VOL. XVI.

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BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1864.

The most trivial conversation ran round the

table, which had been beseiged by the ladies, who

helped themselves to tarts, mandarins, frosted

crackers and red apples. It was a curious sight

to see them all eating the crumbs of this chance

Displeased as Luciani was by this unexpected

if it was possible that they could so easily forget

their dignity, as women, and laugh and appear so

gay while descending the winding ways of a Pa-

Ten minutes afterwards, all were gone. Some

to dine at the café Anglais, some to the Fières-

Proveneaux, some with their lovers, and others

elsewhere. They all promised to return early, as

The knight of Quatre-Emperors, who always

dined out Sundays, returned just then with a

violent headache. Luciani left the table and re-

tired to the boudoir saving that she would go and

dress for the soirce, her wardrobe having arrived.

The Roche-Tarpeienne rolled towards her one of

those Pompadour toilets which were so pretty be-

Luciani, who had always experienced a lively

feeling of coquetry while combing her hair and

dressing herself, had not strength enough to raise

"Is this Luciani?" said she, looking at her pale

When she was partly disrobed she took from her

"It is there!" said she, as she felt the beatings

At that moment, the waiting-maid half opened

"Madame wishes to know if Mademoiselle would

"A bouquet!" said Luciani with a bitter raillery.

And she said to herself, with the saddest smile:

'It shall be my betrotlial bouquet: death loves

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Unfortunate Mistake.

Horace had refused to dine at the Rue de Sege,

n company with Hector, for Madame Mariani

could not raise her head, so he dined alone, but

did not remain ten minutes at the table. After

dinner, he went once more to Madame Mariani's.

He found the poor woman in bed, mute, immova-

Hector could give her no more good reasons for

Madame Mariani raised herself on her arm to

"Half past eleven!" said she, with a stifled

voice; "I fear my daughter will return no more!"

Hector threw himself into his mother's arms.

and was answered only by her tears. Horace

withdrew from this touching scene, overcome by

a sad presentiment. He ran to his house and

Horace did not go up stairs; he walked back

It was his valet who had forgotten a letter re-

Horace hastened to read the letter by the light

of a carriage which had just stopped at his door.

He recognized Luciani's writing from its original

where you visit every evening. Yesterday, there

was a Persian there; to-day, there will be a Ven-

poignard. He re-read the letter many times;

the Lansquenet this evening. Await me in your

for a moment. I am going to Mademoiselle Hel-

ene de Vermonseys, hoping still to find Madem-

In his precipitation, he placed Luciani's note in

the envelope he intended for Horace, instead of

the one he had just written, and calling his ser-

"Pierre! carry this letter at once to Mr. Hector

"Yes, but I shall return soon. Make haste!"

"I really believe," said Pierre, descending the

stairs, that Monsieur le Count has become crazy;

Horace passed his servant in the lower hall, he

"Is Monsieur le Count going out?"

but I am getting accustomed to it."

"You must go quicker!"

oiselle Mariani there. . Yours, HORACE."

ceived at four o'clock and which he had just found

of all their friends, hoping to find her.

found his valet standing in the door.

"Have you received any letters?"

"Monsieur le Count?" said some one.

"Has no one come?"

"No, Monsieur le Count."

"No, Monsieur le Count."

ind forth before the house.

in his pocket.

and decided style.

thought crossed his mind.

etian!"

vant. said.

Mariani."

of her heart. "I feel I shall not strike amiss."

the door. Luciani concealed the stiletto.

Why not? Yes, I wish for a bouquet."

pocket the Circassian stiletto and placed the point

they cast a glance at Luciani.

fore becoming common.

and sombre face in the mirror.

her hands.

like a bouquet."

ble, and half dead.

look at the clock.

moners."

feast.

risian hell.

NO.

Niterary Department.

MADEMOISELLE MARIANI.

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

> CHAPTER XXXI. The Door of Hell.

For an hour the two young girls remained together in conversation.

"But you, Luciani, are not happy?" said Helene,

auddenly regarding her. Luiciani assuming her happiest smile, said:

"Happy? I am very happy! Have I not gardens filled with roses like yours? Have I not, like you, a mother who loves me and watches over me? Have I not, like you, a rose-wood toilette which tells me I am beautiful each time I gaze in it? Have I not, like you "-and she gazed on Helene's chaste, white bed, which seemed clothed in virgin purity-then added, "Oh! I am very happy, my dear Helene !" and she turned aside to conceal her tears.

"Adieu!" said she, quickly, as if her grief could not remain longer in that atmosphere of yirtue and happiness.

"Why do you leave me so soon? When will you come again to see me?"

"Never!" thought Luciani; but she hastened to say aloud:

"It is your turn to come and see me. I will meet you Tuesday noon, at the church of the

"Tuesday? What are you going to do Tuesday noon at the Madelaine? Are you going to be mar-

Helene's words pierced Mariani to the heart, but she replied:

"Yes, I shall be married; you will receive a card requesting your company on Tuesday.

"Always a little sarcastic," said Helene, embracing Luciani.

After Mariani had gone Helene thought to her-

"Poor Luciani! she conceals her heart from me; she who has always told me everything. Ah! I am very sure she loves Horace, to her sorrow! How much she has loved him! Hush!" continued she, "I was even afraid myself of falling in love with him this winter."

Mariani returned to the Madelaine. For an instant she forgot her vengeance, and thought of returning to her mother's house.

"No," said she, "I am resolved!" She was on the corner of the Rue de Sege and the Rue Ferme-des-Mathurins. She waved her hand as an adjeu to her mother's windows. She had not the courage to go further; but recollecting Horace's deception, she walked on with a rapid step. Where was she going?

'Madame de la Roche?" asked she of the porter of the Lansquenet house. She had armed herself with all her courage.

'Madame the Countess has just arrived from the one o'clock mass. You will find her in her

saloon. There was not a woman in Paris who was more respected by her porter, than Madame de la

Luciani ascended the two flights, and rang with

a firm hand, driving back her bashfulness. Her Venetian blood coursed rapidly through her veins and carried with it her anger. A grandly decorated valet conducted her to the

"Madame," said she, without bowing (wishing to retain her pride even in her fall), "I am from

Venice. It has been told me that strangers find hospitality here?" The Roche-Tarpcienne arose, out of respect

to the grandeur and dazzling beauty of the one who addressed her, as she replied: "Madame, I do not exactly understand what

you intend to say; this is not a lodging-house; in the evening I receive some ladies and some young men, as in the best houses."

"Ah, well, Madame, I come to solicit the honor of being received at your house."

The Roche-Tarpeienne had already decided that the new comer had, by hir beauty, the right of appearing at her house; but she did not wish to bend to the imperious pride of Luciani.

"But, Madame," said she, "one is not received here without having been presented."

"As at the court! And who are the Ladies of Honor who presented the others?"

The Roche-Tarpelonne understood that she could not deceive her.

"Most frequently they are men who present woman here; but, as an offset to that, before a face like yours, all doors would fly open."

"You are very flattering, Madame." Luciani let fall, these words from the height of her dignity, for she had not yet resolved what role she intended to play.

"But, to conclude, Madame," replied the Roche-Tarpéienne, after having drawn up a chair to Mademoiselle Mariani, "tell me, who has given you the idea of being received here?"

"Some young people who have spoken much to me of the fine company over which you preside. I wish to surprise them: this evening they will find me here, and will not believe their eyes. Only my toilet is not quite suitable; but I will send to my dressmaker, who has orders to make me a ball-dress."

"Beauty, Madame, is always well dressed; but you are right; a ball-dress is more genteel."

At that instant the mistress of the house, seeing Luciani grow pale, sprang to her with her smelling-bottle in her hands.

"It is nothing," said the young girl, inhaling the salts; "it seems to me there is not much air

The Roche-Tarpcienne run to open the window. | one in society? it is only done among the com-That is better; I thank you." "Come to the window, Madame, the air is very

"Oh, no!" said Luciani. She had consented to show herself in the Lans-

quenet saloons, but not to exhibit herself at the "Would you do me the favor, Madame, to let me remain here till evening, and give me a cham-

ber when my dress comes?" "Certainly, Madame; do as you would in your own house;" and she rang the bell.

"Leontine, make a fire in my boudoir, and take all the orders that Madame gives you. What

is your name, Madame?" Luciani seemed to think before replying; finally she said: "Mademoiselle Lucrèce."

"A beautiful name; but M. Ponsard could not make a tragedy from you."

"Who know?" said the young girl.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Mademolselle at the Languepet House. Mademoiselle Mariani passed into the bouloir of the Roche-Tarpcienne, and wrote three letters: one to Horace, another to her mother, and the last to her dressmaker for a ball-dress.

She sent her letters to Horace and the dressmaker at the same time, but kept the one for her mother. Scarcely had she finished writing, when the mistress of the house asked permission to present to her a young lady who desired a friend, "No," replied Luciani, "it is not worth the while."

But the young lady had followed in the steps of the Roche-Tarpéienne.

She was so pretty, and bowed with such modest race, and she seemed so sweet, and even so can did, that Luciani bowed to her in spite of herself. "Will you permit it?" said the young lady taking a seat.

"You both understand each other, I see, at the first glance!" said the Roche-Tarpeienne. "As for me, I am going to make a call, and will return to you in an hour. It is understood that you will dine with me. I will give you as much truffle pudding as you can eat and some quails and some sweetments from Bar's."

"I will not dine," Luciani hastened to say.
"Neither will I," said the young lady.

"Just as well; you can sit at the table and see me est."

"At length we are alone!" said the new comer. Let me say, if you please, Madame, that I left my husband this morning, and I have not a sou; and am very guilty, for I have a lover. My husband has beaten me, because it was his right; and, to crown all, my lover has closed his door on me, saying to me that if they should find me at his house, he should be condemned to prison for six months. Behold the last poetical words of my romance—' six months in prison!" "But, Madame," said Luciani, seeing that she

wept while she was making her confession, why do you not return to your husband?" "Because he no longer loves me."

"If he ever has loved you, he will love you

"No. Madame: he has taken a mistress. Misfortune has rained our house forever. I have but to die, or live in forgetfulness." A silence fol-

lowed these words. "I believed one did nothing but laugh here," said Luciani. "But I see plainly it is the door

of hell, which one enters only to ween." "I came here conducted by my seamstress, to whom I owe considerable. This morning I thought

I would enter a convent; but this woman told me she wished to save me from despair. It appears that Madame de la Roche lends money. They also play fine games here. At Spa, last year, I gained three thousand francs; I wish to tempt fortune, again. And then, shall I tell you?"-At this point of the conversation a new comer

entered without being announced. Lucinui rose with a feeling of outraged dignity. But she suppressed her feelings, "No;" thought she, "I came here as an atonement-I will suffer all the humiliations."

I do not wish to describe all the sparkling or lovely faces that one beholds in this stifled and sombre place, where it was impossible to breathe a puff of fresh air, or behold one solitary sunbeam. The ceiling was low, the hangings concealed the windows; everything was hung with tapestry, wadding, and coarse silk. The fire never burned brightly, it was so smothered. If the foolish company, which were always renewing themselves, had not brought their peals of laughter and their youthful prodigality along with them, one could not have lived there an hour without feeling miserable.

Although Mariani's heart was failing her each moment, her heroic resolution made her wish to see the end of the sacrifice.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Feast of the Roche-Tarpelonne. When the dinner hour came the Roche-Tarpéienne said to Mademoiselle Mariani that she wished her to sit at the table.

"Since you desire it, I obey;" said Luciani. She did not eat. But at dessert, without thinking, perhaps, she took a mandarin in a sévres cup

broke the corners with her pretty fingers and eat While they were yet at the table, a whirlwind of gay ladies, who had just returned from a prom-

enade at the Champs Elysées, entered without

even being announced. "Ah, well!" said the Roche-Tarpeienne, "how long have you been in the habit of entering my house as you would a café! Was there no one to

announce you, ladies?" "You have not learned, then, my dear Madame de la Roche, that it is out of date to announce

As he said these words a valet of his acquaintance struck him on his shoulder, saying: "Ah, well, shall we let the holy Sabbath pass without wetting our palates?"

"Ah! my dear fellow, I am, indeed, thirsty.

double my wages, for I am like kackney-coach

horses, oftener traveling in the night than in the

day has commenced, so we will celebrate our Monday before any one else." And these two jolly wits, roaring with laughter, approached a tayern that was unworthy to shelter

enough! But I have too much business to do.

You see I am like a telegraphic despatch: I run

"An idea comes to me: it is midnight, and Mon-

"Ah, well, this will strengthen you."

without stopping a second."

invasion, she could not help smiling. She half such honest men. concealed herself behind her fan, not being able "Let us go to a café?" "No: I certainly have not the time to go so far to crush under foot all modesty. She asked heras the Boulevards." self, as she looked upon all this gayety unmasked,

> "You are right." And Horace's servant tasted his wine slowly. Half an hour afterwards, all out of breath, he arrived at Madame Mariani's. Scarcely had he rang, before the door opened, and, stepping in he saw Hector and Mademoiselle Elanore and, at the end of the aute-chamber, Madame Ma riani, who had thrown herself out of bed.

In truth you are a victim of slavery."

"Here is a letter," said he. "A letter!" cried Madame Mariani, running to him. "Is it a letter from my daughter? Give it to mel"

Hector seized the letter, but his mother tore i from his hands.

"It is not what you think it is," said Horace's servant, "for it is a note that Monsieur le Count has just written to M. Hector."

'Mamma," said Hector, endeavoring to re-possess the letter, "it contains nothing that you should Madame Mariani broke the seal.

"I beg you to give it to me, mamma; we have ome secrets which belong only to us. If Horace speaks to me of my sister, I swear to you that I will read the passage to you. He was to write to me about a debt at play; for I must confess that all the anxieties of the day have not hindered me from paying what I borrowed yesterday on prom-

"Ah, well! hasten and read this letter to me." Hector breathed again.

"Immediately," said he, conducting his mother to the bed she had just left; "but you are pale and cold: hasten to bed at once.

"Hector, you will kill me! I tell you that letter contains my destiny." Madame Mariani, who was seated on the bed, let

her head fall on the pillow. "Well, then, listen," said Hector resolutely. He re-traced his steps to close the door, and approach-

ed the candelabra on the mantel. When he had torn the envelope and opened the letter, his eyesight grew dim as he beheld his sister's writing. He did not possess to the same degree as Hor-

ace, the art of concealing his emotions. His mother did not notice his agitation. "Well, what is it?" said Madame Mariani. "It is in regard to my debt at play. Horace

writes to me that he has just paid it." Although Hector kept his eye fixed on his moth- other." er, he read and re-read these four terrible lines; Horace, you will find Luciani this evening where you visit every evening. Yesterday there was a Persian there; to-day there will be a Venitian." "It is impossible!" said he.

"Impossible!" said Madame Mariani, "what is it, then? You frighten me! I know well that that letter speaks of Luciani." "Ah, well," said Hector, inventing a falsehood

to conceal a still greater one, "hear what Horace writes to me." He then pretended to read as fol-"If my information does not deceive me, your

with the Baron d'Humerolles. It is not improbable that they will be married on the way, at the little chapel.' Hector glanced at his mother. He had read so

sister—shall I say it—set out to-day for London,

well what he had just invented that she did not doubt for an instant but what these words were in the letter. "Fortunately for me, I possess a sword!" said

he, striking his hand on the chimney-piece. Every one in the chamber trembled, except "Horace, you will find Luciani this evening Madame Mariani, who breathed freer for the first time since breakfast.

"If he weds her at London," said she, "he cer tainly must wed her at Paris, also. We will both Horace was struck to the heart as by a blow of set out to-morrow. Read that part of the letter to me once more."

but still found those terrible lines. He rushed towards the Lansquenet house; but all at once a me?" said Hector in spite of himself. "Never! I sad earnestness. shall hardly consent to pardon Horace for writing "Oh! my God!" said he with fright; "if Hector this." should go this evening to the Roche-Tarpéienne!"

Thus saying, he tore the letter and threw it in He ascended to his room and wrote these words the fire where it was consumed. "I will run to M. d'Humerolles," said he with "My dear Hector, you will not go, I presume, to decided air.

"Embrace me," murmured Madame Mariani, mother's chamber, for it will not do to leave her holding out her hand to him.

'Adieu! adieu! There is not a moment to lose. "Hector, my dear child, do not make the evil any greater than it is by a sword thrust!"

I will do my duty," said Hector gravely.

CHAPTER XXXV. The Chastleement of Horace.

In the mean time, Horace, in a few moments, had arrived before the house of the Roche-Tarpe

"Ah, Luciani! Luciani! Luciani!" he murmured, "I would not have believed such a chastisement could have fallen on me!" He entered the

house. The lady of the house came toward him from the ante-chamber.

'My dear Count," said she, for he had not told her his name, only his title, "we have some new "But, Monsieur le Count, it is midnight!" And the valet added, between his teeth: "He ought to comers."

"Not a word!" cried he with fury.

Two danseuses who had just entered, were frightened at his paleness. The lady of the house recoiled a few steps.

"Are you mad?" said she to him. "Where is she? where is she?" cried Horace.

"You know her, then? She sings like Alboni. The gentlemen admire her."

"The gentlement" he echoed. One could never express by word or look the infernal jealousy which tore his heart.

"Where is she, I say?" "She is in my boudoir, conversing with a Captain of the Zouaves."

"Give me a knife!" said he, half beside himself, for his sorrow was at its highest pitch. He then proceeded to where Luciani was.

Sir," said he to the Captain of the Zouaves, this woman is my wife. ,To avenge herself she came here. But I will be revenged on you!" Luciani slowly arranged her coiffure before the

mirror. She smiled enough to show her pretty teeth, and turned her head with the tranquil grace of a swan, and, like Celimenes, played with

"Ah, Horace, is this you? Do you not think I am beautiful this evening?" Horace made a step toward her, beating his

broast. "Sir," said the Captain, "I fight when I am in battle, but I play lansquenet when I come here." Horace gave him a blow with the back of his

hand. "You are a coward, sir," said the captain, "and not worthy to be a lackey to the woman who. stands before you."

"I would give you a blow with the back of my word if I had it with me," replied Horace. "Sir," rejoined the Captain, "I reside near here,

5 Rue d'Isly. I have arms there; let us not delay till to-morrow."
"Yes, sir, I will chastise you at once!" "And I," said Luciani, throwing herself between

the young men, "do not wish two brave men should cross swords for a lansquenet player." "Sir," replied the Captain with dignity, "I will wait you in the saloon."

He saw from Luciani's face that there would be frightful drama.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Interview between Horace and Luciani. The lovers found themselves alone in the little

"Ah, Luciani!" said Horace beating his hands, what have you done?"

"What have I done?" echoed Luciani, assuming the careless demeanor with which she had concealed the workings of her heart since she crossed the threshold of this gaming house. "To your question 'what have I done?'—I answer simply thus: you love this house; so I have come here!"

"This is horrible! Do you not know, Luciani, that I love you, and that you make me suffer a thousand deaths?" "Ah, you love me! That is doubtful, for I have been made most unhappy by you."

"Luciani. I will kill you!" "I deny your right to do so. One may kill his

wife, or his mistress-I am neither the one or the "Luciani! Luciani! you will drive me mad! Have pity on me!"

"Ah! you think that I have come here to witness your love scenes? Not so, Monsieur. I

know neither Luciani or Horace any more. I have already become like these ladies; I am baptized by a poetical name: they call me now Mademoiselle Lucrèce. That name will sound well to-morrow, when they see me pass on the Champs-Elysées, for they have already offered me a coachand-four!" responded Luciani, with as much irony and sarcasm as her poor aching heart could command.

"Luciani, will you follow me? Oh, I love you, Luciani-I will wed you," vehemently exclaimed Horace.

"Hold !" said Luciani. "Review your cruel conduct toward me! Now you wish to wed me! It is too late! When I would have linked my destiny with yours-given you the strong and earnest love of a pure heart, with all the confiding innocence of girlhood—then you thought me unworthy to share your love and receive your protection. I am yet too proud to marry a man who would condescend to take me after his conduct had brought me to this humiliating condition!"

"Then we will die together!" said Horace. "No, Monsieur. I do not wish to wed in death! My vengeance will not strike you so fatally as you have me. I shall die when I wish to do so-"What! read to you again that which dishonors | but I shall die single!" responded Luciani, with Horace, who had prostrated himself at Luciani's

feet, rose and seized her violently, exclaiming: "Luciani, I will carry you from this place, either living or dead!"

"Leave me, Monsieur, or I shall call some one. You are not in your own house, nor am I in mine!" Luciani could sustain herself no longer, and weeping bitter tears of agony, she threw herself on the couch. Horace ran to her, angrily exclaiming, "I will

not leave you in this place," and he snatched her from the couch. But as he raised her in his arms, he saw a stream of blood spout up. "Ahi my God!" cried he. "It is nothing-it is only death," said Luciani,

with her beautiful smile. "Death!" echoed Horace.

"Yes. Do you wish to see me outlive that?" These words were expressed with all the earnestness of an injured heart.

CHAPTER XXXVII. The Last Cry of Love. Horace rang a bell.

'I beg of you," said Luciani, "let me die alone." "Oh, Luciani, I have not the strength to look ipon such a spectacle!" groaned Horace. "You will tell my mother that I have satisfied

my passion for vengeance, and now suffer death. But tell her it all happened at your house." Horace, in his despair, snatched up the Circus-

sian stiletto, but Luciani averted the hand which would have struck his heart.

"No," said she, "live to defend my name. Ah!

how I suffer-and yet I am happy to suffer! Tell me that you suffer more than I. Soon I wish you to carry me to your house, that mother may come and take me away. You must burn this dress, which is already the robe of Nessus for me. I stiffe, Horacet Open the window, that I may breathe-for I have not breathed for eight mortal hours!"

A danseuse entered who had listened at the door with affright.

"Ah, my God!" said she; "an assassination!" "Silence!" murmured Luciani; "it was I who struck the blow."

Horace placed Luciani before the window. "Horace, I stifle!" she lisped.

Horace opened the window, and Luciani felt a momentary relief. She then threw her arms around his neck, exclaiming:

"Ah, Horace, how I love you!"

Death of Luciani. While this drama was being enacted in the boudoir, the gaming table, ornamented as usual, in the large saloon, was noisily usurped.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"I" said a comedian who had no engagement "wish to stake, this evening, all that I have." 'Then," said a player who had studied the chances, "I will not play against you."

Madame de la Roche-Tarpéienne was engaged in putting some liquor into her teapot, in order to give a little gaiety and boldness to her guests. The Knight of the Quatre Emperors walked round the table, that he might seize the opportunity to take a hand at cards-for he never engaged in play except to play his game. He had great art in handling cards. Two kings, two aces, and two sevens would make their appearance at will, and wonderfully assist him in winning the game.

That evening-Sunday-the playing took a lively turn. The ladies were braver, the men courageous. In the eagerness of play, all had forgotten the tragic entrance of Horace, or thought of the fair Venitian, till, all at once, they heard the cry that the young man uttered on seeing the blood flow from Luciani's heart, reminding them that there were other emotions than those felt at

The danseuse, who had already half opened the door of the boudoir, entered hastily, followed by the Roche-Tarpélenne. But none of the players wished to be interrupted in their game. But Horace, on seeing two-women enter, cried out in agony, "Do not enter!" as though he feared the presence of these two women would distress Luciani in her dying moments.

"Bring a doctor!" he added quickly. The Roche-Tarpeienne threw herself on her

knees before Luciani, and seized her hand. "Do not touch her!" said Horace with anger, pushing away her hand.

At that instant the door opened, and all entered. "A doctor! a doctor!" said Horace, frightened. "I am a physician," said one of the players,

pushing back the curious. 'Save her!" murmured Horace. "It is impossible!" gravely said the doctor, after a few moments, and then made a sign for all to

withdraw. Soon he was alone with Horace and the dying girl. "Was it you who struck her?" said he. "I?" cried Horace with surprise, and then con-

tinued sadly: "No, I did not do it; but I am the cause of it. Do you understand? She is an honest girl, a lady of good society. She loved me. When she learned that I left her every evening to come here, she came here also-but, alas, to die!"

