

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.

GLIMPSES OF THE SUMMER-LAND. A DREAM.

BY J. BOMBER, JR.

I stand upon the shores of Time,
And view its waters o'er;
With vision for the nonce divine,
I pierce beyond this sea sublime,
And see far o'er the misty bring
Dim lights upon the shore.

Angelo beings bless my sight,
Who erst have been at rest;
Borne on ethereal pinions bright,
Arrayed in robes of spotless white,
They all in Wisdom's ways unite.
Fair is this land of pure delight—
This "Araby the blest!"

A choir of heavenly singers,
Wake music o'er the main.
Within my soul, still lingers,
Lingers—lingers, sweetly lingers,
Harps swept by angel fingers.
Oh, would it ever linger,
That sweet, that holy strain!

Each crowned with wreaths of fadeless flowers,
No more Death's trembling slaves,
Harmonious pass the endless hours,
Ahi could I wield supernal powers,
To paint the glories of those bowers,
Views from Immortal-land were ours,
E'en this side of the grave.

Alas! that Fate no joys like these
Should o'er Earth's tablet spread,
Like fragrant odors on the breeze,
Like bird-like love-songs 'mid the trees,
Like thoughts of loved ones o'er the seas,
Their memory, o'er, hath power to please,
Like music that is fled.

Ye angels bright! ye angels bright!
As round our hearts ye rove,
The scales dispel from human sight,
Cause Wisdom to o'ercome the night,
That mortals, too, may reap delight
In scenes wherein ye move.

Lo! scarcely had been said my prayer,
Than this celestial band,
With streaming locks of golden hair,
With beaming smiles on faces fair,
With snowy limbs as lithe as air,
With untold charms and graces rare,
Wave the approving hand.

They beckon me, those angels bright,
Beckon, beckon to me!
They beckon me from Land of Light,
With beaming smiles of fond delight!
They beckon me, with arms so white,
Joyful with them would I unite,
From pain and sorrow free!

Anon, far o'er this boundless sea,
From off my misty shore,
A song is wafted o'er to me,
In soft, celestial melody—
A cheerful song, as sing the free,
Who never sang before:

"Ye little reek as truth, I ween,
Oh poor earth-shackled man!
The glories thou but now hast seen
Are more than fancies of a dream.
Heed! Greater truth ne'er yet hath been
Proclaimed since time began!

Awake from Error's slumber!
Shake off thy idle fears!
Loved ones, who o'er these vigils keep,
Are sad that thou for them shouldst weep
Vain tears. Have faith! They do not sleep,
Unmindful, through the years!

Ah, no! The seed by yeoman sown
Buds not except it die!
Soul flamed in beauty 'yond the tomb—
That faded sleep of dreamless gloom!
Rejoice for man the precious boon
Should grasp, without a sigh!"

Recede they slowly from the shore
'Yond Charon's awful tide;
They turn their lingering glances o'er
And beckon unto me once more,
While this sweet strain is wafted o'er:
"We'll guard thee through the tide!"

Came hoary Wisdom, in my dream,
And whispered in my ear:
"Heaven is not distant, as ye deem;
Death not the foe ye mortals deem;
Earth not so cheerless as it seem,
"For heaven's beginning here!"
St. Albans, Vt., 1866.

Charity.

Let my lips be sealed with charity, that they
may open only for the good of my neighbor. Let
my eyes be veiled with charity, that they may rest
upon good, and that wickedness may be shut from
my sight. Let charity close my ears to all
unkind and malicious slander. Let charity
keep my hands busy with profitable work, and
my feet turned in the path toward those whom
God hath given me power to benefit. May charity
keep my heart from secret sin, from evil imag-
inations, from the tempting whispers of the desig-
ning one. So that shutting every door against un-
charitableness, my soul will be made strong in
love to the Father and to all men.

What we want in natural abilities may gener-
ally be made up in industry, as a dwarf may
keep pace with a giant if he will but move his
legs a little faster. "Mother!" said the Spartan
boy, going to battle, "my sword is too short."
"Add a step to it," was the reply.

Literary Department.

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Court of the United States, for the District of Massachusetts. }

JESSIE GRAY.

Written expressly for the Banner of
Light, by Mrs. A. B. Porter.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

After a long time I undressed and went to bed.
No one came to my room, for which I was very
thankful. Mrs. Perry supposed I had come early
in the Greenwood carriage, and being very tired
had gone to bed. Toward morning I fell into a
troubled sleep, and awoke with a chill so hard
that it seemed as if the bedstead itself shook with
me. Then came a burning fever. This was new
experience to me, but I did not much care. Only
a few days ago I had wondered that Mrs. Selden
could say she wished to die; now I was sure I
did not want to live. I never should get over such
base slander in all my life. I was too sick to go
down to breakfast, and after awhile Nettie came
in, opening the door very softly, for the dear child
thought I was sleeping after the fatigue of last
night; but when she saw my flushed cheeks and
felt my hot hands she ran at once for her mother.
When Mrs. Perry saw me she was surprised and
grieved, blaming herself that she had not come to
me the night before. She smoothed my hair,
and bathed my burning hands and face.

"How is this, my darling?" she said. "You
have taken cold. How did you come home last
night?"

At that I burst into tears. "Oh, Mrs. Perry, I
want to go home. Please let me go to-day to my
own dear father. I wish I had never left my
home."

She evidently thought I was nervous and ex-
cited, from the last week's labor for the concert.

"There, darling, you are very tired, and sick,
too. You mustn't talk. Lie still till I bring you
a cup of tea."

"No, no. I don't wish for anything to eat.
Please don't bring me anything," and I burst into
tears.

She sat down and took my hand, "now, dar-
ling, there is something troubles you. Tell me
all; you know that all your troubles are mine
also."

I did tell her, though I turned away my face,
for the very thought of that of which I had been
accused made me blush.

I could understand now what Mrs. Perry meant
when she once told me that she was naturally
passionate. How the quick blood rushed to cheek
and brow! It seemed that she could not contain
herself, for she rose and walked the room before
she spoke. She would command herself first.

"This is cruel," she said at last; "wicked, out-
rageously so, and I know who is at the bottom of
all this mischief. Beneath that turban this plot
has been hatched, and there shall, there must be
reparation. But there, I am forgetting your sick-
ness." And she went out of the room, but soon
returned with a dainty breakfast, to which I tried
to do justice, but could not. A few minutes af-
terwards I was surprised by a visit from Dr.
Vard, the good old family doctor, almost equal to
Dr. Barton at home. He prescribed some old
fashioned nauseous dose, for he had no idea of
curing a patient railroad fashion; we must jog on
with him the old slow trot, and do penance by
pill, powder and tonic for past offences before he
would bring us to the delectable hill of health. I
think he is more than half right, for if the cure is
slower, there are not so many wholesale slaughter-
as in the more modern road of quackery and
fast trains.

I fancy he detected a mind diseased, also, for he
was very social, and bade me throw off all care.
Troubles, he said, would be looked down if we
could only stare them in the face hard enough
and long enough. I was confined to my room
two weeks, and when I arose, certain changes
had taken place on the hill. Madam Homer was
not in the house, and Mrs. Perry told me that Mr.
and Mrs. Selden were actually divorced. How
this had been accomplished, she could not tell, for
the matter had been sedulously kept from the
Judge.

Another letter had been received from Dr. Bar-
ton. He would return to this country in a few
weeks, and, after a short visit to his own home,
spend some time in Dalton. He had been very
successful, and hoped to do a great deal by his
discoveries for the amelioration of human suffer-
ing. "For once in my life," he said, "I have
made some money—a few thousands—a fact
which will astonish my good old father, who has
long since given me up as a crazy enthusiast, who
would live always on faith." A part of the letter
was to Mrs. Perry, about the places familiar to
them both in Paris. He had met with a picture
that resembled her, and he had purchased it, and
enclosed a photograph. It was very beautiful,
far more so than herself, Mrs. Perry said, but I
think the resemblance is striking. He did not
mention me in the letter; he has forgotten, per-
haps, that I was in Dalton.

Here is another long pause in the diary of the
little governess, and my readers may imagine the
sigh with which the last paragraph was writ-
ten.

The house at Greenwood is very silent and
lonely now. The master is away most of the
time. Madam Homer and her daughter are living
together in a house in the village, upon an allow-
ance furnished them by Mr. Selden. He would
prefer they should have a home in some other
place, but madam says no, she will stay there.
No child's laugh, no music, no resound through
the house. Aunt Hannah and Jennie keep all
things in order within, and Peter reigns supreme
in garden and stable. Now and then, as he is

going to his room, one hears a pining strain of
some psalm like the following:

"The sparrow builds herself a nest,
And suffers no remove
Oh make me like the sparrow blest,
To dwell but where I live."

It is very evident that Peter likes his own room
better than any other place, but his banjo, like
the harps of the captives in Babel, hangs silent
and unstrung.

