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#### NARRATIVE OF A SPIRIT WHO ENTERED SPIRIT-LIFE

AT THE AGE OF THREE MONTHS.

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CHAPTER IV.

I am impressed to give you a more minute account of the manner in which I acquired a knowledge of some branches which many persons suppose belong entirely to earth. My first experience in this direction, was at a school where small children were assembled. I had observed that at times when persons were engaged in singing, they held up books before them, and evidently seemed to obtain some aid from them. I could see the lines and figures in them, but I did not know what

I observed the little children with whom I was in the habit of playing, gathering up their books in the morning, to take with them, as they left their homes. It seemed to me that some of the books must be much more attractive than others, though they all looked alike to me; but I could see that some children took greater care of them, and had no difficulty in finding them, and always seemed pleased when they were looking into them; while others lost their books, and always seemed dull and discontented when they were looking at them. I had frequently made morning visits, and when the children gathered their books and left their homes, I would go elsewhere.

One morning I felt inclined to follow some little children to whom I was strongly attracted. We soon met a large company of them who were engaged in a very lively play, running about and enjoying themselves very much, around a large building somewhat like the church. Soon a small bell was rung, and they all hastened into the building, and were seated on small benches, all of one height; and I felt very sadly to see some of the little ones sitting with their feet some inches above the floor, and endeavoring to reach the desks in front of them, to lean on them. I watched the whole scene with interest. The teacher read something from a large book; I did not know what it was, as I could not understand her, and I did not see a single child in the school who did, or I might have got it from their minds.

This over, each child took out a book, and now I began to understand what they were at, as they began to spell words, the sounds of which were familiar to me; and although I could only find two of the children in that large school of more than thirty, in whose minds I could read clearly, these evidently understood that certain signs represented certain sounds. The next thing was for me to learn the forms of these signs; this I did very readily, through some of the smaller children, who were just beginning to call the names of the alinterested in this not only on account of what I learned, but because it brought me into closer relation to these children than I had ever been before. Thus was laid the foundation of a system-education, which, during ten years I have pursued, mingling with children of various ages and conditions, and, like the little bee, gathering more or less honey from every flower. Once initiated, there was but little difficulty in finding the road to knowledge, though a long one, I think it was easier to me than to most of earth's children. This I wish distinctly understood, that I never received an idea from any one without rendering them a full compensation for it; and if mankind only knew how much of this interchange there is, they would seek to attract us to themselves as much as possible. The difference between those children who learn with ease everything they attempt, and those who are dull and stupid, lies more in their mediumship than in

anything else. In this manner I acquired a knowledge of letters and figures, so essential to the study of reading and mathematics, and other branches, all of which were so attractive to me, that I was often held back by my association with the children of earth, for I could obtain a clearer and more distinct idea of any subject, if I received it just as soon as it had been clearly accepted by an earth

I have been told that the recent improvement in schools, in many sections of this country, has had a wids-spread and lasting influence upon spirits. I know that there are portions of the earth to which I felt no attraction, because there were so few children whose minds were being trained. We are es pecially interested in Lyceums and lectures to children, illustrated by pictures, and objects which impress the mind through the eyes, while the teacher operates through the ears. The volume of Nature presents here a vast and beautiful field in which you may labor with success to yourselves, your pupils, and to hosts of invisibles who are ever seeking to obtain knowledge. @

'Although I am deeply interested in this, and much pleased to be able to give you this narrative of my experience, I am impressed that, for the present, it must be brought to a close, as you will have more important labors to perform.

My guides say that before I offer to you my benediction for your kind labors for me, I may be permitted to recite to you the experience of two little girls who have recently been attracted to you, partly through my influence, but mainly through your own fitness for the labors which you are so nobly performing in the great drama of life,

Some months since, while I was engaged in presenting my story to you, there were two children brought near us, and I felt deep sympathy with and for them. I learned that they had come here the present year - that they passed from earth within a few hours of each other; they were aged four and seven years-the younger having passed on first, The other was soon enabled to join her sister. The disease of which they died was of a very malignant character, which, as it. separated its victims from their physical forms, left their spiritual bodies in a very weak condition.

I saw that they were not only much less able to | der various kinds of influence, so as to call out | are so afraid that they run and hide themselves. they suffered real pain, though those who had them in charge, and who were very kind to them, could render them insensible to this pain. But condition and start them on the road of progress as they should go.

I am told that all premature deaths have this effect; and that one of the principal labors in spiritlife is to remove the obstacles from the new-born spirit, so that it may go on its way rejoicing; not only is this an important labor for spirits, but you who still dwell in the form have a very interesting and important labor to perform in this direction, as we shall see. I saw these children around you several times before my attention was called to them. They were in the care of a circle or band of spirits, and a relative whom they called aunty, mother, that you recognize as Minnie, was the nearest and most intimate associate and friend they had here. She visited you several times without them, but I could see that her main object was to make arrangements for bringing them to you. I did not know that there would have been any difficulty, and should have said they could come to you at once, as I did, for I was just as much a stranger to you when I first came, as they were; but I saw there was hesitation on the part of your friends here.

Some time after this, as you were alone at night saw them bring these children to you. The effect was to make you quite sick at the time. You were aware that it was spirit-influence, but were not fully conscious what was going on. This was repeated every night for a week. I could see that you suffered considerable pain, and that the children looked much more comfortable. One morn ing the elder child came to you, and said:

"We are very happy now, and our mother and father will be very happy, too, when they know that we have come to you. I cannot say much to you now, but my aunty will help me, or I should be afraid to talk to you. You have been very kind to me, and I only mean to say that I am mostly afraid of big men. I feel just like a little timid bird, and I want to get away from strangers; and, like the little birds, I can fly, and nothing hurts me. There is plenty of room for everybody here, and we do not have any trouble about it: and if we don't like anybody, we just go away. Oh, I am so glad to come and talk with you! I want to tell you everything I can about our new home here with the angels. I was not at all afraid to come here; I wanted to come, for I thought little sister would get lost without me.

The only thing that made me feel sorry about it was, that mamma and papa felt so badly; and when I saw how much mamma cried and worried and around her all the time, I was disappointed; because I knew mamma used to see the little folks here just as I did before I came, and I thought she would feel just so about us, and be very glad to see us; but I find it makes her feel very badly because we cannot be with her just as we were. I knew aunty before I left the form though she came here before I was born. I passed away from earth so easily, that I thought mamma and all my friends were sinking away from me, and I was standing right still with my little sister and the friends here. Aunty said to me when I was very much troubled about mamma, 'My darling, it is all right that your mamma should feel so about you; you would not get along here so well if she did not. She loves you very much, and do n't wish to make you feel unhappy; but if she did not feel badly about your passing on into this sphere, you would not be able to do that you should be separated for a time, and it can be done in this way with less suffering to both of you than in any other. This separation is neable to help her and others. If she had not felt thus distressed when you came to her, but had inspired you with the same feelings she had while you were in the body, you would be held by her in a sphere that would not be the most appropriate either for you or her.

We lingered about our earth-home, and played just as we had been in the habit of doing. Our friend wanted us to go away, but we did not feel inclined to do this. Then they brought some nice little children to play with us, and we were delighted with them. After a time they told us that if we would play any longer we must go with these children, as it was necessary they should go home, and this induced us to go away for the first time. When we returned, we saw that mamma was feeling rather better: but as soon as we came near she began to feel sadly again. When I found how much mamma wanted to be with us, or to have us back with her. I always wished I was with her again in the form, and then I looked at my darling little sister, and thought that she could not get along here without me, and I told mamma

As a child I did not know as much about the future or the events that were coming to me as those who were older and had had more experience. I had no fear of death, as I see many persons have, because I had never been taught to dread it. I had been told that those who died went to the spirit-land, which was not far away, and they could come back whenever they desired; and I had seen many spirits as happy as we were, and I thought they were just as real as anybody. It was for me to realize that when I did come back, though I could see and realize many things just as I did when I was in the form, I should not be seen and recognized by my friends in the same manner as I had been. This was a disappointment to me, and reconciled me somewhat to going awav.

away. Aunty told us that 'if we wanted to be good and happy children, and grow more beautiful, we must go to different places, and come un-here without knowing anybody at all, and they even as the waters cover the sea.

move than I was at their age, but that at times and develop all our faculties.' She said that parents on earth who understand the law of education, place their children under different teachers, and toften send them away from home the main difficulty was to get them out of this for a time, in order that they may have other associations and influences around them."

I had never seen my aunty, except as a spirit; hut she knew me from my birth, and I soon learned to love her very much, for my young heart yearned for some one to love and confide in. and I was very glad she was here, and so were papa and mamma, that we were not thrown among strangers in a strange land, but come to a beautiful home, where we found many loving friends to welcome us.

When we went away with these children, aunty went with us, and they took us to a place where there were a large number of children assembled with some older persons who were their teachers. They were going through some exercises, which attracted us very much. At first we supposed they were playing without any order; but we soon discovered that there was a beautiful system of order without any apparent restraint, and each teacher governed his or her group in accordance with this.

After this we visited a beautiful garden, where there were a great many flowers and birds, and there we met the little girl who has been giving you this narrative, and we heard your friend here giving her lessons.

The places of instruction here are all very free, not only to the pupils, but to all who feel attracted to them. We visited a number of these, but were not initiated into any of them, though we learned something from each of them.

About this time I began to be afraid that I should be separated from my little sister. Secing my thought before I had given utterance to it, aunty said, 'My dear, you need have no fear of being separated from that darling one; you will go together just as long as you desire, and whenever you are separated, it will be because each of you find some one to attract you for a time more strongly. I wish you to know that there are to be no more painful separations here such as are common on earth. Your lessons here, at present, will be the same; and if she does not understand them as well as you do, you will be able to explain them better than any one else, and in doing this you will be learning.

The next morning a spirit friend said, "You know that the disease by which these little ones passed on to spirit-life so suddenly is one of the most terrible scourges, often permeating with its poisonous influence the entire body, so that even when the spirit remains in the body it presents most distressing cases of disease and suffering, about her little darlings that were right in her lap | but you were not aware that it effects the spiritual physical body in such a manner as to hold it in a condition which not only interferes with its progress but may cause much suffering here. The physical systems of these children are in this condition now, and the most prompt and efficient means of relieving them is to bring them into close rapport with some finely organized and strongly magnetic person still in the form.

The proposition was made to bring these children to you. We knew how it would affect youwe counted the cost and selected the time, and though you have suffered we have succeeded to our entire satisfaction. We are now about to conclude that portion of our labors that will be of painful character. Then taking up the elder child I placed it close to me, with its head in contact with mine. This produced quite a severe pain for a few minutes which passed from the point of contact through the entire body. This what will be the best thing for you. It is right however, soon passed off, and the child fell into a sound sleep. When she was removed and the other brought in contact with the other side of my head, I felt them just as distinctly as I have ever cessary in order that you may grow strong and be felt any living person. Passing through similar conditions with like effects upon both, she was also removed, and in a few minutes all the unpleasant symptoms were removed and I felt bet ter than I had for several days. Soon the little ones came to me with smiling countenances and more serene feelings than they had had before The elder child said:

"Doctor, I thought very often I would like to tell papa and mamma just what we were doing, but I was not strong enough to do it. My friends ere were so good and kind that they took me to them. We were both sick and did not know what could be done for us. We did not know what ailed us here. We supposed every one felt so when they came here, but they tell us now that it is different with each individual and that we suffered much more because we had that disease. When they said you could cure us, we wanted to go right to you; but they told us we must wait, for it would be very difficult and painful for you, and they must arrange all the matters so as to accomplish the end desired without burting you any more than they could help. I said, 'Don't let us go at all, if it pains him.' But they knew better. and have made all the arrangements, and now they have told you all about it, and sister and I feel really well. I never knew how to control a medium so well before; some one always had to do it for me; but now I can do something for myself, and that makes me very happy. Little children can throw an influence upon sensitive mediums, and sometimes say to them what they desire to communicate, but in most cases they require the assistance of older persons to fix the impression clearly upon the mind of the medium. If could have talked to my mamma without any difficulty, I should have had more to say to her than I had when I lived on earth with her. I felt very timid when I first came here; I was afraid of every one that I had not seen, and there were but few of these—and mostly little folks like my-I want you to understand about this going self. But we were much better off than most children who come here, because we had both seen some of the spirits. Many little children come

Oh, it is terrible! I have seen some little children that have made me feel very sad indeed. They did not know anybody, and could only go to little children like themselves who did not know much and, consequently could not tell them what to do or how to get along. I was drawn to persons on earth who love little chlidren, and I could not have come to you if it had not been for this.

I don't want you to think that we were in real pain all the time since we came here; we had some feelings of distress and were not able to move about as freely as most of the children whom we saw around us here, but, being ignorant | the language of the moral and intellectual man of the cause, we supposed this was the common lot of all who came here. Our friends here knew better, and they told us that we should pass through a change somewhat like death, though it would not be so great to me; this change was more painful than death, because I was more conscious. I remember suffering very much in the thoughts suggested by the nobler faculties clothe commencement of my sickness, but I have no recollection of my feelings for sometime before I passed away and awoke to consciousness in this life. My sister did not suffer here so much as she did when she died.

They say that this change was the throwing off of very considerable amount of matter, but not so much as was thrown off when we left our bodies. I can scarcely describe the pains we had here, I think they were very similar to those I had in the

They desire me now to tell you what I saw of the preparations made for bringing about the result to which we have alluded. First, they arranged a circle of six persons, whose magnetism would act upon you so as to produce a condition which would give them power to use you as a means by which to remove our magnetically discased conditions, and place us in a better state for progression. This circle consisted of three persons of each sex-your friend E., Doctor A. and an Indian, whom we call Petonk, who is the most powerfully magnetic man you have about The others were A., my Aunty, and an Indian maiden, Lima. E., was director and selected the time and conditions, and for ten days this circle was with you all the time, throwing their combined influence upon you. When I saw that it gave you pain, as I said before, I wanted them to stop at once. You may wonder how I knew it gave you pain, as you made no complaint, but my sister and myself were drawn very closely to you, and we could not go away. We had considerable pain and complained, as we did not know what it and we were very much pleased when E. said that the last painful effort would soon be over. Aunty took me in her arms, and I fell asleep, and when I wakened I seemed to be in a new world. elt so happy and full of love that and tell everybody. I was free, oh, how free; and I bounded forth with an ecstacy of joy. I did not living stream of pure magnetic love that had disease had fastened so firmly upon us. No earthly mind can realize the transport of joy that thrills our souls as we float calmly and screnely around

How beautiful is the unfolding law of progresthe demand of this. The spirit who had given the first part of this now returned and said:

our friends on earth and in the spheres.

I feel glad to have had this lesson, and I hope it will be found useful to many. Before closing my narrative I desire to present a few facts to you. It has been supposed that spirits who pass been scarred and seamed by the disfiguring touch of into spirit-life as I did, without any external knowledge of the condition of earth, would not endeavored to elude his observation, which the realize many of the temptations which belong to officer perceiving, caused him to arrest him at that life. It is a fact that not only the peculiar once, on suspicion—a suspicion that was at first elements which go to form human character, but many of the peculiarities and tendencies which led to a train of circumstances which revealed, to follow us through life, are impressed upon the a certainty, that he was the heretofore veiled murchild prior to birth and consciousness. Thus I derer. have seen inebriates in spirit-life who did not live many months on earth, and who had no knowledge of any such thing there. I do not mean by as reasonably expect poison in a golden head of this that we drink intoxicating liquors, but this is only an effect of peculiar mental and physical the spirit of Christ, too well loves his brother conditions which are as really manifested here as man to heap curses upon him, and too well his on earth. So I believe all the experiences of Creator to take his name in vain. It is from the earth are in some measure realized here, for hu- opposite characters that we expect profanity. The manity is a unit, and the germinal faculties that impure heart pours it out as the slough pours from usually begin their career on earth are all to be its stagnant coze the green and slimy water. unfolded here, and there are many points that I would be glad at some future time to present to ing by saying that it only falls from the lips, and you, and all who will investigate them; but I am in no way affects the heart. They will tell you again reminded that it is time to close my story. I there are men shockingly profane, who are kind

the poverty of language to express the feelings of have been unfortunate in their associations, and deep and lasting gratitude that burns upon the to have imbibed rude modes of expression; but altar of my soul, for the privilege I have had of let us not delude ourselves, nor by the plausibilpresenting to the world, through you, the thoughts lity of the premises learn toleration to such sin. I have been, needs this peculiar experience more profanity is not from the heart. Is man a parrot? than those who have had a two-fold experience, that of earth and this life. I feel now that I have had some compensation for the loss of the former | forth as concreted thought. By them we judge the condition, and for this I am indebted to you, and the only compensation I can give you in return, is my most hearty thanks and a pledge to labor with you in whatever sphere I may, for the elevation of humanity. And when in the rolling cycles you shall come to be as I am, a dweller of these spheres, you will be enabled to rejoice in a retrospect of your past life, that you were willing strengthens a sentence. By repetition it loses its to be the humble amanuensis of those who could only speak their little word in the great oratoria at random-a stray arrow aimed at no particular of creation, through you. God bless you! Go on in your labors, and thousands on earth and in the | be written out, how much stronger, not to say betspheres will rejoice with you in the coming of that ter, it would read if all the oaths were stricken glorious day, when the true knowledge of the out. If you doubt it, try the experiment and satinner world shall spread over the whole earth, isfy yourself. The sincerity of a man is at once

# Original Essays.

PROFANE SWEARING.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

"Thou shalt not swear."

Profane swearing is the language of the baser faculties of man's nature. If we should imagine a person so constituted as to be entirely controlled by passion, we should at once infer that his language would be oaths, just as we should infer that would be refined. Such is the beautiful harmony in nature; there is always correspondence. The ideas suggested by the baser organs seek a corresponding garb, and that garb is the slang of the race course, the prize ring, the gambling hell, the bar room, and the den of infamy; while the themselves in the chaste energy of prose, the rythm of music, the charms of poetry.

Thus, profanity may be defined as the expression of the passions. There is no spirituality, or beauty, or intellect in it. Oaths are gross, explosive epithets, distilling a venom more poignant than the arrow tipped with distilled woorara. There are oaths which snarl like the wolf, roar like the lion, and hiss like the serpent. Unlike the shaft of the savage, however, the oath pointed at others always wounds its author. Its poison returns to fester in his own veins, and corrupt the fountains of his existence. The volley of hate which he hurls at something outside of himself, only makes himself more hateful to all eyes. It reveals itself in an iron visage, marred by the lines of sin and misanthropy, and eyes through which look a demon instead of an angel of light. It recoils back on him, chasing away from him the beauty of innocence, the tenderness of love, the attraction which insensibly draws to him the spirits of the upright and noble in the leagues of friendship.

An oath rings from the swearer's lips. What loes it herald? A knowledge of his/weakness: his lack of self-control; a turbulent spirit, yielding itself to the polluting fury, Anger, and rebelling against God by disregarding his commands. The balanced mind swears not; it is the unhallowed, the ungoverned, the undisciplined. The pure in heart may listen by the hour to the slang of the street, and feel no desire to imitate. They will be shocked, sickened, and consequently not led into the same immoral habit. But day by day meant. Thus, night after night we were with you, he who swears grows more abandoned. The voice of conscience grows more hushed, until he hears it only in dreams of purer days. He passes off oaths as the real coinage of his heart, the most forcible utterances of manly energy and resolution I have never been half so happy before; every- and ceases to hear the voice of the accusing anthing seemed to shine with new beauty, and I gel who would lead him on to learn holier les-

I said that profanity recoils on its author. An occurrence illustrating this fact, comes up to me. see what they did with my sister, but she came to A startling murder had been committed in New me very soon, looking very bright and happy, and | York, and the perpetrators eluded the utmost vigthen I knew that she, too, had been baptized in a liance of the police. A celebrated detective was employed, but even his sagacity and foresight burned out of our systems the dross of earth that were inadequate. After a protracted and fruitless investigation, the search was abandoned, when, passing a hotel, he heard a terrific oath hurled at a waiter. He was shocked by the blasphemy. "A man," thought he, "who can use such language must have a black heart." He paused and listension! Gradually the soul's capacity grows to meet | ed. Oath succeeded oath, for it seemed that the waiter did not expedite his movements sufficiently to suit the impatient blasphemer, who, after a time, stepped out on a balcony.

He was a young man, one who might have been a glorious specimen of manhood, had not his face sin and crime. When he saw the detective, he aroused by his remarkable profanity, and which

So it is always. We do not hear the noble and good man-the meek Christian-swear. We might grain in place of the kernel. The man possessing

There are those who make apologies for swear-In taking leave of you I feel more than ever neighbors and good citizens. They are said to which are here embodied. I think one situated as Are we sure that, even in exceptional instances, a reiterating machine? Words are the representiltives of ideas, and when used by the mind, stand man. He who embodies his thoughts in oaths must abide the judgment.

There are certain men who style-themselves reformers, who, in a measure, tolerate profanity. They mildly call it the use of emphatic language -words thrown in to strengthen sentences. This is wholly untrue. An eath rather weakens than meaning, and becomes but an expletive thrown in mark. If the conversation of the profanist could distrusted who constantly ealls on God to witness. his truthfulness, mingles his words with the harsh sounds of condemnation. There are words enough to express the most emphatic idea, and the use of oaths not only degrades the author, but pains the

The sense of mankind is against profanity; it has no supporters, for even the most reckless acknowledge its folly and uselessness.

The ancient heathen nations saw its degradation and wickedness, and despised those who dishonored their divinities. The pure code of the Hebrew condemned it most emphatically.

In ancient times men invoked the Deity with uplifted hands, to witness the truth of their statements. The usual expressions were, "As the Lord of Hosts liveth." "God is my witness." "Behold, before God, I lie not." It was considered an assertion of sincerity, and of the most binding character. If it was disregarded, it was followed by severe punishment. No one should swear rashly or unnecessarily; but if need be, he in this manner testified to his truth. The commandment reads. "Thou shalt swear the Lord liveth in truth. in judgment and in righteousness;" "Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God, and serve him, and shalt swear by his name."

The origin of swearing is thus clearly defined. The primary use of it was for good, and not evil; but evil natures began to appropriate the use to themselves, and of course it became perverted to wicked ends. So it is written in the New Testament, "Above all things, my brethren, swear not, neither by the heavens, neither by the earth, neither by any oath, but let your communications be yea, yea; nay, nay."

The profanist blasts his moral nature. He learns his oaths; at first they have a sharp, well-defined meaning to him, for they are, in a measure, imitations of the solemn invocative asserting the sincerity of the speaker. By constant use they get to represent a multitude of ideas, and at length his ideas become as confused as his words. He ignores the noble use of language, and in the end it ignores him.

You who uttered an oath an hour ago, and are now reading these pages, pause and think. Did you ever receive any benefit from a profane oath? When you hear them ring out from your lips-the lips your mother has kissed so often when prattling to her in childhood, and bade never to swear because it was sinful-have you not felt condemned? Do you wish your children to grow up profane? Would it not shock and pain you to hear them use such language as you yield yourself to? You would take them slyly on your knee, and with crimson face, say, "It is naughty to swear. God does not love little children who swear." When the innocent eyes are upturned to your own, with the question, "Does not papa swear?" a humiliating sense of degradation will come upon you, and a sharp pain, that you have convinced the little creature of your imperfection, and that you have failed to be a correct example for his certain imitation. You wish-every parent wishes the same-to have your children grow to maturity moral and respected. With you rests the result. Become Christlike, and you are certain of excellence. No oaths blackened his pure vocabulary. But how touching and beautiful is the simplicity of his language, shadowing forth a perfect soul, overflowing with infinite wisdom and infinite love to every race and nation.

We should all strive after perfection, however futile may be our endeavors; and when we are so far successful that passion is completely under the control of morality and religion, no oath will be coined on the tongue for utterance, for the passions, which always coin such things, will have

Children will imitate your example, good or bad. They have aptly been called, "little pitchers with great ears." They gather and use indiscriminately everything which comes in their way. How eagerly they catch an oath and how often repeat it. They do so by imitation now. Soon they will use it as a diabolical representation of a diabolical idea. Guard your utterances. By-andby they will be concreted into a character which will owe to you either happiness or anguish, as it s good or bad, through all time:

There is another mode of profanity little recognized. It is the unuttered oath, framed in the mind, but which the sentinel. Pride, will not allow to pass the lips. Morally there is little difference in these modes, only that the latter affects solely the profanist. The conquest over the baser self is not complete until no bad thoughts array themselves in oaths. It is often said, "No one can govern his thoughts:" but that assertion is not true. The mind can dwell on but one thing at once, and it can be placed on instructive and pleasant topics, noble and attractive characters, until all will come to be a part of itself, and evil be rooted

"Why do men swear?" Because in oaths they vent their unutterable madness at their conditions and relations! Profanity brought not about their degradation; it is but the language of that degradation, and although it binds a stifling incubus about their souls, even heaven must pity, and not

#### EVIDENCE OF SPIRIT INTERPOSITION IN THE ART OF PAINTING.

BY C. D. GRISWOLD.

I have been much interested of late in looking over the histories of the art of painting in past ages, in the discovery that direct spirit agency has been frequently recognized by artists—that, in fact, painting is often a pure inspiration, in which the artist is but the instrument.