"Poor woman!" responded the man. "She was born in Venice, that country where they avenge their disappointment."

A Christian sentiment suddenly seized the soul of Horaco. "A priest!" said he to the waiting-maid. "Let

some one go immediately to Rue de la Madelaine, and seek the Abbe X-... The Abbe X-?" asked the waiting-maid.

"He comes here every Sunday to make up the whist party of the old Marquis, who resides just Ah well; let us see him at once."

I do not know as Monsieur the Abbe X-

angry at being taken from his last game, as in the comedy of Alfred de Musset, but he did not make them wait long. In a few minutes, grave and dignified, he en-

tered the boudier, and bowing, regarded in turn Luciani, the doctor and Horace. "Monsieur Abbe," said Horace, who had met him oftener in society than at the church, "pray

for this young girl, who, you see, is drawing her last breath." The priest made the sign of the cross, and recited a prayer.

"Monsieur Abbe," said Horace, "I am the cause of her death, because I have refused to wed her. Is there not time to repair my crime?"

The priest looked at Horace as if he did not comprehend him. "Have you never married at the last hour, a

man to a woman, that death had called for too soon? I wish this poor girl should bear my name into eternity." said Horace. The priest turned to the doctor, saying:

Doctor, does this young girl retain her rea-

son?" "No," replied the doctor. "Her heart beats, but she is unconscious." Horace, who had re-taken the hand of Luciani

said to her: "Do you not hear me, Luciani, and do you not

wish I should give you my name?" The hand was icy; Luciani did not answer by

any sign. "It is too late!" said the priest, shaking his head sadly. "Alas!" murmured Horace, "I have done noth-

ing to soften this terrible death;" and he fell on his knees, choking with sobs. The priest made the sign of the cross on the forehead of the dying, recited a psalm, and then

left the room silently. Luciani spoke no more, though life was not yet extinct. Her large eyes seemed to regard the despair of Horace. A sigh passed her pallid lips. "Horace," she murmured, in a stifled voice

raising her arms, "I go! but I shall return!" Horace did not understand what the dying girl wished to say. As her arms fell around his neck, he murmured:

'Luciani! Luciani! if you die, I wish to die!

But tell me that you will not die!"

"It is her last sigh," said the doctor. Horace arose pale and sad.

"Her mother!" said he, after a silence.

"Her mother!" repeated the doctor; "is it possible to call her?"

"It will first be necessary to carry Luciani to my house," replied Horace.

"I understand," said the doctor. "Go, and I will bring her to your house; I will take charge

of everything; I will say that she is not dead." "Bless you!" said Horace, with a feeling of gratitude. "No one knows her here under her true name. I have confided to you our secret; I beg you never to reveal it."

Not wishing to pass through the saloon, Horace opened the door of the little stairway and went out. As to the rest of the people in the house, the spectacle of Luciani's death had terrifled them. Some of the players had gone, while others stood talking before the closed table, each asking the

other about the tragedy. "She was a beautiful and charming creature," said the Captain of the Zouaves; she surprised me by her fits of gayety and sadness. At the piano she played with the most profound expression Weber's 'Last Thought.'"

CHAPTER XXXIX. Hornce and Mector.

A great noise was heard at the street-door, Hector, in his eagerness to gain admission, had thrown to the sidewalk, a stranger who was fleeing, in fear, from that house of sorrow. But Hector's rudeness had restored his courage, and he exclaimed:

"Sir! since you are determined to pass so quick, you shall not pass at all;" and immediately placed himself before the door.

At the first noise, the Roche-Tarpéienne and the Knight of the Quatre-Emperors, who were always in fear of the police, were already in the

"Who is there?" said the lady, with a frightened

"Why is there so much racket?" demanded the gentleman, knitting his eyebrows like Jupi-

ter.
"I have not time to answer!" cried Hector, who endeavored to pass up. But the Roche-Tarpelenne, who judged, by Hec-

tor's paleness, that it might be his sister, or his mistress, who had just been killed, took hold of him to hinder him from advancing. "I beg of you, do not go there!"

"Is Horace here?" asked Hector. "No," replied the Roche-Tarpelenne, "he has not been here this evening. I supposed he was with you."

"And why should I not go there?" replied Hector, succeeding at last in opening the door of the saloon. "I beg of you, listen to me!"

The Roche-Tarpelenne whispered in Hector's "There have been some arrests here this evening. They have seized some cards. Everything

is topsy-turvy.' "Is that all?" said Hector, breathing freer. "Is that all! Mon Dieu! It is my ruin!" Hector had entered the saloon, but before any

one spoke to him, the Roche-Tarpeienne had time to tell every one that she who had just died in the boudoir belonged to the family of this young "Let me see!" pondered Hector, striking his forehead, "who is it that is mad?-myself? Horace?

or my sister?" He began to think that if Luciani had, in a moment of jealousy, written the four lines that were continually before his eyes, it had been simply a

"No," thought he, "my sister never seriously had an idea of coming here. Still, everything is mysterious!" and he concluded to go to Horace's house. He went out of the saloon without speaking to any one. It did not take him two minutes to arrive at his friend's door, in Rue d'Isly.

"It is him!" said Horace, who stood at the top of the stairs waiting with anguish the arrival of Luciani

"My sister!" cried Hector; "Where is my sis-

ter?" "Your sister! repeated Horace, as he came down four steps and took his friend's hands, "My dear Hector, there remains but one thing for you to do-kill me!

"Speak!" said Hector, disengaging his hands. Where is she?" "What shall I say to you? I was mad, and she

was foolish. Your sister has killed herself with a blow of a poignard!"

"Luciani!" murmured Hector, sustaining himelf by the balustrade. "Yes; and still I loved her fondly, Poor Lu-

ciani!" continued Horace. "What have you done?" asked Hector.

"You drew me with you, yesterday, to the house of the Roche-Tarpelenne; some one told her of it, ing? Oh, miserable world and most miserable and to-day she has wished to punish me by her death. Truly, she is terribly revenged."

Hector cast a terrible look on Horace, and with chémence replied: "Sir! I believed you a man of honor; I introduced you to my sister as I would a brother; you

have deceived my friendship as you deceived her Horace did not wish to reply in the same tone. My dear Hector, accuse me. If you do not believe me unhappy enough, still further wound me

with your hatred. I have but one refuge-death!" "Death!" replied Hector with anger; "it shall be death, for I will not leave you time for consolation." A noise was heard on the stairway.

"Silence!" said Horace to Hector; "It is your aister!"

Hector saw, in the shade, two men who carried his sister's body enveloped in a cloth already stained with blood.

"She need not enter here!" said he, descending he stairs. He ordered the two men to follow him.

"Hector! I entreat you!" said Horace, who had lescended also. "You will kill your mother!" "Sir. my mother's house is the place for my sister."

Horace acquiesced. He saw them depart with Luciani with a sullen despair. It seemed to him as if he had lost her for the second time. On the contrary, if they had brought her to his house, it would have seemed to him as if he had refound her; at least he would have tasted the voluptuous sorrow of weeping all his tears, on his knees, beside her dead form.

"Poor Luciani!" said he, as they closed the coach door; "I shall never see her more!"

I shall not give all the details of that horrible night; how they concealed the spots of blood, or how mysteriously they carried the dead body from the lansquenet house. Nor shail I describe the interview between Horaco and Madame Mariani when she came, the next day, to demand of him an account of this misfortune. They were terrible and touching scenes.

Horace had wished a thousand times to die, but he did not wish to die before having his quarter of an hour's vengeance also. He did not wish to die before his duel with the Captain of the Zouaves.

"But, Monsieur," said one of the seconds of his en!" adversary to him, "the duel is useless; the Captain pardons you, and you have nothing to reproach him with."

"Have I nothing to reproach him with?" cried Horace, with indignation. "Did he not converse if I can help it. I determined to keep as many balf an hour with Mademoiselle Mariani without perception enough to know that she was an hon-

CONCLUSION IN OUR REXT.

Written for the Banner of Light. ORREED.

BY WILLIAM P. DHANNAN.

I will not bow with patient knees To worn-out laws or bigot Creeds; My nature knows its wants and needs, And scorns all cant hypocrisics Of hollow words and empty deeds,

I am unto myself a law; No mortmain, reaching from the grave, Shall drag me down where demons rave, Or bow my soul with servile awe To that which has no power to save.

I worship what is truth to me; Have faith in what is just and right; No cloak shall hide from my clear sight Those bigots of Idolatry That blot the blessedness of light.

A larger breadth of heart and mind-A genial grasp, a loving law, Would melt each stubborn soul, and draw In bonds of peace all humankind Not stultified by slavish awe.

A larger love for those who fall-A faith that reaches from the sod Of Adam-nature up to God-And finds the germ of good in all, From Angels to an outcast clod.

The law of love the Saviour taught; The law that Creeds have pushed aside In godless greed of place and pride-That love divine, with blessings fraught, Of Him the Creeds have crucified.

Where Truth and Error, hand in hand, Have sped along the shores of Time, And scattered seeds of peace and crime, I, too, have overwalked the land, And planted thorns and buds sublime.

The footprints of a world gone by, The records of a golden age, The deeds of savage, saint and sage, The pyramids that pierce the sky, Are landmarks of my pilgrimage.

For, when I search man's history through, I find myself in all the past; In good and bad-in grand and vast-Yet keep a wider reach in view, From Time's high summit where I'm cast.

I will not bow with patient knees To mouldering laws or bigot Creeds-My nature knows its wants and needs, And scorns all cant hypocrisics, Of hollow words and empty deeds.

The holy law of Love is right, Or else man's pilgrimage were vain; If, through the dreary wastes of pain, He reach no moral Pisgah hight, Where new light breaks on heart and brain. Cincinnati, O., Oct. 3, 1864.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

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

WHAT THE SUNFLOWER SAID TO THE

GARDEN VIOLET. A STORY FOR KITTY CUTTER.

"Dear, dear me I there's no use in doing anything. I do believe that autumn has come, and the cruel winter will soon be here, and what will become of me? I shiver to think of it," said a tall Sunflower that had been blooming for many weeks, and turning its bright, golden flowers to the sunlight, that they might be blessed by its

warmth. "To die so will be dreadful," continued she; and then what's the use of all I have been dome! Poor little Violet, why don't you echo my sighs? I'm quite out of patience with you forbeing so tame and quiet. You just bend your blossoms to the cold wind, and then look up again, as if you thought it only pleasant fun!"

"Oh, I'm so happy!" said the Violet, "that I can't think of sighing. Why! look at those beautiful maples over in the field there; I should think that the spirits of all the dead flowers of the summer had taken refuge there, and made it their Elysian field. I feel so glad at everything beautiful that I can't think of sighing or complaining." "That all sounds very well, and I dare say is

quite amiable," replied the Sunflower; "but all the red and vellow leaves on the hillside will not help you when the biting frost comes, and the dreadful snow. You'd much better be thinking what you'll do to-morrow, if it should chance to be'a nipping night after the sun goes down, as I believe it will. Only look at that clear sky, and feel that keen wind! I tell you there'll be a frost; I feel it."

"I've been doing all summer just the best I could," replied the Violet. "I've sent my roots down deep, and made the little fibres strike out into the rich soil; and I've sent up blossom after blossom that should bear fair seed, so that I could feel sure that some beauty that belonged to me should bless the coming time."

"But I tell you it's no use!" screamed the Sunflower. "Have n't I sent out blossoms, too, and turned them, and turned them from early morning till sundown, and here's the end. I tell you if I had to live my life over again I'd just please myself, and not try to do any good or beautiful

"But your beautiful shining seeds," said the Violet, "are you not glad that you have sent them down to the good earth, that the coming summer may not miss the golden clock that so faithfully tells the hours."

"Why! didn't you know that the chickens ate half of those I scattered yesterday? Oh! how vexed I was as I saw them gobble them down! I tell you there's no use in doing anything; that's so. I'm just determined not to make another effort, and what I want is to give my advice to you, and to every other plant to stop trying. Let come what comes, I'm going to stop trying to make other people better or wiser. I say again there's no use. Oh dear ! how cold it is; I'm half froz-

"But that beautiful shining seed," plead the Violet, "that fell under one of my leaves, lies there all snug and warm, and bids fair to make a fine plant another year. Not a chick shall see it, safe as I could, after what I heard those gentlemen say that walked through the garden the

"And what was that?" asked the Sunflower.

things; and one said that for himself he liked warm earth will keep my scattered seeds so that those things that bonefited the world. 'There,' said he, 'is that homely Sunflower!'" "But, then," murmured the Sunflower, "you

"I wish I'd heard him-I'd have brushed his angry I got at the hungry chickens because they clothes with a find cont of police, for his impu- came hunting about-spying every nock and cor-

that homely Sunflower, said he; if I had a gar- isfaction in caring for my own children, but to den I'd plant many of them. It is said to ward care for the children of those cackling hens does off disease. Those dreadful fevers that prevail not please me." so, are kept off by its healthy life, and then its the heat or the cold."

"Well, I'm sure he's very much of a gentleturning herself a little more proudly toward the

"So I thought," said the Violet; " and, as I said, I felt very proud of you as a neighbor, and was do loving deeds?" wishing I could do something as good as it was your privilege to do, when he said, 'But those pests, this

the Sunflower; "at least, he might have waited with these eyes the beautiful forests in their gortill he was beyond your hearing. I must say, geous dress, or the dear, little violets, or the however, that I have wondered what you were thrifty sunflower; but I do not lament. My life good for, as well as myself."

When I came upon one of these sweet flowers, blooming as fair as in my father's garden, as I for violets, and brought forth their leveliness in all lands and climes, would care for me, and I went resolutely about my duty without further repining, and owe some of the best work I ever did to that tender flower. When I see children hunting for "Johnny-jump-ups" in the springtime. I feel so glad, in their beauty, that I never destroy a single root. Why, they are to the hearts of children like the hand-writing of angels: they boy who had learned to love them well, for he to pick up the seeds of her good deeds." was taught by loving hearts to cherish beauty and purity. He went out into the world, and walked in the paths of wrong. He became so bad a man that all who knew him dreaded his influence, and wondered what would ever make him good or wise. He was walking the streets of the city, when a little girl came along selling little bunches of pinks and garden-violets. "Only three'pence-who'll buy?" said she. He paused. The sight of that pure flower was like standing again in his mother's garden. He bought all she had, and carried them to his room. He went over them and kissed them, and there came up beautiful memories like pictures before him. He saw never forget to do the best we can." the dear old home and those he had loved so well in it. He remembered his mother's love, who had become an angel, and he prayed for her dear presthem and carry to him, and who had sought and a song: striven in every way to bring him back to goodness. It seemed as if the dear little violet were an angel indeed speaking to him, saying, "Become good and pure!" and he did not hear in yain, but became a truer and better man from that time. He told me that he had them planted all about his dwelling, that he might ever see their pure eyes looking at him. Oh, do not say that the Violet is only a weed. It is God's written word of love. I would not part with it for many

". House Triples since!" "Well, I declare," said the Sunflower, "I never dreamed you were of so much use in the world. I always liked you, but now I am quite proud of you. Did I ever tell you what the lady that lived in the cottage said about you when Johnny was so sick? : She was walking in the garden and talking about him. 'Well, I felt,' she said, 'as if it would help him. I just thought if he'd notice anything, it would be a flower. It was late autumn, and the flowers had withered; but I ran out here hardly hoping to find a single blossom, but there was one, a sweet Violet, that seemed to have hidden its head under some withered leaves on purpose. I carried it to him, and the first time he opened his eyes I put it before him. Then came over his face such a sweet, heavenly smile that I knew from that moment that he would get well Not that the Violet cured him, but it helped us and made us more hopeful, and that helped him. Dear little blossom, she added, 'what a comforter you are. It rests me all over, when I am tired, to see you.' That's as near as I remember what the good woman said; but I didn't tell you of it beause she gave me such a brush as she passed that I was quite vexed with her, and never forgave her until she brought the water for my roots last summer."

a gayer flower !. This was the last I heard; but

you can hardly think how happy I have felt ever

"It makes me very happy," said the Violet, "to hear these things. The world seems beautiful and good to me, as I feel I am able to bless it. I am convinced that it makes us the most miserable of anything to feel that we're of no use".

"That's so," said the Sunflower; "I am quite warmed up since you have been talking, and don't dread the frost half as badly as I did; but what are we to do if we must die when the winter comes. Suppose that these are my last days of pleasure, alas, alas! shall I not then think that

my life is of no use?" "You forget, dear friend," said the Violet, "that we can never destroy the good we have done, and that it will live even when we are no more. Sometimes I've thought these warm summer days, when I was so heated and exhausted that I would not make another effort to be beautiful; but when I remembered that possibly one of my blossoms might be needed by somebody, then I felt new energy; and when I saw the pretty petals fade, and no one seemed to care for them, then I remembered that the good seed-time was to come, and that I was all the time doing something good and beautiful for the coming time. What if I do | ings, and the insects become paralyzed at onco.

"Why, they were talking about the uses of die, this cold winter, I can yet hope that the

"Did he say that?" asked the petulant plant, know that so many seeds perish. I told you how ner for every shining seed that falls from my "But do let me finish!" said the Violet. "There's ripened crest. I am sure I should take some sat-

"I know" said the Violet, "that the hen does not seeds make the best sort of feed for fowls.' You seem to be friendly to us; but after all, it must be don't know how proud of you I felt as he said a pleasure to us to show our love even to those this. It seemed so grand and excellent to be able | who do not love us, and they will bless us, spite of to keep off sickness. Why, I'd have given all my themselves, if we only do the best we can. Only blossoms if I could have helped poor Johnny yesterday I saw a little chick cover up, nicely, one when he mound so with the fever last year. I of your finest seeds, as it was scratching away thought, oh! if he would only tell me of some- about your roots, and very likely that will become thing as good that I can do, I will work. I'll a fine flower next spring. Oh, how beautiful it is send up blossom after blossom, and never mind to think we can bless the coming time. I often spend hours thinking of the beautiful summer that is to be, and then I wish continually to leave man to speak so well of me?" said the Sunflower, a little beauty for it. Will not this be a happier world because a little Violet has tried to do its very best. Do you not think that people will know more about love and goodness if we try to "Well, I do declare!" said the Sunflower, "your

sweet words make me almost willing to die. The the garden Violet, I never could treat except as a | thought that perhaps my deeds may live after me weed. Of what earthly use are they only to root and bless others, quite reconciles me to the thought deep and spread wide, and scatter innumerable of giving my life hour by hour to the cold, biting seeds that spring up and have to be weeded out?' wind. You make me think of what that dear old I don't think you can tell how I felt when I heard lady said the other day, as she walked through the garden alone: 'I'm growing old; I even think "Well, I think he was an impudent follow!" said this is my last autumn. Never again shall I see has gone by and I cannot recall it; but how thank-"Well, I was trembling all over, and was just ful I am for every deed of kindness that I have ready to wither every blossom, from sorrow, when |done. I wish the world was full of the blessing I the gentleman who was with the one who spoke have shed upon it. I am so glad I gave that poor, first, said, My dear sir, I am sorry indeed to hungry beggar my last loaf of bread, years ago, hear you speak thus of that beloved flower that for only last week he came back to thank me, for has blessed so many hearts in so many thousands | since then he has become a thrifty farmer. I am of homes. Its sweet beauty comes every Spring, so glad that I did not strike little Anna when we like a fresh proof of God's love. Why, I never were girls, but forgave her when she struck me. see one, that my heart does not grow better and I am so glad that I never repeated naughty words purer, and he stooped and picked one of my fair- that others could learn them. I am so glad that est blossoms. Once I was away in a distant I went to take care of poor, sick Mr. Jones, though land, and felt very lonely and discouraged, for I he had treated me so unkindly. Oh, I am so glad was doubtful if I could do my duty faithfully, and of every good thing I ever did! I call those deeds this doubt made me distrustful of God's love, the blossoms of my life that bore seed. I wish I had put forth a million more of those fragrant blossoms, that the seeds might have been scatterlooked upon its beauty the trust came back to my | ed far and wide. Oh, why do people get tired of heart; I felt sure that the good God that cared | doing good, when every act of kindness and love lives forever to bless them and others?"

"Oh, how beautiful!" said the Violet, "that's just what I think. I am determined to blossom and blossom till the last minute, and perhaps I may ripen a few more seeds."

"Well, I believe I will do likewise," said the Sunflower. "But do you look out for the chickens. I should like to know if the old lady ever thought that we poor flowers had to have our tell of a pure, unselfish life. I knew once of a good deeds destroyed. She had no hateful chicks

> "Oh, I suppose she thought unkindness and evil words were as much trouble to her as chickens to us; but, you know they did n't stop her doing good just the same. She returned good for "Well, if that's the case," said the Sunflower

'I suppose I must scatter this crest of ripened seeds the next blast that comes; so here they go." "Hurrah for that!" said the Violet. "Now I am ready to burst one of my ripened pods, and then I'll get ready to unclose the calyx of my largest bud as soon as the morning's sun warms the earth about me. Good night, you noble friend; let us

"Farewell, dear little neighbor," replied the Sunflower. "I am sorry that you are no taller, for I see already that the sun has ceased to shine up ence to shed its blessings on him. He thought of on you while yet it touches my leaves. And now his sister, who used to gather whole bunches of you must be silent; but I do n't care if I sing you

> Hush, my darling! now the daylight Fast is going, going by; In the east the coming twilight Spreads its mantle o'er the sky. And the autumn winds are blowing.

Never sparing tree or flower;

In each breath I feel the winter

Coming with its cruel power. But we will be strong in duty; If the worst doth come to us-Yet we 've had one year of beauty; Then let hope still comfort us.

We are going, going gently-All the gardens bud and bloom; Yet we will not let a murmur Fill the earth with grief or gloom, For our tender life was spared us

But that we might find the beauty That about us ever lies. Hush, then, darling! we will slumber Till we see the morning sun, Then arise with joyful pleasure

Not for sorrow or for sighs,

To do each duty, one by one. Many thanks to "A Lover of Truth" for the pleasant recognition of a desire to do good. The question of publication must be answered not by one's wish but by expediency. Profit and loss are yet masters in the world. Thanks, also, for the L. M. W.

SUMMER TIME.

BY MRS. HARVEY A. JONES.

Sluggish the stream toward willow-clumps sweeping, Something so like to my own thoughts are creeping Into my soul, from the murmur below; 'Baby and I have wandered together Down to the bridge in this hot, dusty weather, Feeling oppressed by the sultry noon's glow; Her eyes follow mine where the waters are tending, Rest with mine own on the soft outline blending. To haze in the distance, shim'ring bright in the sun; Something of life not like babyhood seeming, Looks from her eyes, like the halo of dreaming-Our birdie, our darling, our sweet baby one.

Down in the swamp lie the fat, lazy kine;
Drowsy bees hum, and faint sounds are heard. Lower Town " passes away from my seeing, Back to cool woodlands my spirit is fleeing, To flowers, and green mosses, and faint pipe of bird: Then to a hillside, all sero with the sunshine, Where, in lazy vacation, on its grass I recline, And dream of the future, as now of the past: My years are so few yet, and Fate still broods o'er me,. But from where I now stand I see two visits before me, While under my feet Life's river flows fast.

Everything sleeps in the lap of the sunshine;

Ann Arbor, Mich., July, 1864. A lady writes that the annoyance of mosquitoes may be effectually prevented by a very simple process. Close the room and burn a teaspoonful of brown sugar on some live coals or even shay-

Original Essay.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

NUMBER TWENTY. BY C. B. P.