One afternoon in May, as Spring was putting on
her robe of green, and the crocus and hyacinth
were springing up in the borders, Judge Perry
takes a bundle of papers and walks through the
garden path to Greenwood. Dinner has been
over about an hour. The master of the house is
in the library, smoking. Peter is on the sunny
side of the south porch enjoying his pipe, which
he removes, and rising, makes a low bow to the
Judge. Aunt Hannah is in the dining room,
cleaning silver, and as the door is open and she
sees the Judge pass, she asks him to stop a mo-
ment and look at a quaint old tantard, which has
been in the family two hundred years. The Judge
remembers it; had often seen it when a boy, and
tells Aunt Hannah in what year it was brought
from Holland. Jennie, who is bringing clean
dishes to the dining room, stops a moment to
hear them talk. The Judge passes on to the li-
brary, where John Selden sits, with a cigar in his
mouth and a decanter of choice wine and a couple
of wine glasses on the table near him. He asks
the Judge to take a glass, which he does, pro-
nouncing it very fine.

There is a long conversation, but no one knows
the subject of it, save those two. But it is nearly
dark when the Judge passes out. Aunt Hannah
has had her afternoon nap, and now, dressed in
her black silk gown and clean cap, she sits in the
dining-room knitting. She sits there every day
now at this hour, and waits the coming of Mr. Sel-
den to tea. The Judge stops again and speaks to
her, and she refers to the old times when Mrs.
Selden was living, and the Judge and Carrie
made their home at Greenwood.

"There are no such pleasant days now, Judge,"
and the tears are in the old lady's eyes. "It's very
gloomy now, and John Selden isn't the same man
that he was—not that he was ever cheery, but
Birdie—sweet angel that she was!—brought out
all the good there was in him. Oh, Judge! I have
very sad forebodings! Somehow it seems all
wrong with us now, and I would rather die, only
poor Mr. John, I think, would miss me sadly!"

"Keep up your courage, Hannah, and be pa-
tient to the end; there's a life of peace and rest
beyond."

"Thank God, I believe that," said the old lady;
and she took off her spectacles to wipe them. "I
wish you would stay to tea, Judge; it is a long
time since you and Miss Carrie have visited us.
We have trout for supper; you used to be very
fond of them."

"Yes, many a string I have caught, and you
have cooked them, Hannah. But I must not stay
to-day. Come over to Hillside, Hannah, when you
are lonely."

"Thank you, sir, I will."

What a noble looking old gentleman! thought
Hannah, as he went out; only think, his hair is
silvery-white! Well, well, we must all grow old!
"Mrs. Perry looks as young as ever," said Jennie,
who had heard Miss Hannah's soliloquy, as she
came in with the coffee; "and if I were in her
place, I should wish my husband a few years
younger."

"Women folks mustn't be too partie'ler," said
Peter, who came in to ask Miss Hannah if she
would have some lettuce from his hot-bed. The
Judge had stopped to praise it, on his way through
the garden, and had taken a head home with him.

"Get out!" said Jennie, with a toss of her head,
"and don't be giving advice to those who are
wiser than yourself."

"No, I never does dat," said Peter, as he went
out, not stopping to hear the reply.

The next day, to the surprise of both families,
who were not looking for him so early in the sea-
son, Dr. Barton made his appearance, very much
improved, he is jolly, from the time we saw him
last. He is a thick, hearty-looking fellow now,
full of hope for the future. But let us see what
little Jessie says about him in her diary, though
she little thought when she wrote it that other
eyes might read it.

May 20.—I have had a long letter from my dear
father, to whom I had written all my trouble. He
bids me be of good cheer; I have done no wrong
myself, and therefore all will come out right at
last. "I would delight, my child, to fold you in
my arms once more, and hear your sweet voice in
the old parsonage; but I am inclined rather to
advise you to remain. When we fly from one
trouble another often meets us; do your duty
while the goddess talks."

I have not been to any concert or party since
my illness, but Mrs. Perry takes me to ride every
day. When she saw how much I wished to leave,
feeling that I should never be happy again here,
she told me that she had planned a pleasant sur-
prise for me. We were all going to the seaside
for July and August, and we should be only ten
miles from my own home. How delightful it will
be! I think now I will work very hard until
then. I am pleased with Nettie's improvement;
she is a gentle, quiet girl, and a good scholar. She
has her father's temperance, and the same love
of investigation and thoroughness. Birdie's death
quite overcame Willie; he is a nervous, sensitive
child, and we have not tasked him heavily of
late. Perhaps the prospect of the summer trip
will stimulate him somewhat.

How pleasant it is to sit here in my bay-window
and write! The gardens are putting on their sum-
mer dress. Peter and Jim are having a great deal
of rivalry about their early vegetables. Peter
comes out ahead a little, which makes Jim rather
cross. "But he can't beat me on horse! No,

Mazeppa can't be beaten! (not the Mazeppa of
the olden time, but a worthy descendant.) Would
n't Peter be glad if Mr. John could buy Mazeppa?
But he can't, though—not he! A thousand dollars
could n't buy him! I'll trot him out the next time
he rubs old Mose down."

The rosebuds are swelling, and I see Peter every
morning watering and tending a certain choice
white rose. Ah! I understand now. As soon as
the buds are opened sufficiently, he will take
them to the cemetery.

There is a stranger coming across the garden-
path; his step is familiar, and yet I do not know
him. He is stopping to talk with Peter, and they
seem well acquainted. Peter's ivory gleam out
brightly from the dark background, and now he
greets Jim. It is a cheery, pleasant voice, and I
feel, when listening to it, as if I were at home in
the harvest-field, and breathing the scent of the
new-mown hay. Strange, surely! And now Mrs.
Perry has caught sight of him, and come out to
welcome him. How happy they are to meet!

He kisses her, and now the children come bounding
out, and Rover—why! he recognizes him, too!
Ay! I see now, as he comes nearer, walking with-
out his hat, and raising his hand to brush the hair
from his forehead. I know that motion; and the
little governess drops her pen, and her head, too,
and the tears come. She did not know they were
coming; she did not mean they should; but there
they are, falling on her paper, as they trickle
through the slender fingers. She rises and lays
aside her diary; it is nearly time for dinner, and
she must dress. She combs her hair, and is very
particular to smooth and dress it nicely. What
makes her take down the black and white check?
She chooses this and a small point lace collar, the
gift of Mrs. Perry, and a brooch—a rich, quaint
old-fashioned brooch which Auntie Barton had
given her. There, now, Miss Jessie, you look very
nicely; but you are not handsome—not like the
beautiful woman that now comes to your door ra-
diant in the maturity of womanhood.

"Come, Jessie, dear, your old friend, the Doc-
tor, is below, and wants to see you. All dressed,
and looking very nicely! Come with me; he has
seen all your friends within a week."

How the little heart went pit-pat, and the hands
trembled!

The Doctor was very glad to see Jessie, shook
her warmly by the hand, and said his father made
him promise to give her a kiss from him, and he
must fulfill the promise. Then they had a long
chat about home, the dear old home, and the
tears and smiles chase each other alternately on
her face.

It was a very happy time. The Judge was never
more genial; he had formed a warm friendship
for the Doctor, and jokes and repartees flew thick
and fast. The dinner (Mrs. Perry always had
good dinners)—to-day Peter and Jim had
hoisted a flag of truce, and both brought offerings.
Jim's chickens, Peter's asparagus and salad, and
green peas, of which he was so proud, were all ex-
cellent. John Selden was invited to dine with his
friend, but he sent an apology, and the Judge did
not even express regret.

They sat in the library awhile after dinner,
when the Judge said that he had an appointment
with Mr. Selden, but would return in an hour or
two. The Doctor and the ladies were to drive un-
til tea, and then the Judge promised himself a
long evening chat with his friend.

Again the Judge was seen with a package of
papers going across the garden to visit Mr. Sel-
den in his library.

Aunt Hannah saw him go in. Peter was in his
old spot on the south porch, and made his lowest
bow, when the Judge said, "Well, Peter, you are
ahead of us in vegetables this year; but it is just
as well, for we enjoyed the peas more than your-
self to-day."

"No, no, Judge, not more! some folks enjoy giv-
ing more than receiving."

"Peter is one of that blessed class, is he?"

The whites of the eyes, and the row of white,
perfect teeth, answered in the affirmative.

Aunt Hannah's curiosity was somewhat ex-
cited by these mysterious visits of the Judge, and
while she would scorn the imputation of being a
listener, she did just pass through the adjoining
room, only in her capacity of housekeeper, he re-
membered; but there she heard words which
troubled her, and which she recalled weeks af-
terwards in perplexity and sorrow.

Greenwood was a very pleasant old-fashioned
house; there were four large rooms upon the floor
of the main building, the parlor and dining-room
were connected, while the library was back of
the drawing-room. Dr. Selden had added to the
library a large bed room, connecting it with the
former by a small room which he called his pri-
vate office, where he kept medicines, made ex-
periments, and amused himself in the later years
of his life, never allowing any one but himself,
not even Aunt Hannah, to sweep and dust there.

