

NO. 22.

THE COMING CONFLICT.

[Phonographically reported for the Banner of Light, by
J. M. W. Yerrinton.]

It is true that it sounds strange, in this day of enlightenment, of Christianity, of liberal sentiment and free thought, to say that there is a religious war about to dawn upon this nation. It is true that it sounds strange, beneath a Government whose very foundation is that of religious freedom, and in the presence of a society and people who are accustomed to the utmost liberty of thought, and it may sound strange from one who for years fought the demon of intolerance, and who know what it meant to suffer the persecutions of bigotry and the scorn of hypocritical and false religionists, to talk of a religious war; but strange as it may sound, it is nevertheless true, and we will point you to those indications which we just referred, that distinctly show the drifting tide of events which will sooner or later bring a war between Truth and Error once again. For be it known, that never on the earth will Error have a foothold, shall Truth cease to combat her. Never, while Error has strength and fancied power, will there cease to be war; never, while there is political corruption, will there cease to be civil war; and never, while there is religious corruption, will there cease to be religious war. It is a mistake to suppose that the days of religious persecution are over, and that because, for a few years, a Government has existed that has not, to the slightest degree, encouraged religious intolerance, it always will be so; and it is a mistake to suppose that the old demon of a past conservatism and theology will willingly expire with one last attempt to overrule the dawning enlightenment and free thought of to-day.

"But," says one, "it is astonishing that you w

The fact which more distinctly portends the coming conflict is this: that never until to-day was there a distinct dividing line of religion in this country; never until to-day was there so great and powerful an array on both sides; and never was there such a culmination of all that was to bring about this event. It will come, in the first place, through political excuses. You will find, in all populous cities, and in the reconstructed governments of the South, those parties who sympathize with what they are pleased to call "conservatism." Thus far in the analysis of the world, we have found it to mean tyranny, despotism, the usurpation of human rights in every form, under the guise of conservatism, which do not wish to rush speedily and too rapidly in freedom. Thus is truth excluded by this whole class of counselors—because they wish to be conservative. Thus has freedom to a large class

This is the same kind of conservatism which was so palpably manifested in a renowned general, who presided over our army during two years of the war, and so magnificently arranged his forces that they were nearly all lost or destroyed. This same general is now hand-in-glove with the Pope of Rome, and making mysterious visits thither—for what? And certain other defeated officers in the Union army, who were defeated in their ambitious designs of doing us wrong against the Southern Confederacy, are now waiting for the hour to come when they shall go hand-in-glove with these returning rebels politically, when they shall be admitted to Congress; when, having been admitted, some one of them shall be nominated for the Presidency, and these men gain political power and supremacy in this land. Do any one doubt that this is their scheme? They watch all the operations of the Government, and see where it tends, even without the intention of the Executive that it shall be so—though we very much doubt whether it is not the intention of the Executive. The tendency is toward the admission of the Southern members to Congress, and once admitted, they will join with the Democratic party in the North, which has seemed, only a few days ago, to be sleeping; and this party, representing the conservative element of the people, united with these returning traitors, will become a power in the Government, as they were before the war, and, except

To-day Europe is disenthralled in degree; but still there is France, wedded now to Roman Catholicism, and Austria, which, having an auxiliary in Mexico under Maximilian, will seek, also, to retain that form of religion here. Then we have Russia, free politically, religiously enslaved. Then we have good, conservative, Episcopal England, that has but very little religion, but what it has must be according to the established forms and custom. These influences taken together, with the power which Roman Catholicism is gaining to-day in this country, will surely bring about the result which we have foretold. Emancipations are abundant. Every house, every place of worship, every institution of free thinkers, of Protestant every freetholder in the land is a scene where these emissaries are watching your movements. Do you doubt it? Then you are blind; then you have no thought; then your wits are forsaking you; for it is most surely true—and we do not care who hears, we know it is true. And it is most surely true that not a word is uttered by your free thinkers, where there are any members of the Church, that is not transmitted at once to the heads of the Roman Catholic Church, and, finally, to those in power, that they may govern their return actions by it. Let them go on, and let them find that you are in earnest and sincere; that you hate despotism, under whatever guise or form

Then another thing is to be considered. We despise the doing of right as a matter of policy; but it is well enough to tell you what is right, and point out the way in which it will benefit you. In that hour you may have need of the aid of the freedmen (so-called) of the South, who, having been just released from bondage, and groaning under the wrongs, persecutions and cruelties that are inflicted upon them, and suffering all kinds of tortures, need but the education of free men (such as they have the hearts, souls and minds of free men already) to fit them for allies in that conflict which is to come. And it will not be you who will come for a favor upon them; but in that day, perchance as it has been in the late war, it will be their hands that shall save you from falling and perishing. (Applause.) But we do not offer this as a bribe. We scorn to give you an inducement to do right, when to do right should be the only motive. Why, there are classes, and infinite numbers of them, of good men, honest men, well-meaning men, who, when they are told of right, are not prepared to receive it. They say, "It will never do; we must not speak these things to-day. Why, it is exciting; it is incendiary. What will the Roman Catholics do?" We speak the truth, if

is not true, it cannot offend them. If it is true, why, then, it should be spoken. If our words are false, let them fall to the ground harmless and impotent; but if they are true, then you will see that the end shall fulfill what we have said in the beginning. There is not an intelligent member of the Papal Church, there is not one who is under the control of that ecclesiastical power, who does not know that it is the darling intention, the pet scheme and hope of the Papal power one day to preside in this country. There is not one who does not know, indeed, that it was as a direct step to that end that the war was made upon Mexico, and Maximilian placed upon the throne. The Emperor of the French made peace with the Pope of Rome in that way—under the promise that at some future day, perchance, all of America should be under his control. You well remember that at the time when Rome was threatened, and it was supposed that the liberal army in Italy, under the leadership of glorious Garibaldi, would gain sufficient power at last to conquer the Papal party, there was talk of the Pope's taking refuge in this country. It was but a ruse. The scheme was nipped in the bud, because the time was not ripe for it. They hope that the time will come when, under some pretext or other, or, indeed, openly, through Mexico, through France, through Austria, through the assistance of conservatives here, who shall obtain control of the Government through those agencies that the Roman Catholic Church knows so well how to employ, the Pope shall finally have his temporal kingdom in this country, dedicated to freedom, enlightenment and justice. We know that it will fail; but it will fail after a long and bloody conflict. It will fail after your homes, perhaps, have been desolated; after your streets have been the scenes of bloodshed and confusion, in comparison with which the riot in New York was nothing. After you shall have been called upon to defend, inch by inch, the altars and shrines dedicated to your religion; after your politicians have been purged and purified of their damning heresies; after all this corruption and conservatism shall have been swept away through fire and blood, you shall then learn what it means to worship God in freedom and in peace; and you who have breathed words of scorn heretofore against those who have fought for freedom, you who have heaped social ignominy upon those who have dared to differ from you in action, you who have sought to ostracize them socially, morally and politically, you who have made them bite the dust, and have caused many a wounded spirit to slink to an untimely grave, because of the shafts of slander and malice hurled against him, you shall then learn what it is to fight against tyranny and despotism. Oh, if bigotry, superstition, malice, revenge, love of power, ambition—if these be the things that men call conservatism, let us unveil them, tear off their masks, show what the serpents are, and warn you accordingly. Behind the fawning smile, behind the face that is smooth, behind the public sycophant who fawns upon you, you will see the hidden intention, the deliberate plot to carry out these designs.

No member of any Church that is bound to tyranny and bigotry can serve God and humanity well. We know no Church that can ultimately prevail save that one which has no higher creed than love of humanity, which knows no other worship than that of the God of Truth, and recognizes no other living God than he who loves and blesses all his children; and if men shall still enfold themselves in bitterness and tyranny—if each shall seek to tyrannize over the other—if they shall still strive, through bloodshed and ruin, to gain supremacy—if one wrong shall be inflicted, if one man shall be betrayed and oppressed, why, then it is cause enough that justice and infinite retribution shall attend the nation or the people that witnesses and does not fight against these things. Beware of it in time! Be strong, and brave, and true! Tell earnestly with tongue and pen, and when the hour shall come when Tyranny shall strike, when Truth and Error shall meet once more in conflict, when the serpent who has bound the nations in past ages shall finally start from his long lethargy, and seek with his venom to sting you to death, let there be no laggards; let there be none, indeed, who shall not say, "Here our fathers fought for justice and freedom; and though the heavens fall, and the earth pass away, and all governments and all men perish, we will have no other laws than those of Truth and Justice forevermore." Rather let every temple that has been erected by your careful hands crumble to the ground, rather let every creed be torn asunder, rather let every church fall, and its spire be ground to ashes, than that one human soul shall be enslaved, or the chains of Tyranny be placed upon one living being. (Applause.) Rather let your nation, your Government itself sink into oblivion, than lend the aid of its influence, money, or power to the oppression of a single human being, or to the restoration of a power that shall finally seek to override human rights. Rather let there be no councils, no cabinets, no national assemblies, but riot and ruin prevail, to the end that justice may be done to all men, and that the souls of all may be free to worship God in their own way. Take heed, therefore, and be warned in time! Let there be no feeble, faltering tongues; let there be no weak and nervous hands; let there be no faint hearts; let there be no doubtful souls among you! Have Truth as your guiding star, and without hatred or malice, walk through all things—through pain, or fire, or death—so that you shall do no man wrong, but shall seek ever to do the right; and then that peace that is born of pain, that truth which is the child of heaven, shall bless you with their light, while the benediction of the most Holy Spirit shall be upon you and yours, and the baptism of that living soul which dwells forever in infinite peace shall abide with you now and forevermore. Amen.

Written for the Banner of Light.

APART.

BY EMMA TUTTLE,
Author of "Jazelle."

Each day has seemed a year to me,
So sad my loneliness;
I half forget the kind hearts left,
So deep is my distress.
A year ago to-day! How fair
You looked that autumn morn!
I watched you down and up the hill,
And past the field of corn.

The road was hidden then from view,
My eyes were full of tears;
But little, darling, did I think
They would be full for years!
Four months, I said, will soon go by,
And then she will return.
Three months went by, and on her grave
We placed a marble urn!

"You young rascal," said the old gentleman to the rash little boy in the street, "if that cab had run over you where would you have been then?" and the boy answered, "Up behind, a-takin' of his number!"

Children's Department.

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

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearths, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we improve
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(LIONEL HEWITT.)

(Original.)

VIRGINIA PERKINS.

CHAPTER XII.

Faithful Love.

When Milly found that her little lamb had forsaken the fold that she wished to guard so tenderly, she was full of anxiety and excitement. She did not know what course to take, but ran about the house, and up the hill, her arms away to and fro, and an anxious fear shadowing her eyes. For herself she had sometimes felt the dread of being sold, and she had known the wearisome, anxious waiting for the return of her husband, who was said to have gone on a trusted mission, but who never returned. She had also folded one beloved baby in her arms, and rocked it to sleep, and tended its first years as only a mother's love could teach her; and then she had seen it put off its babyhood, and in her eyes assume the loveliness of youth, and then lie down and die, because of a cruel wrong done to it in her very presence. But all these anxieties and sorrows, deep as they were, and hard to be borne, had been lessened because she had always taught herself to expect them, and to feel that they belonged to her life. But this anxiety for Virginia was so unlooked for, and seemed so unnecessary, that she felt the whole responsibility of it. It was something that she ought to have prevented, she thought, and so she reproached herself for neglect. Why did she sleep so soundly? Why did she not listen at Virginia's door when she awakened in the night? Why did she go to bed at all? These reproaches and many more rushed through her mind, until it seemed to her she had no reason left. Her head whirled, and she ran hither and thither, without gaining anything, and losing much time.

At last, heated and weary, she sat down in the spot where she had last seen her darling, and, covering her face with her hands, wept most pitifully. It soothed and quieted her, and she looked up to the clear sky, and exclaimed:

"I do 'clare, Milly like de clouds, running here an' dere, an' doin' nuffin', when dere be de sun jes' as bright an' clear all de time. So dere be de Lord, who knows everyting, knowin' all de time what Milly want to find out; and Milly neber tink to ask him to tell her."

Saying this, she knelt down, and lifted her face up to the sky, and poured out such a petition as only a heart of faith can offer; over and over again she entreated to be led right.

"Take me by de right han', by de right han', oh Lord!" she asked over and over again. Then there came to her a sweet peace, as if a voice of power had spoken to her, and told all she wished. She rose calmly, went to Virginia's room, and gathered some little articles of clothing that she thought she might need, and tying them up in a little bundle, she left the house. Not one selfish fear governed her. Not one thought of her own safety came to her. She only fixed her mind on that one purpose, to find and care for her darling. Nothing could have stopped her now, and no fear would have made her change her purpose.

As if some hand were indeed leading her, she went directly to the little cabin where Virginia had slept. As soon as she entered, she saw the simple wild flower lying on the floor. She picked it up as gently as if it had a heart to feel, and put it in her bosom. Then she traced the other signs of Virginia's night's rest under that humble roof. A glow of delight took the place of the anxious fears, for it seemed to her that now she held a cord to her darling by which she should be led to her. But as soon as she left the little cabin and the few traces of her there, she was in doubt which way to turn. She became bewildered again by her anxieties, and forgot to trust to that gentle influence which led her so directly to the little cabin. Therefore she decided to go and consult with Jo and Ann.

It was past noon when she reached their cabin, and was surprised to see them sitting in its doorway, under the shade of a Black Jack—a kind of oak with very glossy leaves. They were evidently enjoying a rest quite unusual, but expressed no surprise on seeing Milly; for they seemed to think that she was at liberty for the same reason that they were. Jo hastily told of the rumors of a great battle. A messenger had been sent from Morris's, who was severely wounded, and in the confusion there was no one to order the work, and they took a ready advantage of the time.

Milly for a moment forgot her anxieties, as she listened to the dread tale of bloodshed. She lifted her hands up to the clear sky, as if in thankful joy, but she bent her head quickly at the thought of all that had been passing. She thought she saw in this first struggle the whole of the bitter contest that she had been praying for. She did not ask who was victorious, for she was sure of the results. In the quiet of the nights, as she sometimes lay thinking of her Lord that was so full of love toward all, and of the great misery that rested on so many of his children, her eye had caught a glimpse of a beautiful picture, and she seemed to see herself and her brethren walking in a green pasture beside the still water, and she knew by this that they would not always be slaves. For this reason a prayer of thanksgiving went up from her heart that the time was so near.

"Bress de Lord," said she; "now I see de glory, an' dere be de green fields of de great Jerusalem, for sure, a-comin' down, an' you, an' I, an' all of us will sit down close by de river ob de Lord, an' den we sing de song of thanksgiving. Glory Hallelulah!"