The remarkable manner of ancients in personifying every department of Nature, may be seen in their way of providing for the five days which lay outside of the elect three hundred and sixty days or degrees of the circle. How to intercalate the year and make three hundred and sixty-five days, puzzled the astronomers. "Herodotus also says that they were indebted to the stars for their mode of adjusting the year and its seasons.' The five days were known as the five sons of Seb. "Seb, Chronns, or Saturni," says Wilkinson, "was called father of the Gods." Being the same as Abraham, "we have Abraham to our father"and though "good as dead, there sprang from him as stars of the sky in multitude," with Isaac, Jacob and the Zodiac inclusive.

Our theologies take the Biblical names as of real persons, and in the general begetting, take every change, unfolding, upheaval, or modification, as a genuine Topsy, or the veritable old Dr. Jacob, as when "Canaan begat Sidon his first born," &c.-Sidon he a city of Canaan or Phœnicia, on the same wise of the five sons of Seb, and other begettings of the sons and daughters of God. Of Seb, Wilkinson informs us that the "Goose was his emblem"-thus proving that Mother Goose was a venerable mother in Israel from earliest antiquity, and when old Ziph Coon, as worthy a patriarch as Seb, or Abraham, inclined his ear to a parable, and opened his dark saying upon the Banjo, he sang praises to the "wild goose sailing on the ocean"—and should not the children of Israel have the Goose to their Mother, as well as Abraham to their Father?

In the Egyptian wisdom of Mosaical learning, Amun, or the Amen, was king of the Gods, as Maut was the Mother of all, or the maternal principle, probably the Mot, or Word from which sprang light, the Blazing Star of Freemasonry Jupiter, bearing the "backsliding helfer," who was not in condition to load out of Egypt, also adopted the symbolic Ram to go before, with the name of the angel in him to be the Bell-whether of the heavenly flock; hence Jupiter was known as the Ram-headed God. It was with the symbols of this Lord, the Amen, or Ammon, with twisted horns, "contortis cornibus Amon," that the Jewish clergy blow down the walls of Jericho. Jupiter himself was the "Breath," "Wind," or "Spirit," the Senutic Nef, the Coptic Neuf, and the Greek Pneuma, "Spirit," which Diodorus says was the name of the Egyptian Jupiter. "He was the soul of the world." The Ram, his emblem, stands for Bai, (Bah?) "soul;" hence the Asp also received the name of Bait. The very general introduction of the Ram's head on the prow of the sacred boats or arks of other Gods, seems to point to the early and universal worship of this God, and to connect him, as his mysterious boat does, with the Spirit that moves upon the waters. He is said to be Agathodemon (good demon), and the Asp being his emblem, confirms this statement of Eusebius-the same Wind, or Spirit, that spoke through the mulberry trees to David, that spoke out of the whirlwind to Job, and who took Elijah and his horsemen into heav en-the same emblematical Lamb of God who was called out of Egypt from the universal Ram that taketh away the sins of the world, while the Asp was as wise as the Serpent, and as harmless as the Dove, the significant damsel of the mysteries-the Ehe. or E-ve in the various degrees of the laughing Isaac and sporting Rebecca.

The Sun Re, or Lord, had "a different name at his rising, at his meridian, and at night. * * * The Egyptians, as they advanced in religious speculation, adopted a Pantheism, according to which, while the belief of one Supreme Being was taught to the initiated, the attributes of the Deity were separated under various heads, as the "Creator," the Divine Wisdom, the Generature, and other principles. * * * The name Re is remarkable for its resemblance to Urim, or "Light," * * *, "Phrah," or Pharaoh, was also a name of the Sun, and under many names the Lord or Sun "shone unto the darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not."

Sometimes different members of the heavenly hosts were transformed into angels of light by change of position in the heavens, with change of name according to the position, and also with change of sex, and what was masculine with one people, was often feminine with another in the HE-SHE of the Lord. The Biblical Morning Star, Lucifer, who fell from heaven, was transformed into the Signet Star and Saviour from the Root of David, by the Horoscopist John in his vision of the Lord's day; and this, too, after he had rebelled-"For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven-I wilt exalt my throne above the stars of God-I will also sit upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the North; and thus in the whirlegig of the Word, does really become "a Root of Jesse, which shall stand for an ensign of the people." So, too, "Venus was often substituted for Isis, called Daughter of the Sun," answering to the West, or the place where the setting sun was received into her arms." When she rose gloriously from the foam of the Eastern Sea in baptismal linen, clean and white, it was rather ungallant in John to label her "the whore of Babylon." It would thence appear that John's mystical glasses, through which he viewed her, had been somewhat smoked.

Horus, "Season," "Hour," and Virgin of Egypt appear pictured with a child in her arms, the ground-plot for the story of Jesus, making the "Season" and the "Hour" when the "wise men from the East" saw his star, and Joseph was warned to flee into Egypt, and to remain there till the "Season" and the "Hour" when he should "arise and go into the land of Israel. "The Lord of Egypt," "the East" and "the West," says Wilkinson, "were local Divinities," So, too, the river Nile. The city, Thebes, was a personated Divinity, as well as other cities. But under all these varieties, like the Cherubim and other mountain patterns in Jewry, the Egyptians had the Unity worshiped under a particular character." They also had their Trinity, the begetter of the Christian Triad; for "out of Egypt have I called my son;" and the "Sign" and its Father were one, dwelling in the holy Spiritus, Ventus, or breath. The young child, or Horus, was "the defender of his father." In his infancy, a star stood over where the young child was." Akin also to the Egyptian was the Indian Creator, Preserver and Destroyer in its transformations. So, too, "the same original belief in one God," embracing all personated effluences, "may | The division of time into sevens was planetary or be observed in Greek mythology. For in Greece, Zeus was also universal and omnipotent, the one | and keep it holy, was "for the precious fruits by God, containing all within himself; and he was the Monæ, the beginning and end of all "-whose | the Moon," the queen of heaven. In the Hebrew equivalent in the Hebrew mysteries was the Zodiac, Joseph was Taurus; hence "his glory, the been, or will be." "But the corrupt practices in- people together to the ends of the earth." Now

Canopus, and thence carried to Europe, were no part of the Egyptian religion; they proceeded from the gross views, taken through ignorance, of certain allegorical representations, and were quite opposed, in their sensual and material character, to the simple expression of the hieroglyphical mind of Egypt."

"It is easy to perceive in all the religious of antiquity why so many Divinities resemble each other, why they differ in some points, and how they may be traced to one original, while others, being merely local, have a totally different character. Though they began by sub-dividing the one Delty, they subsequently labored to show that all the Gods were one; and this last, which was one of the great mysteries of Egypt, was much insisted upon by the philosphers of Greece.

* Again, the Olympian, or heavenly, and the inferial Gods were essentially the same; Pluto was only a character of Jupiter," as Lucifer or the Devil became the Saviour Star of the Revclator John. "The same notion led to the belief in a Sol inferus," as when the Sun Christ de

scended into the hell of the winter solstice. "Free-worship, and the respect for holy mountains, were African as well as Egyptian superstitions; and they extended also to Asia," as in the holy land of Jewry, when the "Lord heard all the blasphemies which thou hast spoken against the mountains of Israel. * * Whereas the Lord was there, * * * therefore, as I live, saith the Lord God, I will make myself known among them." So, too, in the Mystical Astronomy of the psalmist, the God-city of Mount Zion is inwrought as a mountain of vision with the heavenly Jerusalem, whose twelve gates, or signs, open to receive the Lord of day in his chariot of the sun." His foundation in the holy mountains. The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob. Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God. Selahl I will make mention of Rahal and Babylon to them that know me; behold Philistia and Tyre, with Ethiopia; this was born there." . .

Be careful, O, Singer of Judean mysteries, or, like your brother psalmist, the Greek Eschylus, you may run some risk in being supposed to sing too close to things " hidden from the foundation of the world." When you "make mention of Rahab and Babylon," you make the Rahab of Joshua with her "scarlet thread," rather close of kin to the scarlet lady of Babylon, and of the physiological mystery that " was born there," including the wedge of gold and the goodly Babylonish garment" which Achan hid among the stuff. The Lord took Achan by casting lots, and had him stoned for coveting the scarlet cloak of Babylon. Joshua speaks to the sun as Lord when he invokes it to stand "still upon Gibeon, and thou Moon in the Valley Ajalon." And you, O, psalmst of Israel, are rather sun-ward when you say, 'Make thy face to shine upon thy servant;" and so, too, was Moses, when his "Lord came from Sinai, and rose up from Seir and shined forth from Mount Paran with ten thousands of saints," and in the Key of David these saints or stars are "thousands of angels," and " the chariots of God twenty thousand; the Lord among them. Sinai in the holv. Sing unto God, sing praises to his name; extol him that rideth upon the heavens by his name JAH." Very many of the psalms are a beautiful setting forth of the Chaldean, Philistian, and Egyptian mysteries, as we shall show more at large hereafter. Says Wilkinson, "Besides the evidence of a common origin, from the analogies in the Egyptian, Judean, Greek, and other systems, we perceive that mythology had advanced to a certain point before the early migrations took place from Central Asia. And if, in after times, each introduced local changes, they often borrowed so largely from their neighbors that a strong resemblance was maintained, and hence the religions resembled each other, partly from having a common origin, partly from a direct imitation. and partly from adaptation, which last continued to a late period.

The clergy and Church of Christendom set forth the Hebrew mythology, whose common origin is proved to be with all others, as the "Word of God's word in a mystery should be ballasted by God's word in common sense, to see with equal eye. 'As it is, we cannot even say in an Orthodox manner, unless we confine ourselves to the time of the children of Israel, the expression "desolate," being toh'oo-ooboh'oo, as rung out by the Hebrew children when they remembered Egypt, and would to God that they had died by the hand of the Lord in that land, rather than be deprived of its leeks, garlics, and onions of old time, with the sign from heaven in the Calf, the "back-sliding heifer" which had lost its first estate in the olden Israel or Zodiac, though Aaron, to please the children, seized the bull by the tail and sought to stay him in the heavens as Joshua did the sun, while

the cow jumped over the moon." The Egyptian mysteries known to Moses who was learned in their wisdom, or "initiated," were "symbolic, which were either directly expressed by imitation or written by tropes, or altogether allegorically by certain enigmas directly expressed by the first initial of the name of the hieroglyphic object-a circle to represent the sun, and a crescent for the moon; in the tropical method they substitute one thing for another which has a certain resemblance to it. It therefore suited to express the praises of their kings in theological myths. Of the third or enigmatic one, example may be given in their representing the planets from their motion by serpents, and the sun by a beetle. Thus it was that the serpent scaled the Garden of Eden or the Hesperides, and the beetle, or tumble-bug of our fields, was an emblem of the Lord creating the world by his Word.

Here, as already shown, is the germ of alphabetic writing, and that a similar picture writing was the origin of the Phoenician and the Hebrew. is proved by the latter having retained the names of the objects after their form could no longer be traced; aleph, beth, and gimel, signifying the "bull," ("chief or head,") the "horse" and the "camel." The names of these are also traced in the alpha, beta, gamma of the Greeks, who borrowed their letters from the Phoenicians."

Thus, too, we can trace "God's Word" as written in the heavens of the earliest astronomical fancies when Taurus, the Bull, was the Sign of the Lord and one with God, as leader up of the heavenly hosts-the "chief" or "head" in the Zodincal Jerusalem, before he was transmuted into the "back-sliding heifer," to give place to Arics or the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world, for " now the Lord will feed them as a lamb in a large place," no less than the circuit of the heavens.

Cadmus, who was said to have carried letters into Greece, was a personification of "the East." astronomical, and to remember the seventh day the Sun, and for the precious things put forth by 'Iam," and in the Egyptian, "I am all that has firstling of his bullock, and his horns to push the troduced at Alexandria, and more especially at turn to your celestial map and see old Jo Taurus

pitching in to push the stary people together to the ends of the earth, as per Zodiac in 33d of Douteronomy,

God's Word by Biblical time is somewhat uncertain. Says Wilkinson, "Any endeavor to make the chronology of Egypt conform to the date of the Exodus, or any other very early event mentioned in the Bible, would also lend to unsatisfactory results, since the Bible chronology is itself uncertain-the different versions of it assigning different dates to the same events. If, therefore, we wish to examine any portion of Egyptian chronology with a desire to ascertain the truth. we must look for facts, rather than depend on what are merely accepted as established opinions; and be satisfied to wait for further information from such monumental records as may furnish us with astronomical data."

The Bible is the more uncertain in its chronology, because we fall to read it in reference to its astronomical data." From it was drawn, in its various patterns on the Mount, the astronomical for the scientific-the moral and spiritual for the people. Thus the Bible is the record of the spiritual and astronomical mysteries interwoven in mutual correspondence through tropes, parables and allegories, whose wards were to be fitted only by the "key of David," or a like key under another name. The high priest spoke in the name of the Lord, and was Lord by position, answering to Jupiter, Jehovah, or the Sun-"the blessed and only Potentate, the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto, whether in the sign of the Bull, the Lamb, or the Lion—" whom no man hath seen nor can see until the appearing which in his times he will shew to whom honor and power everlasting. Amen." Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel the Saviour, * * * that fleeth into Egypt, * * and dwelleth in the thick dark-Thus the God of night, as well as the Lord of day, "dwelling in' the light which no man can approach unto." So, too, the Amen, a title of the Egyptian Jupiter, signifying "the firm," "the stable," " the everlasting," and is the same as Amun, Ammon, or Hammon; hence Jupiter, Amun or Amen, the beginning and everlasting. "This word, with slight differences of orthography, is in all the dialects of the Semitish stock." Hence when the Revelator John takes the horoscope of the young Horus, in the "Season" of the Lamb, he says, "These things, saith the Amen, the faithful and true, witness the beginning of the creation of God."

How incessant has been the claim that only the Bible and the Christian Church have wrought the higher civilizations. How few are the years since the bugbear Trinity of the pulpit was Tom Paine, Voltaire, and the French Revolution—yet so potent and onward has been the Truth in the order of progression, that the Bibledom and its engiof progression, that the Bibletom and its engineers of a half century since are utterly scouted as to their claims of infallibility. Physical and spiritual philosophers alike beheld deep seams upon their cloudy brows, and much that was once infallibly "God's Word," is now cast out upon the dunghill, to be trodden under foot of men, as salt that has lost his savor. Of all the works in this direction, we have seen none to could "Drestled in the country of the country o this direction, we have seen none to equal "Dra-per's Intellectual Development of Europe." We have seen nothing to equal it as a digest of all history, from a physical point of view. More almighty than Buckle in the sweep of the heavens, mighty than Buckle in the sweep of the heavens, the earth below, and the waters under the earth, Dr. Draper shows what the civilization of the Church has been, as he grinds it to powder between the upper and the nether milistones—the Church as the repressor of light and storeotyper of darkness. Very little is left of the Right Roverend Fathers in God when all their dirt is washed away. Never, since the fabulous flood of Noah, line there been so creat a rush of many waters. has there been so great a rush of many waters, showing the Church to have been built upon sand, as all its foundations are washed away. Though the would appear at 'times, in removing the plug from the firmament, to "draw it mild," yet there from the firmament, to "draw it mild," yet there comes such a swash through the windows of heaven, that church, priest and creed are alike swept down in the sewerage—and though he here and there throws a "challenge washtub," laheled "our Saviour," and "immortality of the soul," to the submerged and drowning theologians, yet slight is the grappling, as if he would have them in greater derision to laugh at their calamities and mock when their fear cometh; for sure it is, never was the pulpit in worse plight since Anron and his sons were required to tote all the offul six his sons were required to tote all the offal six

his sons were required to tote all the offal six miles from the centre of Israel, as per Colenso, than this laying bare the centre of Christendom to the sight of all Israel and the Sun, leaving the Church out in the cold for its shameless betrayal of progressive civilization.

But Draper, like Buckle, and the physical school generally, are at fault in closing the door against all "supernatural solicitings." We grant that the spirit-world has been much abused to the enslaving of the enfloshed mind, because of ignorance ing of the enfloshed mind, because of ignorance and superstition, and the priestcraft connected therewith; but modern Spiritualism, in its higher grades, has no fellowship with these unfruitful works of darkness; but are for the largest liberty and utmost freedom of discussion in taking the have no miracles any more than the physical school; but find in transmundane causation no school; but find in transmundane causation no breach of continuity—but that laws and conditions are in all, through all, and over all, with only variations in the mode of being; that the physical is embraced in the spiritual, and that this is the "I am," as individualized from the Great Spirit, or evolved by law and conditions of the male and female principle, to begin or individualize the life in the cell of the materialist, with whom the life in the cell of the materialist, with whom the cell is the beginning; and the body's death so near the ending that scarcely aught remains, or only a vague glimmer caught from the Spiritualism of old time, which the physical school, to be true to its promises, must necessarily repudiate; but with us, as Spiritualists who have traced the continuity, there is knowledge that science and spiritual schonenes. have supersed each other and that phonomena have embraced each other, and that humanity is continued in identity beyond the body's death, and that through apt media, fleshed unfleshed humanity may hold intercourse

without miraculous organ.

How sweet to the desolate heart must come this knowledge compared to the cold, dark dungeon of the soul and body, whose gloom went down in hell, or almost of utter night, hoping against hope or vainly looking for a trump to sound in the distant ages for dead bodies to arise. Even this sad tant ages for dead bodies to arise. Even this sad comfort is clean gone forever by the terrible upheavals of the physical philosophers. While the Church is "swealing away like a farthing candle leeted at baith eends," Spiritualists ask no favors of science, but to look fairly and squarely, and to walk face to face with God in the spiritual as in the foregone conclusion of a physical boundary, till with more open vision it beholds the connecting links which bind fleshed and unfleshed humanities in continuity of being.

ing links which bind fleshed and unfleshed humanities in continuity of being.

But what have our ecclesiasticisms, effete, chilling, dead—or "dying with the dry rot," as per Dr. Holmes in the "Atlantic"—to withstand this scientific sweep of Dr. Draper? who surpasses Job's Behemoth and Daniel's Nebuchadnezzar, in the wide swath of grasses that he cuts, and trustoth that he can drink up the Jordan. Alas! the Church, alike imbecile in spiritas of intellect, goes tottering in the trains of Mammon, with the Bible as a sacred Petisch, to be interpreted by a priestas a sacred Fetisch, to be interpreted by a priest class interested to maintain a circumscribed vision class interested to maintain a circumscribed vision of the people. What wonder that such blind leaders of the blind for some eighteen hundred years, leave us stranded with a theology sans common sense, sans spirit, sans everything but a pharasalcal stupidity in a heartless plan of salvation. Dr. Draper finding the Church theologies almost acephalous as to any genuine spirit-life, gives the finishing stroke and truncates the universe of its spiritual humanity: but the top-head may be found restored in Mrs. Farnham's "Woman and Her Era." There behold the lost Pleiad rising above Draper's horizon, coming up from the sea above Draper's horizon, coming up from the sea in pure linen, clean and white, like the Mother of God. There behold the Goddess spiritually above all the earth, yet enfolding it—the true Divinity from bread cast upon the waters, and found after many days. Sclah.

Spiritual Phenomena.

An Instance of a False and Lying Commuulentlon of a Spirit.

As my address on the "False and Lying Communications of Spirits," delivered before the recent National Convention of Spiritualists in Chicago, was published in the columns of the BAN-NER OF LIGHT, I think it will not be uninteresting to the many readers of the BANNER to give an instance, by way of addendum, illustrating the truth and philosophy of that address. This instance is a chief one in my own experience out of many hundreds, if not thousands; and it is one of those facts with many others which made me, for a long time, so callous and indifferent to spiritual manifestations, that I almost entirely ceased from making further investigation by manifestations, although at the same time it convinced me of this great fact in Spiritualism, which I essayed to elucidate in my address, that men, at so-called death, enter the spirit-world-as to their spiritual existence-precisely the same beings as when they left the earth.

But to the instance: Some eight or ten years ago, in my own house, and with my own family, on one night, we were engaged in holding a circle, the medium being a young girl of fourteen years of age only, but a very strong and powerful combination medium, excelling in her powers of communicating by writing. We had many written communications from her, some with fac simile signatures of friends who had gone to the other world, attached-autographs-which we readily recognized. During the course of the evening, the young medium assuming a very serious though placid aspect, took up the pencil, and carefully laid a sheet of foolscap paper before her, and began to write in a bold hand-writing. She continued writing until three pages of the paper before her were filled, and then signing a name, she pushed the written paper over to me. I looked at the signature, and saw the name of "EMANUEL SWEDENBORG;" and now, thought I, we will have something interesting to read. So I begun to read aloud, for the edification of the circle. The writing purported by its heading to be a descriptive essay of "OUR SPIR-IT HOMES, AND OUR EMPLOYMENTS," and began to read very well and beautifully, and con-

At this, we of course were all astonished. I was indignant, and boldly remarked: " Who is this spirit that is trying to impose upon บร?"

tinued so, until the last page, when sentiments

were given entirely inconsistent with and repug-

nant to what had been written on the first two

pages; indeed completely contradictory thereto.

The written answer through the medium was ıgain:

"Emanuel Swedenborg; but he is not trying to impose upon you."

"Are not these sentiments and declarations in this last page entirely contradictory to those expressed on the first two pages?" I asked.

"No," was the answer, with some embarrass ment on the part of the medium; "you do not understand it."

"I do," I replied, "and you are not Emanuel Swedenborg."

"I am." was the written rejoinder. "Well," said I, somewhat out of patience, "will you subject yourself to a test, that we may see for ourselves whether you are Emanuel Sweden-

borg?" "Yes," was written down.

"Then I will try you. Mr. Swedenborg, you teach us in your theological works everywhere, that man enters the 'world of spirits,' as you call it, as distinguished from what you call the 'spiritual world,' retaining all the knowledges and scientifics which he obtained upon earth.

"Yes, I teach that, and it is true," said the writ-

"Then you of course now retain a knowledge of the Latin language, for all of your works, theological and otherwise, you wrote in the Latin lauguage."

"Well, then, if I give you a short Latin sentence from Cicero de officies to translate, will you do it?" "I will."

I accordingly gave the spirit this little sentence from Cicero, considering at the time that it was a very good motto for Spiritualists to adopt: "Si in hoc erro, libenter erro," which, literally translated, is, "If I am wrong in this, I am willingly wrong"as many of your readers may be aware—and asked the spirit through the medium to translate it in writing. The medium at once began to manifest, in face and expression, and in gesticulation, the greatest embarrassment, and continued so for some time. I grew impatient—all the circle did—and I finally

"You cannot translate the sentence."

"Yes, I can."

" Well, do so."

The pencil, in manifest perturbation, was taken in by the medium, and this was written out: You may err in this."

"Do you mean this for a translation?" said I, taking up the paper and reading the writing aloud. " Yes."

"Indeed! You make a very lame attempt. You use the word "err." because of the similar word erro" in the Latin sentence, and the rest is a mere venture, without knowledge, but an attempt to deceive."

'It is not so," was written. "I will try you again. What is the name of

your chief natural work ?" No answer, but embarrassment.

"I will tell you. If you are Swedenborg, it is Regnum Animale.' Can you translate that for ·me ?" " Yes."

" Well, do 80."

The medium again seized the pencil, and, in perturbed spirit," wrote out as a translation of Regnum Animale," which your readers know to mean "The Animal Kingdom," the word, in bold hand, "Revelation."

"Pool !" says I, now quite indignant; "you are not Swedenborg. You are some impostor; you wish to deceive us-to lie to us! Clear out from here, and let some good and true spirit come

So soon as I said this sharply, the pencil dropped from the medium's hand, and she assumed a beautifully mild and placid expression of countenance, and, again taking up the pencil, gently and carefully, she wrote these words:

" That spirit who was just here, and is now gone, is not Emanuel Swedenborg; but he is an impostor and deceeiver. His name on earth was Jack B. Cake. He was a comic singer, and used to sing comic songs at Shire's People's Theatre, on the corner of Third and Vine streets in your city."

This communication was signed by the name of my grandfather, who had been a Swedenborgian minister in this city for nearly forty years, and had passed from earth sometime ago.

We shall allude to this subject again. Cincinnati, O., Oct., 8, 1864. A. G. W. C.