Mrs. Selden had preferred to sleep upstairs, so
that these two rooms were seldom used till Dr.
Barton became a visitor there; when, discovering
one day some rare old medical works in the old
office, and some quaint little vials, with a manu-
script of some of the old Doctor's experiments, he
begged permission to occupy these rooms. Peter
and Jennie were delighted to have a being of flesh
and blood there, for the old skeleton in the office
and the box of human bones under the table had
given them many a fright; nor could any one
make them believe that ghosts did not revel there.

Here the young Doctor had formerly spent much
of his time in his visits to his friend. He called
it "Barton's Den," and renewed the old edict that
no one but himself should have charge of the
room. The key hung upon a high nail in the
library, and was seldom used.

"Peter," said the Doctor one day, "never allow
a child to enter these rooms. There's death in the
touch and smell of those powders and liquids in
those tiny vials with ground glass stoppers." The
faithful creature was so afraid that he might not
fulfill his trust, that he buried the key in a little

box under ground. The day before this visit of
the Judge to Selden, on seeing Dr. Barton drive
up, he had unlocked the bedroom for Aunt Han-
nah, but had left the den locked till the Doctor
himself should enter. The latter had spent a part
of the night and the early hours of morning in
his den, while Selden sat in the library talking
with him, as he arranged little packages, and
boxes, and bottles upon the shelves.

"I have thought of my den many times in my
wanderings," said the Doctor; "and I tell you
what, John, I prize this privilege of our friend-
ship; it is pleasant for a poor bachelor like my-
self to pitch his tent in the camping ground of an
old campaigner like your father."

"You are welcome to it as long as I live, and I
will name the old den in my will, if you wish, as
a legacy to yourself."

"What is that, old fellow! talking about wills
and legacies, in that lugubrious voice, too! Tut,
tut, man! bear up against trouble; remember
what Will says in that much criticized extract,
'Take up arms against a sea of troubles, and by
opposing, end them.'"

"Ah, Doctor, you never saw her?"

"No," said his friend, kindly; "but Mrs. Perry
wrote me that she loved her as her own; that she
was a little angel, only here to show you what
heaven is. Take heart of grace, man; I believe in
immortality and heaven, and I don't know how
poor man can bear the burden of life without
such hope."

"Barton," said Selden, rising and looking
steadily at his friend, "I have read all your essays
upon subtle poisons—I know how easily I could
still this dull, ceaseless ache at my heart; and
there have been times when, if the key had been
in its place, I think I should have eased that pain
forever."

"Good, faithful old Peter!—God bless him!—has
saved you; it was a special Providence that led
him to bury the key."

"Special Providence!" repeated his friend, with
a curl of the lip, and he drew from his breast
pocket a revolver, and held the glittering weapon
pointed at himself; "a special Providence does
not prevent my using this when I choose; but I
don't like that way; the world will all know then
of the deed. But after all, in our greatest suffer-
ing we shrink from that annihilation which ends
body and soul—and that is my creed; life has no
hereafter."

"Nonsense, John! you are getting morbid; I
shall certainly put the key in possession of Peter.
See there," and he held up a little vial; "five drops
of that in a cup of coffee would give a slow pas-
sage to the tomb, and it would require as wise a
man as myself, (excuse my vanity,) to detect the
cause of death. But I must not stay here talking,
for my eyes are longing to look upon Mrs. Perry.
In all my travels I have seen no woman to com-
pare with her in mind and person—a lucky dog,
that Judge Perry."

Selden did not answer. He never allowed him-
self to speak or think, if possible, on that subject.

"To-morrow I go to Columbus; they offer me a
professorship in a Medical College, and I am go-
ing to survey the ground. Will you go with me?
We have seen so little of each other for years,
that I do not like to leave you quite so soon."

The Doctor saw that his friend was solitary
and misanthropic, and determined to be with him
as much as possible. As he walked through the
garden, he determined to consult with Mrs. Perry
about some way to drive these blue devils, as he
called them, out of his friend. But in the bright,
sunny home at Woodside, he forgot for awhile
the gloom of Greenwood.

Aunt Hannah was troubled because John Sel-
den would not go with the Doctor to dine at the
other house, and still more so when she found
that he left untasted the lamb and the one small
dish of peas which she had saved purposely for him.

I know there is some new trouble, for his look
is more full of gloom than ever; and she passed
into the bedroom adjoining the office. The door
from the "den" to the library was closed. The
Judge was there. As before, he had found Sel-
den with his cigar and his wine. Selden said,
"Here are some cigars, Judge, but I believe you
have quit smoking. And here in this decanter
is some old currant wine, which Aunt Hannah
made many years ago, and that bottle is Cataw-
ba; take your choice, sir."

"The Judge poured out a glass of the currant
wine, remarking that Aunt Hannah always ex-
celled in the manufacture of home-made wine."

"Now, John," said the Judge, "this business is
a serious thing. You know you are guilty, and,
unless you stop at once and make reparation, I
shall expose you! It is a clear case of corruption,
and bribery, and no man should enter Congress
with his hands defiled as yours now are. Fifty
thousand dollars you have made out of this af-
fair! a shameless fraud upon the Government! I
hoped you would not be elected, and thus miss
the opportunity of adding to your guilt. Return
to the Government the fifty thousand which you
have taken, make reparation to those whom you
have wronged, and I promise to keep silence for-
ever! I left the copy of the evidence with you;
have you read it?"

"Yes," said Selden. "I am in your power. As
to making the reparation of which you speak, I
shall never do it. I am indifferent to the conse-
quences. You have always sought to injure me,
but for your hatred I care not, and your revenge
will fall harmless upon me."

"Hatred! revenge! John, I have none. You are
young yet; I am old, and have already left public
life. I would rejoice to have you retrieve this one
false step and have henceforth an honorable
career. I seek only your good."

"I am the best judge of my own interests, sir,
and I desire no interference with my affairs. It
is very evident you are trying to ruin me. I owe
you nothing, and my success in the world has
been in spite of your opposition. And know, sir,
that while you have hated me the feeling has been
reciprocated on my part. Judge Perry, you have

stood between me and happiness from my boyhood, ever aiming to oppose me in my manhood; and you well know that to your connection with your family I owe the wretchedness of my life. Not content with this, you have come here to-day urging me to become a mean-spirited craven! I will not hear another word upon this subject; henceforth let us be as strangers."

The Judge rose; he looked at John with a glance of mingled sternness and compassion, and went out, not home; he would walk awhile and think. He did so, and found himself a mile from home when a heavy shower came on. He turned homeward, but came in wet and weary. His wife, who had been detained at home by the shower, was alarmed lest he should have taken cold, and ordered a fire in the library. The evening passed pleasantly, save that the Judge complained of an unusual drowsiness and was so overcome with it that he excused himself and retired early. The Doctor sat an hour later, talking with Jessie of home and the days of their childhood; then, bidding them good-evening, he returned to Greenwood, where he found John waiting for him in the library. They took the early train the next morning to Columbus, and were absent some days.

The Judge never rose from his bed again; and if my reader will turn back he will see that our story opens with the sad scene of his death.

When Dr. Barton returned, Dr. Ward, who was detained at home by severe sickness, sent for him.

"Doctor," said he, "I wish you to make a post-mortem examination of Judge Perry. I confess to you that I did not understand his disease, and the matter troubles me."

Dr. Barton consented.

I remember, writes Jessie in her diary, that he came in and asked me to lock the door on the outside and admit no one for two hours. I did so, and, at the close of that time, I unlocked the door and then knocked before opening it. "Come in," he said, and at the same instant he rose from a chair by the table where he had been sitting with his head bowed. I shall never forget the strange look upon his face—it was more than grief, it was terror, and I wondered if Dr. Barton, the strong-minded, scientific doctor, was timid, as I should be, shut up so long alone with the dead. I did not think any the worse of him, for there were traces of tears upon his face, and I knew how well he had loved the Judge.

"Jessie," said he, and his voice trembled like a woman's, "will you give this paper to Dr. Ward and tell him I shall not be able to call upon him to-day?"

The paper was open. It was a diagnosis of the case, but appended to it the remark: "Will see you at another time; must leave town to-day."

"You can read it, Jessie, but I don't think you will understand it very well. Good-by, Jessie; remember me to Mrs. Perry. I shall not be able to stay to the funeral, but will see her in the course of a week or two."

He then went over to Greenwood, where Aunt Hannah said she was frightened because he looked so pale and death-like.

"What do you think was the matter with the Judge?" said Aunt Hannah. "He was in here the very day he was taken, and was so bright and chipper like when he came that Peter said, 'Pears like the Judge was growing young.'"

"Did he die here?" said the Doctor.