The most remarkable of the artists of this class was William Blake, who lived in London, England, in the early part of the present century. He was bred a designer and engraver, and as soon as he became proficient in his art, he devoted much of his time to sketching and engraving spiritual visions, which he had been accustomed to see from his boyhood. That he ever went through a pupilage in painting I do not learn, but that he painted pictures and likenesses of deceased persons, his biographer fully confirms. His sitters who came to him in spirit-form were no ordinary personages, as they include King David and William Wallace. He claimed to hold frequent conversations with Homer, Milton, Dante, Chancer, and many others. By many he was regarded as a wild enthusiast while others considered him mad. Always punctual and trustworthy, he was enabled to get work sufficient to sustain himself and wife in a very humble way; but either from prejudice against him, or a disinclination to take workthat he might devote his time to his own workshe remained poor always, and in his declining years was provided for by a few friends. Not only as an artist was he inspired, but he was gifted as a poet of no ordinary merit, as it has at last been discovered, now that, appreciation can do him no good. Many of his engravings of spiritual scenes were accompanied with letter-press pages of explanatory verse; but the public knew so little of the world of spirits, that it was neither appreciated nor understood.

Taking one of his pieces to Fuselli, the Presi-

dent of the Royal Academy of Art, the eminent on the supposition that the sun is a fixed, material somebody has told you this is very fine!" "Yes," Virgin Mary came and told me that it was very beautiful-what do you think of that?" "Why, nothing," replies, the President, "only that I do n't think her ladyship has immaculate taste." This same Fuselli claimed that he never painted before his vision, and that he could never but atpresented to him.

In one thing Blake was peculiarly happy. His wife, whom he married almost at first sight, worshiped him, and thoroughly believed in him from first to last. His biographer says of him, that, for relating his first vision, when he was but eight or ten years old, he barely escaped a thrashing from his honest father for telling such a 'lie'. For similar 'lies' all through his life he was treated as a candidate for an insane asylum; and it was with such a 'lie' on his lips he quitted earth on the 12th of August, 1827." "He said he was going to that country he had all his life wished to see." Just before he died, his countenance become fair, his eyes brightened, and he burst out into singing of the things he saw in heaven." "His mortal part," continues the biographer, " was interred in Bunhill Fields, in 'an unpurchased common grove,' and the spirit of the great and good man, freed from the tabernacle that had been its dwelling for nearly seventy years, become the associate of angels with whom his sight and soul had been familiar from childhood to old age.'

Murillo, the great Spanish painter, who lived about two hundred years ago, claimed for art the aid of divine inspiration. His works, more than any other I have seen, bear evidence of spirit internosition. His Madonnas are generally represented in a halo of golden light, very like the surroundings of certain spirits described to me years ago, before I had ever seen a picture of this class. at least so far as I could recollect. When I first saw a colored print of his "Immaculate Conception," I was struck with the similarity it bore to the description of "Mary the Mother of Jesus," as described in the "Messages of John Quincy Adams," page 291, and also of scenes in the higher spheres I had often had described to me by one whose vision was opened upon the world of divine life.

As we come down to the present time the pathway is more thickly strewn with these gems of each of the spheres; and being at the centre, at the angel artists. Among all the pictures I have seen, purporting to be painted by direct or partial spirit-power, there are none that represent so nearly the style and mode of execution which characterized the paintings of William Blake, as the spirit-scene, "The Portico of the Sage," by Hudson futtle. Those who value pictures for the ideas they represent, cannot fail to appreciate the merits of this admirable attempt to portray, on canvas, the scenes of the celestial world. To one acquainted with Mr. Tuttle, the evidence of spirit interposition is more apparent, than to those who conceive him a man of leisure, roaming in the fields of imagination-of poetry and speculative philosophy-instead of the industrious, hard-working farmer that he is. Cleveland, Ohio, 1864.

[Mr, Tuttle's picture, alluded to by our correspondent, will soon be on exhibition at this office.]-ED. BANNER OF LIGHT.

#### THE TRUE STRUCTURE OF THE UNIVERSE.

BY G. L. BURNSIDE.

All that has been taught by astronomers as to the construction of the universe is false, because they have assumed that all the space outside of he earth is open and unbounded by any possible firmament. Indeed, it may be said that there really is such infinite space. But this is said as an assumption, and clung to as an assumption, to the destruction of all beauty and sublimity in the idea of the heavens above us. I say the idea, for pands, a dome surpassing all human architecture; erene and glorious as an air-bubble, but firm as the everlasting hills.

How did this mistake arise? Because man does not see from God's standpoint. In other words, the structure of the universe is not to be ascertained by scientific investigation, but is the proper subject of revelation; and as such I claim to have discovered it.

The solar system, then, is a series of concentric spheres, of which the earth is one, and the sky is another. There are other spheres within the earth, and others above the sky. They are hollow, and their solid parts in about the proportion of an egg shell in thickness, as compared with the egg; perhaps less. The spheres, or rather their crusts, are about from twenty-five to fifty miles thick, and composed of matter similar to that which forms the geological strata of the earth. I beg you to understand me, that I am talking about realities, not unrealities - a sky above us, composed of solid material, like the crust of the earth - not a fog-and-moonshine sphere. The under side of it-the concave vault-is lined with an ocean of water; and in this the sun and stars are seen reflected from the atmosphere of the earth. Each sphere—those above the sky, and those below the earth—has a similar ocean for its visible firmament, the water which lines the under side of the earth's crust being the sky of the world below it. The sun of each sphere is the light of its own atmosphere, focalized in the concave of the sky.

The sun of modern scientific astronomy is an ill-contrived heater, and would disgrace, as an invention, the patentee of a modern coal-stove; because not more than a millioneth part of its rays reach any planet, and that millioneth might as well be manufactured where it is wanted. Why is it shot down ninety-five millions of miles? But there is not enough light and heat even after all this ado; for the planets, whose "orbits" are outside of us, are very scantly supplied, and they are Mercury is burnt up. Saturn is a ball of ice, or onght to be. In fact, it is a miserable arrangement generally. One would think that Nature's journeymen had made the Solar System, and not made it well, it imitates common sense so abominably.

But why, it may be asked, is all this fault-finding? Must we not take it as we find it? I have found it years ago, and am trying to show it to the reader. These things have been concealed many thousands of years. There is a brief statement of it in the ancient book called Genesis,

which is mainly correct, as far as it goes. But how can this system be reconciled with the known facts of astronomy? I will take the most obvious case at once, and show that it can be so reconciled, and if so, those not so difficult may be supposed to be not conclusive against the system. The sun, they say, is ninety-five millions of miles from the earth, and there can be no opaque sphere between us and it. But this estimate of the dis-

painter said to him: "Well, Blake, I suppose object, and that two observers, in different localities, see the same sun. Whereas, I claim that it answered he, with the utmost simplicity, "the is a meteor, like the rainbow, and that two spectators see two different suns, perhaps thousands of miles apart. The rainbow is a sort of very diffused sun; and if its colors could be brought to a focus, as the prismatic colors in a burning-glass cán, it would form a brilliant point of white light, a picture until he first saw it perfectly presented so like the sun that it might deceive the very elect. The apparent location of the focalized tempt to represent the beauty of the pictures thus | point of light in the sky, called the sun, is governed by optical laws, and they will be discovered and in the investigation of them, the truth of this system may be demonstrated. Also, if islands can be discovered in the sky, that will help the cause. There are some indications of them in the Antarctic heavens. They are called the coal-sacks. If there are much greater improvements in the telescope, data will be found which will establish the existence of a solid firmament.

If the sun is, as I suppose, the light of our atmosphere focalized in the concave ocean above us, it would indeed have a shifting location with reference to spectators at different points. If any concave reflector in a lighted room be observed, it will be found to have a bright point, but this point of light will be found to occupy different parts of the concave, as the observer shifts his position. The sun is such a point of concentrated light in the sky, and that light originates in our atmosphere, and is merely focalized and reflected according to optical laws, and first becomes visible to us after being so reflected. The same reasoning applies to the stars.

The planets are the representative lights of the concentric spheres; for the light of each sphere pervades the rest, the solid crusts of the earth, the sky, &c., forming but a partial obstruction to it. Those "within our orbit" being the images of those below us (between us and the centre of the earth). Those "outside of our orbit" being those above the sky. The light of these is diffused through our atmosphere. Our own peculiar light is so strong that it overpowers this: but when this is temporarily obscured, then it appears. The planets that we see are perfect images of the globes they represent. The sun is an image of the earth; the fixed stars, of creations past or fu-

The moon is the central fluid, and still chaotic nucleus of the Solar System. It is at the centre of that system, and, of course, of the earth, and of each revolution on its axis, it throws its reflected light all around the circumference of the sky, and therefore "completes its revolution around the earth in the same time that it revolves on its own axis." (See modern astronomy everywhere.) It may be objected that it is impossible that the light of this central moon could penetrate up through the crust of the earth. It is only necessary, to make this possible, that the crust of the earth should be transparent in this respect, though opaque in all others. Opaque, indeed, to secondary light, but not so to the primary-to us invisible-principle.

The spheres are continually growing from the centre outwards. The earth was once in the position of the moon. The moon will be in the position of the earth. When the outside sphere has fulfilled its destiny, it is dissolved. The one next to it then becomes the outside one. The earth will be this. Each one in turn occupies the position of all that preceded it. When the outside sphere is dissolved, a new one forms itself at the centre; and this process is going on through all

Oswego, N. Y., 1864.

# Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS. 192 WEST 27TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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

### LUCY'S VISIT, TO HER AUNT;

THE EFFECT OF THE MAY-BES.

If there was anything that made Mrs. Pringle proud, it was her china. She had beautiful sets for tea, and for dinner, and for breakfast, with bright, golden bands, and she kept them very safely in a large closer and very seldom used them. Perhaps she thought such treasures helped her to be good; very certain it is she would have been very unhappy without them, after having once possessed them. She never passed a shop where china was displayed that she did not look longingly upon it, and sigh to add more to her

There lived with Mrs. Pringle only one servant, who took very good care of everything and especially of the china which was wiped and dusted often, and placed in admirable order on the well-arranged shelves. A niece of Mrs. Pringle had lately come to visit her-Lucy Tilton, a happy, merry girl, who loved to run in the fields, and hunt hen's eggs in the barn, and jump on the hay, and pick checkerberries in the spring, and butternuts in the autumn. A glad, happy life she lived at her home in the country. If she had any trouble it did not stay long, for she did. not mean to do wrong, and when she made mistakes she was readily forgiven by her loving father and

mother. When Mrs. Pringle sent an invitation to her to come to the city and make her a visit, Lucy thought it the happiest thing that could happen to her. She had heard so much of her aunt's fine house, and especially of her fine china, that she was sure it must be almost like going to heaven

to go and visit her. "Now, Lucy," said her mother, as she fitted her off for the long talked-of visit, "I know you will be a good and kind child, and do the very best you can; and you must not run as if you were in the fields, but walk quite like a lady, and you by far the largest and most important. Little must be very sure and not touch one of your aunt's things, for they are not like our common ones, and are only meant to look at; and, let me say, if any thing should happen, if you should be so unlucky as to injure anything, don't try to hide it; and don't forget, Lucy, be very carefulthat's a nice child." And thus with a hearty kiss Lucy left her mother for the first time. She would no doubt have felt quite sad at thus leaving her beloved home, had she not been thinking so much of what pleasure she was going to find in the city of which she had heard so much.

> For a few days all her anticipations were realized. There was enough to see to occupy her time, and she was never weary of looking from the windows and watching the passers-by. It seemed to her as if there must be some great gathering to which every one was hurrying, so fast did they walk, and so many new faces did she see each hour. But after a time she became quite tired of looking from the windows and would have felt glad to have been out in the

who, having done what she could to amuse her for a few days, now left her to care for herself. Lucy remembered what her mother had told her, and had not once run over the nice carpets, but had walked quite like a lady, and neither had she touched any of the ornaments, but had contented herself with looking at all the fine things. One afternoon while her aunt was taking her nap, Lucy was left in the parlor alone. She had gazed until she was weary at the passers-by, and had wondered the hundredth time what the little images were doing that sat on the mantle, and why the great pictures looked so dark, and the great vases had such strange figures on them.

"Oh, if I had something to do!" she said to herself; "how doleful the city is! how much rather I would be out in the woods hunting squirrels' nests. I could run as fast as the squirrels themselves; just so." And away she ran around the centre table till her heart felt quite merry. All at once she remembered what her mother had but to sit still after once having felt the joy of motion, seemed impossible.

"Now I remember," said she to herself, " perfectly well what my mother told me-every word, and I am sure she did not say that I must not run in some room. Now here is a nice room-a very nice room I have no doubt-just off the parlor here; suppose I should look in and see how nice nothing seemed pleasant to her; there was a great a place it is-perhaps it is just right to run in, and may be Aunt Pringle had it made purposely for little girls, and forgot to tell me about it. Here's the key in the door, and that shows that I can open it if I please. Let me see-how does it turn? Oh, that's it! how it snaps! what a nice key! We the one that usually met her, she said: do n't have locks on our doors at home—I wonder why. I guess it is because there's nobody that needs to be locked out, or nothing that needs to be locked in."

All this time Lucy did not really open the door. Something seemed to tell her that it was not quite right, that she was meddling with what she had know what I should do if I should lose any. I no right to, and so she kept saying to herself," may be Aunt Pringle would just as soon have me go as not; may be she expected me to unlock the door; may be there's nothing in there."

These may bes are very dangerous to little girls and boys: as soon as one begins to say may be, you as older people, know very well that if they once begin to let in wrong with a may be it's right, that the wrong is sure to keep coming in more and more, like the camel into the teut. Lucy knew very well that and what her aunt did not expect her to do; but flee from it. Once, after she had opened the door you talked of." a little crack, she paused and said, "Oh, if I had a doll to play with I would n't do anything else. and let me buy a doll with the money father gave me. Let me see: I'll have a doll with curls and a high back-comb, just like that picture over there; and she shall have a blue dress and coral Pringle thought that I would n't care if I looked

With this last may be Lucy opened wide the door and stepped quite boldly into the room. It was a small room which at first seemed quite empty, and Lucy felt a little ashamed of the curiosity that had led her to do a foolish thing; but on raising her eyes to one side, she saw behind glass doors the elegant china of which she had heard so much. Oh, how fine it looked with its snowy white surface and its golden bands! besides, there were pieces painted in gay colors—all kinds of flowers and insects and fantastic figures were represented. There were cuns with mottoes and with curious figures of men and women, and vases with men and women nainted on them in fantastic dresses, like the picture of John Chinaman in Lucy's geography. She remembered no longer that she was trespassing on forbidden ground; she only thought of what was to be seen.

"Oh," said she, "I m of course I must! and here's a nice place to step up so that I can unfasten the glass door. Oh, Pringle don't use them; how nice they would look on a table. Let me see: here's this beautiful bowl-I'll just set it down there, and call it I'm going to eat bread and milk out of it; and here's this beauty of a vase! Oh, if I could just take it down and see what's on the other side-of course no one can see without taking it down. What a goosey I am-here it is! What a funny man, and how his eyes look, and his hair is all shaven off his crown! Oh, dear! and what is he doing with that great umbrella that looks just like a toadstool? I can't see very well-guess I'll get down and carry it where there is more light;" but she forgot to step carefully, and gave a spring as if she had just found a squirrel's nest up in the decayed limb of a tree and was in a hurry to get some beech nuts to put close by, so as to see him run out and carry them in and hide them. She gave a good leap, and came down, not on her feet, but hands first, and the vase was shattered in many pieces.

When Lucy saw what she had done she sat very still a moment, and then began to cry most piteously; all the folly and wrong of her act came before her; she had never been half as miserable before. What should she do? This question kept coming up before her. She knew very well that there was but one way to do, that could be called a right way, and that was to obey her mother, and not try to hide her fault, but to go directly and confess what she had done; but Lucy had grown timid by allowing herself to listen to the perhapses and maybes, and so she began again to be tempted.

Oh, dear! dear! I wish I was at home," she said. "I wish I'd never come to see Aunt Pringle; but she asked me, I did n't ask to come, and she shouldn't have left the key in the door, then I could n't have got in. Who knows if she will ever miss the vase? She doesn't come here often; I've never seen her since I came. If I pick up the pieces all nice and hide them I wonder if she'll know. There's such a cupboard full, of course she won't miss one thing; and what good does it do her, I'd like to know-standing there all the time? It might just as well be broken. Perhaps she won't care at all; may be she'd just as soon it would be broken as not. I'll pick up all the pieces, at any rate."

She gathered up the front of her dress, and put every bit that she could see into it, and went out into the parlor, and closed the door of the room behind her. But now what could she do with the pieces? At first she thought she would put them smaller ones fell through: these she picked up again, and then went to a basket that stood in one corner of the room, but she felt quite sure she looked at one of the tall vases on the mantle shelf, but if she should chance to break that, too,

place she thought of seemed to her would be the very first place that her aunt would go to. The wrong that she had been doing had so effected her spirit, that she now thought only of concealing it. Sorrow for the wrong seemed for a time to have left her, and one evil admitted into her spirit had so opened the way for others, that she kept adding to the wrong, and was every moment acting a lie. Lucy would not have told a lie for anything, but she was acting one, which was just as bad.

At last she ran up stairs to the room she occupied, and opened her trunk and put the pieces in. Even with this she was not satisfied, but thought, "What if Aunt Pringle should come up and look into my trunk for something?" Thus she made her Aunt Pringle's eyes all-seeing. She did not think that even then the dear angel that watched over her was grieving at the wrong she had done, and begging her to do right by going directly to her aunt and telling her of her foolish curiosity told her, that she must not run in her aunt's nice and its consequences. Lucy was bearing in herparlor, and to atone for her forgetfulness she sat self a dreadful punishment already; a terrible quite still in an arm-chair for as long as a minute; | fear had entered her heart, and there was no room left for joy. She ran back into the parlor, fearing her aunt would come in and miss her, and then she began to cry bitterly, thinking of what she had done; then she remembered that if she cried, her eyes would be red and swollen, and her aunt would wonder what was the matter; so she tried to stop crying and look out of the window, but cloud on her spirit that darkened everything.

Soon she heard her aunt's step, but it was not a pleasant sound to her. She wondered why she came so soon, and wished she had stayed in her room. As her aunt saw her face, so different from

"Why, little cousin! is she homesick? Well, I'm a poor hand to care for children; I forget that they want to be amused. What can I do? Oh, I remember: I was thinking I would show you my china. There is nothing I am so fond of as beautifui china. I love every piece I have, and I don't nover let any one touch it but Bridget, who is as careful as I am. Come, and I will show you how nicely she keeps them.'

"I do n't want to," said Lucy.

"Don't want to? Well, that's very odd! Just see here;" and she opened the door and exposed may look out for mischief. Girls and boys, as well | the room that Lucy was only too familiar with. "Oh, no, no," said Lucy; "I do n't want to see.

[ hate china!" "What a child!" said her aunt; "why; when I was your age, I even saved all the broken pieces. she was doing what her mother would not like, I could find. Well, if you don't want to, I must do something else to amuse you, for I see you are the temptation was very strong, and she did not half homesick. Let us go out and buy the doll

Lucy felt such a relief as she saw her close the door that had opened so great a sorrow to her, wonder why Aunt Pringle don't take me out that she almost smiled, and ran up stairs quickly to get her bonnet.

Once in the street she hoped to forget her troubles; but the trouble was all in herself, and so she could not put it from her. Nothing could take necklace, and such elegant shoes! Oh, I wish I it away but doing right. Nothing amused her had it! but then I have n't, and may be Aunt much, and she only half heard what her aunt said to her. The whole world seemed like a different place to her from what it had ever seemed before. Why was she not glad in the sunshine? Because there was no sunshine in her heart. Why did not the merry voices of the children seem pleasant to her? Because there was a mournful dirge singing in her spirit. Why did not the gay shops interest her? Because her mind was occupied by its own unpleasant memories. Thus it is ever: that which is gay and beautiful and glad, must be responded to in ourselves by our own happiness of spirit.

At last they came in their walk to a window filled with elegant china. Mrs. Pringle paused there of course, and stood in admiration of the beautiful objects before her.

Lucy's heart beat rapidly, and hereyes filled with tears. Was everything, she thought, to bring that dreadful vase to her mind, and keep it there? In looking over the beautiful articles before her, she nw one pair precisely like the one sl en. Her aunt saw it also.

"I do declare," said she "if there is n't a pair how easily it opens! just as if it was made for a of vases just like my beauty at home. Those up little girl to open. May be it was. How much there, Lucy. Aren't they beauties? There is better they look close to! I wonder why Aunt nothing I think more of than that vase, and I did n't suppose there was another in the whole city like it. But come, we must hurry to find a doll for you, and when I get home, I'll show you my vase, and you shall see that it is exactly like those. "I don't want a doll," said Lucy. "I wish I

had the vases instead."

"What a child!" said her aunt: "an hour ago you did n't like china, and now you are willing to give up your long talked of doll for those vases! But they cost, dear, as much as ten dolls. Why, mine alone was six dollars, and you have n't but two, have you? for your doll and all the candy you may want. What a dear, good father you have to give you so much money."

At the mention of her father's name, and the thought of her home, Lucy began to cry piteeusly, so that her aunt, thinking she was really ill, yielded to her desire to go home. All the way there Lucy was thinking of her dear mother, and how loving she was, and how tenderly she cared for her, and how she trusted her, and believed she would be a good girl at all times and in all places. A little prayer arose in her soul, and gave her the first gleam of comfort-it was a wish to lay her head upon her mother's lap, and tell her all her troubles.

When she reached her aunt's home, she went directly to her own room and opened her trunk. There lay the fragments of the vase, and seeing them made her cry again. "Will nobody tell me what to do?" she thought; then she remembered her mother's words, "Do n't try to hide a fault." Then she thought of what she had told her: that there was always something in her spirit that would tell her what to do if she would only listen, and she tried to listen, but it was not easy to follow what it said. She knew she should never feel happy until she had told of the wrong she had done, and made the best amends in her power. "But how mean aunt will think me!" came into her mind. Maybe she will not forgive me; maybe she will never find me out if I don't tell; maybe sometime, if I get rich enough, I can buy the vases and give her both." These thoughts made her very miserable again, and she began to cry pitcously. At last the better ones began to speak again louder than ever, "Never try to hide a fault.''

Lucy was not a coward in her heart. She could climb the tallest trees without trembling, and she was not afraid of the darkness, or to be alone; and, after a time, as the better thoughts came into her mind, she determined to in the grate behind the screen, but some of the do right at all hazards. She gathered up all the pieces of the vase in her handkerchief, and then, for the first time, a little smile passed over her face; it was like sunshine that glances through that her aunt would go there the first thing; then the dark clouds, and it almost always tells of a bright day coming. She ran quickly down stairs, and went directly to her aunt. She found her sittance of the sun may be a fallacy. It is founded fields instead of in the fine parlors of her aunt then she would be worse off than ever. Every ting, looking at the bright embers in the grate "See," said she to Lucy, "I had a little fire made, it looks so social; and I thought perhaps it would seem more home-like and pleasant to you." Father, thanks! oh, not for joys "Nothing seems pleasant to me," said Lucy; "for look here;" and she opened the fragments of the vase.

"What have you done, child? Oh, my beauty! -my vase-broken it? Oh, how could you? Why, Lucy, I would rather you'd have-" At this Lucy began to cry bitterly.

"Oh, child, do n't cry. I just happened to think that there's another just like it that I can buy as well as not. How lucky! and I can have a pair of them now.'

"And you'll take my money that I was going to buy a doll with," said Lucy; "and I have some more at home laid up for Christmas, won't you? and then I shall be so happy! I was very, very naughty to touch your things, when my mother bade me not; and then to try and hide it was worse than all. I felt as if a great big lie was right in me; but now I've got it out, and if you'll please let me write to my mother to-night, and tell her all about it, and ask her to send me my Christmas money, then I shall be oh, so glad!"

Lucy had indeed taken the lie out of her spirit, and felt like another being. There was gladness for her now, instead of the dreadful fear. The dangerous maybes had left her, and, instead, had come pleasant thoughts of right. How changed everything seemed now! The sorrow and meanness had left her spirit, and everything seemed full of beauty and goodness. She wrote her letter home, and received her money, and was made very happy in seeing her aunt purchase the vase with it, and also the other with money of her own.

When Lucy went home and told her mother all about it, and what she thought and felt, and of the maybes and perhapses, her mother told her:

"Remember this: there is always a right thing to do and a wrong, and all the maybes and perhapses that you can think of will never make wrong right. Some day I will tell you a story of the family of maybes and perhapses; but now think of this: doing right makes you feel always satisfied with yourself-doing wrong and hiding it, buts a meanness into your spirit that nothing can take away but the doing of right."

#### Written for the Banner of Light.

A BOUQUET FOR PSYCHE.

BY DAVID H. SHAFFER.

Once, in the Spring-time blooming, I roamed the woodland shade,

Where meadows, fields and gardens their floral gems displayed,

With dew-drops decorated, like diamonds sparkling bright.

While sapphires, rubies, emeralds glowed in the clear sunlight.

Fair Nature ne'er so lovely seemed as on that charming day, When I went forth to gather flowers to form a

choice bouquet; Where'er my footsteps led me, my eyes with rap-

ture gazed Upon the lovely penciling that Nature's hand had raised.

I sought the sweet Carnation,(1) whose fragrance filled the air.

The Clematis(2) so beautiful, and delicately fair; Blue Violets(3) and Myrtle,(4) and Rose(4) with sweet perfume.

Made e'en the scene more beautiful with their delightful bloom.

One darling flower gave me delight—the dear Forget-Me-Not,(5)

That here and there bloomed out in smiles, as in a

sacred spot;

Chaste Lemonblows(6) and Frankincense,(7) each glorified the earth. While Blue-Bells,(8) White Chrysanthemums(9)

expressed exalted worth.

The Camelia Japonica(10) and the fair Celandine (11)

Ambrosias(12) and White Roses(13) and the Red Columbine (14)

And Moss Rose Budg(15) and Gilliflowers(16) and the sweet-scented Balm.(17)

With Crown Imperial, (18) all conspired my sight and soul to charm.

