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# DREAM-LIFE: A STORY OF THE IDEAL AND THE ACTUAL

Written expressly for the Banner of Light,

BY CORA WILBURN. of "Agnes, The Slep-Mother; or, The Castle
"" Baisy Nestrook; or, Romance of Real Ly
Adolph; or, The Power of Conscience" ""
sella Wayne; or, Will and Destiny" "Jasnine; or, The Discipline of Life" "Felicia Almay; or, Crime and Reribulion;" etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Dark Side of Human Nature. Beneath the passage of recording time. I stood beneath the shadow of a crime."-C. W.

Those who assert that the narrations of fiction exceed the possibilities of real life, speak from a very limited experience. A writer of vivid imagination may exaggerate in the grouping of incidents, sometimes in the delineation of extreme characters, but the truth and romance, and joy and terror of life, have never been exceeded by the wildest portraitures of fiction.

Soul-weary of the torturing needle, an advertisement met my eye, desiring the services of a lady to take charge of a boy of seven, in delicate health, the applicant to be a person of refinement and gentleness, and to be treated in all respects as an equal, and to receive a liberal salary. My daily wounded self-esteem arose joyously elate at this, and I lost no time in securing the situation.

My little Chico, Maravilla's pet dog, most fortunately for him as for me, had died the first week of my arrival North. It was as if the last visible link uniting me to the past had to be rent asunder. My faithful dog friend was buried in the shelter of a scanty garden, and I do not hesitate to own that with the tears I shed for the loved ones, mingled many a one for Chico.

But it was best, for in my wandering and changeful life, my poor dog would have been subjected only to neglect. I could not have dared to have taken him with me on my rounds of toll, for American housekeepers have in general a decided antipathy to dogs.

My appearance and manners seemed to please Mrs. Thornton, (I give fictitious names in connection with this family,) and I was at once engaged.

Have you ever met with persons whose conflicting magnetism attracted and repelled at the same time? So I felt in presence of Mrs. Thornton, a tall, handsome woman, with piercing jetblack eyes, and hair of the same hue. She was majestic as a queen, yet gentle and silvery in her speech; her delicate white hands were loaded with rings, her attire was faultless, diamond pendants in her ears, and a breastpin flashing rainbows from amid the folds of lace that adorned her shapely neck. Gracious and affable, without a shade of unbecoming pride, why was I half attracted, half repelled?

You will not find your duties arduous, Miss Sheldon," the lady said. "We shall exact of you | tells me all about the angels, and says my name only the watchful care of an older sister for our afflicted little charge. You will not take upon yourself any menial offices; we have all the necessary servants. You will be one with the family, sharing our table and our pleasures. I have long been looking for just such a person as yourself-not a prim, middle-aged governess, but a genial, companionable lady. I hope you will be happy here."

I expressed my most grateful thanks. In a long time I had not been addressed so cordially. And yet-inexplicable contradiction-my heart contracted with a sense of pain.

"You said your afflicted little charge. May I inquire, madam-

"Oh certainly; ask any questions you like with perfect freedom. I will send for Gusty," and the lady touched a silver bell. "The advertisement papa-they think he is dead in the sea, nover prepared you for the fact of his delicate health; but from that you are not to fear that you are to calls me, and I want to be with her; then papa be troubled with a helplessly sick child. Gusty says: wait for me, my child, and I want to be a enjoys good health, though he is not strong, and | man before I go away." cannot bear much excitement; and as we did not care to make his misfortune public, we did not mention that he is deformed. That is what ails him."

"I am sincerely grieved, and hope I may do'my duty. I will do my very best, madam," I said, earnestly. "Have you other children?" I asked, with tears of pity in my eyes.

"I never had any," she replied, with a sigh. "Gusty is my sister's child, an orphan."

A strange expression flitted over her face, and at that moment a servant entered, leading Gusty Howard by the hand.

My heart, so long starved for affection, turned Its full tide of love toward this most beautiful. this cherubic child. Unaccustomed to the wiles. caresses and companionship of children, the latent and holy feeling of maternity, that is woman's virginal as well as wifely dower, awoke into life that I shall go to her, no matter when I go; and at the sight of the delicate serial creature before

realized the vision of an angel. open with the confident love and wonder-seeing me; I understood that the sensitive, delicately faculty of childhood, a face pure as the llly, one organized mind had been subjected to the tortures which the rose-hues flitted as the waves advance of the popular belief. I did my best to reason upon and recede from the shore, ripe, coral lips, him into calm; and soon the color returned to his tremulous with unuttered feeling, a wide, high cheeks, the happy smile to his lips. brow, surmounted by curling hair of richest gold, spirituality, sensibility, impressed on every linea- | Thornton; a man of gentlemanly presence, with a ment, in stature small for his age, with hands and sinister face, He greeted me courteously, and feet that corresponded to the beauty of face and paid me such attentions during the meal as would Limb, but alas! between the shoulders uprose an be shown toward a guest, not a salaried depend-

tears burst forth. Glancing at the fine face of the kindest manner, never commanded. I could Mrs. Thornton, I deemed it strangely impassive. | not complain of the treatment I received, and chence."

"Are you the lady that's goin' to take care of | Mr. and Mrs. Thornton's manner to the child was | Gusty-take him out, and sleep in his room?" The sweet voice thrilled me with renewed emo-

tion. I took him up and kissed him. "You're good, you are; Aunt Malvina is n't," he said, in a positive but not at all angry tone. Mrs. Thornton smiled. "You will find him a crotchetty little fellow, Miss Sheldon, but not in-

tractable;" and she whispered in my ear, "We fear his mind is not quite bright; our physician has hinted as much." Gusty, who had slipped from my lap and was standing in the remotest corner, where he could

not possibly have heard, replied, as positively as

before: "That is n't so; do n't you believe it."

Mrs. Thornton colored, and said: "We think sometimes the child is uncanny, as the Scotch have it; but it is a peculiarity of his disease; the mental is affected by the drain upon the physical; he cannot live to manhood, though his appetite and sleep are unimpaired. That is the opinion of our physician."

I know not why, but the lady's voice had in its rich cadences a ring of insincerity. The child looked at her with a mocking gleam, totally at variance with his age, in his bright blue eye. Mrs. Thornton moved uneasily in her chair.

"Maria, show Miss Sheldon the nursery, Master Gusty's room, and her own; and if she wishes any alterations, attend to her orders.'

I passed from her presence as from under a refulgent and undefinable pressure, and was led through the magnificently furnished rooms to the three appropriated to my use and Gusty Howard's. A sense of peace and thankfulness stole over the unquiet, storm-tossed heart. I seemed to have gained a haven of blissful repose. More than the accustomed luxury surrounded me. I was released from wearing toil, promoted in the

Every article of use and pleasure that could benefit and interest the infant mind, and tend to physical comfort, was assembled in the nursery. Costly toys, a self-propelling carriage, a horse with machinery that aptly imitated the motions of life, the adornments, books and pictures adapted to his comprehension, all bespoke the care and tenderness with which the orphan was surrounded.

Next to the nursery was a cosy little bed-chamber, containing all the appurtenances of luxury in a diminutive form. Rose-colored curtains, looped back with silver cord and tassels, and overhung with lace, decked the windows, the bed, and draped the door that led into my chamber. There, hangings of orange-hued silk were relieved with festoons of purple, a rich and Oriental fancy that just suited me. Silver and crystal glistened from the toilet. Pictures and mirrors greeted me from marble-white walls. Porphyry and cornelian, coral and amber, gleamed from vases and inlaid tables. It was as if I had been transported from the realities of toil to the long-wished-for Dreamand of Rest.

Very strange was the innocent prattle of little Gusty: "Do you know, aunty," he commenced-'I shall call you aunty, 'cause I like you, I always call her ma'am-my mother is in heaven, and I see her sometimes every night, and she up there is Angel Calmic, but they call me Gusty here, and some folks say I was a little storm: that is 'cause mother died when I was born, and nana never came back from the big seas; but little Gusty is rich, nunty; I shan't call you Miss Sheldon, and when I grow up to be a man, you shall have some of my money, that you shall! They want it all; but I shall do as I please when grow up. All these pretty things are bought with my money, auntic."

· Was it the mere babbling of a child's fancy, or was there truth in his assertions? A feeling of mystery environed me. Was the boy in reality half-witted? As if in reply to my mental question, he went on:

"They want people to think me a fool; but I see what they can't; I see mother in heaven, and coming back to Gusty. Sometimes dear mother

"Go away where, dear?" I questioned, as I looked with surprise akin to awe in the child's expressive face, over which the resente waves were speeding and receding.

"I mean to heaven; mother tells me never to say die. All is beautiful where she is: so bright. all things in her house are ten thousand times more beautiful than all this;" pointing to the luxuries around.: "Do: you know, auntie, that I see some days, all these things here covered with black, and a red-cloud moving from room to room, and then I am so frightened, and my heart beats -ohi!" the child gasped for breath, and looked unutterable terror.

I took him in my arms, kissed his velvet cheek and soothed him into quiet. "That's just the way mother strokes my hair," he whispered. "Oh, aunty, she tells me that God is all love, and they here ma'am and Mr. Thornton, tell me about me, who, but for one sad world-mark, would have a great ugly, fearful devil, oh, I'm so afraid!"-

Again he cowered in a paroxysm of dread; with Blue eyes, sapphire deep and lustrous, wide blanched cheek and trembling limbs, he clung to

...That afternoon, at the dinner table, I met Mr. ent. I would have preferred to have taken my unsightly hump. (in part of heard), the man are in a large on the state of my long-cultivated self-control, my meals palone, with Gusty, but was dissuaded, in

kind, though never tender; yet he most unaccountably disliked them both.

Occasionally a brother's family visited the Thornton's; on the lady's side there were no relatives left, as she told me. My employers lived in style, and went out much to parties, and saw much company. From the great dinner parties, and from attending them to places of amusement, I almost always excused myself, preferring Gusty's society. Occasionally the physician called, and gave some directions with regard to his physical condition, but I never once heard him express a fear that Gusty would not live to manhood.

Six months elapsed, and we were on the point of removal into the country for the Summer months. One night—I never shall forget it—I had left Gusty sleeping sweetly, and impelled by some strange restlessness, I wandered through the house, to drop at last into my favorite seat by the bay window in the drawing-rooms, and there to fall into a doze. From it I was awakened with a start, to hear familiar voices; I was hidden behind the folds of silken drapery. My heart beat loud as I became a listener; after the first words it became impossible to reveal myself.

"I tell you, Malvina, it must be done! Each day the matter is put off, but renders it more danger ous. Only that child's life between the possession of the wealth we need."

"But, oh, he is my sister's child!" walled the wife. Mr. and Mrs. Thornton had just returned from a party. Only the moonlight breaking through storm portending clouds fell into specks of shifting light into the apartment. They deemed thémselves alone with night and their own plans I was concealed in deepest shadow.

"That should be an incentive, not a hindrance," answered the cold tones of the husband. "That sister thwarted you in all your life's schemes. Her child must ever be a bane in your sight; remove it; no suspicion can ever rest upon us. It is merciful, even; for with his misfortune nothing but disappointment can await him. Do not let a sickly fear deter you."

"But how-I dread-in what way?"

My heart beat to suffocation, as I strained my overy sense to grasp the enormity they meditated. "I told you once: no one will harbor a suspicion; all will be fair and nature, broblaying on his superstitious fears. He must diffightened

I shuddered with the undefined horror that those words conveyed. I determined to guard my precious little charge; to watch over him with sleepless eyes. To his departed mother, I vowed a second mother's guardianship. Alas! I knew not how closely the toils of evil had been woven around the innocent!

He slept in my room of late; in my arms often. would keep a redoubled watch. I would flee with, and toil for him. A number of plans of escape confusedly suggested themselves amid the robbings of my heart and brain. A sense of I heard the quivering tones of Mrs. Thornton inquire.

"Soon, or later, as the best opportunity affords. I will let you know. Let us go to rest now." And their retreating footsteps lifted a mountain's weight from off my heart. I fled to my chamber, and sat watching the peaceful slumbers of the child until the dawn. Then I closed my eyes in fitful slumber.

What to do? I invoked the aid of heaven; but no light came. What would the accusation of a friendless stranger prove against the powerful through wealth? My words would be received as the ravings of insanity. Amid the whirl of thought, I resolved on the last resource—to pray for little Gusty's life on bended knee; to appeal to all that was human, all that was divine in their natures; to offer to take the child away, where they should never see him more; and to promise most sacredly the renunciation of the wealth they coveted. No matter at what consequences to myself, this was the course resolved upon, and I determined to carry it into effect at

On the plea of indisposition, I had been permitted to keep my room all day. My food was sent away untasted, until with a kindness that made me doubt the evidence of my own hearing on the previous night, Mrs. Thornton urged me to take food and drink. I did so, sparingly; and with a nurpose enkindled in my soul, I begged for a private interview in her own room.

"I will send Maria to arrange your hair, and heln you change your dress. Then come to me. and if you have any troubles, confide in me, and I will prove a friend. Good-bye, Gusty." That strange contradictory woman, her touch upon my head sent ice-thrills of repulsion through me; and vet her voice was sweet and persuasive in its kindness. The child, playing in a corner, nodded his head; and when she had left the room ran to and events, but by the deep experiences of the ne, and half smothered me with kisses.

That is all I distinctly remember; all the rest is dreamy and uncertain, and I cannot disentangle by a good German family. I had my own rooms phantasma from reality. Sometime in the night in the upper portion of the building, that comwas awakened by a piercing scream, and the manded a fine view of the encircling mountains, night-lamp revealed the pale and convulsed face and a portion of the picturesque town. My eye of the innocent by my side. I was lying on my rested upon the slindy retreat of the forest, the own bed; and, as I live! behind the window oppo- blooming gardens, the ambrosin-scented orohards. site, there appeared an indescribably hideous face, On the soil still cursed by slavery, I felt prophetiwith demon-glaring eyes. This apparition had cally the nearness of that Emancipation now realworked its spell of evil; the tender chords that | ized, thank God! I spoke kind and hopeful words bound the spirit to the delicately organized body, to those yet smarting under the uplifted lash-it snapped asunder; but not ere the Supreme God was all that I could do. And I did dare to speak resumed its sway. The wortal terror and the an- brave and bold words in defence of the inalionable guish passed, and a heavenly smile lit up the pal- | rights of man to freedom, in the very face of slaveild face; the arms thrown upward, the blue eyes holders. I was safe there in the utterances of my lighted with ecstatic recognition, he uttered, fee- "fanatical Northern sentiments," for I was a wobly, " Mother !" and the casket, bereft of soul, lay man, and as such, deemed harmless; and the in my arms.

wildly gleaming eyes of hisband and wife, I said, John Brown's invasion of the noble State was in tones that made them quail:

"I'know all. God will judge you. Let me go protests against slavery."

In a year from that time, the beautiful and fashionable Mrs. Thornton became the inmate of a lunatic asylum; and from his hands the princely fortune was speeding fast, in gambling saloons and drinking hells. For me, I returned to my life of toil, long haunted by the terrible scene l

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Spirit's Cail. " From the full street of human life, Its jostling gains and paltry strife,
Wherewith man's meanness all is rife."

"I hurry up heaven's viewless stairs, And casting off earth's weary cares. Open the pearly gate of prayers."-FROM TITAN.

One day there came to me, in the midst of sadness and despondency, a thought, heralded as an inspiration, then cast aside with human doubt, and then again resumed at the mandate of o'erwatching angels. An interior voice said: "Write: exchange the needle for the pen; give your own lifeexperiences and that which God shall yet add to them, to the world. Write poems for the people, that, assuming no proportions of grandeur, shall still be enabled to stir the founts of feeling to the depths. Write of Immortality, its bountiful comnensations: enhance the worth of Truth and Love. Arise, and join the army of Thinkers; lay aside the implement of hand-toil, for the instrument that is more potent than the sword," And I obeyed, in self-distrust and trembling.

In the investigation of the phenomenal phases of the great Truth called Spiritualism, I met with gentleman who stood high and favored in the iterary world. He gave me a brother's helping and; through his aid and friendship, my first arricles for the press beheld the light; and his librality enabled me, in its pure disinterestedness, to carry out my favorite project. I rented a room in the third story of a quiet house in a respectable street, and fornished it; and there, by the aid of pen and needle combined, I managed to live, comparatively happy. By and bye, I became known and externally appreciated; but I worked hard, from early dawn to midnight, to keep the demon of want from the door.

Then came the time when fortune so far favored me that I laid aside the needle altogether, and devoted myself assiduously to the pen. I visited the friends whose hearthstones my given inspirations had gladdened. I abode then in the city of Brotherly Love; I enjoyed the hospitality of renowned Boston; I dreamed beside the ocean beauty of Lynn; I drank deep of the legendary lore and the spirit-found well, at Dungeon Rock. And, finally, for a change of climate and of inspiration, I sought a quiet town in Virginia, at a short distance from that Richmond, that, in after years, stood the affront of being named the Rebel Cap-

There, in occasional intercourse with equal and superior minds, I grew in the faith and knowledge of Spiritualism; and relying on my faithful personal insecurity filled me with alarm. "When?" pen, deemed that henceforth my life would flow on calmly; least of all that it would be troubled by the inroads of affection. I was an old maid, according to the world's standard.

> So I labored on at a most congenial employment. turning neither to the right nor left, and so occunied with the glories and bountiful revelations of the future—for I had become an impressional writer-that I overlooked the social wrongs, and the perpetrations of a masked sensuality.

> Out of the fullness of most sorrowful experiences, do I now speak to you, my sisters! I unveil the heart that bled in its agony of disenchantment; I humble myself before you, that you may learn wisdom; that you may grow strong to repel sophistry, and to practice renunciation; that, heedless of the conservatism that threatens, and the heedless ultraism that confounds freedom with lawlessness, you dare to be true to your higher nature; to follow that voice of God within that exhorts you to refrain, to suffer, to endure, for Purity's sweet sake. With a solemn preparation of interior prayer, I place before you the momentous chapters of my life, wherein temptation concealed its serpent form beneath the banner of love, and the heart waged warfare with eternal princi-

#### CHAPTER XXIV. The World-Old Serpent. "The troubled loy of life. Love's lightening happiness, my soul hath known, And, worn with feverish strife, Would fold its wings-take back, take back thine own!" PRLICIA HEMANS.

In that rural Southern city, environed by the guardian mountains that bore the oracles of inspiration to the soul atent upon spiritual things, there came to me a new revelation of life and duty. Like most of God's messengers, it came unheralded of outward signs. The great eras of life are marked, not by man's distribution of time

I lived in a commodious, roomy house, occupied anathemas I hurled against the patriarchal insti-Looking calmly into the sinister face, into the tution, were regarded as the ebulitions of a child. then undreampt of; so no notice was taken of my

Yet I did touch, for a moment, with the barbed

arrow of shame, the soul of a German, who folowed the nefarious trade of buying and selling human beings. He had fied from the despotism of his petty ruler; from the curse of titled aristocracy that lay heavy upon his Fatherland; and yet, upon American soil, the refugee from oppression became, in his turn, the oppressor of the weak!

I saw men with silent desperation on their faces; women with the mother agony depicted on each feature; children with the appealing, beseeching look of orphanhood in their sad eyes. And still higher in my soul rose the tide of indignation against the mockery that emblazoned a lie amid the star clusters of the American Flag! that on its own soil fastening a giant sin, dared to invite beneath the black banner of slavery the oppressed of other lands!

Most fervently I prayed that mine eyes might behold, my soul rejoice in, the freedom of the enslaved. I did not deem it possible that the prayer of thousands, abroad and at home, would be answered so soon.

The ludicrous forever holds its place close by the sublime. From pondering the grave questions of the day, I have turned to the laughable blunders of my German friends, in the translation of their Mother tongue into our vernacular.

"Oh Minua," said the good Johannes, to his wife, one day, "I make sich a pargaint for half-atozen sphool cotton out of der store, mit a leettle cotton sthuff, I gets tree large, fine, splendid gooses!"

"Dear me!" says the pretty Minna, with a toss of the head, indicating her superior knowledge, you never learn to talk English! gooses, indeed! What kind of talk you call dat?"

" Veil, my dear, vat must I say den?" "Geeses, to be sure! You ask Miss Sheltan." And Miss Sheldon set them right.

Rescued from the worst phases of poverty and toll, it was a charmed life I led there that summer, teeming with experiences. By the exercise of rigid economy I managed to live comfortably on the proceeds of my pen. One day a stranger called to see me. I mot him

with no presentiment troubling the calm waters of my being. He was a tall and gentlemanly personage, some ten years my senior, with the whitening frosts beginning to touch his dark hair: with finely chiseled features and hazel eye-that eye that is said to be so true! I felt no strong attraction, neither was I repelled at my first meeting with Alwen Hastings. He was a believer in the Spiritual Philosophy, unfortunate in being the only one in his family who had accepted its consoling truths, for wife and children were creedbound and deemed him almost a lost soul. He lived in a neighboring town, but traveled much on business. Having read some of my writings, and hearing of my whereabouts, he had called to discuss with me some of the questions pertaining to our happiness here and hereafter.

I found him deeply imbued with a philosophic tendency, charitable toward others spiritual, rendering homage to intellect and truth. But when at the close of a long and interesting conversation, he bade me farewell, I only made use of the common courtesy in inviting him to call again. But I did not miss him when he was

From afar and near I received letters from strangers in the flesh, kindred to me in the spirit, who thanked me for my humble efforts of the pen, assuring me that I had brought hope and consolation to their hearts. The June roses twined in odorous clusters round my casement; the skies gleamed azure, calm and golden, and the wealth of summer spread in floral beauty and in promise of autumn treasure, far as the eye could reach. I was calm in the pursuance of my duties, enrapt in the investigation of the spiritual laws that govern

The fervid July heavens smiled above the tributary offerings of the earth, when Alwyn Hastings returned, and, calling often, revealed rare stores of intellect and of heart: discussing with me lobiest themes; praising, but with no undue flattery, my prose and poetic writings. The chain of what I deemed a pure and intellectual friendship was cemented. With the freedom that our true faith gives, I laid aside the reserve I manifested toward strangers with regard to my past life and sorrows. I told him all, and he manifested sincerest pity for

The August sun flamed life-giving in the heavens; all earth was flushed with brightest hues; the pulses of all living things beat high with the intensity of life's fullness. I had learned to look for his coming every week; sometimes he even tarried in the town, and at sunset would the welcome footstep fall like music on my ear; the welcome presence tarry with me till far into the moonlight or the starry night.

This was imprudent, but I knew it not. Remember, that to the sorrow-disciplined spirit of the woman I joined the unsophisticated nature of the child. I felt no wrong, therefore I did not shun appearances. The new life germinating at my heart sent a healthful glow to my cheeks; my eyes, gazing on the beautiful as love alone can magnify and Illumine, were brilliant with the added lustre of the soul. An unusual lightness. upbore my feet; earth was resplendent, and heaven with its glories was so near! It is ever thus that sinless love exalts the spirit.

One day at parting he held my hand in a long, ingering clasp, looked in my face with a mute questioning, and kissed my lips. Not even then lid I awaken, but with a full and grateful heart I murmured: " Dear Brother!"

I had found a friend for life-I, who owned not one tie on earth. I would become, as he had assured me I should, his spiritual gaide, while he, too, led me on and upward, I would compensate him in truest friendship and sisterly affection for the heart-voids in his household; perhaps it would be given to me to reconcile the aparted hearts, to lead the wife into the knowledge of that saving faith that knows no fear. I would be to him indeed an Olive branch of peace.

But at last the clamoring voices of affection and truth forced on me the revelation that I loved this man supremely! that his presence, his voice, his tender hand-clasp and his parting kiss had become to me soul-necessities; that he was to me the magnetic fountain from which I drank deeply the magic waters that sustained me in renovated youth and mental power. And yet with this conviction came home to my soul no thought of danger. The love I entertained, whose coming had been so unawares, whose growth had been so gradual, did not affright me, for fervent, deep, ineradicable as it was, interwoven with my very heart-strings as it seemed, it was yet all passionless and pure. He was married; very kindly did I think of his wife, lovingly of his children; I had no wish to usurp her place, to dispossess them. Content with the love given and received, I could have lived on throughout eternity. And thus the days sped on.

We had never argued much upon the social relations, for other topics of absorbing interests had occupied our time. I remembered he had said it was possible for a man to love several women at the same time with equal fervor, but I had passed over that expression as meant in jest.

One evening in the stilly hour when the last bird-song still issued its farewell from the leafy homes, when the flowers awang their censors of perfume in adoration of the Soul that called them into life, I stood within my cosy sitting-room with Alwyn Hastings's arm around me, with the blissful sense of found rest and shelter. In that direct, manly way of his he had asked me if I loved him. and gladly, freely as the waters lean to the sunlight, I had answered. Then fell upon my ear the three most sacred words, alas, so oft profaned on earth! whose cabalistic charm has forever exalted the earthly to the divine, "I love you!"

Still with no restraining sense of wrong, I kissed the forehead of that kingly face, and whispered not irreverently, "Thank God!"

Oh, sisters, if the spiritual life has truly gained the ascendency, if in the waters of true and pure love your souls have laved so long as to be purified from all stain and remnant of passion, if you can love the spirit of your found mate, nor desire the earthly consummation, oh, then be blest, be free, be happy in the bestowal of such love, in the renunciation of all earthly hope! But see to it that your treasures are not poured vainly out at the feet of some false idol. Beware of the hasty, premature embodiment of your beautiful ideals of

love.
"Olive, do you not believe that we grow through love?"

"Undoubtedly. All the finer, nobler qualities of our nature are quickened by its blessed influence. I am better, purer, wiser in loving you. Have you gained in your estimates of life here and beyond?"