"Why, no, you forget," said Aunt Hannah, "he died at home with yourself."

"Yes, yes, I forgot," said the Doctor, passing his hand over his head.

"No, he ate nothing here; he's always particular about his meals, very regular. Perhaps the new vegetables didn't agree with him. I don't think they're very wholesome, do you, Doctor?"

"Not very good, Miss Hannah. The Judge's lungs were affected."

"Oh, yes, that was it, and that sudden cold struck to his lungs. I'm so sorry that Mr. John and he did not part better friends."

"What! what was that you said?" he asked, confused like. I never saw Dr. Barton appear so strange. No wonder! I should think these post-mortem examinations would upset a man's nerves.

"Why, you see, Doctor, I was in your bed-room, putting things to rights, and I could not help hearing that they had rather high words, and parted in anger. At least, John did; the Judge had wonderful command over his temper—always had; that's the way he got such power over Miss Carrie, who used to be quick as lightning. John was terribly down after the Judge left, ordered some hot spirit and went to bed."

"Where is he now?"

"He has gone to Clifton on business; will be at home to-morrow, to the funeral."

The Doctor went into his den and remained there for hours. When he came out he delivered the key to Peter and went away in the cars. We have not seen or heard from him since. But two weeks are over, and I think he will be here soon."

[To be continued.]

Blue Anchor, N. J., etc.

I would call the attention of your readers to "The New Movement," advertised in the BANNER of Oct. 6th, by Dr. Haskell, Milo Townsend, and others who are engaged in the enterprise. Having visited Blue Anchor and examined the location, &c., and conversed with these gentlemen in reference to the purposes for which the settlement is being made, I am satisfied that it is a matter well worthy the attention of all who are interested in the progress and true educational unfoldment of mankind. Their purposes, as stated in their circular, are twofold, namely: First, to secure pleasant homes for themselves and friends in a location that is remarkable for its healthy and mild climate, pure soft water, and soil which by proper cultivation will produce every variety of grain and vegetables peculiar to the climate, especially all kinds of fruit, in the greatest abundance.

Second, "To institute a more rational system of education, wherein the various departments of man's mental, moral, social and spiritual being receive the attention, exercise and development. To secure these ends, twenty per cent. of the profits accruing from the sale of lands are to be devoted to the building of an Industrial College, for which purpose three hundred acres of land are reserved."

It may be seen by this statement, that the design of the movement is not to make a mere business speculation, but on the contrary to build up a community and school to practically illustrate and apply the laws and principles taught us by the Religion and Philosophy of Spiritualism. In fact, the names of the gentlemen who are leaders in this enterprise are sufficient guaranty of the unselfish motives and good purposes which actuate them.

Col. Hay's farm, adjoining the Blue Anchor tract, is one of the finest and most productive in the State of New Jersey, or any other State, showing what the soil is capable of producing. Added to this, is the fact that the location is only twenty-two miles from Philadelphia by the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, which passes through the tract. But I will enter into no further details. Those who are interested to know more of the particulars can learn them by visiting the place as per direction of BANNER advertisement before mentioned, or send for circular and a copy of the Constitution and By-Laws, directing to George Haskell, Winlow Post-office, Camden Co., N. J.

For myself, I can say I was much pleased with my visit to Blue Anchor, and it seems to me that those who are interested in reform movements of this kind, would do well to give this a thorough investigation.

A. E. CARPENTEL.

Putnam, Ct., Oct., 1866.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

ADDRESS, CARE OF BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearts, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(LUCAS HOWE.)

AUNT ZERA'S STORIES.

Aunt Zera was not a bit of an old maid, but a charming young woman, who dressed her auburn hair in curls, and who always wore the sweetest of smiles, and the neatest of dresses. Her name was Desire—such an old-fashioned name! And yet if there was a daintiness, becoming style of costume to be found in all the fashion plates, that one she knew just how to adapt to her little figure, and to make it seem as if it was gotten up for her especial adornment. Old-fashioned? Not she.

How sweet she looked in her little dotted muslins in the summer; and how warm the room seemed in winter, when her claret merino spread its folds on the brown carpet. Was it the dress or the warm heart? Let those tell who have known of others who chose that color of the autumn. But then everybody called her Zera, and that was a name that seemed just suited to her; for she was not like anybody else, this dear aunt, so much younger than her brothers and sisters, who had children that looked as if they might be her uncles and aunts.

But there is something so sweet in the loving title of aunt, that no wonder that many loved to call her by it, and were very sure that she would not be afraid that she would seem old. She grew old? No, never. Every day she grew younger. You could see that she did, by the love that increased, so that her smile seemed to be like the going up of the sun—every minute reaching further and further with its light.

Well, Aunt Zera had come to spend a winter with her nephews and nieces, on the great farm, and to talk and play with them, and tell them stories. And she was a child among all the children, who thought she was but seventeen, when she was just twice that age.

"Mother's in the kitchen, and father's in his paper, and Stephen's in his book, so please, Aunt Zera, tell us a story," said Grace, whose asking eyes grew larger, and whose curls—a little darker than Aunt Zera's—shook with expectant wishes.

"And let it be a live story," said practical Will; "none of your make-up stuff. What's the use of telling anything that isn't true?"

"Lots of use," said Jennie. "What's the use of your Morning Glory?"

"It's no use now, since it's faded and gone; but I should say it was of use to tell you when to get up."

"Wonder if it ever did?" said mischievous Kate. "Now hush you all, and give Aunt Zera a minute to speak," said Eunice, who seemed quite as old and more staid than her aunt.

"One word more, and then forever silent," said Will. "If we'll vote to have true stories, will you tell them?"

"All stories are true stories that reveal a truth to us," said Aunt Zera, "but if you mean a history, I say yes. I love to study the lives of men and women, and I have a few friends that I love to think of, that lived long, long ago. I call them friends, for I seem to have lived with them."

"Vote, then," said Will. "All hands are up, so please begin quick, before Eunice has to knock the fire or brush up the hearth."

"Well," began Aunt Zera, her face assuming a quiet, thoughtful look, "two thousand four hundred and sixty-five years ago—"

Will sighed, as if he could not comprehend anything that occurred so long ago.

"—there was born a girl who possessed not much beauty, but very great talents. Her name was Sappho. She was born in Mitylene. Perhaps you know where that is."

"I remember. It is somewhere in the Mediterranean," said Grace.

"Yes; it is an island, and it was then called Lesbos, and it is east of Italy. It is one of the most beautiful of the islands of the Archipelago. It is intersected with lofty mountains, and indented with large bays; and it was here that this young girl learned to find the beauty of the forests, the mountains and the sea. She probably lived very much such a life as we live, when we enjoy our beautiful summer days."

When she was six years old her father died; and she had three brothers. That is about all we know of her youth. And as our stories are to be very true, I will not imagine how she played with them on the shores of the Ægean sea, gathering up the shells along the beach, or how she launched little boats on the tide to see how they would prosper, and thus imagine what might be her life.

She married when she was very young, and soon after her husband died. It was a sad change to her happy life to find herself a widow, with only the thought of her beloved husband to cheer her future. But she determined not to give up to her grief, and spend her time in useless lamentations. She thought that there was a better tribute to be paid to her husband's memory than of tears. She began to cultivate a gift that she had possessed from a child. Often as she sat on the shores of the Ægean sea, the voice of the waves had seemed to be to her like a beautiful song, and the rhyming sometimes formed itself into words. The winds that sighed in the groves were sweet to her, for the sweet words that they seemed to repeat; and they vibrated in harmonic measures, till poetry seemed to be uttered by every leaf. The clouds and the sky were full of harmonies, and the stars seemed set to music.

It required no effort for her to speak musical words. But all poets are students, and she began to study poetry as an art. She also traveled through Greece, and was greatly admired for her vivacity and talent. After her return to her native island, she instituted a school of philosophy and poetry, and endeavored to inspire in the ladies of Lesbos a love of literary pursuits. She entered ardently into the work. She gave her soul to it, for she saw something better than the pursuit of that most of the women of the time chose. She thought the arts of spinning and embroidery were very well, but she longed to make her sex love the refined pleasures of the mind.

She was successful in her efforts, and the young girls admired and honored her. Many a student girl looked up to her as a redeemer—one who had saved her from a life of uselessness. Perhaps it was because of her success, and the devotion that she received from the pure-minded, that the gross-minded envied her and tried to injure her. They accused her of endeavoring to mislead the young. They saw nothing but wrong in all her efforts. Whatever she did they were ready to imagine meant harm.

"How mean," said Will. "I wish I had lived then; I guess I would have made somebody decline their position."

"Seems to me I remember," said Kate, "that somebody yesterday thought it was only the coarse, vulgar woman that lectured; the refined stayed at home, knitting stockings for their brothers."

"Well, you didn't say that Sappho lectured, did you, Aunt Zera?" said Will.