The Lilac(10) and Cape Jasmine(20) were grateful

to my sight; On the levely Coreopsis(21) I gazed with fond de-

.light: The Lily of the Valley(22) and the fragrant Mign-

onette (23) While the Dock(24) taught me a lesson that I nev-

er shall forget. The Daily Rose,(25) the Iris,(26) the Garden Dai-

sy.(27) too. The Snow-Drop,(28) and the Hawthorne,(29) and

Heart's-Ease(30) gemmed with dew; The delicious Honeysuckle, (31) and the Helio-

trope(32) so fair, Shed forth their scented treasures on the circum-

ambient air. The Monthly Rose(33) her loveliness each opening

, day displayed; The Lily(34) with her richest sweets in virgin

white arrayed; The Apple-Blossoms'(35) fragrance enriched the atmosphere,

While the Oak(36) in glossy foliage stood superla-..... tively fair.

I beheld with admiration the Magnolia's (37) tow ering form,

And the charming little Cowslip,(38) that smiles amid the storm.

Thus I wandered on unconscious of the silent passing hours.

When I found that I had gathered a harvest of sweet flowers.

Oh, I love ye, darling flowers! for the thoughts that ve reveal. For ye weave a garland round me, a wreath with

magic spell;

My soul is so delighted with your enchanting powers.

That I could live forever in your heaven-painted · bowers.

With tendrils of the Vines(39) I bind this choice and rare Bouquet.

While from this soul-inspiring spot I turn myself

And when the evening shades of life shall rest my laboring sight.

The Pride of the Prairie(40) will say a sweet " Good-night."

Cincinnati, O., October, 1864.

(1)Woman's pure love. (2)Mental beauty. (3)Retiring modaty. (4)Love. (5)Trite love. (6)Fidelity in love. (7)The incense of a grateful heart. (8)Constancy. (9)Truth. (10)Inprotending excellence. (11)Joys to come. (12)Love returned. (12)I am worthy of you. (14)Anxlous trembling. (15)Confession of love. (16)Bonds of antection. (17)Sympathy. (18)Majesty. (19)Confidence. (20)Transport of Joy. (21)Always cheerful. (22)Return of happiness. (24)The qualities of your mindsurpass your charms. (24)Patience. (25)I aspire to your smilles. (26)I have a message for you. (27)I share your sentiments. (28)Hope consoling. (29)Hope realized. (30)Cherished romombrance. (31)Chencous and devoted. (22)Devoted attachment. (33)Heauty ever new. (34)Sweetness and purity of soul. (35)Preference. (30)Thou art homered above all. (37)Love of Naturo. (33) You are my, divinity. (39)Jinmortal union. (40)Bery me amid Nature's beauties.

### Written for the Banner of Light.

A SPIRIT-PORTRAIT.

The world can give, the world can give, But for this testimonial voice That they still live, that they still live; The shout from earth, the sign from heaven, The joyous thrill, the joyous thrill,

Are living still, are living still. Look on this picture-" earth to earth

That tell me all my little seven

And dust to dust" was wept in vain; Let flow again your tides of mirth-Tako heart again, tako heart again. The world shall crumble piece by piece.

Temple by temple, name by name, Whilst shining centres still increase Their living flame, their living flame.

Oh, dash away the doubt, the fear, Impassioned hearts, impassioned hearts. Arise! in God's attire appear

From human sight, from human sight.

Out from your mean and sordid marts-Out to the blazing front of day Where heaven's light, where heaven's light Shall purge all human dross away

Oh, FATHER, thanks!—the Past revives. And now flow back the golden years, Freighted with all the loving lives We drenched with tears, we drenched with

tears-Drenched with the rain of hearts that bled, In buried days, in buried days, Ere yet we knew the living dead

Might meet our gaze, might meet our gaze. Look on this picture: "dust to dust Was went in vain, was went in vain; Just overhead they live, and just The same again, the same again. Oh, FATHER, thanks! but not for joys

The world can give, the world can give; Phanks, for this testimonial voice That they still live, that they still live. New Orleans, La.

# The Recture Room.

Lecture on Death and the Spirit-World. By Mrs. S. Brotherton, while in a Trance

Condition, to a party of Private Friends, in Pontiac, Mich., Jan. 26, 1864. [Reported for the Ranner of Light, by Thomas Paul Nisbett.]

Friends—Possibly you are not aware of the condition in which I find the organism through which I address you this evening. And you who are not acquainted with the philosophy of spirit-intercourse can form but a vague idea of the difficulty of intelligently conveying to your understanding—through that organism—the solemn and important truths which I am here to speak of, and which are so distorted by religious teachers, as to have become in every household a terror, and consequently a source of sorrow and woe, instead of a blessing.

of a blessing.

There is no subject of more importance to the Soul than "Death." Man is ever being taught that "Death is his final end; that it forever severs his connection with Earth;" and that while living here he has no connection with those loved ones—his nearest and dearest ones—whom death has removed from his physical vision.

In looking over the condition of man on earth; his reception of superstitious teachings, and numerous other artificial surroundings, we are not astonished that he regards death as an enemy, and sorrows after absent ones, whom, according to the teachings of the so-called Christian religion, he may never behold again.

But we who have quitted earth—released by death from the thralldom of superstition—and now enjoy the freedom of the spirit-world, rejoice that we can sing a new song, that we are living where angels dwell.

oll, my dear friends, how we of the spirit-world will rejoice when man walks in wisdom's ways; when his mind is freed from the shackles of priestby bigotry, and know, by inspiration, that Death is in accordance with Divine law—is the friend of man, and not his enemy—coming in kindness to remove the mortal coil, and return it to the earth from whence it came, and permitting the soul to scend heavenward to claim its birthright, to be thed in loveling fields of the spirit-land, united to beloved friends, and join with the angels in the Grand Choir of Heaven, and in the light of one Eternal day, who cliant the praises of the Ever-living God for man's deliverance from ignorance and superstition.

deliverance from ignorance and superstition.
Could the inhabitants of earth see and understand, as we of the spheres know and comprehend, that that which is termed death, is in reality the second birth; that "that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit," they would no longor "mourn in dust and ashes;" for the flood-gates of tears and sorrows would be forever closed, and now hopes and aspirations well up in the soul; love would gush forth rations well up in the soul: love would gush forth rations well up in the soul; love would gush forth like a fountain from its long pent-up dopths; and man, the crowning work of his Creator, would walk the earth a new creature, no more the slave of creeds and dogmas, but the heir of immortality, born to an inheritance of eternal joy and glad-

Oh that men were free! Oh that they could Oh that men were free! Oh that they could view this heavenly land of ours! and with us live on for endless ages, progressing higher and higher; being fed on angels' food at the table of our Heavenly Father! Oh, that we could speak to man so that he could understand the priceless pleasures of the bright spheres above! unfold to his ever busy mind the glories which he is destined to attain, bring to him the yiel perfumes of heaven's tain: bring to him the rich perfumes of heaven's Elysian fields, the glittering gems from our crys-tal fountains, and the lovely sounds of Peace and Good Will, laden with the dews of heaven, in the midst of which we live and are happy; whilst still new, and hitherto unknown glories, unveil themselves, inviting our glorified spirits to higher knowl-

And thus, instead of hungering and thirsting after unrighteousness, and spending their time in getting wealth and hoarding it, men would realize that it is not all of life to live on earth, nor all of death to die; for men are responsible and accountable beings. Oh that men would give heed to the truths which, even in their low and enslaved condition, are ever intruding and presenting themselves. Truth looks upon man and claims him as dition, are ever intruding and presenting themselves. Truth looks upon man and claims him as part of the Divine Being, but he is a slave to fanaticism and man-worship, without a particle of pure, vitalizing religion, having, it may be, a visionary hope of some far-off heaven, with no substantial prospect of a world to come, and no enjoyment of a heaven within.

While speaking of death, we are reminded that while on your earth we stood by the sick couch of

while on your earth we stood by the sick couch of loved ones. We remember, too, the bursting heart and the anguish of mind when gazing on the vacant chair, and at the voiceless, senseless form. But oh! how deceitful was that change to us! Dead only as regarded the human form; but in fact alive in a new and never-ending existence. A few hours passed in unconsciousness, the exte-A few hours passed in unconsciousness, the exterior form became passive, and the freed spirit crossed the "river of death;" then that freed one realized that death was not that enemy that should frighten the soul, but a deliverer, come to escort the willing spirit to its home in the spheres, there to be surrounded by beloved friends and angels, whom, though unknown, have hovered near it all through earthly life, as guardian spirits. Thus the spiritually developed man is not afraid of the approach of Death.

When we consider how inseparable is the immortal soul of man from its Creator, we wonder

mortal soul of man from its Creator, we wonder not that angels wept at the ignorance of men gen-erally, and at the blindness and fanaticism of the self-constituted religious teachers, particularly. Even down to the nineteenth century your most learned theologians have failed to find the great

principles of the immortal soul.

When will you realize, oh sons and daughters of earth, that death, which you have been taught to regard as a bitter thing—the tearing asunder of hearts and affections—is but the first unfoldment of the science of life? Every man is an individualized being, revolving on his own axis. Every

creature and thing created must bow to that inex-orable law, or principle, Death. It is in perfect harmony with Divine law.

Man has been taught a false religion, and has

Man has been taught a false religion, and has credulously accepted the teaching. Burled and walled around by bigotry, creeds, systems, and intolerance, he does not dare even to think for himself if he would. So we find him at this advanced age of scientific enlightenment, thickly enveloped in darkness and superstition.

The inhabitants of the spirit-world look with sorrow upon both the past and the present history of man's degraded condition, morally and intellectually. But it is with joy they visit their kindred on the earth, hoping thereby to assist them in throwing off the mantle of ignorance, so they can progress upward and onward. Could you look at death as it really is, and learn the great lesson of life—learn to live—you would see bright angels coming to meet you, to invite you to walk with them in their spheres of holiness and gladness. Yes, man is of Divine origin and, has been so trained in ignorance that to his fellow-man he is incomprehensible.

To promote the happiness of mankind, God has supplied the earth with averything his temporal

no is incomprehensible.

To promote the happiness of mankind, God has supplied the earth with everything his temporal wants require, yet he is not satisfied with this munificence, for we see within him the spirit of inquiry—a desire for something higher. Creeds are beings brought to the bar of personal criticism, and ordiness are freely need them. and opinions are freely passed upon their merits and demerits. Thus man is beginning to soar up-ward. Oh that he would continue to mount on the wings of love. What a revolution will be created in his soul when his spiritual vision is unfolded. Instead of relentless war raging from continent to continent, causing the earth to drink in the blood of its victims—a propitiation for ignorance—men would bow in homage to Truth and Wisdom, and identified, accountable beings would learn to love as the angels do. Love would then flow from soul to would never the same of then flow from soul to soul, and peace reign su-

preme.

Many prayers have gone up to the Christian's God for Peace. Prophets and seers have foretold that when war is no more, "the Lion and the Lamb will lie down together." When that glorious day shall dawn upon the down-trodden sons and daughters of earth, then there will go up a great shout of joy that will ring through the arches of heaven, and will be taken up and echoed by angels throughout the celestial world. And so sure as man exists, so sure will that time come. The day-star is rising. Man has lived under the Christian dispensation eighteen hundred years, and has been looking for the time which would reveal to him the promises and prophecies recorded in veal to him the promises and prophecies recorded in what he has been taught to reverence as the word of life, "The Word of God." He has bent his knee, and reposed his faith in the lowly Nazarine, in-stead of learning to know himself; finding out that there exists within himself a spark of Divin-ity which can ignite itself only at the torch of Truth. Instead of searching out the hidden meaning of that lowly one's mission and teachings man has placed a blind trust in teachers equally blind as himself. But glad tidings are now being revealed to men, and the stone so often spoken of as being cut out of the mountain without hands, is rolling on ward, and will ever continue its rev plutions for the salvation of man and the glory of

The question is often asked, "What and where The time is fast approaching when is heaven?" The time is fast approaching when men universally will cease asking that question. You have ever been taught that heaven is a great and glorious city, accessible only to the few elect. That it is a material city, with gates of gold, and palaces and halls and embelishments and sculpture and architecture available earthly act and adventory. palaces and halls and embelishments and sculpture and architecture, excelling earthly art and adornment; that God sits on a great white throne, surrounded by his earthly favorites, like an earthly monarch, with his likes and dislikes, choosing whom he will to be near him, and thrusting from him into everlasting burning, unnumbered millions of the human family.

But we tell you, friends, that the spirit-home is a bright summer-land, where all are free, with one God over all, and offering increasing opportunities for those who enter to reach the highest heaven. Angels roam the over heautiful fields.

heaven. Angels roam the ever beautiful fields, and repose amid bright flowers. It has expansive and repose and bright howers. It has expansive strands, and delightful shores, rolling and undulating toward the great Ocean of Life. But no tongue of angel nor pen of poet can describe the matchless glories of our spirit-home. You mortals on earth may beast of fertile lands, your coasts, your rivers, your seas, your emerald isles, your various-hued forests, and beautiful flowers and carpets of verdure; you may even stretch your fertile imaginations to their utmost limits, and, after all, you have but a faint picture when comafter all, you have but a faint picture when compared with the beauties of spirit-land. Were we to drop around your heads a wreath of flowers selected from the unnumbered varities which ever bloom in perfection in spirit-land, the comparision with your choicest of earth-flowers would be equal to the contrast of darkness with light. In this beautiful world we roam hand in hand, listening to the music of the spheres; in the rapt ecetasy of our souls ever making new discoveries, which add to the harmony that presides here, where all unite in praises to the one Eternal God.

Every intelligent being who passes into spirit-life is a worker in their own sphere. But there are tens of thousands who think they have, by their professions and adherence to creeds, "wash-ed their robes white in the blood of the Lamb;" they will find their condition far different from what they expected. And many are still waiting in the delu-sion that the angel Gabriel will sound his trumpet when the time has come for them to enter heaven and enjoy it! Waiting, too, for the resurrection of that earthly body long since gone to its mother earth, and, in many instances it may be, dissolved ages ago into its several elements. Oh sorrowfal delusion! Did the first coming of Christ accom-plish for man what he himself expected? Has it accomplished even a shadow of what Christ hoped it would? No, no! he was disappointed. Those we have referred to in the spirit-world, as well as those on earth, who believe in the same delusion, will find themselves subject to disap-pointment. Yet they will not see the necessity of pointment. Yet they will not see the necessity of coming out from that monstrous delusion. If there is one beautiful feature in spirit-life more striking than another, it is that which envelops the astonished and enraptured soul, when, having quitted the physical body, it first awakens to new and real life. Fear not, therefore, the slavery that so tonaciously holds the earthly body, but throw off the shackles of superstition, of fear, and like an uncaged bird, mount high on the wings of faith, and enter at once the happy sphere accorded to all human souls, and revel in the fields of Wisdom. Then, and not till then, will you be free.

### THE TRYSTING TREE.

BY KARL DRURY.

Over a waste of sea Silver-furrowed by the moon,
A voice is calling me
From the stilly trysting tree,
Where the cricket chirrups lone.

Two ghostly arms are flung
Out in the shining night;
Two ghostly hands are wrung,
And a dismal dirge is sung
That thrills me with affright.

Her spotless garments trail Like the cerements of the dead;
And over her brow so pale
There droops downward, like a veil,
Tangled tresses from her head.

There is yearning in her cry That is conquered by despair, And she beckens me to fly, With a shuddering sort of sigh, To her lonely region there. Oh! theft of purity,

Committed long ago, What hast thou brought to me By the stilly trysting-tree, Where the waters ebb and flow? Ohl soul-engulfing wrong, When I leapt within thy deep, What voices shrill and strong Didst thou raise in gloomy song

To steal away my sleep? No hand can cleanse the stain Of her blood upon my life; Or ease to rest again

The serpent-stinging pain, Or calm the inward strife. Forever o'er the sea My guilt shall bid me fly; And a voice shall call to me From the stilly trysting-tree, And a ghostly bosom sigh.

# Correspondence.

Things and Scenes in New York.

Again I presume upon your time and patience Mr. Editor, for a fireside chat, but I have so much to say I hardly know where to begin. As we have all been the recipients of A. J. Davis's inspirations, which have thrilled with joy ineffable every fibre of our being, awakening within our inmost soul new aspirations and high resolves, it may not be amiss to speak of him, for he has long been public property, and is too wise to notice unkindly any remarks that may be made of him, for he has but to lean on his "Magic Staff," if the world jostles him too closely. It did my soul good to grasp his fraternal hand, and hear from his own lips the living inspirations of fraternizing principles. His deep reasoning, and calm, dignified deportment wins admiration and respect from those who listen to him. Who that has ever attended the "Childrens' Lyceum," and "Moral Police Fraternity" would doubt for one moment the utility and propriety of such organization.

Mary F., his good wife (or angel of the house as he calls her,) presides with queenly modesty and grace over the Lyceum, exciting an influence worthy of example. I look upon them as angels of mercy, not only to the children of New York, but all over our continent, where, from their examplary movement, Lyceums will spring up. The object seems not to be to enforce creeds and dogmas, but to build up the physical by healthy exercises, such as gymnastics, marching, etc., etc., and to ask such questions as are calculated to call out the faculties of the mind into healthful action. The marching is grand. Mrs. Davis, leading with her star spangled banner, is followed by persons of ages ranging from four to eighty years.

The Moral Police Fraternities are needed throughout our continent. Its objects, which are a combination of efforts to remove sorrow and suffering, by supplying the sick and destitute with food and clothing, and by kindly words of sympathy and encouragement make them feel that they are children of the same Father-God and Mother-Nature-all striving for and nearing the ove-lit sphere of the summer-land.

But this one band of philanthropists cannot each one-hundredth part of the miserably poor in New York. When I meet the poor, emaciated figures, with a puny infant clasped closely to their bosoms, clad in worn and tattered garments, drawn tightly around their forms, to shut out the cold autumnal winds, with tearful eyes and hands extended for a few pennies to buy a loaf of bread, I then wish I had hold of Gabriel's trump, with lungs inflated by the breezes of heaven, so I could sound it until it reached the consciousness of the whole world, warming and mellowing into love and sympathy the iceberg hearts which now turn away so haughtily from scenes of sorrow and distress. Then we should hear no more from their lips such words as I heard fall from the lips of a matron a short time since, when a poor, forlorn mother asked for a small pittance. She turned to me and said, "Beggars have no business on this boat, and she has no business to be out this cold lay with that sick babe."

I could but simply remark: "It may be her only means of keeping soul and body together." Well, she's no business to be poor; there's money enough in the world!" "But all have not the faculty to obtain it," I replied, "and we may not now divine the cause which made her poor."

Alı! if those beflounced, stay-laced, wasp-waisted, trailing-skirted women would but turn their eyes within and learn their own poverty and wretchedness, and commune awhile with their own souls, they would, like one of old, inquire, What shall I do to be saved?" and then from an overflowing fount of love, the answer would come: 'Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you;" and forthwith they would set about ransacking their garrets and closets for the castoff clothing which had become unfashionable, such as shawls, hoods, sacques, stockings, shoes and numerous other unmentionable articles which would contribute to keep many shivering forms from freezing, this winter. It will not only cause them to feel better, but greater and nobler, and angels would bless them. Let us remember that only as we become angels of mercy to those less fortunate than ourselves, can we become worthy a place with the pure and good in the summerland.

During my stay here I have visited the hospital where some three hundred soldiers are slowly recovering from wounds and bruises. There I beheld many pitiable sights. There was one young men with both hands gone; another with both feet missing; and nearly all had lost a leg or an arm. A lady visitor remarked to one soldier, "You lost your limb in a glorious cause!" "Ah," said he, give me my limb and you may have all the glory." . One poor, sick boy whom the physcian had given up to die, as I approached his cot with words of love and sympathy, remarked, with tearful eyes, "Oh how you remind me of my mother! If I could only get home I should get well!"

From such scenes of sorrow and distress I turn my thoughts to the invisible world for strength to endure all the seeming ills of earth, and I receive the response within my soul. That all who thus nobly sacrifice their lives to establish peace and liberty upon the earth, and bring about a new era wherein rightcousness shall triumph over despotism and wrongs, are, in one sense, saviours. Then who shall say that they will not receive crowns of glory in the spheres of Infinitude, where our loved ones are only gone a little while before-not lost, but treasured in heaven.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN. New York City, Oct. 10th, 1864.

"Nature Versus Drugs."

. Your correspondent, Bro. Higgins, has reiterated the teachings of Dr. Trall, in regard to the action of drugs or medicines on the system. Dr. Trall has done much good; I honor him for the stand he has taken on reform questions, which are agitating the unrestive minds of our people. Dr. Trall, or Mr. Higgins, I will say as I am replying to him generally, but wish to speak of principles, (not of men) particularly. Mr. Higgins says: "Now briefly, the truth is, medicines do not act on the system at all, chemically or otherwise, but it is the system which acts on the medicine and expels it, using up the vitality and ex-

hausting the strength of the patient." Using poisons indiscriminately and ignorantly, has done and is doing a vast amount of mischief beyond a doubt, and the science of medicine and its application to the cure of the sick, is a profound mystery so far as the general teachings on the subject goes, Mr. Higgins included; but to say that medicines "do not" act on the human system seems to be about as absurd as to say that fire does not act on fuel when it is being con-

Mr. Higgins assumes that he has really found the "truth," but fails to tell us why it is the truth. His truth may be like Minister Dickey's god, who was a Devil to Charles Burleigh: Why? Simply because Mr. Dickey's god upheld the cursed institution of slavery. If medicine does not act "chem-

ically or otherwise" on the system, I do not see what sets the system at work to expel it. If there is no action, there can be no cause of motion, consequently the system remains quiet.

Does not dead matter act on dead matter, both chemically and otherwise? Does not alkall act on acld and change the whole nature of the compound? And would not alkali taken into the stomach neutralize acid found there? Does Mr. Higgins pretend to say that chloroform breathed into the system, to utter prostration, does not "act on the system chemically or otherwise?" It is simply absurd in science. He might as well say the system could not be killed by chloroform. When a person takes an emetic, according to Mr. Higgins, the system makes such an effort that the contents of the stomach are dislodged. Why does the stomach so act? Simply because an enemy was acting on it chemically or otherwise: just as a spring will react when acted upon. S. MARSHALL.

Elkhart, Ind., and Vicinity.

This is the headquarters of Spiritualism for Northern Indiana, and the home of Hon. M. F. Shuey, member of the State Legislature, and one of our national committee of thirteen. It has long been a stop-over station for our speakers. and kept up meetings and an interest in the religious reforms of the day, as well as in the political. It has an enterprising and intelligent population, in which Spiritualism has a leading position, pressed forward and made stronger by recent efforts of unscrupulous zeal by the Methodists to crush it out. The town is situated on the bank of the St. Joseph river, at the junction of two other streams, making excellent water powers, long since partially improved, and also on the M. S. & N. I. railroad, at the junction of the old and air-line tracks from Toledo to Chicago. The soil is excellent for farming purposes, being too sandy for mud, and too heavy for dust, and peculiarly fitted for winter wheat and potatoes, the latter being more extensively raised and shipped from here than at any point I visit in the West, and is a very profitable crop in good seasons. Fruit also, but not peaches, does well, and apples

are usually very abundant. Goshen, ten miles distant on the air-line road, is the county seat, and has a large and far less intelligent population. Our speakers often go there, and speak in the court house, as I have done this and former years; but if on Spiritualism, to very few, for whiskey has a much stronger attractive power there. However, as the town has swung over to the loyal side in politics, I have some hope for Spiritualism.

Six miles north of Elkhart is the State line of Michigan, and the magnificent farms of Mr. Geo. Redfield, whose name you will find in yours and other lists of supporters of Spiritualism. I have just returned from my annual visit to his homefarm, seven miles from that town, and in Adamsville, Mich.; soil much like that nearer the river. Mr. R. is one of the largest owners of improved lands in Michigan, and few men in the State have made as much improvement as he has. His home-farm has over eight hundred acres under improvement, the roads lined with shade trees, most of them saved from original stock, making shade and wind-breakers for travelers and crops; has over four miles of Osage Orange fence, taking the place of rails and boards; has now about three hundred acres of fine looking wheat in the ground, and harvested about two hundred and fifty acres this year, which yielded an average of twenty-five bushels to the acre. Last year his orchards yielded more than he could secure and ship; this year very few apples were raised in this section; corn, too, was light, owing to want of rain, which also cut short feed and stock. Mr. R. has large herds sheep and other stock, and every sign and source of rural, agricultural and domestic prosperity, and it is ever a treat to me to visit his capacious and comfortable home in the grove of fruit and forest trees that surround it, and especially at this October season, when the varlegated foliage of the oak, the maple, the hickory, the locust, and the to the canopy and carpet around the dwelling. Mr. R. is one of many active, enterprising and successful intellects, who early found the rich country of the West with immense resources undeveloped, and took hold of the plow themselves, or the lines, and have developed fortunes and are now clear of the entanglements of poverty and religion, and enjoying the fruits of their labors and our blessed spiritual philosophy, but under

I have been often rejoiced in my late travels in the West to find the large number of Spiritualists in the front ranks of enterprise, intelligence and wealth, and leading minds in politics and the great improvements of the age, and I am sure the time has come for a concerted and cooperative effort to rescue our schools from the death-grasp of. sectarian bigotry, but I also know this cannot be effected through a central or national religious organization, for they have not confidence in such, or the honesty of such as would be selected to control it. We must set out with specific objects, and begin by either purchasing or building colleges and academies, and keeping out sectarian control and teaching-science, philosophy and nature being authority, and the habits of an education—and let the heathen classics and Christian fables go to the "tomb of the Capulets," or the more modern tomb of Calvinism. Who will move in the right direction for a reform college? We wait to see and hear. WARREN CHASE. Elkhart, Ind.

whose roofs willful ignorance, persistent idleness

and bigoted superstition find no home or protec-

Spiritualism in Des Moines, Iowa.

