; in Quincy, Oct. 2 and 9; in Springfield, Oct. 16 and 23; in Philadelphia during November; in Taunton during January; in Springfield during February; in Worcester during March; in Lowell during April. Address at New Haven, care of Geo. Beckwith.

J. H. RANDALL will speak in Hinesburg, Vt., Sept. 25; in Leicester, Mass., Oct. 2; in Middlebury, N. Y., Oct. 9 and 16. Address accordingly. He will visit and speak in towns on the Penobscot the coming winter.

Mr. P. FARMER, trance speaker, will lecture in Portland, Me., Oct. 23 and 30. Will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals. Address, Greenfield Village, Mass.

Mrs. SARAH A. NUTT will speak in Locke's Mills and Bryant's Pond, Me., on the evening of the first Sabbath of March. Address, Locke's Mills, Me.

Mrs. E. M. WOLCOTT will speak the first Sunday of each month in Leicester, Vt., for the coming year; and the second Sunday of each month in Middlebury, N. Y., Oct. 9 and 16. Address, Middlebury, N. Y.

ISAAC P. GREENLEAF will speak in Stockton, Me., Sept. 18 and 25; in Glenburn, Oct. 2, Nov. 6, and Dec. 4; in Exeter, Oct. 9, Nov. 13, and Dec. 11; in Taunton, Oct. 16, 23 and 30, Nov. 27 and Dec. 18 and 25. Address, Exeter, N. H.

N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Chelsea, Sept. 18 and 25; in Taunton, Nov. 6 and 13; in Quincy, Dec. 4 and 11; in Troy, N. Y., during January; in Springfield during March. Address, Quincy, Mass.

Mrs. LIZZIE DOTY will speak in Philadelphia, Pa., during October. Address, Fawcett, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES will speak in Taunton, Sept. 18 and 25; in Portland, Oct. 23 and 30; in Portland, Nov. 6 and 13; in Plymouth, Dec. 18 and 25.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Providence, R. I., during September; in Taunton during October; in Foxboro, during November; in Worcester, during December; in Lowell during January and May; in Chelsea, during February.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND speaks in Quincy, Sept. 21 and 28; in Stamford, Conn., during November; in Troy, N. Y., during December. Address as above.

J. M. FERRIS will speak in Rockford, Ill., the first two Sundays of each month. Address as above.

Geo. MILLER will speak the fall and winter in the West, and may be addressed at Chicago.

DUDLEY WILKES will lecture in Davenport, Ill., Oct. 9; in Denington, Oct. 23.

Mrs. SUSIE M. JOHNSON will lecture in Dover, Me., during September; in Rockland, Me., 23 and 30; in Plymouth, Me., Nov. 6 and 13; in Taunton, Nov. 20 and 27. Address, Bradley, Me., care of A. B. Emery.

WARREN CHASE will lecture in Elkhart, Ind., Oct. 16, 23 and 30; in Sturgis, Michigan, Oct. 23 and 30; in Detroit, Nov. 6 and 13; and the month of December will be spent on the route to Washington, for which engagements can be made soon; will lecture in Washington, D. C., during January, and from there make a tour East, via Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, from which route applications can be made by those who want lectures. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will speak in Milford, N. H., Sept. 25; in Haverhill, Mass., during October; in Lowell during November; in Lowell during December; in Lowell during February. Address, box 815, Lowell, Mass.

WALTER HENRY lectures every week in the "Electric Therapeutic and Medical Institute," 244 N. 2d St., New York, N. Y. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light; also attend funerals. See advertisement. Address as above.

Mrs. E. A. BLISS, of Springfield, Mass., will speak in Lowell during March; in Chelsea, during October; in Troy, N. Y., during November.

Mrs. S. M. BECK will speak in Mass., LaCrosse Co., Wis., Sept. 25 and Oct. 16.

Mrs. ANNEA WILHELM, M. D., inspirational speaker, will lecture in Haverhill, Ill., and Elkhart, Ind., during September. Will answer calls to lecture for the political campaign, in October, before Union Leagues, etc., in Chicago, and from there make a tour East, via Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, from which route applications can be made by those who want lectures. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

J. L. POTTER, trance speaking medium, will lecture in Des Moines, Iowa, every Sunday until further notice.

GEORGE A. PATER, trance medium, will speak in Bradford, Me., Sept. 18 and 25; in Clinton, Me., Oct. 2; in Central (small) Hall, Lewiston, Oct. 16, Nov. 13, Dec. 11, Jan. 7, and Feb. 4. Address, box 97, Auburn, Me.

Mrs. FANNIE S. RUDY, trance speaker, will lecture in Somers, Conn., Oct. 16 and 23. Address, Taunton, Mass.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN will speak in Danville, Vt., every other Sunday until further notice; in Eden Mills, Sept. 25. Is at liberty of speech on week evenings, in Danville, Vt.

JAMES M. ALLEN, Stockton, Me., will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light; also attend funerals.

J. G. FREN will speak in Cleveland, O., during September; in Grand Rapids, Mich., during November; in Providence, R. I., during January; in New Haven, Conn., during February; in Van Buren and Allegan Counties, Mich., during April, May and June. Address, Ganges, Allegan Co., Mich., or according to appointment.

W. K. RIPLEY will speak in Stockton, N. Y., during September and October; in Somers, Conn., during December; in Stamford, Conn., Jan. 1 and 8; in Montpelier, Jan. 15 and 22. Address as above, or Snow's Falls, N. Y.

Mrs. SUSIE A. HUTCHINSON will speak in Chelsea, Sept. 18 and 25; in Eden Mills, Vt., Oct. 2 and 9; in Stowe, Oct. 9; in South Ferrisburgh, Oct. 16; in Montpelier, Nov. 6; in Portland, Me., Nov. 20 and 27.

Mrs. EMMA HIGGINS will speak in Somers, Conn., Sept. 18 and 25; in Worcester, Mass., during October and November; in Taunton, March 3 and 12. Address as above, or Manchester, N. H.

AUSTIN E. SIMMONS will speak in East Bethel, Vt., on the fourth Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt.

Mrs. LIZZIE CARLIS, Ypsilanti, Mich., will be in Brecksville, Litchfield, Hinesley, Chagrin Falls, O., the last two weeks of September and during October, giving lectures, and attending the week, if desired; in Cincinnati during November.

Dr. and Mrs. L. K. COONLEY will lecture and heal in Elgin, Ill., Sept. 25; in Algonquin, Sept. 27 and 28; in Elgin, Oct. 2; in St. Charles, Oct. 9 and 16; in Quincy during December. Address, St. Charles, Ill.

Will furnish Spiritual and Reform Books at publishers' prices, and take subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

FATHER E. F. MARTIN will lecture, by spirit-influence, at the Indian Spring Grove, West Townsend, Mass., every Sunday, at 5 o'clock P. M., when the weather is pleasant.

W. F. JAMESON, trance speaker, Alton, Mich., will speak in St. Johns one-half the Sundays of each month.

ADDRESSES OF LECTURERS AND MEDIUMS.

[Under this heading we insert the names and places of real deities of Lecturers and Mediums, at the low price of fifty cents per line for three months. As it takes eight words on an average to constitute a line, the advertiser is enabled to know how much it will cost to advertise in this department, and remit accordingly. When a speaker has an appointment to lecture, the notice and address will be published gratuitously under head of "Lecturers' Appointments."]