Milly here threw up her arms in an ecstasy, and her body shook with excitement. This she called "the power," and because it came upon her at camp meetings, she was considered quite a favored individual, and her presence was much sought to encourage young converts, and to start that feverish excitement that was called religion. But in her present ecstasy the little flower dropped from her bosom. In a moment she was quiet, and the look of fear came over her face again. Her story was soon told, and she had now companions to her fears.

Jo and Ann had many conjectures about Virginia. Jo insisted that she had been stolen when searching for flowers or berries; and he told of many cases similar, where friendless girls and boys had been taken. But Ann's woman's heart read better. She told what she had heard Virginia say about Milly, and only a short time before she had asked her if Milly could not reach the North in safety. Therefore she was sure that Virginia had some motive of love and kindness in going, and she believed it to be to leave Milly at liberty. But the three were agreed about one thing: they determined to start in search of her, and to waste no time. Jo declared he would be his

own master now, and that he was not afraid of anybody now master Morris was unable to touch him. They decided to wait until the heat of the day was over, and then to start in search of their lost darling; for Jo and Ann loved her almost as well as Milly.

Milly again took counsel of heaven, and begged the Lord to put a white flower right in their track when they were going right, and Jo cried Amen. But Ann remembered the beautiful faces that Virginia had described as about her path, and she in her heart besought the angels to guide them and give them signs as they did to the children of Israel.

A terrible battle had been fought, and the news of it went forth over the land like a mighty tornado, filling all hearts with anxious forebodings. There had been no fear in talking of war and its desolation, but now that it had come with its record of blood everybody trembled.

Hugh had been in the thickest of the fight, and had shown himself full of courage and daring. His eye was keen and his movements quick, and he had been promoted on the field to take a post of danger. The burning sun scorched his face, but he knew it not; the hot blood rushed through his veins, but he was unconscious of it. The bullets that whizzed by him became like music to him, and the cannon ball was no more than the India rubber ball of his games. He felt himself a hero, and that his dream of ambition was beginning to be realized. But a shot came at last too near. He was severely wounded, and Morris felt dead by his side. How long he lay he did not know, but at last he became conscious under the shade of a clump of pines, where his wounds were being dressed. All his glory had departed; his dreams of ambition had vanished. A terrible nightmare of suffering seemed upon him. It was the first time that he had ever borne any severe pain. He did not know that he was capable of such suffering. He was too proud to complain, and so he set his teeth firmly together and endured.

After awhile he could think, and he began to feel as if intense wishes were throbbing through him. He did not care for fame or honor now. He wanted a gentle touch on his brow, he longed for a smile of love, and yet the same selfishness that had always governed him, governed him still. He wanted to be comforted and soothed, and did not think of the pain he might give others.

Virginia's face sometimes seemed looking down upon him from between the gleams of light. In some hush of sounds about him he fancied her voice spoke out. If she was only here, he thought, she would watch by me, she would bathe my brow, she would talk to me, she would not say she was tired, or forget me. "Oh Virginia, Virginia,"

And Virginia, with her tender heart, had felt far away these wishes, and they seemed to be the power that carried her away from her home, though in her heart she felt it to be her love for Milly. And in her safe retreat that Sambo watched over, there seemed to be a strong cord drawing her, so that she grew very restless. The hours seemed long, and before the end of the first day it seemed to her that she had been a week there. As soon as it was twilight Sambo crept up among the shadows and spoke to her.

"I can't stay here any longer," said she; "I feel just as if some one had put wings on my shoulders, and they were continually flapping against the walls. I want to fly, and I must go, if it is no use."

"Well, dis gemman's agreeable to all dat," said Sambo, who felt the honor of conducting a young lady through the country, "but as I tells you, it'd be much safer to wait. But dat sign of de wings takes me down mighty smart, for it jes' beign of de angel, an' it mean dat you mus' foller whar it say. Do be sure, for I feel it. When ye want to do a ting so mighty bad dat you mus' fly, den do it, if it do n't seem de bes'. Me start jes' after de house be shut up, and all be asleep."

Virginia tried to sleep until she heard the bushes shake near her dwelling, and then she roused herself and with Sambo started on her journey. It was a cloudy night, and silently she followed the steps of her guide, with a feeling of thankfulness that she had escaped so many dangers and was at last free.

But whether was she going, she asked herself? What was calling her? Was it the voice of goodness and beauty? She began to feel that great wish, which, when it becomes strong enough, is sure to bring goodness. It was the wish to do the very best, to go where it was best to go. She remembered a prayer Milly had taught her, and which she only half understood. But now she kept repeating to herself, "Thy will be done," and she felt sure that some power would take care of her.

She followed Sambo's steps trustfully. Occasionally he would say a few words to her, but he assumed an appearance of great importance.

"Please, missus, call me Sammy, in de future," said he, at one time, "de gemman hab dat name, and Sammy sound like livin' in de district wid a horse to ride an' plenty ob money."

Virginia fulfilled every wish of her guide, and they walked together through the dusky paths with loving faith in each other, and the power that was leading them to some good and blessing to themselves or others.

[To be continued in our next.]

To Correspondents.

DELPHINE, NASHUA, N. H.—Many thanks for your words. The aspirations of the spirit are the signs of its growth. As it reaches toward the higher and purer, it feels unanswered longings sometimes akin to pain; but through these the higher and purer are reached. But let us all remember that no growth is permanent but that which leads to a life full of loving deeds. There is a law of the spirit that permits those that are spiritually related to recognize each other, and to feel each other's thoughts, although far distant. By this law you may be sure to be richly blessed.

Truly your friend,
LOVE M. WILLIS.

POOR ECONOMY.

"Many a man, for love of pelf,
To stuff his coffers, starves himself;
Labors, accumulates and spares,
To lay up ruin for his heirs;
Grudges the poor their scanty dole;
Saves everything—except his soul!"

Coleridge, in one of the most beautiful of similes, illustrates the pregnant truth—that the more we know, the greater is our thirst for knowledge, and the more we love, the more instinctive our sympathy: "The water lily, in the midst of waters, opens its leaves and expands its petals, at the first pattering of the shower; and rejoices in the rain drops with a quicker sympathy than the parched shrub in the sandy desert."

ADVANTAGES OF BEAUTY.—According to the Bangor Whig, a member of the Penobscot bar claims, in a motion for a new trial, "That the verdict was against law and the weight of evidence, and that the jury were unduly influenced by the great personal beauty of the female plaintiff."

Translation
FROM "L'UNION SPIRITUELLE," OF DEC.
15TH, FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

BY E. M.

Almost all the journals of Paris and its departments are eager to insert the following recital, published for the first time, we believe, by the Gazette of France:

"They await at Paris the approaching arrival of a young girl originally from 'La Loubie,' whose mental state presents some phenomena which leave far behind the juggleries of the Brothers Davenport and other pretended spirits. Aged about sixteen years, Louise B.—lived at home with her parents, who were farmers, at a place called La Boudrie, where they established themselves after quitting Germany. In consequence of a violent grief caused by the death of a dearly loved sister, Louise fell into a lethargic sleep which continued fifty-six hours, from which she awoke not in her real and normal condition, but to a strange existence in which the following phenomena are included. She suddenly lost her vivacity and gaiety in taking possession of a sort of beatitude which allots itself to a most profound calmness. She remains immovable in her chair, and responds when addressed only by monosyllables. When evening comes she falls into a cataleptic state, characterized by rigidity of the limbs and fixed vision. At this moment the faculties and senses of this young girl acquire a sensibility and capacity which surpass the limits assigned to human power. She possesses not only the gift of second sight, but of second hearing; that is to say, she not only hears the words spoken near her, but those uttered afar off, toward which she concentrates her attention. In her hands each object takes a double image. She not only sees the natural form of it, but she sees, also, distinctly, the representation of its interior, the totality of its properties and the uses to which it is destined in the order of creation. From a quantity of plants and metallic and mineral specimens submitted to her unconscious investigation, she has spoken of latent and unexplored virtues which carry the thought back to the discoveries of the alchemists of the middle ages.

The young peasant pretends that, under all the modifications of vital, exterior action, the corporeal form remains integrally reproduced by the nervous fluid. Transported into burial-grounds, Louise sees and describes so that we come into rapport with the persons whose ashes have been confided to its earth. She then experiences spasms and nervous contractions, and the same, also, when she approaches places where metals and water exist, no matter at what depth of soil below her. When she passes from the ordinary life to this mode of life which we may call superior, it seems to her that a thick veil falls from her eyes. Creation, enlightened by this new light, becomes the object of her boundless admiration; and, although illiterate, she finds to express her enthusiasm comparisons and images truly poetical. No religious preoccupation mixes itself in her impressions. Her parents, far from finding in these strange phenomena a subject of speculation or profit, hide them with the greatest care. They have decided to bring her to Paris, because this constant new excitement of the nervous system exercises upon the organs a destructive influence, so that her outward sight is in danger; and physicians who have seen have advised to take her to the capital, not only that she have the care of masters in the healing art, but to submit to science facts surpassing the ordinary circle of its investigation, of which the explanation is not yet found."

"And this," says the editor, "in the nineteenth century! In the year of grace, 1865, this avowal is announced, 'that science has not yet found an explanation of these facts!' Science! official science it is which has put a bandage over its eyes, and stopped its ears that it may not see or hear the innumerable facts of somnambulism, magnetism and ecstasy which have been submitted to them; and when they so multiply, crowding their facts from all parts, science hardly owns 'that their explanation has not been found!' And know you why," he asks, "these 'masters of the healing art' remain powerless before these phenomena? Know you why they refuse to study them? It is because they belong to the materialistic school, because they see in men only the body and the material faculties produced by his organism; and each time that a phenomenon presents itself, where shine from all parts the unexplored faculties of this soul which they deny, they close their eyes, fearing they may be convinced, and exclaim: 'Fede retro animae!' as the Catholic clergy exclaim: 'Fede retro Satanæ!' when a fact of this kind produces itself outside the pale of the Church. But Spiritism is the study of the soul and its faculties, and, happily, outside of the official savants who would rest amidst the brilliant incoming light of this nineteenth century, there are a great many of seekers who labor in silence and observe without discouragement, at the price of watchings and fatigue, often ingratitude and misery, the science of progress, the science of the future.

To those we would say: The crisis which has plunged Louise B.—in the cataleptic state is from the violent commotion caused in the perispiritual fluids by the grief for the death of her sister. This marvelous faculty that is seen now, she possessed from her infancy in a latent state, and it was necessary that some such event should take place, which, in breaking a part of the fluidities by which the soul is attached to the body, permits the former to so disengage itself from the latter that it enjoys, in part, the inherent faculties of a free soul. Thus explains itself second sight and hearing; and the penetration into the properties of matter, the composition of plants and minerals, submitted to her investigation. Her soul also communicates with the souls of others with whom she comes in rapport. She sees at the same time the body, the soul and its semi-material envelope that Spiritism calls perispirit. It is this nervous fluid, this semi-material form, which remains the same while the body undergoes modifications; it is this which causes her to see the limbs which do not outwardly exist, and physical beauties that the ravages of disease have caused to disappear from the corporeal body.

Again, this uneducated girl expresses herself in 'comparisons and images truly poetic.' She seems, also, to have a perfect knowledge of mineralogy and chemistry, to analyze the objects submitted to her. Of all the phenomena this certainly is not the least astonishing. And," continues the editor, M. Bez, "it is necessary to conclude that the soul separated from the body possesses all science? No, certainly; but Spiritism, in establishing in an irrefutable manner the law of reincarnation, draws us from this embarrassment, because the soul now present in the body of Louise B.—may have animated, in another existence, that of a savant to whom all these things were familiar, and the knowledge acquired in an anterior life forced to remain latent when the soul is riveted to the body, reforms yet its former position and habits, and enjoys its intrinsic life. (This is a paragraph for Mr. Laeoz to take up and explain, according to our ideas of the temporary possession of another spirit while her spirit was ab-

sent from her body.) 'No religious preoccupation mixed itself with these impressions,' says the Gazette of France. That is truly a pity, because if this astonishing faculty reported itself upon religious principles, they would have made her a saint or a sorceress; but now they may content themselves by making her a lunatic and shutting her up in an asylum. Whatever may be done, we will do all that is possible to keep our readers informed of the discoveries of science and of the verdict she will in the end pronounce."

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

NUMBER THREE.

BY F. T. LANE.

Can spirits pass through material substances? Media usually answer in the affirmative. We know of but one who has publicly declared in the negative, and that person is A. J. Davis. But mediumistic testimony, either pro or con, must be corroborated by natural law. Science offers no testimony, inductive or deductive, in favor of the affirmative. If spirits have discovered any new law, they can point out some analogy to confirm it, for spirit-life is but a reproduction of earth-life on a higher scale; the same fundamental principles underlie both, and in no case is a natural law abrogated. It is an axiom of philosophy, that no two substances can occupy the same place, at the same time. Therefore, a spirit-body cannot pass through a wall, without displacing the particles. This is admitted; but it is claimed that the particles are restored. How shall we determine this claim? I answer, by the senses. Why? Because physical sight and hearing are to the material realm what clairvoyance and clairaudience are to the spiritual realm. The senses are trustworthy in the sphere to which they are directly related. Spiritual gifts are not substitutes for but SUPPLEMENTARY to the senses, the spiritual beginning where the sensuous terminates. The testimony of the sensuous and spiritual functions is always in harmony. All apparent conflict is caused by the irrelevant use of the sensuous or spiritual faculties. Now, supposing a spirit proposes to displace the particles of a door? Clairvoyance would determine the movements of the spirit-body, and some one or more of the senses would cognize any disturbance of the particles of the door. Supposing the displacement and restoration were so rapid as to elude the sight, then the violence of the concussion would certainly reach the ear; or, if the process was so gradual as to produce no audible sound, then the eye could certainly detect the change. So far as the door is concerned, the testimony of the senses would be entirely trustworthy, therefore it would not be a difficult matter to decide the point at issue.

The spirit-body is an organized form, combining many chemical constituents, and it is manifestly absurd to claim that it could be FILTERED through a door, like a simple, volatile fluid, and maintain its organic condition.

It has been said that spirits pass through walls, as thoughts pass through the air; but this inference is wholly unwarrantable. The science of acoustics explains how we may communicate our thoughts through a wall to another person, but we do not infer from that fact that we can go through ourselves; so, a spirit's thoughts may be transmitted through the same wall, but it does not follow that the mechanism producing that thought can be transmitted in the same way. All matter is either porous, vibratory, or electric, and hence is the medium of numberless influences or forces. A spiritual or material organism may generate and transmit its influences through a wall without displacing the particles, but the organism, in passing, would produce a rupture, cognizant to the senses; hence it is in the power of any person, competent, to decide the question, Can spirits pass through material substances?