The cause of Spiritualism in Des Moines is quietly progressing, under the weekly lectures of Bro. J. L. Potter, in the trance state. At the call of the friends here, he came from New Hampshire in July last, and has officiated for us since, to our great gratification and full satisfaction. His lecgreat gratification and full satisfaction. His lectures are full of pathos, replete with irrefutable reasonings, truly eloquent, and melting error before them as snow before a genial sun. Though a young man in point of years, in the trance state he handles all subjects chosen or suggested in a manner evincing superior wisdom and enlarged experiences. Many, it will be found, having a wide fame in the lecturing field, do not surpass, if indeed they apple. wide fame in the lecturing field, do not surpass, if indeed they equal, Bro. Potter as a trance speaker. In connection with our regular lectures, we have a Lyceum meeting at half-pastsix P. M. each Sunday, at which some selected subject is discussed, in fifteen minute speeches, by all who desire to participate. These are exciting a good degree of interest, and promise well for the cause of progress. As at the lectures, so at the Lyceums, Bro. Potter is the leading swirt and his discreta-Bro. Potter is the leading spirit, and his disserta-tions upon the different subjects are replete with

tions upon the different subjects are replete with interest and instruction.

The passage of Bro. Edwin Hall from our midst to the Summer-Land in September last was a severe blow upon us, as his kind heart and ready purse were always interested in the cause. Bro. Hall was a true friend of progress.

Bro. Potter will enlarge his field of labor in the West, if desired by the friends to do so, and we can assure them that truth will not suffer in his hands, nor they be without gratification and profit.

hands, nor they be without gratification and profit.
Give Bro. Potter a wide field, friends, that his light may not be hid under a bushel.

B. N. KINYON.

Des Moines, Iowa, Oct. 30, 1864.

#### THINGS IN NEW YORK.

#### Century Club and Mr. Bryant.

On Saturday evening, 5th instant, a large number of literary gentlemen-members of the Club and their invited guests, including many ladiesassembled to pay a deserved tribute to the genius and character of WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, it being the seventieth anniversary of his birth. The rooms of the Century had been appropriately adorned with many fine specimens of painting and statuary, garlands and wreaths of natural flowers; the National flag, and with several suggestive designs.

At the hour of nine, with the salutation of" Hail to the Chief," by the band, the POET, accompanied by the President of the Club and the invited guests, entered the room. In the constellation, of which Mr. Bryant was the centre, were Emerson, Willis, Holmes, Street, Tuckerman, Read, Taylor, Stoddard, Boker and others. On a dais, opposite the main entrance, Mr. Bryant and George Bancroft, the President of the Century, took the positions assigned them. When the music ceased the President addressed Mr. Bryant in a congratulatory speech, to which the latter replied in terms complimentary of the American historian.

Letters were received from Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell and Halleck; poems were read by Oliver Wendell Holmes, Bayard Taylor (a poem from Stoddard), Boker, Mrs. Howe and Alfred B. Street; and addresses were made by Ralph Waldo Emerson, Rev. Dr. Osgood, Dr. Bellows and others. The occasion afforded a rare intellectual entertainment.

#### The Inspired Barrel.

It was never disputed that spirits of a very ardent nature often take possession of barrels, large and small, and people who draw their inspiration with a faucet often reel along the streets; but in our course of observation it is something new for the barrels to go off" on a bender." But we have an exceptional case to record in this connection. The following communication, addressed to the editors of the Evening Post, appeared in their issue of the third instant: A MYSTERY IN NASSAU STREET.

This morning as I was walking down Nassau street, above Maiden Lane, I witnessed a manifestation on the part of a barrel of ashes which at once dispelled all my doubts as to the verity of the feats performed by the Davenport Brothers or the Eddy Sisters. I was crossing the street from the dax side, directly opposite the barrel. A young man was passing up the street, the had all the apparent characteristics of a human being; and otherwise wore a felt hat, and a long frock-coat. As soon as he came "forment "the barrel, it made at him with a most extraordinary tilt and whit. I am positive no other person touched It, and equally so that he could not have done more than brushed it with the skirt of his coat. He turned round as if to discover the cause of this singular assault, and there was the barrel still spinning on its edge, and, to use a privileged expression, "raising a devil of a dust." He stopped, I stopped, stock still. The inspired barrel, or windever you may call it, kept on spinning, but took good care not to upset, as if it might be afraid of hurting itself if it fell over. It made at an open cellar door, and sent a shovelfull of ashes down the steps, then whirled away again. Up came the tenant from below in astonishment to see who was playing him that impudent trick. Meantime the young man in the frock-coat stood looking alternately at the barrel and at me. He manifestly though II was a Spiritualist, and I know at once, by a certain mystical expression of his eye, that he was a medium. Now, I swear that no fleshly body touched that barrel. And no human skill could have made it spin and whirl and pitch out its contents by the shovelfull without upsetting it. You may think I had been drinking; but I am a total abstinenter. The young man went his way, and so did I, wiser than before. Convent.

It is not without some plausible reasons that certain spiritual theorists maintain, that if one has neglected his duty in this world he is naturally dissatisfied after his departure, and feels a restless desire to return and complete his unfinished labors on earth. The consciousness of such neglect may naturally inspire such a disposition. Now we have had a number of negligent inspectors and persons who have contracted to clean the streets of Gotham-who have received their pay from the city treasury, but failed to perform their appropriate work in accordance with the spirit of the contracts. It may possibly be that a righteous retribution has sent back one of these delinquent contractors to work out his salvation by intense but abortive efforts to remove the ashes and filth from our streets. Let the living take warning, and may this manifestation be instrumental in leading other public contractors to repentance and a faithful discharge of their duty.

### Plobelans in the Palace.

We extract the following paragraph from the New York Herald's London correspondence:

New York Herald's London correspondence:

"I hear from a reliable source that Queen Victoria has been to see the Davenport Brothers, and has appointed a trial of their spiritual, dark-lantern jugglery game at Windsor Castle. She has gone quite dark with Spiritualsam, and these inpostors have promised to bring back Prince Albert to this world for an hour, in the very room where he died. They have promised, moreover, I am told, to not only allow the Queen to have a conversation with him, but to actually touch him. As their performances are conducted in the dark, they will no doubt succeed in carrying out the delugion. Pray, what are the guardians of the poor Queen about to permit such a criminal imposture to be practiced on one who is already far on the road to lunaary? Such an arrant imposture is a melancholy exhibition of human weakness and folly."

This important ment see the provident of the characteristic properties of the control of the control of the characteristic properties of the control of human weakness and folly."

This impertinent scribbler evidently attaches great importance to his own opinions. His emphatic judgment respecting the claims of Spiritualism and the Davenport Brothers is but the stercotyped, stale and unprofitable stuff long since fabricated by a class of unscrupulous personspeople who are quite too conceited to attempt a rational investigation, and withal too superficial to comprehend the alphabet of the subject. These poor drivelers are the "shoddy" swindlers of the press, whose soft and flimsy fabrics are made of such refuse materials as are rejected by more enlightened and conscientious men. The Herald's correspondent makes his nearest approach to the sublime in his cool effrontery. Without an examination of the subject, he is sure that Spiritualism is a strong "delusion" with those who believe, and, on the part of the instruments of its phenomenal illustration, that it is "dark-lantern jugglery

### "Only this, and nothing more."

Moreover, this intrusive individual prays to know why "the guardians of the poor Queen permit such a criminal imposture to be practiced on one who is already far on the road to lunacy." He really seems to think that the British Queen is properly entitled to less freedom than the humblest of her subjects. In the opinion of this quidnunc, a disposition to examine so grave a subject, fairly, exposes the royal inquirer to the suspicion that she has lost her senses, a misfortune, by the way, that is not likely to overtake the Herald's correspondent. We presume that this fellow has not been received at Court, whilst the Mediums have been graciously honored with a special invitation to meet Her Majesty in a private séance at Windsor. This neglect of the Herald's man appears to disturb his temper, and he strikes out rather wildly and in all directions-at royal prerogatives, at the privileges of plebelans, and at the spirits, driving his quill like "the fretful porcupine." We recommend him to try the effect of cold bathing and a low diet, on the inflammation of his tomper and his style; but if otherwise there be no mitigation of his symptoms, perchance that -for the sake of the rest of mankind-some friend will lend him a bodkin that he may achieve his

### Imported Testimony.

The special correspondent of the Tribune at London, under date of Oct. 15th, thus writes respect ing the Davenports and their reception abroad:

"The Devenport Brethers are creating a decided impression in London by their 'spiritual' scances. They have got into all the newspapers, 'sociating the Times. The other day Dion Boucicant wrote a long letter to the Star, descriptive of their active coments at his residence in the presence of ozzr a score of pursons, including Charles Beade, the novelist. These gen-

themen declared that 'after a very stringent and impartial terutiny of the proceedings, they could arrive at no other conclusion than that there was no trace of trickery in any form, and certainly there were neither confederates nor inactinery, and that all those who had witnessed the results would freely state in the society in which they moved that, so far as their investigations enable them to form an opinion, the phenomena which had taken place in their presence were not the product of tegredenials. A conclusion worth a good deal to the bro thers Davenport.

#### In a Tight Place.

Mr. Louis S. Robbins-widely known as a practical chemist and inventor, whose prolific genius evolves a new discovery in science or the mechanic arts about as often as we have a new moon—has discovered a method whereby he renders oil barrels and casks of every description impervious to the most subtile, penetrating and volatile spirits, oils and other liquid substances. His barrels come through from the oil wells dry and odorless as a lady's band-box. Mr. Robbins aids in a two-fold way to enlighten mankind-he advances science, art and commerce, at the same time he preserves the grosser means of the world's illumination. We have examined the Hermetical Barrel, and feel sure that the inventor has "the spirits in prison" and petroleum in a tight place.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENG. KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AN OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the

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. . . . RDITOR LUTHER COLBY.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine inspiration in Man; it 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.

#### What Spiritualism Teaches.

It does not, as is alleged by its uninvestigating opposers, teach a fanatical worship of the unseen spirit-hosts. On the contrary, by direct appeals whole, a war between God and the Devil. It is to man's reasoning faculties, by philosophical demonstration, it destroys the idol-worship of the on one side or the other in the present times. Let Christian world, enthroning the One Great Positive Mind of Creation as the sole and universal of its reach and influence, or pine for those days of ruler of the myriad worlds. It brings our Father nigh unto His human children, in ten thousand visible and loving attributes, and holy, immutable laws. Spiritualism, rightly accepted, expands the all right as it is. This warfare is only in the orintellect, unclosing for it portal after portal of scientific research, absolute knowledge and blissful | that—as it many a time has heretofore, in human certainty. Heaven, to us, is no vague dream, and no unknown locality. It is no longer indistinct with the haze of superstition, but materially glorious from contrast with the opposite region of interminable ease.

We do believe in both Heaven and Hell; but the one is not a stationary Kingdom, where saints live in idleness, and a monarchical splendor and arbitrariness rules. It is a land of endles progress, where action is the watchword of the spirit; where sympathy links in bands of tenderest love folds her ceaseless wonders; music exerts its benign influence; poesy aspires toward the In-

resources, wonderful beyond thought, of the human soul. We labor on in love, gaining knowledge and wisdom, as the cycles of Eternity pass on. Is not this better than singing psalms eternally, and resting inactive in the flower-gemmed meadows, and in the jeweled cities of our God's domain, doing naught with hand or brain, or heart-effort, for the amelioration of a suffering nether world?

Spiritualism does not divide Religion from Nature's teachings. To it Philosophy and Science are no foes, but loving coadjutors. It calls upon all past revelations, and all records of history to substantiate its present claims. It has worn the garments of Truth in all ages. It now has added to its symbols of advancement the Banner of Univer-SAL FREEDOM. Its design is to emancipate from all kinds of slavery the long hardened hearts of humanity: to teach them of a loving Father, who is a wise and tender Mother also, in the dual attributes of the divine existence; to lead mankind out of mythological beliefs into a purer, a truly saving faith, a faith that requires no blind submission to authority-only a just and candid use of the God-given faculties of Reason.

You are to cultivate every noble attribute, and exercise charity and benevolence, so as to become worthy of cooperation with the disembodied intelligences, who ever labor for the advancement of mankind. Thus will you live and begin here your heaven. Hell consists in the opposite course of action-in selfish lives, in bigoted seclusion, in violation of all divine laws under which we are taught to class the physical. Those who indulge in gluttony, drunkenness and sensuality, bear their hell within them; and, until they reform, must suffer its tortures in another life. We believe that much or all of sin grows out of ignorance; hence it is our duty to teach humanity of physiological law and the requirements of purity; to instruct the benighted noor in relation to healthful food and drink, the proper rearing of offspring, the education of the young.

Our faith is not to be held accountable for the shortcomings of some of its professed believers. Its truths are not assailable because of the impostures carried on in its name. Everything genuine has had its counterfeit-every good its contrasting shadow. Wherever you find deception, immorality, fanaticism or falsehood, rest assured it is not because of Spiritualism that these things exst. They only prove the lack of it.

Hailing every reform as a cheering sign of advancement, we join hands with every noble endeavor for the emancipation of Woman from the trammels imposed upon her by unjust laws and absurd fashions. We are in league with all that promises a better condition of the toiling masses; with all that points the way to an era of good-will and permanent peace, founded upon the lasting basis of Justice.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher will give the opening address before the Merchantile Library Association, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 16.

#### The Perpetual Conflict.

Oh, that we might pass our lives in contemplation only, reclining on flowery banks, beneath wide-spreading trees, and within reach of the music of murmuring brooks! This is no doubt, the wish of many and many an individual, who does not stop to reflect, or whose experience does not yet tell him, that the hours of contemplation are indeed few in this life, and snatched, at that, from the wearier and more wearying hours of effort and struggle, of patient endurance and active conflict. Thus it is, and thus it unquestionably is to be until the end comes, when there will no longer be any need of strife or struggle, but growth can be had on very different conditions.

We all of us commit a fatal mistake, if we cherish the idea that anything in this world is to be had without labor. It is a state of perpetual labor. Often, too, that labor takes the form of downright and open conflict. So that, in point of fact, it has almost taken the form of an anxiom that progress cannot be made in the affairs of men without wars and bloodshed. Violence seems to possess a patent for pushing forward great and liberal ideas further than they will go by their own momentum in times of peace. Lament it as much as we will, the statement is too well grounded in truth to be positively denied. Men hold on with all the stubborn strength of prejudice: and men offer opposition and resistance with all the earnestness of hope and even of inspiration. In such a state of affairs, what is likely to ensue but conflict—violence—war?

There are thus two principles eternally at open war, in the world where men dwell. Or rather, the war is between the positive and negative sides of the same principle; the light is ever showing in bright contrast with the darkness; the right side is always turning the wrong side over; the positive is asserting, while the negative is denying; the one is pushing forward, while the other is holding back. Between two such conditions, states, sides, or elements, there can be nothing else but perfectual rivalry and ceaseless hostility. The evil is a never-ending resistant. It compels us to search out the good, to hold fast to it when we have got it; to defend it against the attacks; aspersions, charges, taunts, and sneers, with which evil seeks to overthrow its deathless power; it summons the better and higher class of our qualitles into activity, and forces us to expand in a direction toward which we should never be led left merely to our feelings and preferences. So that this conflict is a sure friend for us, and compels us to results we should probably never reach in a state of peace.

It will at once be discovered that it is the same conflict which rages in the individual breast and in the system of society. People style it, as a 'a war, too, in which everybody is enlisted, either us not lament because we cannot seem to get out peace when the principles now engaged in open conflict were not permitted to come out with an assertion of their strength and authority. It is der of Divine Providence. When it comes to history-that truth is forced to fight its way, instead of losing our strength in lamentations over the fact, we shall do better to rally to the side of truth and principle, and lend all possible aid and encouragement in helping it to secure final vic-

### Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch's Lectures.

A fine audience assembled in Lyceum Hall on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 6th, to greet the reappearance of Mrs. Hatch, after an absence of one and pity the most exalted angel to the lowest soul year. After pronouncing an invocation, she anon earth. We believe that in that deathless country art achieves its further triumphs; science un- of her remarks, applying them not only to the human family, but to governments and nations. The time has passed, she said, when a man's life will be measured by his time spent on earth. His Ever near, yet ever remote, we learn there of morning dawn on the other side will usher him the Great Unchangeable Soul of the Universe; of into quite another existence. The evening time the Deity ever veiled in essence to the finite sight | means something more than a day: it means an and comprehension. And we are taught of the eternity. The question is not how long shall a man live, but how he shall live. In the comprehension of God's universe there is no morning or evening, but one grand eternity. Great events have no beginning or end. Those who at the evening of their earth-life wish they were children again, for they were happy then, prove that they have spent a useless life. The experiences of a long life on earth are invaluable. After elaborating on these and many other points, she touched upon the birth of nations, analyzing their spiritual and intellectual growth, showing why some have ceased to exist, and why others are fast waning. Our own country was especially considered: its birth, its prosperity, its greatness and its sins-slavery being the most damaging oneand when that blot was washed out, as it surely would be, then a brighter era would dawn upon the nation, and it would continue to throw off its burdens, and stand out spiritually and intellectually as the nation of the earth. She then passed in review some of the heroes and martyrs of the past, showing that he who lives and thinks only for himself is virtually dead, as far as humanity is concerned; he makes his mark as one who treads upon the seashore. Love God and aid your fellow-men, and you will not need a greater name than that will give you. Great thoughts and good deeds will give a name that will never sink into obscurity. She closed this most beautiful address by vividly portraying the morning and evening of

In the evening the topic submitted by a nearly unanimous vote of the audience was the "Reconstruction of the Constitution." We do not overstate the case when we say that probably this subject has never been treated by any statesman of the present day with more ability than on this occasion. It was a clear and elaborate exposition of the intent and meaning of the various parts of that famous instrument, and worthy of the brains and genius of a Hamilton, with all the wisdom he has gained in the spirit-world. She pronounced it the most perfect Constitution ever framed for a free people to live under, with one exception, and that was the clause in reference to "persons held to servitude and labor," which had been construed by some politicians to mean slavery of the black race, although that was not the intent of the framers, and therefore that clause should be stricken out-as it would be within two yearsand then we should have the best Constitution the world ever saw.

### Opposition in the Cabinet.

The London Morning Star of the date of October 26th, contains a long account of Professor Anderson's attempts to repeat the cabinet manifestations of the Davenport Brothers. The great "Wizard of the North," with his confederates, is represented as succeeding rather cleverly in several of his experiments; but judging from the description of the whole performance at St. James's Hall, he does not imitate the manifestations of the American mediums quite as well as the Egyptian magicians did the miracles of Moses.

#### A Noble Woman.

A few weeks since we noticed in the Washington Chronicle, an account of the noble and selfsacrificing efforts for the relief of the sick and wounded soldiers on the battle-field, of a woman imbued with patriotic heroism equal to any of the Spartan Mothers of the Revolution. The story reads thus: "Mrs. Harriet W. Stinson, of Old Town, Me., a

widow lady, living in comfortable circumstances when the war broke out, has sacrificed all except life, and some things dearer than life itself, for her life, and some things dearer than life itself, for her country. Her property was freely offered for the benefit of the soldiers. The only remaining son of an interesting family of four boys enlisted early in the war. Feeling that this was not enough, she gave herself to the service of the brave men who have been fighting our battles; and for three years she has been at the front, where such assistance as she could render was most needed. Here she has attended the suffering sick wanded and dving slie could render was most needed. Here slie has attended the suffering, sick, wounded and dying men with her own hands, supplying them with such necessaries as could be obtained, using her own funds, until both strength and pecuniary means are exhausted. On thirteen different battle-fields in which the 6th Corps—principally the scene of her labors—was engaged, has she toiled, disregarding the awful scenes of death, attending with a mother's care and tenderness the wounded with a mother's care and tenderness the wounded and dying, giving the vivifying food or beverage, dressing the wounds, etc. We are informed that she had disbursed from her own means about twenty-five hundred dollars, in these ministrations

of patriotism and mercy.

And now her own hour of keenest anguish has arrived. She is in this city with the remains of her last and only son, having just returned from the Shenandoah Valley to obtain the body of her brave boy, who fell in one of the recent engagements of the gallant Sheridan. He is but one of the thousands whose death has attested the value of our nation's life, and deserves more than a passe of our nation's life, and deserves more than a pass-ing notice. His name was Leander C. Stinson. He came out as a member of the 6th Maine Volunteers came out as a member of the 6th Maine Volunteers, and was a veteran volunteer at the time of his death, having reënlisted after a faithful service of three years, during which he had been in all the terrible campaigns of the Army of the Potomac, exhibiting all the qualities of a brave and true soldier, winning the confidence of his officers and the love of his comrades."

What makes her case still harder is the fact that she was robbed of what little money she possessed while in this vicinity, on her way home with the body of her son. On Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 18th while in car No. 44, on the Cambridge Horse Rail road, she had her pocket picked of a wallet containing about one hundred dollars in Treasury Notes and bank bills, a badge bearing the inscription, "Leander C. Stinson, Co. I, 6th Maine Vol unteers," a lock of hair, a key and papers. If the one who robbed her would have the generosity to drop the lock of hair and badge—which can be of no possible use to any one else-where the mother can get possession of them, she will feel very grateful.

Mrs. Stinson is still in this city, with her son's body, not having the means to go further. Sunday evening week Dr. Gardner made a statement of her case to the audience which had assembled in Lyceum Hall to hear Mrs. Cora L. V. Hetch's lecture, and a contribution to the amount of sixty odd dollars was immediately taken up. Mr. Robbins, who conducts the meetings in Hospitaller Hall, also collected eleven dollars and fifty cents for the same object.

Mrs. Stinson called on us last week, and wished us to express her heartfelt thanks to the above named gentlemen and their respective societies. for their generous and timely donations. This noble-hearted woman informed us that she intends to return to the Army of the Potomac again just as soon as circumstances will permit, for she feels it to be her duty to relieve the sufferings of our brave sick and wounded soldiers as far as her single efforts can do it. Thousands already bless her for the healing magnetism she has imparted to them while dressing their wounds on the battle-field and in the hospitals. She has in her possession letters of recommendation from many of the principal officers of the Army of the Potomac. It is surprising that the Sanitary Commission have not reimbursed her, at least in part, for the expenses she has incurred in behalf of the wounded soldiers, for she must indeed be a valuable auxiliary in carrying out their noble efforts. For one so advanced in years to be so self-sacrificing for the his presence manifest. whatever may be placed in her hands for that purpose will be faithfully applied. God and spirits will aid and bless her. The benevolent act on the part of the Spiritual

ists in this city, is but one of many almost daily occurring; and yet our revilers are constantly asking, "What is Spiritualism doing to benefit the human raco?"

### Pirates.

Since the Alabama was sunk by the Kearsarge that noble ship now lying in our own waters here—the Florida has been captured, and sundry other important checks have been administered to the rebel plans for sweeping the commerce of the United States from the seas. But at least two new rebel pirate steamers have recently escaped from the port of Wilmington, and they are causing us a great deal of mischief. We trust that the cruisers that have been sent out in pursuit of these pirates will speedily overhaul them and bring their outlaw business to a speedy close. We see that certain Englishman have just sent out another vessel, built and equipped in their own ports, and commanded by Captain Semmes, formerly of the Alabama, to cruise for the destruction of our commerce. This ship is to sail as a Confederate man-of-war; but she has never seen a Confederate port, and never will, and she is therefore only a robel pirate, got up by Englishmen. The English will as surely have to pay for all this conduct as the United States continue a power on the face of the earth.

### National Sailors' Fair.

The Sailors' Fair which was held in Boston opening on the day after election, proved a de cided success. Its object was to provide a Home for seamen and mariners who may have become disabled in actual service — a Greenwich Hos pital for America. The people of Boston have nobly inaugurated a movement which will result in a work of great value to a class of citizens whose wants ought never to be forgotten. This is one of the outgrowths of our present war-an institution such as we have never yet had in this country. While the brave soldiers are cared for, the sailors ought not to be forgotten. They will live to bless the kind and generous efforts of the men and women who have thus labored for their permanent comfort and protection.

### Yellow Fever.

The fatal epidemic which for sometime past has been raging at Newbern, and which has but recently been in a measure abated by the appearance of frost, was all owing to the reckless ignosance of an officer in the Quartermaster's Department, who ordered large quantities of putrid meat and manure to be dumped off the dock, and of course, when warm weather came, a pestilence was bred. Two thousand of the inhabitants and soldiers were carried off by the scourge-all from the ignorance of a single man. The disease was one which it was said the most skillful physicians did not possess the power to manage.

#### Funeral of a Spiritualist.

. Early on Saturday morning, the 5th inst., the spirit of Mr. Ozias Gillett left its mortal tenement for the more genial clime "Just over the river," at the age of sixty-four years. He was well known in this city and esteemed as a good citizen, and his affectionate, kind and sociable qualities will be missed by his devoted family and many friends.

The usual rites before consigning the body to mother-earth, took place at the house of his son in Cambridgeport on the following Monday, when Mrs. J. H. Conant, in the trance state, performed the services in a manner at once so cheering and hopeful as to disrobe the angel Death of all terror, and give renewed assurance to all present that a glorious immortality awaited them. She commenced by reading impressively Harris's beautiful hymn so appropriate for the occasion, entitled. "Death:" Death is the fading of a cloud,

The breaking of a chain; The rending of a mortal shroud We ne'er shall see again. Death is the conqueror's welcome home, The heavenly city's door;
The entrance of the world to come-Tis life forevermore. Death is the mightier second birth, The unvailing of the soul; 'T is freedom from the chains of earth, The pilgrim's heavenly goal. Death is the close of life's alarms, The watch-light on the shore; The clasping in immortal arms
Of loved ones gone before. Death is the gaining of a crown Where saints and angels meet; The laying of our burden down At the Deliverer's feet.