Physical Manifestations by the "Boy Medium."

DEAR BANNER-As there is a great demand for mediums through whom physical manifestations can be produced, I wish to introduce to the notice of your readers three mediums of this character that I have had the pleasure of testing to a certain extent; and as we are all continually making an effort to increase the number of facts in our possession, I hope that friends and investigators of spiritual phenomena will notice the following statements in regard to these youthful mediums.

In Hardwick I found a boy of fifteen, and a girl of thirteen years; they are cousins, and sit together in a cabinet, and are tied by any person wishing to tie them. The manifestations are very similar to those given through the Davenport

At the house of the father of the boy, I attended two sittings. Four instruments were played upon at one time, and several different tunes heard. The boy was thoroughly tied, and the girl also, yet the boy's vest was taken off in as quick time as we could open and shut the cabinet, and was put on again just as quick. Three different sized hands were presented at the aperture, so that every person could see them. They have not been mediums quite a year, and have had no circles beyond their immediate neighborhood; and, from what I saw of them, I should judge they are as good mediums as any of the kind that can be found. As the gift of this kind of mediumship measurably unfits them for manual duties, and both of them being children of poor parents. I hope those who wish to witness these things will give them a call by addressing Mr. George Paine, South Hardwick, Vt., as I have no doubt their services can be secured for a fair compensation.

Henry B. Allen is the next on the list of these gifted children. He is thirteen years of age, very small for his age, and yet I have been more and more surprised with the wonderful variety of phenomena produced by the spirits through his instrumentality. He has dark and daylight circles, both of which are very interesting. In the dark circles a committee of two, elected for the evening, sit beside him and take charge of his hands and feet. The manifestations are similar to those produced through the mediumship of Annie Lord Chamberlain. I have known of three instruments being played upon at one time, and a voice singing that was audible to every person in the room, and there were eight individuals in the circle. have had two daylight circles with him; the Instruments (and I would here state that the dulcimer and guitar are the favorite instruments used through him) were out of sight. I at one time sat in a large rocking-chair in front of the instruments, and they were played upon finely; after which my head was very gently patted, and by a spiritfriend's hand. I saw the hand, and it gave me the cordial grasp of friendship as real as mortal life could give it. During the entire sitting the "little boy" medium—may God ever bless him—had tight hold with both his hands of my left arm.

At the house of A. D. Rood, in Hinesburg, Vt., we had a daylight manifestation of writing; three persons in the room besides the medium and myself. Mrs. A. D. Rood sat in a rocking-chair; and in a common chair, behind her, was placed slate and pencil, and while the little fellow sat looking at us, with his hands hold of Mrs. Rood's arm, the pencil was tapped on the slate, then wrote so all could hear it, the substance of which was that the spirits would give us good manifestations that evening—which they did agreeably to their prom-

Henry's mediumship commenced about two years ago, during which time he has lived with his uncle on a farm in Hydepark, Vt., where he has held circles for the people from all the surrounding towns, and hundreds have been to see him from different States.

He is now in my charge, his uncle having freely consented to let me bring him to the notice of the people interested in these phenomena.

For the present I shall hold circles as often as may be advisable, wherever the friends engage me to lecture Sundays; and where they desire s only, I will, to commodate them. It is also my intention to give him an education that will fit him for usefulness. For my address see Lecturers' Appointments in the Banner.

Yours for Truth, J. H. RANDALL. Leicester, Vt., Oct. 5th, 1861.

Policy and Principle.

The following quotation out of Herbert Spencer's book on "Social Statics," goes so to the root of the matter, and is so well and understandingly "put," that we give it the room which it deserves many times over in the columns of the BANNER:

"What does a man really mean by saying of a thing that it is theoretically just, or 'true in principle' or 'abstractedly right?' Simply that it accords with what he, in some way or other, per-ceives to be the established arrangements of Divine When he admits that an act is theoreti-

ceives to be the established arrangements of Divine rule. When he admits that an act is 'theoretically just,' he admits it to be that which, in strict duty should be done. By 'true in principle,' he means in harmony with the conduct decreed for us. The course which he calls 'abstractedly right,' he believes to be the appointed way to human happiness. There is no escape. The expressions mean this or they mean nothing.

Practically, therefore, when he proposes to disobey, he does so in the hope of improving on this guidance! Though told that such and such are the true roads to happiness, he opines that he knows shorter ones! To the Creator's silent command—'Do this,' he replies that, all things considered, he thinks he can do better! This is the real Infidelity, the true Atheism: to doubt the foresight and efficiency of the Divine arrangements, and with infinite presumption to suppose a human judgment less fallfible. When will man 'cease his frantic pretension of scanning this great God's world in his small fraction of a brain, and know that it has, verily, though deep beyond his soundings, a Just Law: that the soul of it is good! what his nartin it verily, though deep beyond his soundings, a Just Law; that the soul of it is good; that his part in it is to conform to the Law of the Whole, and in devout silence follow that, not questioning it, obeying it as unquestionable.

To think we can better ourselves by deserting

the road marked out for us, is an implous assumption of more than divine omniscience.

Why is not man adapted to the social state? Simply because he yet partially retains the characteristics that adapted him for an antecedent state. The respects in which he is not fitted to society are the respects in which he is fitted for his original predatory life. His primitive circumstances required that he should sacrifice the welfare of other beings to his own; his present circumstances require that he should not do so; and, in as far as his old attribute clings to him, in so far is he unfit

for the social state.

All sins of men against each other, from the cannibalism of the Carib, to the crimes and venalities prisons, the trickeries of trade, the quarrelings of nation with nation, and of class with class, the corruptness of institutions, the jealousies of caste, and the scandal of drawing-rooms, have their causes comprehended under this generalization."

It is just twenty-six years since the telegraph was first put to practical test. Then it was considered a mere toy. By 1851, however, 7,000 miles were in operation. Since then fully 2,000,000 miles of telegraph have been called into existence throughout the world. The wire has penetrated to almost every region of the world, braving all

Private Sennee with Chas. II. Poster.

The writer, in company with the Editor of this paper, and one of its publishers, Mr. Crowell, visited the rooms of Mr. Foster, the Test Medium, at 6 Suffolk Place, and was gratified with an exlibition of his peculiar and remarkable mediumahlp.

Upon being sented at the table, Mr. Foster requested the writer to write upon a slip of paper the names of any spirits with whom he might desire an interview. The names of five persons were, accordingly, written, part in full and part designated by their relationship; the list, concealed from the view of Mr Foster, was folded into a compact form-the names inside-and handed to him. Immediately upon closing his hand upon the paper, Mr. F. remarked, "I have a vision—of an open fleld—what does it mean?" "Ah! Littlefield," said he, answering his own question, and perceiving this to be the name of some one who would communicate. Replying, to his look of inquiry, that the name was all rightit was the first one on the list-he proceeded to speak for the person named. When asked the given name, he said, "The middle name is Annthis is the name she has in the Spirit-Land, and she is known among her companions as Sister 'Ann." Upon inquiry for her first name, the medium pointed to the alphabet lying upon the table, and from this it was correctly obtained by means of very distinct raps. Being asked if this spirit still continued to be the guardian of the writer, the medium was made to answer, "Ever in the earth-life while you remain, she will be your guardian; she will be the first one to meet you in the Spirit-Land, and will welcome you there."

"Another spirit," resumed Mr. F., "desires to communicate with you-your grandmother S."just as written in the list before named. And immediately Mr. F., in proper voice and manner, personated a feeble old lady, and addressed some cheerful words to her grandson.

At this point the medium seemed confused; he had heard his own name called, and appeared not to know what to make of it. But presently, extending his hand, he said, "Your friend Foster desires to greet you "-or words to this effect. Some remarks were made as coming from this spirit, to show his recognition of his former friend, when, upon being asked for his full name, the middle one belonging to him was given, and the medium at once said, "I will show you the initials on my arm." He drew up his sleeve, and upon the fore-arm appeared the initials B. F. in blood-red lines. Perceiving that one of the initials was wanting, we moved up the wristband higher on the medium's arm, and underneath where it had rested appeared the other and first initial of the spirit's name. The medium then repeated the whole name, but giving only the initial for the first part.

Upon our explaining that the spirit, when living upon the earth, and in Boston, adopted this address for his correspondents, because there was another person here of the same name-same initials and first given name - and in consequence his letters were sometimes received and opened by the wrong G. B. F.—the medium at once responded, "Yes, the carcel lamp manufacturer"-which was quite correct. After some very encouraging words from the spirit, and a promise to give us much truth from the spiritworld, and to be otherwise of special service to us hereafter, the medium proceeded, as follows:

"You have two sisters in the spirit-land "-to which we replied, "No, only one." "Yes," he said, emphatically, "two-little sister"—giving, at the same time, the familiar name of our little child (as written on our list), who had a short time since passed to the Summer-Land. "Little sister" was the most frequent designation of the child in speaking of her at home! Thus Mr. F. went through the list that had been written, and assured us that the spirits named were present, and gratified to meet their earthly friend.

Mr. Foster observed that he felt a very strong influence upon him during the whole scancewhich was most effectually confirmed by the automatic movemements of the table at which we sat, which manifested the liveliest activity, tilting about and rising up with irresistible force under the united pressure of all our hands, in efforts to restrain it.

After the writer's part of the séance was finished. Mr. Crowell put some interrogatories of a private nature, but in obscure terms, to the medium, and the answers he received appeared to him so significant and satisfactory, he felt entirely assured that the answering intelligence had divined his secret intention, and was quite familiar with the matter of his inquiry.

The Editor then asked if a particular spirit had anything to communicate to him, when the medium at once responded, "You don't need any further communication on the subject than has already been given you to-day through another source!" This was very true, as he acknowledged, and there really was no need of simply repeating-except possibly for confirmation through a different channel-what he had reason to believe was all the information or advice he, in a certain particular, had previously received.

We hereupon concluded our visit, to give place to numerous others, waiting in turn for Mr. Foster's services. Our visit was necessarily brief but from the rapidity of Mr. Foster's mode of dispatching the remarkable business to which he devotes himself, we felt fully persuaded that he cannot be excelled as a test medium, and that the most indurated skeptic would be sure to meet at his hands the most overwhelming demonstrations of spirit-intercourse with men.

Boston, Oct. 12, 1864.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

Across the stubble glooms the wind, High sails the lated crow, The West with pallid green is lined, Fog tracks the river's flow.

My heart is cold and sad. I moan, Yet care not for my woe, The summer fervors all are gone; The roses! Let them go.

Old age is coming, frosty, hoar, The snows of time will fall; My jubilance, dream-like, no more Returns for any call.

O lapsing heart! thy feeble strain Sends up the blood so spare,
That my poor withered autumn brain
Sees autumn everywhere.
—Victoria Magazine.

Appointments.

[See seventh page for list of Lecturers' Appointments and Mediums' Addresses.]

In Charlestown, Chelsea, Taunton, and Lynn, they have the same speakers as on last Sunday. N. Frank White speaks in Malden the next two Sundays; Mrs. N. J. Willis in Lynn, Nov. 6th and 13th.

There is a church in Bridgeport, Ct., whose four deacons are bank presidents. Wealthy church or

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Bunner of Light.

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WILLIAM WHITE & CO., For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page. 1

LUTHER COLBY. - · · · EDITOR.

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

Outgrowing One's Clothes.

Much of what is called fickleness, in matters of religious opinion and subscription, is really nothing more than the very natural outgrowing of the garments of thought in which the soul has so long been content to clothe itself. We may concede that there is a great deal of mere fickleness, proceeding from a restless temper and a dissatisfied heart; but after due allowance is made for that enough is left of the habit mentioned to establish the fact as a spiritual and undeniable one, that there is indeed a growth to the human soul which forever refuses to be hampered by temporary rules, or restricted within the set limits of merely intellectual formulas. We all need change for our souls. It is as natural a desire as that of cattle for greener and sweeter pastures. The very thought of being forbidden to step over the fence which men of more will than genuine spirituality have set up around us, in a great many cases creates the desire which it was specially designed to repress. And the theologians cite this tendency of the soul to rebel against intellectual and willful formularies as proof of its utter and thorough depravity-whereas it is the main proof of the welcome truth that the soul is greater, far greater, than all things else. Why is it that we find, in the course of our obser-

vation among men, that there are, in the Churches, many persons who go to try and get some sort of spiritual profit there for themselves, yet secretly acknowledge, after all, that it is impossible? Why can we put our hands on so many who may be said to have actually become "worn out" in the path they are now walking in? It is plain enough that they require a change; they have fed on the same sort of food so long that it has ceased to furnish any further nourishing power for them. If they continue to go to their old Church after the old way, they seem to get no individual advantage from it. The fountain for them is become dry. The sustenance is scanty and coarse. The discourses-the same which used to thrill and quicken them-no longer yield even a pleasure of the negative sort. They are not satisfied with the same old views which the minister takes of the the angel-world to sorrowing hearts. She then same old texts. They would not have so much of what is doctrinal in the discourses, but it should light of our glorious gospel to sustain the lecturers be all practical and personal; and when the turn comes round for the latter, they confess to themselves their profound surprise that, after all, it does not seem to "touch their case." The trouble is, of course, they do not realize, as they will come to do some day, that they have fairly outgrown the spiritual clothes that were made for them in other days, when there had been but little growth and expansion, but the soul was merely impressible and receptive.

Dr. George Putnam once declared in a very impressive discourse, that he should carry about with him a tyrannical spirit if he expected other men to subscribe to the creed he subscribed to, or if he demanded that a man should always subscribe to the same creed, at any rate. "If your creed is too small for your spiritual being," said he, "then stretch it, and make it larger; if it is too long; so that your spiritual nature does not fill it, then cut it off, and adapt it to your own size and needs." It was well said. To cramp or stretch the human soul, merely that a creed, supporting a Church, may become established, is to pay a fearful price for but a temporary and questionable good. Just here is where people make the fatal mistake of their lives; and they make it, too, without being made aware of it at the time, in consequence of the habits in which it has been their lot to be train ed. After long years of dwarfing and half-feeding, they look back at the history of their loss with hearts full of lamentations and wailings.

Robert Collyer, a Chicago preacher, who stands high in the esteem of the late Theodore Parker's congregation, and indeed of liberal-minded men and women everywhere, has remarked in one of his sermons, that those persons who are become tired of going to the Church where they find no spiritual sustenance or refreshment, are considered by the Church itself to be infidel; and yet, infidel as they are called, they seek for nothing in the wide world with so much eagerness as for the fellowship of true souls. They do not themselves exactly know what is the matter; they cannot even confess to their own hearts that their trouble is with the doctrines which are habitually presented to them; and still they sensibly feel the impulse of that wise instinct which warns them of sure spiritual starvation and death if they keep on in that old and worn-out way. Well says he of such souls, that they require varied food to make them stout and strong; that the human soul can no more bear a monotonous uniformity than the body can; and that "as nature varies, presenting us now with this food and now with that through the variant seasons, so the tree of life bears twelve manner of fruits and yields her fruit every month."

Rebel Loan Abroad.

As soon as Sheridan's first victory over Early was heard of in England, the rebel loan fell six and a half per cent. in the market. When his second and third victories, and his complete clearing out of the Valley are heard of abroad, we should not like to risk a guess how much lower the loan will go. And when the doleful and wholly discouraging speech of Jefferson Davis is received there, what particular figure will the foreign holders of this loan make for its real value? It looks rather squally for all such enterprises as this, certainly.

Gold.

The gold market is by no manner of means a settled institution, although it will not probably go up much above two hundred again. Yet even that probably depends on the military situation. Dealers have been busy marking down their goods and will do well not to be in too big a hurry about marking them up again. Stocks of all kinds are handled very gingerly, now-a-days, people being afraid of getting their fingers burnt.

Mrs. S. E. Warner's Lectures.

Mrs. Warner closed her engagement in this city on Sunday, Oct. Oth, to good audiences, which were highly pleased with her fine and truly spiritual discourses. Her afternoon lecture was on the fruitful theme of Life and its Changes, in the course of which she elaborated on the following topics: Life as we find it in its various manifestations; education and the rights of individuals; of the desires welling up in the human soul to know more of the principles of Nature, or of God and his works; maintaining most eloquently that life was an eternal principle—not cut off at the grave that the spirit of the Almighty was visible everywhere, in the storm as well as in the sunshine, in the flower as well as in the majestic trees of the forest—in every living thing and human soul. She consoled the hearts of the mourning ones by drawing aside the veil which obscures the dear departed ones from view, and gave a cheering description of their condition in the spirit-world and of their anxious endeavors to communicate to their friends in mortal, assuring us that they often succeeded in doing so successfully. She spoke of the necessity of spiritual unfoldment in order to enjoy all the blessings God has designed for our use, and how to accomplish this great end. All the manifestations of Nature result from the workings of natural laws: of the aspirations and workings of our interior natures; of the beneficial influence our spirit-friends have the power to exert over us through daily intercourse and communication, she said; and then with touching fervor she pictured our final passage across the river with the boatman pale," and our welcome reception by waiting friends on the other shore. Light was her evening theme. Light, that will

shine into the soul of every human being, and enable man to solve every problem in the universe; that will give him such freedom of thought that he will dare espouse any religious belief he may choose. It was light that Eve sought when she gave the apple to Adam; it was the same light which was afterwards given forth by the Nazarene; the Bible taught it, as she interpreted it, although there was much darkness there; she then reviewed the dark sayings which are attributed to God in its pages, showing their absurdity, and claimed that God was the spirit of truth and immutable justice, and that everything coming from him must correspond with that principle. Light makes the soul pure and good. To-day she loved the Bible better than any clergyman in the land, for she read it by the light of reason, and therefore could find light and truth in it. We should keep pace with the advance of the age and the demands of the soul. She briefly alluded to the times when all reformers were treated with scoffs and derision, and how heroically they passed through the ordeal, and then urged upon those who possessed the light of the present era the duty of spreading it among the children of this world, of all grades and conditions, North and South. East and West, in the palace and in the gutter. Its onward march must not-indeed it could not-be stayed, any more than the progress of the soul. The light of the new dispensation claims the right to talk with angels and with God; it has killed and buried the devil, but he has turned up again as a healer of the sick and a friend of suffering humanity, and he whispers words of cheer from made an earnest appeal to the believers in the and papers, which are doing all they can to promulgate the great truths from the spirit-world And may the Father of us all aid you in obtaining this light.

Mrs. Warner is a conscious trance speaker, but is entirely subject to the control of spirit influence while delivering her discourses. She speaks in Willimantic next Sunday.

The Peace Rumors.

Very little came of the story of an interview between Gov. Brown, of Georgia, and Gen. Sherman. It all turns out to be this: that permission was given a certain individual to go and see Gov. B., and talk with him of peace. He went, but nothing came of it. Gov. Brown has evidently been more or less harassed by the circulation of the story through the South, and has finally come out in a letter, giving all there is to the matter. It appears that Gen. Sherman did signify his willngness to meet with him and talk upon the return of Georgia to the Union and peace, but the latter answered that he had no authority to treat on the matter. He took occasion, however, to repeat what he has said before, that he would prefer that each Southern State should decide the question of peace by its own separate vote.

Grant's Movements:

Although Gen. Grant has really advanced his lines somewhat below Petersburg at Richmond, it cannot yet be claimed that he has achieved what he purposed to do, or that he has not yet before him some of the hardest sort of work. He has nearly reached the Southside railroad, but does not command it. And he has pushed up his line to very nearly the inner defences of Richmond, but has not yet felt strong enough in his new position to make any general attack in his front. On the contrary, his cavalry under Kautz has been overwhelmed by the rebel force which suddenly sallied out against them, and only recovered their ground, though not their lost guns, by a determined attack of Gen. Birney with powerful reinforcements.

In Missouri.

Gen. Price is again invading the hitherto quiet State of Missouri. He has had hard luck enough at it before, and we would suppose he had fully 'satisfied the sentiment" in that particular line But it seems that he craves just one more good drubbing, which we trust Gen. Rosecrans will give him without a great deal of waiting. The accounts of the guerilla proceedings in Missouri are enough to make one's flesh creep. They are nothing but lawless bandits and murderers. The rebel commander aims to capture Jefferson City, knowing that if he succeeds in that he will have under his hand at least one-half of the State. There is clearly a fierce struggle to come off there before long, and may God send victory to the side of the right.

Cotton in France. The Paris Moniteur says that the cotton crisis in France, which has been so severely felt by the operative class, has well nigh passed away. The consumption of cotton in France during the first three months of the present year is one-third more than during the same period of 1863, and onethird less than in the same period of 1860; so that the mischief caused by our war is in a fair way of being remedied. Before 1861 no less than sixty per cent. of the whole supply of cotton came from America; the exports from this country are now scarcely two per cent. of the whole; and there seems every probability that ere long the French colonies of Algeria, Guiana, and the West Indies, will probably produce as much cotton as France requires.

Southwestern Malters.

ernment to capture Mobile at present. So that we do not count on receiving any very early news of the fall of the city. We blockade the harbor with our vessels of war, which prevents the going out and coming in of rebel vessels with supplies and cotton for trade,—In Louisiana, the rebels have been driven from the Atchafulaya and Morganzia. The cotton crop of Louisiana is coming out much better than was at one time expected, yet will not amount to half a crop.—It does not please the rebels at all to think that the Mississippi is so strictly guarded, by our patrolling gunboats, for they are prevented from crossing at almost every point. - Yellow fever is reported prevalent at Charleston and Savannah, as well as other rebel cities along the coast.

The Fall Elections.

Elections took place last week in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, for State officers and members of Congress. The returns which have come in thus far indicate that the Republicans have carried Ohio by forty or fifty thousand majority, gaining eight or ten Congressmen; and Indiana by about twenty thousand, gaining several members of Congress. In Pennsylvania the vote is pretty close; it is conceded that the Republicans have carried it by a few thousand majority, and gained several members of Congress.

These elections were looked upon by all parties as very important, owing to the influence they would have on the Presidential election which takes place next month.

The Weather.

the very finest kind of weather. Nature has fairly got her face washed, and comes out neat and clean again. Now the woods and fields are attraction strong enough for any man. Such delights as lurk everywhere in the atmosphere for the spirit, are not to be found again in many a month. These halcyon weeks just before the coming on of stern winter are all the more attractive from compelling a contrast between their indescribable joys and the bleakness of icy winter. Whoever fails to improve at least one of these sweetest of days out of doors, commits an error for which he will sometime be sorry.

Corroboration of a Spirit Message. Mrs. Betsey Cade, a highly respectable lady of Mrs. York, the medium through whom spirits formerly answered sealed letters sent to this office, came to her through Mrs. Rockwood, of this city, and corroborated the statement which she had just before made to us privately through Mrs. Conant, to the effect that she was endeavoring to find a medium to fill her place in answering sealed letters. The spirit came to Mrs. Cade before Mrs. C. knew it had been to us, or could have had an opportunity of knowing, except from the spirit

Joshua Bates.

This gentleman, a distinguished son of Massachusetts, died at London on the 24th of last month, at the age of seventy-six. He was a member of London. It was chiefly by his unsolicited munificence that the City Library of Boston was established, he having presented its projectors with the sum of fifty thousand dollars to start with. He subsequently increased this princely donation by a gift of nearly thirty thousand books. He had resided abroad almost since his boyhood, but his name will be remembered so long as there are minds to call for reading at the Boston Library.

A Beautiful Compliment.

A very novel and beautiful compliment to the venerable American poet, Bryant, has been de termined on by the Century Club of New York. On the 3d of November Mr. Bryant will complete his seventieth year, and it is proposed to celebrate the event by a reunion of his brother poets at the rooms of the Century. The Club held its own mlar mosting on the ith, when the poets were invited to meet Mr. Bryant. Invitations to attend this gathering have been sent to Longfellow, Lowell. Dana, Whittier, Holmes, and others, and accentances have been received from the three first named. Dr. Holmes writes that he will be present if his health permits.

Dr. J. R. Newton.