HEART LEAVES.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

NUMBER TWELVE.

"A Chorus of Angels."

Once upon a time a man of large heart and noble charity, who had succeeded in rescuing a lost one from the haunts of degradation, was speaking of the trials through which he passed in accomplishing that work of love. "It was a hard place," said he, "but I shrank not, and when it was over, a chorus of angels would have been discord to the music that was singing in my soul; and to-night I can say the same."

Angels of light, my soul leaps with joy as I clasp your loving hands and ask, What am I, that I should be made the agent of loved ones gone before, in the mission of love and justice? Music singing in my soul! Oh, these singing birds of harmonic rhythm! birds that are caged till the sharp, grating file of affliction rasps away the bars behind which they sit in silence, and then, with quivering wing and open throat, they pour forth such volumes of ecstasy, that we ask, where is the place of sorrow, and whither hath she fled?

"Through tribulation deep, the way to glory lies," but when we reach the glory, we forget the tribulation, or remember it only with the exceeding thankfulness that wonders at being honored with the draught of purification that alone could fit us for joys so heavenly.

Blessed mission! mediums, mediators between those in the form and those who have left it; bearing the cross—wearing the thorns—drinking the wormwood and the gall—tonics for the soul, making it vigorously erect; bear the exceeding weight of glory that shall come after. Blessed mission to sustain the weak, to lift up the fallen, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to have the desire to do this, trusting the angels for the means and the opportunity, having respect unto the "recompense of reward," that comes welling up from the innermost soul-depths, saying, "They are saved, they are saved." Thanks, oh ye angels! ye dear ones, whose hands I have clasped, and whose lips I have pressed in the earth-life; thanks for making me your agent, your unworthy but rejoicing instrument of good. And yet ye come, and through mortal lips ye thank me for what I have done, for what I could kiss your very feet in the proud humility of exaltation for the blessed privilege of doing. With an angel mother's arms around me, and her breast to lean upon, with an angel brother, lover, friend, to clasp my hand, and shower thrilling kisses upon lips and brow, why should I fear to enter into the very blackness of the Valley of Shadows, in order to lend forth those who have lost their way amid its withering mazes.

"Could I meet with the angels,
I'd sing them a song."

"T was thus I sung, long years ago. I have met with the angels, and my soul is singing its song."

Rashness is the error of youth, timidity, of age; manhood is the isthmus between the two extremes; that period when we have the head to contrive and the firm hand to execute.

Be true to your friend; never speak of his faults to another to show your own discrimination.

The epidemic, Dr. Pouchet proceeds to say, was caused by the ravages of the worm called trichine, whence the epidemic has received the name of trichinosis. The trichine is one of the *entozoa* of the pig, and it is capable of being transplanted into and thriving in the human body. In Germany, pork-flesh, imperfectly cured and smoked in the shape of ham and German sausages, is a staple article of food, and from the human stomach, worms penetrate with the bile, and excrete their eggs into the blood. The larvae of these *entozoa* pass into the blood, their size being so microscopic as to enable them to penetrate even into the minutest veins; they lodge in the nerves, in the muscular and cellular tissues, and feed upon those parts of the human organization, causing fearful agony and great constitutional disturbance, which ends in death.

PHILADELPHIA MATTERS.

Another Children's Lyceum Established in Philadelphia.

THE SPIRITUALISTS OF THE "QUAKER CITY" ARE IN THE PRACTICAL WORK.

DEAR BANNER—Prosperity crowns the efforts of practical Spiritualists in behalf of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. The citizen progressives of Philadelphia are expanding their influence and principles, and have established another Children's Lyceum for the advancement of the young in the beautiful ways of wisdom.

Yesterday being Sunday, while Mrs. Cora Scott Daniels was delivering a highly inspired discourse in Sanson street Hall, on "The Coming Conflict" between the hosts of Spiritualism and the solid ranks of old-style Romanism, we were engaged in organizing and putting in practical operation, "LYCEUM No. 2."

The Spiritualists of this city are proprietors of the Church (meeting-house) in which Dr. H. T. Child and Prof. I. Rehn, and other able speakers, have frequently discoursed during the past few months. The stationary pews through the body of the Church have been removed—and comfortable and portable seats occupy their places—so that the Groups can be systematically stationed and the lines can be properly formed for marching, and for the performance of other exercises appropriate to the mental and spiritual development of the members of the institution.

The Children's Lyceum, No. 2, of Philadelphia, was duly organized on Sunday, the 12th of January, under the wise and efficient direction of Bro. and Sister Dyott. The Sessions of this Lyceum will be held every Sunday, at ten A. M.; thus enabling Bro. Dyott to volunteer to serve as Assistant Conductor until the school is fully organized, and the officers become accustomed to their several duties.

This new Lyceum is located in Phoenix street, in the north part of the city. Prof. I. Rehn was elected Conductor, for which no better or wiser man can be found; he is one of the foremost men in the philosophical department of Spiritualism, and no progressive man in this city is more profoundly respected and beloved. For his Assistant, Mr. Baker was elected; for Guardian of the Groups, Mrs. Storch was chosen; and Miss Tyson as her Assistant. All the officers and leaders were duly appointed, and yesterday, while the Lyceum was in Session, every one manifested true interest and excellent judgment in the discharge of their appropriate functions. Every Group was fully represented by both children and leaders. They sang the songs of Progress, and participated in the Wing movements, and gave most excellent answers to the question, "What do we come to the Lyceum for?" The Session was concluded by the beautiful march with banners. Everybody seemed to take the deepest and liveliest interest in all that was done.

So goes the work in Philadelphia! The meetings and Lyceum at Sanson street Hall are very prosperous. Dr. H. T. Child, who is ever ready to teach and practice the principles of progressive Truth, will commence a course of brief Lectures before Lyceum No. 1, (in Sanson street) and Lyceum No. 2 (in Phoenix street) on Sunday in each month. His first lecture will be on "The Atmosphere," illustrated by operations of the Air-pump; to be followed by another on "The Lungs," and illustrated to the eyes and comprehension of the little ones by means of diagrams, &c. The children are anticipating these lectures with much enthusiasm. Of course the Sunday on which Dr. Child will lecture before the Lyceum, a portion of the programme will be omitted, so that the whole session will not be prolonged beyond the usual time.

Next Sunday I begin the foundation of a Children's Lyceum in Vineland, N. J. The people of progress there have provided themselves with all Equipments and Manuals, and I am informed that they have erected a large hall for their meetings and the accommodation of the Lyceum.

I am to remain here and in Vineland during this month. The Grand Annual Celebration of the First Children's Lyceum of Philadelphia, will occur on Wednesday evening, this week, which will doubtless be witnessed by an immense audience, in spacious Concert Hall. Mrs. Davis is to arrive by to-day's afternoon train from New York. She will accompany me to Vineland, and assist in establishing the new school among the enterprising people there. More anon.

Yours fraternally, A. J. DAVIS.
Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 5, 1866.

NEW YORK MATTERS.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

ANDREW T. FOSK.

Mr. A. T. Foss, a reformed clergyman, delivered an excellent discourse at Ebbitt Hall, last Sunday evening, explaining "Why he became a Spiritualist."

Though his quaint wit and pointed sarcasm elicited much applause, it was quite unexceptionable for his shafts were aimed not at Truths, but at existing crude opinions—the revered letter, not the law—the sacralized husks that hide the golden grain. Evidently he is a fearless but just iconoclast, and the wooden gods that in these modern times take the more eluding shape of opinions clothed with authority, which our theological stages say we must not dare to question, fly to atoms beneath his Thor-like hammer, and, as the dust of demolition clears up, a wholesome laughter seems to affect the greater part of the assembly, while the minority, with chagrin, seem to be asking themselves, "Is it possible that we have been idolatrous fools so long, or have paid that deference to mere myths and opinions that should have been accorded only to pure principles?"

HOPE CHAPEL MEETINGS.

A full house again attended the lecture of Mrs. Emma F. Jay Bullene, Sunday morning. The subject was, "The Condition and Employment of those in the Summer-Land." I cannot give in this letter a synopsis of what was said, but that it was philosophically true is evident from the fact that nothing unnatural, distorted, vague, or violently diverse from our employment here, was detailed. It was based upon harmonious human need, and this in its essence is eternal.

SPIRITUALISM IN NEWARK, N. J.

Considerable interest in regard to the Spiritual Philosophy is still maintained at Music Hall, in Newark, N. J. Three lectures are usually given each Sunday, besides one or more discussions during the week. There are some good speakers here, and plans are maturing to continue them, and increase their interest through the season. Mr. C. G. Stewart, author of the "Hierophant," is the man ever ready to labor, speak, move, or keep the machinery going, and with co-laborers that are doing much good in keeping alive the celestial fire in this now redeemed region.

SPIRITUALISM SPREADING.

But, really, Spiritualism is making rapid progress outside of its acknowledged limits. There is a vitalizing, and notwithstanding all the odium cast upon it by its defamers, an elevating and refining element in this diviner gospel, that recommends its essential worth and claims to every thinking mind, necessarily pilgrims in a sublime sense than those of old, moving on Life's varied but spiral pathway that leads to the blest abodes of Allah.

New York, Feb. 5, 1866.

BANNER OF LIGHT
BRANCH BOOKSTORE,
274 Canal Street, New York.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO A. J. Davis & Co., and C. M. Plumb & Co., will continue the book-selling business at the above named place, where all books published in the Banner can be procured, or any other works advertised in this country, which are not out of print.

ALL SPIRITUAL WORKS.

and other LITERAL or SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS constantly on hand, and will be sold at the lowest current rates. The BANNER can always be obtained at retail at the New York Branch Office; but it is desired that subscribers from the Boston Office only, hence all subscriptions must be forwarded to the "BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON."

Having thus taken upon ourselves new burdens and greater responsibilities—the rapid spread of the grandest religion ever vouchsafed to the people of earth warranting it—we call upon our friends everywhere to lend us a helping hand. The Spiritualists of New York especially we hope will redouble their efforts in our behalf.

J. B. LEWIS, who superintends our New York Branch Office, has long been connected with the former conductors of that office, and will promptly and faithfully attend to all orders sent to him.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1866.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,

Room No. 3, 1st STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY,

A. EDITOR.

Revival Efforts.

The efforts now making at various points in the country to start up Church revivals, of which we have spoken heretofore, are attracting criticism from many of the more or less independent journals, which do not hesitate to expose the real machinery of the practice, and thus prepare the popular mind to relax a good part of the respect and reverence which it has been the custom to yield to revivalists and their schemes.

A council of the leading Congregational ministers in Boston has just been held, to concert measures for starting a genuine, old-style "revival of religion." They mean, of course, by taking "measures" for this end, the putting together of the various parts of the machinery of preaching, praying, visiting, and personal exhortation, which in combination have been found to produce such an undeniable stir and excitement in the past. The plan, when talked of, always puts forward the Church, or ecclesiastical idea—the interest of some particular sect—the need of making a fresh foray into the domain of "the world" and bringing back new recruits for their party—and the assumption that to believe in them, and in whatever they say, is salvation indeed.

The tricks—for so we have a right to call them—of these revivalists for working successfully on the feelings of others—such as appeals to fear and superstition, galvanizing into new life sleepy and complying temperaments, bringing things together as if it was all done by a sort of superhuman agency—are repeated with every season of revival which they deliberately enter upon. The New Covenant—a well-known Universalist journal of the West—describes in detail the manner of doing the business, as it is at present being done, in Chicago. Among the rest, is a plan of sending into the meeting notices for prayers that are desired for individual cases. This trick makes the thing as purely personal as possible, and therefore awakens a keener interest and sympathy in the congregation. We quote a few of these model revival requests for public prayers:

"For a mother with a large family, who is without God."

"For the town of Buda, Illinois."

"For a young man, from whom the Evil One has taken a strong hold."

"For a husband and wife, whose wife fears, is resisting the Holy Spirit."

"A young man requests that supplication be made for the clerks employed in the store where he is, who are yet in the ways of sin."

"For two young ladies, who were at an inquiry meeting last night."

These all look like got-up affairs, to fit supposable cases in the audience, and so better calculated, as the ministers believe, to prove immediately effective. If they will resort to such little subtleties, they certainly cannot find any fault if they get criticised according to their desert. If Spiritualists were guilty of such practices as invariably go with these revival seasons, what volumes of denunciation and vials of hot wrath would be hurled at their heads by these very same sensation preachers! Nothing would be too hard to say against us. But no mummery and imposition of that sort can be truthfully imputed to us. We play on no timid fears of immature people. We ask no one to subscribe his or her belief until he or she is certainly convinced by senses and reason. The only "mystery" we preach is that which is wrapped in the essence of our immortal being—not the superficial and purely material doubts and questionings about the soul's future, and the possibility of prolonged suffering.

We believe in "revivals" as much as anybody can reasonably believe in them; but they ought to proceed by regular and rational steps, and not by jumps, and summersaults, and epileptic motions of the soul. We believe, heartily and sincerely, in so closely bringing the soul of man to the standard and touchstone of truth, and virtue, and love, and charity, that the change or revival action may be seen going on every day. The old system, such as is now trying a reawakening, is not adapted to the larger liberality of the people of these times. It will be found to be exploded, inefficient, worn out. Some new style of machinery will have to be invented. The leaders and managers fail to see that their ecclesiastical strongholds have been sapped and mined by the inquiring spirit of the age; or, if they do see it, they are guilty of the folly of believing that by reviving the ecclesiastical machinery they will infuse new vigor into the body of their Church system, too! Can the body live after the soul is out? We think not.

We have said we do not object to revivals. We mean genuine and practical ones; not those whose life shows only by the contagion of excitement, such as is begotten by numbers. We favor a revival of honesty and true honor; a revival of genuine faith, in place of dark, superstitious fear; a revival of a belief that we are all indeed human, and all brothers and sisters. We should much prefer, with the New Covenant, to see such requests as the following going up to the preacher to be given out to the congregation: Prayers

"For A—B—, that he mark down his goods, and not demand such enormous profits."

"For pious (?) wealthy people, that they give liberally to help the poor and needy."

"For pure and unfeigned religion to prevail."

There is no sectarianism, or selfishness, or bigotry, about this. It means positive attainments. It pledges men and women to better lives and nobler deeds. It is really a revival—one that changes the heart, and keeps changing it for the better continually.

Read account of Beautiful Spirit Manifestations on the third page of this number of the BANNER.

For Lecturers' Appointments see seventh page.

New Hampshire.