Death is a song from scraph lips,

The day-spring from on high; The ending of the soul's collpse, Its transit to the sky. She then feelingly addressed the family, relaions and friends present, reminding them that they had gathered there to celebrate the birth into immortal life of one who had passed sixty odd . years of his life in the mortal form. And, she added, how well he has fulfilled his mission is now a matter between his own soul and his God. If he failed in aught to perform his duty while here, he now knows it, and can more clearly comprehend what those duties were, and will, from his spirit-home, guard and aid his children with tender and watchful fidelity. Life is not a failure -no one falls by the way, and none are lost. In alluding to the duties devolving upon all as members of the human family, she remarked that a great change was taking place, and the time was fast passing away when mortals would seek for the faults of their fellow-mortals, but strive to

Our departed friend, she said, had a religion not common to the world. His hope to him was more than a hope; it was a faith, well founded and unshaken. He knew whither he was going; he felt no fear, nor dreaded the change which was about to take place. While wrestling with the destroyer of his mortal life, his soul was filled with ineffable joy. He is now free from all earthly suffering, and has passed to the regions of immortal life, where he will realize the truth of the faith which sustained him in his most trying hours.

emulate their good deeds and noble acts.

Beautifully touching was the closing prayer, in which all the members of the family were especially remembered, particularly so when allusion was made to the little grandson-who was nestling in his mother's arms—as "the young bud, a shoot from the old tree," with an earnest invocation for guidance and protection in his

journey through life. Our deceased friend left a most amiable companion, a son and a daughter, (both married) and many near relatives, all of whom are blessed in the enjoyment of the same spiritual faith which sustained the father, and, consequently, have no gloomy forebodings about "death" and "eternal eparation," but are confident of yet holding almost daily communion with the loved one who has gone but a little time before. Indeed, we are informed that he has already returned and made

### Relaxing at Last.

The ties which have for some three centuries held the Protestant Churches of Europe together, are now beginning to relax. It is reported with much authoritativeness that there is hardly a State Church on the Continent of Europe which is not invested with many, if not most, of the powers which were formerly claimed by the State Government itself. Perhaps the Church of England has made less advance in this respect than that of any other Power, but there is visible motion even there, and it is already freely talked about that a separation between the Government and the Church is imminent. The possibility of such a separation is spoken of by the Bishops themselves openly, thus showing what is the drift, and how soon certain desirable results may be reached. All this relaxation is but another name for liberaliza-

### Arming the Slaves.

This proposed movement of the leaders of the Southern rebellion is so startling an one, so very wide of the purpose for which the rebellion was originally undertaken, that it deserves mention at length in every journal of the land. The rebel leaders went into the rebellious experiment for the purpose, as they declared, of founding a slave republic; and now they are proposing to set their slaves free, in order to protect themselves. The plan is overset completely. Quite another object than the original one is now aimed at. The very men who went into this war, as they insisted, for the sake of ridding themselves of what they styled "meddling abolitionists," are now become the foremost abolitionists themselves.

### Glad of It.

We rejoice when we hear of any improvements n the practices of war; that is, of such as of course make more room for the play of humanity. Our Government has finally completed an arrangement with that of the rebels, by which either party is to be permitted to supply its prisoners in the other one's hands, with such food, clothing, medical supplies and other necessary articles as they may need, the rebels being allowed to purchase abroad supplies for their men in their hands. The details of the scheme are not yet fully agreed on, but it is certain that an agreement has finally taken place, and that it is to be carried into effect at the earliest possible moment.

### The Poor.

As winter approaches, we feel that the destitute poor of our city will need much aid. Applications to us for bread-tickets are more numerous than formerly, and our Poor Fund is nearly exhausted in consequence. Those feeling so disposed, we should be happy to have cooperate with us in keeping so laudable an enterprise in successful operation. The pitcous stories the poor creatures recount, of woe and want, who apply to us for food, are enough to make the soul sick, and we feel it to be a duty we owe our common humanity to aid them to the extent of our means.

#### The Mission of the Angels.

"What is the mission of the angels, as taught by the Spiritualists?" was asked us by a reverend gentleman the other day. We cannot inform him in any better way than by copying from one of together with many other good things. the spirit-messages published in the Banner in 1862, the following:

"The mission of the angels, oh, it is a divine one! They come that they may strip from yourselves your self-righteousness and ungodliness! They your self-righteousness and ungodiness? They come to clothe you in garments of purity and love, and to wrap about your shoulders the mantle of charity! They come, that they may teach you to look within your internal! They come to tell you of the God that dwells within each human soul, and through whose divine teachings you are to become heirs of heaven!

The angula who are they? The spirits of the

The angels, who are they? The spirits of the the angels, who are they? The spirits of the departed; they who once partook of the cup of mortality with you, who have walked the earth mid scenes of sorrow and suffering, and are therefore the better fitted to comfort you in your hours of trial and affliction. They come by the power of the Almighty, to establish a kingdom among you, such as the past, such as ancient Christianity never dreamed of. Through Spiritualism its angels come by the power of Almighty God to give you that which nothing else can!"

#### Blossoms of Our Spring.

Speaking of this beautiful Book of Poems, by Hudson and Emma Tuttle, the Portland Daily Courier says:

"To those who have poetry in their souls-to those who have poetry in their souls—to those whose inner life has been quickened and whose eyes look beyond the mere present hour, this book will be welcome. The long poem, 'America,' is one which will bear reading many times, and the volume contains many other gems. To give our readers some idea of its beauties, we make the following extract from a little noem enter the collowing extract from a little noem enter the little noem e make the following extract from a little poem en-titled 'Heaven':

4 How many scores of henpecked men,
I've seen step into Fancy's carriage,
And drive away beyond my ken
Into their heaven; sout-pictured gien,
And tell me angels have no marriage.

The loving husband and the wife,
Whose souls are wreathed in mystic union,
Can clearly see the spirit-life
Will never sever man and wife,
But heaven sanctions their reunion."

#### "Man and His Relations."

This remarkable book, which we noticed briefly a short time since, is, we are pleased to inform our readers, selling rapidly. No wonder. It is replete with vital facts of the greatest use to mankind. Such a work, therefore, should be in the hands of every man and woman in the country. no matter what their faith may be. The Cincinnati Times, in noticing "Man and His Relations,"

"Dr. Brittan has manifested himself a man of acute observation and of very considerable analytical powers. And the wealth of that observation, and the felicitous powers of analysis, have been displayed in marvelous profusion in the present work. The author has brought to his aid a very considerable experience, and his views and thoughts bear the impress of long digestion."

#### Type-Setting Machine.

A new type-setting machine has been invented by Mr. Chas. W. Felt, of Salem, which is said to be able to set and distribute types at the same time. A company has been formed for the purpose of building these machines, and one is already in operation for the Manchester (Eng.) Guardian. The machine runs by steam-power, and will set and distribute together. Its success will almost work a revolution in the printing and publishing business, and if paper could only be brought back to where it was, say ten or twelve cents per pound, there need be no complaint of a lack of books or newspapers. Out of ten thousand words chosen from ten different authors, it has been found that the word "the" occurs most frequently.

### Trust.

In childlike qualities only can a man be great or strong. Without these, even his most ambitious performances are little and petty. Whenever we rely with the trust which characterizes childhood's self, throwing aside all the speculations of intellect, we are happy and whole; otherno stay on God, without a prop of any kind. The individual who believes himself sufficient for himself, need but try one winter night's exposure in a blinding storm, or climb to an elevation on a mountain-top and compare the vastness and the grandeur about him with his little self. Nature conspires with all her forces to make us feel the need of a whole and patient and childlike trust.

### The Presidential Election.

The heavens indeed went copious tears on election day for the sins of the people, which so influenced the masses that quietness pervaded the polls; and, through the great law of harmony, mighty results were achieved for the perpetuity of freedom and free institutions in America. The new era has indeed been inaugurated.

The result of the ballot, as far as ascertained, shows that all the States but Delaware, New Jersey and Kentucky have gone for Abraham Lincoln for President. The next Congress will have a large majority for the Union. The House will have about one hundred and forty Union to fortyfour democratic members.

### Our Newspapers.

A Cincinnati correspondent of the N. Y. Com. Advertiser, commenting on the everlasting wranglings which disfigure the columns of certain sheets of that city, remarks that "our papers have the general fault of the American party press—that is to say, they are either conducted without great talent, or that talent is curbed and dwarfed by pecuniary or narrow party considerations. What I would like to see, is a paper in which the best minds of each party would meet in free discussion, and which would be read for its culture rather than for its news." We are getting along to such a style of journalism. Events are helping the happy change.

### Particular Notice.

Hereafter the "addresses of Lecturers and Mediums" will be placed under one heading, "LEC-TURERS AND MEDIUMS," as formerly, and published gratuitously, whether such parties have appointments or not. But it must be distinctly understood that no notices will be inserted under the above heading, as advertisements for mediums. We cannot afford to advertise for them gratuitously. They are expected to pay in the same manner as others do who advertise.

### · Harper's Magazine.

The illustrations in the December number are the best which have yet appeared in this favorite monthly, consisting of "Heroic deeds and heroic men," by J. S. C. Abbott, and the third paper from J. Ross Browne. We predict a rapid sale for it.

### Personal.

F. L. Wadsworth has returned to the West, and will spend the winter in Michigan. His permanent P. O. address will be Battle Creek, where he is engaged to speak one half of the time for six

#### ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

BANNER

We shall print an article on Scotch Spiritualism in our next; also another Whittemore Message;

Isn't the BANNER this week a splendid number? -check full of choice reading-nearly if not quite all original, tool Send us along a few thousand more patrons, and we won't say how much better we shall make it. Only try the experiment, and see, that's all.

Several fine Original . Stories are nearly ready for our columns. Be patient, good friends; we are unable to supply your literary table with every dainty all at once.

See the sixth page. Much interesting matter may be found thereon, derived from spirit-life.

Digby is full of grief. He says he sees lots of poor, mutilated fellows about our streets asking for arms, and he has n't any to spare.

The Eastern Railroad Corporation has done a larger business the past year than ever before. It is fast recovering from the mismanagement of former years, which agreeable fact is evidently attributable to the judicious management of the present Superintendent, J. Prescott, Esq. He is both able and honest-big items these times.

We met a Spiritualist the other day who was " too poor to take the Banner," he said; at the same time, in answer to our interrogatory, he informed us that it costs him fifty cents per week for tobacco! He needs the light bad, Dighy thinks.

MRS. R. COLLINS, clairvoyant physician, 6 Pine street, we learn, is doing much good in healing the sick.

The minds of scholars are libraries; those of antiquarians, lumber-rooms; those of sportsmen, kennels; those of epicures, larders and cellars; those of young damsels, the play-grounds of bewhiskered cavaliers.

A man's good fortune often turns his head; bad ortune as often averts the heads of his friends.

Too austere a philosophy makes few wise men; too vigorous a government, few good subjects; too harsh a religion, few devout souls—I mean that will not continue so, for nothing is durable that is not suitable to nature, says a wise man.

The truest self-respect lies not in exacting honor that is undeserved, but in striving to attain that worth which receives honor and observance as its rightful due.

BROOKLYN HEIGHTS WATER-CURE.-We invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another column, of this excellent institu-

Alexander Dumas is about to visit the United

Mr. Jenkins was dining at a frugal table, and a piece of bacon near him was so very small, that the lady of the house remarked to him, "Pray, Mr. Jenkins, help yourself to the bacon. Do n't be afraid of it!" "No, indeed, madam; "I've seen a piece twice as large, and it did not scare me a bit."

A smile is to beauty what the dew is to a rose.

HEALERS IN THE WEST,-It will be seen by a notice in another column, that Drs. Persons and Gould have opened an institute in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, for the purpose of healing the sick after the manner of Drs. Newton and Bryant.

The house will be kept in turmoil, where there is no toleration of each other's errors. If you lay a single stick of wood on the grate and apply fire to it, it will go out: put on another stick, and they will burn; and half a dozen sticks, and you will have a blaze. If one member of the family gets into a passion, and is let alone, he will cool down, and possibly be ashamed and repent. But oppose temper to temper, pile on the fuel, draw in others of the group, and let one harsh answer be followwise, we are but fragmentary creatures, having | ed by another, and there will be a blaze that wil entrap them all.

> There have been many religions, but there is only one code of morals.

> The Mercantile and Nautical College, Geo. A. Sawyer, Esq., Principal, is just the place for young gentleman and ladies to acquire a thoroughly practical mercantile and nautical education. Special attention is paid to arithmetic, penmanship, book-keeping, mercantile correspondence, navigation, surveying and engineering. This institution, the oldest of the kind in the country, is located at 96 Tremont street, Boston.

> A Frenchman has discovered that by putting tan in potato hills when planted the potato rot may be prevented, and that potatoes kept in a cellar with tan are equally preserved from dis-

A CRUMB OF COMFORT for our Second Advent friends will be found below:

"Professor Neumayer, of Munich, has definitely settled the term of the world as 1865. A comet is to run into it, absorb it, and fly away with it."

See notice of Palmer & Co's Washing Machine in another column. It does the business up at short metre. Slaves of the wash-tub, hurrahl

A French chemist advertises a salve for producing a slight down on the lips of ladies. Digby says there is an application which may be found everywhere that results with every trial in placing a moustache on the lips of beauty, but it doesn't stay there a great while.

GREEN, THE MALDEN MURDERER.—The Sheriff, at the suggestion of the Governor, has informed Green of the decision of the Supreme Court in reference to his case, and that he must prepare himself for the awful fate that awaits him.

The surgeon dentists of this city are trying to form a Protective Union. They should adopt the motto, "Let us pull together."

Love is the ace of hearts, and it trumps the world's kings, queens, knaves, diamonds, and all the rest of the pack.

"THE MAGIC BARBER."-Located at the West End several years ago was an excellent colored harber. He always kept his razors so sharp and handled them so adroitly, that he soon became known as "The Magic Barber," and per consequence his business rapidly increased. Among the new comers was a man whose beard was very stiff and wiry. This particular customer our hero did n't exactly fancy. And no wonder. Such an awful stiff beard dulled his razors too soon. He feared his fair fame would be of short duration unless he could manage to get rid of him. So he

complish his purpose. It was not long, of course, ere this stiff-bearded patron made his appearance, as usual, to be shaved. He was duly lathered, and the barber commenced shaving him; but every now and then the latter was observed by the former to stop and kick violently his left foot behind him. Getting somewhat out of patience at this singular conduct of

hit upon the following curious expedient to ac-

the barber, the patron at length accosted blm, un der some excitement, with-

"What in the world are ye doin'? What is the matter wid ye?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing," was the cool respons only there's a fellow standing directly behind me, and he keeps whispering into my ears to cut your throat; and I'm trying to kick him off."

"The devil!" ejaculated the patron; "I aint prepared to have my throat cut quite yet." "Yes, yes," responded the barber, "I think it must be Old Nick himself, sure enough, for I can

scarcely resist the temptation to do as he suggests." This was enough. The customer sprang from the chair half shaved, seized his hat, and made

his exit in double-quick time, never again to re-

turn to dull the razors of the "Magic Barber." A FRANK PRIZE.-The prize of 50,000 francs offered by the Emperor Napoleon for the most useful application of electricity, has at length been awarded to M. Ruhmkorff for his induction coil. The King of Hanover, having heard of the award, has forwarded to M. Ruhmkorff a large

gold medal pour le merite. All our natural actions are done without thought, and we can make breathing a difficulty by thinking about it.

The frightful rapidity with which misery is growing and crushing down the poorer classes in England, is the most terrible aspect of its social life. The small farms have wholly disappeared in Wales, and almost entirely in England. Labor is made to forge its own chains.

A HARD HIT.-A writer of a modern book of travels relating the particulars of his being cast way, thus concludes:

"After having walked eleven hours without having tracked the print of a human foot, to my great comfort and delight I saw a man hanging on a gibbet; my pleasure at the cheering sight was inexpressible, for it convinced me that I was in a civilized country.'

The twilight steals over the earth like a mournful thought over the soul. And in our sorrowful moods, as amid the shadows of the evening, we see stars in the heavens that were before invisible.

How queer it is to see a fellow take a twentycent cigar from his mouth, and grumble at paying eight cents for the Banner.

Digby desires to know if "Mrs. Partington" is dead. What say, Ben?

FOREST LEAVES.

Bright, gladsome spring and summer are no more, Silence hath hushed the tiny insect's hum, The feathered choir have sought a milder shore, And all the forest minstrelsy is dumb; Like faithless lovers, reckless of their vows, They left ye withering on the parent boughs.

There is a kindred, melancholy sense, That grieves us as we view the autumn waste. For 't is an emblem of those hearts from whence
Life's joys are banished and its hopes effaced;
Which deeply seared by sorrow's blighting spell,
To earthly scenes would gladly bid farewell.

Yet cheerful hope should raise our downcast eyes,
And steadfast faith give strength to every heart,
While pointing upward to the arching skies,
Where severed friends shall meet and never part; That sphere of bliss beyond dark care's control-The home of peace and comfort for the soul.

Thomas Winans is expected from England this winter, in his cigar-shaped steamer. He built it at a cost of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Old Father Bushnell, of Vermont, used to say that the best criticism he ever received on his preaching was from a little boy who sat at his feet. looking up into his face, as he was preaching to a crowded house. As he was going on very earnestly, the little fellow spoke out, "You said that

A Hungarian in London proposes to make houses entirely of paper. The new invention would prove rather a costly luxury in this country, at the present price.

A farmer in England has discovered that the velling from the sting of reduced by the application of turpentine.

The report of Lieut. W. B. Cushing of his destruction of the rebel ram Albemarle, shows it to have been most gallantly done. Although the exnedition was known to be a most dangerous one. our sailors were eager for a chance to engage in it, many offering those selected for the work a month's pay to resign in their favor.

There must be a great lack of education in our oyster saloons where the waiters are continually shouting, "one stew," when every primary school boy knows that one 's one.

The Portland Courier is responsible for the following colloquy: Dignified old gentleman, (pleasantly.)—" My son, might I inquire where Crossman & Co.'s drug-

Bright boy, (respectfully.)—"Yes, sir, certainly."
Old gent. (pausing.)—"Well, where is it?"
Boy, (promptly.)—"Haven't the slightest idea,

The old gent's cane here began to make a mys-terious movement, and the mischievous lad prudently got out of range.

Bowdoin College is without any Sophomore class at present. Eleven of the class have been suspended, and the remainder given leave of absence for "hazing." The faculty of Harvard better go to Bowdoin and take lessons on college dis-

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

Auguste Belmonte, the Jew banker, in New York, was not allowed to vote, at the late election, he having made a bet on the result, which disqualifies a voter in the Empire State.

"You had better ask for manners than for money," said a finely dressed gentleman to a beggar boy who had asked for alms. "I asked for what I thought you had most of," was the boy's re-

Old leather is pronounced a superior fertilizer. containing thirty times as much nitrogen as barnyard manure. Save your old boots, therefore, farmers, and go barefoot, for the benefit of your corns.

### Appointments.

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

C. A. Havden speaks in Charlestown next Sunday: Miss Lizzie Doten in Chelsea: Henry C. Wright in Quincy; Miss Susie M. Johnson in Taunton; Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes in Portland; Mrs. S. E. Warner in Providence; Mrs. Frances Lord Bond in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. M. A. C. Brown has returned to her native State from a lecturing tour in New York, and is now ready to answer calls to lecture or attend funerals in Vermont, or any other State. Her address is West Brattleboro', Vt.

Dr. A. B. Child will lecture in Putnam, Ct., on Sunday, the 20th inst.

#### Dr. J. R. Newton.

By the following correspondence, it will be seen that Dr. Newton has consented to visit Chicago next March, for the purpose of healing the nick:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT.-I enclose you a letter recently received from Davenport, Iowa, embracing the names of upward of thirty citizens, inviting me to locate at the West, and heal the sick in their vicinity; but having many invitations from Chicago, direct, I have concluded to locate there, commencing Monday, March 6th, at nine o'clock A. M., and continuing daily, for at least one month. I purpose to heal in some large Hall, FREE TO ALL, "without money and without price," regardless of nationality or color, sex or age.

olor, sex or age.
All that are curable can be healed simply by touch, instantly; and I hope to be visited by thousands, daily, who are yearning for health and light, and will listen with patience to what may be said. Will our friends assist in procuring a suitable Hull for the purpose desired? J. R. Newton, M. D.

Rochester, N. Y. Nov. 1, 1864.

J. R. NEWTON, Esq.—Dear Sir: We, the undersigned, as representatives of a numerous class in this locality who are familiar by report, and several who are personally acquainted with numerous cures performed by or through you on various persons, for divers diseases, would respectfully call your attention to a wide field of usefulness to humanity and profit to yourself, by visiting "the West."

West."
In making the city of Chicago your centre, for a time, or visiting other cities radiating from thence, as might seem best to yourself, you would, we believe, give multitudes an opportunity to be benefited by your ministrations who are entirely unable (some physically, some financially) to travel East of the Lakes, but who are both able and willing to incur the necessary fatigue and expense to and from the centre above alluded to, and also liberal remuneration for services renand also liberal remuneration for services ren-

Hoping you will give this your serious consideration, and an early notice of your compliance with our requesteither publicly through the "Ban-ner," or privately to either of the subscribers, We remain hopefully yours, etc. etc.

Ve remain hopefully yours, etc. etc. (Signed) JAMES THOMPSON,

and thirty-three others. Davenport, Iowa, Oct. 12, 1864.

#### To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

A. W., GALESBURG, ILL.—The publishers have had your anggestions under consideration, have weighed the matter care fully, and have decided that it would not, in their opinion, accomplish what you desire by publishing your note. Individual aid, without pledge, they think a far better method to acomplish the desired end.

G. M. D. T., BROWNSVILLE, ARK.—The articles have been received, but we cannot promise to print them, our columns are so crowded.

G. B., SHERBROOK, C. E.—The letter was delivered to the

E. L. B., NEW ORLEANS, LA. -\$10,00 received.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

I will warrant to any person using my PIMPLE BANISHER a beautiful complexion. It will remove tan, freckles, pimples, sunburn, morphew, &c., in from one to four weeks, imparting to the skin a beautiful white bland appearance. MORPHEW, that yellow deposit so often seen upon the face and forchead, vanishes by its use like dew before the morning sun. Sent free of charge to any address, on the receipt of \$1 and stamp. Address, DR. J. B. GOODNOW, P. O. Box No. 184 Post Office, New Bedford, Mass.

Buy Copper-Tipped Shoes for children. One pair will sutwear three without tips. Sold everywhere. 3m Nov. 5.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are twenty cents per live for the arst, and afteen cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in advance SOME FOLKS

### CAN'T SLEEP NIGHTS!

TOR all Nervous Affections, acute or chronic, and for Dyspepsia and Wind Colic, DODD'S NERVINE is certain to cure. Hundreds of testimonials could be given, but one bottle will prose its own recommendation to any sufferer Contains NO OPIUM—relieves Costiveness, and salways safe, 37 Roll by BELA MAIRSH, GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., and by all respectable Druggists.

BROOKLYN HEIGHTS WATER-CURE,

63 and 65 Columbia Street. THIS establishment is located between Fulton and Wall street Ferries, on the far-famed Brooklyn Heights, over-looking the cities of New York and Brooklyn Heights, and is one of the most delightful residences for Patients and Boarders that can be found, being very convenient of access to the business part of New York, and yet so situated as to be free from its noise and compared.

of New York, and yet so situated as to be needed. And and confusion.

Facilities are here afforded for a thorough course of hygienic treatment, which embraces the use of those agencies that the latest investigations have proved to be the most efficacious, including strict attention to DIET, REST of mind and body; the European system of Hyddoparity, which combines with the ordinary water treatment, judiciously applied, the still more potent action of the Turkish BATH: the SWEDER MOVEMENT CURE, and the various ELECTRICAL appliances.

For terms, &c., address, CHAS. H. SHEPARD, M. D. Nov. 19.—4w

WASH TUB SLAVERY ABOLISHED



QUICKER.

EASIER and

BETTER THAN ANY OTHER MACHINE EVER USED!

AND TO WASH CLEAN 6 Shirts in 7 minutes, or

> 4 Sheets in 4 minutes, or 20 Pillow Cases in 5 minutes, AND

OTHER CLOTHES IN PROPORTION AND WITH ONE-QUARTER OF THE

WEAR TO THE CLOTHES OF HAND WASHING. AGENTS WANTED! In every Town in the Union. They are making from \$30 to

\$90 per week. Send for Circular, inclosing stamp. s. W. PALMER & CO.. Auburn, N. Y.

DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE. AT NO. 7 DAVIS STREET, BOSTON. THOSE requesting examinations by letter will please en-ciose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and state sex and age. Nov. 19.

MISS C. E. BECKWITH, Trance and Writing
Medium. No. 28 Camden street. Hours from 9 to 12 and Medium, No. 28 Camden street. Hours from 9 to 12 and 5w\*-Nov. 19. SAMUEL H. PRENTISS, Healing, Speaking and Trance Medium, No. 2 Concord street, Worcester, Mass. 3m-Nov. 19.

CIRCLE. Healing and Developing Circle, No. 91 Harrison Avenue every Tuesday and Friday evening commencing at 1% o'clock. Admittance 25 cents. Conducted by Mr. J. S. FORREST.

by MR. J. S. FURILESA.

NOTIOE.