"Very likely she did. I hope she did," said Aunt Zera, a warm flush rising to her cheeks. "I love to know of women that have courage to do what to them is noblest and best." A little shade of sadness came over Aunt Zera's face.

"Would you lecture, Aunt Zera?" asked Will, with a strong emphasis on the word.

"I fear I should not, Will, because I did not; but I glory in the women that do."

There was something so mysterious in this speech, as if Aunt Zera had a history that she might reveal and it did not wish to, that there was a long pause, till the fire burst out into a brighter flame, and all turned to Aunt Zera, to see a tear glistening like a flame crystal on her cheek. She went on:

"Sappho was so grandly inspired, to be really injured by all the false accusations that were made in regard to her. There was a fire burning in her breast, that was brighter than the light of the world's praise, and so she wrote on and on. It is said that nine books of poems were written by her."

She was not an imitator of others, but devised peculiar styles of her own, and original metres. I wish I knew some of her poems, that I might repeat them to you, but only a very few are preserved to this day. I remember Mrs. Browning has translated and rendered one on the Rose. One line is—

"For the rose, he thought the eye of the flowers."

"Only think! two thousand years ago," said Grace, "they loved the Rose just as we do; and how pretty to call it the eye of the flowers!"

"The best part of Sappho's history is that after she died she was truly honored. I say it was the best part, because it shows that men do really love and honor the brave and talented. They were so anxious to do her honor, that they erected temples and altars to her memory. A statue was raised and dedicated to her in Sicily, and her native Mitylene had her image stamped on their coin."

"What a shame she could not have known of it," said Jennie. "I hope nobody'll praise me after I die."

"Very likely they will not," said Will.

"It did seem hard, no doubt," said Aunt Zera, "to feel that a divine gift was given to her to impart, and that men would not take it. She, no doubt had a sensitive nature, that craved sympathy and appreciation, but we may believe she felt the satisfaction of striving to bless mankind; and that she did not yield to the unpleasant rumors any of her better and nobler feelings, we may well believe, since she continued to write, and to sing the sweet songs that her spirit found echoing everywhere through the world. I sometimes think that poets are like magicians that have power to strike the rock from which shall flow the water. We could all find the living water of inspiration if we but knew how. It is waiting all the time for us."

"But, Aunt Zera," asked Kate, "do you really think we can 'most any of us be poets'?"

"Why no, not in speech," said Aunt Zera; "but we can live poetry. We can come so near to all beautiful things that they shall become a part of ourselves because of our love for beauty, and that is all the poet does. He enters into the life of everything and finds the beauty, and sets it to the music of words. The best of poetry is not written or sung, it is felt."

Eunice gave a little sigh, and Grace opened wider her eyes, while Will said:

"I guess I'll go to bed."

At which Aunt Zera laughed, shook her curls, and said:

"And now my story is done."

(Original.)

THE STEAM ENGINE.

I wonder, children, if when you take your seats in a comfortable railroad car, and are whirled rapidly over the iron track to visit some city or country cousin, you ever think anything about the wonderful power that is bearing you along with such speed as to make the green fields, the fences and trees, the houses and barns, seem as if they were reeling like a drunken man in his cups, or like a great panorama rapidly unrolled for you to gaze upon while you sit quietly and safely in your seat.

You know that the iron horse that takes you along thus rapidly is propelled by the power of steam, and although the steam engine is comparatively a modern invention, yet it was known a hundred and thirty years before the birth of Jesus Christ that steam had this power of producing motion. But I suppose the world was not ready for the great inventions that are the wonder of the present day, and so for many hundred years this knowledge was of no practical use.

At length in 1603 an Englishman, the Marquis of Worcester, invented a rude and imperfect kind of an engine, which worked by means of steam, and published an account of it to the world. Twenty years after, Sir Samuel Marland wrote upon the practicability of employing steam as a mechanical power, and making it do the work of human hands.

In 1600 Dennis Papin, who was a Frenchman, constructed a simple, rough sort of a steam engine, which he used for raising or pumping water.

Still the world seemed strangely indifferent to this new force, that was destined to work such mighty changes in it, till the son of a ship-chandler, James Watt, inspired by heaven, or by the spirit of the age, who was impatient at the slow progress the world was making, gave to it the powers of his inventive genius and startled mankind by presenting to it the steam engine, in all its marvelous perfection, capable of being applied to all the most important branches of the arts and commerce, and now we have great steamers plowing the vast deep. We have railways stretching their iron bands all over the world; we have the most intricate and the most delicate machinery constantly at work, giving us articles of beauty and of use; we have printing machinery, giving us newspapers and books without number, and all these propelled by the steam engine.

What a debt of gratitude, this world owes for this one single invention, that has done so much good in it. To such a perfect state it has been brought in the present day, that it seems almost endowed with reason. It will regularly time and number the strokes it has to perform in a given time, for the purpose of telling how much work it has done, just as the clock records the beat of its pendulum; it regulates the quantity of steam necessary for the work required of it, not allowing an excess to pass; it opens and shuts all its valves with the utmost precision; oils its own joints; forces out any air that may have accidentally got in where it should not be; and when there is any trouble that it cannot itself set right, it will ring a bell to call some one who can; it regulates the

supply of water for its boiler, and of fuel for its fire. And yet with these truly wonderful facilities it is obedient to the hand of a little child, when rightly applied, even at the very moment when it is exerting a power equal to that of hundreds of horses.

Think of these things, children, when next you ride after an iron horse, or see one dragging along its train at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Think what a wonderful horse it is; it never gets weary, never gets sick, never refuses to work unless some accident happens to it, or it gets worn out with age; its food is coal or wood; it never drinks anything but water, and it never consumes anything when idle, thus refusing to eat the bread of idleness. It blesses the world by its usefulness, as may every child who reads this sketch.

Flower Enigma.

One fourth of five my first will be,
My second only one;
Add nothing, and my third you'll see,
If it be neatly done.
Now fifty more 't will surely take,
My fourth to give to you;
As for my fifth, why, mercy sake!
One fourth of five will give that too!
And now my sixth, what shall it be?
Without it you can have no tea.
And when my whole stands out complete,
Its parts arranged with care,
You'll have a little blossom sweet
And beautifully fair.

To Correspondents.

J. H. P.—Those of your articles which are accepted will appear in their regular turn. We are often favored with contributions, and of course must observe the rule "first come, first served." One of your puzzles contains the name of one of the editors of the BANNER. He being a very modest man, declines having it used in that way. And to correspondents generally we would say, please not introduce the names of the editors or publishers of the BANNER in your puzzles.

EDITOR OF CHILDREN'S DEPT.

"CHILDREN'S LYCEUMS."

DEAR BANNER—In your issue of Nov. 3d is an article from the able pen of Mrs. Love M. Willis, on the above topic. The writer's long continued and devoted labors in behalf of childhood, have been favorable to a tender and intimate acquaintance with the child-nature and its needs. And yet I regret to see that, with all her insight, Mrs. Willis has lapsed into some very common errors with regard to the working and result of the Lyceum method. This may be owing to the fact that she writes as an observer, and not one who has been practically engaged in the Lyceum work. Had she been thus enlisted, the opinion that truth-teaching is made secondary to "parade" and "paraphernalia," would never have gained lodgment in her mind. She could not have failed to discover that the Lyceum method is preeminently the vehicle for the transmission of "sweet religious truths," such as were taught by her gifted self and husband in the Sunday School which they for five years so nobly sustained. Indeed, the beautiful language of Mrs. Willis respecting that school, will find a quick response in the mind of many an earnest toiler in Lyceums throughout the country. "I used often to think," she says, "that I should never know myself nearer to the kingdom of heaven than when I sat with these beloved children, and listened to their beautiful interpretation of truth." Even so, to pause from the more active work of the Lyceum and listen, during the "Conversation on the Lessons," to the fresh, sweet, childlike remarks, questions and responses concerning whatever lesson of divine truth may for the time engage the attention of the Groups, is like standing at the gate of heaven whence floods of holy love and sacred inspiration descend, filling the heart with blessedness ineffable.

The Lyceum IDEA provides for the development of children and youth in the physical, mental, moral and spiritual departments of their being, by the most natural and attractive methods attainable. As a hint toward the first, marching and gymnastics were introduced. It will readily be seen, by those acquainted with the regular programme, that the time allotted to these exercises in the brief hour and a half during which the Lyceum is once a week in session, must necessarily be very short. The few moments devoted to gymnastics and the "wing movements" are welcomed by leaders and members alike, and they prove a graceful and charming recreation, sending the blood bounding through the arteries with something of that musical rhythm to which the hands keep time with all the "poetry of motion." I think the New York Public School, where Mrs. Willis witnessed the practice of gymnastics to such an excess, must have been exceptional; for the members of the New York Lyceum, so far from having been overdrilled in these exercises, in day schools, were almost wholly unacquainted with them, and entered into them with eagerness and delight. It is my conviction that physical culture is still too much neglected in most of our schools, seminaries and colleges. For instance, a Principal of one of the New York public schools told me that the "forcing system" which prevails—the enormous amount of brain-work which is required of both teachers and pupils—has thus far made it impossible to secure time and opportunity to introduce gymnastics to any saving extent into the city schools. So it is, alas, in many other institutions of learning. Hence, for the delicate bodies which enshrine these overwrought young minds, something analogous to gymnastic training should by all means constitute a portion of the Lyceum teachings.