Mrs. Frances T. Young, trance lecturer, of this city, has recently made another trip to New Hampshire. She gives very encouraging accounts of the lively interest felt in the cause of Spiritualism in Dover, Great Falls and Candia. In the latter place she was invited to deliver a lecture in one of the Orthodox churches, and a large audience listened with close attention to her discourse. This makes the fourth church she has spoken in in that town. The Spiritualists in Candia are numerous enough to form a society, but they live so far apart as to prevent a unity of action, being liberally scattered among the four sections. She also visited Deerfield, and lectured before a good audience. There the light of the Spiritual Philosophy is breaking in upon the long benighted disciples of church creeds and dogmas. On her way home she stopped at Suncook, where she found many new inquirers after the Spiritual Philosophy since she last visited them, and was invited to return and address them again before winter is over. Mrs. Young is doing much good in her pioneering tours in towns where they have not yet organized societies sufficient to hold regular meetings. At each visit she finds new believers in our faith, and an increasing interest manifested. She extends her heartfelt thanks to the many friends who gave her such cordial greetings and kind attention.

A Spiritual Temple.

Spiritualists, we learn, are building halls, where-in to worship, nearly all over the land. Why, in the name of common sense, do not some of our enterprising capitalists, who are full believers in the Spiritual Philosophy, bestir themselves and cause to be erected an edifice in Boston commensurate with their means? It is high time they they appropriated some of their "surplus revenue" to this laudable object. Mr. Charles Pierce, a well-known architect and builder, will do all the business, and take stock besides, if responsible parties will only come forward and back him up with the requisite amount of funds. Move at once in the matter, and let the Spiritualists have a place of their own in which to worship, and suitable rooms set apart for Children's Lyceums. Hundreds of children are anxiously waiting for the formation of a Lyceum here, but at present there is no suitable place to be had.

The Revenue Commission.

We are to have a regular Revenue System pretty shortly, if Congress shall adopt the recommendations of the Commission appointed a year ago to revise the whole matter. They propose that the hasty and ill advised practice of taxing almost everything be abandoned, and duties be laid on but a few articles, such as enter into general consumption. And even on such articles they would not have the duties burdensome enough to check production. Carriages, watches, silver plate, wearing apparel, and such like articles, they put in the free list; the bulk of the internal revenue receipts is to come from whiskey, tobacco, beer and cotton. Manufactures are to be made free, instead of being taxed at every stage, thus taxing many of them over many times. The proposal of the Commission receives wide attention.

Railways to the Pacific.

There is no question that the railroad era has only begun. There are great enterprises on foot for the far West, starting from Boston, from New York, from Philadelphia, and from Baltimore. The mining regions around the Rocky Mountain spurs are the first point of attraction for capitalists, and then the country beyond on the shores of the Pacific. The country will in time be as much cut up with railways as New England is to-day, and a thousand or two miles of travel by rail will be thought less of, as an effort, than ever. The two oceans will certainly be welded in iron bands before many years, and a teeming population on the further coast mingle with ours of the Atlantic almost as freely as we at present mingle among ourselves.

New Hotel in Boston.

The projected new hotel in this city makes a good deal of talk, but not more than such an enterprise on a scale of such magnitude really merits. The proposed edifice is to be erected well up town, facing Franklin Square and Washington street, and covering an acre and a half of ground. It is to cost a million and a half of dollars. It will be completed within two years. All its arrangements and appointments are promised to be made on a liberal plan. In fact, no hotel in the United States will be able to boast of being its superior. We need a gigantic concern of this kind in Boston, and ought to be amply able to sustain it. Our other hotels are good, but this one should go ahead of everything.

The Rebellion in Spain.

The Spanish Government have the giving out of all the news about Gen. Prim's doings and undosings, therefore little is reported to his credit. It is not much more than a political strife between Prim and O'Donnell—the ins and the outs—and some even say that each understands the other in this business; their ulterior plan being to get Queen Isabella off the throne, that they might make a disposition of it to suit themselves! There are more improbable things even than this; many circumstances go to make this look not at all difficult of belief. Spanish politics are a highly unreliable affair. Who may issue the next pronouncement, is a question that nobody would venture to answer. The politics there all run in a military channel, too.

The Providence Convention.

We call attention to the letters of L. K. Joslin and J. G. Fish, on our third page, in regard to the Convention called to meet in Providence, on the 15th inst. The Spiritualists of that place having invited the next National Convention to accept of their hospitality, do not feel able just now to take care of another one—as they would wish to do, if one met there—therefore they are not desirous that the one appointed for the 15th should meet in Providence. We, however, have not been authorized to withdraw the "Call."

Books for the Charlestown Lyceum.

Our friends in Charlestown will give a third dramatic entertainment, for the purpose of raising funds to purchase books for the Children's Lyceum, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 14th, (St. Valentine's night), in the City Hall. The entertainment will consist of Dramatic Scenes, Tableaux, Singing, &c., sufficient to make the evening pass off agreeably.

The Davenport Brothers.

At the latest date from Europe, the Davenports and Wm. M. Fay were holding sances in Dublin, with great success. The Dublin Advertiser of the 12th Jan., speaking of the last two previous to that date, says: "The audience, on both occasions, seemed perfectly satisfied, and frequently applauded the mysterious performances."

A Peace Convention.

We publish a Call for a Peace Convention elsewhere, to be held in Boston, on the 14th of March. The signers to the Call are numerous and their names carry great weight. No doubt their discussions in convention will go great ways in forming a public sentiment favorable to the permanent reign of peace everywhere. Such, at all events, is the prayer of all liberal and progressive people. But we apprehend that it is much too soon to look for the dawn of a perfect day of peace now. There is less disposition for war, of course, directly after our general exhaustion from it, so that the public mind will welcome whatever influences are brought to bear in the direction of peace. But it must be recollected that the crystal palaces of London and Paris were supposed to stand for a pledge of perpetual harmony among the nations, and that directly after the London World's Exposition of Industry all Europe was lighted up with the red flames of war. Mankind will have to be gradually developed out of their present condition into a higher and more spiritual one, before the reign of peace can be expected to begin. To aid in the work of that development is the shortest and surest way to put a final end to war.

"A Dishonest Advertiser."

We have just received *The Rural American*, printed in Utica, N. Y., containing a marked item with the above heading. It cautions "the public against being swindled by G. G. Mead, formerly of Chicago, but now of Thompsonville, Wis., a dealer in microscopes. We have received letters from our subscribers, stating that they sent him money and got nothing in return for it." We have also received letters in regard to Mr. Mead, of a similar character, and have written to him repeatedly for an explanation, but as yet have received no answer. Hence we are obliged to come to the conclusion that either the advertiser is or his agents are dishonest. In the language of the *Rural*, we can only say that "we cannot distinguish between honest and dishonest advertisers till we learn of their doings." We exclude all such advertisers from our columns whenever we ascertain that they are unreliable. We hope, in this particular case, that the party alluded to, will yet show that he has dealt fairly with his customers. We know of individual cases where those who have sent to him for microscopes have promptly received them.

"Gazelle."

The readers of the Banner will doubtless be pleased to learn that EXIMA TUTTLE is the author of "GAZELLE," the new volume of Poems which we recently noticed. The Tri-Weekly Publisher, printed in Haverhill, Mass., in speaking of it, says: "This is a work of some two hundred pages, just issued by Lee & Shepard, of Boston, and is well worthy of a perusal by all lovers of poetry. It is rhymed romance, full of wit and humor, and abates not a whit in interest from the beginning to the end." The Boston Investigator speaks of it as "a lyrical epic of the war just closed between the North and South, presented in well-written poetry of different metres and sentiment, 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe.' It is quite pleasant reading for a leisure hour, as it combines the beauties of a poem with the interest of a romance and the truthfulness of real life. The volume is very handsomely got up, in the printing and binding, and makes a fine appearance."

Personal.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels, on her way to Washington from this city, stopped in Philadelphia and delivered a lecture in Sanson street Hall, on Sunday, Feb. 4th; and on the following Tuesday evening, she and Col. Daniels delivered addresses in behalf of the Freedmen, in National Hall, in the same city.

N. Frank White will speak in Fond du Lac, Wis., Sundays, Feb. 18th and 25th, and week evenings. Those desiring his services for week evenings should apply in advance of the time as much as possible. He writes that Spiritualism is flourishing all through the West.

K. Graves, one of our talented correspondents, intends starting on a lecturing tour about the first of March. He will proceed, via Springfield, Ill., to St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. A. Wilhelm, M. D., is now engaged in Quincy, Ill., and Hannibal, Mo., for February and March. Address care of W. Brown, Box 502, Quincy, Ill.

Miss Julia J. Hubbard, the young trance speaker, of Portsmouth, N. H., will lecture in Masonic Hall, Hyannis, Mass., on Thursday and Friday evenings, Feb. 15th and 16th, and will visit other towns in the vicinity and on Cape Cod, if addressed before the 18th, in care of Mrs. L. F. Lynch, Hyannis.

E. S. Wheeler, of this city, will speak before the Society of Spiritualists in Foxboro', on Sunday, Feb. 18th.

Youthful Mediums.

There are two little children residing in a neighboring city who are excellent trance mediums. Their parents are wealthy. The invisibles can handle these children with perfect ease, address them preparatory to retiring for the night, in the light, and, on a recent occasion, Mr. Berry, formerly connected with this paper, came and identified himself to one of our associates. These children are truly the most remarkable mediums in the world. The greatest skeptic that ever lived would, if he did not possess the heart of a stoic, acknowledge the presence of invisible intelligences were he a witness of these manifestations.

Spiritual Meetings in the Melodeon.

The Melodeon was crowded again on Sunday, Feb. 4th, to hear Dr. F. L. H. Willis, of New York, repeat the two able discourses he gave here in December, on "The Gospel of Spiritualism" and "The Experiences of Theo. Parker on entering Spirit-Life." The large audiences listened with close attention and evident pleasure to these very instructive discourses.

Mr. Willis will address the Society at the same place next Sunday, afternoon and evening.

Changed Spheres.

We learn that Mr. Imla Shaw, who for the last forty-five years has been a resident of Randolph, Mass., closed his earthly career on the 25th of January, at the age of sixty-five. He was a man of strict integrity, and of irreproachable character. Fifteen years ago he became a believer in the Spiritual Philosophy, and his faith grew stronger as he grew wiser. By personal efforts and pecuniary means, he helped sustain Spiritual meetings in that place. His personal presence will be greatly missed by a large number of friends, who highly esteemed him as a man.

Death of Datus Kelley.

We learn that our venerable and highly esteemed friend, Hon. Datus Kelley, of Kelley's Island, Ohio, has passed to spirit-life. He was a man of ability and influence, and a firm believer in Spiritualism.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Read the interesting Translation on our second page. It refers to a young French peasant girl, who, when entranced, possesses not only the gift of second sight, but of second hearing; that is to say, she not only hears the words spoken near her, but those uttered afar off, toward which she concentrates her attention. In her hands each object takes a double image. She not only sees the natural form of it, but she sees, also, distinctly, the representation of its interior, the totality of its properties and the uses to which it is destined in the order of creation.

Of course none of our readers will fail to peruse the discourse on our first page, entitled, "The Coming Conflict." It treats upon a very important matter.

We have on hand able articles from the pens of Rev. Dr. J. B. Ferguson, Prof. Brittan, and others, which will appear as soon as space will admit.

CHARLES H. FOSTER, the Test Medium, is attracting crowds to his sances in Philadelphia. We understand that the tests of spirit presence through his instrumentality are becoming more wonderful every day.

An exchange thinks it would be well, before raising expensive monuments to the soldiers who have fallen in the war, towns and municipalities should see that the widows and children they have left behind are not allowed to starve, or to exist on the merest pittance.

The innumerable and bitter complaints against servants, are well met by the story, of Ralph Waldo Emerson, who found a friend in the cars coming into Boston, commissioned by his wife to employ "an angel to do cooking for two dollars a week."

J. V. MANSFIELD, the medium through whose instrumentality sealed letters are answered by spirits, still remains in New York City, giving satisfaction to nearly all who patronize him, we understand.

M. D. Conway, in his letter from London to the Commonwealth, says: M. Victorien Sardou, who wrote one of the plays that have recently beguiled imperial hours at Compiègne—*La Famille Benoiton*—is, it seems, a devout "Spiritist." He declares that the comedy above-named was by no means his own production, but entirely the result of the inspiration of the departed dramatists with whom he is in communication.

A countryman in Savannah, Ga., observed that a gang of darkeys were working on the streets, each wearing a ball and chain. He asked one of them why that ball was chained to his leg. "To keep people from stealing it," said the darkey; "heap of thieves about here, Massa."

Rinderpest continues to extend the sphere of its operations in England. Cattle die at the rate of ten thousand a week.

"What's whiskey bringing?" asked a dealer. "Bringing men to the gallows, and women and children to want," was the reply.

Insult not heaven with selfish prayers.
While special codes oppress our freemen,
The Golden Rule of Christ is theirs.
Not the slave laws of Lacedaemon.
Plead ye for peace? Expect it where
Justice is equal as the air;
Nor seek the fruitful olive tree
(On the volcano's breast of snow,
While the flame-waved Vesuvius sear
Consumes the sapless earth below!—S. C. Mercey.

THE MURDERER GREEN.—The Boston correspondent of the Springfield Republican, says:

"I believe Green's case has not yet been brought before the new Council. There is a report in circulation that ex-Gov. Andrew has notified the Chief Justice, that if Green is ordered for execution, he, the ex-Governor, shall, by a writ of error, bring the matter before the highest court."

Mr. Henry Giles, the lecturer, who is totally disabled by sickness, has received the sum of \$1,880.83 from a number of his friends, as a mark of their appreciation of his successful, unremitting and earnest toil in the field of literature.

In bringing up children, if we oppose violence to violence, passion by passion, we try to put out fire with boiling oil.

The Gardiner (Me.) Journal tells a good story of a clergyman in a neighboring town, who, having a lot of hay to press, and there happening to come a very damp and misty day, opened all his barn windows so as to give his hay the benefit of the atmosphere. In a man of the world this would be considered pretty sharp practice.

The new bill regulating and enlarging the powers of the Freedman's Bureau, has passed both Houses of Congress by a two-thirds vote.

TEMPERANCE.—It appears from a statement published in the Chicago Republican that six million nine hundred and twenty-four thousand one hundred and sixty-eight gallons of malt liquors were manufactured, sold and consumed in Chicago during the past year. Admitting the population of Chicago to be 180,000, the consumption is equal to thirty-nine gallons for each man, woman and child.

Thomas Ball, at Florence, has recently executed a colossal statue of the actor Forrest, a head of Edward Everett, a statue of Lincoln and a bust of Prescott, the historian.

It is said that Mrs. Robert Lee is bringing the influence of many leading men of Virginia and the South to bear upon the President in favor of the restoration to her of the princely Arlington estate, and there are some of the opinion that she may be successful.

The publishers of the Daily Voice, the workmen's organ, printed in this city, intend to issue a Weekly also, commencing the first of March.