Dr. H. F. GARDNER, Fawcett, 57 Tremont street, Boston, will answer calls to lecture. ap11-4



## Correspondence in Brief.

## Lecturers Wanted in Baltimore.

Our lecture season, Mr. Editor, commences with the first Sunday of October, and is expected to continue until the close of June. We have not yet made arrangements for the entire season, and would like to hear from such mediums as are qualified to present to intelligent audiences the *Facts, Philosophy and Religion of Spiritualism*.

During the past season we had a series of most eloquent and profound discourses, through the medium of Thomas Gales Foster, Miss Mattie Beckwith spoke twice for us, and made a very agreeable impression. We would be pleased to have her with us again. Mrs. F. O. Hyzer gave us one lecture, and so completely magnetized her audience that at the close, after an hour and forty-five minutes speaking, they called out for her to continue.

We had some other lecturers with us, however, who seemed desirous to convert our spiritual room into a partisan arena, where crude ideas of political economy could be offensively thrust upon unwilling listeners. They were, of course, checked in such demonstrations, and, as was natural with imperfectly developed minds, they complained that freedom of speech was denied upon the Baltimore platform.

We, who have been earnestly laboring in the work of Spiritualism for the past years, when souls and sinners were almost the only results of our efforts, are not willing that now, when the public mind has been awakened to the importance of the subject, our audiences should be dispersed by puerile harangues upon subjects foreign to the purpose of our association.

Our platform has been erected in the face of an antagonistic public, for the dissemination of knowledge of the spirit-world, as derived from intercourse with the dwellers therein; and when we invite that public to our hall to listen to the "New Gospel," we do not intend to draw them thither under false pretences.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH is one of the cardinal principles of my religion, and upon our *Spiritual Room* I trust there will always be free speech upon the subject of Spiritualism. When we desire other subjects to be discussed, we will engage our speakers with reference to those subjects, and make the proper announcement to the public.

We would be pleased to open correspondence with competent lecturers, who recognize the propriety of the views expressed above, and who are earnest workers in the cause of Spiritualism.

Thomas Gales Foster spoke with much beauty and power, yesterday, over the local papers, a lovely child of Mr. Morrell, so widely and favorably known as a medium for test and personal communications. At the tomb he was entranced by his spirit-friend, Prof. Dayton, who, in strains of poetic beauty, described the transition of the little spirit from the dense atmosphere of earth to the ethereal realms, where angels bathe forever in that flood of light that flows from the Supreme.

Your friend, W. A. DANKIN.  
Baltimore, Md., Sept. 12, 1864.

## Matters in the Empire State.

The Truth is gradually finding the light in Onondaga Co. Through the efforts of Dr. Butterfield and other citizens of Syracuse, regular meetings have been held. Mrs. Hutchinson filled the desk during June and July, attracting a large audience. Week-day evenings she sometimes spoke in surrounding villages. At Manlius the Methodist church was opened, and subjects given by the audience were ably handled, and questions answered, with evident satisfaction even to the skeptics present.

The last Sunday in July a steamboat load of happy hearts took an excursion to Three Rivers Point, where they found near one thousand persons assembled in a delightful grove, and Mrs. F. O. Hyzer pouring out her truly thrilling streams of deep inspiration. In the afternoon she spoke again; also improvised and sang a charming melody on the subject of inspiration. A number of Adventists were present, some of whom are investigating Spiritualism, and have lost much of their interest in their former faith. A resolution had been placed on board the boat for the accommodation of the singers present. Many songs were sung, among them "The Patriot Mother's Prayer," "Shall we know each other there," and "New Era." Mr. Bartholomew, a Universalist minister of Roxbury, Mass., has been visiting here, and discoursed to immense audiences at Oran. He is quite free from the usual oratory which too often attaches to some of his liberal sect.

Mr. Richardson, a Methodist minister of this place, has forsaken his flock—the "army of the Lord"—and got up a splendid cavalry company, and has been appointed captain in the army of his country. He is too progressive to be much longer cramped by his old creed.

Mr. John Thomas, whose subscription is enclosed, is known through this section as a practical health reformer, having saved his life and restored his system to perfect health, by obeying the natural laws of "temperance in all things." "Spiritual philosophy," he says, "fills a want in his nature that nothing else could meet." He reads the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Rural New Yorker*, the *Phrenologist*, *Journal*, *Herald of Health*, *Laws of Life*, and several other papers, but declares that he could sooner do without all of them than the *BANNER OF LIGHT*.

Le Grand B. Cushman, the vocalist, humorist and lecturer, has just returned, after a visit to Saratoga Springs, and has gratuitously volunteered his services for one year, or during the war, for benevolent purposes. We are now practicing some new plans, being prepared to meet the best, hoping, with the help of good men and angels, to carry out the work of "practical Spiritualism," in harmony with the appeal for the suffering Unionists in the *BANNER* of August 20. Do we dare hope, or do we deserve, peace as a people, until we put in practical operation the Declaration of Independence, and carry out the principles of universal brotherhood, and prove the sincerity of our religious professions by feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, healing the sick, freeing the oppressed, and in all things "do unto others as we would have them do unto us?" Watching, waiting, working, praying and hoping for united, harmonious action among all who truly love Truth, Peace, Purity and health of mind and body, I remain, Yours, &c., B. M. LAWRENCE.  
Manlius, N. Y., Aug. 31, 1864.

## The Banner—J. M. Peckles.

Enclosed you will find, Mr. Editor, the sum of fifty cents, in addition to my six months' subscription (\$1.25). Since the suspension of the *Herald*, your earnest appeal in behalf of the *BANNER*, I feel it not only my plain duty, but sincere pleasure, to aid you as far as possible in the sustenance of an able and earnest organ and advocate of the beautiful truths and God-like principles of Spiritualism. I am trying to impress upon Spiritualists in this vicinity the necessity of forwarding subscriptions, not only that they may enjoy the cheering influences of the dear *BANNER* in the family circle, but also be co-workers in the good cause of Truth and Love. Now, all to the rescue! and let it be said that the five million Spiritualists of the United States are unable to sustain one organ of their principles. It is, without doubt, the best family paper published, and is increasing in interest and value every day; so do not weigh the sum of \$3 in the scale against a storehouse of knowledge and intelligence.

Mr. J. M. PECKLES—than whom there is none more true, persevering and desiring in the lecture field—engaged the attention of a good audience at Evansville, Rock Co., on the 28th inst. (morning, afternoon and evening). His soul-inspiring words and beautiful precepts were taken home to every heart, and each and all took their journey homeward feeling kinder toward their fellow-man, and more in harmony with themselves. The people appreciate an eloquent speaker like Mr. P., for they know his whole heart and soul is engaged in the good cause of Truth and Love, Liberty and Justice, and Humanity's elevation. With regards, &c., yours truly,  
HARWOOD G. DAY.  
Attica, Green Co., Wis., Aug. 31, 1864.

## Spirit Messages Tested.

MR. EDITOR—In your issue of August 13th, I made a communication to you from Alonzo M. Jones, formerly of Co. K, 15th Mass. Infantry, in which he said he died June 6th, 1864. On Sunday last I visited the Lincoln Hospital in this city, in order to make inquiries in regard to him. After finding the ward he died in, I conversed with persons who knew him, and then showed them the communication. They said it sounded just like him,

and that he died June 7th. The discrepancy of one day in the time of death is not surprising, for they informed me that his mind was wandering the day before he died. And this slight disagreement in dates is a refutation of the charge that the medium gets the minutes of the sickness and death of persons. In all other points, so far as I could examine, the communication is true to the letter. He belonged to Co. K, 15th Massachusetts, and was wounded, and received into the hospital at the date given. ALFRED HORTON.  
Washington, D. C., Sept. 13, 1864.