"I have, immeasurably. We have done each other good. Though it may be only for a time. both will be benefited: for the exercise of the affections is life, their dormancy is death to all aspiration and effort."

"Why do you say, for a time? Is not love eternal?" I queried anxiously.

"Yes, the principle is; but its manifestations vary," he replied.

"Its manifestations will be in accordance with the conditions that call them forth. Unstable souls, hearts not arrived at the knowledge of their own requirements, will change in feeble fancies. True love is eternal as are the abiding attributes of God! and in them there is no change."

"It may be so, Olive; but I lack the proof. My love for you is deep and strong; but how do I know that it will be lasting?"

This doubt pierced my heart with the first sensation of pain I had experienced since knowing

"I know it by the promise of my own soul," I replied. "Only unworthiness can change the heart of love; sometimes even love survives that."

"But often we meet on equal planes, intellectually, spiritually; then our paths diverge, and we submit to the inevitable necessity of change. The one individual's affection and influence has fulfilled its mission toward us; we have received ail they have to bestow; we have given all we possessed. We part in mutual good will, and other affections and influences take their place. Have you not left friends by the wayside, as others have left you, feeling your mission of friendship, help, or consolation was fulfilled, and that you had no further use of each other? Does not this experience come to all?" said Alwyn.

You apply the minor changes to the loftier purposes of life," I said. "I fear that you, too, like many others, have been led into wrong thinking by sophistries that will not bear the tests of truth. Truly, if I have ministered by a sick bed, my ministry of soothing and healing ends with the restoration of my patient to health. If I succeed in succoring the needy and restoring them to comfort and remunerative labor, any object is attained. For a time my influence may be needful to a brother or sister wayfarer; all are not necessary to each other for a life-time. I have formed surface friendships, whose links were easily dissolved. I have met persons who have exerted a beneficial authority over the undeveloped portions of my nature, yet I did not desire their lifelong companionship. All mankind are my brothers and sisters. I strive for charity toward all, for love to the lovable comes naturally. But my soul-friendships are few, and I deem them lasting. And Love cannot be applied to the ordinary necessities or occasions of life, for it is the highest spiritual function of the soul. It is eternal as Light and Truth, and exclusive as are all things divinely pure. The mother loves her own child best, and for its sake all childhood; but the inborn, highest, sweetest mother-love is for the child, part of her own spirit. In the conjugal relations, the deepest, purest, divinest love is for the chosen one, while fraternally, and taking its rise from that central fountain, it sets toward all that live. Promiscuity, in the affectional relations, is to me a desecration of love's sanctity. And I hold that love, well understood, and honored as an angel guest, is capable of the choicest self-abnegations, in which it counts its victories!"

Something within me, as I ceased speaking, whispered, "You are in the right!"

"I do not know that I understand you, Olive. You may be right with regard to the eternity of love; but I doubt it. Do we love at twenty as we do at seventeen or earlier? Does not the man or woman of thirty discard the foolish loves of the past? At forty, with heart more matured and fancy cultured, do we not again feel differently? At what period of life, then, can we cease to change, that is, to grow?"

"We shall never cease to grow while we have faculties to expand and virtues to cultivate, and inherited and acquired evils to overcome. But all change is not necessarily growth. Some spirits ripen early, as we count years, into the fullness of as much wisdom as can be attained to on earth. Others advance slowly, with many stumblings and haltings on the way, The safest plan for humanity in the present, is not to choose for life, not to enter into the conjugal relation, until the heart and judgment are matered, and the soul, not the

Acrese, will decide. On equal moral and spiritual planes, no matter whether the man or the woman's intellect be in the ascendant, no mistakes can occur. Morally equal, spiritually adapted, this covers the entire ground; for the soul, endowed with clear-sighted intuition, is a safe guide. And, as the higher enfolds and comprises all beneath it, there will be found the physical adaptability so much talked about; and temperamental harmony wherever the soul-love has chosen, independent of the color of the hair or eyes, or all such outward tokens. As far as is given to mortals, I believe the central goal of Conjugal Love can be reached on earth by those who have grown to its knowledge; and that marriages for eternity may be commenced in this beautiful world."

"But, Olive, what provision would you make for the unhappily married? for the mistaken ones who drag out miserable existences in worldly bonds?"

"I would have all mistakes retrieved; I would have an amendment of the matriage laws that would remove all feeling of bondage. I would ever have marriage sacred, acknowledged to the world; but I would not bind in arbitrary decree two souls chafing at their condition. As we dissolve all irksome ties of business or of friendship, I would make separation easy, and acknowledged by the laws of the land. Not as now, involving character, and time, and means. The objection is. I well know it that if we render divorces easy, there will be an overwhelming number of them. and men will seize the pretext to leave their wives upon the slightest provocation; and whimsical women, in a fit of spite or rage, will abandon home and children. But this would only give external evidence of existing and hitherto hidden evils. The man who can desert a loving wife, who for him fulfills her duty, is unworthy of her affection; and to be held by the chains of the law, in place of the golden cords of conjugal attraction, is humiliating to the mind of every true woman. Better to give free, than to hold in forced allegiance. The fancy that will stray, does so despite of the restrictions of wedlock; and the unfeeling wife and unnatural mother who can forsake hushand and children, is not worthy of maintaining her place. She does not hold it from principle, but from fear of public opinion. And our laws should provide for the children in all cases where a separation is needed. Please let me finish my lecture, Alwyn. While praying and hoping for the abolition of all injustice, and the advent of better laws. I think very much can be done by individual effort to ameliorate unhappy marriage states. With mutual forbearance much can be achieved; where intolerance is not too strident, where uncongeniality has not ultimated in repulsion, where there is a hallowed remembrance of past love, of present uses, a hope of future blessedness, much inharmony can be overcome. Habit becomes a necessity; and to the conscientious soul, the person they have lived with for years becomes sacred, though no more beloved. Some instances there are where a false conjugal relation has been changed to a true fraternal one. Strange that I should say these things to you, in the relation we hold toward each other. But I leem you justified in your reasons, that have never been complaints. I would not lead you from but to your duty; therefore I hold my position as an unconventional, but surely not a sinful

one."
"But, Olive, in the time that must clapse before the amendment of the laws, what shall we do?

"Live in patience, and in hope of the certain compensations of Immortality! There all chains shall fall from off the spirit. Do our duty here, however painful, and love in all the strength of

"Has not my presence, my affection become a necessity to you, as yours to me? Will you cast It from you, and so starve your spirit, or, taking all that your nature demands, secure your spiritu-

Your presence and affection have indeed become a part of my soul's life; but I forfeit neither self-respect nor take from that which belongs to another; it is for this reason that my spirit is strengthened in the sunshine of affection."

"You take a part, but you discard the whole, Love demands the entire fullness of its manifestations. Would you thwart Nature for foolish scruples, and deny yourself inalienable rights because of some lingering conservatism?"

Ah, serpent disguised in angel garb of Love! Why shall I continue the narration of the sophistries that were less passionate pleadings than subtly woven arguments?—ffimsy philosophies, that the sternly watching Truth with one touch rent in twain? This was not the method of the common libertine; no honeyed phrases fell softly persuasive on my ears; no vows of eternal fidelity gave a seeming of permanence to the guilty bond he meditated.

He appealed to my reasoning faculties, to the demands of my lonely womanhood for affection, to the higher law by which I lived. He desired me to enter with him upon a secret, dishonorable alliance, an "experiment," he called it, in the audacity of his cowardice! I, Olive Sheldon, was to descend from the pedestal of my purity and love, to minister to the supposed needs of a refined sensuality!

This man knew not of love apart from earth desire. The kisses he had showered upon me were forged in the fires of Gehenna, not from the altar of Love in Heaven! He could not understand the love I bore him, but left me to reflect upon his views and decide my future course.

[To'be continued in our next.]

# WINTER.

He comes! The tardy Winter comes!
I hear his footsteps through the nights!
I hear his vanguard from the heights March through the pines with mufiled drums!

His naked feet are on the mead; The grass blades stiffen in his path. No tear for child of earth he hath! No pity for her tender seed!

The bare oak shudders at his breath; A moment by the stream he stays-Its melody is mute! A glaze Creeps o'er its dimples, as of death!

From fettered stream and blackened moor. The city's walls he silent nears; The mansions of the rich he fears! He storms the cabins of the poor!

The curtained couch, the glowing hearth, The frost-rimed Graybeard's power defy; He curses as he hurries by— And strikes the beggar, dead, to earth!

For every gleaming hall he spares,
A hundred hearthless hovels hold
Hearts pulseless, crisp with ice and cold,
Watched by a hundred grim Despairs!

The forests grow by His command
Who saith, "He lendeth to the Lord
Who giveth to the poor!" Your hoard
Is His! ye stewards of the land!

Here is your mission! ye who feed
Your lavish fires: Not afar,
But at your doors, your Heathen are!
God's poor—your creditors! Take heed!

The path is long to Pagan shores; Their skies are sunny; God o'er all!
The winter's deadly harvests faller Around you! Deal your Meater's stores!

# Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS, 192 WEST TITH 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 sir."
[LRIGH HUBT.

[Original-]

#### VIRGINIA PERKINS.

CHAPTER I.

#### Tinny's Babyhood.

The soft summer sunlight of morning stole into the little window close by where little Tinny lay sleeping as sweetly as if all of heaven were in her little breast. And perhaps it was, for sweet smiles crept over her baby face, such as they say answer to the whispers of angels, and her little fingers opened and closed themselves with the joy of the spirit within. "Dear little soul," thought Tinny's mother, "if only thy blue eyes could open to the delights thou art dreaming of," and this wish seemed to have been some loving thing, and to have touched Tinny's cheek, for she opened her eyes softly and looked into her mother's pale face, as if to say " where is there a heaven, if not in a loving mother's heart?"

"Breakfast not ready yet!" broke in a harsh voice upon this heaven; "did n't I take you down to the Corners last week, and give you two dollars for spending money, and now I can't have my meals ready. I tell you folks had better hurry themselves, if they know what's good for

Tinny's little eyes opened wider at the sound of this voice, but the smiles left her face as if heaven had gone further off, and the pale-faced mother, taking her little baby on her arms, with a sigh went into the kitchen. This was a delightful place to Tinny. She looked at the great rafters all brown with smoke, and thought them very curlous, and she turned her blue eyes here and there, searching for something that she could see gleaming in the morning light, or perhaps she missed some one she was accustomed to see.

"Bress its little heartie," said the pleasant voice of black Milly, as she came with her bucket of fresh water from the spring. " De Lord has kep her all safe, that's sure; bress him for dat same,' and Milly stopped to pat the dimpled chin, and the same sweet smile that welcomed the morning light, welcomed the homely black face, for the bright light of love shore like the sunlight from that face; and little baby Tinny did not mind that the face was black and homely, but only felt its love and tenderness.

"Oh, Milly, please hurry the breakfast," said Mrs. Perkins pleasantly, "is n't it late?"

"Lor's yes, missus, but 'pears like eberyting going topsy down, 'cept the sun; dat allers knows jist whar de heavenly path lies, an' neber goes wrong, an' I tink de Lord are teachin' all ob us by dat sign; an' der 's baby Tinny, bress her, ef de Lord don't speak out of her eyes, den der 's no use trying to have him."

"But, Milly, please hurry," repeated Mrs. Perkins.

"Yes, missus, ole Milly hurry; but 'pears like it's jist like de sun up dere; tings take der own course, an' ef all de masters in de world war in a fruster, de sun, could n't gwo any toder jog, an' so tings hedn' la be gwine dev own course. Now der's de ole cow dat's allers at de barn a watin', she was way off de oder side ob de branch: den de oder cows, dey all off de oder side; den der 's de axe that allers stands by de locust-tree, der. dat ax war off de oder side de barn, an' I tell ye, missus, der is a real providence in it: bress ye, do n't look so sorry, Milly'll take all de blame, honey dear, do n't ye fret, but jist ten that bressed chile, for de Lord gives ye that to do, an'de Lord gives Milly de cakes to bake, and if anyting hapnens, he gives Milly to bear for it."

Tinny seemed to listen to every word that Milly said, for she crowed and laughed, and shook her little hands, and watched the turning of the corn cakes, as if they were all coming to her dear little when they were al breakfast was served, she went to Milly's strong, loving arms, as if it was a place almost as dear as her mother's.

" Bress ye, honey darlin', ole Milly never min' de kicks and cuffs from young massa, long as ye smile dat ways on dis ole brack face. Whar's de boot dat can hurt Milly so dat smile can't cure it right away? Bress de darlin'i"

Little Tinny was hugged and kissed, and pat-ted and jumped up and down till breakfast was over, and all the time her little sunny heart kept sneaking its love by sweet smiles and little baby speeches of "da, da." Tinny's father was a very ill-tempered man,

and was so selfish that he thought everything must be just as he said and wished, and he made his wife a very sad and unhappy woman. But little Tinny had come to their Virginia home, and her fresh, sweet life, had brought some joy to her mother's sorrowful heart, for she was like a little sungleam all day, and made ill-tempered Mr. Perkins sometimes smile at her winning ways.

To Milly, the old faithful servant that had carried Tom Perkins from his babyhood in her arms until he was old enough to care for himself, and had worked for him by day and night, to do as he willed, and had taken his cuffs and kicks patiently, for the great love she had borne him when he was a baby-to Milly, Tinny had come to pay for all the love, and care, and suffering, and, she thought that the Lord had surely sent this baby's life to bless her old faithful heart.

When Mr. Perkins was ready for his morning ride, he called Milly to saddle the horse, and baby Tinny went again to the arms of her mother, and put her little hand upon her cheek, and curled her head into her bosom, as if telling her the sweetest of stories about the dear Lord and his beautiful heaven, where the love is all as great and yet as tender as that in Tinny's haby heart.

As Milly brought up the horse, Mr. Perkins stepped out and mounted, He had in his hand his riding whip. He said:

"We'll see how late breakfast will be to-morrow morning; take this as a reminder," and he raised his whip, but Mrs. Perkins hearing the first word, ran with Tipny in her arms and thrust her up before her father's face, and Milly slipped into the kitchen.

"That child," said Mr. Perkins, "comes between me and my purpose every day. You think she can saye everybody, but we'll see, yes, we will." Tinny, delighted with the horse and the whip, lifted her little hands in an ecstacy of pleasure, and she laid them sotly on her father's, and the harsh look went out of his face and he smiled upon her and patted her head, and then rode away.

"!Pears like," said Hilly, leoking out of a orack of the kitchen door, "that, er chile am like de Lord of Glory; she dist sayes folks from all der troubles. Now, massa did no know it that do light of heaven shone out of her dear eyes, and he limits, and wishes that were not full of love. "She of the least value this most"

forgot to strike Milly. Lord love hing be il know had also pur to hencel the question of taking what about old faithful Milly someday, and p'rhads God gives and making the best of it.

But like other if brees him and comfort him."

But like other little children, Tinny soon forgot Tom Perkins had from his boyhood loved, him-self before everything else, and so when he became oman he thought every wish must be gratfied, no matter how much trouble it might give right that he should ill-treat poor faithful Milly, formerly numbered his fifty.

THE PERSON NAMED IN COLUMN

he expected the pretty Virginian, his wife, to do to forget the love of her dear father and mother she became sick, from that worst of all maladies, er; but still her face grew no less pale, and her step seemed weary.

Tinny was born in a little cottage, bright with from the windows of which her blue eyes could | kindness, and the blessed one of repentance. see to the south the great forests, and to the north the far-off mountains. Grand locusts shaded its front piazza, and cherry trees and persimmons were close by. A hedge of cedar reached along the road in front of the house, and apple trees shaded the long path up to the door.

This beautiful summer's day baby Tinny had

listened to the bells of the teamsters and to the prowing of the cocks and the quacking of the ducks, as if they were something quite new and marvelous, although each day she had been carried by Milly down the avenue to see every approaching team, and every cock that had come to pick crumbs about the door had heard her say. Now honey, see dare; doodle-doo, cock-a-loo. Tinny scare 'em away. Shoo! shoo! doodle-doo.' Then Tinny would lift up her little hands in great excitement, and Milly would laugh, and the cocks would strut about, as if they understood just what was expected of them. So Tinny was not lonesome, although her mother was so tired and heartsick that she could not sit up much of the day. She seemed to think that Milly was the very best of company, and she sat on the kitchen floor and tried to catch the flies that buzzed about, and put all the gravel stones and bits of chips in her month, and kept Milly running from her ironing to see that she got into no serious mischief.

So when Mr. Perkins came home, Tinny was in the very best of humor, and crowed and gooed. and shook her little hands, and smiled sweet smiles, as if the Lord, when he sent her into this world, had told her just what to do and she understood perfectly and intended to do it in the very best way possible.

"I say, wife," said he, "it seems to me you are always in bed. No wonder you get sick. If I was to lie in bed I should be dead in a week. I say, get up. I can't have folks lying about all day. I must have you go out; walking will be good for you. Just go over the Branch to neighbor Pinkham's, and see about that fleece of wool."

Milly, who was always on the alert when she expected trouble, seized Tinny from the floor and rubbed off her face with a bit of rag, and said to

"Now honey, darlin', your mother's no more fit to go out a walkin' than you are; but she'll go, list to please massa; and now you jist put in your little head to think up suffin' for a 'version for massa, so he'll tink of suffin' else. You jist go long and do it, houey, and Milly'll git you a hig piece of hoe cake and the prettiest apple on the tree dare."

Tinny apparently understood all that Milly wished, for she set up a great cry, as if a pin was being thrust into her, and her mamma ran to quiet her, and the dog barked, which made the horse tied at the door start, and Mr. Perkins, in his care of him, forgot about his wife's walk.

"I knew," said Milly to Tinny, "that you'd do jist what I tole you to, you honey. Bress you, de Lord has you for his own, and you're come to save ne all.'

This was one of baby Tinny's days: it was full of smiles and sweetness, and full of good to the world? Was it any wonder, as baby Tinny grew older, that she should love Milly very much, and kiss and hug her as if her face was as white as snow? . Was it any wonder that she should not care to hear her father's step, and should hide her head in her mother's lap when he snapped his whip, or said what he would do? The first word she tried to speak was mamma, and the next that she lisped was Miey. Only three summers had passed away when she knew that Milly and her mother both expected her to go, with her sweet loving ways, between them and her father's ill temper. He often came home with his breath hot Milly and cruel words for his wife. It was Tinny's part, at such times, to say all her little nursery rhymes to him, to crow like the cock, and whirl around for a cheese, until she made her father laugh and forget his cruel purpose.

He had never been unkind to Tinny herself, and so she was never afraid of what he would do to her; but when she was three years old, and the bright summer had come, he returned home one day with his brow heavy and his voice rough. Tinny tried to please him, but all in vain. Her little voice rang out merrily, and she repeated a new yerse that Milly had taught her:

> "When I get on my golden slippers, I'm not coming back any more, I'm not coming back any more, For I shall touch the heavenly shore. And I 'm not coming back any more, When I have on my golden slippers.

And Milly had taught her to put up her little bare foot as she said golden slippers. But Tinny had not practiced much, and she tripped and fell. "Do that again," said her father, " and we'll see what will happen."

Tinny was frightened at his harsh tone; her little form trembled, and she fell again. Her father seized her, and with his strong hand struck several blows on her bare arm. 🗀

This was Tinny's first punishment, and it was not deserved. Her little heart had never known anything but love before, but now something/like hate came into it.

As soon as she was released from her father, she crept under the bed in the little north room, and laid there sobbing, partly, with grief and partly with anger. As soon as Milly could go unobserved to her, she called her out with tender words, and Tinny told her her first lesson in anger.

"Bad papa!" said she; "Tinny was good, but papa is bad. I'll sing not more, I'll dance not more. Papa may go:way ott; Tinny send papa. type old at 3 mes way."

"Honey dear," said Milly," de Lord gave Tinny her papa, and Tinny can't send him off." "The Lord couldn't give Tinny bad papa." And

Inother," would of home of word found 1 the emotion exclaimed, "You can pass the land of the first great of formorates transferent and the land of the Inother waved of forest of lesson of life; and and found in hereoff a phiribor "Tells with Ideas as with bloom of midney! diese

But like other little children, Tinny soon forgot her griefs, for Milly, not being able to show her why it was God had given her such a papa, gave he bit of taffy, and held her up to see one of the bell teams that was coming down the road, on to others. He thought, too, that a man or woman its way to the city for its store of goods. But alwith a white skin was much dearer, to God than though Tinny forgot her griefs, her little heart did those with a black skin, and that it was perfectly mot desse to feel the effect of the hate awakened there. The next time that Milly did something the only remaining servant of his father's, who that did not please her, she struck her on the arm. just where her father struck her. Milly was real. When Tom married and became Mr. Perkins, it grieved at this first unkind act, and the big tears rolled down her cheeks. Tinny looked at just as he wished, and as it was not easy for her them, and saw them drop on her checked apron. and then she ran away and hid. But she felt in her little heart all the pain of unkindness. She a broken heart. But, as we said, baby Tinny had | crept softly back, and laid her head in Milly's lap, come, with so much of heaven in her little heart, and said, "Tinny sorry!"-little charmed words that a great deal of it had come back to her moth- that children and grown people do not like to speak, but which take such great burdens off of grieved hearts. Milly's face shone so with pleasure that one could hardly see that it was black. its coat of whitewash, and with large, low rooms, Thus Tinny had learned her first lesson in un-

[To be continued in our next.]

#### Written for the Banner of Light. TO MY LOVED ONE, IN HEAVEN:

BY J. BOMBER, JR.

I am thinking of thee, darling, And my tears are prone to flow, Though I feel that thou art smiling On thy loved one here below, As thou roamest those fair gardens In the Valley of the Blest, "Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest."

Loved one! my days are cheerless, And my spirit flies to thee-Knocks at the gate of Aiden. And panteth to be free! Oh! lovest thou still thy Earth-love, 'Mid those glories of the blest. "Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest?'

Pray'st thou for me yet, oh darling! That my ways to Truth incline. That our Father richly bless me, Now that thou art grown divine? Oft I dream that thou wilt meet me All unchanged, among the blest, "Where the wicked cease from troubling," And my spirit seeks its rest!

Loved one! lives yet our baby, Who left this vale of tears Ere scarce had dawned the morning Which ushered in our fears? Is he now taught in wisdom By angels? Is he blest? Dwells he with bright evangels, "Where the weary are at rest?"

"We are living, loving, waiting, We are praying for thee yet! Think not that Time nor Lethe Can teach us to forget! We will hail thee 'Husband!' 'Father!' With love's token on our breast. When thou crosseth Charon's river For thy mansion with the blest!"

Thus sings my Bride Celestial,

Thank God! oh mortals! weary

Albans, Vt., 1865.

From Love's arbor in the skies, While a hymn by cherub songster Bids me wipe my weeping eyes; And a choir of angel minstrels Sing from grottoes of the blest-Soon shall mortals cease from troubling, And the weary be at rest!"

With this pilgrimage of ours, Whose paths are dark and cheerless. Unrefreshed by genial showers! There beams a bright oasis 'Yond Life's desert, for the blest, "Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest!"

# A Cure by Dr. J. A. Neal.

We mentioned last week that Dr. Neal had returned to New York and resumed practice at 102 West 15th street. While he was in this city he received the following, among other evidences of cure, from one of his patients:

DR. NEAL: Dear Sir-I have been thinking that I would come to Providence to thank you for what you have, by God's blessing, been enabled to do for me; but in looking over the Banner to-night, I find you have removed to Boston. Permit me with whiskey, and then he always had blows for therefore, to express my thanks through the silent words of the pen.

One having never been in the same condition in which you found me on the 24th of last August, can have no idea of the cause I have for gratitude to you. You know how weak I was, having suffered severely all the spring and summer from dyspepsia, unable to eat anything without suffering all the agony to which a dyspeptic is subject, unable to work, and life itself was burdensome. I had tried various medicines and two doctors, but" was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse." I was in Providence, and accidentally heard that you had performed a wonderful cure of dyspersia. "Drowning men catch at straws." I thought I would try you, to see if you could help me.

I would try you, to see if you could help me.
You know I came to see you but eight times,
when you told me to "go about my business." I
did not feel much better, it is true, at that time,
and came home rather dispirited, feeling that
there was so much more time and money thrown and I at once commenced to regain my strength and fiesh. When I came under your treatment, I weighed one hundred and fifteen pounds, and now I weigh one hundred and thirty; can eat anything I choose, and work all day on the farm. If that is not rapid improvement, then I do not know

Doctor, I do not write this for a circular, but

Doctor, I do not write this for a circular, but simply to express my gratitude to you. Last June I did not expect to be living in the body at the present time; but, thanks to your skill, I am not only still living, but also enjoying life.

I hope to meet you again on earth, but if I do not, my gratitude is ever yours the same, and may success still continue to crown your efforts to relieve the sufferings of your fellowmen, as you have relieved mine. have relieved mine. I hope I shall not lose the knowledge of your whereabouts, for it I am ever again afflicted I shall turn to you for relief.

I remain ever gratefully yours,
J. T. Durren,
Box 279, Fall River, Mass.

Tiverton, Nov. 4th, 1865.

Dr. J. A. Neal, Adams House, Boston, Mass.

A Methodist prescher traveling through the oil regions on horseback, was stopped by a robber, who, pistol in hand, demanded his money." The minister remarked, with great solemnity," You can have my money, friend, but for Christ's sake, and for your own soul's sake, give up this busithen stopping to think, she added, "Tinny won't ness of highway robbery." The freebooter drophave him any more, but go way out and get ped his platel at his side, and in a voice of deep

#### Essay. Original

THE GREAT ANTICIPATED MILLENNIUM ITS HISTORY AND OBIGIN.