A St. Louis lady who used belladonna to give brilliancy to her eyes at the recent great ball, is now blind in consequence.

There is no form of mere neuralgia but may be cured in a reasonable time by strict personal cleanliness, loosening food, and breathing pure air.

The "pistologram" is the latest foreign novelty in photography. The picture is taken by the magnesian light in about three seconds. It is then enclosed between two plates of glass, which are then subjected to such a heat that they become one piece, and the likeness thus becomes hermetically sealed.

A young stock-broker, having married a fat old widow with £100,000, says it was n't his wife's face that attracted him so much as the figure.

Six more decided and interesting cures, by Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, will be found reported on page five, fifth column.

From the mines of Idaho to the brownstone fronts of Madison Avenue, Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus" is in request. Though the standard perfume of fashion, its popularity is limited to no class or section—it is a national staple. Sold everywhere.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

white 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—no reported verbatim.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with 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 doctrine 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.

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; service commences at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

MRS. CONANT gives no private sittings, and receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M.

Invocation.

Our Father, God, we adore thee as a Power from which we receive all our blessings. We talk to thee as that Life from whence cometh all that we have, and all that we hope for. But while we ask for blessings and expect they will come to us, we would not forget that sometimes they are given us through the agencies of human sorrow, and what is called human sin; through crime, even, blessings are sometimes given to children. We would not forget that thy power is everywhere, and through thy love, thy wisdom, we receive blessings, through the same power we receive that which seems, in our ignorance, to be a curse. Yet folded within it, slumbers a blessing. In every dewdrop that settles upon our human souls, which has been born of human sorrow or crime, even there is thy blessing; there is thy wisdom, thy love; there is thy power. Oh Guiding Spirit of our souls, this hour, as all others, we have sought but thanks to render thee. We do not ask for wealth or worldly power. No; we ask for none of these. We only ask, oh Spirit, that we may comprehend thee spiritually; to recognize thy love and wisdom in all thy manifestations, in every experience of life. Wisdom comes through the dark shades of sorrow, and in the sunlight of joy. Thy life is speaking to our life in all things! Therefore we should reject nothing, but should take all things under holy consideration, feeling that our Father, who has given us our daily bread through all the past; that who art feeding us in the present; that who art ever blessing and never cursing us, to thee, oh Holy Life, be all power and adoration. To thee, oh unknown, yet ever known Spirit, be all the honor, praise and glory, which our human souls are able to conceive of. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, we are ready to answer the inquiries of correspondents or the audience.

Q.—By L. B. of Quebec: I should like to know which of the lives of Jesus is true? I have read Roman's and A. Sayre's. Both pretend that their history is the true one, although both are different, and neither like what we read in the New Testament.

ANS.—In our opinion, they are both, in many respects, true, and both, in many respects, equally untrue. It is not to be expected that any historians can give you the entire truth concerning that of which they write. You are yourselves a mixture of truth and falsehood—false because you do not understand yourselves; true in that in which you do understand yourselves. And because you are thus constituted, you have need of these imperfections. Suppose you were to receive the truth concerning this Jesus, you would not understand it; it would not appreciate it; it would not answer the demands of your human nature. All these ideas have been thrown out for you to speculate upon, and through speculation that you might become more perfect, more enlightened, more spiritually unfolded.

CHAIRMAN.—Mrs. Semans sends the following questions:

1ST Q.—Was Alexander Smyth's History of Jesus given by the spirit of Saul?

A.—There are many Sauls and many Pauls. We cannot say whether this record of the life of the man Jesus was given by the intelligence referred to, or not. It is very possible that he might have had something to do with it, and it is equally possible that he had nothing to do with it.

2ND Q.—Is it proper and useful to counsel with spirit-friends in regard to matters of earth-life and business; that is, of vital importance to our happiness here?

A.—Certainly it is.

3RD Q.—Is the doctrine of "whatever is, is right," literally true in all our conduct, and accidents, and circumstances, of everyday life?

A.—Nature never gave birth to an accident. There are no accidents either with you or with us. The doctrine, "whatever is, is right," is absolutely untrue, from a material standpoint; but positively true from a spiritual standpoint.

4TH Q.—Do spirits ever influence us to feel sad and melancholy, and disposed to commit suicide?

A.—Yes, very often. They sometimes, by coming in rapport with you, baptize you with their own particular feelings. You drink them in as the earth drinks in showers. This is perfectly natural. You see exhibitions of the same law, same power, here in your earth-life, between spirits clothed in human life. For instance, if you are in sympathy with friends who are in sorrow, you take on their feelings. If they weep, you weep.

5TH Q.—Is it wrong to desire to leave the body when we feel that we are of no use, and all our best aims and efforts seem to be failures?

A.—In one sense it is wrong, in another it is not wrong. There has been a cause by which this feeling was produced. You never could feel that you were weary of human life, if there were no cause for this feeling. It may be caused by some physical ill. Seven such cases out of ten may be traced to this. It may be some mental ill. There are ways a cause for every effect. This effect is no exception. Then everything is true to its cause, therefore absolutely right. And yet when you consider the requirements of everyday life, duty rises and tells you you should strive to put down this feeling, do away with the cause, annihilate the effect. You have human reason. That is your judge, your jury, therefore arraign yourself before this tribunal. But if you would be true to yourselves, you will gather all the witnesses you can, and in this, as in all other cases of law, let that which bears strongest upon your reason, as right, decide for you. You never need go far astray. You all have an inward monitor that is constantly guiding you. And yet you have the power to listen to ten thousand times ten thousand voices from all worlds, from ours

and yours. You should all turn within, to this monitor, and whatever it tells you to do, that do, and you will be sure to do right.

Q.—By J. B. Clough, of Liberty, Mo.: Do spirits who have left the form in a gross condition, throw that condition upon sensitive minds here? And if so, does spirit and mortal progress to a higher condition in consequence?

A.—Yes.

Q.—If spirits have the power to tell falsehoods, how are we to know what communications are true and what are false?

A.—How are you to know what is true and false here in your human life? You must take the same course with friends in the unseen world, that you take with friends here. It will answer for both.

Q.—Will the controlling influence describe how a spirit can use physical force; such, for instance, as the playing of musical instruments, lifting of tables, and apparently taking hold of the instruments with hands?

A.—The *modus operandi* of producing such manifestations is as varied as the manifestations themselves. Sometimes a hand is formed only, sometimes a hand and arm, sometimes two, sometimes the body entire. Whenever any strong manifestation is to be given, it is generally the case that the body is formed entire. All the members are in spiritual and material working order, for this body is composed of particles that are gathered from the same source, are aggregated by the same law, and held in proper positions and kept in proper action by the same law.

Q.—Do these bodies have pulse?

A.—They certainly do. All the functions of human life are properly performed. This is absolutely true, which we hope sometime to be able to clearly demonstrate to you.

Q.—Do spirits lose their physical force at death?

A.—Yes, certainly, because the spirit loses its physical machine; therefore it has no longer need of physical force or power. The need existed with its co-partnership with the human body. When that was dissolved the need existed no longer. Yet in returning and manifesting through human life the need exists, because we live for the time being in human life; we deal with human obstacles. These are to be overcome by physical power only.

Carlos Reinstane.

I was to have come when first I died did I find this was true. I been much time looking round to see how I should come here, for I knew of this way. And it was this way. I said I would come—for I knew before I did it was easy. I not know how I was to do. I suppose all we had to do was to come and speak like as I do, without any preparation. I found it was not so. You have to go through a great many, oh a great many experiences, and you get considerable hard drilling before you're fit to come here.

I was a soldier under General Sigel, and lost my life in fighting for your Government. My name, Carlos Reinstane.

I have a little, well, quite a little family, circle, I should say of spiritual acquaintances, friends, who believe in this, they say. They were comrades. They say, one of them who lives in Cambridge. "Now Carlos, if you go first, you will come back and tell us if Spiritualism is true. And if you not only give just your name when you come back to this place, we shall be satisfied that you are on the right track." "Well," I said, "if the thing is true I'll come right back."

Now I been better than two years getting back. Now what will I say for myself. [That you were ignorant.] Well, I say that. [That you were mistaken.] I was mistaken. I thought I could come easy, but when I got on the other side I found there was so much to be done.

In the first place you is to understand yourself, perfectly; that's a big thing. In the second place you is to understand the medium that you is to come to. That's another big thing. And in the third place, you is to understand how to connect yourself acceptably. When you get that trio all right, as you think, the inspectors may say you're all wrong, that you make a failure if you go, and you'd better wait until you are sure that you'll succeed.

So I come and go away, and come and go away. I can't tell how many times. I have patience all the time, because I think they know more about it than I do. But all the while I am wishing I had known before death about this thing, then I would have said, I will come when I can, and not have said, I will come right back if Spiritualism is true.

Well, I am back, that's sure; and now all I want is a change to talk to them. It is true we can come; but there is a great many things said about spirits, dead folks like me, that is not true.

One of the boys used to say to me, "I believe I have somebody go with me who takes care of me, shields off the bullets." That is not so. It is like this. Your spirit-friends they comes and does what they can for you. And the way, if I was going to shield you from a cannon ball, would be to cause you to lie down. How do you suppose I should do? Turn the cannon ball aside? Ah no, that's not the way I would do. I might influence you to stoop down or go one side. It is much easier to influence the human body than a cannon ball.

You get wrong ideas, you see. Oh he has got heaped up, wrong ideas about this Spiritualism. He's right on some points, but when he comes to the spirit-world he'll have to go to school and learn all over again. I come here without any ideas at all. I have not belief. My friends have more of these ideas to unlearn. I thank God I not have that to unlearn. I got learning to do, but I got nothing to unlearn.

Now you see to it, you Spiritualists do n't have to unlearn things when you get to the spirit-world by hard knocks.

Now, my comrade's father told him so, he said. Maybe his father did, but not in the way he understands it. He takes it that he knocks the cannon ball out of the way. But it's not so. He might push him one side—his name was Walter—he make him go down, stoop down, get out of the range, that be about all. Yes, that is easy to do, particularly where persons are susceptible. Now, with mediums it is just as easy as if you was right there yourself, and knew how to dodge it. But with other persons it's a more difficult.

Well, I am come; I am come. I am a German. I am come, I am happy, very glad to be able to say it is true.

Now, what I want is a good fair chance to come and spread myself somewhere else, where I can talk with them I know.

Major George K. Tyler.

I am Major George K. Tyler, of the 2d Virginia Infantry. I am here for the purpose of making some communication with those I have remaining on earth. I am deeply obligated to you for the kindness you have extended to me, not only to you, but to your unseen friends, too, who in their kindness say the way is open to all. Certainly this is commendable.

I presume I shall speak the truth if I say I left the human body bearing your-Northerners some ill-will. I felt that as a whole you had wronged us; but I am now able to see, that above and beyond all these human powers there has been a diviner and higher Power, guiding North and South for a wise and holy purpose. And out of these human sorrows, human disturbances, there is to come, I believe, divine peace and harmony. All these things have been ordered by this Divine Power. You have no right to say to the South, you did wrong; the South has no right to say to the North, you have done wrong, nor would they, if they could each see from a spiritual standpoint human conditions. So you kick at each other, fight each other as if you were not all children of a common Father.

I regret it, and heaven knows I always expect to do so; and yet regrets, I know, are useless, except they improve us. If they do this they are of use to us, and I hope mine will.

I have left two sons and a daughter, also a wife. I am feeling at times very, very sad, for them. They were surrounded by the pleasant things of this life, a few years since, but now they are in need. One would think a firebrand had gone in their midst. Well, I ought not to sorrow over it, I ought to rejoice over it. When I consider them as humans, I am sorry. I only ask for the means to tell them all these things are right, and the day is not far distant when they will see these things as I do. It matters very little whether you live in sunshine or shadows here on the earth. 'Tis but a brief Summer's day, when compared with eternity. Then why should you care? Struggle on, 'tis but a moment, and then when you've done with the physical body you will no longer need the wealth of earth.

Indeed, I know many dwellers in our sphere of action, who tell me had they their human lives to live over again, they would pray God for the best of all blessings, poverty. I am not sure I would not pray for it. I am not sure that it is not the greatest of all blessings, for it forces a man to live out his divine nature.

I would like that my message, or letter, whatever you call it, may be directed to William L. Tyler. I think it will be safe to direct it to Richmond; direct it there, however, and I will try to look after it.

Charles Dearborn.

Be kind enough to say that Charles Dearborn, of the 32d Massachusetts Volunteers, reports happy, and able to talk with his friends. Dec. 12.

James Martin.

I am not afraid, sir; I am only feeling a little strange in this new uniform.

I would like, if you please, sir, to send a short message to Gen. Robert Ould. I am from New York State, sir, and I went out in the 73d New York. I went with my father's consent, first as drummer boy, and after I lost one of my fingers, which left me with a lame hand, I was taken into camp to wait upon the sick, and do what I could. I acted as sort of an orderly, sir.

During one of the engagements, I was taken prisoner, and was carried to Richmond. I heard the General was in town one day, and somehow or other the thought came to me, if I could only see him myself, somehow or other, I should be set at liberty. So all day long I wished as hard as I could that I might get a chance to see him. And sure enough, just about sundown one day, he came to the prison—well, to see one of the officers, I believe—at any rate, he was there, and I got the sentinel to just pass me outside the guards. I had to tell a lie, in the first place, to the sentinel. I told him I used to know him well; that I wanted to see him; that he was an intimate friend of my father's.

When I got into the presence of Gen. Ould, I thought best to ask him in a straightforward way to please to give me a pass to go home with. He looked at me a moment, and putting his hand upon my head, said, "My little fellow, you're too young to be in the army." He said, "Have you ever been in the ranks?" I said, "No;" and then I told him I went out as drummer boy. He asked me if I had a mother. I told him I had, and a father, too. He says, "Well, my little man, I'll do by you as I would be glad to have any one do by a child of mine." So he sits right down, and writes an order to pass me to the Union lines, and before sunrise the next morning I was on the way.

But I never reached my home. I got into our lines, I went into camp again, took the fever, and died. And I've been thinking ever since I've been in the spirit-land, how much I'd like to talk with Gen. Ould. He's a good man. I know he's a rebel, but he's good, and you'd say he was, if you knew him.

I'd like to ask Gen. Ould if he remembers that circumstance—if he remembers my telling him my name was James Martin, and if he does remember those things, I should be right glad to talk to him, and tell him something about the beauties of the spirit-land. That would be doing a good turn for him, seeing as he did one for me. You see my disposition is something like the Indians: I never forget a kindness.