## "Scenes in the Summer-Land."

"The Portico of the Sages," the first of the series, is at hand. It is a beautiful representation of a charming scene in the land of perennial verdure. I have a tiny stereotyped copy of the same scene in my spiritual picture gallery, and this is very like it. It is passing strange that I should have permitted the mist of forgetfulness to envelop this beautiful prospect, and that it should have been lost to me for ages. It is a second edition of one department in "Our Father's house of many mansions." A miniature publication of the bright vision that glides waveringly over the canvases of the imagination to cheer the weary soul that reclines receptively by the flowery pathway of eternal progress.

This picture in the large form, executed to the perfection of the art, would be a perpetual treasure. May the spirit of inspiration breathe upon the artist, and cause him to send us No. 2.  
Hanna Station, Ind. J. T. LLOYD.

[We have just received a supply of "Scenes in the Spirit-Land," representing the "Portico of the Sages," of a large size, plain and also beautifully colored. The price of a larger size, colored, is \$3; plain, \$1. The carte de visite size, 25 cents.]—PUBLISHERS OF BANNER.

## A Visit from Cora Wilburn.

I greet you, friends and readers of the *BANNER*, from the pleasant town of Princeton, in whose country retirement I have been resting for a week. In strong contrast is the quiet of my village-home (although Lassalle is dubbed a city), and the rural aspect of this thrifty and beautiful place, to the bustle of Metropolitan Chicago. With grateful recollections of smiling faces, warmly extended fraternal hands, and true, hospitable shelter, the time of the Convention is impressed upon my memory, never to be effaced.

Our worthy co-laborer, Leo Miller, accompanied by his good wife, has been aiding the cause of our blessed Spiritualism in this awakening town, by discourses calculated to arouse attention and retain the interest already manifested. His political lectures, replete with soundest patriotism and most convincing argument, render him a valuable auxiliary to the cause of Freedom. They went hence to Geneseo, there to dispense of the bread of life and waters of truth unto the multitude.

With a heart cheered by the freely tendered hospitalities and good will of the Spiritualists of Princeton, I return with glad attention and desire to prepare some articles for the perusal and acceptance of the readers of the well-beloved *BANNER*. Yours for truth, CORA WILBURN.  
Princeton, Ill., Sept. 4, 1864.

## "Banners" for the Soldiers.

We alluded a few weeks since to a proposition to send copies of the *BANNER* to our soldiers. We have received several letters upon the same subject, and among them one from a lady in Minnesota:

READERS OF THE *BANNER*—I would suggest to you the idea of sending *BANNERS* to the soldiers when you have perused them sufficiently, as there are so many sick and wounded ones wishing for something to pass away the long, tedious days or weeks, perhaps months; they need something to divert their minds from the absent ones whom we know they are anxious to see, but know they cannot yet, at least. We send a few by this mail, but the few we have will be but a mite. If you will all send your mite, there will be enough to do some good; they like something to read, if it is old. Those who are able to read will enjoy them, and those who are not, can find some one to read to them.

## Pennsylvania.

B. L. Fetherolf, writing from Tamaqua, Pa., says:

"Spiritualism is silently working its way into the minds of the more advanced in this region, and quite a number of my fellow townsmen are inquiring of me almost daily, how they can get a knowledge of it and ascertain it to be true. Of course I recommend them to hold circles, and some do in a private way, being too much afraid of public opinion to let it be known. Although they have very good communications and manifestations, they are shy of attention to seers, and the inquirers of the community are not satisfied. They would be, probably, if we could induce some good and reliable test medium to visit this locality. They will always find a welcome in my family.

## Lecturers Wanted.

We would like to inform our friends of the East, and elsewhere, of the prospects of Spiritualism in Lawrence and its vicinity. We have an organized society. Its name is, "The Douglas County Harmonical Association." We need a good speaking medium here; also a good test medium. If some of your public mediums will come, we will give them a hearty welcome; and we think they would receive good pay, for there are many here who are anxious to know after the great truths which are revealed in the *Spiritual Philosophy*. This fall and winter will be a first rate time to come; and we hope to see some of the spiritual lecturers out here. For further information, please address H. T. DAVIS, Corresponding Secretary, Lawrence, Kansas.

## Material Aid.

Messrs. PUBLISHERS—I have just taken the last issue of the *BANNER* from the post-office, and read the article, "The Banner to its Patrons," and I respond by the enclosed five dollars, for the good of the paper, the "Free Circles," and the cause in general. I am not rich; but so long as I can buy bread for my family, I can buy the "bread of life" by taking the *BANNER*. How can people hesitate? One great light has gone down in the *HERALD OF PROGRESS*, and we cannot afford to lose another. Men and brethren, we cannot allow the *BANNER* to be lowered, to disappear from the stormy sky of this age. No, never!

I remain yours for Humanity,  
H. A. REDFIELD.

Uhrickville, O., Sept. 9, 1864.

## E. V. Wilson in Tennessee.

A correspondent writes that, "E. V. Wilson is in Memphis, Tennessee, and has given our glorious cause an impetus here that no one else has ever done. He startles the people with his wonderful clairvoyant powers. He argues with great force and clearness. The literati often meet him at my place, when an interesting discussion is sure to follow. He holds the position of first lieutenant in the army, and sometimes acts as judge in court matters."

## The way to insure Success.

In your issue of this week I see an appeal to the friends of the *BANNER* to lend a helping hand to continue its publication. Now I cannot dispense with it, though its cost should be increased five times its present amount. You will please send five dollars, to be charged to my present subscription; and when that is out, I will send you five dollars more for my next year's subscription; and if that will not do, I will double it. The *BANNER* must not stop.  
Yours truly,  
JOHN A. DEVEAU.

New Rochelle, N. Y., Sept. 9th, 1864.

IMPORTANT FROM MOBILE.—The *Herald's* Mobile Bay correspondent, writing on the 4th inst., says the sunken rebel iron-clad *Baltic* still effectively blocks the main channel across Dog River Bar, but the double turreted monitor *Winnebago* has found a passage through the obstructions to a point where she can drop shells into the city. The *Metacombet*, *Shoggo* and *Kennebec*, are also at the same place in line of battle, ready to shell the city at a signal from Admiral Farragut. Mobile is entirely at our mercy, and can be leveled with the ground any time. The rebel rams and gunboats are in sight but make no demonstration. The largest one of the three rebel launches hovering around the Mississippi Sound, has been captured.

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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1864.

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WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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

## The Family Relation.

This is a wide topic, and would require a volume for proper treatment: what we wish to say upon it can be compressed into a not too long article. It is a long-ago accepted fact that mankind were made to live in families. That seems, at first glance, the most natural order of things. All government springs from that of the family. The paternal influence and authority is the fountain head of all other. This being admitted, as all past experience certainly requires us to admit it, and the subject is reached at once on the right side.