Dr. Newton informs us that his late passages across the Atlantic and back have had a most singular effect upon his healing powers. He says his power seems to have increased tenfold since he was directed by spirit agency to take up his abode at Rochester, N. Y., where the "glad tidings" first came, for the establishment of the great principle of love and harmony on earth He feels that that place is the spot from whence he shall be enabled to impart to others the power he himself possesses to heal the sick: and he will gladly do so to all those who are willing to re ceive it.

"Peculiar."

Epes Sargent's great novel-concerning which there has been more talk and speculation than about any other book issued for years, perhapsmay be had at this office, wholesale and retail. A cotemporary says: "The thrilling and extraordinary facts with which the author has become ac quainted have been thrown into a plot and story so startlingly bold, and yet so truthful, so tender and so gentle, that every reader who begins it must be fascinated with its unflagging interest." Retail price \$1.75.

Electro-Hydric Medical College.

The Annual Winter Session of Medical Lecture n this institution will commence at the College, in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the first Monday in November, and continue with daily lectures, and practical demonstrations, throughout the winter, until all the students are thoroughly instructed, made competent physicians, graduate, and obtain diplomas. J. B. Campbell, M. D., is President of the College, and will give any desired information in regard to it.

The Arcana of Nature.

The volumes bearing the above title are having an extensive sale. The first relates to the history and laws of creation; the second to the philosophy of spiritual existence, and of the spirit-world. For sale at this office.

J. S. Loveland.

This gentleman is to speak in Lyceum Hall in this city on Sunday next. Mr. Loveland is wellknown in these parts as one of the ablest think ers and writers of the day. He is a very pleasant speaker, and his discourses will be full of instruc

The "Questions and Answers" which we print in much importance, and will be read with interest. York.

New Publications.

It does not appear to be the purpose of the Gov- BROKEN LIGHTS! An Inquiry into the Present Condition and Future Prospects of Religious Faith; By Frances Power Cobbe, Boston; J. E.

We have had Miss Cobbe before, with her calm way of looking at matters of morals and religion. her broad yet searching review of the spiritual world, and her many proofs of a clear intuition, in her anonymous work on Intuitive Morals, published anonymously several years since. It was this book that drew to her the notice, and then the warm and steady regard, of Theodore Parker, whose friend and correspondent she afterwards became, and whose works she is now engaged in editing in an uniform English edition. The main purpose of Broken Lights, after its statements are all reached and comprehended, is to show in a clear light the exact relation of the two schools of English theology to one another. And so dispassionately and truthfully has she performed her task, few will be likely to refuse her a careful, if. not sympathetic hearing. She seeks, furthermore, to bring upon a common ground the disciples of the school of Tradition and of the school of Consciousness, and aims to show wherein each may, and nerhaps must, aid the other, and neither can be complete without having the other for its complement. In her opinion, the characteristic of the present day is a double action which is going on in men's minds, "with a disintegration of all which seemed most solid in the beliefs of antiquity, (scientific and historic no less than theologic,) and at the same time a crystallization of certain other ideas, which have hitherto floated undefined in the atmosphere of human thought. It is these very same "other ideas" to which the world is today giving a candid hearing; and it will thank We have been, for several weeks past enjoying Miss Cobbe for having done what it has lain in her power thus far to do, in clearing away the field of all that has hindered spiritual sight and hearing so long.

Her volume is very handsomely published by Messrs. Tilton & Co., and should be read by every one whose studies lead him into the investigation of spiritual subjects as connected directly with human affairs. We can commend it in the heartiest terms. It may be had at this office, whither orders may be addressed.

How and Why I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST. Wash. A. Danskin, Baltimore. 1864.

This popular work has already reached its third edition, and the demand has not diminished. Mr. Danskin is a gentleman of prominent posiresiding in Somerville, writes us that the spirit tion, and a member of the legal profession in Baltimore. Some three or four years since he was induced to commence the investigation of the spiritual phenomena, and it was not long before his comprehensive and intelligent mind discovered, after careful scrutiny, that the phenomena were produced by invisible, intelligent agents—that the spirits of men and women who once dwelt on the earth, could and did commune with mortals. He says this fact appeared to him to be the most important one which had ever been given to man, and he very wisely concluded that if immortality is man's destiny, surely the knowledge of that life which is eternal far transcends in value any mere earthly and, consequently, transitory acquirement; therefore, with his mind fully imbued with these ideas, unpopular as they are with the theothe eminent banking house of Baring Brothers, of logical world, he has fearlessly expressed his convictions, and given some of the facts which induced them, in a neat volume of over one hundred and fifty pages. It is unnecessary for us to say that this is a work which can safely be placed in the hands of skeptics, as well as believers, as both parties will no doubt gain some light by a perusal of its contents.

> THE SUPPRESSED BOOK ABOUT SLAVERY. Carleton: New York. For sale in Boston by Crosby

> This is a collection made seven years ago but never published until now, of the many alleged barbaric practices that have been tolerated among slaveholders, slave-breeders, and slave-traders, and seem inseparable from the institution itself. We would not allow that it is fair to judge of even the worst system by thus drawing all its sores to a single head, carbuncle-like; but surely that systom, if all that is related be true, must be a fearful one which can hide within itself such enormities against human nature as are recorded by the diligent author in this book.

> NEARER AND CLEARER: A Novelette; By Cuth-bort Bede, B. A. New York: Carleton, For sale in Boston by Crosby and Nichols,

This humerous novel, which is at best but a group of farcical sketches, with very decided illustrations, will be enjoyed by all who like a good laugh and rather interesting situations. The author of "Verdant Green" could hardly write a dull book if he tried. That rollicking volume sold to the extent of a hundred thousand copies. This one will no doubt be a great success, for it will make people jovial, and therefore happy and healthy.

THE WINTHROPS—A Novel. New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols. A well-written and neatly-planned story is this, with a good deal of variety to the story, and considerable traveling about. The book opens with the birth of the seventh child to the family name -a son-the other six all being girls. We should say this was a pretty good beginning. Our space precludes us from giving an idea of the plot, but we can say that it is neatly arranged, and the characters are developed into something as near reality as possible.

THE TIGER PRINCE; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE WILDS OF ABYSSINIA. By William Dalton. With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers,

Thrilling adventures, hazardous enterprises, narow escapes, dangerous voyages, terrors of the wilderness, wonders of Nature, extraordinary incidents, all the way along, from decorous civilization to the barbarous wilds of the forest, make up the story of "The Tiger Prince." It is a new book, beautifully written and handsomely got up, with illustrations, by its enterprising publishers.

TIT-BITS; OR, HOW TO PREPARE A NICE DISH AT A MODERATE EXPENSE. By Mrs. S. G. Knight. Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth. New York: O. S. Felt. 1864.

This is a valuable cook-book, containing many useful recipes not found in cook-books of older. date. It combines economy with excellence. which in the long run, is a great saving to the housekeeper. One lady remarked that a single recipe found in this book had already saved her five dollars. Both for its usefulness and economy every family should have it.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW for October is particularly interesting to the members of the Order, as it contains the very able Report of Grand Sire James B. Nicholson, before the U.S. Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, at their late session in this city, together with the Grand Secretary's Report. Its other literary contents are of a high order. this number of the Banner, are upon subjects of Published by John W. Orr, 75 Nassau street, New

The Davenport Brothers in England.

By the London Spiritual Magazine for October we learn that the Brothers arrived safely in London, and had made arrangements for private scances for the present. In it Mr. Coleman gives an account of the first scance. We quote:

"A scance was arranged by me, at the request of several friends, and was held in the small draw-ing-room of the Hanover Square Concert Rooms, in the presence of about twenty City gentlemen.

After a full examination was made of the cabinative the Crisis continually asking for their names.

After a full examination was made of the cabinative the Crisis continually asking for their names.

After a full examination was made of the cabinative the Crisis editor professes to be a truthful follower of the company, Mr. W—— and Mr.

J——, were chosen to the the brothers, and all who were present satisfied themselves that this was done in the most complete and satisfactory manner. Their hands were bound behind their bucks, and the cords were passed through holes in the seat, and coiled round their ankles, which fastened their legs and feet firmly to the floor.

fastened their legs and feet firmly to the floor.
Several musical instruments, with two large bells, and a heavy brass trumpet were placed in the unoccupied space between the youths, who sat opposite to each other, and the three doors of the cabinet were then closed by Mr. W——, but before he could shut the centre door, the heavy trumpet was thrown forcibly into the middle of the room.

The doors being securely shut and complete isolation and darkness obtained within the cabinet, the bolt of the centre door being shot, as we could plainly hear, by some power inside—a great commotion appeared to be going on; the instruments, five in number, were being tuned, as if the performers in an orchestra were preparing, and forthwith a merry Scotch air was played in perfect tune and harmony, and this was succeeded by a variety of propular airs, equally wall played. variety of popular airs, equally well played. As soon as the music ceased in an instant of time, the doors were thrown open from within, and the young men were found quietly seated and fast bound as they had been left. The doors being again closed by Mr. W——, a hand was seen by all present to strike him a smart blow on the back, which he acknowledged was sufficiently bally help. After this through a square aperture palpable. After this, through a square aperture, covered with a curtain to exclude the light from covered with a curtain to exclude the light from without, hands of various sizes were protruded—three at one time—and several of the audience were permitted to feel them. They were visible to all of us, and had the appearance of naturally formed human hands, the fingers playing about in the most active and vigorous manner. Added to this, an entire and perfectly formed hand and arm up to the shoulder was once thrust through the aperture. The doors being again closed, we could hear the invisibles busily engaged in untying the youths, and, in about three minutes, they both walked out of the cabinet, the ropes being

oth walked out of the cabinet, the ropes being neatly coiled up, and lying on the floor.

The two young men then took their seats again within the cabinet, the doors were closed as before, and on their being thrown open, in a few minutes, the youths were found bound hand and foot, even in a more intricate and secure manner than at first as admitted by the two gentlemen. than at first, as admitted by the two gentlemen who tied them. Whilst so bound, one of the company was invited to stop into the cabinet, and Mr. B.——, a well-known member of the Stock many was invited to step into the cabinet, and Mr. B——, a well-known member of the Stock Exchange, took his seat between the Davenports, and was shut up with them. In a very short time the doors were pushed open from within, and Mr. B—— was seen passively bearing the burden of all the musical instruments, which had been funtastically arranged about his person, the violins and bows across and the two bells upon his knees, the guitar hetween his legs, and the tambouring. the guitar between his legs, and the tambourine, like a turban, on his head, whilst the two young men still remained fast bound, with their hands, as previously stated, tied behind their backs. Mr. B——informed us that he distinctly felt the

B—— informed us that he distinctly felt the spirit-hands busily employed about him, and in compliance with a mental request, he was gently patted by a hand upon his forehead.

At the close of the scance, the audience formally and unanimously admitted that the manifestations were most extraordinary, and that however effected, they were, in their opinion, free from all suspicion of trickery."

A New Original Story.

We shall shortly publish a beautiful Story, from the facile pen of our talented correspondent, Miss CORA WILBURN. It is entitled, LELIA TRE-MAINE; OR, A SOUL'S EXPERIENCE.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The paper on the "Age of Virtue," by George Stearns, Esq., which we promised this week, is unavoidably crowded out, but we shall give it in our next issue. We shall glso give another of the "Whittemore Messages"-one from Henry Whittemore-which have been so well received by our readers.

Thomas Calhoun, a near relative of John C. Calhoun, has manifested at our circle. His message will be found on our sixth page. He died at the age of seventy, in Montgomery, Ala. He gives a very interesting message.

The story under the head "Children's Department," should be read by adults as well. Mrs. W.'s writings possess the power of reaching the heart more thoroughly than the productions of writers more widely known.

For the twentieth Essay on "Ancient and Modern Spiritualism," by our learned correspondent, "C. B. P.," see third page. Also, an article from Judge Carter, of Cincinnati, on "Lying Spirits."

Since August 1st, 1863, fifty blockade runners have either been captured or destroyed off Wilmington. When will the "Bulls" become satisfied that blockade running is a losing game?

A large meteor was seen to fall in Hubbardsville, Mass., on the night of the 9th ult. The next morning a mass was found of a gelatinous, lightcolored, semi-transparent substance, described to be as large as a hogshead.

Digby is down on Shoddyite tailors. He says they are nothing but common sewers.

Dr. P. B. Randolph and J. S. Rock, Esq., addressed the colored convention at Syracuse, N. Y., last week.

Why are greenbacks more valuable than gold, even at its present price? Because, when you put a greenback in your pocket you double it, and when you take it out again you find it in creases.

The terror of the desert of Sahara is being removed by the application of science. In 1860 five wells had been opened, bringing fishes to the surface from a depth of five hundred feet. Vegetation is springing up around the wells, and the "desert will blossom like the rose."

A boy was once asked by his teacher, what economy meant. He promptly answered, "Paring potatoes thin." The answer was received with a smile, but the definition was right as far as it went. The lad had got a just idea of the matter; his rule only wanted carrying out, and applying to things generally, to be perfect. And some of our boarding-house keepers are carrying it out to

perfection just now. The Army Committee of the Young Men's Christian Commission, of this city, say that warm blankets, shirts, drawers, quilts, vests, brandy, wine, condensed milk, and food, dried apples, etc. are urgently needed. Money may be sent to Joseph Story, Treasurer, 112 Tremont street. The Commission is accomplishing much good. It has sent delegates to the army, to battle-fields, and to hospitals, who seek in every way to aid the suffering soldier who has risked his life to preserve intact the American Union.

Boys, if you would be honored men, take care of your conduct now.

The Banner of Light fails to get the World's Crisis to give the names of those twenty or twenty-five persons who renounced Spiritualism as the result of our discussion with Eid. Grant, at Lynn, Mass., last spring. The Banner must exercise patience. The fact is, it is not half so great a tax upon the patience of the Banner as it is upon that of the Orisis. We should call it an exceeding trial to our patience, if we had reported twenty converts, and know the report was false, to have the Crisis continually asking for their names.—Progressive Age.

ably aware he cannot do, however, hence his studied silence upon the subject.

"Pa, has Mr. Jones's eyes gotfeet?" "Why, my

In all this world there is nothing so sweet as giving comfort to the distressed, or getting a sunray into a gloomy heart.

The swells of the ocean soon subside. There are a great many "swells" upon the land that subside about as soon.

Bootblack urchins on our streets are rapidly becoming candidates for the State Prison.

SEA-SICKNESS.—It won't do to go to sea, unless one gets on his sea-legs pretty soon after hoisting anchor. The Austrian seamen on one of their vessels of war, in coming round through Biscay and the English Channel to get into the Baltic Sea, were entirely prostrated by sea-sickness out in the bay, and, out of a large crew, three-fourths were so sick as to leave the fragment entirely unable to work the ship. In consequence, the vessel, which was propelled by steam, became almost unmanageable, and the damage accruing was so great as to compel the ship to put into Lisbon for repairs. And this was a line-of-battle-ship, belonging to Austria. A frigate fared the same way. This must be jolly news to John Bull who has a stomach lined so powerfully as to make a horse laugh, if he could see what is being done.

"The Boston Leader" is the title of a new Sunday paper just started in Boston; J. Henry Symonds & Co., publishers. It is devoted to news, literature, and general instruction.

Overwarm friendships, like hot potatoes, are quickly dropped.

Professor Brownson, the "learned Catholic," has been giving the Church some pretty hard hits in his Review of late, which has provoked the keenest censure from the Catholic press. It is a family quarrel.

The Ohio, says a newspaper correspondent, is a sickly stream. Yes, replies the Louisville Democrat, it is confined to its bed. Pretty good.

> LOST LOVE. The sun that rises o'er the main. Shall rise another morn; The moon's pale light shall aye again

The evening's brow adorn; E'en stars, though lost in day, shall yet Illume the heavenly plain— But love, when once its light is set, Shall never rise again.

Old Cranky says, if any man thinks rebellion a nice thing, let him get married.

SAYINGS OF JASPER CLAYTON. [For the Banner.]-Music! What is music? God is music. And He sounded the bugle notes of immortality through the isles of the spirit-land, centuries upon centuries before the first angel ever floated on the unsounded ocean of ether.

Teach man that the highest and the noblest occupation in which he can be engaged is that which supplies the necessities of some fellow-being, and teaching the beauty of his own structure and of the universe. Then he can turn and look God square in the face.

of man, and marry him to Miss Good-deed at the sacred altar of Truth.

A sweet little infant was found one night last week in a vacant lot in New York. It was dressed in finely embroidered clothes, and had several golden ornaments on its person. On its breast was pinned a piece of paper, on which was written, in a delicate female hand, "Farewell, innocent cause of all my sorrows!" On the ornaments the initials G. de V. were engraved.

Hon. Thomas F. Marshall, an eloquent orator of Kentucky, died in Woodford County, Ky., Sept. 22d, aged 64.

The dress-coat, with vest and neck-tie, is an innovation successfully accomplished by fashionables of the crinoline persuasion.

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven; Give! as the wayes when their channel is riven; Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;

Lavishly, utterly, joyfully give.

Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing.

Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,

Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing;

Give as He gave thee who gave thee to live.

Good manners are a part of good morals, and it is as much your duty as your interest to practice both.

BEAUTIFUL ANSWERS .- A pupil of the Abbe Sicord gave the following extraordinary answers: "What is gratitude?"-" Gratitude is the memory of the heart."
"What is hope?"—" Hope is the blossom of hap-

piness." piness."

"What is the difference between hope and desire?"—"Desire is a tree in leaf, hope is a tree in flower, and enjoyment is a tree with fruit."

"What is eternity?"—"A day without yesterday or to-morrow, a line that has no end."

"What is time?"—"A line that has two ends—a path which begins in the cradle and ends in the tomb."

"What is God?"—"The necessary being, the sum of eternity, the mechanist of nature, the eye of justice, the watchmaker of the universe, the soul of the world."

An Indian skeleton of immense size was recently discovered three feet under ground, near Fall River, in Hadley, Massachusetts. The bones were so far decomposed that most of them crumbled upon being exposed to the air. Some of the doctors think that the Indian was not less than seven feet high and one hundred years old when

Nobody giving any attention to old Diogenes while discoursing of virtue and philosophy, he fell to singing a funny song, and multitudes crowded to hear him. "Ye gods!" he said, "how much more is folly admired than wisdom!" Poor human nature!

I clasped her tiny hand in mine; I clasped her beauteous form; I vowed to shield her from the wind, and from the world's cold storm. She set her beauteous eyes on me—the tears began to flow; and with her little lips she said, "Confound you, let me go."

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.] M. R. B., Sr. CLOUD, MINN .- We return thanks, friend, for

your active exertions in securing patronage to the Banner of Light in your section. L. K. C., ST. CHARLES, ILL .- \$10,00 received.

T. P. N., PONTIAC, MICH.-The Lecture on Death and the Spirit-World we have placed on file for publication.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Boston.—Meetings will be held at Lyceum Hall, Tremont at., (opposite head of School street,) every Sunday, (commencing Oct. 2.) at 2% and 7% P. M. Admission, ten cents. Lecturers engaged:—J. S. Loveland, Oct. 23 and 30; Cora L. V. Hatch during November.

GOSPEL OF CHARITY WILL meet every Thursday evening, at the corner of Bromfield and Province streets. Admission free. the corner of Bromfield and Province streets. Admission free.

The Spiritual Freehou will hereafter hold their meetings at dirard Temple, 634 Washington street. There will be a Sabbath School every Sunday, at 18 r. u. All Interested are invited to attend. C. L. Venzie, Superintendent.

DR. C. H. Rines.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at the usual hours. The public are invited. Speaker engaged:—
Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

CHELSKA.—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have bired Library Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to Dr. B. H. Craudon, Chelsea, Mass. The following speakers have been engaged:—Mrs. E. A. Hilss during October; Miss Lizzle Doten, Nov. 20 and 27; N. Frank White, Dec. 18 and 25.

QUINGY.—Meetings every Sunday in Rodgers' Chapel. Ser-vices in the foremon at 194, and in the afternoon at 2% o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. Macomber Wood, Nov. 6 and 13; N. Frank White, Dec. 4 and 11.

TAUNTON, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in City Hall regularly at 2 and 75 r. h. Speakers engaged:—Charles A. Ilnyden during October; N. Frank White, Nov. 6 and 13; Miss Susie M. Johnson, Nov. 26 and 27; N. Greenlerf during December; Miss Mattle L. Beckwith during January; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook during February; Miss Emma Houston, March 5 and 12.

March 5 and 12.

PLYNOUTH, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Leyden Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time. Speakers engaged:—N. S. Greenleaf, Oct. 23; Miss Susie M. Johnson, Nov. 6 and 13; Mrs. S. A. Byynes, Dec. 18 and 25; W. K. Ripiey, Jan. 15 and 22; Chas. A. Hayden, April 2 and 9; Miss Martha L. Beckwith, May 6 and 13.

Lowell.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee street Church. "The Children's Progressive Lyceum" meets at 10% A. M. The following lecturers are engaged to speak afternoon and evening:—Nellie J. Temple during October, November and December; Chas. A. Hayden during January, Mrs. Frances Lord Bond during June.

Wongstrein Mass.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall

Worcester, Mass.-Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall

every Sunday aftermoon and evening. Speakers engaged:— Miss Emma Houston, Oct. and Nov.; Charles Hayden, during Dec.; Mrs. Currier, during Jan.; J. G. Fish, during Feb.; Miss Beckwith, during March. PROVIDENCE, R. L.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Wey-bosset street, Sundays, afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7% of the Propersive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10% o'clock.

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

PORTLAND, MR.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Mechanics' Hall, corner of Congress and Casco streets. Free Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 3. and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—H. P. Fairfield, Oct. 23 and 30; Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Nov. 8 and 13; Mrs. Suste A. Hutchinson, Nov. 20 and 21; Mrs. S. E. Warner during December; J. M. Peebles during January; W. K. Ripley, Feb. 19 and 28.

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

The Friends of Progress and Spiritualists of New York hold their meetings at Dodworth's Hall, No. 806 Broadway, every Sunday, at 10% and 7% Colock. Scats free, and the public generally invited. The Children's Progressive Lycoum also holds its regular sessions at 2 p. M.

The Friends of Progress will hold spiritual meetings at Union Hall, corner of Broadway and 23d street, New York, eyry Sunday. Circles, wonderful diagnoses of disease, and public speaking, as per notices in the daily papers.

lic speaking, as per notices in the daily papers.

Brooklys, N. Y.—The Friends of Progress meet every Sunday evening at the Scientific and Progressive Lyceum, No. 138 Washington street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cincinnati, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the laws of Onio as a "Religious Sciety of Progressive Spiritualists," and have secured Metropolitanial, corner of Ninth and Walmut streets, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10% and 7% o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Laura Cuppy, of Dayton, O., during October; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, of Springfield, Mass., during December.

Washington, D. C.—Spiritualist-Meetings are held every Sunday, in Sincel's Hall, 481 9th street, commencing Oct. 2. Speakers engaged:—Thomas Gales Forster during October; Miss Nettle Colburn, Dec. 4 and 11; Charles A. Hayden, Dec. 18 and 25; Warren Chase during January; Rev. J. M. Peebles during February.

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traonilinny."—Butler's Analogy.
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MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, Sept. 71.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Patrick Herron, to his brother, Jim, in the Army: Elizabeth Dumas, of Princeton, N. J., to her brother, Stephen, at the Bouth: Tom Harris, of Booneville, Ky., to friends, in that

South; Tom Harris, of Boonevine, Ky., to Irienas, in that place.

'Thursday, Sept. 29.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Mary Donaldson, of Weldon, Tenn., to her husband; William Rodney Ashley, of Dubuque, to Samuel Ashley; Ben White, to Mr. Growell; Patrick McGinnis, to his brother James, or cousin Philip Murray.

Monday, Oct. 3.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Theo, Gregory, to friends; Charlie Hayes, of South Carolina, to his father; Robert Somers, Scoetchman) to Thomas Pendleton, (Quaker) of Pennsylvania; John Howarth, of Great Britaln, to friends, near Boston, Mass.