I was in my thirteenth year, sir. [You were rather young. Why did n't you go home?] or did you prefer to be in the army? Yes, sir; I suppose so. Well, sir, I only had a pass to the Union lines. When I got there I could n't go home, because I had no money, sir, and not much of anything to go with. Oh, I suppose I might have gone to any one of the officers who knew me, and they'd given me money, or a pass to go home with. But I don't know, sir, I preferred to stay in the army.

I would like to talk to my father and mother, if they'd like to have me. But I've heard them say, many a time, that if Spiritualism was true, they should never want any of their friends to come back, even if they could. [Perhaps they will feel different now.] Well, if they do read my letter, and would like to talk with me, I'll be glad to talk with them.

I feel as though Gen. Ould would be a liberal man, and listen to these things. [Do you wish to tell what town in New York your parents reside in?] Oh, yes, sir; in New York City. My father is a brass founder by trade.

Oh, I had a love for the army. I wanted to go. I had to tease hard enough to go, too. I wasn't going to go back again, for I knew I should n't get a chance to go again. Much obliged to you, sir.

Dec. 12.

Circle closed this afternoon by Frederick Grey.

Invocation.

Our Father, let the consciousness that thou art with us be thy gift to these humans. Let us baptize them with the Holy Spirit of Truth, and dispel all doubts, and cause thy children to feel this may be the very gate of heaven; that this world is not all a wilderness of woe; that human life means something more than human sorrow, more than time; that it means Heaven, Eternity. Oh, let us teach thy children in mortal that this is in-

deed a pleasant and holy home; that life has some green spots therein, even human life. Let us bind up the wounds of humanity. Let us fold closely in the arms of our love all the sorrowing ones of earth. Let us raise up the down-trodden. Let us put a new song into the mouths of those who have known nothing but sorrow. Let us cause their eyes to turn upwards, to look beyond Time into Eternity. Our Father, our Life, our Holy Spirit, who art ever in attendance upon us, unto thee be all the honor, all the glory, all the praise of which the human soul can conceive, to-day and forever. Amen. Dec. 14.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, we are ready to consider whatever inquiries you may have to present.

Q.—Please to speak of the condition of children, middle-aged men and old persons, immediately upon their entrance into spirit-life. To us it seems they must be as here, and in the race of after-life, the second has much the start.

ANS.—The condition of all individuals immediately following the change, death, always answers the internal demand of their individual natures. And as all these natures are differently compounded, so there are no two experiences exactly alike; all differ. All the experiences of this life will teach you that. The little child is the little child in the spirit-world. Old age belongs to human life; childhood and maturity belong to the spirit-land. Your spirit never grows old. It is only the body that grows old; only the crude form that belongs to earth that grows old. You never need fear that your inner lives will ever be touched by the hoary frosts of winter, for they never will; and yet your clairvoyants and mediums will tell you they see you old persons as such in spirit-life. This is a necessity, because you know them by form, and not by the capacities of their spirits. You see with the eye; you hear with the ear. 'Tis not so with the unclothed spirit. Sight becomes perception there, and hearing is perception, also. These two senses are merged in one, and yet both preserve their own individuality intact. Your little children may not greet you as little children in after years in the spirit-land. Your old men and women will not so be seen by you in the spirit-land. You dread the frosts of Time, and because you do perhaps they are kindly removed in eternity.

CHAIRMAN.—The inquirer thinks the middle-aged man has the advantage over the other. Is this so?

A.—No, certainly not; this cannot be so. You might as well say that summer is better than spring, and fall and winter are better than summer. Life always answers the demands of all its children, whether the demand comes from the little one or old age. Therefore the advantages are equal.

Q.—Can it be determined by spirits to which sphere a disembodied one would gravitate?

A.—These spiritual spheres are but states of mind, and not localities. They being such, it is easy to determine where a spirit would go after it was free from the body.

Q.—Can the controlling intelligence describe the lower spheres? If so, will you please do it?

A.—There is no need of that. You have demonstrations to answer that all around you. Go into the lower, so-called, places of human life; go where all the spiritual senses seem shrouded in gloom; go where lust for wealth and power and station in human life are, and you go into the lower spheres. You essentially go to hell. It is not necessary to lay off the body to enter hell or heaven. These are but states of being, and not localities.

Q.—Will the earth be destroyed by fire?

A.—The earth never will be destroyed. That is an impossibility. It is not written in its destiny.

Q.—Was not that element a creative agent?

A.—Fire is one of the active agencies of life, therefore it is absolutely a necessity here, as everywhere. Fire may be used to change, but never to destroy.

Q.—By J. E. H.: If, when an arm is shown from the window of the cabinet used by the Eldys, a person should succeed in severing it with some sharp instrument, would the mediums receive any injury? whether the portion which was severed from the arm would remain in the form of a material flesh and blood arm and drop to the floor—or what would take place? in short, what would the result be?

A.—The result, in all probability, would be physical pain in that particular part of the body belonging to the medium that was attacked belonging to the spirit, for the two are in electrical rapport. Therefore the medium must be very sensibly affected by even the clapping of spirit-hands. The mediums will tell you, when the spirit-hand clasps your hand, they feel as if a hand was clasping theirs. Here is a problem for you scientists to solve; and if you cannot solve it, why, we are ashamed of you, and you ought to be ashamed of yourselves!

C.—By Samuel Eddy, of Michigan City, Ind.: Sometimes, by closing my eyes, I see the forms of dear friends who have passed away; and at other times I try in the same moment to see them, but cannot. In this imagination, or do I really see the spirits of my friends?

A.—Not with the human organs of sight, but you perceive them as the spirit sees. 'Tis no imagination. There is nothing that is in reality imagination, in human or spiritual life.

CHAIRMAN.—A correspondent writes as follows: I beg leave to transmit to you the following extract from a letter received from a lady in Wilmington, N. C. I know intimately all the parties, and can safely vouch for the truthfulness of the statements. The Mr. Orrell mentioned is a plain, practical man, not a believer in Spiritualism, nor in the marvelous in any form:

"Mr. Orrell went down street a few days since, just before breakfast. It was cloudy, raw and foggy. He met a Mr. Mead with his two children, and told him he ought not to be out with the little ones—it was too cold; but Mr. Mead paid no attention to him. He worried Mr. Orrell, and meeting some person he knew, he mentioned the circumstance to him. The man told him it could not be so, for Mead had died the night before, and that he had helped to lay him out. Mr. Orrell did not credit the statement, and asked Mr. Mead's partner in business, who confirmed the report of his death. Mr. Orrell, still distrusting, went to Mead's house and found Mead dead and laid out, and the two children, just as he saw them with Mead, were in the room alive and well. Now what does it portend? will the children die soon? Even if the spirits of both the dead and the living can make themselves visible, have they ever appeared together? or why appear to Mr. Orrell, who was only an acquaintance and not greatly interested in him?"

Being unable to give a satisfactory solution to the question propounded by the lady writer, I submit the case to you; and if you, or the intelligence communicating through Mrs. Conant, can explain the reason how or why the spirits of the living children should appear with that of their father, it would be a source of gratification to others, as well as yours truly. JOHN M'RAE.

P. S.—I formerly resided in Wilmington, N. C., and of the credibility of my endorsement of the foregoing statement would refer to A. J. Davis or Judge Edmunds.

A.—We know nothing concerning this case, therefore cannot judge of it particularly. But we

know the law of spirit is freedom. You talk of being confined to the body. This is not true. The spirit goes out of the body at any time it may choose, and, under favorable circumstances, it can and does and is absolutely compelled to materialize itself. It is very likely that the father was in physical and spiritual rapport with these children, and, because he was, he was not spiritually separated from them. It may be that the person who saw the apparition was the exact opposite that was necessary to the materializing of these unclothed spirits, for the two children referred to were just as much disembodied, and yet materialized spirits, as he was. You do not often have thunder showers in winter; sometimes this occurs, but not often; and because it does occur there is a cause for it. Nature's conditions are exact for that manifestation, therefore it comes. Here, in your latitude, flowers bloom in spring, fruits ripen in summer and are harvested in autumn. All these several effects are produced from a cause; and that cause is the law of the effect. These so-called supernatural apparitions or appearances are only results of natural law; and when you have knowledge of that law, as pertaining to such things, you will not hold them up as miracles, you will no longer see them in that light. You will learn that, under certain circumstances, you may just as much expect them as you look for snow in winter. It comes, by virtue of necessity, to answer the demands of Nature's law. The man who met these apparitions was not conscious of exercising any power in this matter, yet he was an agent for power, or Nature through him exercised the power that enabled those disembodied spirits to materialize themselves. He became the opposite end of the electrical battery. Therefore the manifestation. Dec. 14.

Edward Barrows.

I am forced into the belief that we are all controlled by a Power over which we have not the slightest control. In looking back over my past life—which, so far as I can remember, numbered thirty-nine years—I see standing out, here and there, all along the shore of my being, positive and indisputable demonstrations to prove the law of destiny.

When the first shot was fired from Sumter I was at Fernandina, Florida. I said to myself and to my friends, "I believe we are going to see serious times, and I think we have very little time to choose which party we will serve." My friends remarked they did n't think it would be anything serious; that when the North learned the South was determined upon secession, that she really meant war, she would quietly accede to her demands, the line would be drawn, and we should live under a Government of our own. I said, "It may be true, but I cannot so understand it." They replied, "How should you, when you were born under Northern influences? You of course think, as many Northerners do, that it is your duty to sustain the Union unbroken." I said, "I don't; I'm inclined to think if the North and South can't live happily together, they'd better divide."

But I am a little before my story. About five months previous to this time, I three nights in succession dreamed that I had entered the Southern Army; that I was wounded; got well, went into the army and was wounded again, which resulted in death. I cannot say what effect these dreams had upon me; do not know that they had any; am rather inclined to think so, for as far as guiding me is concerned they had none. Although I thought of them very seriously at times, yet I gave myself no real uneasiness about them.

We had little time to consider whether we would go as we had anticipated. We very soon learned that the matter was more serious than any of us outsiders had dreamed of. And so we were obliged to decide very hastily, and being, as many of us were, under the direct influence of Southern principles, living as we did at the South, we very soon decided in her favor.

What I am coming at is this: It remains to be told that my dreams were fully realized. Now if it was not foreknown by somebody, some power, what my destiny was to be, where did the dreams come from? Something never was created out of nothing; that we all know. The dream was created, and it must have been the absolute law that belonged to me as an individual.

My friends used to call me a strange individual, not because I was a believer in dreams, not because I was led by fancy, but because I never could realize the truth of a personal God, or a God such as had been held up to me by the religious creeds of the day. I always said, I believe this God, whatever it is, is nothing more or less than the ruling Power of Life everywhere. Why, you might as well talk of bringing down the sun, imprisoning it in a foot square box, and shutting out its light from all the rest of the world, as to talk of embodying this God. It can't be done. I shall be obliged to express the same opinions to my friends still, and I suppose in turn they will declare that I have retained my old notions, which is very true.

My little daughter said to me, shortly before I entered the army, "Father, are you going to join the Southern Army?" "No, my dear, I don't think of it," I replied. "Oh, but you are!" "No, I don't know that I am," for at that time I did not think of the thing. I said, "My dear, what makes you think so?" "Oh, I don't know, papa, but I do think so, I do feel so; do n't join the army; let's go away from here." I said, "My dear, I'm not going to join the army." "But I know you will." And the child absolutely made herself sick over it. Now it was impressed upon her mind that I should join the army, and it became an acknowledged fact very soon. Now how did she know it? That's the question. Who told her? If it was not a reality, and written in my destiny, how could she get hold of it?

All these dreams and forewarnings are not meaningless. True, they are the stepping-stones to the great Temple of Truth. Every one of them is needed. The experience of no individual is useless. They are all like so many pillars in the great Temple of Life.

Most of my friends, I know, are violently opposed to this spiritual reform on the score that no good ever resulted from it. They also declare that there is no good in it, because they can't see any good in it. Now the only proper way for them to determine whether there is any good in Spiritualism, is by analyzing it to its very lowest depths. When you've done that, you are prepared to express an opinion concerning it; until you have, the less you say about it the better it will be for yourselves and the world.

For my own part, I could not understand it when I heard. I had no time to look into it, there fore I said little or nothing about it, and thank God I did so, for I should be ashamed to travel back over the bridge that spans the two worlds, after I had denounced it and declared it did not exist, as many have.

Now in conclusion I would say, if any of my friends feel anyway inclined to talk with their old friend, Edward Barrows, I shan't be backward in doing my part. I am fully persuaded that I am not yet done with earth and earthly

DIED YESTERDAY.

STARTLING DISCLOSURES!

Every day is written this little sentence: "Died yesterday." Every day a flower is plucked from some sunny home—a branch is made in some happy circle—a jewel is taken from some treasury of love by the ruthless hand of the angel of death. Each day from the summer-held of life some harvester disappears. Yes, every moment some cherished sentinel drops from the rugged ramparts of Time into the surging waves of Eternity. Even as we write, the church-bell tolls the doleful funeral knell of one who "died yesterday." It is a doom tones chill the blood in our veins, and make the heart sad indeed.

"Died yesterday." Who died? Perhaps it was a gentle, innocent babe, slender as an angel, pure as the zephyr's gentle music, and whose laugh was as gushing as the summer rills flowing in a rosebower—whose life was but a perpetual litany—a May-time crowned with blooming, delicate flowers which never fade. Or, perhaps it was a youth, hopeful and promising—possessing the fire and animation of perennial life—whose path was strewn with sweet flowers of rarest beauty and verdure, with no serpent lurking beneath—one whose soul panted for communion with the great and good—but that heart is still now; he "died yesterday."

"Died yesterday." Daily, men, women, and children are passing away; and hourly, in some lonely, silent graveyard, the cold, cheerless sod drops upon the coffin-lid of the dead. As often in the morn we find some rare flower that had blushed sweetly in the sunset has withered forever, so daily, when we rise from our couch to labor at our posts, we miss some kind, cheerful soul, whose existence, perhaps, was dearly and sacredly entwined with our own, and had served as a beacon-light to our weary footsteps. But they are now gone, and future generations will know not their worth, or appreciate their precepts. Yes, remember each day some sacred pearl drops from the jewel thread of friendship—some sweet heavenly lyre to which we have been wont to listen has been hushed forever.

READ! READ! READ!

We hereby notify the public that Prof. R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, M.D., the most celebrated Liver, Lung, and Blood Physician of this or any other age, has, after an experience and success unparalleled in the history of medicine for over a quarter of a century, demonstrated the fact that the Liver is the main purifier or strainer through which the blood and fluids of the body are cleansed from all poisonous qualities; and that obstructions and derangements in the natural action of this vital organ are the first and primary cause of all abnormal conditions of the system of a general nature.

If you wish to know whether you have a deranged liver and digestive organs, see the following:

SYMPTOMS OF LIVER COMPLAINT: THE ILS IT CAUSES.