NUMBER FIVE.

BY K. GRAVES. The Millennial Revolution to be both Moral and Physical.

It is now our province to show that the various religious systems of the antique mythological ages. in addition to several coincidences already enumerated, were alike also in the anticipation and prediction of a stupendous revolution of the physical universe, involving a total subversion of the entire system of nature to accompany or precede the introduction of the Millennial Age-the succedaneum to which is to be the moral renovation of the whole human race, followed by the descent from heaven of "the New Jerusalem," or "A new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth—or is to dwell-righteousness," which will constitute the grand episode or epilogue of the solemn and awful melo-drama. After presenting the views of the Jewish and Christian orders on this subject, we shall exhibit the proof that they are substantially identical with those propagated in the Pagan world more than four thousand years ago.

Isaiah puts into the mouth of the Lord the de claration, "For behold, I create a new heaven and a new earth."-(Isa. lxv: 17.) And the characfer of the contemplated new Elysian homes for the righteous may be inferred from the following rapturous chulitions or exclamations of this same arch seer-this chief prophet of the Jews. "No lion shall be there, nor any ravehous beast shall to up thereon; it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there. The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock, and dust he the serpent's meat; they shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith the Lord."-(Isa. lxv: 25.) "Then shall the lame man leap as au hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing." "And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."-(Isa. xxxv: 9, 6, 10.) And we now observe some of the other prophets Indulging in similar ecstatic outbursts of prophet ic yearnings for the golden future.

Joel exclaims, "And it shall come to pass in that day, that the mountain shall drop down new wine, and the hills shall flow with milk, and all the rivers of Judah shall flow with water."-(Joel iii: 18.) Ezekiel expandingly prophesies that, "By the river, upon the bank thereof, upon this side and on that side, shall grow all trees for meat, whose leaf shall not fade, neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed."-(Ezek, xlvii: 12.) And numerous other passages of a similar tenor might be cited from the other prophets.

The Jewish Talmud, which was for many ages cherished and adored by both Jews and Christians, as "Holy messages from God to man." déscends to particulars, if not to punctiliousness, in attempts to portray the dream-born astounding revolutionary changes which are to take place by the inauguration and installation of the great and grand millennial crisis. This Holy Book fore shadows some stupendous improvements with re spect to the size and quality of both animals and vegetables; besides in the second birth renovation of the homo genus, or order, some wonderful strides are made no less extravagant. One species of bird to be hatched, or created for the occasion, says the Talmud, is to possess corporeal dimensions sufficiently elaborate, and so nearly approximating to ubiquity as to have the effect, when its wings are extended, of intercepting the light of the sun from the whole earth, and thus produce a total eclipse of that vast luminary. Another species of the feathered tribe is to possess an altitude of such towering height, that it can wade the deepest streams without having its body immersed in the water, or even wetting its legs higher up than the knees. And the earth, by spontaneous production, is to yield bodily raiment, ready cut out, made up, and hung upon the bushes, or elsewhere, in which the saints are to habilitate themselves, preparatory to their ascent to the clouds to " meet their Lord in the air." And bread and biscuit by "the baker's dozen" for the accommodation of those saints who may "begin to feel, as well they might, the keen demands of appetite," will be found ready made and ready baked, that they may "pitch in" and "break and bless" before laying

And all these-and many other buncomb stories of a similar kind-are found in a book venerated and adored by the so-called "people of God," as emanations from the fountain of a pure, celestial inspiration, being considered and claimed by Josephus and the early Jews, and many of the early Christians, also, as "Revelations of God's fathomless truth to the world," of equal validity and equal importance with that of the Old, if not the New Testament, of the canonical Bible. And why should they not be; seeing that the Talmud was written by the same nation or tribe of people, descended through the same channel, and evidently had the same origin as that of the Old Testament. Why is it not, then, of equal credence and equally reliable?

aside their earthly tenements, and winging their

way to a cloud-built Paradise.

We will now cite a few of the multitude of texts found in the New Testament, in support of our fifth proposition, that the great doomsday millennium was to be accompanied and characterized by a revolution both physical and moral, and was night at hand "then. St. Peter tells us that "The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; and the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat: the earth, also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up."-(II. Peter iii: 12.)

In Matthew it is declared, " For the Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father with angels. Then he shall reward every man according to his work."-(Matt. xvi: 27.) "I tell you of a truth there be some standing here which shall not taste of death till they see the Kingdom of God,"-(Luke fx: 27.) "Till they see the son of man coming in his kingdom."—(Matt. xvi: 28.) "Be ye also patient, establish your hearts, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh."-(James v: 8.) "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump we shall not all sleep, but shall all be changed. -(I. Cor. xv: 51.) "Verily I say unto you, this generation shall not pass away till all be fulfilled."-(Luke xxi: 32.) "The end of all things is at hand; be ye therefore sober and watch."-(I. Peter iv:7.) "These things must shortly be done."-(Rov. xxii: 6.)

And in nearly all the gospels and epistles may be found numerous other passages of similar import, all tending to prove, apparently beyond a doubt, that both Chirist and his apostles anticipated and most confidently believed that a total revo-Intion and transformation of the entire system of

was then iminent that it would be realized in the age in which they lived, "in this generation." And in every age and generation since these predictions were at first solemnly announced and heralded to the world. Christians have been constantly look. ing for their practical fulfillment. But the period of their realization seems rather to recede than to approach.

Hundreds of times Christian communities, who had set it down as a fixed truth, that their Bibles could contain no false prophecy, and confident that they would not be mistaken as to the meaning of these texts, couched in as "unequivocally plain and comprehensive language as human lips can utter," and repeated, substantially and literally, scores of times, if not hundreds of times over -I say hundreds of times Christian communities, under the influence of these convictions, all the way down the stream of time which has rolled away since the inauguration of their religion and the annunciation of these millennial prophecies, have been ever and anon thrown into the greatest consternation and trepldation, and often into the wildest excitement, by the occurrence of some perhaps only slightly unusual physical event, or some remarkable astronomical phenomenon, or change in the elements, or aspect of the stars, or some other natural but unfamiliar and unexpected phenomenon which was hence supposed to harbinger the near approach of the long anticipated, direful and awful event. And not a generation has rolled away since these solemn and horrific predictions rolled from the mouths of the Christian seers. which has not had its honest, devout and believing professors of the Christian faith announcing the speedy and certain fulfillment "in this generation!" ay, who could demonstrate by the most conclusive figuring and mathematical calculations, based upon the prophesics of Daniel, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Christ, Paul, Peter, St. John, &c, that 'the end of all things is at hand-even at the

If we could allow space for it, or do so without dilating the subject to an improper length, we might here present a long list of the names of prominent Christian professors and leaders in the Church, who have, during the nearly two thousand years of Christendom, figured in the world as Millennialists, and who have, from time to time, succeeded in scaring whole Christian fraternities out of their sleeping habiliments into their flying, saintly robes, and often out of their sober wits into the wildest hallucination, by exhibiting unmistakable proofs,"" demonstrations in figures that cannot lie," that the "Time is up " for Mother Nature to die in a nightmare paroxysm and give up the ghost, and the stupendous, boundless universe perish in the last throes and dving agonics of time, and thus bid farewell to existence. But the partial exhibition of this aspect of the subject in our first article we shall assume to be anfficient.

It would seem from the facts there presented that the world-burning, millennial doctrines are yet or again quite popular in some portions of the Christian ranks-a circumstance which, we think, should excite no surprise in Bible-believers; for we confess the doctrine is apparently fully endorsed in that book, and fully and unmistakably taught by Christ and his cotemporary disciples; and hence we can hardly escape the conviction that he who rejects this doctrine must disown his Bible. And we are backed in this opinion by able Christian writers outside of the millennial ranks, who never espoused the doctrine or accepted it as literally true.

The author of the "Nineteenth Century," (a Christian writer,) after citing some of the same texts which we have presented, remarks: " From the above quoted texts of Scripture, there seems no reason to doubt, the disciples and primitive Christians believed and continually expected the speedy occurrence of the Lord's second advent .-(181.) And the author of the Progress of Religious Ideas, (Vol. II: 328,) declares in the most positive terms: "All believed that Christ would come in person and render his Church triumphant on this earth, and all had full faith that the great event was nigh at hand." The first author here quoted, adverting to the evil effects of the practical belief in this doctrine on its recipients, says: "They neglected their families, ceased from all labor, gave away their property, and many became inmates of insane retreats."-(190.)

[To be continued in our next,]

Written for the Banner of Light.

A VISION.

BY MISS E. C. ODIORNE. Is it? it cannot be, and yet it seems

As though my soul, free from its earthly chains. Is slowly floating midst the tinted clouds Of that bright realm beyond the azure skies Where reigns most glorious Immortality. This brilliant light, too pure for mortal eyes So luminous and perfect is its ray-Whence does it emanate? and whither go? A voice replied in tones both rich and sweet: 'From the great Source of Being doth it come, And flows around in beauteous effulgence, This fair, bright Summer-land of happy souls; This light is not of earth, but unto those That strive to do their great Creator's will, It is vouchsafed to pass unto this clime When their hard struggle with the world is o'er. Then, all their troubles laid aside, their woes Like some faint memory of the fleeting past, They here enjoy tranquility and peace, Are recompensed for all that they have suffered, And fly with joy on missions of true love To those still in the narrow prison-house Which men call life, while to this glorious change They give the name of death. Oh! mortal man, How blind thou art! how circumscribed thy vision, That cannot pierce the light beyond the vale, Nor rend the cloud that severs thee from heaven! But ah! the time will come, when, wiser grown, More fully comprehending thy great mission. Thou shalt go forth with true benevolence. To help and guide, to cheer the weak and faint, And gather up in thy protecting arms The tender lambs, shorn of a mother's care: Then shalt thou have a foretaste of the peace The blessed of the Father most enjoy, In doing good; and when thy time shall come To leave this earth, then shalt thou take thy place In this fair realm of light, with other souls Who, like thyself, receive their just reward." It ceased-that voice of flute-like power divine; And, starting from the couch where I reposed, I found 't was but a vision, though it seemed A fair reality, and with a sigh, Though with a heart more light, once more I turned Unto the hardships of this earthly life. But oft midst cares and duties I have paused And mused upon that happy sphere above, Where all the good and just shall congregate When leaving this poor earth of ours below. 1110 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Do all in your power to teach your children solf-government. If a child is passionate, teach the universe, celebilal and terrebirlal, would take him by patient and gentle means to curb his templace, (Isaiah and Peter and St. John all speak of per. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. "A new heaven and a new earth,") and that it If he is selfish, promote generosity.

# Correspondence.

Thoughts from "Over the Sen."

DEAR BANNER-I have fancled that amid the wisdom and philosophy that adorn your pages, a short description of my voyage to this "Golden Land" might not be out of place, or quite unwelcome to the many dear friends who wait for tidings from the wanderer.

On the 2d of Oct., I found myself, true to the predictions of my spirit-guides, though contrary to all human conceptions of the possible, on hoard the new steamer "New York," bound for Aspinwall, and advertised to leave at noon. After numerous delays the signal for departure was given. The scene that followed I shall never forget; in the picture-galleries of Memory it will live forever. The plor, the sea of upturned faces, the tearful eyes watching the receding ship, the quivering lips that strove to smile, the trembling hands that waved a farewell, the voices that essayed a parting cheer that subsided into silence, broken | trying to be exclusive; and yet, one of them was a only by an occasional sob, as slowly we left the the shores-how can it ever be forgotten? My friend Mrs. H. and myself stood side by side, uttering no comment, but silently breathing our farawells to those dear ones whose "Godspeed" still lingered on our ears, the benediction of whose love and friendship will abide with us forever. and a feeling of "sadness and longing," blended with grateful thanksgiving, rested upon our hearts.

The descriptions youchsafed us by different benevolent individuals with regard to the horrors of steamboat accomodation were not realized; our state-room was comfortable and reasonably commodious, and upon the first appearance of 'white caps," we retired to its shelter, very indignant to learn that we were to be waited upon, and that our state-rooms were consigned to the charge of male waiters. A lady who had made the voyage before, dryly observed that " when it got rough, she reckoned we should not care"-a remark that was assuredly verified to the letter. Our room was shared by a lady and her daughter, and we were all consigned to the care of one of the homeliest specimens of the Emerald Isle it has ever been my ill fortune to encounter. He rejoiced in the name of "Larry," and for two days this appellation was upon our lips every half hour, uttered in the most doleful accent possible, and "Larry, for pity's sake do not forget to bring this," or, "Larry, be sure to remember that," were injunctions over recurring in entire oblivion of the indignant protest against being "waited upon by a man!" And "Larry" did ample justice to the trust reposed in him, save and except on certain occasions, when he apparently indulged in potations strong and deep, and forgot our existence for hours at a time, though never failing to assure us of his having repeatedly "comround," or found us "resting sure."

On the 10th of October, however, we bade adien to "Larry" and the steamer New York, and spent some hours at Aspinwall, through the politeness of one of our fellow-passengers, obtaining the privilege of resting at the American Consulate, from the balcony of which we could, at our port. Hundreds of native women thronged the streets, exhibiting their wares for sale, and recomthe passers-by. "Ah, Señora, buy my oranges!" "Beautiful lady, take a fan, for it is warm-only one bit!"-the passengers laughing, gesticulating, trading for the ripe fruit freshly gathered-"Five oranges for a quarter!" greeting our ears on every side-roses in full bloom in the gardens-summer

At last, after numerous delays that would have driven an Eastern Conductor frantic, one train, managed by natives, was declared in readiness, and we prepared, for what we had been informed by the benevolent persons before alluded to, would be the "most trying ordeal of the journey"-our transit across the Isthmus. The sun was obscured just enough to veil us from the heat; the cars were airy and commodious, and the scenery by the way baffles all description. he cocoa trees, laden with fruit, fringed the road side, and, as one lady exclaimed, "Seemed to have souls!" and to wave us a welcome from their swaying branches; richly-colored flowers flashed upon us through the dense luxuriant foliage; birds sang us a greeting; beautiful mountains rose before us; "the glory of the tropics" stood revealed, and my heart was full of thanksgiving and the delight of living. In childhood I had seen visions and dreamed dreams" of just such scenes of beauty, and at last the dreams were fulfilled, the visions realized, and I thanked God from the very depths of my soul. At a turning of the road we espled a native girl with a heavy burden poised upon her head, waiting the passing of the train. The beauty of her form, and grace of her attitude I have never seen surpassed. She would have served as a model for a Canova, a glorious type of her race, but seemingly unconscious of the admiration she inspired. So lovely was the landscape, so exhilarating the air, that it required all the suggestions of deadly miasma lurking amid the rich foliage, and "Panama fever," to remind me that here, also, the law of "compensation" was in full force.

We reached the quaint old town of Panama at sunset, and immediately embarked on the ferryboat lying in waiting to convey us to the Pacific steamer "Colorado," out in the bay. Our first kingdom of heaven," in speaking of children? days on board were devoted to sea-sickness, which kindly departed in time to permit us to witness the grand panorama of the Mexican coast, little minds and hearts, do we not see the Saviour and the range of mountains which form a portion | rising into light and glory?-their own pure natures, of the Cordilleras. We arrived at Acapulco on the 17th, remaining a few hours to take on a supply of coal. Great dissatisfaction seemed to prevail among those passengers who had made the little plant absorbs certain drops of dew, and voyage before, at the occupancy of the town by leaves others to fall to the ground, or become rethe French, as the natives were prohibited on this absorbed by sunbeams, to the source from whence account from coming out to the steamer with they came? When I looked upon more than two fruit, cigars, &c., &c., as had been their wont.

deck of our steamer. Some of our passengers were immediately taken up by the authorities, and placed in "durance vile," till through the intercession of our Captain they were released. A French "man-of-war" was lying in the bay, keeping guard over the captured city, and I saluted, in memory of "Auld Lang Syne," the flag of my native land, as in all its tri-colored beauty, it waved in the balmy tropical breeze. How many reunions did it startie from their long slumber in my soul-of "la belle France," and the golden days of childhood! How much of sorrow, of suffering, of joy, had been crowded into my life, since I had seen its old flag last! While I watched it through tears of mingled pain and gratitude, all the past came, panorama like, before my vision once again, and thanksgiving grew stronger than

bay of Acapulco. I had read of, and seen, sunsets at sea, but this one baffled description; "a thing of beauty," it lives in my memory, "a joy forever;" an ample compensation for the trials of a voyage far less agreeable than our's; indeed, persons who had made the trip before, pronounced this the most agreeable ever on record. Good humor prevailed, and general harmony was the consequence. We had conceived that "Mrs. Grundy" confined her operations to the land; we discovered, however, that she "went down to the sea in ships," and held a court on "the guards" of the boat, semi-occasionally. There was, for instance, a young husband, who held his wife's head on his shoulder, "and he ought to be ashamed:" and there was another, whose wife was sick, and he did not hold her head; and "he ought to be ashamed." Then there were ladies who talked familiarly to every one, and that "was disgusting:" and the "two ladies in black," (our distinguished selves) that were "always reading books and talking to each other, were evidently lecturer on Spiritualism from the States!" Mrs. Grundy, having reached the climaxfof iniquity, rolled up her eyes, imploring protection from satanio influences, retired. Dear Mrs. Grundy, should your eye light upon this page, may it suggest to you to speak lower, when you again "sit in judgifent."

On the 24th of October, we entered the "Golden Gate," and landed a cheerful company, with a 'clean bill of health." Once more on terra firma, all was life, bustle, and rejoicing; and making our way through a host of fruit venders, we took a hack for the "Lick House," and after a few hours, were agreeably surprised by calls from some very intelligent and agreeable gentlemen, who represent Spiritualism in San Francisco. Through the politeness of a fellow passenger, they had been informed of our arrival; a fact they might not so soon have discovered, as we found ourselves recorded on the list of cabin passengers, as Mrs. Havens and Mrs. Cooper, I had submitted to being addressed on board the steamer, variously, as Mrs. "Cub," "Cobb," "Coupe," and "Cup;" but this was the "unkindest cut of all."

My new friends assisted me in the selection of rooms, and I soon found myself domesticated in San Francisco, and feeling very much "at home." Never have I met with a more cordial reception. Miss Ada Hoyt I have not yet seen, because she is fortunately overrun with visitors, seekers after proofs of immortality; in a word, she is creating a perfect furore; God speed her in her good work! On the evening of my arrival, my colaborer, or

old acquaintance, Mrs. Stowe, came with her dear, smiling face, to bid me welcome; not the frail, little creature I remembered, but a robust and healthy woman; her altered appearance speaking volumes in favor of the climate. All speak in praise of her mediumship and labors with this

I expect much opposition from the press, as Spiritualism is decidedly becoming a power, on this coast, and any accessions to its ranks are regarded with a jealous eye. Several editors posttively refused to announce my arrival; and one. only, grudgingly informed his readers, that "Anleisure, observe the novel aspect of this tropical other lecturer had arrived, who was supposed to speak under spirit influence, after the manner of Miss Hardinge," All this I regard as decidedly mending them in Spanish and broken English to | in our favor, and have no doubt of the success of our cause.

I lecture (this Sunday eve) to the Spiritualists, in their little hall where they hold Conference and Lyceum meetings. I appear publicly, as soon as a large hall can be procured.

I, of course, can scarcely form an opinion of San Francisco; suffice it to say, I am well pleased with what I have seen. We are blessed with all the appliances of the highest civilization. The people in the streets look alike in every fibre of their being, and a cosmopolitan air pervades the whole, very charming to me. The atmosphere is exhilarating, and strange to say, I cannot realize the distance that separates me from the little children, the darling friends I love, across the sea:

"Bo walking here in thilight, oh, my friends, I hear your voices, soldened by the distance, And pause, and turn to listen, as each sends

Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown, Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token, That teaches me, when seeming most alone, Friends are around me, though no word is spoken.

Therefore, I hope as no unwelcome guest, At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted, To have my place reserved among the rest, Nor stand as one unsought, and uninvited."

And now for a time, again adieu. Accept this printed page, dear friends, as my greeting to you all, for I have not leisure to obey the dictates of my soul, and write separately to each, at present; but in my heart are written words of love and blessing for you all. Need I add, think of me, sometimes, and believe me always your friend, and the willing servant of humanity.

LAURA CUPPY. San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 29, 1865.

## Children's Lycoums.

How can those who have witnessed the proceedings of our Progressive Lyceums doubt for one moment the second advent of a Saviour among the children of men? Has it not been promised that the Saviour should make his appearance in the clouds of heaven, and every eye should see? Did not Jesus say, "Of such is the And amid the clouds of Bigotry, Ignorance, and Superstition which have been cast over the dear allowed to come forth according to the Divine promptings?-allowed to ask questions, and accept or deny the human answer given, as freely as the hundred happy little faces at Philadelphia, like a The Mexican General, with a large force, held, cloud of witnesses, breathing out in every breath we were informed, the country surrounding Ac- the freedom of their souls, and in every motion appleo, which town presented a most desolate the freedom of their bodies, and saw Andrew and forlorn appearance, as we saw it from the Jackson Davis, with his face glowing with heaven's own happiness, I said in my heart, surely went on shore, all too soon, as it proved, for they | the Saviour cometh, and Jackson and Mary have been among the first angels to help in rolling the rock from the door of the sepulchre. Others have seen their good work, and gone forth to do likewise, and success crowns their efforts. The little children come crowding in to be saved from darks ness and death, to be truly educated.

On Tuesday evening of this week, the Progressive Lyceum of this city gave their first exhibition in City Hall, under the directions of their carnest Conductor, Mr. A. H. Richardson; and I think, considering that only ten Sabbaths had called them together, it was a perfect success. More than one hundred and forty scholars were represented in the exercises, who performed their parts finely, with the room they had. The exercises consisted of singing, recitations, some gymnastic exercises, and a march. Other exercises were The sun was setting in a blazgof glory when added to the entertainment by older ones, such as we passed out of the lonely mountain sheltered tableaux and dramatic sences; so, withal, it was | ness of which my aching bones yet testify. One

a very pleasant entertainment. Who can but feel themselves richly blest who are permitted to conduct such a grand work in human progress! Such men as A. J. Davis, M. B. Dyott, of Philadelphia, J. B. Young, of Lowell, and, I think, L. K. Joslin, of Providence, A. H. Richardson, of this city, and other Conductors of Progressive Lyceums in the country, are surely preparing for themselves immortal crowns of glory, so far as they nobly and unselfishly perform their work.

Dear friends of Freedom and Truth, Justice and Love, I beg of you, do not rest until you have established these heaven-sent Lyceums for your dear little ones, and ohl make yourselves competent to appeal to the harmonial aspirations, the pure love-natures of your darlings, that they may not suffer what you have, and still do, from the miserable weeds of Selfishness, Jealousy and Ignorance, causing you constant misunderstandings, which are the cause of all bitterness of feeling and inharmonies. God and angels speed the day when Progressive Lyceums will be established in every district in the land, is the prayer of your M. S. TOWNSEND. sister in Truth, Charlestown, Mass., Nov. 17, 1865,

Notes from the West by Frank White.

I have often desired to sketch the incidents of one week's itinerancy, so that the readers of your widely circulated sheet might have some idea of the pleasures and annovances that diversify the path of the traveling lecturer. Sitting down today in this far-off Western town, (I believe it has not yet attained to the dignity of a city,) resting after a walk under a glorious "Indian Summer' sky such as the West only can produce, the old desire comes up again, and I yield to it. I knew, when I finished my Troy course of lec-

tures, that work was before me; and so that I

might commence it in good season, I left the hospitable home of our good brother Starbuck while the stars were yet twinkling in the early Monday morning after the last Sunday in October, whirled over the "Hudson River Railroad" to Albany, there changed to the "Albany and Susquehanns Railroad," for Croton, Delaware Co., away down in the southern centre of the State, where I was engaged for the four coming evenings, before continuing on to my November appointment in this place. A glorious ride through the wild scenery of that region brought me to Oncouta, the present terminus of that railroad, about noon. A stranger in a strange land, I stationed myself, impervious to the applications of innumerable stage proprietors, by my plainly marked valise, and waited to be recognized, if not by my face, by my property. A short waiting brought the recognition (through the property), in the genial face of the good brother Frank M. Wheat, by whose invitation my appointment had been made. A hasty dinner at the hotel, and we were soon behind his trusty horses, winding our way up, around and over the mountains to our destination. Although the clouds lay thick and threatening above us, our ride was a grand one, and we found a warm welcome awaiting us at the pleasant farm homestead setfled so cosily down under the shadow of those noble old hills. As it was now four o'clock, and I had ridden from before the morning twilight, I appreciated and fully improved the two hours' rest before the lecture, which I was informed would be given in the "old church on the hill," in the district called "Arabia." A little handful of noble, progressive souls-Spiritualists and free thinkers, God bless their warm hearts!-had arranged that I should speak, so that they, for the first time, might hear, and at the same time those that were living" in the shadow of great darkness" (Orthodox teachings) might have a little agitation of thought, which is said to be the beginning of wisdom. Well, I think we did have considerable agitation, for a well filled church greeted my "debut" in "Arabia"; and really, I think, with the exception of that little handful of progressive souls, it would be difficult to get together in any "Arabia," in the United States at least, the same number of people so completely covered up with crust upon crust of bigotry, intolerance and superstition as we had that Monday night in the "old church on the hill." Curiosity, I dnly anisted them when I and, I half suspect, wonder and surprise at the unparalleled audacity of such a little man taking such a big position as to radically oppose some of their prominent religious teachings, held them silent until my lecture closed; but an opportunity for questioning soon broke the spell. I knew I had stirred up the hive, and waited for the onset. It came, not so much in the shape of questions as in deprecations, protestations and exclamations of surprise, that I, within the sacred walls of a church—a church on the hill—a church on the hill in the district of Arabia-should be allowed to promulgate the horrid doctrine that the reason should and did decide upon all authorities. Conflicting feelings of pity and amusement at their amazed agitation and intolerance almost bewildered me for a moment, but I recovered sufficiently to meet an excited question," what was this church built for?" with the non-committal answer, I don't know." Encouraged by the weakness of the answer, one zealous "defender of the faith," as though he felt the annihilating force of the question, wished to know if I was a Universalist. By the style in which the question was put, and by the breathless silence in which the audience waited for the answer, it was evident that an answer in the affirmative would be equivalent on my part to a confession to the most henious of sins, so I desired his interpretation of a Universalist. Judge of my surprise when he informed me that a Universalist was "one that did n't believe in God, nor the devil, nor heaven, nor hell, nor nothing."