The best and properest way to bring up children forms a matter of the first moment: not many persons with offspring pause to give it serious and patient thought, but are content to hope that, by some good luck, or at some rate or another, the children will come up without any special painstaking, and turn out to be as "likely" as the average of their generation. This business of taking the chances, in a matter of such moment, partakes of actual criminality. People know better even when they practice it. They instinctively shrink from the fearful results which they well know are liable to be entailed. That something remains to be done which they are not doing, they are perfectly aware: but how to begin the work, and how to keep it going, and how to direct it so as to secure desirable results, is a question which they confess themselves ignorant to answer.

We have just been reading something in relation to this very subject, in a recent sermon of Mr. Beecher; and it is so sensible and true, and of that same spiritual quality which has been given out again and again in these columns, that we make the present allusion to it with all the more satisfaction. Speaking, for instance, of those fixed laws which parents themselves are bound both to understand and to obey, he employs language like this: "If a man wants something for his garden, or something for his field, he says, 'Give me the right kind of seed.' But, farmer, why have you the right kind of seed? Why not go to a store and buy anything you happen to find there? Why not take it as it comes, as you do when you get your wife? When you buy your seed, lineage is important. When it is wife or children, he does not care for that law; but when it is his sheep, he deems it highly important! Men believe in God's laws till they get up to man, and then they set aside all the laws that have been declared, not on one mountain top, but on ten thousand, and in every valley where there has been a population. The pulpit has not been enlightened to teach these great laws. And, although there are practical violations of them, and although, as the result of these violations, children are full of obliquities and ill health, and are dying, the minister is expected to go to the funeral, and open the Bible, and descend upon the mysterious ways of Providence in his dealings with men! Now, in many cases, what he ought to do, and what he would do if he dared, and it were proper, would be to say, 'This child was doomed, and every other child in this family is doomed. There has been a disregard on the part of the parents, or on the part of their parents, of God's fundamental laws, and it was inevitable that this child should die.' Providence has nothing to do with such cases."

We would that the pulpit had the courage, or even what some persons may think the recklessness, to announce, if not to enunciate them, the fact that such great laws do have an existence, and are operative in all cases, whether we will or no. It is high time the modern world was forced to tear off its mask of sham-modesty, which is but a filthy rag at best, and to understand some of those simplest principles in physiology which are of the first concern to the race. We have been kept deformed and half-formed, from nothing but ignorance; we ought now to throw off the swaddling-clothes and appear the men and women whom we claim that we are.

In raising a family of children, how much thought is popularly given, in a proper and pure temper, to the fact of the proposed parental fitness for so great a responsibility? Not so much as should be, to say the least. How many parents have ever considered, either, that the care of six, seven and nine children is more than any two persons, even in a state of unbroken health, are capable of bringing up and educating? Very few, we venture to say. How many persons have given their attention at all, to not merely the physical, but the spiritual requirements of children—to their special needs as they begin to unfold their individual characteristics, to the best modes of training as the most interesting stages of development manifest themselves? We do not apprehend that many have ever felt that they had time, among household and business and social cares, to bestow upon the subject even an hour's careful and intelligent attention.

But all this must positively change, must be radically reformed, if we are to have a generation to follow us that will follow us with other voices than those of lamentations and anathemas. The sins, or the ignorance, of the fathers and mothers need not always be visited upon the children. There is a way of escape from—not the law itself, but—any further evil effects growing out of our ignorance of it. Enlightenment—knowledge—courage to do what a high intelligence demands and commands—these all show us the path out from the entanglements of present evils, and bid us start anew in life, bringing blessings only to the uncounted millions that are to come after us. We have ourselves long occupied advanced ground on this subject: it rejoices us to find that our teachings and preachings are getting into the pulpit, to become living questions that shall cause the dry bones of ancient and respectable ignorance to clatter and rattle.

The extreme length of the report of the Chicago Spiritual Convention has necessarily excluded much valuable correspondence from our columns. We therefore ask the indulgence of the writers in consequence.

## The Progress of the Century.

Many and hopeful are the signs abroad, prophetic of a better era. The great idea of Universal Liberty is fast gaining ground in the hearts of the people; the terrors and privations of war are teaching them the value and the cost of Freedom. A wider, fuller sense of justice is being admitted; and the mass of suffering revealed, has aroused the long dormant sympathies, and made alkin in the fellowship of sorrow all that are united in this momentous struggle for the benefit of the world. From luxurious apathy and stolid indifference, we have arisen to heroic heights of sublimest self-sacrifice; willing to dare and peril all for the perpetuation of Republican principles. And, thanks be to God! the slumbering justice of our souls has been fully, though terribly awakened by the trump of war; and by this time, the majority of the nation are in favor of equal rights—of freedom to the long oppressed. The barbarities and heinous crimes of slavery have been brought to our very sight and hearing, and with a righteous, though tardy indignation, we have declared the foul thing shall live no more! We have decreed that the stony banner of the reconstructed Union shall wave over freemen only; and in the life-blood of our martyred soldiers, we have sealed the compact made with high heaven. We are marching on through a stormy period to a glorious era of fulfillment. We are to realize the expectant world's great hope of a Universal Republic. We are to lead the nations out of the darkness of superstition and King-craft, to the planes of self-government in unity and peace.

In religious matters there is a great change for the better; with less intolerance, a more liberal doctrine is preached; and the expansion of the intellect and the heart, has awarded spiritual significances to the hitherto literally given texts, and thundering denunciations of punishment eternal, taken from the ancient record. With a better illumination of the soul's faculties; with a broader philanthropy, a more childlike trust in the Divine, come more ennobling teachings; and truly it is a hopeful omen to note the liberal utterances that thrill with hope and promise the hearts of the multitude, that are so grandly given from the pulpits of New York; and from the meeting-places and lecture-rooms of our own city.

The most formidable idol that yet opposes the rapid progress of humanity, is the gold-image; even amid the devastations of war, and all its attendant horrors, that monster fattens on the necessities of the people, and lends minds astray from God and the common brotherhood. A crusade against his unholy rule is needed; utter extermination of his despotic power is called for. Let us learn to revere true merit, and to enshrine it in its God-appointed place, and not ignobly bow the head and bend in homage to the possessors of the hard, cold metal. Sweep away the Mammon-worship of the times, with all the extravagant fashions and foolishly expensive habits that follow in its train, and the ascension of all classes into states of harmony will be swift, and still wider will open the beautiful portals of the teaching spirit-worlds; still nearer shall we come to angels—to a closer union with the Creative Source, the boundless Love and Wisdom of the Eternal, all-overruling Good. We can bring the kingdom of heaven to earth by constant and well-directed effort.

## Hawthorne on Farming.

We guess that almost all authors and intellectual men, as Emerson says, gather the harvests of their fields, if they have any, "in a song." Hawthorne, the master of romance, owned twenty-five acres of land up at Concord, but he could get nothing off of it; and he wrote within a year to Ik Marvel, who is a farmer as well as author, that about the best he could do at the business, was to be "the father of a progeny of weeds in a garden-patch." Of his twenty-five acres he writes that seventeen are sand and gravel, producing only birches, locusts, and pitch-pines, in which part of his territory he avowed he took great comfort. The other eight acres are said to be the best in Concord, yet, says Hawthorne, "they have made me miserable and would soon have ruined me, if I had not determined nevermore to attempt raising anything from them. So there they lie along the roadside, within their broken fence, an eyesore to me, and a laughing-stock to all the neighbors. If it were not for the difficulty of transportation by express or otherwise, I would thankfully give you those eight acres."