A sallow or yellow color of the skin, or yellowish-brown spots on the face and other parts of the body; chills and drowsiness, with frequent headache; bitter or bad taste in the mouth; dryness of the throat, and internal heat; palpitation of the heart; in many cases a dry teasing cough, with sore throat; uneasy appetite; sour stomach, with a raising of the food, and choking sensation in the throat, which is often attributed to worms; sickness and vomiting; distress, heaviness, or a bloated and full feeling about the stomach and sides, which is often attended with pain and tenderness; aggravating pains in the sides, back, or breast, and about the shoulders; restlessness at night, with a tired and sore feeling of the whole body on rising in the morning; colic, pain and soreness through the bowels, with heat, constipation of the bowels, alternating with frequent attacks of diarrhea, piles, flatulence; nervousness; all-gone feelings; the, turbid, or high-colored urine; coldness of the extremities; rush of blood to the head, with symptoms of apoplexy; numbness of the limbs, especially at night; tenderness and fullness in right side, which often extends to the left; cold chills, alternating with hot flashes; female weaknesses and irregularities; fainting fits, &c.

Another very prominent and common symptom is the peculiar loziness of spirits and gloomy forebodings of the unfortunate sufferer; persons of naturally buoyant and cheerful dispositions are often changed to dull, morose and desponding hypochondriacs; those before amiable and sprightly become peevish, irritable and unsocial; in short, undergo an entire change of manner and character.

Dear reader, if you have any or all of the above-mentioned symptoms, Prof. HAMILTON has remedies that will strike at the root of them as by magic. There is no such word as fail in his treatment. By them the Liver and Stomach are speedily changed to an active, healthy state, the appetite regulated and restored, blood and secretions thoroughly purified and enriched, and the whole system renovated and built up anew.

It depends much upon the length of time the difficulty has been existing, organization of the particular system affected, climate, general habits, occupation, sex, etc. Of course, the longer the derangement, the more numerous the symptoms of internal disorder. If Nature, in her salutary struggles to relieve the blood from its poisonous qualities, throws off deposits in the center of the system, there is at once more or less cough, with eventually all the long train of symptoms of Consumption. If the bowels receive most of the poisonous deposit, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Piles, Bilious Colic, etc., are the result. If the stomach receives it instead, Dyspepsia, Cholera Morbus, Cramps and Pains in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Nervousness and other unpleasant symptoms. If the bilious matter is thrown to the skin, all kinds of eruptions and skin diseases are produced. It is a law of the animal economy that, to be natural and free, the body must throw off all worn-out and poisonous irritating materials, by the process called secretion and excretion, as fast as it takes on new particles by assimilation and nutrition. Now, if Nature is deranged by the action of the liver, the majority of all the work of the system is separated from it by the Liver, when in a healthy condition, and then thrown into the bowels and passed off with the excretions. By this you see the moment the Liver becomes affected from any cause, it fails to separate the offensive matter from the blood, and fluids to an extent proportionate to the torpidity or disorder of the organ; consequently, Nature seeks other outlets through which she can rid the blood of its unhealthy mass, when it is thrown to the surface through the pores of the skin, which it irritates, and if the unnatural process is continued long, various forms of rashes, blotches, eruptions, sores, ulcers, boils, swellings, etc., are induced, such as are seen in different persons and localities of the globe.

So with all kinds of fits and nervous diseases: the same poison matter that is naturally and should be taken up by the liver, is left in the blood, and if the brain and nervous system is weakened by overaction or any cause, they are thrown in a negative position which renders them incapable of resisting the accumulation, and the consequence is, irregular action of the brain and nervous system takes place, and in their efforts to free themselves of the offending substances, convulsions or fits of various kinds are produced, in all degrees of severity, from the slightest fainting fit to the most dangerous cases of apoplexy or epilepsy. Should the irritation settle, and be confined to the general nerves of the system, neuralgia and all kinds of nervous affections supervene, from its most intense pains and irritability to the simple restlessness so often found in females of a delicate and imperfect organization. Restlessness is at night produced from the same; and nervous headache, groviness, heaviness, dizziness, roaring, buzzing, and ringing in the ears and head, dimness of sight, deafness, throbbing or darting pains in the head. If the bilious matter

should settle upon the mucous membrane that lines the stomach, throat and bowels, then we find the following symptoms or manifestations of the internal derangement: namely: water-brash, heartburn, sickness and vomiting, colic, pains in the sides, stomach, bowels, back or breast, sick headache, palpitations of the heart, wind in the stomach, with distress and fullness, choking spells, heat and dryness in the throat, bad taste in the mouth, canker in the mouth, alternating with hot flashes, dysentery, diarrhea, cholera, and cholera morbus, sour stomach, with raising of the food, uneasy appetite, constipation of the bowels, all-gone feelings, etc. Every one of the above symptoms will often be found to increase where there appears to be a natural susceptibility to affections of this nature.

PART SECOND.

CONTINUATION OF PROF. HAMILTON'S THEORY.

Hoarseness, spitting blood, bronchitis, asthma, or phthisis, and consumption are produced by the same cause. The bilious material is thrown upon the delicate membrane that lines the passages—irritation, with cough, more or less severe, arises through the throat, breast, sides, back, or shoulders, or pains of various degrees of severity, and unless something is done immediately to relieve nature, inflammation will supervene, followed by ulceration, night sweats, cold chills, hectic fever, raising of matter, with perhaps a little blood, diarrhea, sore mouth and throat, etc., which are indications of a powerful effort of nature to relieve the system of poisonous, bilious material which has fastened itself upon the most delicate and sensitive organs in the human system, the lungs and air passages.

In connection with the above cause, we have another, which is not understood by physicians, and that is, a superabundance of action of the lungs; or, in other words, they have been compelled to labor too hard. That the machine may run well, all parts must be kept well oiled and properly balanced. Thus it is with the human system. God, whose hands so daintily fashioned this wonderful body, has allotted to each organ a specific amount of labor, which, if properly and faithfully performed, will cause all to run smoothly and easily through life. But the moment one organ attempts to shirk its usual amount of labor upon a neighboring organ, that moment the harmony of the system is destroyed, and the organ, overtasked by its increased action, becomes, as a natural consequence, enfeebled, and, no longer able to perform even its ordinary amount of work, falls into decay.

Suppose, for instance, that the action of the heart—the tiny seat of life—has become impaired, and, instead of performing its customary amount of labor, it now performs only half as much as it should do—what is the result? The blood, which there is a lack of action in the liver, digestive organs, and heart, the lungs are necessarily brought into powerful action, and are obliged to perform the work of their neighbors as well as their own proper functions. The labor imposed upon the lungs is therefore greatly in excess of what it should be in a normal condition, producing irritation, inflammation, and ultimately ulceration, general prostration, and consumption. In brief, the above are the causes that produce all cases of lung diseases, throat affections and catarrhs. Now, the natural and proper treatment for the full and permanent cure of all such complaints is simple, safe and reliable. Instead of applying remedial agents to the lungs exclusively, I have, by vast experience, learned that other organs should be caused to action at once, and be compelled to perform their natural and equal proportion, thereby restoring harmony between all the vital parts.

Professor R. Leonidas Hamilton, M.D., having for many years given his whole time to the treatment and investigation of Chronic Diseases, more especially of the Liver and Blood, and having been long and favorably known in every State and Territory of the Union as the most skillful and successful physician in the cure of Chronic Diseases, being formerly Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics, Pharmacy, Medical Botany, and Diseases of Females and Children, in the Central Medical College; also Physician to the New York College of Health and the Central City Hospital, &c., have placed opportunities within his reach of no mean importance, which have added largely to his already extensive knowledge.

Remember, Professor R. L. Hamilton is the only physician in the world that has made Liver, Lung, and Blood Diseases a specialty for a whole lifetime, and the only one that has written a full and true theory of the origin and certain cure of such complaints. Professor H. has now perfected a class of New Specific Remedies, that does not fail to cure, speedily and permanently, where the system has not entirely broken down.

After having successfully treated over 150,000 cases of Liver, Lung, and Blood Diseases throughout the United States and British North America, the people can have no excuse for doubting his skill and ability to cope with all diseases to which the human family are subject. The name and fame of Professor R. Leonidas Hamilton, M.D., has become a household word throughout the continent, and the mere mention of his name is sufficient guarantee that the public may place full confidence in his worth and reliability. By the new system of treatment adopted by Professor HAMILTON, all chronic diseases are FULLY AND PERMANENTLY CURED, with more speed and certainty than any other known method. In a majority of cases, the cure is effected in six or eight weeks; and also there is another advantage to be gained, which is of great benefit to the laboring classes, no mineral or poison remedies are given. Consequently patients are in no danger of exposure, and need not be kept from work, or compelled to change diet or general habits of everyday life.

ASTONISHING SUCCESS!

THE MOST WONDERFUL CURE EVER PERFORMED! PLEASE READ IT!

Numbers of just such cases are being reported to me every day from all sections, with a request to lay them before the people.

NORTH TRURO, Barnstable Co., Mass.,
March 21, 1885.

Prof. R. L. HAMILTON—Dear Sir: Believing a statement of my case to be of interest to your readers, I send you this certificate. I cannot remember the time when I was really well. Ten years ago I was taken with a pain in my right side, which at times was very bad; but I was unwilling to give up and call myself sick, and the medicine I got from our family physician doing no good, I suffered in silence. In December, 1884, my side was so swollen and so painful that I could not wear my clothes. While in this condition, Mrs. Ebenezer Stover, of Industry, Franklin Co., Me., came here on a visit, and told me how your valuable medicine had cured her of liver complaint, and she knew that I had it, but I could not make up my mind to send to you then, and after a time forgot it. My side got no better; and on the 18th of May, 1885, in lifting beyond my strength, I broke the ligament in my back, and was obliged to give out entirely and go to bed. I could not turn myself in bed, and to lift me from one bed to the other, as they did once a week to make my bed, seemed as though it would take my life. I was obliged to lie on my back all the time, my head even with my body. I took my food in this position. What I suffered no one can ever know. My head ached all the time dreadfully, my side grew worse and was very painful, my back very bad; and to make matters worse, I had so much inflammation in my stomach, side and bowels, that I could not take much that was strengthening. I cannot begin to tell you half that I had to contend with, and if I could I doubt if it would be believed. Shortly after I was taken sick I commenced to have sort of fits, and the weaker I got the oftener I had them, and these fits, I knew would cause my death if not soon cured. The first symptom of them would be rapid beating of the heart; next it would seem as though my heart did not beat at all, and my pulse stops and I struggle for breath. The spells would sometimes last an hour, and they have often thought I was dying. My feet and hands would be cold, and have every appearance of death. I had no good food, and I could not be helped no good, and I gave myself up to die. One day some friends came to see me, and brought me some things. After they were gone I took up the paper and noticed your advertisement—read it for want of something else to do—remembered what Mrs. Stover had told me, and resolved to send. You wrote back that you could cure me

completely if I commenced then; and my diseases were of the liver and digestive organs. I had faith, and wanted your medicine. I had to talk a great deal to do away with the prejudices of many of my friends. I commenced taking your medicine the 20th of November, and the result was glorious, far beyond my expectations. I began to gain immediately; my headache left me, I slept well, was cheerful, and suffered but little. Still I had no use of my limbs, and no one thought I ever would have again. The second lot of medicine I had you said, "I will have you on your feet in a month or two at the most." I really laughed at the idea, for I then could not turn myself, move my feet, or hold my head up; but strange as it may seem, in five weeks from that date I was so much better that they put me on my feet, and I for the second time went into the world with a walk out, and I am about all day. My recovery is looked upon as little short of a miracle by hundreds who know the circumstances; and I often hear the remark, "It must be more than a MAN who has done this." I have had many to see me in regard to my sad condition. I thank you many times for what you have done for me, and I shall ever remember with gratitude the man who saved my life, and cured me one of the most distressing diseases, the liver complaint. Respectfully your friend, ever,
JOSEPHINE S. HOLDEN.

AND STILL THEY COME!

ROCKAWAY, N. J.
R. L. HAMILTON, M.D.—Dear Doctor: It is with pleasure that I communicate the result of the fate of your medicines. When I first visited your office in New York, which was in April, 1883, I could scarcely walk from the cars before your medicines were put into my system. With all your prestige as a successful physician, I had but little hope that you could cure me. There was nothing strange in this. Four years and four months had passed away, and during that period I had suffered constantly with chronic diarrhea and piles. I had some of the best physicians, and used everything I heard of that I could procure; but all in vain. Why should I think that you could do more than others? But, a just and grateful gratitude compel me to say that, after the use of your medicines for a few months, the result was a complete cure. I ceased the use of your medicines about the 1st of September, and had no return of diarrhea until the 25th of January, 1884, and that attack I could trace to its cause; indeed, I wish I could expect to be freed from liabilities to attacks of disease any more than other men. I wish I had the voice of seven thunders, and could assemble the sick in the world, I would direct them to you, as one fully competent to heal, and whose generous and noble nature would not allow of exorbitant charges. Yours truly,
REV. GEO. H. JONES.

Of the Newark Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

A CELEBRATED CLERGYMAN RESPONDS:

POINTVILLE, N. J., June 26, 1885.
Prof. R. L. HAMILTON—Dear Sir: I have purposely delayed writing in order to give you the results of your medicines. The medicines came to hand in the time, and I commenced using them as instructed, and have persevered. For the first week I could not see much change; the second week there seemed to be a giving way of the disease; and at the end of the third week I decided change for the better was manifest. I am now able to walk about with ease and comfort. I send you my sincere and many thanks, and pray that God may bless and preserve your life for many years. I feel that, under the blessing of Divine Providence, you have done great things for me. Yours truly,
REV. J. HUGG.

READ THE TESTIMONY OF MR. ZACHARIAH K. POST, CLERK IN THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.

GENERAL POST-OFFICE, NEW YORK CITY,
Oct. 2, 1885.

DR. HAMILTON: After suffering long years with liver and blood disease in a severe form, and being dosed by physicians of different schools to no purpose other than an injurious one, I am now, after taking your medicines so short a time, perfectly healthy, and free not only from all diseases, but also from the effects of poisonous minerals with which my system has been drugged. In simple justice to your great professional abilities, and gratitude for your kind attention, do I furnish this statement, which I will promptly corroborate by letter if any doubt is authenticity. Most heartily do I recommend all afflicted with Liver, Blood or Lung Disease to Prof. Hamilton.

Very gratefully,
ZACHARIAH K. POST, New York P. O.

IF YOU DOUBT THE TRUTH OF THE FOLLOWING REMARKABLE CURE, WRITE TO HER, AND SHE WILL TELL HER OWN STORY.