MRS. L. SMITH will, after the 1st of January, accept calls to lecture inspirationally. Is an excellent Test Medium. Address, MRS. L. SMITH, 252 Fourth street. Washington, D. C. Nov. 19. MR. AND MRS. J. K. OBER, PRACTICAL PHYSICIANS,

WILL practice at the Everett House, St. Louis, Mo., for one month, commencing Monday, Nov. 14th, 1884. We cure unable diseases by laying on of hands. No. MEDICINE Nov. 19.

A SCHOOL MAGAZINE PREE! CLARK'S SCHOOL VISITOR, Vol. XX., 1803.

CEARK'S SCHOOL VISITOR, Vol. IX., 1803.

BEADINGS, DIALOGUES, SPECCIES, MUSIC, FOEMS, MATILLE EMATICS, GRAMMAR, EXIOMAS, REBURES, &C.

The Publisher of this popular DAY-SCHOOL, MONTHLY, in order to reach all parts of the country, will send the Visitor one years FREE to one present who will act as agent), AT ANY POST OFFICE in the United States.

Address, with five cents, for particulars, Address, with five cents, for particulary, Nov. 10.

1008 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

DYNAMIC INSTITUTE. I AVING purchased the elegant revidence of the late Moses Kneeland, Esq., we have atted it up for the reception of patients, and invite the suffering throughout the country to our successful as well as peculiar method of treatment, being the same as practised by Drs. Newton and Bryant, and pronounced by many who are conversant with the cures of both equally wonderful. Residence on Murshall, second door south of Division street. P. O. Drawer 17.

Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 7, 1864. Nov. 19.

Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 7, 1864.

Nov. 19.

WHE MOST WONDERFUL RESULTS FOLLOW the use of RUSH'S CREAM POMADE. Le removes
all diseases from the scalp, acting upon it as dressing upon the
ground, producing new hair, and returning it gradually to its
natural color by forning new coloring matter in the cells. No
matter how long one has been hald, or how gray they are, we
can prove that the above change can be effected. If ye alling
at 20 Winter street, up stairs, or sending for a circular, any one
can be convinced of the truth of the above. 4w—Nov. 19.

"The Most Laughable Thing on Earth!" A GAME that can be played by any number of persons. It A invariably produces the greatest Mirth, and is suited for, FAMILERS, Social GATHERINGS, SOLDIERS IN CAMP AND HOSPITAL, and for Old FOLKS and YOUNG FOLKS, as an INNOCENT, CONSTANTLY ATTRACTIVE and AUCSING RECREATION. Malled, postpaid, for 25 cents. Address, BOX 456, BOSTON, MASS.

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

MT 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. "THE UNWELCOME CHILD,

OR, THE UNWELCOME CHILD,

OR, THE CHRIST OF UNDESCRIBED AND UNDESGRAD MATERAITY
CONSIDERED, and its Laws under Legitimate Control.

TO Send two red stamps for a Circular to DR. D. D. LEFOE, Philadelphia, Pa.

MUSICAL CIRCULESS.

MRS. ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN will commence a
series of Circular at the house of Col. C. H. Wing, No.
40 Russell street, Charlestown, on Thursday, Oct. 20th, at 8
o'clock, P. M., and continue every evening (Bundays excepted).
Tickets admitting a gent and halv, 81.00. Single tickets for
ladies, 50 cents, to be obtained at this office.

tr-Oct. 8.

UNION SOCIABLES

ARE held overy TUESDAY EVENING, in LYCRUM HALL, A 57 Tremont street, Boston. All Spiritualists are invited. Dancing to commence at 8 o'clock precisely. Ticket admitting a Gentleman and two Ladies, 75 cents. 5m2—Oct, 18. WH. L. JOHNSON, Dentist, Nassau Hall, Washington street, entrance on Common street, Boston, Mass.

DR. J. T. GILMAN PIKE,

Hancock House, - - - Court Square, BOSTON. A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST, 50 School Street next door East of Parker House. THE PROGRESSIVE ANNUAL FOR 1864,

COMPRISING

An Almanac, a Spiritual Register, and a
General Calendar of Reform.

THE ANNUAL contains forty pages of original articles,
prepared expressly for this publication, and with trilling
exceptions, never before published.

The lists of Writers, Speakers and Workers in the different
fields of human Progress and Reform, have been prepared with
great care, and are the most complete ever published, comprising more than one thousand names.

great care, and are the most complete ever published, comprising more than one thousand nanes.

Prefatory Remarks.
Prefatory Remarks.
Fraternily—By A. J., Davis,
Nature's Utilimate Aim—By F. L. H. Willis,
Family Insurance—By D. Lyman, Jr.
The Bouble Besertion—By Henry D. Atwood.
Individual Progress—By E. W. Twing.
The Recording Angel—By Mrs. Sparks.
The New Riding Sult—By Mrs. Sparks.
The New Riding Sult—By Miss Margaret C. Huribut,
Cleanings from the Field of Thought—By A. E.,
Rowdyarchy—By A. J. Davis,
Paupers and Criminals.
November—By Mary F. Davis.
The Children's Progressive Lyccum—By Sara E. Payson.
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#### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, Oct. 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Gape, to his lather, and his mother in Canton, Mo.: Charles H. Johnson, to Iriends; J. B. Priest, to bis friend, H. W. Dyer, of Boston, Mass., Annie T. Lougee, to her father, Jerome Lougee, in New York.

Tucsday, Oct. B.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Col. Henry C. Gilbert, to his wife, in Coldwater, Mich.; Hiram Tubbs, to his father, in San Francisco, Cal.; Abble Jennings Rolfe, to friends, in Wilton, Tenn.; Philip Marden, to Mr. John Gage, of Nashua, N. H.; Grace Stekles, of Georgetown, D. C., to her mother, and father, Josiah Sickles, an officer in he Army.

Thursday, Oct. 20.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Col. Nelson Hill; to his brother, John G. Hill, a member of Jefferson Davis's Cablnet, in Richmond; Joe Brown, to his brother George; Roxanna Elliotte, to Alfred T. Elliotte, of Jersey City, N. J.

Monday, Oct. 21.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Col. Pengram, to relatives in Elchmond, Va.; Charlie Wells, to friends; Daniel Arthur Chamberlain, to bis parents, in this city; Alice Boyee, to Marian Spenser, of St. Louis, Mo.

Tuesday, Oct. 23.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Rudolph Setzer, of Columbus, O., to his wife, Margaret; Tim McCarty, to friends; Henry Ulines, to his father, Col. Josiah Glince, his mother, and Lient. Walsh, of a Ithode Island regiment.

Thursday, Oct. 21.—Invocation; Questions and Answers;

Thursday, Oct. 27. — Invocation: Questions and Answers; Hans Von Vleet, of Harlem, N. Y., to his wife, Frances Von Vleet; Mary O'Connor, to her mother, Mary O'Connor, of Plattsburg, N. Y.; John T. Traverse, mate of the ship "Orient;" Thomas Kane, of London, England: Charles Arlington Gates, of Gravesend, England, to his friend, Thomas Warring-

Gates, of Gravesend, England, to his friend, Thomas Warrington.

Monday, Oct. 31.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Stephen Field, to his wife, Jane, in Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Susio Jonkins, of Washington, D. C., to her father; Capt. Alexander Uice, to his wife and friends, in Georgia; Georgie Fay, of Tennessee, to Capt. Goss, of the Federal Army.

Tuesday, Nor. 1.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; James II. Brooks, to Thomas T. Brooks, of Macon, Ga.; Bill Caminglain, of the 18th Georgia Regiment; Joseph Tiompson, to his friends; James T. Cullen, to Mary Auma Cullen, of Now York Cite.

Thursday, Nor. 3.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Joseph B. Hester, to his mother, Ann E. Hester, residing near Spottayivania, Va.; Walter Grosse, to his friends; Hattie J. Donaldson, who died in Canada, to her father, Lieut, James R. Donaldson, at Fort Darling; John H. Prescott, to Hugh Lee, of Lexington, Ind.

#### Invocation.

Oh thou who art with us by day and by night. Whose wondrous law leads us from darkness to light, Whose love, like the sunshine, falls alike upon all, Gilding with glory o'en the funeral pall. We praise thee for life, that best gift of thy soul, With its myriad of changes past our control; Each chanting its song, or heaving its sigh, But all whispering sweetly the soul cannot die.

Life, oh Life! we bring all our offerings unto thy most sacred temple; all the great thoughts that have rolled up from the ocean of the Past, that have rolled up from the ocean of the Past, we would gather up and offer unto thee. There is no death—no, not anywhere; not even in the tomb; not even where the spirit has left its temple desolate. Life is everywhere, and everywhere active. Oh Great Spirit, whose presence we this hour adore, in all humility, we know that there are souls scattered broadcast o'er thine earth, temple that scarre know these or thy law. ly temple that scarce know thee or thy law. They are waiting, ever waiting on the mortal They are waiting, ever waiting on the mortal shore to hear thy voice, to know where thou art, what thou art. Oh Life, would they but unseal their ears they might hear thy voice sounding out through all thy creations, telling them thou art everywhere, that thy name is Jehovah. Oh Life, it is by thy law that we are here to-day, that having passed through the change of death, we are now clothed upon again with mortality, and do through weak human lips offer our thanks unto thee. It is by thy law that all changes are, that the past has been, the present is, and the unto thee. It is by thy law that all changes are, that the past has been, the present is, and the eternal future is to come. The same life that speaks into existence the smallest atom, speaks also into existence the smallest atom, speaks also into existence the soul, the grandest of all its achievements; and shall that soul not recognize its Maker? Shall soul not know its parent, and wander forever in darkness? Nay, nay, it must know thee, oh God, must feel thy presence, must recognize the baptism of thy love forever. Though these changes of life roll over it like great waves, yet it cannot die. The soul is of thy soul, it partakes of thy life, drinks in life from thy fountain of life; and if thou art eternal, the soul is eternal also. Oh Great Spirit, for this consciousness of our immortality we praise thee. We give unto thee all the glad utterances of our souls, and like all Nature, we attune the harps of our praise to thee forever.

### Questions and Answers.

SPIRIT.—We are now ready to consider any question or questions, if the friends have any to

-" Coffee," says M. de Gasparin, "renders the elements of our organism more stable. It is observed that under the influence of coffee, the produce of the secretions is more fluid, the respiraproduce of the secretions is more fluid, the respira-tion more active, and consequently the loss under-gone by the absorbed substances less rapid; and a diminution of animal heat has been observed where coffee is freely used." I would ask if it is so? Ans.—Coffee is a powerful stimulant. It acts

upon the nervous system, first, by invigoration, but that invigoration is followed by prostration. It possesses great positive and negative forces, the positive acting first, the negative following last. This is more or less true with regard to all such stimulants, but particularly true with regard to coffee. It may be said to build up one moment, and tear down the next. It is exceedingly active passes very rapidly through the nervous system and plays sometimes with skillful fingers upon the human machine. But we are speedily informed, by examination, that the action of coffee upon the system in the main is inimical to life and health. Under certain circumstances it be-comes a most excellent remedial agent, when used understandingly; but when coffee is not so used it becomes exactly the opposite. It is like all plants of that class. You can use them with advantage, if you use them understandingly, but with disadvantage if you use them without understanding.

derstanding.
Q.—Under what conditions is coffee beneficial?
A.—It is sometimes beneficial when you wish to bring up the tone of the nervous system immediately; when you wish to change the elementary condition of the physical form. For instance: an individual is prostrated from the effect of an overdose of morphine. Coffee then administered to the patient will overpower the morphine, and produce an equilibrium in the nervous forces. While that equilibrium is preserved, if strong enough, Nature will resume her right of control again, but if not strong enough, she will only stand at the door just long enough to see the action of the coffee pass away. This is but one of the conditions under which coffee may be used with good

O -Are not all stimulants deleterious when

the system is in perfect tone?

A.—Certainly. When there is an equilibrium between the positive and negative forces, or when they are in equilibrium in the system, there is perfect health. Then the introduction of all such timulants is deleterious, for they only raise the tone of the system above its common standard and then plunge it down again just so much be

Q.—What is the end of progression?—or, does the finite merge into infinity?

A.—It is our opinion that progression is eternal, therefore has no end. The soul is so constituted that it could not or would not be satisfied without progression. It is the food upon which soul exists; without it it would cease to exist, thus proving that the soul is immortal. So all things prove to us that progression is eternal. Oct. 11.

### Samuel Scudder.

I used to read my Bible very carefully when I was on earth, when I figured through fiesh and blood; and I remember reading concerning the rich man who wished to return, asked that he might go back to earth again after death, and warn his friends, lest they, too, should go to a world of torments. The answer was, "They have

Moses and the prophets with them. If they will not hear them, they would not hear, though one rose from the dead."

rose from the dead."

Ever since I have been contemplating a return,
I have been revolving this part of the Holy Scriptures over and over again in my mind, and I am
constantly wondering whether or not my friends
will shut their ears, and close up the door of their

souls against my coming.

Now they have said, "If this Spiritualism is true, why don't some of our spirit-friends return? We have many in that land—why don't they come back with tidings?"

I found, when I was wholly free from my body, I found, when I was wholly free from my body, that although I possessed some spiritual tendencles, had some likes and dislikes, yet I was in every sense a new being, subject to new laws. But still I seemed to preserve my own individuality intact. I was to all intents and purposes Samuel Scudder still. The sixty odd years that I lived in my body had not falled to impress all carties experiences on my suit and that I lived in my body had not falled to impress all earth's experiences on my spirit, and that seemed to be my body now, seemed to me to be my spirit-body. I was clothed with just that sort of clothing that I had manufactured myself by coming in contact with earthly experiences.

Oh, I thought, how wonderful it is! But while I was contemplating my own condition, I suddenly bethought myself that I had not as yet seen God. Well I began to think yery earnestly about.

God. Well, I began to think very earnestly about seeing him. Then one came to me whom I'd never known here, and seemed to say to me, "Brother, what can I do for you?" Although I heard no sound, still I was able to understand him, and it seemed to be just like talking to me; wet there was no movement of the line percentiyet there was no movement of the lips percepti-

I replied. "I want to know where God is." His I replied, "I want to know where God is. In answer was, "Have you not seen God?" "No," I said, "I have not." "How long have you possessed an individuality?" I told him as correctly as I was able. "He said," What! passed through "No." "Then I pity you," he said. Well, I began to think that I was a very unfortunate individual. I could n't account for it, and certainly thought myself "of all men the most wretched," as old Paul says.

After I had turned the metter over and over

Paul says.

After I had turned the matter over and over again for awhile, this same individual came to me and said, "would you like to see God?" "Why, yes," I said, "but oh I fear I m not worthy!" He stood a little way from me and pointed to a beautiful landscape. There I saw the beauties of Nature—the Nature such as I had come from. He asked me to look where he pointed for a moment or two. "What do you see? "Why I see a beautiful landscape," I replied, "nothing more." "Don't you see God there?" "Why I don't know as I do," I said. "Is it possible," he exclaimed, "that you can belold that beauty, that grand manifestation of power, and not see God?" exclaimed, "that you can behold that beauty, that grand manifestation of power, and not see God?"
"But," I said, "I mean a personal God." "Oh, poor, deluded mortal!" he said, "such a God as

you're looking for you'll never see,"

I then began to question the stranger about God. you're looking for you'll never see."

I then began to question the stranger about God. Said I, "Is there no God?" "Yes, and a God so much grander, so far beyond your finite comprehension, that you've made a great many mistakes concerning him." He then went on to tell me concerning him." He then went on to tell me concerning that new life; that all things were of God; that his breath was upon all, his power upon all; and that wherever I went, there I should find God; whatever I gazed upon would reflect God's image. "Oh," I said to him, "let me go back and tell my friends about this spirit-world, that they make not the mistakes I made." But his answer was, "The time is not yet. They've got no eyes to see you with as yet. No, they can't see you nor hear you. There is a wall of materialism so high between them and you that you can't see over it."

So I 've waited these eighteen years, but I 've seen the wall growing less and less, until I can see over it. I don't know whether my friends can, but I can, and if they feel half as anxious and as earnest to get light concerning their future home as I am to'give it, they'll listen to the voice that comes to them from over Jordan; they'll lask if it is not their father's voice—he who was once dear to them, whose counsels were once so

ask if it is not their father's voice—he who was once dear to them, whose counsels were once so

once dear to them, whose counsels were once so much prized by them.

Oh, my children! my children! how can I be happy? how can I rest in peace, while you are at i war and in want of so much light? The Church says you shall go so far, but you must take not another step in religion. Oh! oh! oh! how blinded they are! how wretched is their condition at the present moment! Why, they 've not so much as one plank to stand on—not one; and if they have n't faith, what will their religion avail them? Nought; for faith and works go together, One dies without the other.

Now, my dear friends, you who have said, "If Spiritualism be true, why don't some of our

Spiritualism be true, why don't some of our spirit-friends return with tidings?" Hear this simple call and answer it. Let us come home; let us ple call and answer it. Let us come home; let us talk there as we do here, and we'll soon convince you of the truth of Spiritualism. And don't be afraid that you shall be persuaded away from the right, for he or she who stands in the right way cannot be persuaded to leave it. There is an attraction so strong that no power can lead you out of it. If you stand in the wrong way, you will be affected by influences from all quarters. It seems to me you are in the wrong way, for if you were not you would not be so fearful. I am thankful, Oct. 11, sir, for the privilege of return.

### Alonzo Dresser.

I am rather weak; hardly fit to be undertaking to control a lady that I never controlled before; but, like all the rest of the boys, I am anxious to get a word across the Potomac. [Have patience, and you'll be able to.] It's a blessed privilege, but it's rather hard making use of it when you

do n't know much about its law.

I was sick over two weeks with gastric fever; got down pretty low; suffered a good deal—rather feel it now, I do'nt know why. When our regiment left this city I did n't think I should ever ment left this city I did n't think I should ever come this way—be availing myself of any of your spiritual modes of return. I rather thought that Uncle Sam would furnish the pass for us to get back with; but, it seems, a bigger uncle than he has furnished the pass. Our furlough is extended a good ways. I was reckened with the 3d Massachusetts Cavalry, Company I. Alonzo Dresser by name. [Did you live in Boston?] Yes. It's rather tough, this feeling that you're so near those that you'd give worlds to speak to and can't do it. [You'll be able to, soon.] Never mind; it's all right. [We'll help you all we can.] Thank you. Thank you.

I've only been in the spirit-world since the 19th

of last month. I went out from the Columbian Hospital, Washington. [Did you have good care?] Oh, yes, very good. Well, if I only knew the ropes a little better, and was a little stronger. I'd say more. I guess I'm about used up this time, capt'n. Oct. 11.

### William Sampson. (Colored.)

How do you do? Don't have cards up here, admitting colored folks to the gallery only, do you? [No; all are on one floor. Did you expect to find such conditions here?] Oh, I did n't know; it's the way most of 'em do things here, you know. Well, sir, I'd be glad if I could get a little word home—a little talk with my folks.

jittle word home—a little talk with my folks.

[Say whatever you please.]

I lived in Washington street, Cambridgeport.

My name was Sampson—William Sampson. I
was private in the 54th Mass. regiment. [Give your
people's name?] Name, Sampson. [Can you tell
the number?] I was just trying to get at it, but I
don't seem to. [I suppose there are folks there
that know them?] There's the Browns that
know 'em. Oh, they're known, sir. [Did you
know Mr. Cade in Cambridgeport?] What, the
grocery man? [Yes.] Oh, yes. [He may know
where your folks live.] Very likely he does.
[He'll probably take your letter to your friends
himself.] I wish he would. That's too much for
a colored man to dare to ask of a white man.

Well, I should like to have my wife and mother
—her mother—get my letter. My wife's name is
Susan Sampson, and I left a little one. I'd like
to have 'em know something about this. I aint
been able to go a stall. I did n't know anything

to have 'em know something about this. I aint been able to go at all. I did n't know anything about coming back here until our colonel told me about coming back here until our colonel told me the way. That was a rich fight. [Where?] At Wagner. [Were you there?] Yes, I was. [Did you'go out quick] No, sir, no; I suffered a little; got kind of used to it, though, before I went out, for I lived a little while. [That is n't very comfortable.] No, sir, it's rather uncomfortable. [What was your Colonel's name] Colonel Shaw. He 's a brave fellow. He went on to the parapet right in the face of the enemy's bullets. [Were you shot there, too?] No, no, sir; I'd gone ahead if they'd let me. [Would n't they let you?] No, sir; had to obey orders, you know. sir; had to obey orders, you know.

Well, it's a pretty good place—this spirit-world; better than where I died; better than old Cam-bridgeport, either. [That's a good place, is n't it?] Oh, yes, sir; it's good place enough when you can't find any better one, I suppose. Well, sir, I am much obliged; if ever I can do anything for am much obliged; if ever I can do anything for you any time, I am ready. Aint got into any business, aint enlisted again. [You aint?] No, sir; I think of doing so, though. [You can do a great deal on your side.] Yes, sir, that's what all the boys in the spirit-world seem to think. [If your folks are living where you left them, Mr. Cade will carry your letter to your family, we have no doubt.] I hope he will. They aint starved to death because they aint, or my side, but home

no doubt.] I hope he will. They aint starved to death, because they aint on my side; but hope they aint in the almshouse. Well, I'm happy, tell 'em. I got so much to tell, I don't know as I should know where to begin if I got the chance to go to them.

How's old Readville Camp, Camp Meigs? Well, the wat's going in our favor aint it? and old Uncle Abraham is going in, they say, for the next four years. [We suppose so, unless you prevent it.] Oh, the most of 'em in the spirit-world are in for it. Yes, sir, he's bound to go in. [It's you disem-Yes, sir, he's bound to go in. [It's you disembodied ones that are doing the work now.] Yes, sir! but the folks here don't know it. I heard one of the big generals in the spirit-world say that you folks was the lever in the hands of the folks up stairs. Well, sir, good-bye. Oct. 11.

#### Fannie Bullard.

I'm Fannie Bullard, I lived in Roxbury, I been in the spirit-land since—oh dear, I've only been there just a little while. [How long?] This

summer.

I brought my little brother and sister with me. They—we all went together. [Did you die of diptheria?] Yes sir?

I want my father and mother to let us come home to speak. [We hope they will.] I do n't like coming here. [When your parents know you want to come home they'll probably find a medium for you to use; that is, if they know anything about these things.] Oct. 11. about these things.]

#### Invocation.

Oh, thou who art breathing through this stormy day, Holy Spirit of all things, the soul has labored vainly to analyze thee through all ages, under all circumstances, and yet to-day, crowned as it is with glory, it knows thee not. It has failed to read thee, for thou art Infinite. Thou who art the Source of Life, from which we came, in which we live, and around which we, like planets, revolve, we recognize thy presence, we feel the warm influence of thy love, and the soul rests confidently in thee. Thou who art our Father and our Mothin thee. Thou who art our Father and our Mother, we will nevermore question as to what thou art, where thou art, who thou art; we will be sat-isfied to know that thou art our life, our strength, thou art the great ocean from which we are fed. Oh Presence, who breatheth through the falling raindrop that gravitates to Mother Nature's bosom, if the raindrop obeys thy law, shall we thy mighty subjects fail to obey the? Nay, this cannot be, for thou hast created us to revolve around thee forever; to obey thy mighty and mysterious laws forever. There can be no such thing as wandering from thy presence, oh our Father; no such thing as thou turning aside from the works of thy mighty mind, for thy creations are one with thee, are members of thy Infinite body, and, therefore, all needed by thee. Oh, glorious thought! thou hast need of us. Oh, sacred remembrance! that we are thine as thou art ours. Oh Father, Spirit, while we labor in the great vineyard of life, while we turn our steps again to mortality to drink in her conditions, to baptize ourselves with her laws, we know that thou wilt gladly receive all our ofwe know that thou wilt gratify receive all our of-ferings. We know that all our aspirations will go forth to thee, that every wish will rest in thine Infinite bosom, waiting for its response. Thou who art the God of the tempest as of the sunshine, shall we ask thee to bless these thy children? shall we ask thee to bless them with any special provi-dence? Nay, nay, for thou art leading them each dence? Nay, nay, for thou art leading them each one, art ministering to their individual wants, art loving all, blessing all, never, never forsaking any. Though some may lay upon thine altar offerings drenched with blood, yet thou art still their loving Father; still the Great Spirit of Truth that is moving upon the waters of life. Every drop in that sea is full of Truth. So, Father, Spirit, we lift our souls to thee in thought. We praise thee, not with that vain praise that belongs to mortality, but with that deep praise that belongs to the soul. We adore thee as a something beyond our comprehenadore thee as a something beyond our comprehension. We turn to thee as that Spirit of Eternal Truth, that shall lead us unto all Truth—that shall take from us ignorance and give us wisdom, that shall wipe away the tears of humanity and give that humanity smiles instead. May these thy children never cease to love thee. May they love thee as outer Nature loves thee, never fearing, not when the cold waves of Death roll at their feet.
Even then may they say within the deepest avenues of their being, "I have a Father who is able to sustain me. I have a mother whose love never dies."

Oct. 13.

### Questions and Answers.

SPIRIT.-We are now ready to give our opinion upon any subject the friends may offer.

Ques.—If spirits universally agree that there is
no personal God or Devil, why cannot they just as
well agree that there is animal existence after

Ans.—We are not fully persuaded that all spirits do agree, even on this point. We are quite certain that there are many millions on your earth who are still waiting to behold some personal God or Devil; who are unwilling to believe in the existence of a God aside from a personality. There can be no general standard of belief. All are compounded differently, yet in essence all are the same. No two think alike, no two act alike, so no two can agree. One man may declare, in all sincerity, that the moon is square, while another knows it to be round.