## Autumn Weather.

We have come to the delightful season of the year again. It is filled with the tenderest of associations which are capable of moving the human heart. There is an undertone of sadness in it that mysteriously reaches and searches the nature. Very few persons are there who do not love the autumn. It is the ripeness of the whole year. It generates such thoughts as do not consent to take up their abode with us at any other season of the year. It summons into convention the dearest, the tenderest, the sweetest of all the sentiments of the heart. This is the royal season for contemplation, which is the highest and most genuine life of the soul. It is the time to walk in the fields, to roam the woods, to climb the hillsides and mountains, and to make close acquaintanceship with the secrets of nature. Let none of us omit to improve every moment of the present season that is available for this purpose. This glorious season comes but once in a twelvemonth, and is far too brief to be wasted in its pleasant passage.

## Mediocrity in America.

Prof. Agassiz made a highly interesting and witty speech at the New England Agricultural Fair at Springfield, in the course of which he quoted the remark of M. DeToqueville, the ablest friend this country has ever had abroad, to the effect that "America is the Paradise of Mediocrity." Agassiz did not exactly endorse the distinguished Frenchman's remark in its totality, although he felt obliged tacitly to admit that there was a good deal of truth in it, up to the present time; but he added that he could not credit that this was to be the result of our civilization, for he thought that our peculiar institutions would yet work out results that would be perfectly commensurate with principles on which they were based. DeToqueville meant to say, by his remark, that there might be very general culture in this country, but that there could be highest excellence in nothing. That remains to be proved, after we shall have collected all the materials for our progress around us.

## Jennie Lord in Brooklyn, N. Y.

This wonderful musical medium is holding sances at the Scientific and Progressive Lyceum, 138 Washington street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Miss L. possesses remarkable powers for the manifestation of this phase of the spiritual phenomena. Our friends in this city will be glad to learn that it is her intention to pay us a visit some time during the coming winter, when they will have an opportunity of witnessing the convincing tests of spirit-power given through her.

## New Publications.

THE CRUISE OF THE ALABAMA AND THE SUMTER. From the Private Journals and other Papers of Commander R. S. Semmes, U. S. N. London: Saunders, Olliv & Co. New York: G. H. Carlton. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co.

Here we have the career of a pirate, written unblushingly by his own hand. Raphael Semmes will hand down a blasted name and fame to the latest generations. We should not know how to describe the man who would envy such a position as this corsair has won for himself. He was a commander in the Navy of the United States when the war broke out; but, after two or three months plotting with the rebels, still holding his commission and going to New York to see about the purchase of vessels for the rebel confederacy; he at length resigned that, and went over entirely into open rebellion, speedily receiving the wages of his dishonor in the form of the command of the first rebel pirate vessel, the *Sumter*. But it is to be noted that he did not have even the pretext which many other rebels had in throwing off their allegiance to the Constitution and the Government of the Union; for his own State, Maryland, had not professed to "secede," and has not even yet seceded. So that he is a traitor as well as a rebel, with a soul blackened by the enormities of too many crimes committed on the high seas ever to be forgotten by his countrymen.

To think that such a man, with the record of such a life, should be desirous of publishing his infamy to the world over his own name, strikes a healthy mind with a sentiment of horror. One would naturally suppose he would prefer to let his iniquity become known by other instrumentalities than his own pen. We have not room to follow him through his story; it is enough to say that it is studded thick with acts which would make even the olden pirates blush for shame. It is more than enough to add, that he threw his sword, in a most cowardly manner, into the sea, when it belonged to him—if he possessed the smallest spark of honor—to surrender it; and that he is to-day the actual prisoner of Captain Winslow, of the *Kearsarge*, to whom he surrendered himself, but from whom he ran away before delivering himself up, only because he had a chance so to do. We need not tell of the number of defenceless vessels he has burned in mid-ocean, passing men and women in open boats to other vessels sailing under foreign colors—nor of the sixty odd chronometers which he boastfully displayed to all the sympathizers in foreign ports, who took the pains to testify their admiration of him by entering his cabin. He is a mean wretch, whose story is readable by reason only of the atrocities with which it is burdened, while professing to hate the Yankees with all the power of his small soul, he nevertheless commits his wife and children to their care while he is engaged in his lawless conduct on the ocean. With all the rest, he pens a very readable account of what he has done, and proves himself of more than average capacity as a commander. Every one will like to read this autobiography of a notorious corsair, who raised his hand against the flag which he was bred to serve.

DOWN IN TENNESSEE. By Edmund Kirke, author of "Among the Pines." New York: Carlton. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co. The main and most attractive characteristic of Mr. Gilmore's sketches of Southern life and society, is his rapid and easy style of setting down conversations, scenes and individuals, exactly as they appear to his quick eye. He is surprised, both in the art of seeing and describing, by very few of our popular writers. Hence the very large sales of his "Among the Pines," aside from the naturally attractive character of the subject handled. And we predict equally large sales for the present war sketches, "Down in Tennessee." What, however, will serve to give them greater eclat, will be the addendum, which contains an account of the author's personal experience and observations, in company with Col. Jacques, on the way to Richmond, where both of them made strenuous exertions before Jefferson Davis to induce him to bring this war to a close. The greater part of that account has already been reprinted in the newspapers, but here it stands an enduring record of this most striking enterprise, to be resorted to, and as often admired and wondered at as it is resorted to, as one chooses to open the book. All things considered, this part of the book constitutes its chief popular attraction; and yet the descriptions of the war, and its results, in Tennessee—a State that has felt this war in all its terrible severity—are of wonderful interest, and written with a skill and facility that cannot but insure for them thousands and thousands of ready readers.

## A Rebel Highwayman.

The capture and death of the rebel guerrilla chieftain, John Morgan, contain considerable of the romantic element in them. He had taken up quarters, without so much as "by your leave," in the house of a lady in a little town in Eastern Tennessee, whose husband is an officer on Gen. Burnside's staff. As soon as Morgan had fallen asleep, the lady stole out of the house, mounted a horse, and rode as fast as she could for fifteen miles, bringing back with her a squad of Union soldiers. The rebel chief awoke just as they arrived. Seeing that he was surrounded, he drew his revolver, swore he never would be taken alive, and made an attempt to break through the guard. Upon this demonstration they fired at him; and he fell dead in his tracks. Thus ends the career of the greatest highwayman of the war.

## Re-opening of Lyceum Hall Lecture-Room for the Season.

It gives us pleasure to announce that Mrs. Sophronia E. Warner, of Berlin, Wis., is to be the speaker at Lyceum Hall, Boston, the first two Sundays in October, afternoon and evening. Mrs. V. is well known in the lecturing field as one of our best speakers, and we hope a full attendance will greet her at Lyceum Hall. She has occasionally corresponded for the *BANNER* in times past, and her compositions have evinced talents of a superior order. Mrs. Warner will speak in Williamette the 3d and 4th Sundays in October, and will make engagements to lecture in New England on the last Sabbath in October (30th), all of November, and part of December.

## Thanksgiving.

The President's appointed Thanksgiving for national victories, on the 11th, was very generally responded to over the country. The people are satisfied that the war is going on well, and that armed resistance to the organic law of the land, viz, the Constitution, must, in due time, cease altogether. The victories at Atlanta and Mobile were signal ones, deserving of profound and popular gratitude. They have given new life to those who have felt inclined to despondency, because the result did not sooner make its appearance. While the nation is resolved to maintain itself in its integrity there is no cause for despondency, even when victories are few and far between.