Marching with banners is another beautiful and useful exercise to which my friend objects. Instead of a weariness, it is usually a refreshment and recreation to all members of the Lyceum who are not in feeble health, and such are readily excused.

Enthusiasm is essential to the progress of every good work, and nothing more quickly awakens this noble emotion in the hearts of the Lyceum children than the privilege of bearing aloft the beautiful, tri-colored banner, emblem of Liberty, while their young feet step in concert to the quick beat of soul-inspiring music. Nor do I find that by this "a child's love of display is cultivated"; but, on the contrary, this movement of the entire school in pleasing concert, awakens in the youngest as well as the oldest minds an idea of the strength and dignity of the Association, and the consciousness of self is lost in the nobler feeling of fraternity.

The badges and targets designate the Groups and help to establish order; but their mission does not end with this. They appeal to the love of beauty, which is perhaps the child's first spiritual impulse, and foreshadow the "color-music" which has long been the artist's dream. To keep them and the banners, as my friend suggests, for gala days and festivals only, would be like banishing the color and bloom from the face of earth.

except on rare and special occasions. Daily sunbeams change the vapid air with tokens "badges" many-hued and full of beauty, while we gaze upon with reverent and attentive faith, will fill and thrill the spiritual nature with sense of the Universal Good. Let us neglect no hint that Nature gives us for the cultivation of the spiritual faculties in our plans for the religious education of children and youth. Let us make the Progressive Lyceum a more, instead of a less, artistic work, so that all may attain large and symmetry of spiritual stature through the sweet ministry of the Beautiful.

My sister likes "the old name of Sunday School," and would probably reject that of "Lyceum." The adoption of the latter was a matter of no consequence, since in this case a name signifies much. The term "Sunday School" has been used by the supporters of Old Theology to designate a system of Orthodox teachings for young. Jesus of Nazareth wisely said: "Ne do men put new wine into old bottles, and the bottles break, and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish; but they put new wine into old bottles, and both are preserved." The Lyceum teaches the truths of the New Dispensation, as different from the "Sunday School" as Symbolism is from Presbyterianism, and just as much needs a name that will not misrepresent it.

Hoping that Officers and Leaders in the Lyceums will "be not weary in well doing," that Spiritualists everywhere will rouse to divine work, I am Yours fraternally,
MART F. DAY

Orange, N. J., Nov. 5, 1866.

Spiritualism in Washington.

Notwithstanding the smallness in the number of those willing to own their belief in the truth of the sublime faith of Spiritualism, it never less "still lives" and flourishes. We commenced the season with the teaching of Mrs. F. O. H. and a splendid commencement it was. The skeptical grew dumb. Her wonderful improvisations of poetry, on any and every subject may be propounded to her—on one evening distinct topics were presented, and she accepted, dovetailing them in beautifully and harmoniously, and induced the propounders to say they were amazed at her wonderful power. came Messrs. Child and Rhen, of Philadelphia, with their sound, logical deductions and experiences. Last Sunday we had Mrs. Barclay, a charming lecturer. Her face is a perfect open book, and bears the genuine stamp of honesty, would entitle it to be received in any court of evidence of the truth of her assertions. A lady is not fully developed as a trance lecturer but was the means of affording great pleasure and interest in her efforts. Last Sabbath evening especially was this manifested. She commenced under the inspiration of Miss Sprague, but uncontrollable by her. Then she became enraptured by a Canadian squaw; also by a Florida chief, and others, whose manifestations were very humorous and truly to be followed. We are to have a choir last night. On Wednesday evening last, a few earnest friends met at the residence of our faithful and energetic Secretary, J. W. Rowland, and organized for that purpose.

We greatly need a hall. We shall have some day, of course, but it will be when the eligible sites are taken up by other societies. It is too bad that in the capital of the country, Spiritualists should be without a decent place for their own use, and a place where the members of Congress and others who come here may be able to find the truth. We shall need external help, but I wish you would help us, by giving us words of appeal to Spiritualists throughout the country to help this "consummation so desired to be wished."

After we had arranged our choir business, Mrs. Barclay favored us with another of her wonderful manifestations, and spoke as follows: "Oh, can you have sympathy for a man who will listen to the appeal of one who dyed hands in a fellow creature's blood? I once was your earth, and on the mimic stage acted tragedies; but at last I became an actor in tragedy, and slew a king of men. Can you give me? I, who am doomed until I forgive mortal souls to walk this sphere alone, she pointed at and reviled as a murderer? My life is ready to forgive me, but human forgiveness is slow. Will you, can you forgive me? Will you not plead for me? I thought of winning an act that would bring me honor, fame, immortality. I now know how grievously mistaken. Will you not forgive an erring, well meaning brother? Pray, pray for me, thank you, at least, for listening to me; permitting me—a murderer—to address you, not driving me away from you, as others have done. Oh forgive me; pray for me!"

I offer no comments. Those who were present will bear witness to the facts, if needed.

Yours for truth's sake,
GEORGE G. W. MORSE

Washington, D. C., Nov. 9, 1866.

The New Spiritual Movement.

When first my name was mentioned in connection with the Spiritualist Association (or, more properly, Convention), it was much hesitation that I consented to become identified with that body in any capacity; but, after thorough examination of its aims and purposes, my obligations to God and humanity would allow me to let slip such opportunities of so through every village and hamlet that light, the richest blessing of the age.

Strongly opposed to creeds and sectarian bias that organization would narrow the field of Spiritualism, and checkmate the liberal faith; and still am I of the opinion that organization established solely to bind convulsions, by running them through the vale of the shadow of a sect, is contemptible, and serving the derision of old theology, in return that so generously piled upon its own moribund fragments; and happy was it to learn the Massachusetts Spiritualist Convention, partially tainted with form, dogma and prejudice, to unite the efforts of all sound and Spiritualists in awakening anew the interest in the cause, by sending to every town through the commonwealth speakers and test men, whose meetings are not already held, or those in any way yet made manifest. For what purpose can we, as true Spiritualists, without energies, than contribute of our purse and once a mile toward furnishing those who are unable to provide themselves with speaking mediums, that the ball may be set in motion the cause a foothold gain in their midst. It is in every one's tongue that thousands of church are at heart Spiritualists, but do brave public opinion and boldly declare faith.

Our duty, then, is plain: we must correct opinion and save the cause. Our conduct in this regard is the respect due an honest man a noble woman. Send the light of Spiritualism to the remotest corner of the State! Let every feel it; for the sooner we open the eyes of to-day, and leave in every hamlet, scene here and there, a test and a truth or two inmates to cudgel their brains about, when we will arouse the multitude; and when aroused, and this one and another fall in with the majority, then and not till then, will they come out in favor. And it is to this end I lend my aid to the new movement, and ere the new year commences its winter phase, that every Spiritualist in Massachusetts, possessing the faintest spark of interest in spiritualism, and their communion with fellow workers below, will lead a helping hand and at once their names and their aid, and our Corresponding Secretary, E. B. Wheeler, must be raised ere any speaker or work can be put in the field for service.

LYSANDER S. RICHARDSON

Boston, Mass., Nov. 1866.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1866.

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WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
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matter must be sent to our Central Office, Boston, Mass.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.
All letters and communications intended for the Editor
of this paper, should be addressed to the Editor.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit-communion
and immortality. It is the effort to discover all truth relating to
man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare
and destiny, and its application to a more complete life. It pur-
sues a continuous discipline in man's life, it aims, through
a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws
and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe;
at the relation of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the
spiritual world. It is thus a catholic and progressive, leading to
the true religion as at one with the highest philosophy. (London
Spiritual Magazine.)

Pierpont's Friends and Critics.

Taking up and running over a late number of a
monthly journal published in New York, and en-
titled "The Friend," we came upon what purport-
ed to be an essay, descriptive and analytic, treat-
ing of the character, conduct, and belief of the
late John Pierpont. It was written by Mr. John
W. Chadwick, and read at an evening assemblage
of friends in Brooklyn, on the 16th of September.
As a personal tribute to Mr. Pierpont, it is a
warm and generous production. It is in a great
measure discursive in its ideas and treatment of
the noble subject of it. "The Friend" speaks in
a spiritual way of itself as a paper, yet its Unitar-
ian proclivities crop out too distinctly to be over-
looked. And so in this paper on Mr. Pierpont,
his earlier work as an Unitarian preacher is dwelt
upon with much emphasis; whereas, at the last,
his open and avowed faith in Spiritualism is
stated, and a hint is thrown out that "the old man eloquent" must have become
weak-minded or over soft in the region of senti-
ment to embrace the pure and elevated religion
which Spiritualists profess.