Therday, Oct. 4.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Albert Griffin, to his grantinother, in Fair Haven; Samuel Ross, of Fairlee, Vt., to his friends; Jock Bowditch, to a gentleman in this city; Dora Lee, of Castleton, Penn., to her mother.

Invocation.

God of the seasons, the days, and the hours; Mighty Spirit, who moveth upon the dry land and the great waters, whose voice we hear on the mountains, whose presence we feel in the solemn stillness of the valleys, who liveth even in Death and moveth even where no motion is visible—to thee we pray with deepest reverence, with that adoration that the soul is capable only of expressing. We kneel in the midst of thy universal powadoration that the soul is capable only of expressing. We kneel in the midst of thy universal power—asking to lose our weakness in thy strength; asking to lose our darkness in thy light; asking to lose our darkness in thy light; asking to lose our ignorance in thy wisdom. Even as day filings her glory and beauty over the retreating form of night, so would we bear thy mantle of greatness and brightness. And as all Nature communes with thee in its own proper language, so do we, Great Spirit of soul, hold communion with thee—not alone this hour, but on all hours, on all occasions we would talk with thee and walk with thee and know thee forever. We have searched the universe to find the key of thine Arcana of Wisdom. We have not found it, nor have our feet e'en pressed the vestibule of Wisdom's grand Temple. Yet we are not faint, we are not weary; we do not despond, for we remember that thou art Infinite, while we are finite; thou art the mighty whole, of which we are but parts and portions; thou art the great body of all life, while we are but members of that body. So, oh Great Spirit of the Universe, in the midst of all conditions of life the soul will ever rise triumphant toward thee, assuming its divine right to worship thee under all conditions, under all crumstances, whether in the flesh, or enfranchised from the flesh, it matters not. The soul has a right to talk with thee, to praise thee. The soul has a right to talk with thee, to praise thee. The soul has a right to know thee forever. Oh Spirit of the waters, and the dry land, the solitude and the noisy life, we do not ask thee to receive our thanks, for like great rushing waves they are flowing up the steep of Time. They reach thee. They flow round thee, and enter thy being, and make us one with thee. make us one with thee. Sept. 22.

Questions and Answers.

SPIRIT.—We are now ready to give our opinion SPIRIT.—We are now ready to give our opinion concerning any subject you may offer. QUES.—W. M. Richmond, of Port Hope, C. W., writes: "I have to-day (Sept. 5th.) read a communication from the spirit of Lucy E. Rayner, found in your paper, dated December 15th, 1863. She says her father is a wheelwright, in Concord, New Hampshire, but claims not to know which shop he works in. Now do you maintain that the spirits inhabiting the other world are ignorant of the whereabouts, actions and proceedings of those who were their friends or relatives in this world?"

world?"

Ans.—They certainly do not claim to be possessed of all wisdom concerning matters pertaining to the material world, any more than they claim to be possessed of the wisdom of the spheres. It should be remembered that the spirit in passing out of the body and becoming exempt from the conditions of time, loses to a very great extent its knowledge concerning the things of time; and it is only by great exertion that it is able to take cognizance of the things of your mundane world. Oh how little you know concerning the law governing you as embodied spirits, and conlaw governing you as embodied spirits, and con-cerning you as disembodied spirits. Q.—A lady present said, "Will any question I ask be answered?"

ask be answered?"

8.—We shall certainly make you some kind of

an answer.
Q.—Can you tell me where my child is?
A.—Yes, with you; according to human measurement, not two feet from you as a disembodied spirit.

-A gentleman remarked, "I know a person Q.—A gentleman remarked, "I know a person who is a conscious medium, who knows everything that he does. Yet he is not satisfied with himself. Is there any way by which I can get an explanation of this fact, or learn why it is so?"

A.—Conscious mediumship is the highest form of mediumship we know of; and yet those who are blessed with this gift are rarely ever satisfied

with it, inasmuch as there is a constant conflict between consciousness, their own ideas, their own wisdom and the ideas, wisdom and consciousness of the spirit who may wish to control them. who are controlled unconsciously have little to do with the warfare between the spirit disembodied and themselves, so far as the external is concerned. They are rarely ever conscious of the conflict raging between their own spirit and the spirit who may wish to take possession of their body. They love peace, and therefore are better satisfied with the condition of unconscious mediumship, than they would be with that higher, the con-

Q.—I read in the last "Banner," the message of a little girl nine years old in which she complained of being tired and sick. The idea was now to me that spirits ever get tired and sick.

Will you explain how it is?
A.—There are, doubtless, many ideas that might be given to mortality, that would astonish you and many others. Now with regard to the case you speak of we would say, the feeling is simply attributable to law governing at the time of the death of the child and reaching out into the present ent. For example: the child on coming here and taking on again mortality, immediately reverts to the past; thinks what it suffered; lives again in that past, fully realizing all the sorrows of the past. This is done by virtue of law; but we cannot read that law, for it is eternal—it encompasses all the past, the present, and that which is to come. We see the manifestations of this law. We know what they are. We realize it fully, but we cannot trace it to its source any more than we could trace life to its source.

Q.—The lady who had before interrogated the spirit, said, "that child I spoke of is not dead, but was stolen from me.

A.—Are you sure you have none in the spirit-and? Have you no child? We are not so sure

of that as you are.

QR.—She was living last summer. I have a mother dead. A.—Are you sure the child is living in the body? Qn.—No; I'm not. A.—It is our opinion it is not.

Sept. 22. George Pearce.

Well, strange things have turned up with me since a week ago. [Were you living, one week ago?] Ha! I expect I was, less than a week ago,

I don't know what to say to the folks. I'm kind of puzzled. They don't know I'm dead. Well, I don't seem to be myself; but still, according to

it can't be beloed, can it? I can't go back again.
[Not very well.] No. I can't go back.
I'm from Springfield, Massachusetts. I last bailed from the Shemandoah Valley, Gen. Gro-

wer's Corps, 41st Massachusetts.
Well, George Pearce is dead, anyway. I've been trying to make myself believe it was n't so; but it's no use, I'm dead, sure. I lived here twenty-nine years, and went out in double-quick

time.
Well, tell the folks I must come back and talk to them; can't keep still, no how; can't rest there on the other side. I must say something—do something. If I can't shoulder a musket, I must

on the other side. I must say something—do something. If I can't shoulder a musket, I must work in some way, for I can't be inactive.

Well, how goes the fight? whose 's got Winehester?' [We don't know.] I know; our boys have got it, if anybody has. [We guess they have.] Ah, I feel sure of it. Wish I was back again for about ten days, then I 'd be ready to die. [What would you do in ten days?] Oh, I 'd see little more of it [Then you liked it?] First rate, first rate! oh, yes. [Going to war was not much of a hardship, then?] No, not after you get used to it. Oh, I know there 's a good deal of grumbling. But I did n't mind it. I was well enough.

Well, I'm green, now, Major; can't talk much. I'm green at the business. [You'd better find a medium and go home and talk.] That's what I'm going to do. I'd like to borrow a good one, and go down there and fight it out. [You would n't like to get killed over again, would you?] I would n't mind it. I was shot. Oh, I did n't suffer anything. Oh, no; it's a pretty good way to go; better than all your fits of sickness. Sept. 22.

Prince. (A Slave.)

I would like to send a few thoughts to Mrs. General Bragg, and to the General himself. I was a slave of General Bragg; been owned by him about seven years; was on his plantation at Thibodeux, Louisiana. After the General went West deux, Louisiana. After the General wont West he gave me charge of his plantation, with rigid instuctions to care for his negroes and look out for his interests. After he was gone I went to Mrs. Bragg; I told her the General had left me in charge, but I had a higher General's commands, and his name was General Liberty; and I thought I should obey him.

I should obey him.

She says, "Prince, what do you mean?" "Why. I should obey him.

She says, "Prince, what do you mean?" "Why, marm, I think of going away from here—of taking my liberty." "You do n't mean to plunder and set fire to things here, do you?" "Oh no, marm, I do n't intend to do any such thing,"I said. "I am going away." "Where are you going?" "To the Union Army." "What are you going to do there?" "Fight for the freedom of my race." She told me a long story about the ill-treatment imposed upon colored people by Northerners, and what I should expect; but I could have told her more than she eyer dreamed of. I had n't lived

more than she ever dramed of. I hadn't lived thirty-eight years and learned nothing, although books and such like were kept from me as much

as could be.

I would like very much a change to talk to the

I would like very much a chance to talk to the General and his wife. I would like, also, to find and talk with my wife and two children, who are somewhere in Georgia. They are owned by a man calling himself John S. Stimpson, one of the hardest masters that a slave ever knew.

I told Mrs. Bragg I should enter the Union Army, and fight for the freedom of my people; and if I was killed, maybe, if the talk of some folks was true, I'd come back after death and talk to her. She asked where I got all my learning. I said I picked it up; not altogether from white folks, though. I am here to-day, sir, chiefly for the purpose of informing General Bragg that I took the course I did because I thought it was my duty, just the same as he took the course he did because he thought it was his duty. He's in the West fighting for slavery. He left me, a slave, to look after slaves, and I saw fit to fight for liberty. It was my right. He did n't give it to me; God did.

If there 's any way that Gen. Bragg can come and talk with me before he gets sent ou the other side, I should be very glad to talk with him, for I may be able to give him some light. He needs it bad enough. Be kind enough, sir, to say that your letter is from Prince, to General and Mrs. Bragg. Send, if you can, to Thibodeux. General Bragg's plantation, Louisiana. Sept. 22.

Joe Frazer.

Tell my folks I died four days ago in Macon. I 've been there ever since March. I was wounded, siek, and got better; got siek again, and died. I 'm from the 72d New York, Company B; Joe Frazer; and I'd like to have my letter go to George W. Frazer. [Would you like to have us send it?] I should like to have you. He 's a teamster, sir, in New York. Send to the General Post Office and he'll get it. Tell George I should like to have him take good care of mother, and give me a chance to talk this way—I'd like it. No pay, sir; ain't got it. [We don'task anything] Sept. 22. Sept. 22.

George L. Allen.

George L. Allen, sir, of the Andrew Sharp-shooters, 15th Massachusetts. [Well, George, how long have you been on the other side?] Since about the 19th of June. [Is this your first appearance this way?] This is my first appearance, sir, and it is a novel one to me. I'd like to have the folks get me a good medium—a gentleman I'd prefer—so I can talk and tell them about this beauti-

fer—so I can talk and tell them about this beautiful country, and something about affairs I left liere. Our lieutenant showed me the way. [What was his name?] Gilbreth. [He's been here.] He says he has. When I found how hard it was to come here, I thought I would n't come. "Oh, go through," he says, "there's no backing out of the thing now." Then I met quite a number of the boys in the spirit-world, who said they'd been here. [You don't quite like the uniform, do you?] It's very good, only you know some of us are a It's very good, only you know some of us are a little bashful, and do n't like to appear in public in ladies' clothes. Sam said he did n't care—did-In indies' clothes. Sam said he didn't care—didnt trouble him any. And there's our first lieutenant, who seems to know more about this thing
than all the rest; he says he likes it. [Who is
he?] His name is Berry. [Is he here to-day?]
Yes, and Ex-captain Saunders, too. He don't object to it. But then we are all different, you know.
I'm little more bashful than the rest. Good-day.
[Where did you belong?] South Boston sir. I

ject to it. But then we are all different, you know. I'm little more bashful than the rest. Good-day. [Where did you belong?] South Boston, sir. I was a machinist by trade. [Do you remember who employed you?] Yes; the last place was—wait, I'll catch it in a minute. I know what it is, sir, but I can't get it. Adams. Good-bye to you. Sept. 22.

Alice Lucas.

Say that Alice Lucas, of Janesville, Kentucky, comes here as her mother wished her to, and wants her to give her a pass to go home. Was comes here as her mother wished her to, and wants her to give her a pass to go home. Was eight years old; been here two months lacking two days. I had a fever and sore throat; had two brothers and a sister. [Don't talk so fast, my dear; you'll get tired.] I was afraid I should forget what my mother said I was to tell when I come here. come here.

I do n't—do n't want to stay any more. My fa-

ther is coming soon as he can. [You were from Janesville, Kentucky?] Yes; that is n't here? [No; this is Boston.] Sept 22.

Bessie Anderson.

Say that Bessie Anderson, in company with her father, William L. Anderson, sends words of good cheer to her mother, who is residing temporarily in New York City. Four years ago—between four and five—we left Great Britain; that was my home. My father being here and sick, we were summoned to attend him. He died and we were summoned to attend him. It died and we were left alone in this country. There were reasons why we should not return to Great Britian, so my mother and myself lived in New York. Sickness came, and I was taken. My mother is left alone on the earth. But soon she, too, crosses the waters of Death, and then we shall be united and happy

happy.
She has many times asked me if I ever visited this place, and I have always been obliged to tell her, no. To-day I come; and I ask her to be of good cheer. I tell her that my father and myself good cheer. I tell her that my lattler and myself are her constant attendants. She knows it through her own medium powers, but she sometimes desponds and grows sick at heart, for it is not always that she has lived as she now lives. [What is your mother's name?] My mother's name is Elizabeth Mary. Sept. 22.

Invocation.

onward, whose voice, like the seven wonders of Heathen mythology, we hear through all our senses, and in obelience to thy law we are here to fulfill thy demands and again take power ourselves from the frail form of himmilty. Oh we would ask thy blessing to rest in consciousness on these thy children and upon ourselves. There are times when the soul, standing upon the Calvary of its own experience, sees the sun darkened and thosky looking angry with tempest clouds. Oh then teach us to flee into the Holy of Holies of our own natures, to fall back reliantly upon the powers with which thou hast endowed us. Then shall two fear no evil. Then will the tempest rage in vain. Then will the darkness without have no effect on the glory within. Oh Great Spirit of the Universe, we ask that thy son, the President of these once United States, may feel more consciously the presence of that Divine Power that is leading him onward through darkness, when the clouds of political strife shall grow darker, and the tempest be mighty around him. Oh, may he sit within the temple of Justice, as it means with thee, knowing no other, fleeding no other, giving ear to no sound but the higher, holier, the divine, Then shall these thy sorrowing sons and daughters, know speedy peace; then shall the tears of the nation be wiped away; then shall the tears of the nation be wiped away; then shall they remember with pleasure that their sons, their fathers, their brothers and friends who have fallen in the strife have been sacrificed not in vain. They ers, their brothers and friends who have fallen in ers, their brothers and friends who have fallen in the strife have been sacrificed not in vain. They have fallen not without reward. They have fought for liberty and freedom, as it means with thee, and the reward is peace, freedom and ever-lasting liberty. Teach us, oh Spirit of all Time, to know thee under all circumstances. Teach us to read thy law in the composition of our own natures. Teach us to walk with thee there, to versign thee there to weaking at that alter, and praise thee there, to worship at that altar, and that alone. And to thee this hour, as on all other occasions, we give undying praise. Sept. 26. occasions, we give undying praise. Sept. 26.

Questions and Answers.

SPIRIT.—In conformity with your usual custom

we now await the reception of any question or questions the friends may see fit to offer.

QUES.—A correspondent at Chicago, Ill., submits the following to the controlling spirit of our circles. The paragraph offered is from the New Covenant:

"BLASPHEMOUS.—The inspirational medium of the Boston Banner of Light being asked, Which stands higher in moral excellence—Jesus 'Which stands higher in moral excellence—Jesus Christ, Confucius, or Zoroaster?' gave the almost blasphemous reply, that Confucius stands in morality higher than the other two; that Jesus himself claims to have been inspired, to a large extent, by Confucius; and, if we are to place reliance upon the records concerning each individual, we shall find that Jesus spoke the truth when he tells us he was inspired by Confucius, for he gave birth to the same ideas, and walked the earth clothed in the same mantle."

Avs.—All that which does not accord with

Ans.—All that which does not accord with the received ideas or notions of the Christian Church, that Christian Church styles blasphemy. When this same Jesus walked the earth eight-When this same Jesus walked the earth eighteen hundred years ago, his opponents cried, "Blasphemy!" "Crucify him!" "Crucify him!" And now that he lives again in the nineteenth century—now that this same Spirit of Truth is manifesting through human form—the cry from the opposing world is, "Blasphemy!" And did he not predict this hinself? Did he not distinctly declare that when he should again walk the earth, he would come to his own, and his own would receive him not?

It is folly to contend with that which, if let alone, will die of itself. The Christianity of the past—not the Christianity that was born of the meek and lowly Jesus—we do not refer to that—but the Christianity that was sanctioned by Con-

meek and lowly Jesus—we do not refer to that—but the Christianity that was sauctioned by Constantine the bloody Emperor, who looked through senses altogether sensual, altogether base and improper—senses unchristianlike, and pronounced against the Christianity born of Jesus, hoping to kill it. This Christianity, or that which has styled itself Christianity, is destined to die. It must die, and why? Because the Spirit of Eternal Live does not permeate it. "By their fruits ye shall know them," says the Spirit of Truth. And what kind of fruits have they produced all these long years, we ask? Their own records will tell you. Turn to them, read them, look up to the long line of martyrs that have been sacrificed; look, behold the darkness that has followed this so-called Christian Church. You cannot turn to a single Christian Church. You cannot turn to a single page that does not contain more or less of darkness. You cannot look at a single paragraph that is not full of railery against this same Jesus o Is not full of railery against this same Jesus of Mazareth, whom they professed to love and serve. The Christian Church has failed to improve humanity; failed to stay the progress of war. Bloodshed and misery are your guests to-day, as they were in the dark past. If your Christianity had been that that was born of the man Jesus, think you that you would have been in the midst of war to-day? Oh ye so-called enlightened people! you are very, very far from it.

ple! you are very, very far from it.

Again, we distinctly declare that this Jesus of
Nazareth, who is regarded by the Christian world
as its Saylour claims to have regarded by the share of information from Confucius, the Chinese philosopher. It is no blasphemy, but truth, as truth means with God.

CHAIRMAN.-Our correspondent, E. A. Smith, characa.—Our correspondent, E. A. Smith, sends a series of questions to be answered at our Circles. If agreeable, we will take them up one by one to be answered.

1ST QUES.—Is the disembodied spirit able to the inter-steller appears are related.

travel the inter-stellar spaces wandering from star to star, or sun to sun?

star to star, or sun to sun?

A.—No, not always. The soul lives, moves at all times, under all conditions, by law. Attraction and repulsion are quite as active with the disembodied spirit, as with the embodied. Therefore it follows that there are certain conditions into which, or to which, the disembodied spirit cannot go. It is not to be supposed for a moment that there were a spirit is disembodied that that that because a spirit is disembodied, that that spirit can go anywhere at will. Spirit loosed from the form can only travel by law, as it lives and acts by law.

CHAIRMAN.—The second question I will omit, because it is in substance like the first one. 3D QUES.—If the spirit is not able to pass and repass through space from one celestial body to another, how are we to account for the facts of

clairvoyance ? A.—Clairvoyance does not pre-suppose the passage of spirit from one locality to another, by any means. Clairvoyance is simply an extenuation of spiritual vision. It may be extended through the far-distant future into the far-distant past, and yet the clairvoyant's spirit retains one posi-

4TH QUES.—Is the spirit able to take cognizance of terrestrial objects without the intervention of a medium? In other words, is the spirit, after hav-ing left the form, capable of perceiving our terres-

ing left the form, capable of perceiving our terrestrial sphere in a manner at all similar to our mode of perception while in the body?

A.—Under certain circumstances, certain conditions, disembodied spirits are able to discern terrestrial objects. Under certain others they are not able to discern the things of your earth. They are better able to discern them through some highly developed mediumistic body, but offtings without the use of that body.

times without the use of that body.

5TH QUES.—Do spirits affect or influence the affairs of individuals here, directly or indirectly that is to say, as John Wesley taught, do they have an influence to benefit or to annoy us in our

ordinary or daily concerns?

A.—The two worlds are living and moving on, hand and hand. The Spiritual and Natural are so closely allied to each other, that we find no space between. Now, then, if this be true and the nigher influence is at all times a strong one over the lower one in all things, surely the disembodied spirit has a great influence over spirits in the body, They sometimes make direct use of their God-given

power in this respect; but disembodied spirits often use it indirectly.

6th Ques.—Do spirits take possession of individuals, and affect them mentally, so as to produce aberration of mind, or disordered mental active mental ac tion and insanity? The case of Mrs. Whaley, at Freeportstown, of Hempstead, Queens County, L. I., seems almost to prove that spirits do take pos-

a., seems atmost to move that spirits do take possession or obsess mortals.

A.—Christianity says that spirits do obsess certain individuals. To prove this, certain cases on Biblical record are cited. Whether there is any truth in that assertion we know not, but we know that the disembodied spirit does often influence that the disembodied spirit ques outer impacta-the spirit in the body through the medium of mind and matter, in such a way as to produce tempora-and sematimes permanent insanity. Obsesthe record, I am.

This is new business to me. I don't understand it, but I was bound to come. [Did you know anything about Spiritualism before you died?] Not a thing—heard of it; didn't know anything. Well,

7th Ques.—Are the revelations of Audrew Jackson Davis true in the main? and if so, why did he overlook the multitude of smaller asteroids, and also the eighth smellite of Saturn, which have been

overlook the multitude of smaller asteroids, and also the eighth satellite of Saturn, which have been discovered since?

A.—We believe in the main they are true; that is to say, the foundation upon which they rest is a natural foundation, therefore must be true. It is impossible to say why he overlooked these minor planets, but we presume that the defect was in the physical machine, or in the working of that machine at the time.

8th QUES.—If individuals in the form can in certain cases read psychometrically from surrounding objects, as set forth in Mr. and Mrs. Denton's work—"The Soul of Things"—why cannot the disembobled spirit in certain cases read much more effectively the history of past ages psychometrically from our planet, and also the other bodies of space to a considerable extent?

A.—This can be done and has been done.

9th QUES.—Geologists are not agreed in their estimates of the thickness of the earth's crust; some of the English mathematicians making it over eight hundred miles, while in my opinion it is very thin, as the undulatory motions in earthquakes seem to demonstrate. As the deepest parts of the ocean are probably connected, or continuous in fluidity with the fluid interior, the tides are much more easily and satisfactorily explained; whereas, with a great thickness of crust, I cannot comprehend the operation of the tides. Can the spirit throw any light on this subject?

A.—The thickness or thinness depends upon the latitude. In some portions of the earth the surface of the earth's crust is exceedingly thick, while in others it is very thin. This we believe to be attributable to the condition of the atmosphere and the condition of life existing between it and the surface of the earth is different latitudes. This is why all geologists differ; each taking their start-

needed, and consequently just what the world

It is now little less than a year since I laid down the flesh and became at inhabiter of the spirit-world. My experience, therefore, is very limited; but what little I have had has been worth a great the past year is valuable to me because it belongs to me, and tells me that all the wisdom that I gained while living in a mortal state amounted to nothing-nothing at all.

thought I could tell where I was going after death—what was to become of me. In fact, I thought to measure the conditions of eternity by the things of time, and I made a great mistake in doing so. Instead of measuring them by the eterni ty of the soul—by the intuitions of the soul, I measured them by an outward standard, and I

failed, as all do. Well, again I judged between right and wrong, Well, again I judged between right and wrong, politically speaking, with regard to this country—the Northern and Southern portion of this country. I was a resident of the South, and public opinion at the South said, "The North is at fault; less kill 'em if we can. We have been subjugated by them all these years. We have been the servants of the North, and they have been our masters." Still there was, even then, a something within telling me we were as much to blame as you were. I refused to listen to the still small voice within, but listened to the voice of public opinion, that said. You were all thieves—devils in opinion, that said, You were all thieves—devils in numan forms.