### Nobly Responding.

It is with grateful feelings we acknowledge the response made to our recent call for material aid to sustain the BANNER at this time. Our friends have promptly come to the rescue; and if our receipts continue to increase in the same ratio they have for the past week, we shall have no reason to complain. Many who were entitled to the paper for some time to come at the old price, \$2.50, have added the 50 cents, assuring us that if more is needed, not to hesitate to inform them, and the amount asked for shall be forthcoming. This is indeed encouraging. Donations to our Free Circles are also coming in, as the list of acknowledgments on our sixth page will show.

Those who have any fears that the BANNER will be suspended, should banish them at once, for we assure them there is no such word as "fail" in our vocabulary. But while we give this assurance, we would not have them relax their efforts in our behalf. Remember, the angel-world is cognizant of all you do; that by your works shall you be known; and that by sustaining the BANNER, you not only benefit humanity at large, but aid myriads of disembodied souls who are waiting patiently at the portal, to send messages of love to those they have left upon the earth.

### Pay of Authors.

Sometimes popular authors get well paid, and sometimes they do not. The profits of literature are more or less precarious. Pope died worth eight hundred pounds a year. Thomas Moore's profits, spread over his life, yield but a moderate income. Byron's whole receipts from literature gave him less than twenty-five thousand pounds, the most of which he gave away to his friends. Dickens, soon after the publication of "Nicholas Nickleby," received for two or three years at the rate of ten thousand pounds a year. Thackeray never could lay by anything until he struck upon his lectures. Bulwer is reported to have made half a million of dollars by his writings, and they still sell well. Irving made some seventy-five thousand dollars by the republication of his books; but Cooper, we believe, never realized more than a generous living by his novels, and worked very hard at that.

### A Noble Example.

Gen. Howard—now with Sherman's army in Georgia—is styled by his soldiers and others the Hero of the Army. He is perfectly temperate, never tasting alcoholic drinks; his language is always chaste and pure, firm and to the point; he neither employs nor allows profane language; he does not use tobacco in any form; and he and his staff hold prayer-meetings every evening. This, surely, is a model general officer. If we had more such, how many precious lives would have been spared the country still, and what further progress we should have made against the rebellion. We have no disposition to underrate the good and powerful influence of these habits upon the army of the country. Few men have had such an influence as "Stonewall" Jackson over his men. It is useless to deny the power of such a life as his upon other minds.

### Combining to Economize.

Various sorts of combinations are just now going into operation, in different cities, for the purpose of putting and keeping down the spirit of speculation, especially in coal, provisions, flour, butter, and the like. It is a fact that the bulk of profits, in these times, goes to the men who stand between the producer and consumer. A large organization has sprung up in Philadelphia, not to mention Brooklyn, for the purpose of procuring coal direct from the mines; and it is clearly ascertained that the members of it will save between four and five dollars on a ton, the dealers having all along put it into their pockets as extra profit. A similar movement, but of a more general character, is taking place in New York, where the purpose is to bring producer and consumer directly together. An exposition of the real facts in the trade of the present time would startle every one of our readers.

### ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

A correspondent suggests that in consequence of our increasing liabilities we charge a specified sum per line for obituary notices, and also for the "Notices of Meetings," which we have always inserted gratuitously. Our reply is that it would be right and proper for us to do so; but as we never have, we fear we should offend the friends by pursuing such a course as our correspondent suggests. We had much rather the societies that send us their notices would take measures to extend our circulation, than to pay us for such notices.

We beg leave to inform everybody that Dr. J. T. Gilman Pike, of this city, is one of the best physicians amongst us. His diarrheic cordial is superior to any in the market, for children as well as adults. Send for it by all means. It will be forwarded by express on the receipt of \$2.00. Address, Hancock House, Boston, Mass.

A small, cotton umbrella was taken from the stand at our circle on Tuesday last, by mistake. It is valuable only to the owner, from association, and he is willing to pay double the price of a new one, to any one who will return it. See notice in another column.

We acknowledge the receipt of a box of splendid pears from Mrs. E. Wilder, of South Hingham, Mass. She says in a note accompanying them, that she hopes we shall be able to keep the BANNER waving through these trying times, and that if dollars were as plenty with her as pears, we should have them to help us on our way. We thank the good lady cordially for her kind wishes and excellent fruit.

RECEIVED.—Reports of the Grove Meeting of Spiritualists held in Milford, Me., August 20th; also, of the Convention of Spiritualists held in Montpelier, Vt., Sept. 2d, which we shall print as soon as we can possibly find room. We are under obligations to Miss Susie M. Johnson and Dr. Geo. Dutton for these reports.

INTUITION.—We shall print in our next issue another fine lecture on Intuition, delivered by H. T. Child, M. D., in Sanson street Hall, Philadelphia, August 21st.

Rev. Stephen Spear writes us from Braintree, Vt., that he has been laboring as a Methodist preacher for forty years; that he was "located" some thirty years ago; that he has nothing against his brethren of that faith, but finding that field not large enough for his services, he now offers them to Spiritualists. All he asks in return is his expenses paid.

WRITE PLAINLY.—It is very important that those who write for the press should write a plain, coarse hand; but especially be particular to write all proper names, including their own signature, in a very plain style. If they observe this, it will save mistakes.—World's Crisis.

The above is the most sensible paragraph we have seen in the Crisis for a long time.

RE-NOMINATION OF GOV. ANDREW.—A convention of over fifteen hundred delegates met at Worcester, on the 18th inst., for the purpose of nominating State officers and Presidential Electors. John A. Andrew was re-nominated for Governor of Massachusetts by acclamation—two or three voices only dissenting.

Park Benjamin is dead. He was fifty-five years of age. His life was given to editorial and other literary labor. He was one of the editors of the New England Magazine, published at Boston; also subsequently of the American Monthly Magazine, published at New York, the New Yorker, and the New World. During the last few years he has been chiefly engaged in preparing poems, which he delivered before lyceums. His satirical writings have enjoyed considerable popularity. He was an amiable man, beloved by many friends, and will be sincerely mourned.

The Cape Cod fishermen have never done so well as this year.

NATIONAL MEETING OF ODD FELLOWS.—The Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows of the United States will assemble in this city on Monday, 10th, and continue in session several days. On Tuesday evening there will be a levee at Music Hall, given by the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts.

The World's Crisis is awfully worried to think Elder Moses Hull, one of their best speakers, has joined the Spiritualists. How about those "twenty" old Lynn Spiritualists that the Crisis asserted went over to Adventism after hearing Elder Grant speak? Give us their names, or forever hold your peace.

Letters remain at this office directed to Mrs. Mary Albertson and Emma F. Bullene.

Miss Emma Hardinge has returned to San Francisco, and will resume her Sunday meetings in Platt's large Music Hall, for a short season prior to her return to the East, commencing Aug. 17th, afternoon and evening. The first course of lectures will be on "The History of the Earth and its Inhabitants."—Cal. Golden Era, July 31st.

We should be pleased to hear from Miss Hardinge.

Digby was recently heard to say he knew who was to be the next President of the United States. An anxious politician desirous of possessing so important a fact, eagerly inquired "Who?" "Why, the man that obtains the most votes," coolly observed Digby.

The chief officers of the Treasury Department never attached any special importance to the inadmissible proposition of a Hamburg house to loan this Government one thousand millions, and publicity was given to it without their approbation or knowledge.

The demand for woolen goods is increased from the great scarcity of cotton goods.