Shades of John Murray and Hosea Ballon, what definition! What would our good, respectable Universalists in Massachusetts, who shrink from a Spiritualist as a combination of all evil, think of this? I rather conclude they could n't charge upon us a more thorough system of unbelief than this. "Tell it not in Gath," publish it not in Boston, under the circumstances, I was obliged to deny being a "wicked Universalist." Well, to shorten the story, we finished the first stormy session to my satisfaction; and the three following evenings in the neighboring districts, the listeners were models of propriety, either because the audience was composed of fewer "Arabs," or because they were satisfied to attempt no more "flank movements"; I rather think a little of both. I finished my labors in that vicinity Thursday evening, with the satisfaction of knowing that some stagnant waters had been agitated. I bore away with mo also the fervent "God bless yous" of the warmhearted handful that had welcomed me, with the promise to return some day again; and I knew by the impulsive hand-clasp as we parted, that my

visit had not been in vain, to them. An early breakfast at three o'clock Friday morning was not quite so agreeable, but the grandness of the mountain scenery, as the moonlight stole through the flying clouds, and still later, as the morning flushes stole over hill and valley, made me almost forget the tediousness of a thirty-mile ride over a broken down plank road, to the rougho'clock P. M., Friday, found me again in sight of the welcome "Iron Horse," at Hancock, on the Brie Railroad. A last hand-clasp and "Goodbye" to the good Brother Stoodley, who had brought me over, and I was soon flying westward, 'shrough the wilds of Western New York and Pennsylvania, across the fertile fields of Ohio, and over the heautiful "Oak Openings" of Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana, to this stirring town, which I reached Saturday evening, about seven o'clock, my finsh exceedingly tender, through excessive jolting, my bones reminding me that "the way of dilapidated Plank Roads," as well as "transgressors," is hard; and my head in full sympathetic rapport with the manifold aches of the body.

A good night's rest, and, after an absence of over four years, I was ready to meet again the well-remembered friends of Elkhart; and congratulated myself at the close of Sunday, in having given eight lectures in as many days, besides travaling nearly a thousand miles, over fifty of which were by the good, old-fashioned horse-power, That is one week's itinerancy. How do you like it-you who think lecturing just fitted for lazy people? I do not complain, for my whole soul is in the work; and I trust after many such a week, to come back next summer, to the good old New England Hills, in good, sound condition, for another trip East or West, as the case may be. N, FRANK WHITE, Elkharf, Ind., Nov. 13, 1865.

#### Our Washington Letter-Bro. Whiting -Cora Moutt, etc.

Our lecture season opened on the first ultimo. with no little celat, by that remarkable poetleal improviser and lecturer, A. B. Whiting of Albion. Mich. In the field of historical Spiritualism he is one of the most thorough and rationally convincing speakers we ever had on our platform; while his improvisations in verse, from subjects chosen by his audiences, made him famous throughout the country years ago, and while yet in his teens. As a somewhat full, appreciative and discriminating notice of his lectures here has recently appeared from the pen of our able Secretary, it precludes the necessity of my speaking of him at further

This month we have been-and next month we expect to be-favored by the presence of the highly gifted and wonderfully endowed Cora L. V. Scott, whose appearance in our city marks an era in the history of the spiritual movement in this part of our country. Doubtless her fame had something to do with calling out a large gathering on the occasion of her first beture, but it does not account for the continuously increasing number of her listeners. There must be something back of and superior to her mere earthly cognomen, as the power behind the throne, to satisfactorily explain this.

Her being here at this time has created great enthusiasm among her friends, and kindled an unusual interest among those who heretofore never deigned to speak of the subject, much less to attend our meetings. Just now it would be very apropos to have the Eddy brothers or some other good and reliable medium of a physical character visit us, to continue and deepen the interest so recently developed, and perchance to satisfy those who seem to need such manifesta-

As is customary elsewhere, so here, for the morning services the controlling intelligences choose their own topics, while in the evening, the audiences select the subject, and at the close of the lecture, ask questions relative to what is advanced by the speaker. Her ability to triumphantly carry herself through this severe ordeal, to the discomiture of the carping critic, thousands of your readers-with other thousands who never read-well know, from their having personally witnessed the fact. Yet without meretriciousness of any sort, she has more than sustained the high position that was accorded to her in the beginning of her ministry.

Through misunderstanding, skepticism, reproach and calmmy it is rationally impossible for a naturally timid, true and innocent naturefor she was but a child when first she encountered the public criticism-to so long and so succonsfully "face a frowning world," and in spite of its accumulated opposition from bigotry, prejudice and malico, to so overcome it, as to receive its approval and for more than a decade of years to command its respect and its homage without the possession of extraordinary gifts, even a vicegerent of the angels. For graceful polse, dignified deportment, subdued, distinct, yet thrilling enunciation, for heauty and pertinency of expression, with heart and soul eloquence, she has no

superior if an equal in all the land, Timely and fortunate will it be for the society here, for the host of strangers who are now flocking to the Capital, and I believe for the country generally, if she, postponing her contemplated trip to California, remains with us during the ensuing month. It has been repeatedly intimated in our hearing, by the friendly Indian spirit, who in private circles usually controls our sister, that she would soon have something to say for the especial benefit of those who sit in the big Council fires of the Nation-to which if they are wise they will give considerate heed. It is greatly to be desired that our Congressmen, for earth and heaven know they need it, should have a favorable opportunity to learn politics from a standpoint entirely new to most of them; should have political predictions presented, based upon irrefutable internal and external evidences of their truthfulness, which shall set them to thinking and to actfug in real earnest-presented in a manner and with a power of authority, as though of a verity it was being proclaimed from the dead! For it is indeed felt all over the land that the approaching Congress is to be the most eventful and memorable since the Continental Congress was convened, for it is to consider and decide issues which shall fully and peculiarly test the strength of our Republican Institutions. The political trimming, stekening sycophancy and unscrupulous toadyism which characterizes the weak-kneed and crooked backed politicians who throng our city with their baleful presence; the treason of words and acta not only to the Government, but what is infinite-Ly worse and saddest of all, to humanity and to God, which grows so rank in our Washington atmosphere-too oft alast nourished by executive cars and patronage—must in the might and majesty of God, be soon brought low.

All signs portend that we are upon the eve of events which are again to "try men's souls," sy, and momen's too, as never before. The real fight in yet to come. The rebellion for the present has but been transferred from the battle-field to the plane of Politics in the Halls of Congress. The centending armics are being manipulated and marshaled, by unseen powers as well as by earthly minds, for the final contest to the end that Error shall be yanquished and Truth and Justice

reign erermere. Ferhaps I cannot do better, in concluding this bacty note, than by appending the following improvised poem, given through Miss Scott, in a state of entrancement, in the presence of some core of autob my acting boars put keetige. Out

twenty-five ladies and gentlemen last Wednesday evening, at the residence of the writer:

Mortals, we greet your souls to-night, From the land of mystic shadows-From the land of glorious shadows-Tinted with God's endless light. Toned and tinted with the light Which falls from the great fount of love, Beyond the spirit's night.

And we would weave a chain around— From your own souls shall be the golden Links, with which the chain so golden, And so spiral, shall be wound, Spiral like a wave of sound, Rising to the great dome of heaven, And circling God around.

Mortals, there is a wondrous land. Dreamy-shadowed-but eternal, Shadowed by the mind eternal, Hidden by his mighty hand, Which, uplifted like a wand, Controls and guides all souls and worlds, As with an iron band.

Above you stand the living souls, Pure souls arrayed in shining glory. Arrayed in their own bright glory; There the tide of wisdom rolls, From the spirit's shining goals, Like crested waves of rolling thought, Around earth's darkened shoals.

Mortals, adown the stream of time-Time's turbid and unquiet river-Time's surging and unquiet river-We send the pennons of our clime, So grand, so swift and so sublime, That they encompass all your souls, As God surroundeth Time.

Yes, just above the world to-night There hovers an enchanting spirit, There broods and hovers a pure spirit With flashing pinions of great might. Flashing beneath Truth's endless light, Illumining with Love's pure beams Your dark and shadowed night

And all the world shall feel its breath, Its breath, like chained and forked lightning, Forked and flashing, like the lightning Which strikes, with burning tongue, pale Death, Stings the pale worms, Fear and Death, And fills Creation's living soul With Love's eternal breath. Washington, D. C., Nov. 19, 1803.

#### The Currency Question.

I'cannot suppose, Mr. Editor, that you would willingly have the readers of the Banner, led astray by anything in its columns, though that seems to me to be the tendency of a short article on prices, in your last number, where the mischief is laid to the charge of speculators.

Now at the bottom of all this matter, lies tle great truth, that speculators cannot create conditions. They can take advantage of conditions precisely as we all do, and so aggravate an evil already existing. But they have not a tithe of the power possessed by the rest of us, who, upon suspicion of a rise, immediately purchase an extra supply, and thus create conditions of which we subsequently make great complaint.

The real difficulty lies deeper, in the action of our Government, in suspending specie payments and thus permitting producers to make their own prices, without reference to a standard which has some known relation to labor.

Now all producers, not being affected by the rise in prices, so long as they are exchanging products with each other, are, as a class, interested when dealing with those who have fixed incomes which cannot readily change, to charge us more price; or in other words, give as less of their labor than they would otherwise do.

If they pay us in gold, or commodities at gold price, then we are all on the same footing. But that they do not do now, nor will they do it at present, all the efforts of Mr. McCulloch to the contrary notwithstanding.

The withdrawal of legal tenders, or of any one form of currency, will simply compel the substitution of some other less-convenient form. Prices will remain, and must be represented. Currence is an effect, and not a cause; and all action founded upon the idea of withdrawing currency (so called) will simply show our folly.

Let the Government resume specie payments. as it can do if so disposed, in less than six months. and then you will see prices go down, and the surplus currency, if there is such, will disappear. All this seems so plain to me, after my long and patient study of the question, that I can hardly realize how any man of business should take a different view. But I know the majority do so, and sometimes I am quite hopeless as to the re-

I wish you would, at your first opportunity, call upon Nicholas Biddle, Daniel Webster, John Davisand Alexander Hamilton, and ask them wheth. er the ideas I have advanced to you, so different from what are entertained by others, are not true, substantially; if they are not, in fact, their ideas rather than mine.

Perhaps through Mrs. Conant, with this in her hands, they may tell you more than I can, and en able you to see, as I do, how vastly important a true understanding of this question is to all of us. Truly yours.

D. WILDER, JR. Boston, Mass., Nov. 16, 1865.

# Maiters in San Francisco.

Thanks to the angel-world for the means of growth it has given us in the sending of so eloquent a speaker as Mrs. Laura Cuppy, who arrived upon our golden shores last Tuesday. She came in answer to the fervent desires of the Spiritualists of California, for some one through whom the Father of all, by his ministering spirits, could feed us with the manna of the word of Truth, for which we hungered.

Hardly rested from the fatigues of the sea voyage. Mrs. Cuppy attended the usual evening meet ing of the friends of progress, at their hall, yesterday, and spoke for over an hour, in a manner that held the audience spellbound. It was a glorious feast. At the close of the lecture, the subject of which was, "What are the Results of Spiritualism?" a beautiful poem was given by the control-ling influence, and then questions from the aulience were anawered in a manner to create both delight and astonishment, for their vigor and apt-

The welcome given to Mrs, Cuppy was most enthusiastic, and her winning, gentle ways, took all hearts captive.

Miss Ada Hoyt is giving private scances, and, I understand, has her hours fully engaged.

The "Children's Progressive Lyceum," is prospering apace. It now numbers over seventy members, and the exercises attract increasing attention on the part of the liberal public.

bers, and the exercises attract increasing attention on the part of the liberal public.

Private "circles" are held in this city almost
every evening, and many mediums are being developed, with a promise of great usefulness in
the future field of spiritual labon.

With the accession to our ranks from the East,
whence we turn our eyes for the Liftht, a new impetus will be given to our beautiful faith. The
seed is sown, and the harvest ripens.

Fraternally:

Sen Francisco; Cal., Oct. 30, 1865.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENG.
REEPS FOR SALE THE DANNER OF LIGHT AND
OTHER SPIRITUAL, PUBLICATIONS.

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# Bunner of Tight.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1865. OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET.

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PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, - - · · EDITOR. Practical Questions Spiritually

Treated. The tendency is to just this point. Never before has there been so general a manifestation of the spiritual qualities in all matters which are ordinarily considered nothing more than purely material and worldly. It hardly requires that we should support the statement with the citation of illustrations. We need not mention in proof of it that the question of labor and wages, of suffrage extension of the rights of the other and more exulted sex, of punishment of criminals, of providing for the poor, of popular education, of politics even, and of trade, commerce, and finance, is studied and discussed from a very different side from the one formerly occupied by such as addressed their attention to it, and that the very first thought raised in connection with the settlement and disposition of these several questions is in effect that about the greatest and surest good which can accrue to the individual and to

This is a source of the profoundest gratification to all progressive minds. The great practical topics of the time are thus lifted out of the dreamy realm to which they have been immemorially consigned, taken hold of by a higher class of minds, and treated with some reference to the actual wants of the race as well as to the pressing desires of scheming politicians. This result is naturally wrought by the steady spread of popular intelligence, which lays hold first of all of those questions that chiefly concern its immediate comfort and welfare. And thus a reactionary influence is begotten, too, working with excellent effect on the popular mind, while it no less receives in turn the benefit of the awakening of that mind. Everything in this way becomes a means of development. The very wants of man provoke his thought; and by social affinity, that thought becomes more and more comprehensive, liberal, and spiritual. That is the very point at which we are all arrived to-day.

It will surprise one who has never given his attention to it, to find how many of the great movements of the age are conceived, calculated, combined, and controlled outside of any of the ecclesiastical organizations, and in point of fact drawing those organizations after them. Were we all of us to wait for the Church to move, there would be but slow progress. Hence the Church has to be pushed along from without, instead of going ahead and leading the rest. It is because a man like Mr. Beccher so quickly and keenly sympathizes with the movements of the age, which he clearly sees to have no relation with what is regularly preached within the pulpits, that he feels compelled to make the large and constant concessions he does, which his Church friends and admirers style a mere "eccentricity of temperament." Such a man could not live in this world, and yet not be thoroughly of it. To him there is something better than creed and theory, with more life and meaning to it, closer joined with the needs and growth of man. His particular case furnishes only a striking illustration of the tendency in all generously endowed untures, that are capacious of thought, to break through the arbitrary limits which power and prescription have set, and seek their own wherever it is to be

What we all readily recognize as fact to day, has been promised for years. It was known of a certainty that this change would be wrought. Receptive, impressible, and forecastic sure that creed and profession could not always tle up feet and hands, that what had been was not to be forever, that man was by no means restricted by a law of Draconish character to the little measure of development which existing customs would allow, and that a general and fundamental movement must in good time begin, from which only the noblest and most blessed results should ensue to the race. That prophesied time of a general movement is now upon us. A spiritual quality pervades all departments and divisions of life. Men and women pitch even their talk of common matters on a higher key. It is of some consequence now to consider what one is really to live for, as well as to know how to live. Social life is fast separating its former elements and combining them newly. Men go in different ways from what they were wont with their sympathies. They begin to catch a glimpse of the law, in other words, and follow it along into and through all the relations of their existence.

One will hear now more genuine Spiritualism in a town-meeting or a school-district discussion than they would once have met with in a regular. Orthodox pulpit sermon. Education is regarded from a higher and larger view. The relation of the sexes is beginning to be considered with the seriousness it deserves. Commercial men offer no apology, because they see none is necessary, for coupling ideas of advancement and exaltation with those of trade and a free interchange of com modities. Even the legal profession, bound hand and foot by precedents and trained solely in the inexorable school of authority, are accustomed to give meaning glances at the higher possibilities of man, and so to let into their souls an occasional ray of that inspiring light which is slowly but

All but the regular preachers see and acknowl edge the new condition of things, and give it practical weight and force by the countenance and cooperation which they unhesitatingly extend. They will be forced to yield in the end, or go under. And yield they will. For if the Church as it is, refuses to act with and for the human souls that are wont to look to it for support and guidance, it will be supplanted by an organization which will anawer more exactly to the wants of its supporters Thus all institutions, all modes of life, all cus toms, all practical affairs, as well as those more purely speculative, are permeated with a truly spiritual influence, and furnish the hint of a time when no life will be healthy or natural which attempts to exclude, or even to starve those faculties whose nourishment is more spiritual and heavenly.

surely to make the whole world over again.

The fine lecture by Cora.L. V, Scott, on our eighth page, will be acceptable to our readers; Our "correspondence" in this number of the Banner is unusually interesting. The friends of Mrs. Laura Cuppy, and others, will find a letter from her on our third page, doing on pones with

#### The Press against Spiritualism.

The London Spiritual Times makes the following sensible remarks in reference to the continual onslaught of the press against Spiritualism:

onslaught of the press against Spiritualism:

"In spite of all the efforts of press-gangs and rowdles in this and other countries; in spite of all the vulgar scorn cast by sol-disant litterateurs, and quarterly and other reviewers on Spiritualism; from the moment of its renewed birth in America, fifteen years ago, to this hour, it has held on its way, unshaken, unwavering, forever increasing and forever extending its field of action. No attacks, however feroclous, on slander, however yenomous, no violence, however furious, no presented of exposures, however subtly concocted for the time, have produced the smallest impression."

Here to lecture in the vicinity on week-tings. Address care of Dr. H. T. Child. We mentioned week before last that H. Willis had opened an office in New the purpose of practicing medicine; but a mistake in the number of his location. have read 192 West Twenty-seventh stream of Twenty-second street.

Annie Lord Chamberlain, the well kn ich medium, has returned to this cit tour in New York, and will soon re tended exposures, however anony conceded to the time, have produced the smallest impression upon it. On the contrary, it has gone on as if not an enemy existed, as if no little or big dog of Be-lial barked at it. It has spread itself over the whole of North, and penetrated far into South America. It has enlisted in its ranks the learned, the members of the har and of the Senate in the the members of the bar and of the Senate in the Northern States, its late lamented and shrewd President being one of its most steady disciples. It has spread through the intelligent ranks of so-ciety in England, France, Belgium, Holland, Italy and Spain. It has made its appearance in Tur-key, Algeria, Australia and India, and is now cal-culated to number twenty millions of proselytes! TWENTY MILLIONS OF PROSELYTES IN FIFTEEN YEARS! That, In fact, is the answer to all calumnics, all sneers, all mob outrages. A magnificent answer is this, truly; a magnificent fact in the world's history!

Spiritualism is now become so great and worldwide a fact, that no one need for a moment trouble freedmen. his head about the 'dogs and sons of Belial' who A Miss I assail her. It is because all their censures, and sneers, and predictions, which they imagined could annihilate her at once, have slid like water from a duck's back, that they are more and more embittered every day.

It has been said, and said truly, in the Morning lar custom. Post, that if the public were converted to Spiritualism over night, every journal in London, literary and critical, would be Spiritualist the next morning, and that in the face of all they have said against it. Bread, now-a-days, is only buttered on one side, and, therefore, those who write for their bread can only be on one side. So be it! and Spiritualism will march ou, calm and victorious, while they cut their bread and butter, and snarl,

#### The Eddy Mediums.

These remarkable test mediums for physical manifestations are in town again, and intend, we believe, to hold scances every evening this week. They gave a private sitting in our Circle Room on Thursday evening last, before a small but crit-

ical party of ladies and gentlemen who subjected them to rigid scrutiny; but the most satisfactory results were obtained, substantiatory of the genuineness of the manifestations and the belief that they were produced by spirit-power.

After the mediums were tied with the greatest care, by competent persons, they retired to the cabinet, and in the space of three seconds the bell was rung, or some of the other instruments were played upon, and sometimes two and three at a time. The cabinet was always quickly opened, and a thorough examination made. In every instance the knots were found to be unchanged, and as hard as when first made.

During that part of the performance when the hands, arms, and faces were shown, one of the committee declared that he saw a hand reach out toward him, even before the cabinet was closed, and while he was looking directly into the cabinet and could have detected any movement on the part of the mediums. Several persons in the audience also saw the hand. Instantly on closing the cabinet a hand, resembling neither of the medinm's, was shown at the diamond window, and remained in plain sight about twenty seconds. Altogether it was a complete success, as far as the spirit-manifestations were concerned, and left no doubt on the minds of any present.

All doubters and investigators of the spiritual phenemena in this city now have an opportunity to investigate for themselves, and we hope they will avail themselves of it.

# The Jamaica Revolt.

The horrible scenes just enacted in Jamaica have at length come to an end. It was, all told, horrid spectacle. The plan of revolt was deliberately formed, but prematurely put in effect. The consequence was the bloody consequences have recoiled on the heads of the revolting leaders themselves. It was said that eight miles of road interest to visitors, in and around Boston; it conwere strewn with their corpses. They committee fearful havoc on life and property before they were subdued, and scores of them were hanged after capture. The real cause of such a revolt is concealed from us, but time will reveal it. Some reports ascribe it to an attempt to collect the taxes; but as these are light, it must have been deeper and more fundamental. The British Colonial Government will not tolerate rebellion against their authority, if the employment of power will suffice to put it down.

# Lizzie Doten Going West.

Miss Doten is engaged to speak in Hope Chapel, 20 Broadway, New York, during December. From thence she intends visiting the West, in compliance with the many urgent solicitations from friends in various parts of that great vineyard, going as far as St. Louis, Missouri. Societies in New England and the Middle States will not willingly part with her for any great length of time, for she has already done a mighty work in their midst, but not yet completed it. If she can do half as much good in the West as she has in the East, we bid her God-speed and a safe and welcome return. We congratulate our Western friends upon the prospect of a visit from one of the ablest female lecturers in the spiritual ranks, and trust that all who can will avail themselves of the opportunity, which may never be offered them again, of listening to her addresses.

# Important Fact.

A letter from Paris to a New York cotemporary, he speaking of the cholera in France, and particularly in the capital of that country, states the fact as an important one, and one which carries near a hundred a day in Paris, the total bill of mortality is not increased, the reason being that people take proper care of themselves, and the life are not developed. Thus, if people were to currents of air and sudden transitions from hot to cold, the mortality of a city of two millions of in- the bounty authorized by law. habitants might be reduced something approaching to a hundred per cent, or three-fourths its ordinary mortality.

# Embassy from Tunis.

The Tunisian Embassy has been with us in Boston during the last week, and set sail for England on Wednesday. They had previously wait ed on the President, and, been shown; around in New York and Providence, an Our city authorities took them down the barbor, to Bunker Hill and the Navy Yard, into the public schools, to see and hear the "great organ," and through our leading institutions of charity; and they expressed themguist fhad duig i coing a chang a bhair, a mhtair to ann a chan ann agasal air sa gir seanna am

Mrs. E. C. Clark apeaks for the Spiritualists of Philadelphia during December, and will be at liberty to lecture in the vicinity on week-day even-

We mentioned week before last that Dr. F. L. H. Willis had opened an office in New York for the purpose of practicing medicine; but we made a mistake in the number of his location. It should have read 192 West Twenty-seventh street, instead

Annie Lord Chamberlain, the well known musical medium, has returned to this city from a tour in New York, and will soon resume her scances at her rooms, 158 Washington street,

J. S. Loveland speaks in Stoneham the first two Sundays in December. Rev. Mr. Hepworth, pastor of the Church of the

Unity, in this city, has had his salary raised to four thousand five hundred dollars. The Rev. H. M. Dexter has also had his raised from two thousand five hundred to three thousand five hundred dollars.

Miss Angela Starr King returned from California in the last steamer. Her readings have been very popular there.

The Boston Liberator will be discontinued at the end of the present year. Mr. Garrison will then go to Europe on a mission in behalf of the

A Miss Elizabeth Garrett has been licensed in England as a general practitioner of medicine, the first instance of a lady being so licensed there. The first innovation is pretty sure to be followed by another, and in time the act becomes a popu-

Hon, Luke P. Poland, Judge of the Supreme Court of Vermont, has been appointed to fill the vacancy in the U.S. Senate, caused by the death of Senator Collamer.

It is rumored that Edwin Forrest is soon to lead to the nitar a belie of the South, young, rich, beautiful and talented.

#### Of Spiritual Origin.

Many of our readers, though not all, are aware that the "Positive and Negative Powders" had their origin in the spirit-world; the prescription having been given through the mediumship of Mrs. Spence; but the powders were not offered to the public until they had been thoroughly tested privately, and found to be effectual in curing the troubles which afflicted patients who tried them. Since they have been before the public the demand for them has increased with astonishing rapidity, and is still increasing. This fact is indisputable evidence in favor of their curative, powers. Worthless "remedles" are generally short lived, but these powders have stood the test for over two years, with a constant and unabated demand for them. This would not be if there were no virtue in them. We are constantly hearing of the good they are doing those who have tried them -voluntary statements from persons who have no interest or wish further than to benefit some other suffering mortal. Here we will take occasion to ask our readers' careful perusal of the letter from Mrs. Elliott, on our fifth page. It is only one of many in the possession of Prof. Spence, equally as strong and encouraging.