Well, so much for that judgment. I was very soon met, upon entering the spirit-world, by those that told me there was fault on both sides—that you both fought because you were as yet unprepared to live as peaceful individuals and nations. Oh, I see after death what I could not see before. I might haveseen this had I looked within myown soul, and looked to my intuitive powers for wis-dom, instead of looking out to see what the world said. If you'd all turn and ask your conscience what is right, instead of turning to ask your neighbor what he believes to be right, you'd make fewer mistakes. But you don't do it. You don't do anything of the kind. You listen to the voice of public opinion in all matters, and in so doing are apt to get slimed over with the scum of public opinion also.

Well, my sous, and my nephews, and my friends are now listening to the voice of public opinion, and the consequence is, they are fighting against you, doing their best to kill you, as you're doing your best to kill them.

I ought not to blame my sons and nephews in this matter, for I stood on the same plat-form; I listened to the same voice of public opinion when here that they are listening to, and I ought not to blame them, and God helping me, I

won't, either.
Now this Spiritualism is said to be a delusion by many living on the earth; a humbug, anything but true: but at the same time there is not a single person living, that has come to years of discretion and judgment, but what knows, in their

inmost soul, it is true.

God never created a man or woman endowed with powers of intellect, and then shut them out with powers of intellect, and then shut them out entirely from their future, the future of the spiritworld, from the surroundings of that spirit-world. He never did it. It's a libel on his nature to say so. He created all to know not merely of the present, but the future. If he united all souls together by a common bond, surely there is no division, and if all are immortal, then all must go to the spirit-world with the same proclivities that wars theirs in earth-life the same dislikes and were theirs in earth-life, the same dislikes and likes, the same loves and hates. If you loved your friends while in earth-life, you will entertain the same love for them after death, and return to

them often. And who says you shall not be with them? Not the God who made you to love them; oh no. What public opinion may tell you in this respect is not truth, and therefore unworthy your

respect is not fruth, and therefore unworthy your credence.

Well, I am here simply to-day for the purpose of drawing the attention of my sons and nephews in particular, and friends in general, to the subject of Spiritualism. I purport to come from my spirit home and speak at this place. I ask them to come and demonstrate the fact; come and bring their common sense and reason to bear upon the fact of my existence, and see if I can't prove to them that this same Spiritualism that I was ignorant about in life, is nevertheless true.

I lived seventy years on the carth, seventy years, and I learned, as I said before, very little concerning spiritual things. They called my body Thomas Calloun. I was a near relative of John C. Calhoun, and probably tinctured with some of his ideas. My last home was in Montgomery, Alabama.

Alabama. Now I, as I said before, am here to-day to draw the attention of my relatives and friends to the subject of Spiritualism. I ask that they lay aside all their prejudices, step right up on the platform of this great question, and contest it. That's the way to know what it is.

With many thanks for your kindness, Mr. Chairman, I'll now give way to others. Sept. 26.

David S. Morse.

parts of the ocean are probably connected, or continuous in finishly with the mid incircle, included in the sum of the continuous of the operation of the tides. Can the comprehend the operation of the tides. Can the spirit driver any light on this subject? The continuous probably continuous the probably continuous the spirit driver any light on this subject? The continuous the condition of life existing between it and the surface of the earth is critical tax exceedingly thick, while in others it a very time. This would be the condition of life existing between it and the surface of the earth is different included. This why all geologists differs each taking their starts, and the condition of life existing between it and the surface of the earth in different includes. This why all geologists differs and taking their starts, and the celebration of the condition of life existing between it and the surface of the earth in different including all the imponitorable agents, are equally coloromal, are not the celestial bodies accombined, or such as the colories, which, when in excess, renders them self-clumious, or suns, and when dedoient, opaque and invisible, except by influence of the continuous long of the colories, which, when in excess, renders them self-clumious, or suns, and when dedoient, opaque and invisible, except by influence of the colories, which, when in excess, renders them self-clumious, or suns, and when dedoient, opaque and invisible, except by influence of the colories and the colories of the col

you I'd like to be the Barnum.

Well, I aint here, except in a borrowed body.

[You get along swimmingly.] Oh, I knew I should do well enough, if I only got the chance to come here. Well, my time is up, into one or two seconds, so you see I've got to be off pretty soon. The name?—oh, David Morse. Know me? [No.] Well, I know you. Scratch up your thinkers, and see if you do n't know me. [David Morse?] Yes; David S. Well, as there aint but one in that battery, I think I shall be pretty likely to be known. Sept. 26.

Jonathan Place.

Jonathan Place, sir, of the Third New Hamp-shire, Company D. [Are you from Portsmouth?] Yes, I was. New Hampshire, you mean? [Yes.] I suppose the folks know I died in the hospital at Fortress Monroe, in June, about the 18th of June. What's the matter? How happens it I can't do better here? [What did you die of?] I was wounded in the lungs. [That accounts for your not being able to talk louder and easier here today.] Oh my God! but it's tough, aint it? I wish I'd only been killed outright. [Did you die in the hospital?] Oh yes, yes, I was in there over two weeks. two weeks.
Well, the folks know I'm dead, but do n't know

Well, the folks know I'm dead, but don't know that I can come back. Just be kind enough to say I should be glad to talk with the boys, and the folks at home. Really, I don't know anything shat would please me better. [Was n't young Treadick in your regiment?] Who? [Treadick.] John Honry? [Yes.] Yes, he was, and I guess he was wounded in the same action. [He was lieutenant, was n't he?] Yes; good fellow; right good fellow. I knew him well. [Why don't he give us a call?] Can he? [Yes, if he wants to.] I'm sure I don't know why he don't. [If you see him, tell him to.] Well, I will. Good day.

Sept. 26.

Laura Spencer Richards.

I told my friends, should I find Spiritualism true, I would return and acknowledge it. I find it true, more than true, and as old as Delty him-self. I questioned one of the ancient teachers whom I met in relation to this Spiritualism, asking him how old it was; and he asked me could I tell him how old Deity was? So then I inferred that this same Spiritualism was as old as our Father God.

I was seventeen years of age, and lived in Chicago, Illinois. I died of pneumonia, and inflammation of the lungs; was sick between fourteen and twenty days—I cannot give the exact time. and twenty days—I cannot give the exact time.
Laura Spencer Richards, my name. I would like that my stepmother, who once told me she thought there was some truth in this Spiritualism, would

furnish me the means of return at hone.

In proof that I am the person I represent myand the person I represent my-self to be, I will give this as a test, or proof: My father has been severely wounded in the battle of last week. The news has not yet reached his home. He is wounded in the left arm, which will home. He is wounded in the lettern, when white amputated; has not been as yet. He is wounded also in the shoulder and side, which may prove fatal, not if he is well cared for, however. I would talk longer had I power, but I have not.

Nannie Fuller.

(Written.)

Sept. 26.

Oh, my dear Samuel, why do you not see, or in some way recognize me when I am so often near you, with Charley? Oh, I have so much to say to you all, but I have not learned how to do well yet, as it is not quite a year since I was awakened in this beautiful spirit-world. Oh, let me talk at home.

Yours in spirit,

NAMER FOLLER

NANNIE FULLER. Chelsea, Mass. LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS.

two 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. Lecture Committees will please inform us of any change in the regular appointments, as printed. As we publish the appointments of Lecturers gratul-tously, we hope they will reciprocate by calling the attention of their hearers to the Banness or Liour.]

N. Frank White will speak in Malden, Oct. 23 and 30; in Taunton, Nov. 6 and 13; in Lynn, Nov. 20 and 27; in Quincy, Dec. 4 and 11; in Chelsea, Dec. 18 and 25; in Troy, N. Y., during January; in Springdeld during March., Address, Quincy, Mass.

cy, Mass.

Mass. R. E. Wanner will speak in Willimantic, Conn., Oct. 23; in Lynn, Mass., Oct. 20; in Chelsea, Nov. 6 and 13; in Portland during December. Will receive calls for the last two Sundays in November. Will also speak week evenings, if desired. Address, care of Dr. H. F. Gardn 1, Pavillon, 57 Tremont street. Buster.

mont street, Boston.

Miss Martha L. Brokwith, trance speaker, will lecture it
Bpringfield, Mass., Oct. 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 George Beckwith.

F. L. WADSWORM will attend the Yearly Meeting of the Friends of Progress," at Michinond, Ind., Oct. 14, 15 and 16, Address until that time, box 67, Richmond, Ind. After that, till further notice, 274 Canal street, New York.

211 turther notice, 748 Canal street, New York.

J. H. HANDALL and HENRY B. ALLEN will speak in Killawog,
N.Y., Oct. 20; in Centre Lisle, Oct. 23; in Nanticoke Springs,
Oct. 30; in Utica, Nov. 6 and 13; in Winchester, N. H., Nov
20; in Montague, Mass., Nov. 27. Address accordingly.

H. P. FAIRFIELD, trance speaker, will lecture in Portland,
Me, Oct. 23 and 30. Will answer calls to lecture and attend
funerals. Address, Greenwich Village, Mass.

Miss Sarah A. Nutra vill sneak is Locket Mills and Portland.

Miss Sarah A. Nurr will speak in Locke's Mills and Bryant's Pond, Me., for one year, commencing the first Subbath of March. Address, Locke's Mills, Mc.

Mus. E. M. Wolcorr will speak the first Sunday of each month in Lelester, Vt., for the coming year; and the second Bunday of each month in East Middlebury, Vt.

ISAAC P. GREENLEAF will speak in Bucksport, Mc., Oct. 23 and 39, Nov. 20 and 27, and Dec. 18 and 25; in Glenburn, Nov. 6, and Dec. 4; in Exeter, Nov. 13, and Dec. 11. Address, Exeter Mills, Mc. Miss. Lizzie Doten will speak in Philadelphia, Pa., during October; in Chelsea, Nov. 20 and 27. Address, Pavillon, 57 Tre-mont street, Boston, Mass.

ont street, Boston, Mass.

Mis. Sanah A. Brunes will speak in Princeton, Oct. 23;

a Portland, Nov. 6 and 13; in Maiden, Nov. 20 and 27; in
ynn, Dec. 4 and 11; in Plymouth, Dec. 18 and 25. L. Judd l'Ardee will lecture in Lynn, Oct. 23. Will respond

MRS. FRANCES LORD BOND will lecture in Baltimore during October; in Lowell, Mass., in June. Address, care of Mrs. J. A. Kellogg, Amherst, Mass. CHARLES A. HAYDEN Will speak in Taunton during October; in Foxboro during November; in Worcester during December; in Lowell during January and May; in Chelsea during February.

February.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend speaks in Charlestown during October; in Stationd, Conn., during November; in Troy, N. Y., during December. Address as above. ing December. Address as above.

J. M. Peebles will speak in Rockford, Ill., the first two Sun days of each month. Address as above.

LEO MILLER Will spend the fall and winter in the West, and may be addressed at Chicago, Ill.

DUDLEY WILLITS will lecture in Denington, Ill., Oct. 23. Miss Susign M. Johnson will lecture in Rockland, Me., Oct 23 and 30; in Plymouth, Mass., Nov. 6 and 13; in Taunton Nov. 20 and 27. Address, Bradley, Me., care of A. B. Emery.

Nov. 20 and 27. Address, Bradley, Me., care of A. B. Emery. WARRS, Chars will lecture in Elkhart, Ind., Oct. 23 and 30; in Sturgls, Mich., Nov. 6; the remainder of November 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 Battimore, 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

want lectures. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light

Mus. Augusta A. Currier will speak in Haverhill, Mass., during October; in Milford, N. H., Nov. 13; in Randolph, Mass., Nov. 20; in Chicopee, Nov. 27; in Philadelphia during December; in Worcester during January; in Lowell during February. Address, box 815, Lowell, Mass.

Walter Hyde lectures every week in the "Electro Therapeutic and Medical Institute," No. 24 Fulton st., Brooklyn, N. Y. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light; also attend funerals. See advertisement. Address as above.

Mis. E. A. Bliss, of Springfield, Mass., will speak in Chelsea during October; in Troy, N. Y., during November.

Miss. Alcinda Wilhelm M. D., will speak in Ohlo and Pennsylvania the latter part of October and November. Will give political lectures on the route week evenings, until Nov. 8. Address in care of H. H. Marsh, Chicago, Ill.

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

Miss. Jennie S. Rudd, Trance speaker, will lecture in Somers, Conn., Oct. 23. Address, Tauuton, Mass.

Miss. A. P. Brown will speak in Danville, Vt., every other

Mins: A. P. Buown will speak in Danville, Vt., every other Sunday until further notice. Is at liberty to speak on week-day evenings, if wanted.

any evenings, it wanted.

JAMES M. ALERN will speak in Waldo, Knox and Hancock
Countles, Mc., until further notice. 'Address, Scarsport, Mc.,
care of M. Bailey. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light; also attend funerals.

Falls, Mc.

MRS. SUSIE A. HUTCHINSON WIll speak in Eden Mills, Vt., Oct. 23; in Stowe, Oct. 9; in South Hardwick, Oct. 16; in Montpeller, Nov. 6; in Portland, Mc., Nov. 20 and 27.

MISS. EMMA. HOUSTON WIll lecture in Worcester, Mass., during October and November; in Taunton, March 5 and 12. Address as above, or Manchester, N. II.

AUSTEN E. SIMMONS WIll speak in East Bethel, Vt., on the fourth Sunday of overy month during the coming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt.

Gress, Woodstock, Vt.
Miss Lizzie Carley, Tpsilanti, Mich., will be in Brecks-ville, Richfield, Hinckley, Chagrin Falls, O., the last two weeks of September and during October, visiting other places during the week, if desired; in Uncinnati during November.

DR. AND MRS. L. K. COONLEY will lecture and heal in Dekalb, Ill., Oct. 23; in Dixon, Oct. 30;, in Fulton, Nov. 7: in Quincy during December. Address, St. Charles, Ill. 7; in Quincy during December. Address, St. Charles, In. Will furnish: Spiritual and Reform Books at publishers' prices, and take subscriptions for the Hanner 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. JAMIESON, trance speaker, Alblon, Mich., will speak in St. Johns one-half the Sundays of each month.

ADDRESSES OF LECTURERS AND MEDIUMS.

funder this heading we insert the names and places of restdence of Lecturers and Mediums, at the low price of four cents per line for each insertion. As it takes eight words on an average to complete a line, the advertiser can see in ad vance 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."] Mrs. S. M. Brok, impressional and inspirational speaker, Lacrosse, Wis. Lacrosse, Wis.

REV. D. P. DANIELS will answer calls to lecture, selemnize marriages, and attend funerals. Address, Lafayette, Ind.

seni0—3m*

Mns. A. B. Manley, No. 6 Emery street, Springfield, Mass. north of the depot. Mns. N. J. Willis, trance speaker, 24% Winter street, Boston, Mass. IRA II. Curris speaks upon questions of government. Address, llariford, Conn. nov21—ly* HENRY C. Goldon, medium, 66 West 14th street, corner 6th Mrs. Lovina Heath, trance speaker, Lockport, N. Y.

Miss A. P. Mudgett will answer calls to lecture, and attend funerals. Address, Montpeller, Vt., care of L. L. Tanner. oct22— MRS. A. P. BROWN'S address, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.

Miss Lizzie M. A. Carler, Ypsilanti, Mich., will make summer and fall engagements wherever (on public routes) her services are desired. Will take subscriptions for all the miss Jennie Lond, musical medium, care Erastus Stebbins Chicopee, Muss. sop24—3m Dudler Williss, New Boston, Ill. sep24—6w*

Bubley Willies, Accessing the Markets is Scarsport, Mc, care of M. Bailey. She will now receive calls to lecture for the autumn and winter, and attend funerals when desired. jyl6—1. J. L. Potter, trance speaking medium, from Massachusetts, desires to make engagements through the West, to speak wherever, the friends may desire his services. Address, Mes Moines, Lowa, care of Lewis Lucas, Esq. Mus. H. F. M. Brown may be addressed at Cleveland, O. † Mis. Annie Lond Chamberlain, musical medium. Address 40 Russell street, Charlestown, care Col. C. H. Wing. junt

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Aug. 20.

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WM. L. JOHNSON, Dentist, NASSAU HALL, Washington street, entrance on Common street, Boston, Mass. Aug. 20. A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST,

50 School Street, next door East of Parker House.

Mediums in Noston.

DR. MAIN'S

HEALTH INSTITUTE, AT NO. 7 DAVIS STREET, is now open as

heretofore for the successful treatment of diseases of every class, under Dr. Main's personal supervision Patients will be attended at their homes as heretofore; those desiring board at the Institute will please send notice two or three days in advance, that rooms may be prepared for them.

OFFICE HOURS from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Those requesting examinations by letter will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address plainly written, and state sex and age. Medicines carefully packed and sent by Express.
A liberal discount made to the trade. tf Aug. 20.

MRS. R. COLLINS. CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN,

No. 6 Pine Street, Boston,
CONTINUES to heal the sick by laying on of hands, as
Npirit Physicians control her. The sick can be cured; miractes are being wrought through her daily. She is continually
benefiting suffering humanity. Examinations free. Call and
see for yourselves. All medicines furnished by her wholly
composed of roots and herbs from the garden of Nature.
P. S.—Mrs. C. having so much business to attend to she will
not be able to examine locks of hair by letter. If—Aug. 20. DR. WILLIAM B. WHITE, Sympathetic, Clairvoyant, Magnetle and Electric Physician, cures all dis-cases that are curable. Nervous and disagreeable feelings removed. Advice free; operations, 61.00. No. 4 JEFFERSON PLACE, (leading from South Bennet street), Boston. Sept. 10.

MISS C. E. BECKWITH, Trance and Writing 2 to 6. Medium, No. 28 Camden street. Hours from 9 to 12 and 5w*-Oct. 15. SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, No. 13 DIX PLACE, (opposite Harvard street.) Aug. 27. MRS. S. J. YOUNG, Medium, No. 80 WARREN STREET, Boston, Mass. 3mos* Aug. 13.

SOUL READING,

Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character.

MR. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully
Announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit
them in person, or send their autograph or lock of hair, they
will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past
and future lifte; physical and sease, with preactiption therefor;
what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be
successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those intending marriage; and bluts to the inharmoniously married,
whereby they can restore or perpetuate their former love.

They will give instructions for self-improvement, by telling
what faculties should be restrained, and what cultivated.
Seven years experience warrants them in saying that they
can do what they advertise without fail, as hundreds are wiling to testify. Skeptics are particularly invited to investigate.

Everything of a private character, 81.00.

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

Address, MR. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE,
Aug. 20. If Whitewater, Walworth Co., Wisconsin.

DR. H. A. TUCKER, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.

CLAIR VOYANT PHYSICIAN.

OMCO HOURS:

WEDNESDAYS. BOSTÓN-Mariboro Hotel, 227 Washington street, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

THURSDAYS. TAUNTON-13 Porter street, from 1 to 5 P. M.
FRIDA'S. TAUNTON-13 Porter street, from 1 to 5 P. M.
FRIDA'S. TAUNTON-13 Porter street, from 1 to 5 P. M.
SATURDAYS. N. BRIDGEWATER and E. STOUGHTON-Tho
lst and 3d of each month. BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The last in each
month, from 12 to 5 P. M.

MONDAYS. E. ATTLEBORO-Commencing Sept. 12th, 1864,
once in two weeks, from 12 to 4 P. M. WALPOLE and SOUTH,
UEDDHAM-Every alternate week.
TUENDAYS, N. ATTLEBORO-Commencing Sept. 13th, once
in two weeks, from 3 to 8 P. M. ATTLEBORO FALLS-Each alternate week, from 5 to 7 P. M.

SUNDAYS, TUENDAYS and FRIDAYS—At his residence,
FOXBORO, from 8 to 11 A. M.

EF All advice gratts after the first examination.

MEDICINE INVARIABLY CASH.

DR. J. R. NEWTON, Practical Physician for Curing the Sick,

WASHINGTON BUILDING, . CORNER OF CLINTON AND MAIN STREETS. Oct. 1.-6w* ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DR. 8. D. PACE, the celebrated CLAIRFOYNAT, resides in Port Huron, Michigan. Send him a lock of your hair, your name, age, and one dollar, and he will send you a written description of your disease, and tell you how it may be cured. Oct. 18. PSYCHOMETRY.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

BY sending me an Autograph or a Lock of Hair. I will describe Diseases and Delineate Character, give Instruction for Business and Marriage Life. Terms \$1,00. Address, J. B. Milles, Forksville, Lake Co., Illinois. 8w*—Oct. 1. MRS. M. TOWN, Magnetic Physician and Medi-cal Clairvoyant, 166 Bleecker street, New York. Charges moderate. The poor considered. 7we-Sept. 24.

NEW AND STANDARD WORKS ON SPIRITUALISM.

ALSO, PAMPHLETS, NEWSPAPERS, ETC., J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENG.

A LL New Publications on the Spiritual and Progressive

Philosophy, whether published in England or America can be procured as above, soon after their issue; also, any of the Works advertised in the columns of the Banner of Light. Subscriptions taken for the BANNER OF LIGHT at 17s. per annum. Sample copies always on hand. SCENES IN THE SUMMER LAND!

NO. 1.—THE PORTICO OF THE SAGE. BY HUDSON TUTTLE. THE Artist has endeavored to impress on canvas the view Lie has often had chairvoyantly of a landscape in the Spheres, embracing the Home of a group of Sages. Wishing those who desire to have the same view as himself of that mysterious land beyond the gult of darkness, he has published if in the popular Caute de Visite form. Single copies 25 cents, sent free of postage. Large size photograph, \$1; large size colored, \$3. Usual discount to the Trade. For sale at this office. June 25.

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DYNAMIC INSTITUTE DYNAMIC INSTITUTE,

HAVING purchased the elegant residence of the late Moses Kneeland, Esq., we have atted it up for the reception of patients, and invite the attention of the suffering throughout the country to our successful as well as peculiar method of treatment. "We challenge the scientific physician to refute the fact, that all disease comes to the system by way of deranged and diseased nervous fluids; hence, to regulate these fluids, is to remove all cause of disease from the system, whether changed and energy of the system of the system, whether is a strain which we have a suffering at any stage of the disease, and relieve suffering at any stage of the disease. Patients in Milwaukee visited at their residences. All cases accurately diagnosed.

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MRS. C. A. GOULD, M. D. PROPRIETORS.

The Residence on Marshall, second door south of Division street. P. O. Box 1215.

Consultations free. Examination \$1,00.

Aug. 20.

THE EYE, THE EYE.

DR. E. KNIGHT HAS discovered a new treatment for the Eye, by which he is curing some of the worst cases of Blindness and Deafness ever known, without instruments or pain. CANCERS 1—DR. KNIGHTS'S new treatment for Cancers surpasses all others now in use; it cures without knife, plaster or pain, and heals without a scar.

Every kind of disease treated with great success. Humors of every kind emiliented from the system. No charge for consultation. Office 259 Tremont street, Boston. 3m—Sept. 10.

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

EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION: LIBERTY AND FREEDOM OURS!
AN AGENCY FOR THE THOUSAND!

THE Men, Women and disabled Soldiers desiring an Agency, will please address, for further particulars, MRS. F. A. LOGAN, Station D. New York City. July 9. 5000 AGENTS WANTED!

A GOOD, reliable AGENT wanted in every county to take the entire control of some of the past and most property wanted the entire control of some of the public. The right was or woman can make money easily. For Circular, with Bill description, address JACOB LEWIS, 82 Nassau street, New York. Box 3391. PR. LISTER, only Astrologer and Botanic Physician in the State, 25 Lowell street, Boston, Mass. Terms—Oral, a few questions arguered, 60 cents; a reading through life, \$1.00; a written malivity two years to coue, \$1.00; a full nativity, ladies, \$3.00; gents, \$5.00; a minute written, on tivity all through life, ladies, \$5,00; gents, \$1.00. Time of birth necessary.

Penrls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long, That on the stretched fore-finger of all time Sparkle forever."

JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.

Oh, deem not they are blest alone

Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep; For God, who pities man, hath shown A blessing for the eyes that weep. The light of smiles shall fill again The lids that overflow with tears; And weary hours of woe and pain Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light. Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny;
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die: For God has marked each sorrowing day,

And numbored every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.
—[William Cullen Bryant, When there is love in the heart, there are rainbows in the eyes, which cover every black cloud with gorgeous hues.