Q.—Will the intelligence please make a few remarks concerning harmony, as consistent with the different developments of disembodied spirits?

A.—The soul is developed from within not from without. The inharmony that exists in outer life, the soul, in a positive sense, does not feed upon. The soul depends upon a heaven of its own for existence; or in other words, it revolves around a centre of its own.

What constitutes that mutual attraction which spirits of the same grade have for each

A.—The laws of attraction and rupulsion are existant with us, as with you. We have our likes and dislikes, our loves and our hates, as you do. existant with us, as with you. We have our likes and dislikes, our loves and our hates, as you do. We do not mean that you shall understand that there is no attraction between two souls, or any number of souls. This is not so; for thousands congregate together in groups or societies. But wisdom teaches them it is well to agree to dis-

Q.—Then love and attraction are the only ele-

ments upon which spirits can harmonize?

A.—The only ones we know of.

Q.—If treachery and falsehood is natural and common in the next world, how can we hope to progress there?

A.—It is our opinion that nine-tenths of those spirits who are charged with telling that which is untrue, are charged, certainly, if not falsely, very unjustly; for they each one think they tell you truth in communicating here. It is true to them. Treachery and falsehood do not exist in the spirit-world in the sense that it exists with you. In the spirit-land there is no necessity for the practice of Q .- Is it not practiced by spirits to bring about

certain ends with mortality? A .- Positively speaking, we cannot believe it

Q.—What is a spirit abstracted from materiality? Please give us a description ity? Please give us a description of it?

A.—That we cannot do for there is nothing common to your senses with which we can compare

Q .- Are spirits obliged to have resource to materiality in order to communicate their thoughts to mortals? A.—They are.
Q.—How is thought communicated between one another in the spirit-world?

came here to meet me, but did not. Now was it cause the spirit of Truth is absent from the not possible for her to know if she came here she Church, and there are minds living in it that are not possible for her to know if she came here she would not meet me?

anni: How is the spint-limb disposed of it a person lives twenty years after?

A.—Spirit is above and beyond all material law. It cannot be confined, for it is thought. You cannot confine thought, let you build your walls ever so thick, ever so high. This should teach you that spirit is above all material law. Spirit can penetrate iron, wood, and all kinds of metal, veg-etable matter also, just as well as it can penetrate

the human body.

Q.—Do you mean to say a person's spirit can be enclosed in thick iron?

A.—Cortainly I do. The spirit is in no way subject to the laws of matter. It is superior to all material. Close your apartments ever so securely yet entirit ear enter. ly, yet spirit can enter.
Q.—Is it the entire members of the body that

are necessary to perfect progress?

A.—To perfect progress? So far as material things are concerned, we believe it is.

Q.—As materiality may be considered to have its commencement in solid matter, where does in the control of the constant of the constan

immateriality commence? A.—It is our belief that materiality does not commence with solid matter, but with atmospher-

is life. Your earth, in its primary state, was a floating mass of vapor, yet that floating mass contained all the elements necessary to the begetting all the various conditions by which you are surrounded, or by which the future will be controlled. Q .- Is not the most refined spirit, materiality,

A.—It is our opinion that the spirit, in a certain sense, lives in a refined condition in material life, but that material life is so far beyond the realm of your existence that it hardly bears relationship Q.—Has the spirit always existed as an intelli-

gence?

A.—Yes, Q.—Does the spirit pass into individuality at conception?

A.—We believe it takes on individuality at con-

ception.
Q.—If an individual should die between conception and birth, would it pass on as an individ-uality? As a human individuality; for it has en-

ligences controlling are always thrown with greater or less force upon the subject controlled.

Q.—What effect would a person who had committed murder have upon a medium in returning?

Would he cast that murderous influence upon the subject?

A.—Certainly.

Q.—How would it be with a murderer who was hardened to crime, and with another who was A.—The effect upon the subject would be the

same, certainly.
Q.—Do spirits individualize in any other way than by entering the physical body?

A.—Not as human spirits.

O.—Then is not the doctrine of transmigration A.—In a certain sense it is true; for you baptize with your human life every other grade of life. In this sense the doctrine of transmigration is true. Q.—As a principle, is there any difference be-

A.—In essence, we believe that all life is the same. The difference is in the compounding.

Q.—What difference is there between murdering a man in the street, without provocation, and

A.—So far as outward circumstances go, there is a difference; but taking human life, under all circumstances.

e and electr

that magnetic and electric life the body possesses; then return that body, like a worn-out garment, to Mother Nature.

Q.—What benefit can it be to the spirit to live in the body through superanuated old age?

A.—That it may attain the experiences of old age. They bring their lessons of good, as the experiences of childhood bring theirs.

Q.—In what department of science or art were you most versed when on the earth?

A.—Pardon us if we decline answering your

Q.—What authority have we for believing that spirits speak what is true, if there is no standard of truth in the spirit-world?

A.—Believe that which seems to be true to you, and nothing more. No matter if it were said to emanate from the lips of a Jesus, if it has no truth to you, lay it aside until it does possess truth

QR.—But I might be impressed by it, and yet not fully understand it. We know that we exist, but do not always know the philosophy by which CHAIRMAN.-Would it be any more proof of

your truthfulness in your making the assertion, than it would be in your declining to give your profession when here? Would the gentleman not be as likely to believe in one case as in the other?

A.—It is our opinion it would make very little difference.

-Was the spiritual manifestation of the present day foretold previously as coming? A.—Yes. Q.—What is the meaning of the second coming

of Christ? A.—In our opinion, it means the second coming of the same spirit of Truth—nothing more, nothing Q .- Is the same spirit of Truth manifesting to

day as was predominant at the time of Paul's preaching? A.—Precisely the same in principle; the only difference being that it manifested then through the conditions of that time, and it now manifests through conditions in the present. Therefore in manifestation there is a difference.

Q.—Did Swedenborg predict that these spiritual manifestations would occur?

A.—Yes, but he believed they were to be given

to a select few, not to the masses.
Q.—It is said, "At the second coming of the Q,—It is said. At the second coming of the Son of Truth, then shall you receive the signs of the coming Son of Truth, but clouds shall obscure his countenance from you." Are the clouds which obscure his face from us at the present day the

obscure his face from us at the present day the same as those of Paul's time?

A.—Yes, clouds of ignorance, clouds of superstition, not the clouds that obscure material sunlight, as many suppose. This spirit of Truth will shine through these clouds of ignorance and superstition; but those persons who profess to know the most will have the smallest understanding. The spirit of Truth, through Jesus, says, "When again I shall manifest, I shall not be known. Though I shall come to my own, yet will they not receive me. I shall be rejected. I shall wander as an outcast then, as I do now." This is true. The spirit of Truth has been rejected. The Church professor to held within its heart the nower of professes to hold within its heart the power of Christian life, the spirit of Truth, but it is all in another in the spirit-world?

A.—The spirit is thought. The mode of communication is also thought—thought acting upon thought. There is no need of material means to facilitate the passage of thought.

Q.—Can mind act independent of matter?

A.—Certainly it can; at least independent of that matter that you, through physical senses, recognize.

Q.—What constitutes the vision of spirits? What organ do they behold material objects with? My daughter in the spirit-world, recently said she

not possible for her to know if she came here she would not meet me?

A.—That depends very much upon the degree of unfoldment the child has received. The spirit, when desirous of discerning material objects, does so by virtue of material vision. If I, as a spirit, see your material lody, it is through material sight, and no other way. When spirit-friends tell you that they are with you in earth-life, that they see your physical body, it is your spirit body, that imponderable essence within the spirit body, not the physical, that cannot be.

Q.—When the spirit takes possession of a healthy organism, why does it experience the pain and suffering that it felt at the time of its death?

A.—Simply because the mind reverts powerfully to the past—to those conditions again through which they have passed in their last sickness.

Q.—How is it in case of the amputation of an arm? How is the spirit-limb disposed of if a person lives twenty years after?

A.—Simit is above and beyond all meterial to degree; instead of sowing the seeds of discord everywhere; instead of sowing the seeds of over. The Church ever has been at war. Show us a time when peace, as it means with the Infinite, ever has been at war. Show us a time when peace, as it means with the Infinite, ever has been at war. Show us a time when peace, as it means with the Infinite, ever has been at war. Show us a time when peace, as it means with the Infinite, ever has been at war. Show us a time when peace, as it means with the Infinite, ever has been at war. Show us a time when peace, as it means with the Infinite, ever has been at war. Show us a time when peace, as it means with the Infinite, ever has been at war. Show us a time when peace, as it means with the Infinite, ever has been at war. Show us a time when peace, as it means with the Infinite, ord the viction of some peace, as it means with the Infinite ord. This cannot be done. Your church-se are even now at variance. Each one of them is holding councils of war personal God. This cannot be done. Your church

#### Bill Giddings.

I don't want to exhibit any spirit of retaliation here, but I feel as though it was almost impossible for me to do otherwise. I was taken prisoner ble for me to do otherwise. I was taken prisoner after the hattle of Gettysburg, and have been confined in Libby Prison ever since, until within about two weeks. [That, you know, is one of the misfortunes incident upon war.] Yes, I know that; but if I was treated as a prisoner of war, I should have been contented; but we were treated worse than dogs. Why, you can't have any idea of the miserable treatment I received there, not the fairtest idea. I used to wish when I was in the faintest idea. I used to wish, when I was in prison, that I could sit on the throne of eternal judgment, and I'd sweep the entire South out of existence. [That would be hard. They'll grow better by-and-by.] Grow better! So will the old arch fiend grow better. [We are going to have the whole of them regenerated at some future time.] You'll have hard work to regenerate the South, I'm thinking. Well, you may think it's right, but I did n't, for them to treat me as they did.

Why, when I first went there they showed me

Why, when I first went there they showed me into a place something like a loft, where there were some few dying, not a few sick, and some dead ones that had been there four or five days. If you went to the window to get a breath of fresh air, you were in danger of being shot. For the first forty-eight hours—I 'll speak within bounds, though I think it was longer—I had n't so much as a drink of water. Then because I snubbed the nose of one of the inferior officers—he was nothing but a slave-driver, anyway—for refusing to let me go to the window, I was sent down below into one, of the most miserable dungeons ever thought of. There was all sorts of vermin there, too. Oh, it was enough to make a man wish he too. Oh, it was enough to make a man wish he was out of the world, instead of in it. Talk about too. humanizing them critters! I'm glad you ain't going to try to do it, for I think it would be labor lost.

I should like to talk to old Turner. By Heav-ens! wouldn't I make his soul shake within him? Yes, I should like to talk to him, but I can't do it. A.—As a numan individuality; for it has entered the vale of life,
Q.—When spirits come back to develop, what influence do they exert on the medium controlled?
A.—The peculiar influences attending the intelligences controlling are always thrown with great or less force upon the spirits controlled?

M.—Standam individuality; for it has entered to the controlled?

I hope I sha'n't ever meet those fellows that held the reins over me so tight, because I do n't know but what I should show fight. [Try to feel as comfortable as possible.] I do, for I'm consoling myself that they are going to get tripped up pretty soon.

Well, I'm from the 61st New York, Company I.
My name is Giddings—Bill Giddings. I don't
know as my having fought for Uncle Sam will be
the means of my bettering my condition, here. Certainly it did n't get bettered any while on the

Certainly it did n't get bettered any while on the earth.

I've got a mother in Plattsburg. She's not heard of my death. She's only been in the way of knowing that I was taken prisoner, but nothing more; so by coming here I bring the first news myself. That's all she's heard. [Give us her address, and we will send a paper containing your message.] Well, the best I can give you is Mary J. Giddings, Plattsburg, New York.

I should like to get a chance to talk to my mother about my sufferings. I tell you I could give enough to make a pretty good story. But it's all over, now, so there's no use in feeling bad about it. I feel mad to think I was obliged to go through with it.

Well, I wouldn't wish any worse punishment upon them than that they be made to suffer what I did. That's all I ask. If they could only be put through the same course, I'd be perfectly satisfied. I'd feel amply repaid for all the suffering I've been through with

killing him in war?

A.—So far as outward circumstances go, there is a difference; but taking human life is taking human life, under all circumstances.

Q.—Do you regard it as a misfortune to have it taken?

A.—We do.

QR.—Paul said "it was better to go than stay."

A.—Paul was not possessed of all wisdom. He had only that which belonged to him; not that which belonged to you and I. In our opinion, it is better that the spirit receive its full measure of unfoldment through the physical form; or, in other words, live in the body until it shall use up all that magnetic and electric life the body possesses;

Island: I'd feel amply repaid for all the suffering I've been through with.

I wonder where old Turner will turn up in the spirit-world? I do n't think he 'll be a slave-driver. [There's none there to drive.] No sir; I think he 'll have a pretty tight squeeze to get into any sort of decent society, there. Well, I feel like fighting, so I think I 'll go. [You must forgive your enemies.] Forgive? Time enough when they your pocket and giving money to a beggar before he asks you to. [It's all the more meritorious to do it without being asked.] Oh, well, you're more Christian than I am; I ain't learnt the ropes yet.

I should like to have my Uncle Ben take my place in taking care of my mother. He said to me, "Bill, if you get killed, I'll see to your moth-er." I want him to be sure and do it in good Style, not half way, either.

Good-by. I hope you'll never go to Libby; that's

the best wish I can give you. If any of you have got friends there, I hope you'll get them out as soon as vou can.

### Dr. George T. Garvin.

George T. Garvin, of Macon, Georgia. I am here to ask a favor. I was a surgeon in the rebel army; do not know that I ever refused to favor people from your side when they came within my reach; so I feel that I have a right to ask a favor of you. In fact, I believe I received my deathwound at the hands of one of your Yankee soldiers. [That was too bad.] Oh, no, I did n't feel it to be so. I was in the way of my duty, and I must expect to receive the consequences of it. I was by no means exempt because I neither took was by no means exempt because I neither took sides with the North or South, for I did not. I went into the army, in one sense, because I was forced into it. Then, again, I felt the poor soldiers needed all the aid the Almighty had it in his pow-

er to bestow upon them. Therefore I went.

I have left a wife and three children destitute, so far as the things of this world are concerned. so far as the things of this world are concerned. You will naturally suppose that I am very anxious on their account. I have thought perhaps by coming here I might be enabled to go still further, until I could reach their by some material means. [We sympathize with you, and will aid you all we can.] Thank you.

I was born in Springfield, Illinois. My forefathers were staunch supporters of the Union. I believe I have friends, relatives at the North, though most of them if living on the earth, belong to a

most of them, if living on the earth, belong to a past generation; so I hardly feel like returning to ask favors of them. But I will ask favors of those persons who professed to have received a great many favors at my hands. I would ask my friend Thomas Greenwich, (a man amply able to grant favors in that line) if he should chance to

grant favors in that line) if he should chance to see my call, if he will attend to it, if he will do something for my wife and children?

I was well off myself before the breaking out of this rebellion. But you know that people living at the South have thrown all into the scale. Those who didn't do so from their own free will, have been forced to do it. So, with very few exceptions, poverty reigns there, except with a small class, who stood by to swallow up all that might not chance to fall into Government's hand.

But my friend Greenwich, I believe, possesses a good heart, kind feelings, and it is to him that I now make my call.

I can hardly hope to talk as I do here to my wife and little ones, but I can pray earnestly that I may do something to alleviate their sufferings. Farewell sir:

Oct. 14.

### Evelyn Sholes.

Evelyn Sholes, of Dacotah City, Iowa, I was ine years old. I left my mother on the 24th of nine years old. I left my mother on the 24th of last May. My father was killed in the army.

He's here.
My mother has been very sick. I thought if I could only let her know that we wasn't dead, she'd feel so much better. [Give us her name, and we'll send a paper to her.] Give you her name? [Yes.] Catharine Sholes, Dacotah City, Iowa

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Mis. Cona L. V. Harch will lecture in Lyceum Hall, Boston, during November.

ton, during November.

DR. L. K. COONLEY will lecture and heal in Quipcy, Ill., during December. Address, care W. Brown, Quincy, Ill. Will furnish Spiritual and Reform Books at publishers' prices, and take subscriptions for the Banner of Light. Mrs. Sarah A. Coonley's address is Newburyport, Mass. N. Frank Whitze will speak 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 Someraville, Conn., during Februa-ry; in Springfield during March. Address, Quincy, Mass.

Mas. S. E. Wansen will speak in Providence, Nov. 20 and 27; in Portland, Me., during December. Will speak week evenings, if desired. Address, care of Dr. H. F. Gardner, Pavillon, 37 Tremont street, Boston. 51 Tremont street, Boston.

M188 MAHTHA L. BECKWITH, trance speaker, will lecture
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March; in Lowell during April. Address at New Haven, care
of George Beckwith.

J. H. RANDALL and HENRY B. ALLEN will be in Winchester, N. H., Nov. 20; in Montague, Mass., Nov. 27. Address accord-

nigy.

Lois Waishnooker will speak in Bowling Green, O., four
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torn, Dec. 18; in Liverpool, Jan. 1; in Eaton, Jan. 8. Address,
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Mus. E. M. Wolcott will speak in Danby, Nov. 20: In

Mount Holly, Nov. 27: In Leicester, Dec. 4: In East Middle
bury, Dec. 11: In South Hardwick, Dec. 18; In Morrisville,

Dec. 23. Address, Rochester, Vt.

ISAAO P. Greenleaf will speak in Bucksport, Me., Nov.

20 and 27, and Dec. 18 and 25; in Gleuburn, Nov. 6, and Dec.

4; in Exeter, Nov. 13, and Dec. 11. Address, Exeter Mills, Me.

Mus. S. M. Horton has removed her residence to Rutland,

Vt. She will answer calls to speak Sundays and attend fune
rils. Will speak in Haverhill, Misss., Nov. 13; in Bridgewater,

Nov. 30. Address, Rutland, Vt.

Mus. Leyer, Dorgen will speak in Cleiges, Nov. 20 and 27.

Miss Lizzie Doten will speak in Chelsea, Nov. 20 and 27. Address, Pavillon, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Address, Pavillon, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Miss. Sarah A. Byrkes will speak in Malden, Nov. 20 and
27; in Lynn, Dec. 4 and 11; in Plymouth, Dec. 18 and 25.

Miss. Frances Lord Bond will lecture in Washington during
November; in Lowell, Mass., in June. Address, care of Miss. J.

A. Kellogg, Amherst, Mass.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Foxboro' during November; in Washington, D. C., Dec. 18 and 25; in Lowell during
January and May: in Chelsea during February; in Haverhill
during March; in Plymouth, April 2 and 9; in Providence, R.
L., April 23 and 30. MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND speaks in Stafford, Conn., during November; in Troy, N. Y., during December. Address as

above.

J. M. PEEBLES Will speak in Portland, Me., during January; in Washington, D. C., during February. Address as above.

Miss Susie M. Johnson Will lecture in Taunton, Nov. 20 and 27. Address, Bradley, Me., care of A. B. Emery.

Warnen Chase will lecture in Geauga County, Obio, the last three Sundays of Nov.—address, Chardon; in Synacuse, N. Y., during December; in Washington, D. C., during January. He will also speak week evenings on the war, the currency, reconstruction, the origin and destiny of the races, etc. 116 will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

Mus. Augusta A. Cherrer will speak in Randolph Mass.

MRS. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will speak in Randolph. Mass., Nov. 20; in Chicopee, Nov. 27; in Philadelphia during Decem-ber; in Worcester during January; in Lowell during Febru-try. Address, box 815, Lowell, Mass.

MALTER HYDE lectures every week in the "Electro Therapeutic and Medical Institute," No. 24 Fulton at., Brooklyn, N. Y. Will receive subscriptions for the Bunner of Light; also attend funeruls. See advertisement. Address as above.

MRS. E. A. Bliss, of Springfield, Mass., will speak in Troy, N.Y., during November; in Clincinnait, O., during December; in Charlestoyn, Jan. 22 and 29, and Feb. 5 and 12; in Flymouth Feb. 19 and 26; in Lowell during March. J. L. POTTER, trance speaking medium, will lecture in Des Moines, Iowa, every Sunday until further notice.

Moince, Iowa, every Sunday until further notice.

MRS. A. P. Brown will speak in Danville, Vt., every other
Sunday until further notice. Is at liberty to speak on weekday evenings, if wanted; will speak in Milton, Nov. 20.

JAMES M. ALLEN will speak in Walde, Knox and Hancock
Counties, Mc., until further notice. Address, Scarsport, Mc.,
care of M. Balley. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light; also attend funerals.

ner of Light; also attend funerals.

J. G. Fisn will speak in Grand Rapids, Mich., during November; in Providence, B. I., during January and March; in Worcester, Mass., during February; in Van Buren and Allegin Counties, Mich., during April, May and June. Address; Ganges, Allegan Co., Mich., or according to appointments. W. K. Ripley will speak in Somers, Conu., during December; in Stafford, Jan. 1 and 8; in Plymouth, Jan. 15 and 22. Address as above, or Snow's Falls, Mc.

MRS. Susig A. Hutchinson will speak in Portland, Me., Nov. 20 and 27. Miss Emma Houston will lecture in Worcester, Mass., dur-ing November; in Taunton, March 5 and 12. Address as above, or Manchester, N. H.

Austra E. Simmons will speak in East Bethel, Vt., on the fourth Sunday of every month during the coming year; in Providence, R. L., Nov. 13; in Rochester, Vt., Nov. 20. Address, Woodstock, Vt. dress, Woodstock, Vt.
MISS LIZZIE CARLEY, Ypsilanti, Mich., will be in Brecks-ville, Richfield, Hinckley, Chagrin Palis, O., the last two weeks of September and during October, visiting other pinces during the week, if desired; in Cincinnail during November.

W. F. JAMIESON, tranco speaker, Albion, Mich., will speak in St. Johns one-half the Sundays of each month. ADDRESSES OF LECTURERS AND MEDIUMS. (Under this heading we insert the names and places of residence 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 advance 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."] REV. D. P. DANIELS will answer calls to lecture, solemnize marriages, and attend funerals. Address, Lafayette, Ind. Mrs. N. J. Willis, trance speaker, 24% Winter street, Boston, Mass. IRA H. Curtis speaks upon questions of government. Address, Hartford, Conn. nov21—13ress, Hartlord, Conn.
HENNY C. GORDON, medium, 66 West 14th street, corner 6th evenue. New York.

NRS. LOVINA HEATH, tranco speaker, Lockport, N. Y. H. P. FAIRFIELD, Croto, Will Co., Ill., care of R. M. Mellen. MRS. SARAH M. THOMPSON, speaker, post office box 1019, Cloveland, O.: residence, 36 Bank street. nove—3m C. Augusta Firch, trance speaker, box 4295, Chicago, Ill.

Miss A. P. Mudgerr will answer calls to lecture, and attend funerals. Address, Montpeller, VL, care of L. L. Tanner. MRS. A. P. BROWN, inspirational speaker. Address, St. colmsbury Centre, Vt. oct22-6w\* Miss Lizzie M. A. Carley, Ynsilanti, Mich., will make summer and fall engagements wherever (on public routes) her services are desired. Will take subscriptions for all the spiritual papers. aug27-+;

Miss Jennie Lord, musical medium, care Erastus Stebbins, Chiconec, Mass. sep24—3m Chicopee, Mass,

Mrs. C. Fannie Allen's address is Scarsport, Mc., care of
M. Bailey. She will now receive calls to lecture for the au
tumn and winter, and attend funerals when desired. Jy16—†

Mrs. Annie Lord Chambrellain, musical medium. Address
40 Russell street, Charlestown, care Col. C. H. Wing.

Jun4

Mrs. Frances Lord Bond, care of Mrs. J. A. Kellogg, Am
herst, Mass. F. L. WADSWORTH'S address is 274 Canal street, New York.

MRS. H. F. M. BROWN may be addressed at Kalamazoo, Mich.
J. L. POTTER, trance speaking medium, from Massachusotts,
desires to make engagements through the West, to speak where
ever the friends may desire his services. Address, Dea Moines,
Iowa, care of Lewis Lucas, Esq.
MISS L. T. WHITTIER, Dansville, N. Y.

Oction MISS L. T. WHITTIER, Dansville, A. .
REV. STEPHEN SPEAR, Braintree, Vt., offers his services, as lecturer; to those who will pay his expenses.

Valence of Mich. Jan9— F. L. H. and Love M. Willis, 492 West 27th street, New York City.

DR. JAMES COOPER, of Bellefontaine, O., will answer calls to speak on Sundays, or give courses of lectures, as usual. † Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, hox 166, Buffalo, N. Y. mar5-† L JUDD PARDEE, Boston, Mass., care Banner of Light. †
MRS. SOPHA L. CHAPPELL will answer calls to lecture in
any part of the country. Address, care of Mrs. A. Patterson,
No. 269 Wahnt street, Cincinnati, O. REV. ADIN BALLOU, lecturer, Hopedale, Mass. MR. and MRS. H. M. MILLER, Elmira, N. Y., care of Wm. B. Hatch. jan23—† anll--

J. S. LOVELAND, Willimantic, Conn. II. B. STORER, Foxboro', or 4 Warren st., Boston. jel8-MRS. LAURA CUPPY, Dayton, Ohio.

AN EYE-OPENER.

AN. EXECUPENER.

SECOND EDITION. "Citateur par Pigault." Le Brin.
Doubts of Infidels, embodying Thirty Important Questions to the Clergy. Also, Forty close Questions to the Doctors of Divinity. By Zepa.
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PART II.

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Price, 40 cents; postage, 4 cents. For sale at this Office.
June 27.

A B C OF LIFE.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

THIIS BOOK, of three hundred Aphonisms, on thirty-six printed pages, contains more valuable matter than is ordinarily found in hundreds of printed pages of popular reading matter. The work is a rich treat te all thinking minds.