#### J. G. Fish.

This most efficient laborer in our ranks, has been lecturing in Cincinnati, for the last month, and is to speak in Providence, during December. In a note from him dated Cincinnati, Nov. 20th, he says, "The cause is prospering finely here, and meetings are well attended, and there is an increasing interest. Mrs. Lizzie Keiser, one of the best test mediums, is doing very much by giving evidence of the life hereafter. Success to the labors of all such instrumentalities. . I go to Providence for the month of December."

# The "New Guide through Boston."

Under this title, Charles Thacher, No. 13 Court treet, has just issued a capital little handbook, filled with just the sort of information, in brief, that all strangers in the city could need. This "Guide" directs visitors where to go, and how to go, to reach the public buildings and all points of tains a good map, and is sold at thirty cents—or mailed, post paid, to any address, for this price. We fully recommend this comprehensive little book, as a most timely and useful volume,

# A French Visitor.

Jules Perrot, of Paris, France, a gentleman of fine scholastic ability, is now in Boston, and proposes to engage as teacher of the French language. Monsieur Perrot is a Spiritualist Philosopher, and is familiar with the first authors and scholars of France. Those who may need his services, either, as public or private teacher, can address him at this office.

# Peace Meeting.

An informal Conference concerning Peace, will be held in Boston on Tuesday, December 12th, at ten o'clock A. M., in Room 4, 158 Washington street. Distinguished friends of the cause will be present. It is understood that an organization is contemplated to take the place of the old American Peace Society, probably in new form and character.

# The Magazines.

The Atlantic Monthly, Harper's Monthly, Hours at Home, Peterson's Ladies' National, and Our Young Folks, for December, have reached our sanctum, all teeming with choice literature of the

CAUTION TO DISCHARGED SOLDIERS,-A Vermont cotemporary says the country is at present flooded with circulars of bogus claim agents located at Washington, who promise an additional bounty to all men enlisted in 1861 and 1862. The way they swindle is to write to men for their disimmense weight, that, with the cholera deaths at charges, for the purpose of getting them their bountles. Such parties as are inveigled into transmitting them, in due time receive a circular stating that their claim is allowed, and the soldier other ordinary maladies which prey upon human may have his extra bounty by remitting the stipulated fee-twenty-five dollars; this will be the eat correctly, clothe themselves correctly, avoid last of the game. All soldiers should bear in mind that the government has already paid all

> Maria Webster, of Farmington, Mich., in remitting the name of a new subscriber-being the sixth she has recently sent us-says, "I hope to be instrumental in sending you as many more, and shall do all I can toward it. Af all your subscribers would do the same, the Banner would soon be able to enlarge its folds and spread wider its wings to brood over its numerous family."

Garroting is common in and around Boston. Three garroters were tried and sentenced by Judge Putnam in the Superior Court last, week, to fifteen years' confinement to hard labor in the selves delighted with all they saw. Visitors from State Prison. Such summary disposition of highthe Old World learn much of the future of man in way robbers will have a wonderful effect in stop

paying a visit to the broad continent of America. ping such villiantees han vet if the deced config And the bearing and arms a still the first the state of the property of

#### ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

THE CHOLERA IN SPAIN.-A Madrid letter of the 1st inst., in the Independence Belge, says: "The cholera rages at Seville in a terrible manner, and in spite of the desertion of two-thirds of the population, the daily deaths exceed one hundred and fifty. Last night news came that Generals Cendrera and Sagristi and the constitutional alcade had fallen victims."

It is stated that there are now four million Roman Catholics in the United States.

There are now in operation in Washington twenty-five colored schools, with fifty-eight teachers, and three thousand one hundred and sixtynine pupils; in Georgetown there are four schools with three hundred and eighty-one pupils; in Alexandriaten schools, with one thousand and thirtytwo pupils, and in the freedmen's village on Arlington Heights two schools, with three hundred pupils.

A violent war is raging in France between the allopaths and homeopaths as to the best mode of treating the cholera. Neither practice is of much benefit to the unfortunate victims of that disease.

A Houston (Texas) paper says that more than half the spelling books sold there go into the hands of negroes.

Boston has a population of four hundred thousand—with its suburbs—and a property valuation of near five hundred million dollars. It is probably the richest city, according to population, in the world.—London Anglo-American Times.

Milton, when blind, married a shrew. The Duke of Buckingham called her a rose. "I am no judge of colors," replied Milton, "but I dare say you are right, for I feel the thorns daily."

"Do you like codfish halls, Mr. Wiggin?" Mr. Wiggin, hesitatingly: "I really do n't know, Miss, I never recollect attending one."

The overland mail route to Salt Lake City costs the Government three hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars annually. The postal receipts are six thousand two hundred dollars.

Why is the leader of an orchestra at the opera the most wonderful man of the age? Because he beats Time!

The sorghum crop at the West is larger this season than ever before, and the season has been favorable for gathering and grinding.

Two French bishops have lately become insane.

The San José Mercury commends the self-regulating wind-mill invented by Mr. C. A. Stowe: "It is a perfect self-regulator, and adapts itself to all winds. A tornado would not increase its speed. It is certainly destined to take the place of all other mills, in this section of the State.'

A teacher of vocal music asked an old lady if her grandson had any ear for music. "Wall," said the old woman, "I really don't know. Won't you take the candle and see?"

The cholera was brought to New York, in 1848, by the steamer New York, which arrived at that port on November 9th, with four hundred passengers from Havre. By a singular coincidence, it is again introduced there in the same month, and by a similar steamer, coming from the same port.

The population of Illinois is estimated at 2,-163,000, a gain since 1800 of 450,000.

What is the difference between a woodman and a tollet jug? One is a hower of wood, and the other is a ewer of water.

The extraordinary story lately started about a secret courtship and marriage existing between the celebrated Arctic explorer, Dr. E. K. Kane and one of the Misses Fox of Rochester knockings fame, will soon receive fresh and conclusive developments, in the immediate publication, hy Carleton, of a full history of this singular connection, together with correspondence, portraits, and fac-simile letters, entitled "The Love-Life of Dr.

A merchant who started in business in New York a few years ago, with a capital of \$160,000, was admitted to the Albany almshouse, last week, as a pauper. Less capital and more attention to business, would have produced different re-

Eight hours per day, industriously spent in use ful labor, is a sure preventative of hard times.

A letter from Buenos Ayres, dated six weeks ago, says it is estimated that the yield of wool this season will amount to 87,000,000 pounds, or 43,000 tons. This year has been the best ever known for sheep raisers, the increase being estimated at forty per cent.

See advertisement in another column of a new Oil Stove for the Million, by the Patentee of the "Union Oil Stove." Full particulars can be obtained by sending for circular.

Earl Russell as Premier and Lord Clarendon as Minister of Foreign Affairs, have been installed into office, in England. It is expected that no material change will be made until February.

A sharp grocer, when a customer who was buy ing a gallon of molasses, observed that a good deal remained in the measure after it was turned, remarked, "There was some in the measure before I drew your gallon."

"The Portland, Saco and Portsmouth Railroad has been in operation nearly twenty-five years, and of all the millions of people carried over that road, not a single passenger has lost his life thereon.

The facts developed by the steamship Atlanta, (still at quarantine below New York,) are very singular, and tend in a measure to explode the theory that Asiatic cholera is contagious. The cabin passengers of this ship have not experienced any symptoms of the disease.

THE WEARY ONE. Rest, weary heart!
From all thy silent griefs and secret pain,

Thy profitless regrets and longings vain; Wisdom and love have ordered all the past, All shall be blessedness and light at last, Cast off the cares that have so long opprest

Late accounts from England state that the rebel pirate: Shenandoah has arrived there, and had been handed over to the United States Consul and was to be sent to New York. Her captain and crew had been unconditionally discharged. a

was called Eve because, when she appeared, man's day of happiness was drawing to a close.

EASHION'S PLATFORM, -One perfume, pure, refreshing and imperishable, and that perfume Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus." This is the platform of Eashion on this side of the Atlantic, and all the people say amen! Bold everywhere.

THE BEST CHILD'S PAPER published in this great country of ours is The Little Octooral; by Alfred L. Sewall, at Chicago, Ill, price one dollar

between tunggers, irm od di tog l'a tilliod faccal.

# Correspondence in Brief.

John Pierpont.

The spiritual public will please allow me to congratulate them upon the appointment of the above named clergyman, scholar and gentleman, as President of the recent Spiritualistic National Convention, at Philadelphia. One of America's noblest poets, and associated as he is with the earlier school-hoy experiences of "we boys," in our best and standard reading lessons; one whose popular National Lyrics have long been impressed upon the minds and hearts of twentles and adults throughout the length and breadth of our land, the author of the "Airs of Palestine," needs no mere wordy enlogium to recommend him to the attention and love of his countrymen.

the attention and love of his countrymen.

His deeds, like his scholarly works, and literary and moral worth, speak for him; and to the great and glorious cause of temperance, specially, he lent the best energies of his manhood's prime, and promptly sacrificed on the altar of principle and the public welfare the large share of personal popularity which attached to him, and to a great ex-tent, fortune as well as fame. Years only render-ed him truer to this grand standpoint of his noble nature; and though he would willingly have yielded something to keep the South quiet, amid their oppressive and anarchical resolves, yet, when the crisis came, the occasion found him firm for Union and the right; and with the weight of many years, added to the cares and burdens of a prolonged life, and at an age when most men are feeble and tottering, if not absolutely dying or dead, he, stepped forward into the ranks of the nation, and went stoutly onward in the early march to Washington and the battle field, eurolided as Chanlain, 118. ed as Chaplain, U.S.A.

A noble youth—a bright poetic soul,
Felt, through his soul, the patriot fervor roll;
With words of fire he told our country's tale,
And sang the "leaden rain and fron hall."
He sang, but oh, with how much more of pride
Would he, where Freedom called, have fought and died.

But lo! yet young of heart, though old,
The lofty lyrist finds his name enrolled
To meet the "leaden rain and fron hall,"
Where Freedom's banner breasts the treason-gale,
Fly boldly, flag! Where grand old PIERPONT prays,
Genius to thee its loftiest tribute pays.

Genius to thee its lottlest tribute pays.

The above was my "impromptu" to Mr. Pierpont, (published in the "Boston Journal,") when notified that he had been appointed Chaplain in the marshaled hosts of the Union. His name and manly character, vigorously sustained beyond eighty winters, will never be effaced from the many minds who have been admirers of his action, and may Suiritually to seemblagues always. genius; and may Spiritualist assemblages always be as sensible in all their acts as they were in electing the veteran, John Pierpont, to preside over their late National councils.

Athol Depot, Mass.

D. J. MANDELL.

Notes from Mrs. Wolcott. FRIEND EDITOR-Seldom do I trespass upon your columns, but necessity seems to demand a little niche in the corner of your thought-gemmed Banner, to answer the oft-repeated questions of my friends: "Where art thon?" and "What doest thou?" Many of those friends are aware that for ten years I have been an earnest worker in all that pertained to the advancement of a knowledge of spirit-intercourse. Five of those years were absorbed in ministering to the care and comfort of an invalid husband and two small chilfort of an invalid husband and two small children, speaking at intervals as home Auties would permit. For the past two years I have been wholly occupied in the field as a public lecturer, most of my time having been spent amid the clear-rilled mountain slopes and verdant vales of this, our wild, romantic State.

I am now engaged one-half of the time at Danby, situated on the Western Railroad, eighteen miles south of Rutland, consequently easy of access to all itherant lecturers. Here they greet us

cess to all itinerant lecturers. Here they greet us with good audiences, excellent youl and instrumental music and good pay. A large majority of the society being Quakers, or descendants of Qua-kers, very readily received the more expanded kers, very readily received the more expanded views and deep-searching truths of the Spiritual Philosophy. As a result, I feel assured there is not a people within the limits of the State with a greater aggregate of action, philosophic thought, or acumen of mind; and, consequently, worthy workers receive their meed of true appreciation, while impostors will do well to "pass by on the other with."

There is one subject upon which the Spiritualists, as a class, seem to have bestowed little thought, and that is the subject of

"EXCHANGES." It is a well established fact that no two speakers are alike in their developments, while observation proves to the discerning mind that the most eloquent of speakers cannot, for any very great length of time, satisfy all minds. The reason is apparent: we are a thinking people, and while those of a different faith move on in the same hundrum round of ecclesiastical monotony, we Kane." Mr. Carleton publishes at the same time ask variety to enrich the thirsty mind. In brief, "The Spinster's Story," a new American novel. greater enlightenment of all, I throw out the banner to the breeze with the motto "Exchange," to any well established lecturer in the field of public reform. Those who accept the motto can write me as per address. E. M. WOLCOTT. Rochester, Vt., Nov. 16, 1865.

Wilmington, Del.

Brother Chase has recently paid us a visit, and delivered three very interesting addresses, which were well attended, and have produced a very good impression. For some time past our little circle of Spiritualists have ceased making any outward show of interest in the cause, though true as ever. This has been owing to a variety of causes; the principal one, however, has been the want of mediums. It is a singular fact that we do not know of a single physical medium in this State, and have heard of only some three or four who have exhibited mediumistic powers, but not sufficient for the investigation of the skeptic. What we need, and what we must have, in order to arouse the public interest, and our friends from their torpor, is that some good physical test mediums visit us; and it is hoped that the effort now being made by our Secretary, in obtaining thoser vices of some, will prove successful.

A complete reorganization has taken place among us, and Mr. Thomas Garrett has been elected President of our Society for the next year. It was through his influence that Brother Chase was induced to visit us. Should any of our lecwas induced to visit us. Should any of our lecturers on the Spiritual Philosophy, or reliable mediums be passing this way, we shall be pleased to have them visit us, and promise them a warm, brotherly and sisterly reception.

E. F. F. Wilmington, Del., Nov. 18, 1865.

York, Pa.

Spiritualism is in quite a progressive condition in this place. Plenty of mediums are being developed from among persons heretofore unbellevers. They say, "We cannot help but believe." veloped from among persons heretolore undenleyers. They say," We cannot help but believe."

Mrs. Julian, a Portuguese, healing and test medium, resides here permanently. She was formerly from Cambridgeport, Mass. Bro. J. G. Fish gave two very able lectures here a short time ago. Bro. Fish should be kept busy; he is too good a lecturer to remain idle.

York, Pa., Nov. 14, 1865.

## , Matters in New York.

Some time has clapsed since I last wrote a few words to the Banner in regard to the onward progress of Spiritualism in this city. We have now three regular meetings here, which, as a general thing, are well attended. Mrs. Emma Jay Bullene has been speaking at Hope Chapel this month, and her lectures have given entire satisfaction to all thinking persons. At the close of her, addresses, the audience ask questions, which are answered by the intelligence controlling herorganism with a remarkable clearness, that ex-A crusty old bachelor, says that Adam's wife hibits knowledge on important questions, She speaks at Ebbitt Hall next month.

Miss Lizzie Doten speaks at Hope Chapel during December.

Leo Miller spoke at Ebbitt Hall on Sunday, Nov. 12th, and was well liked. He gave two powerful discourses | Dr. Hallock spoke last Sunday, and his remarks were very instructive and interesting. The Children's Lyceum is progressing finely.

Dr. Horace Dresser has started meetings at the corner of Twenty-Third street and Broadway, a year,"-Pittsburg Advocate. ; vin it ledge out allet They have been in session four weeks, and are

their work, and are useful in advancing the 'light."

There has been of late a new feature of mediumistic development in this city, not, as yet, made very public. The lady medium sits in the light, and apirit voices will converse for hours, to the astonishment and wonder of the sitters. There are no signs of the voice coming from any visible form, yet the responses are intelligent and satisfactory to all who have been blessed with the privilege of a scance with her. The family call it talking with a "ghost." There is no question of there being a medium of this kind in this city; but she knows little of Spiritualism, and the family have fought the power until they find it of no use, and now are letting in a few friends to see and hear the manifestations. There are other startling developments that cannot be made pub-SHAWMUT. lic at this time.

New York, Nov. 24, 1865.

We seem to have something of a revival of Spiritualism in New York. We have five Sunday meetings, well attended, and one Swedenborgian meeting in Cooper Institute, where some twenty-five hundred people usually congregate to hear Rev. Chauncy Giles discourse on Spiritualism in the Swedenborgian phase of it. He pretends not to entertain the views of modern Spiritualists, yet he owes to it his large congregations.

The meetings of the First Society of Spiritualists at Hope Chapel are very largely attended by highly intelligent people, to listen to the inspired lectures through the media of Mrs. Emma F. Jay Bullene, who was the first inspirational speaker before a New York andience, many years since, and now returns to us from the West, fully controlled by spirits seemingly of the highest order of culture. Mrs. Bullene must be classed among the very best inspirational speakers. Her husband being engaged with one of the largest dry goods houses in this city, it is expected they will remain here, and that she will do our cause much good. I will send you a synopsis of some of her discourses. SPIRITUALISM.

Three Days' Meeting in Greensboro'.

The friends of progress and Spiritualists of Greenshoro', Henry Co., Ind., will hold a Three Days' Meeting, including Friday, Saturday and Sunday, being the first three days of next December. A cordial invitation to all inquirers after higher truths is most carnestly and cheerfully extended. As heretofore, all persons from a distance will be entertained free of cost. DR. J. H. HILL.

Two Days' Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Johnson's Creek, N. Y., will hold a two days' meeting at their hall, on Saturday and Sunday, the 16th and 17th of December.

Bro. J. M. Peebles and other speakers will be present.

H. O. LOSSER,

#### Business Matters.

THE BEST WRINGER.-We learn that the Universal Clothes Wringer with cog wheels, has again been awarded the First Premium over all others as the best Family Wringer, at the great Fair recently held in Boston, by the Mass. Charitable Mechanics' Association, and at the American Institute in New York City. Also, in the State Fairs of New York, Vermont, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Iowa, Wisconsin, and at most of the County and Institute Fairs throughout the country. Mr. Geo. H. Hood, 97 Water street, Boston, is the selling agent. [We have used one of these wringers in our family the last year, and find it an article of real merit, and advise our readers to obtain one.]—Ed.

merit, and advise our reac Boston Evening Traveller. CARTE DE VISITE PHOTOGRAPHS.—As many of our friends in various parts of the country de-sire cartes de visite of those immediately connected with the Banner, we have ordered a supply of Mrs. J. H. Conant's picture, the editor's, the publishers', and Hudson Tuttle's. They will be sent by mail to any address, on the receipt of twenty-five cents, each. We will also send to any address a carte de visite photograph of Miss Emma Hardinge, on the receipt of twenty-five cents.

HEALING AND DEVELOPING MEDIUM.-Mrs. H. B. Gillette, Healing and Developing Medium, can be found at the Banner of Light Building, Room No. 3, 158 Washington street, every Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, from 10 o'clock A. M. to 5 P. M.

L. L. FARNSWORTH, MEDIUM FOR ANSWERING SEALED LETTERS.—Persons enclosing five three-cent stamps, \$3,00 and sealed letter, will receive a prompt reply. Address, P. O. Box 282, Chicago,

HINTS ON PARLOR CROQUET, an in-door game for Winter Evenings, neatly bound in cloth, will be sent to any address, after Oct. 2 1865, on receipt of 30 cents.

Those who desire an eligible room in which to hold spiritual circles any evening during the week, can learn of one by applying at once to Mrs. Colgrove, 34 Winter street-room No. 11.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, RISWESS sealed letters, at 102 West loth street, New York Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

HOSTON—MELODEON.—The Lyceum Society of Spiritualists will hold meetings on Sundays, at 2% and 7% o'clock. Admission free. Speakers engaged:—F. L. II Willis, Dec. 24 and 31; Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon during March.

THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday in hall No. 118 fremont street, at 10% A. M. and 2% P. M. Mrs. M. A. Ricker, regular speaker. The public are invited. Seats free. D. J. Ricker, Sup't.

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday at 10% A. M. and 3 P. M., at 121 Blackstone street, corner of Hanoverstreet. Lecture in the afternoon by Dr. G. W. Morrill, Jr. Music by Miss Minnie Pouty.

CHABLESTOWN.—Meetings will recommence in the City Hell

CHARLESTOWN.—Meetings will recommence in the City Hall ept. 3, at 2% and 7% o'clock P. M., under the supervision of , II. Richardson. The public are invited. The Children's yeeum meets at 10 a. M. Speaker engaged;—Benj. Todd uting December.

during December.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown have commenced a series of free meetings, to be held at Mechanics' Hall, corner of Chelsea street and Clip Square, every Sunday atternoon and evening. These meetings are to be conducted by Mr. James B. Hatch, (to whom all communications must be addressed,) assisted by a Committee of well known Spiritualists. Many good speakers have been engaged, who will return during the season. The public will please take notice that these meetings are free, and all are invited to attend. Speaker engaged:—Mrs. Sellie Temple Brigham during December.

CHELSEA.—The Associated Spiritualists of Chelsea have engaged Library Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to J. S. Dodge, 127 Hanover street. Boston. 'Speaker engaged:—Mrs. Faunic B. Felton, Dec. 3 and 10.

and 10.

FOXDORO', MASS.—Meetings in Town Hall. Speaker engaged:—Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Dec. 3 and 10.

Lowell.—Spiritualists hold meetings in fee street Church, forenoon and afternoon. "The Children's Progressive Lyccum" meets at noon. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. M. Wood during December; J. G. Fish during January; Susie M. Johnson, Feb. 4 and 11; Benj. Todd, Peb. 18 and 25, and during April; Mrs. Anna M. Middisorook during March. HAVERHILL, MASS.—The Spiritualists and liberal minds of Haverhill have organized, and hold regular meetings at Music Hall. Speakers ougaged:—N. S. Greenleaf during December: Sualo M. Johnson during January; Mrs. E. A. Bliss during March.

ing March.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—Spiritualists bold meetings in Leyden
Hall, Sunday aftermoon and evening, one-half the time. Pro-gressive Lyceam meets every Sunday foremoon at 104 o'clock.
Ich. Carver, Cor. Sec., to whom all letters should be addressed. Speakers engaged:—W. K. Ripley, Dec. 24 and 31; Mrs.
M. M. Wood, April 22 and 29.

M. M. Wood, April 23 and 29.

WORGESTER, MASS.—Meetings are held in Horitoultural Hall
every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:

J. M. Peobles, Dec. 2 and 10: Miss Sunds M. Johnson, Dec.
17, 24 and 31; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, Jan. 7 and 14; Ben). Todd,
Jan. 21 and 26, and Feb. 4 and 11: Mrs. 28. S. Townsend, Feb.
16 and 25; Mrs. Mary M. Wood during March. TAUNTON, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Concert Hall regularly at 2M and 7M P. M. Admission 5 cents.

Hall regularly at 2M and 1M r.m. Admission 5 cents.

"Hamon, Mass. — Meetings are held in the Universalist
Oharch in Hamon every other funday.

Phovidence, R. I. — Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Weybosset street, Bundays, afternoons at 8 and evenings at 7M
o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon,
at 10% o'clock. Speaker engaged:—J. G. Fish during Desember.

well attended. All the meetings here are doing Sunday afternoon at IN o'clock. Progressive Lyosum at 10% their week, and are useful in advancion the in the forenoon. Speaker for the present, A. E. Carpenter.

in the foremoon. Speaker for the present, A. E. Carpenter.

Portland, Mr.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Congress Isli, Clapp's libock, corner of Congress and Elm streets. Free Conference in the foremoon. Lecturesaftermoon and evening, at 3 and 10 clock. Speakers engaged:—Susia M. Johnson, Dec. 3 and 10; Mrs. E. A. Billsa, Dec. 11, 24 and 8. —The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday, foremoon and evening, in the Universalist church. A successful Sabbath School is in operation.

NEW YORK CITY.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Hope Chapel, 720 Broadway, Seats free. Speaker engaged:—Miss Ligais Dioten during December. Meetings are also held at Ebbitt Hall, 33d street, a fuw doors east of Broadway, every Sunday, at 10M and 7M o'clock. Seats free, and the public generally invited. The Children's Progressive Lyceum also holds its regular sessions at 2 F. M. Warren Chaospeaks Dec. 3 and 10.

The Spirity al Lyceum, corner of 23d street and Broadway, New York, is open overy Sunday at 10M a. M. and 7M P. M. Brats free.

Baltinors, Mn.—The "First Spiritualist Congregation of

orate iree,
Baltimore, Mn.—The "First Spiritualist Congregation of
Baltimore" hold regular meetings on Sundays, at Saratoga
Hall, southeast corner of Calvert and Saratoga streets, at the
usual hours of worship. Mrs. F. O. Hyzer will speak till further notice.

ther notice.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Spiritualists of Washington hold regular meetings every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7H ir. M., in Seaton Hall, corner of D and Ninth streets. An able list of secturers is engaged. Speaker for December, Cora L. V. Scott. CINCINNATI, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the laws of Olio as a "Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists," and have secured Metropolitan Itali, corner of Ninth and Walnut streets, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10% and 7% o'clock.