Gen. Rousseau has chased, overtaken, fought, defeated, and scattered the rebel raiders in Tennessee, under Wheeler, and at last accounts was still pursuing the remainder of them.

One of the best places of amusement in this city is the Howard Athenaeum. So Digby avers.

"Why does the operation of hanging kill a man?" inquired Dr. Whately. A physiologist replied, "Because inspiration is checked, circulation stopped, and blood suffuses and congests the brain." "Bosh," replied his grace, "it is because the rope is not long enough to let his feet touch the ground."

Drafting is to commence on the 19th of September in all the States whose quotas shall not have been filled by that day.

In a French translation of Shakespeare, the passage—"Frailty, thy name is woman," is translated, "Mademoiselle Frailty is the name of the lady."

Boswell complained to Johnson that the noise of the company the day before had made his head ache. "No, sir, it was not the noise that made your head ache, it was the sense we put in it," said Johnson. "Has sense that effect upon the head?" inquired Boswell. "Yes, sir," was the reply, "on heads that are not used to it."

What is the difference between a sailor and a soldier? One taws his ropes, the other pitches his tent.

A little boy, some six years old, was using his slate and pencil on the Sabbath, when his father, who was a clergyman, entered, and said, "My son, I prefer that you do not use your slate on the Lord's day." "I'm making meeting-houses, father," was the prompt reply.

A woman in England has just been tried for having five husbands. She said her experience was trial enough.

Pittsburg has forty-six foundries, consuming forty-six thousand tons of metal annually, and paying \$1,000,000 wages annually.

There were only six planets known to exist in 1750. Eight have since been discovered. There are seventy-eight asteroids, and scarcely a year passes without a new one being discovered.

A clergyman had two daughters who were much too fond of dress, which was a great grief to him. Preaching on the sin of pride, he took occasion to notice, among other things, pride in dress. After speaking some time he suddenly stopped, and said: "But you will say, 'look at home!' My good friends, I do look at home till my heart aches!"

The Danish monarchy is now reduced to two islands of the sea, frozen six months in the year.

The consumption of wines has gone down nearly 40 percent. in this country, and the consumption of cigars one-half.

About twenty-five thousand widows are receiving pensions under laws passed with reference to the present war.

The number of young in the shell of an oyster at spawning time is said to be about 1,800,000. Delmar, the great mathematician, is said to have counted them.

To think is not merely to have ideas—to be 'tho theatre across which images and emotions are marched, but to sit in the midst as master of one's conceptions.

Rovdylism is quite prevalent in Boston at this time. Peaceable citizens get knocked down and sometimes robbed, even in the daytime.

A newspaper correspondent, writing from Atlanta, Ga., under date of Sept. 24, says: "The mission of the Grand Army of the Mississippi is fulfilled. Atlanta is ours, with all its railroad connections, its foundries, its manufacturing of arms and munitions, its rolling mills for furnishing armor for rebel iron-clads, its prestige as the great centre of rebel power in the Southwest—its vast power of mischief as the stronghold of treason—all are ours! The army is serene; not jubilant, or vaunting. Give God the glory of the victory!"

Minnesota maize has been immensely helped by the heat! The crop is of unparalleled proportions.

Gen. Grant says: "If I had now but a hundred thousand fresh men I could, in fifty days, do up all the fighting that needs to be done during the war."

The Spiritualists hereabouts had a grand day and a fine time at their Picnic at Lynn on Thursday last.

The hunt at Havana on the 10th inst. was excessive.

Let us awake to the perils that surround us before it is too late.—World's Crisis.

The only way you can escape is to join our ranks, Brother Grant.

Government is building at this time, it is said, one hundred vessels of war.

Truth is the only real lasting foundation for friendship; and in everything but truth there is a principle of decay and dissimulation.

Some of the geologists are now maintaining that the Desert of Sahara was once the bed of a sea, and that the sea belonged to a late geological epoch.

Good nature, like the little busy bee, selects sweetness from every herb; while ill nature like the spider, collects poison from honeyed flowers.

The Quakers of England, at their last annual meeting, reported an increase of members, which is the first time for several years. This is believed to be from changes from old habits—a letting down or moderating their former discipline.

It is a curious fact that in sacred history the age, death and burial of only one woman—Sarah, the wife of Abraham—is distinctly noted. Woman's age, even since, appears not to have been a subject for history or discussion.

### Late Elections.

Maine held her State election on Monday, Sept. 12th. The Union men carried the State, electing Gov. Cony by seventeen thousand majority, and choosing Union members of Congress and Union members of the State legislature. This result in the legislature insures a Union senator in place of Mr. Fessenden.

Vermont held its State election week before last, and re-elected her Union Governor (Smith) by twenty thousand majority. Likewise a clean sweep of Congressmen and legislators—all Union men.

### Announcements.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes speaks in Princeton, Mass., Oct. 9th and 23d, not Providence, as erroneously printed last week. She speaks in Taunton next Sunday.

L. J. Pardee speaks in Worcester, on Sunday next, and N. Frank White in Chelsea.

### A Card.

As my name (accidentally, no doubt,) was left out of the published list of votes on the passage of the political resolutions by the National Convention of Spiritualists at Chicago, in which the endorsement of the Administration and the recommendation of the reelection of President Lincoln, and as I did vote on said question, and fear some of my friends may think I dodged the question, I ask the privilege of saying through the BANNER that I supported and voted for Mr. Todd's amendment, and as cordially and heartily supported and voted for the resolutions, and that I have made hundreds of speeches in defence of the present Administration, and expect to continue to defend it while it defends my country and the institutions under which we have equal protection with Christians in the promulgation of truths and our honest opinions on religion, politics, philosophy, and reforms generally.

Battle Creek, Mich., Sept. 10, 1864.

H. P. Fairfield requests us to say to his friends at Taunton and Foxboro' that he will not be able to speak for them, as expected, on account of having received an injury by the upsetting of a stage coach. As soon as able to resume his lectures, he will notify the public.

### To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

R. A. N. LOCKPORT, N. Y.—For an answer to your question, we refer you to an article in our paper of Sept. 10th, on the fourth page, headed "Assaults on the Chicago Spiritual Convention." It appears to be the determination of the secular press and small scribblers to promulgate the most absurd and false statements in regard to that Convention that their integrity can invent.

P. W. P. COUNCIL BLUFF CITY.—Abide your time. Your spirit-friends are at liberty, as far as we mortals are concerned, to come to our circle, and probably will, whenever they find conditions favorable.

M. H. VINCENY, N. J.—We have no room for the "extracts" you have sent us. The MSS. are subject to your order.

C. A. A. HOFDALE.—The article you desire can be obtained in this city of C. H. Wheeler, 278 Washington street.

J. N. SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—We have no recollection of receiving the article you refer to.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

### DYSPEPSIA AND FITS.

A SURE CURE. For these distressing complaints is now made known in a pamphlet, entitled "THE TREATMENT OF DYSPEPSIA AND FITS," published by D. O. PHELPS BROWN. The prescription furnished him by a young clairvoyant girl, while in a state of trance, has cured every body who has taken it, except one having failed in a single case. It is equally sure in cases of Fits as of Dyspepsia; and the ingredients may be found in any drugstore. Sent free to all who send a stamp to the publisher, D. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 19 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J. 2nd Sept. 24.