The better to understand the animus of the ar-
ticle in question, it is to be kept in mind that the
governing and guiding spirit of the paper alluded
to is Unitarian; with an outward profession of
liberality, such as many of that creed manifested
hereabouts toward Spiritualists some months ago,
but subsequently declined to carry out when they
discovered that the Spiritualists were no cred-
ulists, to be transferred or sold out for the strength-
ening of some other ambitious organization.
Hence we may easily understand why there is this
feeling of hostility to acknowledging Mr. Pier-
pont's later professions as sound ones. Speak-
ing of his conversion to Spiritualism, the writer
complacently says: "Perhaps it did not speak
much for his intellect; perhaps it was a hint of
waning power." This is the very meanest way
of meeting a fact that is such an ugly one for the
case it is opposed to. Mr. Pierpont, according to
this writer, had shown no signs of that "waning
power" which he chooses to feel such pity for in
connection with his profession of faith in the Religion
of Spiritualism. On the contrary, he lands the
noble old man to the skies for the strength of his
patriotism, which led him off to the field of battle
with the fair youth and flower of one of our Mass-
achusetts regiments.

Then the writer proceeds to make a quotation,
in his own way and evidently for his own rather
than Mr. Pierpont's purpose, from the speech de-
livered by the latter before the Spiritualist Con-
vention at Providence—the last and noblest
speech that fell from his eloquent lips. Mr. Pier-
pont had told his hearers that he believed spirits
walked the earth unseen, both when we sleep
and when we wake; and he added—"for myself,
I am satisfied that perhaps before I address an-
other Spiritualist Convention I may walk the earth
unseen, and perhaps hold communication with
you, one or more, when you wake and when you
sleep. That is my faith, and to that faith I do not
mean to prove infidel, so long as I live." The
word "perhaps" is emphasized in italics by the
writer of the essay we are criticizing. He says
he could go Spiritualist himself, if this statement
were the whole of it, "emphasizing the perhaps."
He would extend patronage, it seems, but is un-
aware that there is nothing about him to make a
free gift of any sort out of. When he sees with
his spirit's eyes, he will be troubled with none of
the "perhaps" which now seem to perplex him.

The unfairness and evident straining which
would put a stress on a simple word which its
utterer never dreamed of giving it, exposes a pet-
tifoggery rather than a man capable of compre-
hending the too large subject he has undertaken
to handle. Mr. Pierpont evidently laid no such
weight on that single word as his pretended ad-
mirer and friend would have us suppose. He
was sure he should return to earth again, after
putting off his earthly tabernacle; he was not al-
together certain, and no man can be, that before
another Spiritualist Convention, in case he quit the
form during the interval, he would visit person-
ally those who were then and there before his
face. He could not pretend to tell about that,
but about the great and superior fact of his return
he felt that he could. And thus the "perhaps"
was thrown into its place in the sentence quoted,
very properly and prudently; arguing for Mr.
Pierpont's spiritual faith all the more pointedly,
and against all charlatanism just as plainly.

The writer is himself very certain that the spirit
of Mr. Pierpont will return to him and to every
one of his friends again; in some way, if not in
the one indicated; from somewhere else, if not
out of the parted heavens. Yet he presumes to
argue that Mr. Pierpont was not, and could not
be, so positive; and that is the meaning of the
latter's "perhaps." Such reasoning by mere as-
sumption is not worth replying to. As we said
before, this pretended friend of Mr. Pierpont is
willing to use the sacred memory of his friend to
help him wreak his spite upon Spiritualism. To
make out that point, if possible, he is willing to
represent the man he loves so much as a person
whose powers are fast waning, although, as he
said in the course of that memorable speech be-
fore the Convention, he was conscious of the loss
or decay of none of his senses or faculties except
that of hearing! Let us at least suppose that Mr.
Pierpont was the better judge of his own powers,
especially with such a vigorous and logical speech
to support the natural presumption.

Meteor Shower.

The New York Herald of Thursday contains a
dispatch received per Atlantic Cable from Green-
wich Observatory, England, detailing a shower of
meteors seen on the morning of the 14th instant,
which are described as being of great beauty and
brilliance. Five thousand were counted in one
hour. It is estimated that nearly twelve thou-
sand fell in all. If the above is correct, the show-
er must have taken place in this country during
the day here.

Homes at a Moderate Rent.

We alluded, a short time since, to a statement
that Mr. A. T. Stewart, the millionaire merchant,
of New York, had offered to build houses for the
poor, if they would furnish the land. A wealthy
gentleman offered to give as much land as he
would build on. Yet the offer was not accepted;
but it is understood that Mr. Stewart now intends
to carry out his plan of investing five millions of
dollars for the good of humanity, in this wise: To
build a large number of convenient and commodi-
ous houses in airy and healthy locations, and
rent them at a low price to the laboring classes in
moderate circumstances. The rental proceeds
are to be used in building more houses on the
same plan. Thus on an original investment of
five millions, a large yearly income will accrue to
carry out still further a purpose which will meet
the wants of a large class who are now obliged to
live in unwholesome and pestilence-breeding
holes unfit for human beings to inhabit. Some of
the modern tenement houses in that city are so illy
constructed that they are not fit to occupy, though
rented at largely profitable rates. A philanthro-
pist, writing from New York on this subject,
speaks thus plainly: "He who assists to rid this
city of the wretched tenement-house system—half
a million of our population live so—deserves es-
teem and praise. The system is a nuisance and a
curse, and a satire upon the benevolence of hu-
manity. Some reformers advocate the arrest and
trial for murder of the landlords of tenement
houses whose unwholesomeness is ever destruc-
tive to life; and I am not sure it would not be ef-
fective in a change for the better."

Another project—and a most excellent one—
which, we see stated, Mr. Stewart has in view, is
to rear an institution in New York for the benefit
of the sewing girls and other working women who
are industrious and of good repute, where they can
find a pleasant and comfortable home, at a low
cost to themselves, and clearly within their means.
No class of human beings have suffered more,
been more imposed upon, or into whose path more
temptations have been thrown, than the sewing
girls in our large cities. If Mr. Stewart does re-
ally come to the rescue of this class of sufferers, he
will indeed be a benefactor. Here is a fine field
for the wealthy men of our country to carry into
practical operation, during earth-life, benevolent
designs; then the work would be done as they
may wish, without having a third of their legacies
wasted by administrators and commissioners who
would not, after all, carry out such plans as well
as the donors themselves would.

We notice that a project, worthy of noble hearts,
is being agitated in the city of Providence, for the
erection of an establishment in which poor wo-
men—who are obliged to go out and work during
the day, and who have children that they would
otherwise have to leave at home without any one
to look after or take care of them—may leave
their children during the hours they are absent at
work, and have them as well cared for as at home,
and even better, in most cases. We trust such a
humane and practical idea will be speedily put
into operation, not only in Providence but in all
the large cities and towns. It would not only
prove a blessing to the little ones, but it would
lift the load of anxiety which weighs down the
hard-working parents when away from their chil-
dren.

Lizzie Doten in Boston.

We are happy to announce that Miss Doten
will deliver one lecture in this city each week
afternoon during December, in Mercantile Hall.
There will be no lecture in the evening, as the hall
is otherwise engaged. Miss Doten is speak-
ing at present in the West, and in January and
February will be in New York. She had engaged
to speak in this city during December, provided
a hall could be obtained for regular meetings,
afternoon and evening; but as no hall could be
secured for that purpose, she has consented to
the arrangement above named, as the best that
can be made for the present. This will be no or-
dinary spiritual feast, for, besides a first class
lecture, the audience will no doubt be regaled at
its close with one of those remarkable original
poems which Miss D. is in the habit of giving
under the inspiration of the spirits. An admis-
sion fee of fifteen cents will be charged, to help
defray the expenses. The hall should be filled at
each lecture, as no doubt it will be.

The Result of Freedom.

A recent letter from Memphis, Tenn., says:
"Memphis is beginning to assume the appearance
and proportions of a live city. Under the invigor-
ating impulses of her new life of freedom, her
real estate is rising in value with wonderful rap-
idity; great blocks of fine business houses are
springing up as by magic; the limits of the city are
extended on every side, and wealth is pouring in
from all directions. This is the 'ruin' and 'desola-
tion' which freedom was to bring."

A letter from Galveston says: "The amount of
cotton realized in the aggregate in Texas this year
will be much greater than was anticipated. The
freemen as a general thing are reported as doing
well. A commendable degree of interest is man-
ifested in their education. Considerable immigra-
tion from various quarters is taking place. All
towns and cities are rapidly improving. Mecha-
nics can make from five to eight dollars per day.
The spirit of our citizens is buoyant."