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THE APOCRYPHAL NEW TESTAMENT, DEING all the Gospela, Epiattes, and other pieces now extant, attributed, in the first four centuries, to Jesus Christ, lik Apostles, and their companions, and not included in the New Testament by its compilers. Sent by mail on receipt or price and postage. Frice, \$1.00; postage, 16 cents. Address, Barrer of Light, Boston, Mass.

# Penrls.

And quoted odes, and levels five words long. That on the stretched foredinger of all time Sparkle forever."

--------WESTWARD. Westward flows the human stream, And States are springing into life And grandeur, like a fairy dream— Are rallying for a noble strife; A strife for empire, not with swords, Nor bristling legions-pillage-war; Their weapons, such as peace affords— Their conquests, far more glorious are.

The engine's scream their trumpet charge; Their swords the cleaving share shall be; Their spoils—full many a freighted bargo Shall bear their trophies to the sea. One steaming forge, the clashing loom, The coursing lightning's flery wings, The church, the school, the rural home, Are bloomer such as feedlow below. Are blessings such as freedom brings -[J. J. Owen.

When we see and feel the universal love of Nature in everything, ought it not to infuse within us a spirit of friendship?

UNIVERSAL LOVE IN NATURE. Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers, And grasping blindly above it for light, Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers; The cowslip startles in meadows green, The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice, And there's never a leaf or blade too mean To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
A-tilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings.

Knowledge and timber should n't be much used till they are seasoned.

NOT ON A PRAYERLESS BED. Not on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed, Compose thy wearied limbs to rest; For they alone are blest With balmly sleep, Whom angels keep. No, not though by care opprest, Or thoughts of anxious sorrow, Nor though in many a coit perplexed Lay not thy head on prayerless bed.

Speak not injurious words, either in jest or in

# Correspondence in Brief.

Charlestown Meetings, Test, etc.

I am sure, dear Banner, your readers are all in-terested in the progress of our glorious cause, and feel a degree of sympathy with all its advocates, whether private or public laborers, and will ever be glad to learn of their prosperity. The cause in he glad to learn of their prosperity. The cause in Charlestown, where I spent the month of October, is thriving finely, if one can judge from increasing audiences, and off-repeated "God bless you, and sustain you in your noble work," which often fell from human lips in my hearing while there. Mr. A. H. Richardson is not satisfied to provide alone for man's physical wants, but, with all the care of his business, finds time to take charge of the meetings, and thus provide for the spiritual. His labors seem to be appreciated by the people.

Before I left Charlestown, I gave a funeral discourse for a soldier, son (whose given name I have

course for a solidier, son (whose given name I have not got) of Moses and Harriet Servey, of Charlestown. He was twenty-seven years of age, and passed from the form at Key West.

After fulfilling my engagement there, we started for this place, and on the way received a test of spirit-power and presence worthy your notice. On arriving at Providence, my husband asked a conductor and also a hagger-master from William On arriving at Providence, my husband asked a conductor, and also a baggage-master from Willimantic, if we should get to W. in season to connect with a train for Stafford on the same night. Both persons told him we could only come to Willimantic that night. When getting the tickets, the ticket-master said, "You can only go to Willimantic to-night; there are no trains connecting there for you to go to Stafford." Having some time to wait, I sat down as patiently as possible, feeling disappointed with the thought that we could not reach there that night. Presently I heard my spirit grandfather's voice, saying—"Daughter, you will go through to-night." I immediately put the words down. On arriving at Willimantic, we learned that the Stafford train, Willimantic, we learned that the Stafford train, due at three o'clock, had not arrived, but was every moment expected. We had just time to get tickets and re-check our trunks, when along came the train (having been detained by a bridge being made unsafe by the rise of water), and took us through to Stafford, thus fulfilling the words of W., we had no earthly reason to suppose could prove true. So they watch us. The cause is alive here.

M. S. TOWNSEND. Stafford, Ct., Nov. 8, 1864.

### Mendville, Pa.

We take the following extract from a letter written by G. Newcomer, M. D., under date of November 4th:

November 4th:

"We had the past week Mrs. A. Wilhelm, M. D., of Philiadelphia, lecturing for us in my Hall. Her lectures were well attended, and highly appreciated, indeed made many converts to our Spiritual Philosophy. She is a noble woman, and is doing truly a good work. I bespeak for her a good audience whereever she may go. She inspires her audiences with her eloquence and true philosophy. May good angels ever attend her.

The cause is now progressing here since I opened a hall. We have had the Rev. Moses Hull, Cora L. V. Hatch, Mrs. A. Wilhelm. H. P. Fairfield and Warren Chase will be here soon; Mr. Chase the last of this month and the beginning of next. All who have been here have done a good

next. All who have been here have done a good work; and those who are soon to follow I hope will be equally successful. I still invite others my hall is free. Come, and do all the good you can: angels will bless you. Let the bonds of superstition be broken, and man liberated from thralldom, that he may learn to think for him-

### Mrs. Cuppy's Lectures.

At a meeting of the officers of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists of Cincinnati, at their hall, on Sunday evening, Oct. 30th, 1864, it was

unanimously
Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered to Resolved, That a vote of thanks be fendered to Mrs. Laura McAlpin Cuppy for her fearless and able exposition and defence of Spiritualism and its beautiful philosophy and sublime teachings, in a series of lectures delivered by her in this city, in Metropolitan Hall, during the five Sundays of October now ended. As a public lecturer she is far above mediocrity in manner, style and language of the language of the style and language of the style and language. guage. As a lady, we deem her above reproach in respect to her public as well as her private character, and the relation she sustains to this Society, and the cause and truth of Progressive Spiritualism generally, and the public at large, and we cheerfully and heartly recommend her to the further hardened and attention of everthe favorable consideration and attention of every Spiritual Association throughout our land and nation. Per order of the Cincinnati Religious Society of

Progressive Spiritualists. DAVID H. SHAFFER.

Cincinnati, O., Oct. 31, 1864.

### Washington, Indiana.

. A correspondent, writing from the above place,

"Our flourishing town is situated on the Mississippi and Ohio Great Western Railroad, twenty miles east of Vincennes, Ind. The location is beautiful, and we have a population of two thousand, with some five or more meeting houses. The town

is surrounded by the most advantageous farming countles in the West; and it is said that more bushness is transacted here than at any town on this road."

#### Mt. Charles, III.

Bro, H. P. Fairfield will deliver a course of lectures at St. Charles, Ill., commoncing Sunday, Nov. 13th. Immediately after the close of his course, it is expected that Bro. E. V. Wilson, who course, it is expected that Bro, F., V. Wison, Who has recently returned from the war, where he has been serving his country as a soldier, will also de-liver a course of lectures, St. Charles. Ill., Nov. 3d., 1864.

#### Dedication at Vincentown, N. J.

The Spiritualists will dedicate a Hallin Vincentown, on Sunday, November 20th. Speakers, and those who sympathize with the cause of Progress, are invited to be present. Railroad trains run to the place four times per day, Sundays excepted. H. I. BUDD.

Vincentown, N. J., Nov. 8th, 1864.

Letter from Henry T. Child, M. D. Mr. EDITOR-You ask me to write a word about Lizzie Doten's labors among us. Do you

not know that it is just as hard to write without brick without \$traw?

I have no inspiration in that direction now. Lizzie has been with us five Sundays, stronger in health than ever before, and with a broader and deeper spirituality. She has given us ten-eleven lectures. Ten before our society, which, by the way, is going on all right; we have nearly two hundred members, large and appreciative audiences, quiet and orderly; we have a fund subscribed, which, though not large enough to meet our expenses for the year, encourages us in the belief that we shall be able to pass over the Red

Sea into the promised land of another season.

I have very pleasant memories of the ten lectures Lizzie gave us on Sunday, in which she dropped many beautiful gems of thought; and I have a thrilling recollection of her political lecture, which she gave in our hall on Friday evening last, when she spoke of "The Issues of the Day the War, and the November Election," and gave a woman's idea of these, and with eloquent utterance made us feel not only ready to stand for "the Union forever," but for that more noble and classical sentiment, "LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW

AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE." But I am jubilant in spirit this first day of No vember. I have an inspiration for you now. Beside me stands the gallant Colonel Baker, states man and soldier-Edward, as he calls himselfvictim, as I believe, of treason and cowardice on the part of others-glorious and shining martyr of liberty, as I know. May his silver notes of eloquence never be hushed, but continue to sound throughout our own land and the world. Let us listen to him: "My good friend, we are rejoicing now over emancipation in Maryland, which has been carried so signally, through our influence—by special providence, if you like so to call it, in this age when in all the affairs of the world, and especially of our nation in its crisis, spirit-influences are producing special providences everywhere. I wish to give you a history of this matter as seen from our side. We have used mediums throughout the whole of this; most of them unconsciously In the legislature which passed the bill authorizing the calling of a Convention to frame a new Constitution for the State, it became necessary to settle the question as to who should vote for it in the unsettled state of the country, liable as they were to raids from the rebels upon the ballot-boxes, as well as with cartridge-boxes, and they gave power to the Convention to decide this matter. The members of this body thought that only loyal men, men who were willing to take an oath of allegiance to the Government, should have a voice in its adoption; and every one must see how ir resistible the conclusion was, that the most loyal of all the loyal men were those who were in the

army as volunteers, who were ready to lay down their lives, if need be, in defence of their country and its Constitution; and hence they could do no other than give to the soldiers the right to vote. And when the Constitution was adopted, as it was, by a small majority made up entirely by the did an eminent optician, now stopping in our votes of the soldiers, it became a serious question with honest men whether, as there was no law or provision in the State by which soldiers out of it could vote, the Constitution was really adopted. The question was very properly brought be, fore the Judicial Tribunals, and they decided honestly and fairly, that, as the Legislature had authorized the Convention which framed the Constitution to designate who should vote for it, and as they had declared emphatically that the soldiers should do so-though the Legislature may have spoken and acted wiser than they thought, and given to the Convention powers which they did not specify-yet having done so, it had a right to exercise those powers, and hence, by a logical inference, the soldiers' votes were legal. And, by this, one hundred thousand chattels, rise up this day to greet the morning suu as it gilds the eastern sky-no longer as chattels, but as men-as my Brother Wilberforce, who stands by my side, said: Redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the Genius of Universal Emancipation.' Yes, to-day hundred thousand of God's poor children are shouting halleluiahs and sending up a glad refrain, which, echoing though the deep-vaulted dome meets a response in the hearts of thousands of freed men-men from whose souls the kind Angel

the day has already come; we will wait." Yours for progress in any direction, HENRY T. CHILD, M. D. 634 Race St., Philadelphia, Nov. 1st, 1864.

of Death has broken the shackles; and not only

from those, but from all who love liberty and hate

oppression; and these gladsome echoes return to

earth freighted with joy and cheer to her children;

and the toiling millions lift up their heads in hope

and shout Amen! God reigneth! The Flag of

Freedom is being purged! A better day is com-

ing-God speed it-and the wail which has gone

up from them so often, 'How long, oh Lord, how

long!' will give place to the beautiful song of the

coming of the Glory of the Lord. The dawn of

The filling up of what is known as the Back Bay, at the West end of this city, has been going on for upwards of five years, and yet it is but half done. The funds received for these lands, over the cost of filling and disposed of, are in parts as follows: \$225,000 to the Public School Funds; \$100,-000 to the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, at Cambridge; \$50,000 to Tufts College; \$25,000 to Williams College; \$25,000 to Amherst College; \$25,000 to Wilbraham Academy, and \$300,000 for redemption of State scrip; in all, \$750,000. If any more is realized the Public School Fund has the reversionary grant.

There are some men who gain much popularity by always expressing in a hearty manner much more than they feel. They are delighted to see you; they rejoice to hear that your health is improving; and you, not caring to inquire how much substance there is behind these phrases, and not disinclined to imagine that your health is a matter of importance which people might naturally take interest in, onjoy this hearty but somewhat them in the same place. I saw a pale blue light inflated welcome.

#### Physical Manifestations.

On Monday morning Oct, 31st, my attention was called to the following notice in the Dally Republican, of this place: /

SPIRCTUAL.—There is, at present, a Spiritual Medium stopping in this village who is but a boy of thirteen years, through whom there has been shown thirteen years, through whom there has been shown some remarkable physical demonstrations of what is called spirits. A musical instrument, or a number of them, placed in a darkened room with the door closed except a small aperture, near which, in the light, the medlum is seated, but with his hands in a position to preclude the possibility of his causing the music which is produced. A slate is also legibly written upon, and passed out for inspection, by hands that have the appearance of belonging to inhabitants of this mundane sphere, but which we are told are those from the spiritland. It may be an optical delusion that can be, land. It may be an optical delusion that can be explained by science; but we are not at present, prepared to give such a solution of the subject.

While passing down town I saw the assistant editor, and from him learned the street and number of the house where these manifestations were taking place. He told me there was something about them very mysterious, which he could not explain. I called at the place designated and found I could be admitted. I attended the circle inspiration, as it was in the olden time to make that morning at ten o'clock, and have been present at all which have since been held in this village, with the exception of one—a dark circle.

At this writing I will not give you an account of the manifestations which I have witnessed, but will confine myself to the articles which have from time to time during the week, appeared in the village and county papers.

The second notice is as follows:

"Henry Allen, the boy medium from the mountains of Vermont, has been holding private circles for spiritual manifestations at a private house on Exchange street, that has very much aston-ished all beholders. So far, no one who has witnessed the manifestations has in the least ques tioned their fairness or attempted to give a theory explaining the phenomena aside from what is claimed for them, viz: the work of disembodied spirits."

People were now becoming interested and consequently began to flock together to witness the startling phenomena; as the next notice in the pa-

THE MANIFESTATIONS.—The circles at H. P. Brown's, on Exchange street, begins to widen and increase in interest. The boy medium Henry Al-len and Professor Randall—in whose charge he is —had a full room last evening, and the demonstrations were varied and marked. A prominent and skeptical gentleman of this village was in the chair, and is positive that both hands of the boy were all this time placed on his arm, and he is positive that the demonstrations are not made by the boy. We intend to notice this matter more by the boy. We fully hereafter.

From this time, more came to witness the evening séances than could be admitted, and to make sure of obtaining a seat it was necessary to engage one at an early hour during the day.

The fourth piece pertaining to the subject, headed "THE MYSTERIOUS MANIFESTATIONS," is quite lengthy, and as my next will include its substance, I will not give it for publication. This article, by the editor, closes as follows:

"We have now, we believe, candidly described these manifestations. The question here arises, Who, or what produces them? Does, or can the boy—does electricity—does any natural cause, or do spirits of departed persons, as Spiritualists assert? We will now leave these questions to our renders.

The truth should be the main object. If spirits do not produce these manifestations, it does not necessarily follow that the boy, or any machinery does. They may be the result of some natural, scientific cause not yet understood by man.

If they are the work of human agency, it is a vile, wicked imposture, a base and heartless ex-periment on the most sacred feelings, instincts and sympathies of humanity, and should be exposed and condignly punished. The public have

Many of our most prominent citizens and skeptics, including M. D's., editors, merchants, &c., have been present at these meetings, and great precaution has been taken to guard against deception and trick. . Yet notwithstanding these vigilant investigations and earnest endeavors to detect fraud, if practiced, no deception has been noticed, no trick discovered. The people who have attended these scances may well exclaim, as town, "I admit I am astonished."

As soon as possible I will send a synopsis of the manifestations given at the scances which I Yours for truth, S. C. CASE. attended. Binghamton, N. Y., 1864.

We are in receipt of the Utica Morning Herald of Nov. 5th, in which is a full account of a scance held in that place by the above named parties. The editor closes his article with this confession: We will only say that it was to us and other skeptics inexplicable."]—ED. BANNER OF LIGHT.

### My First Evening with the Spirits.

In company with three ladies of this town I attended one of Mrs. Chamberlain's musical circles at the house of Mr. Wing in Charlestown, on the evening of Nov. 3d. When the company had assembled, we were invited to ascend to the circleroom and examine for ourselves the apparatus to be used. A bass-drum was suspended against the wall, and on and around a small stand were a small drum, bass-viol, two tambourines, a guitar, violin, several bells-part of them without any tongues-one or two clothes-sprinklers full of water, and a few other small articles. I examined these things carefully, as also the rest of the things in the room and a small closet opening from it, and I was satisfied that there was no concealed machinery, no wires to be pulled.

Though a Spiritualist of some years' standing, I had never seen any of the manifestations except table-tipping; and so when the rest of the company descended again to the parlor, I was kindly permitted by the gentleman who plays the violin and acts as Master of Ceremonies, to remain and see the formation of the circle. Two common pine tables were placed together so as to form one long table, at the end of which sat the medium with the stand of musical instruments behind her. The chairs of the ladies who sat on either side of her were placed upon the folds of her dress, so that she could not leave her own seat without its being known. No humbug was perceptible. The circle was formed by about twenty of us;

the medium soon became entranced, and then the light was put out. In a few minutes the manifestations began by my being struck on my lap by what I suppose was the bass drum-stick, almost instantly followed by some thundering blows on the drums. The guitar was then tuned and played upon as it was sweeping around the room in the air. I am a guitar-player myself, and I know that no mortal hand could sweep those strings as they were then swent, or make music of such unearthly sweetness. Some papers lying on the stand were now hurled through the air, one alighting in my lap and another between my shoulders and the wall of the room. Every one in the circle was touched by some of the instruments which were now flying through the air in such close proximity to us that we could feel the wind of their passage, and several of us were sprinkled with the water from the sprinklers. Lights were seen by several of us, but no two persons saw about two feet above the medium's head, of the

size and shape of two human faces side by side. The violin was taken from the gentleman who played it, and we heard it in the air, the strings being swept as by a person's thumb. It was returned to him all out of tune. As was promised not one of us were hurt, though for a few minutes there was one of the greatest rackets I over heard in my life, and the instruments, were dashed violently on the table and all around the room. I mentally requested a tap on the knee, and in a minute or two one of the tambourines came rushing along the whole length of my side of the circle, and from it, or from the bass-viol which tumbled off the table at the same time, I got my tap on the knee, and a tolerably smart one, too. A sudden blast on the tin horn made me start, and convinced us that the spirits could use their lungs as well as their hands. Tunes played on the violin were accompanied by the bells, the tambourines, and by alternate knockings on the table and the wall. The scance lasted thirty or forty minutes, and

The scance lasted thirty or forty minutes, and when the lamp was lighted the various instruments were found strewn about the room in the most admired disorder. Part of a Waverly Magazine was lying on my knee, and on the floor at my feet were lying the bass-viol and one of the tambourines. The other tambourine was lying at a little distance with a newspaper stuffed into it, and the guitar was resting on the arms of a gontleman and lady as their hands were joined in the formation of the circle. A steel rod about ten inches long, that was used to drum on the bells, was found by me under my left thigh, between it and the settee I was seated upon. I had felt no touch there, though I had been intently observing everything; and no one could have thrust that under me without my feeling the slightest touch.

Phrenologists tell me my bump of caution is largely developed; and I certainly made full use of the ample facilities afforded me for examination, to detect the trickery if there should be any. But there was none, and myself and party came

But there was none, and myself and party came away with a firmer belief than ever in our grand and beautiful Philosophy.

I do not send this for the satisfaction of seeing it in print, and shall not, therefore, be offended if the pressure on your paper will not let you publish it. But I know there are many others beside myself who like to read accounts like this in your or I may say our paper.

CHAS, H. WHITAKER, West Cambridge. Mass., Nov. 7th, 1864.

#### Married.

September 14th, 1864, by the Roy, Mr. Bromback, Mr. James. Cole, of Madison, Ind., to Miss Mollie A. Smith, of Frank. n, Ind., step-daughter of S. G. Lukens.

#### Obituaries.

The Angel Death has again visited us, and taken from the and embrace of his parents the earth-form of Charles II. B. Fox, only son of Henry J. and M. Louise Fox, of New York City. Little Charlie passed from earth-life to his bright home in the Summer-Land, Oct. 26th, aged 8 years 10 months and 17

days.

His sickness, diptheria, was of short duration; in less than one week he has been cut down, transferred from us to his angel-home. He was the light of his home, the pride of his parents' hearist dearto his little sisteras ever brother was. None knew him but to love him. Although so youing, he had attracted a large circle of friends, who will love to think of his spiritual beauty so early departed. He loved to talk about the sugel-world; he would often give expression to beautiful thoughts, and he seemed deep-souled heyona his years. He was a happy member of the Children's Progressive Lyccum. Often during his Illness he would request his little sister to sing the beautiful songs, and recite some of the eliver-chain recitations from their Lyccum book. At the day-school he was a zoalous and attentive member, beloved by his teachers and classmates.

May his afflicted parents be comforted with the belief that their darling boy still lives; that their little bud has been transplanted to blossom in a more congenial clime. May little Elia realize that Charlio, although separated from her in external, in spirit he is with her still, watching over and loving her as he was wont to do when in the form.

"Fold Charlie, dear angels, in thine arms,

" Fold Charlie, dear angels, in thine arms, And let him henceforth be

And let him henceion...

A incessenger of love
Between our human hearts and thee."

Lida G. To

Departed this life, the 13th of Sept., 1864, Samuel C. Trescott f Salem, Columbiana Co., O., aged 77 years. of Salem, Columbiana Co., O., aged TI years.

The deceased was a man highly esteemed in the community in which he lived, and one that ever joined in with every reformatory movement tending to the good of humanity; and when laid upon a bed of sickness, which ended his earthly existence, he expressed himself ready and willing to depart, and said, "Had I now, with the pains of my body, a guilty conselence, how hard it would be to bear!"

Although the mortal form of our loved one lies in the silent grave, we feel as if his spirit was with us, influencing us to good works and noble deeds.

Braceville, Trunbull Co., O., 1864.

Passed on to the Summer-Land, Oct. 18th, 1864, C. S. Cook, Camden To., Hillsdale Co., Mich.

His departure was calm and peaceful; his faith in spirit-communion with the souls of those who have gone before was sure and steadast, having had in his own experience fully es tablished it for the period of about eight years. Camden, Mich., Oct. 25, 1864.

### NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Bosron.—Meetings will be held at Lyceum Hall, Tremont st., (opposite head of School street,) every Sunday, (commencing Oct. 2.) at 24 and 74 r. M. Admission, fiften cents. Lecturers ongaged:—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 SPIRITUAL FREEDOM will hereafter hold their meetings at Girard Temple, 554 Washington street. There will be a Sabbath School every Sunday, at 1% r. m. All interested are invited to attend. C. L. Veazle, 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. Speakers engaged:—Charles A. Hayden, Nov. 20 and 27: Mrs. N. J. Willis, Dec. 4 and 11; Mrs. Jennie B. Rudd, Dec. 18 and 23; Mrs. E. A. Bilss, Jan. 22, 29, and Feb. 5 and 12; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during March.

MARCH.
CHELSRA.—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Library
Hall, to hold regular meetings Stinday afternoon and evening
of each week. All communications concerning them should be
addressed to Dr. B. H. Crandon, Chelsea, Mass. The following
speakers have been ongaged:—Miss Lizzlo Doten, Nov. 20 and
27; N. Frank White, Dec. 18 and 25.

QUINCY.—Meetings overy Sunday in Rodgers' Chapel. Services in the forenoon at 10%, and in the afternoon at 2% o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Henry C. Wright, Nov. 20; Ezra II. Heywood, Nov. 27; N. Frank White, Dec. 4 and 11; Mrs. Susle A. Hutchinson, Dec. 18 and 25.

Hutchinson, Dec. 18 and 25.

TAUNTON, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in City Hall regularly at 2 and 75 r. M. Speakers engaged:—Miss Susie M. Johnson, Nov. 20 and 27; N. S. Greenloaf during December: Miss Mattle I. Beckwith during January; Miss Emma Houston, March 5 and 12.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Leyden Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Dec. 18 and 25; W. K. Ripley, Jan. 15 and 22; Chus. 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
ovening:—Nellio J. Temple during November and December;
Chas. A. Hayden during January; Mrs. Frances Lord Bond
during June.

WORCESTER, MASS .- Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:— Miss Emma Houston during November: Mrs. A. A. Currier during January; J. C. Fish during February; Miss Beckwith during March.

uning March.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Weybosset street, Sundays, afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7% o'clock. Progressive Lycoum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10% o'clock. Lecturer engaged:—Mrs. S. E. Warner, Nov. 20 and 27.

20 and 21.

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, Ms.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings overy Sunday, in Mechanics' Hall, corner of Congress and Casco streets. Free Conference in the forenoon't Lectures afternoon and ovening, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Susic A. Hutchinson, Nov. 20 and 21; Mrs. S. E. Warner during December; J. M. Peebles during January; W. K. Ripley, Feb. 19 and 26.

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. Wills, per-THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESS AND SPIRITUALISTS Of New York hold their meetings at Dodworth's Hall. No. 806 Broadway.

THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESS AND SPIRITUALISES OF New York hold their meetings at Dodworth's Hall, No. 805 Broadway, every Sunday, at 10% and 7% o'clock. Seats free, and the public generally invited. The Children's Progressive Lyceum 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, every Sunday. Circles, wonderful diagnoses of disease, and public speaking, as per notices in the daily papers.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The Friends of Progress meet every Sunday evening at the Scientific and 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 Ohlo as a "Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists," and have secured Metropolitan Hall, corner of Ninth and Walnut streets, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10% and 74% o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. E. A. Bliss, of Springfield, Mass., during December.

Washington, D. C.—Spiritualist Meetings are held every Sunday, in Smeed's Hall, 481 9th street. Speakers engaged:—Miss Nettle Colburn, Dec. 4 and 11; Charles A. Hayden, Dec. 18 and 25; Warren Chass during January; Rev. J. M. Peebles during February.

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