### A MAN OF A THOUSAND.

A Curative Cured. DR. H. JAMES, a Retired Physician of great eminence, discovered while in the East Indies a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colic, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. His child was cured, and he will send to those who wish it the recipe, containing full directions for making and successfully using this remedy, free, on receipt of their names, with two stamps to pay express charges. He will send to those who wish it the recipe, containing full directions for making and successfully using this remedy, free, on receipt of their names, with two stamps to pay express charges. He will send to those who wish it the recipe, containing full directions for making and successfully using this remedy, free, on receipt of their names, with two stamps to pay express charges.

Address: CHADDOCK & CO., 223 North Second st., Philadelphia, Pa. Sept. 24—V. C.

SITUATION WANTED to take charge of a furnished house. Unobscured reference given as to capacity. Address, stating requirements, Miss HASTINGS, Bridgeport, Ct. Sept. 24.

WANTED.—By a young lady, a situation as Companion or Assistant to a lady. Would assume the care of an invalid, and have no objection to traveling. Please address MISS AVON, Hancock House, Boston. 3rd Sept. 24.

MRS. FRANCES, PHYSICIAN AND BUSINESS CLAIRVOYANT, describes diseases, their remedies, and all kinds of business. Price One Dollar. Has all kinds of medical knowledge. Her home is at 200 South Street, Boston. Employs Faces, &c., &c., 25 cents a box.

Hours from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. at COURT STREET, Room No. 1. 2nd Sept. 24.

MRS. M. TOWN, Magnetic Physician and Medical Clairvoyant, 108 Hancock street, New York. Charges moderate. The poor considered. 2nd Sept. 24.

I. G. & P. B. ATWOOD, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Healer, 1811 Marks Place, New York. 2nd Sept. 24.

A SMALL, COTTON UMBRELLA was taken from the Circle on Tuesday last, by mistake, valuable only to the owner, from association, and he is willing to pay double the price of a new one, to any one who will return it. See notice in this office. 2nd Sept. 24.

BY MR. ANDERSON, of New York, the Spirit Artist of the mighty dead, that finely executed pictures and admirable likenesses of TOMMY, can be seen at No. 62 Exchange place, Boston. Admission 25 cents. 2nd Sept. 24.

DR. J. P. BRYANT, PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN,

FOR CHRONIC DISEASES, Will open Rooms at the WAVERLY HOUSE, - - - ROCHESTER, N. Y. ON MONDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1864, FOR THREE MONTHS.

Chronic Diseases Cured with a few Operations! NO MEDICINE GIVEN!

No Surgical Operations Performed! TERMS FOR TREATMENT always reasonable, according to the nature of the patient. Those persons who are not able to pay, are cordially invited "without money or price."

DR. BRYANT can be addressed during the month of Sept., at 181 N. BENTLEY, No. 20 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Sept. 10.

THE POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWERS!

These unparalleled Powers, known as the GREAT FEMALE REGULATOR, and the GREAT MALE REGULATOR, possess the most perfect control over the Nervous and Tissue Systems of any known agent. They are the only agents yet discovered, capable of subduing, in a few hours, the most formidable and most complicated, as well as the most simple, Reverses of all countries and climates. In either the Positive or Negative, the patient is placed under the control of the Positive, or known to the Medical Profession. In all cases they work like magic, curing, restoring, and curing, the most possible injury or bad effect, producing their results quickly, thoroughly, and imperceptibly, as if by magic. No family, no traveler, no soldier, no man, or woman of any age, or in any capacity or position in life, should be without them. The following partial list justifies their claim to being the

GREAT FAMILY MEDICINE OF THE AGE!

THE POSITIVE POWERS CURE: 1. All Positive Powers: as Inflammation, Biliousness, Rheumatism, Intermittent, Scarcity, and all other diseases.

2. All Negative Powers: as Palsy, Anemia, Debility, Dropsy, Stomachic, Cataplexy, Hysterical, Insensibility, Apoplexy.

3. All Negative States: as Inflammation, Biliousness, Rheumatism, Intermittent, Scarcity, and all other diseases.

4. All Negative Diseases: as Inflammation, Biliousness, Rheumatism, Intermittent, Scarcity, and all other diseases.

5. All Negative Disorders: as Inflammation, Biliousness, Rheumatism, Intermittent, Scarcity, and all other diseases.

6. All Negative Affections: as Inflammation, Biliousness, Rheumatism, Intermittent, Scarcity, and all other diseases.

7. All Negative Conditions: as Inflammation, Biliousness, Rheumatism, Intermittent, Scarcity, and all other diseases.

8. All Negative States: as Inflammation, Biliousness, Rheumatism, Intermittent, Scarcity, and all other diseases.

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AN ORIGINAL BOOK! JUST PUBLISHED.

MAN AND HIS RELATIONS; ILLUSTRATING THE INFLUENCE OF THE MIND ON THE BODY;

THE RELATIONS OF THE FACULTIES AND AFFECTIONS TO THE ORGANS AND THEIR FUNCTIONS, AND TO THE ELEMENTS, OBJECTS, AND PHENOMENA OF THE EXTERNAL WORLD.

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

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

The curious mental phenomena that lower along the horizon of our present existence, which the learned have either regarded as illusions of the senses, or hallucinations of the mind, while they have nursed the superstitions of the ignorant, are here carefully classified and explained with peculiar aptness and great copiousness of illustration; with singular independence of thought, and with a philosophical and scientific language of one of our ablest literary reviewers. The author has a happy facility of illustrating obscure and profound subjects, that they are comprehensible to a common understanding.

Dr. BRITTAN grapples earnestly with the facts that have puzzled the brains of the philosophers of every age and country, and has grasped the superlatively important and the greatest WONDERS OF THE MENTAL WORLD!

In this respect his remarkable book is a COLLECTION OF RARE CRUISE, and must be read attentively. It is, at the same time, the student of Vital Chemistry, Physiology and Medicine; the Divine and the Moralist; the Metaphysical Philosopher, and the Politician; and, in fact, will find it replete with profound and profitable instruction.

TABLE OF CONTENTS: The Tenets and the House; Electro-Physiological Discoveries; Circulation of the Animal Fluids; Conditions of Vital Harmony; Physical Causes of Vital Derangement; Voluntary and Involuntary Faculties; Faculties of the Senses; Secretions; The Mind as a Destructive Agent; Revolving Powers of the Human Mind; Mental and Vital Powers of Resistance; Evil of Excessive Imagination; Mental Electricity on Vital Surfaces; Influence of objects and Ideas upon the Mind and the Moral; Relations of Mind to Personal Beauty; Relations of Mind to the Character of Offspring; The Science of the Mind; Psychometric Perception; Philosophy of Faculties; Animal and Human Magnetism; Magnetism as a Therapeutic Agent; Impulse of the Mind; Mental Electricity; The Phantom Creation; Psychological Hallucinations; Mental Telegraphy; The Faculty of Abstraction; Philosophy of Sleep; The Faculty of Imagination; The Faculty of Memory; The Faculty of Reason; The Faculty of Will; The Faculty of Love; The Faculty of Hate; The Faculty of Fear; The Faculty of Anger; The Faculty of Joy; The Faculty of Grief; The Faculty of Hope; The Faculty of Despair; The Faculty of Faith; The Faculty of Doubt; The Faculty of Suspense; The Faculty of Surprise; The Faculty of Wonder; The Faculty of Awe; The Faculty of Reverence; The Faculty of Respect; The Faculty of Honor; The Faculty of Shame; The Faculty of Modesty; The Faculty of







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## Mediums in Boston.

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