INCONTROVERTIBLE TESTIMONY—THE CASE OF MRS. PALMER—A COMPLETE AND PERFECT CURE.

Mrs. L. H. Palmer, of Globe Village, Massachusetts, in a series of letters under different dates, gives a history of her case, which, as she says, "was so remarkable that strangers were compelled to see her, the same as they would a great curiosity." "I seem (she writes) to have all the complaints a person can have and live. Indeed, I seem to live but to suffer. I have headache, sore throat, with a general derangement of the system; am tormented with a dry, tight cough, short breath, very costive; have night sweats, and at times feel as though I was burning with fire, and am so painful. Now I suffer with cold, and again feel burning with the heat. I have not had a menstrual discharge in fifteen months, have sharp, running pains in my hips and kidneys, and my liver is apparently torpid and inactive." The medicines needed by Mrs. P. were at once forwarded, and the benefits derived from them are apparent from the following extract from one of her letters to me: "Altogether I had begun to be encouraged by the slight improvement, yet I felt that a crisis was coming—one which I dared not to contemplate. You can imagine my agreeable surprise when I passed the critical period with less pain than I ever felt in my life. From that time I began to improve rapidly; nature seemed to have been aroused under the magical influence of your medicines; my strength returned; my mind appeared to be relieved of all melancholy, and again the pathway of life opened brightly before me. Only last week I returned to my native place, from whence I was taken years ago on my bed, hardly expected by my friends to reach my journey's end alive. When my old acquaintances saw me returning comparatively well, they could hardly believe that such a miracle as this was wrought by medicine; they say it seems 'like one raised from the dead' to see me moving round again. As long as I live I shall be a walking advertisement of your truly wonderful healing powers. Words cannot speak my gratitude. Once more I find happiness in living. If I ever succeed in accomplishing any good I shall attribute it all to you."

ANOTHER WONDERFUL CURE.

DESMARK, Oxford County, Me., Dec. 8.

MY DEAR SIR: Believing a statement of my case would be a benefit to the public, or more especially to a person similarly diseased, I send you this certificate. One year ago last June I was taken with a very severe pain in my right side; it continued to grow worse, until I was obliged to stop all kinds of business, and finally took to my bed. Most of the time the pain was so bad I could get no rest night or day. I suffered beyond all description; I had the advice and counsel of the best physicians in the State, and they could do me no good; all they gave me was blue pill and morphine.

I continued growing worse until about the middle of August, when I had an abscess break on my liver; it discharged through the lungs some five or six half or more the first twenty-four hours, and then it appeared to be closed. I had been following it discharged from half to one pint, and then commenced to fill up again, for two weeks, when it broke again, and continued to do so every two weeks, all winter, till the middle of February, when they would rise and break every few days. It seems to me I raised a barrel of thick matter, or pus; it was about the color of blood, perhaps a little more red, and I raised from ten to twenty complete skeletons the doctors all told me I must die, and that soon; they gave me nothing but morphine to ease the pain; they said that I could not live more than two weeks at most; I could not sit up at all—not long enough to have my bed made; I coughed and raised more than a man in consumption; I tried all the patent medicines of

the day, and everything that could be thought of, and grew worse all the time. My side was so sore (outside) I couldn't bear my clothes to touch it, and, to sum it all up, I was in a very bad fix, anyway.

A friend of mine got one of your papers and brought it to me to look at; I read some of it, and thought I would try you—I could not but say so. I had but little hope, there was so much trouble in the world. I wrote you, I think, in March. Your answer was you could cure me, and sent me some medicine. I commenced taking it the last of April; I commenced getting better from the first dose, and continued so until I was quite well. The sore never stopped discharging to fill up until after I commenced taking your medicine, and the discharge grew less every day until completely healed up, which was some time in August, since which time my health never was better. I can do as good a day's work as any other man, and stand it as well; and I do know it was your medicine that cured me, and I do sincerely and solemnly believe that any person that is sick (and there are curable) that will get your medicine and follow your directions, they will surely get cured. My advice is, friends all, if you are sick, send to Prof. R. L. Hamilton, and he will cure you. I remain, yours forever, J. B. WATSON.

GRAVEL CURED.

Mr. George W. Vaughn, of Grand Rapids, Wood County, Wis., writes:

In the Fall of 1882, I was taken with a severe affection of the kidneys and bladder. My strength rapidly gave way to the ravages of my disease, until I was literally nothing but a walking shadow. For the first five years of my disease my water was of a cherry red color. At times, substances the size of a bean, resembling clotted blood, would pass off, and at others something resembling coarse sand. My sufferings were well nigh intolerable. I had taken your medicine only two weeks when I felt a decided change for the better. In four weeks I had so far regained my strength that I was able to engage in light work; and now (only two months since I commenced the use of your wonderful remedies) I consider myself a well man. It seems incredible, after suffering so long, and doctoring with so many physicians, and paying so much money, that I should be entirely cured in so short a time, and at such trifling expense; yet, such is the case, as all my friends and neighbors can testify. Your practice in this vicinity will be unlimited. Many are astonished at such a wonderful cure, and are daily applying to you for relief. Long may you live to bless your race.

The above is a correct copy of the statement transmitted to us. It can be seen by calling at our office. Mr. Vaughn will be most happy to recommend us to any that doubt our ability to cure gravel, and affections arising from diseases of the kidney and bladder.

AUNTIE FOUR CORNERS, Susquehanna Co., Pa.

Prof. HAMILTON—I now improve the present opportunity to inform you of the result of your medicine. It has effected a permanent cure, as the agonizing pain in my right side, which had troubled me for three years, has entirely subsided. My appetite is decidedly better, and the various symptoms which I had at the time of applying to you have all disappeared. My health never was better than at the present time, and I attribute all to the use of your valuable medicine, for which I shall always feel very grateful, and will do all I can to induce my diseased friends and acquaintances to apply to you, for I believe your remedies to be all, and everything you claim for them. If I ever need any more medicine, or any of my family, I shall apply to you at once, as I believe it to be the surest, safest, and best to be had. I remain yours at command,
MRS. J. W. SMITH.

ROSEVILLE, Park Co., Ind., Feb. 9, 1885.

Prof. HAMILTON—Dear Doctor: Your medicines, which I have been taking, have had the desired effect in every particular. All diseases for which you have prescribed have been wholly eradicated in such a measure that I suffer no inconvenience from them. I am ready, doctor, to hail you as one of the greatest benefactors of the age. May heaven's kindest blessings follow you through life. Yours, with respect,
CYNTHIA JESSUP.

A CASE OF DIARRHEA OF TWO YEARS' STANDING CURED.

Mr. J. H. Allen, Postmaster at Poll Grove, Wis., writes Nov. 19:

Your medicines I have received, and used as directed. Most of the time for two years previous to applying to you I had suffered severely with diarrhea, and had tried most every remedy, but to no purpose. I have strong reasons to believe that your remedies will have the desired effect, as I am gaining faith.

STILL ANOTHER.

Mrs. Hannah Greene, of Van Buren, DeKalb Co., Ill., writes July 9:

Your package of medicine came duly to hand. I have taken it as directed, and am most happy to inform you that it has accomplished all that could be desired. My many aches and pains have all disappeared, as if magically, by the use of your invaluable remedies. My health is better than it has been for years. I do not think I shall need any more medicine. God bless you, Doctor; may you always be as successful in other cases as you were in mine. With many kind wishes, yours, ever truly,
HANNAH GREENE.

ANOTHER CASE OF CONSUMPTION CURED.

Mr. William S. Blakeslee, of Windham-Centre, Greene Co., N. Y., writes:

Five weeks ago my friends thought I was in the last stage of consumption. After taking your medicines for a few days I began to feel much better, and am now able to be around and attend to my business. I anticipate a permanent cure. I owe everything to you for your great wisdom in treating this disease that has hitherto been considered incurable.

CATARRH, LIVER AND KIDNEY DISEASE CURED. THE TESTIMONY OF A POSTMASTER.

W. Stearns, Esq., Postmaster at West Brain-tree, Vt., writes:

"I have taken all the medicines you sent me; the pain in my heart and left side has left me; I feel like a new man. There was almost everything ailed me when I commenced taking your medicines, viz. Catarrh, Liver and Kidney Complaint. I am feeling so well that I do not know whether you think it necessary for me to take any more medicine or not. Your medicines, thus far, have proved the right sort for me."

SAVED HIS LIFE.

Mr. Jacob C. Mateer, of Shellsburgh, Benton County, Iowa, writes: "This is to inform you that I am doing all I can for you in circulating the papers you sent me among the sick, and think it no cure you have performed, throughout the land, for I was at your mercy and you saved my life, and, therefore, if there is anything I can do for you, it will be done with the greatest pleasure. I want you to send me all the circulars and papers you can to distribute among the sick about here. May God give you a long life on earth."

AN EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE.

Miss Emma J. Howe, of Bernard's Bay, Oswego County, N. Y., writes July 6:

"I must express my gratitude for the benefit derived from your treatment. I feel really cured. My friends consider it a miracle that I am helped in the least; I shall send your praise far and near."

CURED HIS SON.

Mr. Leonard Tedro, of Big Mound, Lee County, Iowa, made application for his son, who had been a sufferer for years from Epilepsy, often requiring two to three men to hold him during a paroxysm, which was of almost daily and nightly occurrence. Mr. T. writes:

"Your remedies worked like a charm—ten months having elapsed since his last attack; feel quite anguine, through the mercy of God, who

has blessed your remedies, that my son will now be forever exempt from a return of this terrible affliction. In the gratitude of my heart I unite with others in recommending these similarly affected to you at once, feeling confident that you can cure them."

WORKING WONDERS.

Mr. A. McCurdy (agent), of Seneca, Venango County, Pa., writes May 2:

"Your remedies are working wonders in this vicinity. Every person under your treatment is either entirely cured, or is in a fair way to be so."

A LONG CATALOGUE OF DISEASES CURED.

Raelina P. Chase, of Tully, Onondaga County, N. Y., writes August 20:

"Since using the medicines you sent last, my health has gained very rapidly. The long catalogue of symptoms I sent you in my first communication are fast disappearing. May long life and heaven's blessings attend you for healing poor, suffering humanity."

THE REMEDIES THE BEST EVER USED.

Mrs. Rachel Henderson, of Bolivar, Westmoreland County, Pa., writes July 21:

"I have taken your medicines as directed, and find myself very much relieved. The soreness in my throat, breast, and under my shoulder-blades, has left me entirely; also the swelling about my stomach and breast. I consider your remedies are the best I have ever used."

HAS HAD THE DESIRED EFFECT.

Mr. Levi S. Hollinger, of West Myerstown, Lebanon County, Penn., writes July 22:

"The medicines you sent me last have had the desired effect; I feel almost perfectly cured; another prescription will do a permanent work; send as soon as possible."

TAKE NOTICE.

All that wish for treatment or advice please answer the following questions by letter, and add any further information necessary to give me a full description of each case:

QUESTIONS—Give your name, age, residence, occupation, married or single; have you headache or dizziness, cough, asthma, loss of voice or hoarseness, catarrh, expectorated mucus, raise blood, fever or night sweats, sleepless or frightful dreams, chills, confined to bed, nervousness, palpitation of heart, rheumatism, dropsy, nervous fits, palsy, dyspepsia, sickness, irregular, wind or distress at stomach, bilious, bowels irregular, bloated or sore, costiveness, diarrhea, appetite good, poor or craving? are you thirsty? Is the tongue coated? If so, what the color and appearance, or is it very dry or cracked? have you piles, fistula, gravel? urine scanty or otherwise? have you scrofula, cancer or any humor? If so, how does it affect you? Are you naturally strong or delicate, lean or fleshy, straight or stooping? What, if any, change in these respects? To what complaints are your family most subject? If a lady, married or single, had any children, any female complaints, irregularities, pains and weakness in the back and limbs, had any bad fits of sickness, taken much medicine, &c.?

All sick persons must remember that if they wish to be put upon a course of treatment which will cure them, they can write and answer the above questions. I can, in every instance, prescribe for them just as well as though I saw them; for I have constantly thousands under my treatment in various parts of the world which I never see; all of whom I cure as speedily and safely as those I see in person; in fact, some of the best cures I ever made I have perfected in cases I never saw.

For greater convenience to those wishing to write me about their diseases, I insert the following, which embraces nearly all that I require to know in most cases, to get at the exact nature of them, and prescribe with the most perfect success:

Have you a sallow or yellow skin?
Have you brown spots on your face, or any part of the body?
Have you a headache?
Are you dull, heavy or sleepy?
Have you a bitter or bad taste in the mouth?
Have you cold chills or hot flashes?
Have you irritation or dryness in the throat?
Have you palpitation of the heart?
Have you a dry, teasing cough?
Is your appetite unsteady?
Is your stomach sour?
Do you raise or spit up your food?
Have you any choking spells?
Are you troubled with sickness and vomiting?
Do you feel bloated about the stomach?
Have you pain or tenderness about the stomach?

Have you pains in the sides, back or shoulders?
Have you a tired or sore feeling on rising in the morning?
Do you have colic pains?
Have you constipation of the bowels?
Have you attacks of diarrhea?
Have you wind in the stomach and bowels?
Have you piles or fistula?
Do you have nervousness or all-gone feelings?
Have you scanty or dark-colored urine?
Have you cold feet and hands?
Have you a rush of blood to the head?
Have you numbness of the limbs?
Have you dizziness of the head?
Have you uneasiness in lying on the sides?
Have you fainting or epileptic fits?
Have you female weakness?
Have you smelly or irregularities?
Have you leucorrhoea or spirts?
Have you gloomy forebodings?
Are you peevish and easily irritated?
Do you feel unsoothable at times?
Has your entire character and manner changed?

MAKE A NOTE OF THIS.

In conclusion, I will say to all who read this, and feel that they are in any way diseased, please be so kind as to write me a simple, full statement of your symptoms, and by return mail you will get a reply, with every information and advice necessary, free—only enclose stamps to pay postage. Do not delay, I beg of you, when it may place you beyond all hope of a cure. I shall be plain, and tell you the whole truth, and what you may depend upon, and whether you can or cannot be saved. Have no fear of revealing any secrets to me, for they are safe in my possession.

I repeat, those who live at a distance and cannot see me in person, write me; I can prescribe and send remedies by mail or express to any part of the world. No danger in sending letters, or money in letters, for they always come safely and speedily to me. Please hand this to your friends and acquaintances who may be sick; thereby you may do much good and save valuable lives. Preval on them to write to me at once. Further, I wish in this place to inform those who may be inclined to doubt the truth and authenticity of any of the above testimonials, that I will give \$1,000 to any person that can prove any of them false, having the original letters in my office, where any one can see them. I have also over 20,000 just as good, which ought to satisfy the most skeptical that my assertions are based upon facts.