SPIRIT FRIENDS. They say the spirits of departed friends They say the spirits of departed friends
Come back to us again on angel wings,
That some bright being ever o'er us bends,
And to us each a better nature brings,
A higher, holier impulse to us all.
To us it seems a happy—ay, a glorious faith
That from the long, deep, sombre, night of death,
We may those beauteous beings once again recall;
Not that I would rob those beings bright,
Of one glad hour of their heavenly rest,
Nor would I dim with earth the heaven-born light
That lingers round ye spirits of the blest;
But that such intercourse is prone to lead
The mind to Him who governs and Him who made,

We can very soon purge society of its gross evils by first proceeding to purge ourselves.—Huntington.

AN AUTUMN SCENE. Within his sober realm of leafless trees
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air,
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare. The grey barns, looking from their hazy hills O'er the dim waters widening in the vales, Sent down the air a greeting to the mills, On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued, The hills seemed further and the streams sang low; As in a dream, the distant woodman hewed

His winter log, with many a muffled blow.
—[Thomas Buchanan Reed. The memory of good actions is the starlight of

the soul. INTERESTING FUNERAL SERVICES.

ADDRESS BY MISS LIZZIE DOTEN. [Reported for the Banner of Light.]

The following is an account of the funeral obsequies of William E. Crane, leader of Evangel Group of Philadelphia Children's Progressive Lyceum, who passed to the Summer-Land in the 43d year of his age. His remains were interred from Sansom Street Hall, Sunday afternoon, Oct.

The Lyceum assembled at the usual hour, the body being placed in front of the rostrum. The following remarks were made by the Conductor:

following remarks were made by the Conductor:

Friends, Fellow Officers, Leaders and Members of
the Children's First Progressive Lyceum of Philadelphia—For the third time during the brief history
of this Lyceum, we are assembled upon an occasion, to us who remain clothed in the habiliments
of mortality, of solemn moment. To him whose
mortal remains lay before us it is one of unspeakable joy. On the two previous occasions
the heautiful and beneficent Angel of Death
plucked from the Fountain and Ocean Groups of
our Lyceum two of the beautiful buds that
adorned their verdant banks, saying, "Suffer
little children to come unto me, and forbid them
not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Now not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Now he has taken the ripe fruit, our beloved Leader of Evangel Group, to join in the exercises of the Upper Lyceum in the beautiful Summer-Land. To him the change was indeed glorious, and never Upper Lyceum in the beautiful Summer-Land. To him the change was indeed glorious, and never was the dying pillow of a human being more peaceful, or the sustaining influences and consolations of the beautiful philosophical religion of his life exemplified and vindicated than in the occasion we now commemorate. His was a beautiful life; and his transition to a higher stage of being was glorious. His faith and philosophy never wavered; they sustained him during the trying hours of sickness, and enabled him to say, in his last moments, "I am going home," He has ever been a constant, faithful and efficient Leader of his Group, and none more beloved than he by its members and all who knew him. He was an exemplary and affectionate husband, a devoted and loving father, a faithful and unwavering friend. He was well and fully prepared by deeds of a good and true life for the change. To him it was not a leap into the dark unknown, but a realization of his undying faith and dearest hopes. With him the inspired lines of the poet were ever true: "There's no such thing as death

To those who think aright; Tis but the racer casting off What most impodes his flight; Tis but one little act, Life's drama must contain—
One struggle, keener than the rest,
And then an end to pain.

There's no such thing as death. That which is thus miscalled, Is life escaping from the chains That have so long enthralled;
Tis a once hidden star,
Piercing through the night,
To shine in gentle radiance forth
Amid its kindred light.

There's no such thing as death; In Nature nothing dies; From each and remnant of decay Some forms of life arise. The faded leaf that falls,
All sere and brown to earth, Ere long will mingle with the shapes
That give the floweret birth.

There's no such thing as death,
'T is but the blossom spray,
Sinking before the coming fruit
That seeks the summer's ray; That seems the displaced,
As comes the perfect flower;
Tis faith exchanged for sight,

And weariness for power.' Our funeral rites may seem to the casual observer not in consonance with our views of death, or the laying away of the mortal vesture in the common wardrobe of humanity. But, as doing good is the business of the true man's life, so also is it our duty to make the closing scenes of his earth-life useful and instructive to his associates and divided was death. earth-life useful and instructive to his associates and friends. We deem it best to familiarize the young, and to become ourselves familiar with the inevitable change through which all must pass, and to free the mind of all fear with which the education and errors of the past has encumbered it. And as it was ever the delight of our beloved brother, whilst in the form, to mingle and participate in our exercises, so we now believe it is a gratification to his freed spirit to meet and mingle with us at this present hour. Although we ignore the cause of grief for the departed, we would weep with the bereaved ones left behind; for, as the with the bereaved ones left behind; for, as the raindrop evercomes richly laden with blessings from a beneficent Creator, so does the tear-drop come, ever freighted with a father's love. But we weep not as those without hope or consolution. Our loved ones are ever with us; we feel and realize their presence, and recognize their guardian care. At the fireside, and in the family circle

there will be no "vacant chair." The Evangel of the Lord, 'where his banner over us shall be and an angel Leader; and ohl what priceless consolation to his spirit to know that the dear ones he has left behind are supported, sustained and blessed by the same consolation that has been his real end stage? There shall we shall all meet in the banqueting house' of the Lord, 'where his banner over us shall be Love.' There shall we become pupils in that great school where the truth is spoken in shapledty, and which is so perfectly adapted to our spiritual blessed by the same consolation that has been in the large of solution to his spirit to know that the dear ones he has left behind are supported, sustained and blessed by the same consolution that has been his red and staff through the valley and over the

silent river.
The choir then sang the following hymn: VICTORY IN DEATH.

Sweet is the scene when loved ones die; When loving souls refire to rest,

When loving souls refire to rest,

How mildly beams the closing eye;

How gently heaves the expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away;

So sinks a gale when storms are o'er;

So gently shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave along the shore. Triumphant smiles the victor's brow, Fanned by some guardian angel's wing. O Grave, where is thy victory now? And where, O Death, where is thy sting?

A holy quiet reigns around—
A calm which life nor death destroys— And naught disturbs that peace profound, Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

Then O my soul, wait thou thy time,
In hope, and faith, and trusting love,
I'll angels call thee to that clime,
To dwell in brighter realms above.
Life's labor done, then sinks the clay;
Freed from its load the spirit files;
Attacking angels point the way. Attending angels point the way
To higher life in brighter skies.

REMARKS OF LIZZIE DOTEN.

After reading a brief selection from Pilgrim's Progress, descriptive of that beautiful land toward which all Earth's pilgrims are hastening, Miss Doten spoke as follows:

We do not meet to-day to mourn over our loss, so much as to celebrate the birth of our friend to a higher state of existence. It is true that all hearts are moved by natural affections, and while we are yet dwelling in the flesh, notwithstanding the consolations of our faith, we must still cling to the objects of our love, therefore we would not restrain the tears that spring up from the heart's deep fountains. We feel upon such occasions that—

"Tis good to be subdued at times; Cherish within the soul whatever brings
Communion with high thought, wooling the

heart
By its pure impulses to purer things.
Joy hath its ministries, but griefs are fraught
With gentler blessings. Tender and beautiful,
O, let them come! bearing the soul aloft
On the white spirit wings of prayer."

We feel with these dear friends, that they have We feel with these dear friends, that they have indeed sustained a great loss in a near and tender relation. The hand that once warmly clasped her's who was the chosen partner of his life—the hand that was laid with blessing upon the head of his little ones, now lies cold and motionless in the death of nature and its glad pressure will no longer be felt. Those who loved him will listen in vain for the familiar footstep, and the voice with its softer tones of love and tenderness will be heard no longer. For these considerations it must needs be that human hearts must ache, and teafs of sorrow fall. God forbid that in our exteats of sorrow fall. God forbid that, in our extreme spirituality, we should forget to be natural and human—forget how blessed it is to be wounded by that hand which never deals with us but in ed by that hand which never dome with the love, or forget to shed those precious tears which will wash the scales of unbelief and spiritual

darkness from our eyes.

But while we feel conscious of all this, we have also the blessed assurance that we are surrounded by invisible beings, who are shedding their benign influences, upon us, and pouring the balm of healing upon our troubled spirits. Had we but more carefully brought into subjection our materiality, and cultivated the finer perceptions of the spirit, then, by listening intently, we should hear the angels chanting their songs of joyful welcome to this soul that is newly born into the the king-

In comparison to those celestial intelligences In comparison to those celestial intelligences who dwell more intimately in the presence of Eternal Truth, our brother has "become as a little child." You will behold him no longer in your Lyceum upon earth, for he is now a scholar in the great Lyceum above, and you, the children of his care, have now a teacher in that better world, who will translate to you words of celestial wisdom, and will endeavor to bring down to your human conceptions the love of the angels. It is indeed blessed to hold communion with a faithful and earnest soul while yet a dweller in the flesh; deed blessed to hold communion with a faithful and earnest soul while yet a dweller in the flesh; but O, when that soul has laid aside its burden, and entered upon sublimer fields of investigation, its mission to the waiting hearts of humanity is far more glorious. You may not, by the dull perception of the senses, hear the soft whispers falling from his "lips of air," but the truth will enter like a divine messenger with its noiseless footing from his "lips of air," but the truth will enter like a divine messenger, with its noiseless footsteps, into the silent places of your souls. He was indeed a servant of the truth, and "Valiant for the Truth,"* in his own unpretending and unassuming way. He will treasure up the wisdom of the kingdom, in order that he may transmit it to those whom he loved upon earth. You may look confidently up to the heavens, and feel that you have a teacher there—a teacher who will not forget his interest in your welfare, and who will still watch over you as you go forth to the duties and employments of life. and employments of life.

But there are those who sustained a nearer and

dearer relationship unto him than that of teacher dearer reintonship unto him than that of feacher and scholar. There are those who were part and portion of his own life, and whose interests were inwound with every fibre of his being. Oh, weep-ing wife and mother! with your little flock around you, let us say unto you by the voice of the spirit, speaking through a human organism, "Love is stronger than Death." "God is love. He that dwelleth in God, and consequently like the Father of our spirits, he, too, is immortal. Therefore, in this hour, the loved one who has passed from your mortal sight comes to you see spirit. from your mortal sight, comes to you as a spirit-ual presence. He takes you by the hand, and as

ual presence. He takes you by the hand, and as he points upward, he says:

"I could serve you but in part, while a dweller upon the earth, but now, as a living, disembedded spirit, I can serve you far better. Fear not! for the God of the fatherless and widow is with you, and will aid you. As the very 'hairs of your head are numbered' in love, as 'a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice,' as the lilles are clothed in carments more elorious than the roles to the ground without his notice, as the lilies are clothed in garments more glorious than the robes of royalty, and even the ravens are fed by his bounty, so shall provision be made for all your necessities. Oh, partner of my life," he says, "there is now a link between my soul and thine—a link in the golden chain of Eternity—over which messages of love shall be transmitted that will fill your soul with consolation and peace; and an our children grow up around you you shall be as our children grow up around you, you shall be strengthened and instructed to speak unto them words of heavenly wisdom and truth.

And you, my daughters, let me entreat you to walk worthy of your high gift of womanhood. Never before could I so clearly comprehend the Never before could I so clearly comprehend the beauty and significance of woman's sacred mission. I will stand near you in the hour of trial, and will walk with you in the way of life, bidding you be of good cheer. I will speak words of fatherly counsel, that you may take heed to your steps, and that in all the vicissitudes of life you may act wisely and well.

And, oh, my little ones! you who look with wondering area upon this mysterious change and un-

And, oil, my little ones; you who look with won-dering eyes upon this mysterious change and un-derstand it not; as you grow older and wiser, your young hearts shall come to a clearer compre-hension of the truth. By the influences of my love I will be with you to fill you with high aspirations, and will endeavor to lead you tenderly through the thorny naths of life.

the thorny paths of life.

My little son, your spirit-father desires that you may be a support and comfort to your mother in her declining years; and when she shall feel the need of a strong arm to lean upon, may you stand firmly by her side, with manly strength and unwavering affection."

To you, his friends, he speaks thus:

"My brothers and sisters, you who have been my co-laborers in a blessed work, and have shared with me the glorious revelations from the spiritwith me the glorious revelations from the spirit-world, rejoice that you are the favored recipients of the radiant light that has dawned upon the darkness of the grave. May you ever be found as faithful soldiers in the great army of the Lord, and even as you bear your banners here in the Children's Lyceum, may each firmly hold his spiritual banner, with its glorious device, and press bravely forward in the great march of life,

flowers drink in the dew and light."

Oh beloved! let us rejoice that this our friend hath been "unclothed" from earth and "clothed upon" with spiritual garments; that he now dwells in the land "where the inhabitant saith no longer, 'I am sick,'" and where no wave of trouble disturbs the serenity of his soul, which, like some placid lake, reflects back the celestial truths that shine like stars in the high heavens above.

The Lyceum then marched in their usual man-The Lyceum then marched in their usual man-ner, and massed in front of the rostrum, surround-ing the body of their late leader, when the whole Lyceum sang "The Beautiful Land"—from their Lyceum book—and after reading the Invocation, and "Eternal Life," also from their book, as a "Silver Chain," they marched in regular order to their seats, when the body was removed to the Cometary. Yours fraternally. cemetery. Yours fraternally, M. B. DYOTT, Conductor.

Correspondence in Brief.

A Curious Manifestation. One of our Washington correspondents sends us the following:-

us the following:—

I was considerably amused as well as interested in what a friend told me as having occurred to him not long since, and the truthfulness of which the officer in question will verify. It seems that this friend is what, for the want of a better term, is popularly called an undeveloped medium; that spirits of a "free and easy" character—those who, while residents here, were inclined to practically and personally violate the Maine Law—occasion—ly obsess him to an unhappy extent.

Without any desire or intent on his part, he was lately constrained to indulge, against his will, until he was overcome by drink, and, for a while, was an inmate of the station house. On being

was an inmate of the station house. On being thrust into his cell, he sat down upon the stool, or chair. Immediately loud raps of a most mysterious nature were heard all round him.
"What's that?" said the officer; "what does

"What's that?" said the officer; "what does that pounding mean?"
"I do n't know," replied the double man.
The raps grew louder and more mysterious.
"Are you one of those fortune-tellers?" asked the man of authority, evidently very uneasy.
"No!" said the other.
The raps increased in frequency and in inten-

"Get up out of that chair!" cried the officer.
The man obeyed; but, to the astonishment of the officer, the chair deliberately followed him.
"T was too much. The officer's knees were growing weak. Opening the door and pointing as best he could, he exclaimed, in a voice husky with

the could, he exclaimed, in a voice husky with fear:—
"Clear out from this place, you Devil!" The man, partially sobered by this time, very gladly embraced the opportunity to depart.
B.

New Ritos at a Death-Bed.

New Rites at a Death-Bed.

Died, of quick consumption, Sept. 26th, in Plymouth, Mass, Mrs. Hattie E. Macdonah, aged 25 years, daughter of Bradford Barnes.

She was surrounded by spiritual friends, visible and invisible, and her soul was imbued with the pure teachings of Spiritualism from her good father, mother, and the Banner, which made her death happy, joyous—yes, glorious! She seemed to have a presentiment of the hour of her death, and requested her father and sisters, at an hour she specified, to sit round her dying bed, and sing her soul to sleep in death—sing till her earthly body breathed no more—sing till her spirit should be borne away by angels. Her father and sisters faithfully complied with her request, and sang, for about two hours, hymns adapted to the occasion, as, "Come sing to me of heaven," "There's a light as, "Come sing to me of heaven," "There's a light in the window for thee," "No more fatigue—no more distress," "I'm going home to die no more,"

"Hark! they whisper! angels say, Sister spirit, come away."

These, with other kindred tunes, were sung till she ceased to breathe—till the spirit had flown, leaving a sweet smile on the earthly visage.

A. B. C.

In the Field Again.

In the Field Again.

My family, including our only daughter and family, are all 'now at our new home at South Pass, Ill., which we all reached, with our goods, in safety, and met here our returned son from his three years' service in the army. We are comfortably but rudely settled in our new home, and feeding on sweet potatoes, etc., raised by one of our family who has spent the summer here. Our place is on the latitude of Richmond, Va., on a hilly tract of broken timbered land, between the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and peculiarly adapted to fruit. Our home is half a mile from Cobden station and village, on the Illinois Central road, and a place of much trade. I have been speaking on the war and the election in Cairo and other places near, and in a few days I start north and east, on my tour to Washington, etc.

There are but few Spiritualists in the lower part of Illinois, among the Egyptians, where the coun-

There are but few Spiritualists in the lower part of Illinois, among the Egyptians, where the country was settled long ago from the Southern States; but there are quite a large part of those coming from the North who are strongly impregnated with the belief, or fully out in the light.

South Pass, Ill., Oct. 1, 1864.

Spiritualism in Baltimore Mrs. Frances Lord Bond delivered an admira-

Mrs. Frances Lord Bond delivered an admirable discourse to a crowded audience on Sunday night last, at Saratoga Hall. It was the opening lecture of our season. Her subject—"Progression and Conservatism"—gave ample scope to analyze and criticize the theological dogmas taught by the Churches of Rome and England—to anatomize the crude conceptions of man and his relations, as held by the followers of Calvin, Luther, Wesley, and other sectarian londers; and to present, in most effective contrast, the sublime ideas of Nature and Deity, as taught by the Spiritualistic ture and Deity, as taught by the Spiritualistic

Philosophy.

Mrs. Bond is not a trance medium, but an in-

Ars. Bond is not a trance medium, but an inspirational speaker, who receives and transmits thought in her normal condition.

Hor lecture was well received by an intelligent and critical audience. She will be with us during the present month, and be followed by Mrs. Hyzer in November.

Yours truly,
WASH A DANSKIN. Yours truly, WASH. A. DANSKIN.

Baltimore, Md., Oct. 7, 1861. More Encouragement.

Enclosed you will find the sum of five dollars, which you will please credit to us on account for the Banner of Light, for six months' subscription. the Banner of Light, for six months' subscription. We cannot get along without the Banner; and if three dollars a year won't support it, raise your price for it to four, or even five dollars a year, if necessary; but keep it waving. We would rather pay double price than be without it. One great light has gone down in the Herald of Progress, and we must not let the other sink in darkness for want of means. Friends of humanity, we cannot allow the Banner to be lowered, or its light to disappear in the dark and stormy sky of the present age. Come, then, to the rescue, with such helps as will most assist those good and devoted men, the publishers, to unfurl its folds, and cause its light to shine throughout all the earth. The Banner must be kept waving.

East Homer, N. Y., Oct. 3, 1864.

East Homer, N. Y., Oct. 3, 1864. We cordially thank our correspondents for the

interest they manifest in behalf of the Banner; and are gratified to inform them that our friends have nobly responded to our call for aid to keep it floating, and are still at work in our behalf. About the Free Circles.

My son, who left the form a short time since at San Francisco, informs me that from the lost of spirits who are anxiously waiting to communicate to their friends through the mediumship of Mrs. Conant, to be sent through the Banner of Light, he could not approach the medium. I hope he may soon take his turn at the spiritual telegraph.

he may soon take his turn at the spinish.

As you are at considerable expense in conveying the intelligence of spirits through the columns of the Banner to their friends on earth; to lend a helping hand I have deposited twenty dollars, in greenbacks, in the hands of our friend A. J. Davis, to your credit, not wishing to trust the amount through the post office. A few dollars devoted to

so good an object will make no man the poorer, but tend to make him wiser and better in the earth's sphere, and by its influence prepare him for another and a better world.

New York, Sept., 1864.

SETH DRIGGS.

Words of Encouragement. We have assurances from many quarter that

the Banner shall be sustained. S. D. Curtis, of Toledo, in a letter containing remittances, says:-"I will see that you have a handsome sum raised here to help you along in case of need. We must have an organ to promulgate our principles and our religion; and as the Herald has ceased to exist, your Banner must be sustained. Spiritualism will live and gain strength year by year, until it spreads all over the earth."

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Oblinaries.

"Another hand is beckening us, Another call is given : And glows once more with angel steps The path which reaches Heaven." Amesbury, Oct. 1st, passed to the higher life, Miss Mary F.

The path which reaches Heaven."

The path which reaches Heaven."

Ameabury, Oct. 1st, passed to the higher life, Miss Mary F. Bagloy, aged 48 years.

The removal of our dear friend from her delicate and worn earthly tenement was a sudden and severe blow to her dear family and many friends. For several years she has been in feeble health, sometimes reduced so low that her hold on life seemed very slight; but during the past year she had been so much better, moved about so bright and active, enjoying everything pleasant so fully and heartily, we could not feet she was so soon to go; but a severe cold selzing her weakened lungs, accompanied with high fover, suddenly prostrated her, and after a few days of suffering, ending in several hours of unconsciousness, her lovely spirit was released.

Tossessing a very susceptible organization, her medium powers were very interesting and reliable; yot from her feeble physical state her friends beyond, and here, fasted to have them frequently employed; and the watchful care of her guardian spirits that it should not be abused, was wonderful and constant. At times she was favored with delightful views of the celestial faces and glorious openings into that "Summor Land" she always seemed so near, and beautiful thoughts and teachings were expressed through her life.

The future life was a firing reality to her, and we regret that the nature of her seckness prevented a knowledge of its near approach; yet we doubt not she awoke with a gind surprise to surroundings not unfamiliar or strange. Her cheerful, patient, happy nature—her loving, charitable spirit—her lively, friendly interest in all that concerned those around her, endeared her to every one. We feel and know that she has gone to a home where everything will be in harmony with her beautiful spiritual nature, yet we can ill afford to lose the sunshine of her life on our of-darkoned earthly way.

To hier aged mother and loving sisters the loss of her happy, helpful presence is heavy indeed; yet their firm faith that she is

tribute paid to her memory in the above remarks of our correspondent. Miss Bagley was a trance medium, but owing to the delicate state of her health, scarcely over manifested, exthe delicate state of her health, scarcely ever manifested, except in the presence of a few select friends. We spent one of the most agreeable hours of our life at her residence last sum mer. On this occasion she was for a brief period entranced by a Quaker spirit-friend of ours, who gave us many words of wisdom. We should not mourn her sudden departure, but rather rejoice that her pure spirit is sundered from its frail tenement of clay. Miss B. had been an invalid for years, but her full faith in the great spiritual truths given her by spirit friends, sustained her through all her trials.]—Ed. Banner.

John White passed to spirit-life from Middlebury, Ind., Sept.

John White passed to spirit-life from anuagement, and 19th, aged 43 years.

Mr. White was educated in the doctrines of the Church. For some years he was a prominent member of the Methodist Church; but in his search for light and truth, he found in the gospel of Nature his religion. In Spiritualism he saw much that te him was true and elevating. Ills upright life, his intellectual and spiritual development, and his ability and readiness to defend the teachings of Nature (the Spiritual Philosophy), induced many to investigate and embrace his beautiful faith. Mr. White leaves a wife, two children, and a large circle of friends. His death has cast a shadow about their way, but they know their sorrow has brought rest and a glorious life to one they love.

Died in Berwick, Mo., Jan. 4th, 1864, Mr. Ebenezer Brown, aged 67 years 3 months and 25 days.

He has been a firm believer in spirit communion for the past three years; previous to that he was a member of the Methodist Church for upwards of forty years. He passed on, happy in the belief of a reunion of loved ones; and ere this he has found the friends he loved on earth, who went to the spirit-land before him. He leaves a wife and six children to mourn his loss. He was a subscriber to the Banner, and it always brought precious truths to refresh his mind. His funeral was attended by a large concourse of people, who were addressed by N. S. Greenleaf, of Lowell.

Great Falls, Me., Oct., 1864.

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