#### To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.] W. H. H., BRISTOL, VT .- \$2,00 received.

# Special Notices.

Is attil to be had .- Notwithstanding the many imitations of this article, and many other medicines in the market, pretending to answer the same purposes, yet the sales of Perry Daris's Vegetable Pain Killer are more than the whole o them put together. It is one of the few articles that are just what they pretend to be. Try It.—Brunswick Telegraph

You are not required to lay down your life to save that of another. But if you can induce the victim of Cough, or any pulmonary disease, to use Atten's Lung Balsam, you may be the means of saving that person's life, and that person would ever afterwards remember you with

gratitude.
For sale by CARTER, RUST & CO., Boston, 2w-Nv. 25.] Also, by the dealers in Family Medicine generally.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP WITH P. T. BABBITT'S PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH, or READY SOAP MAKER. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or ley in market. Put up in case of one pound, two pounds, three pounds, six pounds, and twelve pounds, with full directions in English and German, for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make fifteen gallons of Soft Soap. No lime is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market

64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, New York.

PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. TEBBETS MUTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.

The Chiosma, or Mothpatch, (also Liverspot.) and Lentigo, or Freekles, are often very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, for the discolored spoks show more plainly on the face of a blonde than a brunetter but they greatly that the beauty of either: and they preparation that will effectively remove them without injuring the texture or color of the skin, is certainly a desideratum. Dr. B. C. Penny, who has made diseases of the skin a speciality, has discovered a remedy for these discolorations, which is at once prompt, intallible and harmless.

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Dec. 2.

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Dec 2.

TOR FOUR MONTHS are as follows:— Arrive in ALTON, ILL. Monday, Nov. 27th. Depart Monday, Dec. II. Arrive in PANA, ILL. Monday, Dec. 11th. Depart Monday, Lec. 18. Arrive in MAITOON, ILL., Monday, Dec. 18. Depart Monday, Jan. 1, 186.
In the above-named cities he will occupy for office the Parlors with adjoining rooms in the best hotels.

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Dec. 2.

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long subjection to the influx of spirit-magnetism and experience in this department has unfolded in him a high order of
clairvoyant, psychometrical and intuitional sensitiveness,
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The Positive and Negative Powders also cured a lady of Neuralgia and Toothacke. They also cured another lady of a Female Disease of years standing.

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# The Radical

AUR DECEMBER

WILL contain the following articles:—Real and Imaginally Art Authority—by Samuel Johnson; Not in Wordby W. H. Forness; The Thre Light—by J. R. Hosmer; Damen Read Salvation?—by C. K. Wilhple: How I Teined "Parkente"—by Fred. May Holland; The Lord's Strper-by Daniel Bowen; Enlightenbente; Found (Postry)—from the German; England at the Grave of Parkenters—by M. D. Comway; Letter from Janes Freeman Clarke; Book Notices.

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Nov. 18.

AN EXPOSITION

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Nov. 25.

Application in a particular and a contract of the contract of

#### Department, Messnge

Each Message in this Department of the BAN-MER we claim was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant,

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

reported verbatim.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that

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

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

MRS. CONART gives no private sittings, and recoives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wed-nesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M.

#### Special Notice.

All questions propounded by the audience at our Free Public Circles must hereafter be in writing, to avoid confusion.

#### Invocation.

Holy Father, do thou baptize us with the consciousness of thy presence, even as the sun is baptizing earth with its glory. May thy children dream no longer. May they awake to a consciousness that they live with thee, that thou art with them, that thy presence is never withdrawn. thy guiding hand is ever with them through all the changes of time, that thou art their Father, their protector, their life. Teach them, oh Great Spirit of Eternity, that there is no death. Teach them that their friends have not died, but live where flowers bloom, where the sun shines, where thy presence is understood. Teach them that the grave does not hold their loved ones. Teach them, oh Father, Spirit, that as humans they have been born of thee, and cannot die. Oh Father, let life be understood. Let death be swept away. Let thy children forget, oh Spirit of Eternal Life, that there ever has been such a monster in their midst as death. Oh, let them know thee as life, life forever. Then they will praise thee, adore thee; then they will send forth thanksgivings unto thee, forever.

#### Questions and Answers,

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have inquiries from correspondents, we will answer them.

CHAIRMAN.-S. B. McMillan, of Ohio, sends the following inquiries to the Circle:

1st Ques.-is there a true analogy between the all-pervading presence of man's spirit in the body and the omnipresence of God in space?

Ans.-God is a spirit. Wherever spirit is, there God is. 20 Q.-Does the God-Principle exist, and is it

equally diffused in all parts of space alike, or has it one or more particular centres of manifestation or intelligence?

A .- We understand God to be life, simply life: that is everywhere, no more in one place than in another.

3p Q.—If the spirit-land is coextensive with the material universe, what barriers to travel do spirits meet that prevent their traversing its antire extent?

A .- The spirit is dependent upon the strength of its own will or wishes. If it earnestly desires to be at any given point at any given time, it is pretty sure to be there. If the desire is not earnest, if it simply would like to be there, caring not specially whether it be there or no, perhaps it may not be able to attain that point.

4TH Q.-Why do the spirits of our holiest men seem to hold converse with us as willingly through wicked as through pious mediums?

A.—The mechanism of the human body only is needed, and not the moral law of the medium or body used. So it makes no difference to the controlling spirit whether the medium is naturally wicked or very good.

Q.-Is n't it important that the moral, physical,

and intellectual should be harmonious? A.—The more harmonious the medium is, the more easy it is for the spirit to control.

Q.—Then a person of good moral character would be preferable? A .- Certainly.

Q.-We understood you to say that if the organism could be controlled, it made no difference

what the condition of the medium was? A.-Yes, we did say so. If the organism is such an one as can be perfectly controlled, it makes no difference whether the medium may stand high or low morally. It is all the same. But if the intelligence has not perfect control, then what you receive may be shaped somewhat in conformity with the law of the medium.

Q.—Am I not cowect in saying that if Jefferson Davis had not pursued the course he did, this country could not have been rid of slavery? And that being the case, is he to blame?

A .- You are correct in supposing that a Jefferson Davis was as necessary to the annihilation of negro slavery, as a Judas was necessary to the perpetuation of the Christian religion. If there had been no Judas there could have been no crucifixion, and Christianity would have been robbed of much of its brilliancy. He is an instrument in the hands of the Great Controlling Power. Abraham Lincoln was another. In fact, you are all used by this one controlling intelligence, all used differently. Who shall say the Great Power is not using you wisely.

Q.—Then the American people are wrong in saying that Jefferson Davis is so much worse

A .- No, they are not wrong. They are true to the condition in which they exist, under which they have been educated.

Q.—What constitutes perfect spirit control? A .- When all the normal intellectual faculties subject to control, are at rest, or under the control of a foreign intelligence, then that foreign intelligence has what you may call perfect con-

Q .- What is the state of the intellectual faculties when thus at rest?

A .- They are never absolutely at rest; but under such conditions are held subservient to the will of the controlling intelligence, not the will of the medium.

Q.-What is that quality in the medium-is it quality or quantity that gives control?

A .- We should say it was quality. If I am more positive in will than you are, I can control you, you cannot prevent the control. Q-Why cannot some mediums only be con-

trolled in a dark room? . A.-The atmosphere in a dark room is in a negative state. By the mediums inhaling that at-

mosphere they, too, become more or less negative.

Therefore it is easier to control them in a darkened room than in a lighted one.

Q.—Are there not two kinds of control?

A .- Yes, there are. Sometimes the spirit of the medium wanders off, and of necessity carries its intellect with it. Sometimes it remains in the in another way she did n't get her wish, for I'm body, with the body subservient to the will of the back in another way, that's sure enough. No controlling intelligence.

Q .- In the last case is the control less perfect? A .- No; sometimes more perfect. That depends upon the particular or peculiar organization of the medium.

Q.-And the relation of the two parties to each other?

A .- Yes: if there is a natural assimilation benatural antagonism it is not so easy.

A .- No, we think not. That is a gift that does not come by asking for it.

Q.—Mr. Home appeared to one of his friends in leity in Russia, in spirit, when in body he was absent. It would seem that he went there spirit-

A.-Doubtless he did. It is no rare occurrence for trance mediums to wander essentially and materially from their bodies.

Q.-Then are we to understand that life, or action, is kept up between body and spirit, that there is a connecting cord between the two?

A .- Yes, you are. The spirit has not taken entire leave; but it holds animal control of the near the church, and my name was Nathaniel body. All the functions are kept up. Life, in the Howe. My occupation was a dealer in woodanimal aphere, is properly sustained.

Q.-I know a person who saw the spiritual the day in the afternoon in which he died. How is that accounted for?

A .- We have no knowledge concerning that special case: but we know such things do occur. The appearance of apparitions, so called, are thought to be very rare experiences, but they are only rare because you do not understand the spirit, at times tangibly absent from your bodies, and the spirits of your friends in the distance have held conscious communion with you, and you with them. But because you did not understand the law and they did not, you have said "I was thinking earnestly of you at such a time. I almost imagined I was with you," when the truth was, you were with them and they with to.

#### Lemuel Sweetser.

I had no belief in a life after death. I supposed that when we died that that was the last of us. But I am mistaken. It don't seem to be the fate of spirit to die.

Some of my friends believed that there was a life after death, and more than that, we could come back and talk with our friends here. I said, "well, if there is any such state of being, I, for one, should not want to come back, if I could." But I found I was just as earnest to come back as any one else, in fact, a good deal more than some.

I was wounded at the time that General Lander contested our forces at Blooming Gap. My captain was killed in that charge, and I was wounded. Captain Hawley is his name, Benjamin Haw-

ley, of the 1st Virginia Cavalry. My own name was Lemuel Sweetser: I was at the time acting first lieutenant. Our first lieutenant was unable to be on duty. I happened to unfortunate enough to live for some weeks. I suffered much, and for some cause which I do not understand, I feel it to-day.

By some strange fatality I am assisted here by Deliver up your sword, and surrender!" I replied, "I do n't know what you mean. I was n't born to surrender, at least, not while I 'm whole," But I was disabled, and did surrender.

her side of life and I am fortunate enough to attain it, I do n't think I shall want to come back. it's so hard. But we don't know what we may want to do after we pass through the change called death. We are one thing to-day, and another thing tomorrow, so far as will in concerned. Oct. 17.

# William Ranney.

I am back here, sir, to spake to me son, what was in Colonel Baker's regiment, that went out to war from California. His name, sir, was William Ranney, and me own name just the same. He was out in California with his uncle. I enlisted in a Massachusetts regiment, meself.

What I'm here for, is to get a chance to get a communication with him; that's what I want, sir. What can you do for me? [We can print your letter in our paper; that goes to California.]

Well, sir, I was pretty patriotic in regard to this Ameriky. I been here, in all, about nineteen years, just about nineteen years, and the country always served me well. So I felt it meduty to help fight for it, for I thought maybe, by-and-bye, when Ireland is trying to free herself, she may want Ameriky to help her. So it is no more than right that the Irishmen should go into the field and help defend Ameriky. That's what I went for, sir. I suppose I expected, like others, to come out alive, not to lose their bodies. I didn't come out

Here I am just as I was before me death, except the loss of me body. It was the mother of the boy, that went when he was a wee, small thing, to the

spirit-land, that helped me come here. I have a wife, too, on earth. I would like to communicate with her; but first of all, with me boy that's in California. [Where did you live?] Where did I live? right here in Boston. There was one time I lived in Manchester, sir, where the

mills are. I went out in the 20th Massachusetts.

Now, sir, if you can do anything to get me letter to me boy, I'll be very glad; if you can't, I suppose I may think the fault is me own, sir. [We will print your letter, and try to have it reach your son.] I knew that he was badly wounded at the time Colonel Baker was killed, but he's not come to me. Ah, he 's a fine boy, sir, and I would not be ashamed of him anywhere. [If you can in charge in the spirit-world. give us the directions, we'll send your message to him.] That's what I can't do, sir. There's no found in California extinct in nearly or quite doubt but that he's on the earth, for if he'd been every other part of the world? here I'd seen him. [You'll reach him, we think.]

so. I had some little trouble before I left home, with me wife; and when I went to war she said she hoped I'd never come back again. She's got her wish in one way, for I'm not back here in the way she supposed I might come—in the body; and doubt she'd be afraid of me, because the women is always afraid of their own shadow; some of 'em aint, I suppose. The gentleman asks where me mother lives? Oh, me mother never saw this country, sir. Ah, no, sir; she's in Ireland.

Yes, sir, I lived in Washington Village, before I had the trouble with the old woman. You see, the thing of it was-oh, it's not very pretty to tell tween the medium and the initelligence controll- here, so I'll not tell it. [You were somewhat to ing, the control is easy. But where there is a blame, wasn't you?] Oh, yes; there never was a quarrel between two persons that both were not Q.-Can a person's spirit acquire the power of to blame. Yes, I was to blame, I know; but it's leaving its body and resuming control at plens- not William Ranney that will confess that much to her. You know, if I was in the wrong, I'd not like to tell her so. But I don't care anything about it. I'd like well enough to talk with her, if she'd like to talk with me. I got nothing special to attract me there at all. No, sir, I want most of all to talk with me boy; and if you'll help me to do that, why, I'll give you a lift anyhow, when you come over. I'd like to have you do it if you can. Well, good-bye to you.

#### Nathaniel Howe.

My friend, it is thirty-six years ago this month, since I bade my friends farewell from this city. I lived on what was, and is now, called Salem street, that is, I furnished people with wood.

I have children here on the earth who need to only of the inte Dr. Wayland on the morning of knowsomething of this spirit-world. I have come to urge them to seek for that best of all gifts, a knowledge of their future life.

I understand they have said, "If this Spiritualism is true, why don't my father, or some of my friends, come to me?" I've come,

I was no Orthodox when here. I believed in the salvation of the entire human family. I belaw. Almost every one of you have been, in lieved that all were created good; and that a time would come when all imperfections would be washed away, and all would be good again. I believed that there was no hell, except that that burns in every man's conscience when he has done wrong. I believe the same now.

Let my friends meet me where I can speak with them. I'll tell them of the place they're coming Oct. 17.

#### Catharine Yates.

I've come, sir, to send some word to my brother, if I can, Captain William Yates, who sails out of Boston. My name was Catharine Yates; I died in Halifax; lived and died there. I was nineteen years of age. I am here to meet him if I can. [Is he in the harbor now?] No, sir, but he will be soon. He's on the ocean now.

I died of congestive fever. He don't know I'm dead. I was to come up from Halifax to meet him, so I come this way. I thought as I could n't come as he expected, I'd come so-I'd come this

Oh, I want him, when he gets into port, to go where-go and let me speak. Our father and mother are both in the spirit-world with me. My brother has taken care of me ever since they died. [This one you speak of?] Yes, sir; and I sometimes came to Boston, when he went out of New York; and when he was coming into New York I'd go there to meet him. I was comreceive a stray bullet through the lungs, and was ing this time. Because he could n't come home, I thought I'd come here to meet him. He is not

afraid of anything, and he won't be afraid of me. And now tell him Katy is dead, and there'll be no need of his sending anything more there to General Lander, the very man who said to me, take care of me. [What kind of a vessel was he master of?] A barque, I think, sir; yes, sir, I think it's the barque William Penn, He'll be surprised to hear I'm dead. [Won't there be letters here when he arrives in port, informing him If my friends who have faith in these things of your death?] Very likely. I shall be here, will give me a hearing privately, I shall be glad too. I'm not going back. [Have you been to see to talk, notwithstanding I did say, if there is an him?] No, sir. [You'll meet him here when he Oct. 17.

# Invocation.

Oh God, thou Eternal Spirit, thou ever-present Good, while the dews of our earthly experiences are yet upon us, we can but remember the needs of these thy mortal children. They are weak; oh, baptize them with thy strength. They cannot see; oh, open their eyes that they may see. They cannot hear; oh, open their ears that they may hear. Let them understand they are to-day in the spiritland. Let them know there is no death; that they have lived in all the past, are living in the present; that they are destined to live in all the future. Oh, let thy ministering angels minister tenderly to their necessities. Let us take them tenderly by the hand and lead them over the rough ways of life, pointing ever to that which is to come. May we show them something of the Promised Land. May we be enabled to roll back that scroll that hangs between us and themselves. Let us show them, oh Father, that they are immortal, that they are thy children, that they have been born of thee, therefore ever must exist. Let us take away their sorrows, and teach them to forget the green graves over which they weep. Let us take away their sorrows and dry their tears. Let us gently lead them into pleasant places. And to thy name be all honor and glory and praise forever and ever, amen.

#### Questions and Answers. CONTROLLING SPIRIT.-If you have inquiries

from correspondents, we will answer them. CHAIRMAN.-Mrs. P. W. Stephens, of California,

1st Ques.—If when young infants die it is necessary that they should be brought often to the presence of their earthly mothers, as I have been told by departed friends, and, if it is so, why is it necessary? Ans.-It is not an absolute necessity, yet it is

often done, as many other things are. Sometimes the infant spirit can be better taught, or more rapidly unfolded in that way than in any other. Therefore it is resorted to by those who have them

2D Q.-Why is the species of mammoth trees

A.—Your correspondent is mistaken when she I hope I will, anywny. Of course he knows that supposes that they are extinct. It is not so. I'm out of the body before this time, because I There are as yet uninhabited and undiscovered was reported with the rest. Oh, it's a fine thing portions of your globe, where there are trees of to go, and know where you're going; but it's not greater size than those of which California can so pleasant to get on the other side and not know boast. That locality is exceedingly favorable to nobody. Well, you don't know where you are, vegetable growth, and particularly favorable to and your religion can't make the way clear to you. the life of the tree. This accounts for their size. Ab, I see plenty of folks coming to the spirit-land There are, also, other portions of the globe still that knows just where they're golug, and just as more favorable. You look abroad upon that which soon as they get there, they meet their friends, and you have seen, and speculate upon that you have seem to know all about the place. Oh, I didn't not seen, and never suppose there may be much know anything at all. I was a fool; but I been you have not even heard of. Year after year learning ever since. [Is your wife living here?] Yes, sir, I suppose | self, new concerning your earth; but it is new to

you. Though it is, of itself, old, old as earth is, to you it is new. Your correspondent has yet to learn there are other portions of the globe whereon mammoth trees are found: This subject would be a fine one for her to investigate. It will lead to something very pleasant and instructive. CHAIRMAN.-In what other portions of the

globe are such mammoth trees to be found? A .- In the far East, also in the far West. 3D Q .- At what period of time was California traversed by animals of a mammoth size, such as

are exhumed at the present time? A .- As to the precise time, we do not know; but

we believe that California was inhabited by anisame mammoth trees were young.

geological survey assert?

A .- Yes, they are very nearly correct in their observations.

CHAIRMAN.-George M. Clay sends the followng questions to the Circle:

1sr Q.-Are species in Nature outgrowths of listinct essences, or are they gradations of the same?

A .- So far as form is concerned, there is absolutely no distinctness in Nature. Now mark us: so far as form is concerned, there is absolutely no distinctness in Nature. Every form is so intimately connected with every other form, that it would be hard to draw a dividing line between any two forms. And yet, so far as you are able to discern, every form is a distinct species in itself. 2D Q.—Is there an individualized life-principle, independent of organization, that preceded and

induces it, or is life simply the dynamical condition and results of organization? A .- The matter that is termed by scientists unparticled matter, is in reality not so. It is not unparticled, for if it was it could not be matter. Nei-

ther is life the result of organization, but, on the contrary, organization is the result of life. 3D Q.-Can the spirit-intelligences of other planets converse through our mediums? A .- They cannot and preserve their individual-

ity. They cannot communicate with distinctness, so far as individuality is concerned. CHAIRMAN.—Do they communicate? A .- Not personally. Their influence, of course, you feel-those persons who are more suscepti-

ble than the masses. In that sense you may be said to be controlled by them. There is no distinct, positive, personal control. Of that you may 4TH Q.-With the inhabitants of what planet

A.-We believe Earth stands preëminent. 5TH Q .- Are the higher spirit-intelligences of the spirit-land subject to perplexing molestations from the spirits of low and vicious inclinations,

in the solar system has intellect attained the high-

as they are in earth-life?. A.-Yes. CHAIRMAN.-J. Bailey, of Northampton, Mass.,

Q.—Does the controlling spirit believe the practice of holding weekly circles among those who are not undoubting believers, for the purpose of developing mediums and obtaining a better knowledge of the Spiritual Philosophy, to be productive of more good than evil? If so, will the intelligence give or direct where good and needful information may be obtained from conducting

A .- It is always advisable to seek for wisdom and truth; to strive at all times, under all circumstances, to make yourselves acquainted with that state of life into which you are to be ushered after passing through the change called death. The gathering of yourselves for the purpose of develoning mediums, that intelligence may be conveyed from that hereafter, we certainly can but say is well for you to do. There may perhaps be some objections to the holding of these promiscuous circles, but those can be easily done away with by your preserving a certain amount of order in your circles. Come together with a spirit of earnest inquiry. Let every attendant be actuated by corresponding element.

CHAIRMAN.-A correspondent from New York

Q.—We have often been told that Jesus Christ was a human being, born of natural parents, and thus had no claim to divinity. If this be true, why should the coming of this being have been foretold, from time to time, ages before his appearance; and that, when he came, he corresponded to and fulfilled all the prophecies concerning him?

A .- Christ we believe to be both human and divine. His humanity does by no means deprive him of his divinity. We believe, also, by virtue of his organization, he was a speciality; and, hecause he was, he stood out apart from the multitude. He was something unlike all those by whom he was surrounded. He was differently organized, both spiritually and materially. It may physical birth was foretold by those who used all the influence they were possessed of to bring it after the order of humanity we deny, because we know this law was never broken. We also believe both statements-that he was human and divine. By virtue of his divinity and peculiar physical organization, he was what he was. He will ever continue to shed light upon the ages. Spiritualism does not propose to rob him of his divinity, but to clothe him with still more glory, to show you what he really was-a human and a two sons, and a daughter. Benjamin and John divine, a something you may well worship, for he are my son's names. My daughter's name is Anwas God manifest in the flesh.

Q.—The object of Spiritualism is to show the immortality of the soul, to tell us whether spirits

do come back and communicate. SPIRIT .- Spiritualism, friend, proposes to demonstrate that you live after death. This is a fundadate. There are many ways of elucidating the subject. You may demand that it be done in one accord that you go to heaven in your own way, want to see him was a you should certainly be willing to accord to him the same privilege. Spiritualism, friend, again after death.

Q.—Is not what is asserted of Jesus true of every human being?

A.—Yes, it is, to a certain extent.

inquiries to the circle: 1sr Q.-Why are some spirite called bright and some and not others?

special luminosity.

2D Q.—Can dark spirits prevent the intercourse of bright ones with apirit mediums?

A.-Yes, sometimes.

Q.—How and why? A .- If the condition of the medium is such as to attract spirits of a lower order; or, in other words, if the attraction between the medium and the controlling spirit is very strong, such being true, the spirits of a lower order cannot interfere; for law is law, and holds as good here as anywhere.

3D Q .- A friend of mine, when first developed as a medium, and for some years afterwards, was attended by the spirits of deceased friends, and other pleasant and agreeable intelligences, but, mai life, the remains of which your correspondent for some years or more, has been accompanied refers to, over two thousand years ago, when these by a dark spirit, who takes pleasure in deceiving him. The medium himself is near seventy 4TH Q .- Has the coast of North America been years of age, and a man of culture and education, aised from a submerged condition much later and of undoubted probity and purity of characteristics. than the Eastern coast, as the professors of a late | ter. Why is he now attended by a deceiving spirit? A.—Perhaps he has need of that special mode

of education: perhaps it is absolutely necessary that his own spirit be so tried. We believe it is an absolute necessity, else would not be.

Q.—The intelligence said Jesus Christ was worthy of our adoration. In what relation is he worthy of our adoration?

A.-Because he demonstrated truth; because, the light of truth shone through him; because he taught you a more excellent way than those who preceded him.

Q.-What shall we give to God?

A .- You should worship and adore Deity whereever you find him. It matters not whether he be existing through the flower or the human soul. You all instinctively worship that which is grand and beautiful. You cannot help it. It is perfectly natural. It is not idolatry. You are worshiping the God, and worshiping after the dictates of your inner nature. This is right.

Q.—Should not we worship anything that gives us a clearer insight into Nature?

A .- Yes, certainly you should, and you do always. It is an instinct of the soul.

#### Charlie Evans.

I'm a Hoosier, sir, and hardly fit to say much in any such place as this. But the truth was, I was a little auxious, and thought I'd come, any

I'm from Indiana, sir. I was but nineteen years old—most twenty, however, when I left. . I was very patriotic; went out in the 4th Indiana, and lost my body, as a good many others have done, and I'm trying to find a way to get some word to my folks. So if you'll be kind enough to say for me that Charlie Evans, of Princeton, Indiana, is alive, and reports himself here to-day, I'll be very much obliged to you. They want to know if I suffered much in dying. Yes, I did suffer a good deal, but I got through it pretty well. The only trouble I had was in satisfying myself as to what was to become of me. I was like the chap over there, who didn't know whether he was going to live or slip out-that was all. I very soon found out, as he will. If he only turns up all right, as I have, he'll be a lucky fellow. I'd. like my folks to know I'm happy, well off, and so far as I've got acquainted with this new life, I like pretty well. There's a good deal of truck, liowever, I don't understand; but they say as we rise step by step things become clearer to us,

Now I like my folks to see through this all they can, for my sake. I'm one of the active sort, I've not got all the experience I might have got, all I ought to have; at any rate, I want to stay here and see what I can of this side of life, learn what I can by coming to my folks. [If they will admit you they can aid you to advance.] So I. have been told; that if I could get into close communication with my folks, I'd soon progress. Oh, don't find any fault, sir; don't find any fault, I'm very well off; you know we are never really, satisfied. [We want something better.] Yes; well, it's right, they say. Don't forget to publish me, will you? Good-day, captain.

# Benjamin Hooper.

came into Boston Harbor in a spirit of honesty. If you do this, you will rare. the ship "Huron." I was but a common sailor ly be imposed upon by any spirit that comes to before the mast, and I am from old Portsmouth. you. On the contrary, you will be very apt to re- in England, where I have a family. I was taken ceive truth, for your own honesty will attract a sick on the passage, and when I got ashore here, application was made for me at the Marine Hospital. Somehow I was n't got in. I was carried to one of the boarding houses in the north part of the city, and died there.

My name was Hooper-Benjamin Hooper. My family don't know whether I was lost at sea, or what has become of me. If there's no objection offered, I'd like to send some word home to let 'em know I'm not in the body. I can't tell what I am, or where I am exactly,

My sickness was-it was said to be-well, I do not know, some kind of contagious fever? [Ship fever?] I don't know. I know I had some kind of fever, and for some cause they would n't admit me into the hospital, so I went into a boarding-house at the north part of the city, and died there. I believe the man's name where I was, was Miller; think that was the name of the man not be wrong for us to state that we believe his to whose house I was carried. I had just about enough about me to pay as far as I went here. But if I was a poor man, sir, I think something of about. That he was not brought into the world my family; like to have 'em know where I am.

Now if you can send your paper to William Hooper, of Portsmouth, England, I'll be very glad. I want 'em to know I am dead, and can come back.

I was forty-eight years of age, forty-eight the very month I died, which was in March. I've nothing to settle with you for this. You must look to somebody else besides me. I have a wife, gelina. That is my wife's name. Oct. 19.

# Rebecca Ness.

Rebecca Ness, sir. I was ten years old. I'm from New York City, sir. I've only been in the spirit-land since spring, this spring. I died of dipmental point that Spiritualism proposes to eluci- theria, while my father was away. He hurried home to see me, but I was dead and buried. I thought maybe I could come here and see my faway, another may demand that it be done in a ther. [You can send him word from here.] Well, different way. You have your way, your neigh- I know, sir. I want to see him after all, want to bor has his. Now if your neighbor is willing to send him word I can come, am alive, and then I

My father's name is William H. Ness, and he was from Frankfort, Kentucky. [You resided in we say, proposes to demonstrate that you live New York?] Yes, sir; my father belonged in Frankfort, Kentucky. My mother belonged in New York State, not city. He was there, when he saw my mother. And after the war broke out, my father went to Kentucky and chilsted against CHAIRMAN.-A. E. G. presents the following the Government, and then afterwards he was sorry, because he could n't get back, because he could n't get away. He thought when he went others dark in spirit? Does luminosity attend there he should get a commission, should receive a commission, he should be an officer, He was A.—No; those are only terms used to show you mistaken, was disappointed. My mother said slie in what condition of intellectuality and morality was glad of it. He was offered fair to come and different spirits are in. It has no reference to join the rebel army; so he did; and then when he I found he did n't get it, he was sorry, and wanted

to come back, and then he could n't come. He did get back by taking the outh of allegiance after I died. And now, sir, if you please, I want to talk with him. [Is he in New York?] There, or pretty near there. He'll get my letter, I know, because he 's-well, he don't belong to any church, and he 's a looking all round for new light. [Does your father read the Banner?] I do n't know, but I think he does. [You think some of the friends will give it to him?] Yes, because they're all around there. What I want is for him to go somewhere, where I can come and talk to him. My mother would be afraid, but he would n't. After he's been there, he can take my mother. [Do you know any medium you can control?] No, sir; I do n't know any of them. I come here first, like as I was told. I'm going. Oct. 19.

#### George P. Curtis.

I'll be obliged to you if you'll say, through the columns of your paper, that George P. Curtis, of Concord, New Hampshire, died at Andersonville. My friends do n't know whether I'm dead, or not. I was in the 9th New Hampshire. I was taken prisoner at Winchester, was taken to a good many places, and received pretty hard treatment. Once I got away, but was carried back again.

You'll please to tell my friends that if any of 'em should happen to visit the prison-pen at Andersonville, they'll find my name cut under one of the windows, directly under one of the windowsills-George P. Curtis, Concord, New Hampshire.

I've not much to say in favor of the place. My story, I presume, has been told by others a thousand times. My experience has been theirs. [Did they send dogs after you?] No, worse than that: they sent human hounds after me, who shot me in the leg, shattering the bone. Then they cut it off. The butcher who cut it off remarked that he did n't think I could run so fast, now that I'd lost a

Their time is to come. There's a righteous judge, I believe, somewhere in the universe, and all these fellows will be called up and judged, each one according to their deeds. I'm willing to take my share, and they'll be pretty sure to get theirs, I think. If I did n't think so, I should n't be as well satisfied as I am now. Tell my mother net to mourn. I am not lost. Good-day. Oct. 19.

#### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, Oct. 23.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Wm. Rowe, of Cinarlestown, Mass.; Frank Ramsey, of the Manston House, Charlestown, Mass.; Mary E. Fullerton, of St. Loois, Mo., to her mother, and Wm. R. Fullerton; Georgie Rinley, to his father, Capt. Geo. W. Kinley, of the 3d Alabama Cavalry, Co. C.

Tuesday, Oct. 24.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Elizabeth Redhed, wife of Justus Redheld, American Consul at Otrauto, Italy; Amelia Federhen, wife of Join Federhen, of this city; Nathan Hilliand, salimaker, to his friends here and in Connecticut; Susan Stanyon, to the grand-daugnter of Dr. Tubbs, San Francisco, Cal. f.

Thursday, Oct. 25.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Ebenezer Williams, of Charleston, S. C., to his son, Rev. Ebenezer Williams, of Charleston, S. C., to his son, Rev. Ebenezer Williams, of Charleston, S. C., to his son, Rev. Ebenezer Williams, of Charleston, S. C., to his son, Rev. Ebenezer Williams, of Charleston, S. C., to his son, Rev. Ebenezer Williams, of Charleston, S. C., to his son, Rev. Ebenezer Williams, of Charleston, S. C., to his son, Rev. Ebenezer Williams, of Charleston, S. C., to his son, Rev. Ebenezer Williams, Walter Fitzgerald, to his mother, his Washington, D. C.

Monday, Oct. 30.—invocation; Questions and Answers; Constantine Smith, a graduate of West Point; Melissa Downs, to his mother, Melissa Downs, in Chesepenko City, N. Y.; Horaco Elliotte, to his mother, in New York City, or Thomas M'Guire; Alice Jarvis, to Thomas Jarvis, of St. Louis, Mo. Tuesday, Oct. 31.—invocation; Questions and Answers; Theodore Carney, of Mosby's Gang, to his brother, William Carney; Sarah Jane Oldenham, to her mother, in Userpool, Eng.; Harry Ellistord, drowned in James River, to his mother, Rebecca Ellistord, at present in Boston: Andrew J. Robinson, sportsman, killed to-day in Norfolk, Va.; Carl

of Montgomery, Ala.; Albert L. Godfrey, to his parents, in Louisville, Ky.; Nancy Horton, of Newburyport, Mass, to her nephew, Alfred.

Tharsady, Aco. 9.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Wallace Wood, of London, England, to friends there; Ozias Gillett, to the firm of Steele, Burrill & Co., of this city; Emily Strafford, to her mother Ann Elizabeth, Hving in Orange, N. J.

Monday, Nov. 13.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Dr. Charles Cheever, of Portsmouth, N. H.; Josephene Webster, of Georgetown, D. C., to her father, Albert Webster; Harry Endredge, of New Orleans, to Tom Payson, in that city; Hon. Edward Everett, to Judge Edmonds, of New York City.

Tuesday, Nov. 14.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Lucy J. Carcia, to her son, Wm. Garcis, in a Southern city; Henry Witz, of Andersonville notoricty; Sewall Armstrong, of the 8th, Jean. Reserve Corps, to friends; Anna Calen, to her mother, in New York City.

Thursday, Nov. 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Lulu Hooper, to her parents in Belchertown, Mass.; John Colton, of the "Good Will House," Liveppool, Eng., to his sons; Dora Edmonton, of Philadelphia, Pa., to her parents there.

Monday, Nov. 20.—invocation; Questions and Answers; Madam Hannah Surratt, to her family: Daniel Magoun, to his brother, l'eter Magoun, of this city; Colonel Timothy H. Bradee, of the 7th Georgia Infantry, to his mother, in New Orleans, La.

## Obituaries.

In Worcester, Mass., Oct. 21st, the spirit of little Erving, aged 5 months, son of Lewis W. and Fannie E. Mather, was illed to his home among the angels.

cancu to his nome among the angels.

But a fow filting months was this lovely bud permitted to bloom upon the parent stemere the pale boatman noiselessly laid aside his oars, and, though unbidden, entered a dwelling of earth. When he returned he was not alone; for, nestling within his arms, was a tiny spirit-form, just emerged from earth-life, and as he drew near the other shore the little one's pinlons grew stronger, they trembled a moment, then fiedged themselves, and the little one entered the beautiful world and became a cherub.

Bereaved parents, you will miss the earthly form of your

themselves, and the little one entered the beautiful world and became a cherub.

Bereaved parents, you will miss the earthly form of your darling, and often mourn that such a breach was made in your once happy home-circle. But mourn not as those without hope, for he is not lost, only gone before; and after a few more rising and setting suns, a few more days of toil and pain, you, too, may pass on to that bright world and behold your darling growing in intellect and beauty. No waves of trouble will roll in that fair clime; no billows of discontentment and confusion swell to mar the placid heauty of that serence abode. Oh, how much you have to comfort you in the beautiful faith that bids, us look beyond this vale for immortal love and affection!

Then, mourning ones, trust and hope, for

You will sometime see your Erving

You will sometime see your Erving In that bright home above, And he will draw your affections upward With those strong chords of love.

And oft he 'll come with a wreath of flowers To place upon your brow, Though, being bound with mortal coll. You may not see him now.

And though your hearts are sad and weary,
Dark clouded o'er,
Because the earth 's one darling less,
Remember, heaven has one more.

Remember, heaven has one move.

A beautiful discourse was given upon the occasion, through the organism of Mrs. Mary Wood, now a resident of this city.

S. A. T.

Passed to the Summer-Land, Oct. 12th, 1865, Richard E., son of Leonard and Jane Dearborn, of Candia, N. H., aged 18 years

aud 28 days.

He had grown up from childhood smidst spirit-influences, and always seemed to be delighted with the manifestations of spirits, and in communing with those of the family who had passed on before. His sapirations seemed to be more for the spiritual than the material. In his last sickness he conversed freily with his friends in regard to his passing on, and told them he could not remanerate them here for their indness, but would do so when he reached his spirit-home.

Thus we see the glorious fruits of our immortal Gospel; it brightens up the path of even the youth when they are called to passon. And as these parents have been called upon to consign one after another of their children to the care of angels, they, too, realize the practical beauty of angel-communion; and, although they mourn, their mourning in not without its golden tints of soul-satisfaction, growing out of a bright assurance of a resinfoin in the Summer-Land. May tint heart ance grow brighter and brighter, till they, too, follow their darling ones home, is the prayer of N. S. Gerralear.

Died, in Woburn, Nov. 12th, Luther Holden, aged 60 years 8 months and 18 days.

months and 18 days.

Mr. Holden was a gentleman of great moral worth, of the strictest probity, of a high sense of honor, a was in the failest sense of the word. It has been our happiness and privilege to know him for many years, and during the whole of that line we have felt that associating with him has been a good to us. He possessed a keen and observing intellect, a ripe judgment, and his observations upon men and things were clear, judjectous and instructive. Socially, Mr. Holden shone a conspictions are many to opprivate worth, attracting all to him who came within the sphere of his influence. He was actively engaged in the shoe manufacturing interest, and of late years has given much attention to mechanics, a study and business for which his active pulped and inventive genjus, peculiarly fitted him. He was the soul and centre of his domestic hearth, and of a very wide social circle. His immediate damily and thends will feel his loss acutely, but they do not mourn as those without hope. His kindly and bereakent inmistice is their risk legacy. May a double portion of the spirit that: was in him be their portion until the Father of men shall call them, also, into Life Kiernal.

B.

here to roam amid the dew-gemmed flowers of his higher

Feb. 19th, 1865, the angels entered the dwelling of Allen and Mary Andrews, of East Dorset, and bore away in their loving arms Emma, the pet of the household, to the slivery shores of their summer home.

So pure, so perfect was this little one, clothed in fiesh for nine months, that it scarce scened necessary to sever the mortal from the immortal ere its departure to await the com-ing of the dear one whose life-boat is hearing the haven of rest.

For many weary days the form of Henry W. Carroll, of Co. I, 8th Reg. Vi. Volunteers, languished in disease contracted in the service of his country, until June 18th, 18th, when in the hospital, at Washington, the pale warrior beckuned, and he departed, leaving many and dear friends at Lowell, Vt., where the funeral discourse was spoken by the invisibles to a large and deeply attentive audience. He had many virtues that have not departed from him now that his soul has met and greeted the angel-friends among the "islands of the blessed." Truly, the wreath of the warrior and the crown of the patriot should adorn his poble brow.

E. M. Wolcott.

# Aew Rooks. NEW BOOKS

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Connessional, and they others.

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Oct. 7.

DR. J. WILBUR WILL CURE THE SICK, at his residence, 561 Milwaukce street, MILWAUKEE, WIS., until further notice. Also, cures at any distance, by sending magnetized paper. bend handwriting, superscribed envelope, and four red stamps. Nov. II.

# DR. J. R. NEWTON

CURE THE SICK AT COLUMBUS, OHIO,

Oct. 7] Sunday, Oct. 15th, to December. PSYCHOMETRY AND CLAIRVOYANCE. M 188. V. M. BALDWIN will read character personally or M by letter; describe persons at a distance, whether in or out of the form; sit for spirit-communications, &c., &c. Bend a lock of hair, or the handwriting of the person. Terms, 31. Address, Ripon, Wis. MRS. A. M. SUMNER, Developing and Healing

105. A. M. SUMNER, Developing and Healing Medium, will hold Developing Circles at 24 Cottage 81., Roxbury, the third and fourth Wednesday of every month, until December next, when she will endeavor to find convenient rooms for private or public slittings, provided there be interest enough manifested by those attending to continue through the winter. She is satisfied great good will result from this to people suffering general debility or mental depression, arising many times from an undeveloped condition of spirits, either in or out of the body. Admission to public circle, 15 cents, or private sittings, 50 cents.

PEMOVAL. — JAMES W. GREENWOOD,
MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, has removed to Rooms No. 13,
Tremont Temple, Boston. Office hours from 9 to 12 m, and
10 3 r. m. MRS. COTTON, Successful Healing Medium, by the laying on of hands. (No medicines given.) No. 111 East 29th street, near 3d Avenue, N. Y. 13w - Sept 23. G. & P. B. ATWOOD, Magnetic and Clairvoy-te ant Physicians, 1 St. Marks Pl., opp. Cooper Inst., N. Y Sept. 30.—3m

MRS. M. SMITH, Healing and Trance Medium, No 1808 Mervine St., Philadelphia, Pa. 6w\*-Nov. 25.

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June 24. Box 2222 Chicago, III.

SCENES IN THE SUMMER-LAND.

NO. 1.—THE PORTIOO OF THE BAGE.

BY HUISON TUTTLE.

THE Artist has endeavored to impress on canvas the view has often had cinirvoyanity of a landscape in the spheres, embracing the Home of a group of Bages. Wishing those who desire to have the same view as himself of that mysterious land beyond the gulf of darkness, he has published it in the popular Carts de Vietts form. Single copies 25 cents, sent free of postage. Large size photograph, 61; large size colored, 83. Usual discount to the Trade. For sale at this omce,

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TPHIMS: 82.50 a year: 3 copies for 88; 5 copies, and 10 getter-up of club, 810. Hingle numbers for sale by News Agents throughout the United States. Two volumes a year, beginning in January and July. Address, T. S. ARTHUS & CO., 222 Wainut street, Philadelphia, Pa. 6w-Nov. 6. MRS. L. B. STOCKWELL
WILL receive pupils in Electrics, on Threadys and Fri
days, at her residence, No. 23 Metropolitan Place, Boston, Mass. (w\*-Nov. 25.

MIRS. LAURA HATCH,
TEACHER OF PIANO AND MELODEON, VOOLE MUSIC,
4talian Method, and Fracei and Latin Larguagus, will
visit pupils at their residences, or receive them at her own, 33
Lowell street, Boston. Terms reasonable. tf—Jung M.

A. B. OHILD, M. D., DENTIST, 60 School Street, next door East of Parker House.

# The Lecture Room.

The Harmonial Man: A Plea for Humanity.

A Locture by Corn I. V. Scott. Reported for the Bauner of Light. INVOCATION.

Our Father, God, whose name we bless forever, whose power suprame presides over all things; thou whose voice is silent, yet powerful and infinite; whose mind, pervading and controlling every atom of substance, forms worlds, and suns, and systems; oh God, thou perfect life, thou infinite Jeliovah, we praise thee without ceasing, and our hearts are filled with rejoicing thankfulness. We but, when we praise thee for these, not the less do we remember that the trials of life, the misfortunes of earthly being are of thy bestowing; for we know that in the calm supremacy of thy love, we are anfe. We stretch out our hands and ask thee to save us-for it is thine arm that protects, and thy hand that uplifts. Oh God, we praise thee, not for the blessings which come from thee, as rain from summer clouds, the spontaneous outpouring of thy bounty; not for favors-thou givest none; not for the individual joys and blessings of life, which make up the perfection of being; but we praise thee, oh God, that when the storm is around and our lives become threatened, amid terrors, confusion, trials and afflictions, that we can look to thee and thee alone. We praise thee that human sorrow and sin, the angels of darkness and despair, have not power to change thy love. Oh Father, we praise thee for all that makes up life; for every joy and every sorrow; every ray of annshine and every cloud. We praise thee for night and morning, for summer and winter, for spring and harvest time, for soul and spirit. We praise thee for every tear and every sorrow, for misfortune-which makes the spirit grow-and for every cloud that filts across the sky, and every tempest that bursts above our heads. We know the strength but in our weakness. We understand thy love but in our consciousness of need. The majesty of thy wisdom is shown in contrast with our feeble faculties. Oh Father, our thoughts and our lives go up to thee, and every heart grows thankful, and every mind strong, and every spirit actains a higher and nobler elevation, and understands that thou art God; that thy being is unchanged, thy love perfect, true, divine. Let our prayers ascend, like the blended fragrance of nature, in one perpetual authem to thee, who art supreme, divine, perfect, forever. Amon.

#### THE LECTURE.

"And God made man in his own image." Our theme on this occasion, is, "THE HARMONIAL MAN: A PLEA FOR HUMANITY."

Harmony is a term which, as applied to human nature, is somewhat ambiguous, because signifying that which in all its parts is perfect; which, with reference to every other part, possesses no discord; in other words, that man, or being, or power, which possesses no incongruity and no imperfection. This cannot be applied to humanity, for man is full of weakness and sorrows; yet God made him above all other beings; made man and woman, in his own likeness, and pronounced them good. Creation is good. The height was attained when man came forth, whether in completion of pature's processes; whether the voice of conscious perfection semmoned him into existonce; whatever creative principle or power was working in humanity, humanity became like it. and that is the meaning of the passage we have quoted.

Nature is everywhere good, everywhere perfect, overywhere consistent, and never makes any mistakes. Now it has been the aim and purpose of philanthropists, in every age, to regenerate humanity, to redeem, to save them; in other words, to finish the work of nature. We have no wish to improve upon the handiwork of heaven. Man, that was originally good, cannot be made more perfect. To regenerate, recreate, redeem, or save mankind, is to outdo what the Divine mind has ordained; to create anew what he called into existence; to rival Influite sagacity. It is said by philanthropists and philosophers that mankind can become perfect in proportion as individual minds develop every function and power, equally: in other words, that the world will be regenerated when every human being shall be fully developed in every attribute of mind, so that all shall be equal in power, purpose and capacity—every man like every other man. Heaven defend us from any such regeneration! We might as well wish that all trees were exactly alike; that the mountains were leveled, and the valleys raised, until the earth exhibited one vast, uniform surface; as well seek to harmonize the world by abolishing the intolerable variety and disproportion of dry land and water, or improve the universe by decreeing that every star shall resemble every other star in size, density and lustre. Humanity approaches perfection only by reason of the distinctive neculiar characteristics of its members. We do not believe the world needs regeneration; we have no faith in that theory which says humanity is depraved, without innate conscience, or percention of right. We do not believe that any redemption, salvation, regeneration, is needed by them. Mankind cannot be "created again" and yet remain human; a wholly new order of beings must be brought upon the stage to satisfy the views of those elevated philosophers who claim that humanity is all wrong, and that some one must be endowed with the peculiar power of setting them right. Let us briefly try to ascertain what the nature of this regeneration is supposed to be.

It is asserted by theologians that mankind has fallen from its first high estate, though it might puzzle them to explain how that could ever full which was pronounced "good" by its almighty Orentor. There had been war in heaven, and the rebel angels having been defeated and expelled, their chief assumed the guise of a serpent, penetrated into the beautiful and happy home of our first parents, and effected their ruin, ever since which, attempts have been made, in different ways, to save mankind from the consequences of the sin which their progenitor was not formed so as to be able to resist. Thus the "good" in man was destroyed in a few hours; and he has been grappling ever since with evil powers let loose upon him. We do not credit this story. Another class ignore this doctrine, and say mankind were simply ignorant in the beginning, but have grown more and more enlightened; ignorance caused sin, and sin misery; consequently, as men have improved in science, philosophy, &c., sin has diminished, and thus mankind have been redeemed, or saved. This theory is equally fallacious with the preceding. For, if it were true, since the present age is distinguished above all others by the general diffusion of intelligence, men and women would resemble each other more than ever before; and the world would be advancing toward the milleunium of equal endowments, and equal capacities for happiness. But this is far from being actually the all pote at the

Mer de we even see how the enchanting pros-

understand it. We do not see that the laws of mense quantity of brains in the world, with no Nature are undergoing any change, to suit the corresponding amount of actual efficiency. special objects of this redemption. We do not the improved means of communication among take up the pen and devote his time to turning men. We do not see that the general extension out verses, without sense or metre, the world of intelligence has wrought any corresponding would laugh, and he would have his labor for his improvement in morality. We do not see that the nations of the earth claiming to be the most enlightened have adopted the principles inculeated by the harmonial reformers; on the contrary, they seem to be receding from their standard. In fine, we do not see that human beings are at this day any more like each other than in past ages. On praise thee for life, for happiness, for prosperity; the contrary, we think it clear that there are among them as great eccentricities, as great differences, as marked departures from the moral standard of national and individual rectifude, as signed him, has done his part in maintaining the ever before. Has Nature, then, made a mistake? if so, humanity must continue to reap the consequences of that mistake. But she has made none. The various planets of our systems, and the various suns and aturs of the universe, still remain in battle field; thus only can you secure your own dency to change them; and the different orbs of mote the true harmonial development of your spehumanity are equally stable and consistent. We cles." do not discover that Nature is all wrong in any of her departments, because all its members are not | in order to have humanity perfect, it must be deexactly alike. On the contrary, the perfection of veloped in all directions. There never was a the universe consists in its infinite diversitude. Applying this to humanity, we ask, is one man more or less good because he differs from another? Is he either higher or lower? Must he be classed as superior or inferior, because his qualities and capacities do not correspond exactly to those of his fellow? No. Suppose we reduce all humanity to a common level, bring down the mountain top of Genius, and fill up the vales of Imbecility, till all is one vast and arid plain of mediocrity, in which no flower of beauty is to be seen, no strain of poetry to be heard, no volcanic heights of daring achievement in practice or in speculation to be scaled-and what shall we have done? We shall have placed Genius on a level with Imbecility; we shall have quenched the fires of Passion; we shall have dried up the streams of Thought which are flowing on from all sides to feed the ocean of Intellect. Or, if we say to the lowly flower, "Rise to the height of the towaring cedar "-if we command the valleys to be exalted, shall we effect anything more, or anything hetter? No. The voices of the eternal hills cry out against it, as their hoary heads rise calm and grand above the peaceful vales. And shall we say to human nature, "Be tranquil and silent; let no voice of passion be heard from your immeasurable depths; let no flame of genius be kindled beneath your icy calm?" Shall we snatch the lyre from Apollo, and again send him to earth, a shepherd-swain?—and shall we yoke the winged Pegasus to the plow?-or, shall we take the stolid laborer from the fields, and bid him wield the periof the inspired bard? Shall we condemn Nature and the arts themselves for the endless variety and striking inequality which all must observe in their production, and lay waste the pleasing landscape, and bid the painter and the sculptor confine themselves to multiplying copies of the same inspired patterns? Give us, in preference to such a scene of barrenness and torpidity, the most eccentric developments of the singular erratic genius of humanity. The history of the past has been made up, not by men walking quietly side-by-side in the common path, but by the few daring souls who have struck out n way of their own, and by which they have reached a height whence they have compelled the vulgar herd to obey their voices, not because it announced the truth, but because it would be

> Truths, indeed, lie unrecognized wherever you plant your daily footsteps; but it is given to the is in his right place, nor so ungrateful asto refuse gifted few to gather and burnish the neglected jowels, and hold them up for you to cry, "How as prompt and unanimous in dragging down the beautiful!" How unimaginably desointe would be the condition of humanity were it deprived for born to rule the destinies of nations, be sure that but one generation of all the influence of its mas- you will succeed, in spite of all the jealous arts of ter-minds! "But," says the Harmonist. "all men may be master-minds." It is not so. The productions of the great Artist-he whose unconscious aim is to reflect, on canvas or in marble, the very soul of Nature's handiwork-must absorb the energies of his entire being. The fervor of his enthusiasm must leave him no eyes or cars for aught else. No system of education can alter this state of things. Here is a boy of obscure parentage, who has a genius for poetry. His father sends him to the fields to toil all day, or to the workshop, though he has no conception of the mechanic arts; but instead of applying himself to the uncongenial task, he spends his time in thought and reverie, until, perhaps, his father drives him away as useless. The boy cannot be that which he is not made for; or, if he is kept in the traces against his will, he pursues his occupation without interest and without benefit to himself or to the world. Let him write. He must and always will be a dreamer; but dreamers often mold the destines of the world.

Here is another youth, who has a talent for mechanics, but is engaged in some one of the learned professions. He toils in the appointed path, but all the time his mind is busy with very different ideas. He neglects his business, and is pronounced a worthless visionary. But give him a knife and a piece of wood, anything with which he can construct a machine, and let him mature his conceptions and put them into shape at his leisure, and the result may be such as would astonish the nation.

If the dictates of innate genies were obeyed in every case, almost all men would be equally useful, if not equally distinguished in their respective spheres, and the world might be full of Ciceros, Platos, Watts and Boultons; but this is not the approved method of educating, and the result is that men are turned out as if by a machine, finished specimens of at best a decent mediocrity. You cannot thwart the purpose of Nature without reaping the evil consequences; and this truth is made sadly evident in the thousands of men and women all around you, who are without occupation, have no ability to do anything creditably, because they were not allowed to devote themselves to the particular work for which Nature designed them. True, all are not mountainminds, all cannot touch the heights of Genius; but all can do something; and though that some thing be but a small item in the great account, still it is what must be done. Then, too, perseverance in the path marked out for him by Nature is as natural to every man, whatsoever the kind or extent of his endowments, as are his innate gifts

When a passing footstep brushes away the labors of the ant, she knows no other course than at once to set about the reconstruction of her tiny edifice. What, now, would be the consequence if every mind, neglecting its distinctive gifts in one direction, were to set to work to "harmonize its faculties" (to use the language of the phrenolo-

أحاله المرجور

pect is ever to be realized, or that the actors on be developed by cultivation to the level of the the stage of life can perform such a part, or even more prominent? You would finally have an im-

Suppose the poet were persuaded to start off for see that wars and insurrections, and criminal out- the mechanic's shop, and there toll day after day, breaks, are likely to become less frequent in con- what would be the result? Probably, an indiffersequence of human advancement-or, rather, of ent workman! Suppose the mechanic were to pains. We do not believe Nature has made any serious mistake in this direction; we think humanity as it is, is perfectly adapted to its place in creation. We do not think Nature has gone wrong and made some better than others; we merely think that everyone must occupy his place; we merely think that as "one star differeth from another in glory," so do individual minds differ; and that he who faithfully performs the functions, however humble, to which Providence has asintegrity and order of the whole complicated and wondrous structure. "Go, then," we say to humanity, "in whatever direction your endowments lend you, whether to the counting-room, or the their same relative positions, and show no ten- mental strength and equilibrium, as well as pro-

> It is said, by some well-meaning persons, that, greater mistake; for in order to have a man great in any direction, his whole life must be devoted to that purpose, and if it be interfered with by rival pursults, the result will be mere mediocritygenius lost, and the powers of the mind wavering in every direction, none of which it is able to follow out; whereas, if one distinct path be taken, whether that of poetry or mechanism, of science or art, excellence, in almost every instance, will be the reward of resolute industry. Then take humanity as it is. Do not expect either to bring down its mountains, or fill up its valleys, or quiet its volcanoes. Let the poet or the artist follow his original bent, even though he might be trained to be a passable workman in some more practical pursuit. Do not go to work to abolish great musical genius, that far-reaching and exquisite command over the sources of harmony which makes men indeed but little lower than the angels, in order that all the world may be able to compose trifling melodies, and understand the common rules of the art.

Do not take from mankind the gift of burning, entrancing eloquence, that sways the will and destiny of nations at its pleasure, in order that all the world may plod on in the same old fashion. Do not take away their statesmen and warriors

and leave them to fight their battles at random, and to be governed by incompetence. They will not have such to conduct their affairs. Nations demand statesmen, generals, poets, philosophers, and they will have them. Nor will genius lay aside its sceptre and descend from the throne of its dominion at your bidding. The mother's love for her first born is not stronger, more enduring, than the love of the poet, the artist, and the man of science, for their several pursuits; and there is no surer evidence of the divinity in your souls, than this overmestering, this universal desire of man to be perfect in whatever he is fitted to do. It matters little what may be the nature of this heaven-born faculty, whether it be lofty or lowly in its instruments, or immediate aims. If the occupation you excel in be not up to the mark of your ambition, do not seek to change it, but strive to elevate it to your standard. Men will measure out their praise and blame according to your success, not according to the rank of your employment. When the world finds that a man is eminently fitted for the work he has set himself to do, it is always lavish of applause, and it is not so blind as to be long in discovering the fact that he the due recompense of his services. But it is quite mere pretender to his proper level. If you are rival statesmen; but if you are a brilliant char latan, or if you have only the advantages of wealth and social standing, though you may succeed in reaching the perilous hights of power, you will be inevitably dragged back by the weight of your own incompetency, no less than by the exertions of your opponents. Whatever your mind rejoices to do, if honorable, if in the slightest degree commensurate with your abilities, is, in your

case, ennobling and elevating. Men have succeed at the pursuits of trade as sordid and degrading. But what character stands higher in any enlightened community, than that of the liberal and successful merchant, whose enterprise has enlarged the boundaries of science and civilization, while their results have contributed to the welfare of his fellow-citizens? The first object in life of every prudent man is, to obtain a competence, and he who succeeds in this, is justly praised above his fellows. Shall we not much more admire the man who, while amassing wealth for himself, gives the chances of an independence to so many in his employ, and whose means are liberally taxed to promote all useful public ends? So with the humbler and more laborious occupation of the husbandmen. Young men are often foolish enough to turn away in fancled superiority from the pursuits of agriculture, yet, if properly cultivated, what profession offers greater advantages, either physical or moral? The farmer inbales the breath of Nature, as he goes forth upon his daily task; for every effort of his well-directed industry she rewards him an hundred fold; he knows not the carking cares, the jealous anxieties, that haunt the dweller among the busy crowds of men.

In any direction of life the same observation is to be made: men despise that in which all Nature is engaged. Her vast machinery is constantly at work, and the various forms and beauties of life around you are the results of unceasing toil. Even during the silence and darkness of night her labor continues, and the forces of earth and air are busied in preparing leaf and flower and fruit for the eye of returning day. There is no idleness, but all is thoughtfulness and labor. Work, then, with mind, heart or brain, with whatever instrument Nature has given you to wield, most effectually. Work, then, and do not be idle. Work in any direction which seems best to you; and if other people do not prefer that occupation, let them choose their own; all cannot follow the same pursuit. But do something that shall be to you a crown of glory and strength. If you toll with your hands, so be it; the mind may work with them, and make the labor profitable to your whole being. If by night, the stars look down in silent approbation, and the world, when it awakens, will be the better for your vigils. If by day—the bright sun shines purposely to light you, and your brother man is by your side to sympathize and support. Work, with pen or pencil, but let your work be finished and rounded into all the beauty that your powers can give it, and other men will bless you gists,) on the theory that the weaker once were to for schieving what is beyond their aim. If you

labor as an orator-it is well; other men will liston if you have new thoughts to utter, or even familiar truths in a new and striking form; but if you have not the requisite gifts do not attempt it,

for you can never force mankind to heed you. Thus combine your strenuous and untiring efforts over the wide and varied field of human enterprise and industry, and the result will be even as a grand, harmonial man, which will far surpass the conceptions of the shallow philanthropist who seeks to embody the idea in the individual. You cannot find two grains of wheat which are precisely similar; and yet the insect floating in the sunbeam, and the proudest eagle in his mountainnest, are alike perfect in their adaptation to their respective spheres. So the race of man fulfills the purposes of Providence; and even its crimes and follies, its sorrows and calamities, are harmoniously blended in the perfect whole of existence; they are but the shadows and deeper tints which serve to heighten the effects of brighter hues.

Give us human nature as it is, with its mingled

good and evil, in preference to the milk-and-water ideal of the harmonist who would spread a neutral coloring over all creation. Give us what we know to be bright or to be dark, in preference to this vague uniformity, this twilight in which nothing is distinct or definite. Give us this world of night and day, summer and winter, the poet and the mechanician, the scholar and the laborer, rather than a scene of absolute equality and sameness. We will trust humanity better in its present condition than in any which theorists can substi tute for them. Let us have only a few pure and exalted characters elevated above the groveling masses, rather than a uniform but lower degree of excellence, with no aspirations beyond. Give us Jesus crucified on Calvary, rather than a great number of moderately good people, because it is better to have a transcendently high standard than no aim at all. Give us, in short, something to aspire to and work for, which is better than anything we see around us or which we have left behind us in the past; for it is only by this that humanity builds itself up higher.

We never expect to have humanity all alike. We never expect the day will come when sorrow and sin shall be no more; if it should come, then may we expect, also, to see night merged into day, the mountains leveled and the valleys filled up, and the whole universe a scene of silent and joyless monotony. No! plod on your way, thred man! Sometime the day will dawn for you. Work out your dreams, poet and artist! revolve the problems of science, philosopher! and you, man of aimless life or irresolute purpose, choose quickly your path and walk diligently in the samel in some way light will come to you, and help and blissful compensation! Listen to the music of humanity! from highways and byways, from pulnit and rostrum, from study and counting-house, from play-ground and battle-fields-though to your ears often like discord-it rises in one unceasing anthem, perfect, divine; a sublime harmony, which, if we could, we would not change, because we know it to be for the best.

#### BENEDICTION.

We thank thee, Spirit of Life, for so much of thy power as we are able to understand. From thy presence and life, as revealed in the universe, let us learn more of thee and of thy laws, not to find fault with thy creation, but better to comprehend thy meaning in creation; not to change that which thou hast made, but to know better the aims and purposes of all things and forms in existence; and in so doing we shall learn that Nature's voice is thine, and that thou art God, and thy spirit is unchanging forever and ever. Amen

# Dr. J. Dodge Warren.

For the last week each morning we have been in attendance on the levees of this celebrated and wonderful person. About seven o'clock each day may be seen the anxious crowd eagerly awaiting the opening of the door of entrance to Masonic Hall, this being the place where the sick, the af-flicted, and those who wish to investigate, or be healed, daily congregate. As soon as the door is opened a general rush is made for the front seats, as only those who are fortunate enough to reach this locality can receive treatment from the doctor upon that day. After the first rush is over the themselves in relating the extraordinary events of the previous day, and it is amusing to hear the different theories which are advanced by different parties as to what is the influence which produces the wonderful changes that seem to be effected in and upon those who pass beneath the doctor's hands. About nine o'clock the doctor makes his appearance. We were somewhat disappointed in his looks; we had expected to meet a little, shriveled, dried up, dull-ayed, grizzly-headed old man, who might be devoid of the satanic caudal ap-pendage, but who certainly would have hoofs, and smell of brimstone. But such was not the appearance of the gentleman, who at the appointed time made his entrance, and delivered an in-teresting, scientific and classical lecture upon his own peculiar style of the healing art, stating to the audience that he believed all he professed, and if they would favor him with their presence from if they would favor him with their presence from day to day, he would give them ample opportuni-ty of judging as to the merits of his peculiar style of healing; and we most certainly believe if there is a delusion in this new theory, the doctor is as much in the dark as any one. We cannot conmuch in the dark as any ore. We cannot con-ceive of any intention to defraud or deceive on his part, for he openly and publicly exposes each and every operation that is performed in the Public Hall, and upon the success of these rests his repuries; they are new, and, as yet, have not been subjected to that thorough criticism which an intelligent public will require. But this we do know, that some things have been done in Masonic Hall during last week which have excited the wonder, amazement and astonishment of the numerous addiences that have daily assembled. Some of the patients operated on had been in pain for years, and state that immediately, beneath the magic touch of this strange doctor, the pain would vanish. Headache, neuralgia, backache, and all the other aches, seemed to vanish as if by enchantment. Next comes a boy, who for years has walked upon crutches; in an instant he throws them down, and dashes away home with a heart full of joy to tell of the strange doctor and his stranger wonders. Next a man who for years has not heard; in a moment he informs the audience that he can hear his watch tick plain and distinct Next one with loss of sight, who testifies that he, too, is better; and so from the first to the last each patient, no uniter what the affliction, gives praise to the doctor. Many a time did we hear them say, "God bless the doctor!" and many were the tears of gratitude that those poor people shed What a strange world in this! So wags the world and so mote it be.—Pittsburg (Pa.) Leader, Nov. 11

#### LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES. PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WHEN IN THE BANKER

(To be useful, this just should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur Should perchance any name appear in the list of a party known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is intended for Lecturers only.

J. S. LOVELAND will answer calls to lecture, and will pay especial attention to the establishment of Children's Lyceums. Address, Banner of Light office, Boston.

Address, Banner of Light office, Boston.

X. Faark Whitz will speak in Battle Creek, Mich., Dec. 8, 10 and 11; in lew Witt, Dec. 8; if a Lyne, Dec. 8; in Milwankee, Wis, during January. Will snewer walls to lecture in the West Sundays and week evenings through the rest of the Winter. Apply immediately. Address as above.

MRS. AUGUSTA A. CURLER WIll lecture in Chicago. Ill., December, Will stay in the West through the winter, and answer calls to fecture before literary, political and spiritual societies. Address, box 615, Lowell, Mass., or as above.

AUSTRIC E. SIRKOUS WILL Speak in Woodstock, VI., on the first Sunday, in Bridgewater on the second Sunday, and in Rast Benday, in Bridgewater on the second Sunday, and in Rast Bethel on Spec Fourth Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address, Woodstock, VI.

CHARLES A. HAYDER will speak in Coveland, O.; during December; in Chicago, III., during January and Fabruary, in Riurga Mich., during April. Will make engagements to speak week-even-ings on the route of in the vicinity of Sunday obgaements. Address as above,

A. B. Whitting, of Michigan, will fecture in Contaville, Ky., during Rovember. Address till Dec. lat; 189 Madison street, Louisville, Ky.

Louisville, Ky.

N. S. Gerrstaar will speak in Haverhill during December;
in Plymouth, Feb. 11 and 18. Address as above, or Lowell,
Mass.

n Plymouth, Feb. 11 and 18 Auguste and Eikhart, Ind., during Miss Emma Housron will lecture in Eikhart, Ind., during hecember and January. Would be happy to make further December and January. A engagements in the West.

Mosts Hull west in Grand Rapids, Mich., during De-tember. Will answer calls to lecture the remainder of the winter,

WARREN CHASE will lecture in Ebblit Hall, New York,
Dec. 3 and 10, and will be in New York and Brooklyn the rest
of the month; his address will be at the Banner office, 276
Canal street; will speak in Washington, D. C., during Janusry; in Philadelphia during March, and spend next summer
in the West. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of
Light.

MER FARMER B. FELTON will speak in Chelsen, Dec. 3 and 0; in Lynn, Dec. 17 and 24. Will receive calls to lecture luring the winter. Address, South Malden, Mass. Miss Saran A. Nutt will speak in Woodstock, Vt., Dec. 10, 17 and 24; in Stafford Springs, Conn., during February. Address as above, or Claremont, N. II.

dress as above, or Claremont, N. H.

Mas. E. A. Bliss, of Springfield, Mass., will speak in Portland, Me., Dec. 17, 24 and 31; in Worcester, Mass., Jan: 7 and 14; in Haverhill during March. Address accordingly.

Mas. Cona L. V. Scott will speak in Washington, D. C., during lecember. Address, care of Dr. J. A. Rowland, Attorney General's office.

BENJAMIN TODD, normal speaker, will lecture in Charlastown during December: in Chelsea, Jan. 7 and 14; in Worcester, Jan. 21 and 28, and feb., 4 and 11; in Lowell, Feb. 18 and 28, and during April; in Washington, D. C., in March. He is ready to answer calls, to lecture in the New England and Middle States. Address as above, or care Bauner of Light office.

Mas. Rarah A. Brangs will lecture in Lynn. Dec. 2 and MR. SARAM A. BYRNES WIll lecture in Lynn, Dec. 3 and 10. Would like to make engagements for the winter and spring. Address, 57 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass. J. M. PERBLES, of Battle Creek, Mich., will lecture in Worcester, Dec. 3 and 10.

E. V. WILSON will speak in Memphis, Tenn., during De-MRS. MARY M. WOOD will speak in Lowell, Mass., during December; in Worcester during March. Will suswercalls to lecture in New England up to that time. Address as abovo.

MRS. STSIE A. HUTCHINSON WIll speak in Stafford Springs Conn., during December. Address as above, or 39 Grape itreet, Syracuse, N. Y. ALCINDA WILHELM, M. D., inspirational speaker, will lec-ture in Northern and Southern Missonri during December; in Kansas until the following spring. Address, care of James Thompson, box 1381, Davenport, Iowa, until further notice.

Mins Susin M. Johnson will speak in Portland, Me., Dec. and 10; in Worcester, Mass., Dec. 17, 24 and 31; in Haverbill I and 10; in Worcester, Mass., Dec. 11, 22 and 51; in Mayerinia during January.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend will speak in Foxboro', Dec. 2 and 10; in Worcester, Feb. 18 and 25; in Troy, N. Y., during March; in Philadelphia, Pa., during April.

Banson Me., from

W. K. RIPLET will speak and heal in Bangor, Me., from Dec. 2 to 18; in Plymouth, Mass., from Dec. 24 to Jan. 1; in Essex from Jan. 7 to 11. J. G. Fish will speak in Providence, R. I., during December and February; in Lowell, Mass., during January. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light. Address as

MRS. H. T. STEARNS will lecture in Rockland, Me., and vi-inity, during December. Permanent address, South Excter,

Me.
Mea. Sarah Helen Matthews will speak in Rutland, Vt.,
Dec. 3, and remain there a few days.
Mea. Arra M. Middledrock will lecture in Troy, N. Y.,
during December a J January. Will answer calls to lecture
week-evenings. Address as above, or box 178, Bridgeport, Ct.
Mes. F. M. Wolcott is engaged to speak half the time in
Panby, Vt. Will receive calls to speak in Vermont, New
Hampshire, or New York. Address as affect, or Rochester, Vt.
F. L. Wadsworts speaks every Sunday morning and svening in Sturgis, Mich., till further notice. Address accordingly.

lngly.

Dr. L. K. COOMET will answer calls to lecture in New
England, where the spiritual friends may desire, this fall and
winter, until further notice. Address, as soon as convenient,
Newburyport, Mass. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, and sell Spiritual and Reform Books. L. JUDD PARDER. Address, Somerset, Pa., or as above

H. MELVILLE FAT is open to receive engagements to lecture in the New England States any of the Sabbaths of the coming winter, before spiritual societies, on the facts and philosophy of modern Spiritualism, and reforms of the day. Address, Boston, Mass.

C. O. Blake, of New York City, will answer calls to lecture in different parts of the West upon Greens and Roman Spirit-ualism, as compared with modern. Address, until further no-tice, Dahlonega, Wapello Co., Iowa. JOS. J. HATLINGER, M. D., inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture in the West, Sundays and week evenings, the coming winter. Address, 25 Court street, New Haven,

W. A. D. HUME, Cleveland, O. Dr. B. M. LAWRENCE will answer calls to lecture. Address, 12 Lincoln street, Boston, Mass.

MRS. SUSAN E. SLIOHT, trance speaking and singing medium, will answer calls to lecture wherever the friends may desire. Address, Portland, Me. A. C. Robinson, 18 Hathorne street, Salem, Mass., will answer calls to lecture.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS can be addressed, as usual, at 274 Canal street, New York. Miss Lizzin Dorga, will make no engagements to lecture until further notice. Her many correspondents will note the above announcement. Aduress, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass. REV. ADIN BALLOU, Hopedale, Mass.

MRS. LAURA DE FORCE GORDON, Houlton, Mc., care of C. S. Gilman, Esq.
MRS. LAURA CUPPY'S address is San Francisco, Cal. HENRY C. WRIGHT will answer calls to lecture. Address els Marsh, Boston.

Miss Jenkert J. Clark, trance speaker, will answer calls, when properly made, to lecture on Sundays in any of the towns in Connecticut. Will also attend funerals. Address, Fair Haven, Conn. faven, Conn. Gronog A. Peirce, Auburn, Me., will answer calls to speak ipon the Sabbath. week-day evenings, and to attend funerals.

MRS. MARY LOUISA SMITH, trance speaker, Toledo, O.
LOIS WAISBROOKER can be addressed at Laona, Chatauque
Co., N. Y.

MRS. A. P. BROWN, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt. MR. and Mrs. J. Madison Allen, Rockland, Me. Bass P. GERENLEAP will make engagements in Maine, Massachusetts, or elsewhere, for the fall and winter lecturing season. Address, Exeter Mills, Me.

DR. JAMES COOPER, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, will take sub-criptions for the Banner of Light, as usual. MRS. SARAH M. THOMPSON, inspirational speaker, 38 Bank street, Cleveland, O.

J. H. W. TOOHEY, Potsdam, N. Y.

MRS. SOPRIA L. CMAPPEL will answer calls to lecture.
Address, Forestport, Unelda Co., N. Y., care of Horace Farey, Esq. MRS. M. L. FRENCE, inspirational medium, will answercalls to lecture or attend circles. Free Circles Wednesday evenings. Address, Washington Village, South Boston.

MRS. E. K. LADD, No. 140 Court street, will answer calls to MRS. FANNIE DAVIS SMITH, Milford, Mass.

LEO MILLER, Davenport, Iowa.

M. II. Hogonrous will answer calls to lecture in any of the Eastern or Middle States the remaining fall and coming winter months; will also answer calls to speak week evenings and attend funerals. Friends wishing his services are requested to apply immediately. Address, West Parls, Mu., care Col. M. Houghton.

DEAR CLARK, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to ecture. Address, Rutland, Vt., P. O. Bux 110. E. S. WHEELER, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to MRS, N. K. ANDROSS, Makanda, Jackson Co., Ill.

MISS B. C. PELTON, Woodstock, Vt.

Miss B. C. PELTOR, WOODSOCE, v. .
Mrs. M. E. B. Sawyer will answer calls to lecture during
October. Address for the present, lisidwinsville, Mass. Mas. N. J. Willis, trance speaker, Boston, Mass. W. F. JAMIESOE, inspirational speaker, Decatur, Mich.

W. F. JAMIESON, Inspiration also peaker, Decatur, Mich.
MES. S. A. Hortow, Butland, Vt.
EMMA HARDIKOE. Persons desiring information of her
whereabouts can obtain it by inquiry of Mrs. E. J. French, 8
Fourth avenue, New York. Those who have occasion to write
to her can address letters to Mrs. Hardinge, care of Mrs. Gilbert Wilkinson, 286 Cheetham Hill, Manchester, England.

bert Wilkinson, 200 Oncement still, mencheser, 2. ingrand Mas. Dr. D. A. Gallion will answer calls to lecture, under spirit control, upon diseases and their causes, and other subjects. Address Dr. J. Gaillon, Healing Institute, Kockuk, Iowa, DR. P. L. II. and LOVE M. WILLIS. Address, 192 West 27th street, New York.

MRS. H. P. M. BROWE may be addressed at Chicago, Ill. Miss Lizzig Carley would like to make engagements for the late fall and winter months with the triends in New York and Pennsylvania. Address, Ypsilanti, Mich.

MRS. P. O. HYZER, 60 South Green street, Baltimore, Md. MRS. ELIZABETH MARQUAND, inspirational and trance peaker, 87 Wainut street, Newark, N. J., will answer calls to

ELIJAH R. SWACKHAMER will answer calls to lecture on Communitary Life, the Commonwealth of the New Dispensa-tion, Spiritualism, and kindred subjects. Address, 97 Walnut street, Newark, N. J. Miss Sorbia Kendrick, trancs speaker, will answer calls to locture Sundays, week evenings, or attend funerals. Address, Lebanon, N. II.

BRLAH VAN SICKLE, Maple Rapids, Mich., will answer calls o lecture in that vicinity.

H. B. STORER, Brooklyn, N. T. Mas. M. A. C. BROWN, West Brattleboro' Vt. ELIJAH WOODWORTH, inspirational speaker. Address, Les-lle, Ingham Co., Mich.

DR. JAMES MORRISON, lecturer, McHenry, III. MRS. LYDIA ANN PRARSALL, Inspirational speaker, Disco.

MRS. LOVINA HEATH, trance speaker, Lockport. N. Y. MRS. MART J. WILCONSON, Hammonton, Atlantic Co., M. J.

MISS MARTEA S. STUETEVANT, trance speaker, 73 Warren ilroet, Boston. O. Augusta Fires, trance speaker, box 1835, Chicago, Ill. MRS. FRANCES T. YOUNG, trance speaking medium, No. 12 Avon place, Boston, Mass.

ALBERT E. CARPERTER Will answer calls to lecture. Address, Pulmen, Cont. Miss Belle Scougall, inspirational speaker, Rockford, Ill. J. L. POTTER, trance speaker, will make angagements through the West to speak where the friends may desire. Address, Uedar Falls, Iowa, box 179, until further notice.

Ina H. Oviris speaks upon questions of government. Address, Hartford, Conn.

MRS. C. M. STOWE will answer calls to lecture in the Pacific States and Territories. Address, San José, Cal.
G. W. Ricz, trance speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture. Address, Brodhead, Orean County, Wis.
GEORGE F. KITTEIDGE will answer calls to attend public circles, and lecture on Sundays, in Northern Michigan, Address, Orand Rapids, box 672.