The Public Debt.

The last exhibit of the public debt makes out
that, since the debt was the largest, August 1st,
1865, it has been reduced two hundred and six mil-
lions of dollars, so that it is now only \$2,551,310,-
000. At this rate of diminution, it may be expect-
ed to disappear entirely in nine years and a half!
Such a miracle hardly appears possible to the
fortunes of any nation, even the most wealthy
and worthy. If we get it under in the course of a
generation, we may think we are doing all we
can. Another such case could not be found in
history. After the Napoleonic wars, which lasted
for fifteen years, England floundered for some
eight or ten years longer with her debt and finan-
ces, during which time business of all kinds was
in a state of confusion almost inextricable. We
have a skillful and prudent manager at the head
of the Treasury, and our revenues are large and
cheerfully paid by the people. No wonder the
world is surprised at us.

A Reform Convention.

The Equal Rights Association will hold a Con-
vention at Albany, N. Y., on the 20th and 21st
inst., to "bury the woman in the citizen," and to
demand suffrage for all citizens, without distinc-
tion of race or sex. The meeting is specially de-
signed to agitate for "citizen suffrage" in this
large sense, with reference to the proposed revision
of the constitution of the State of New York. The
venerable Quaker preacher, Mrs. Lucretia
Mott, is President of the association, and Susan
B. Anthony its Secretary. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady
Stanton, Frances D. Gage, Lucy Stone, and other
women of celebrity in reform movements, are ex-
pected to speak at the convention. Theodore Tilton
will also speak.

"Northern Lights."

The Boston Transcript mentions "a curious
circumstance" in relation to the christening of
the new magazine—"Northern Lights"—the an-
nouncement of which appears in our columns. It
says that "No less than twenty titles were thought
of, and rejected, before the right one was hit upon;
and this, it is said, suggested itself, at the same
hour, to two gentlemen who had never exchanged
a word upon the subject, and were, in fact, stran-
gers to each other." This, as we learn from a
friend, is all true, but is not all the truth.

The owners of the magazine—who are a dozen
of our most prominent literary men—had, for six
weeks, vainly sought for a title. At least a score
had been suggested, and rejected, when, at last,
the owners said to the two editors, "We must
make the announcement directly after the elec-
tion. We leave it altogether to you; but decide
on the title by Thursday" (i. e., Nov. 8th). In the
meantime, one of the editors "lay awake of
nights," but no title came. The other was busy
on a serial, and had no time to think on the sub-
ject; but at eleven o'clock on Thursday, he left
his house at Cambridge, and his mind was en-
grossed with his serial; but on the bridge it first
occurred to him that he was on the way to meet
his associate to decide on the title. "What shall
it be?" he said to himself. "The Northern Light,"
said something in the air. "No, no," said the editor—
Edmund Kirkc—"that is too distinctly
Northern." "Then 'Northern Lights,'" said the
voice in the air, "for all the owners are Northern
literary stars." With this name in mind, the
editor met the other, and it was at once accept-
ed.

And now begins the "curious circumstance."
The next morning the other editor received from
Ex-Gov. Andrew a note dated at about the hour
that Mr. Kirkc was crossing the bridge, which
said: "As you are all Northern people, why not
call your magazine 'The Northern Light,' or
'Northern Lights'?" showing that his mind had
gone through the same process as Mr. Kirkc's.
But this is not all of the "curious circumstance."
One of the owners of the magazine—Edward S.
Rand, Jr., the well-known poet, and writer on
horticulture—was, at about twelve o'clock, (the
hour when Mr. Kirkc was crossing the bridge),
taking lunch at the Union Club. The subject of
the title came to his mind, and at once occurred
to him, "Aurora Borealis"—i. e., the poetical
phrase for Northern Lights.

The people who are at the bottom of this new
magazine are among our most progressive men
and women; but we scarcely believe that they,
open to spiritual influences as they are, recognize
the unseen source whence came the inspiration of
their name. They probably do not know, or, if
they do know, they ignore, the fact, that "North-
ern Lights" was born in the spheres before it
came to life on this plane. The circumstances of
its christening show this. Let it be true to its
"high calling," and it will become a power for
good. One of the most significant signs of the
progress of Spiritualism is the hold it is taking,
and the power it is exerting over such minds as
those that are the soul of "Northern Lights."

Sad Bereavement.

Our sympathies go out to our friends, Mr. and
Mrs. Charles E. Jenkins, in the sad bereavement
which has befallen them, in parting with their
only child, a son, named William, aged seven years,
and fair prospects. In the seventh year of his
age, his earth-life was cut short by that severest
of all diseases, diphtheria, on the 11th inst., at
the residence of his parents in Chester Square. This
noble boy—on whom his fond parents had cen-
tered all their earthly ambition—was the last of
three sweet buds of promise, all now happily re-
united in the land where life is eternal. Words
are impotent to convince sorrowing hearts of the
justice of thus separating, even for a short time,
parents and children. But there must be good-
ness in the act, hidden from our view for a time
by the wisdom of the Father, for His immutable
law of compensation always more than remun-
erates for our temporary affliction.

Following the Fashions.

Watching the butterfly lives of those who give
their days and nights to the ceaseless labor of
compassing the fashions, one is profoundly moved
by the reflection that no way of passing time
could be so dissatisfying or more enervating to
the one guilty of it, than that of filling it up with
thoughts of style and cost and cut and fit, of how
this one puts it off and on, and how that one man-
ages to match and combine and display to such
effect. It is a criminal waste of the life which is
given us to use it on such small objects, that so be-
littles the mind and nature besides. Just now
this kind of slavery seems to make itself felt more
heavily than ever. People appear to know what
fools they make of themselves, while still going
ahead and doing it.

Titusville, Penn.

A note from Abraham James, the excel-
lent trance medium, dated Titusville, Penn., con-
tains the following:—"I find here a very inter-
esting, earnest little band of Spiritualists—men and
women—whose souls are thoroughly imbued with
the grand truths of our beautiful philosophy."

There are several mediums being developed here,
and many passing, stop and find a ready welcome.
Bro. Barnard, an energetic worker, has opened
his house to the use of the invisibles, and social
meetings are held twice a week.

I understand arrangements are being made to
have regular meetings in one of the churches,
where first class speakers will be engaged to
lecture.

Gone Home.

Mrs. Eliza Smith (formerly Mrs. Main), of this
city, passed to her spirit-home, from the residence
of Mrs. George W. Pepper, South Danvers, on the
6th inst., where she has been residing for nearly a
year past. Mrs. Smith was well known in this
city, where she had won hosts of friends who
highly esteemed her for her noble and true wo-
manly virtues. She was indeed a lady of most
excellent qualities of heart, and will be missed by
all who have ever enjoyed the pleasure of her
acquaintance, especially those whom her benevo-
lence has benefited and made happier.

East Bradford, Mo.

Edward W. Wald writes under date of 6th inst.,
that "Miss DeEvera (formerly Mrs. Reid), will
lecture in East Bradford, Mo., on Sunday, Dec.
9th. She is a first class trance speaking medium,
and draws full houses wherever she lectures." She
intends lecturing the ensuing winter in the towns
of Newport, Palmyra, St. Albans and Corlana.

In the first column of our Message Depart-
ment, this week, will be found among the ques-
tions and answers, the answer to a letter written
by a clergyman to Rev. John Pierpont, just be-
fore he passed to spirit-life, and which he had not
time to answer before his departure.

To Customers.

We have numerous letters on file from various
persons ordering our paper and books; but we
can neither forward the books nor the BANNER
to such, for the very good and sufficient reason
that the writers have failed to send us their ad-
dresses in FULL. For instance, we have four letters
from Washington, containing orders, but the
name of the State is omitted in each. By refer-
ence to the Post-Office List, we find in the differ-
ent States thirty towns bearing the name of "Wash-
ington," 27 that of "Oakland," 25 of "Oxford,"
25 of "Milton," 25 of "Union," 23 of "Troy," 22
of "Manchester," 17 of "Florence," 17 of "Provi-
dence," 12 of "Lowell," 11 of "Brighton," 11 of
"Big Springs," 11 of "Sulphur Springs," and 11
of "Boston." Now we should be pleased to have
our Washington friends inform us which Wash-
ington we shall forward their books and papers to?

Those of our customers who are thus careless,
in what they consider a small matter, not only
subject us to great inconvenience as well as them-
selves; for their orders are delayed, as we re-
pent, we are unable to fill them under such cir-
cumstances.

One of our esteemed correspondents, who has
the prosperity of the BANNER at heart, in "en-
tering his complaint," says, "I am sometimes
obliged to wait for weeks before I can get the
paper, after ordering it. The same with books." He
further remarks: "It is very important that
business connected with books and the mailing
of papers be attended to properly."

We perfectly agree with our correspondent in
this particular, and accordingly employ compe-
tent men to manage our mailing department.
But when those who order from us neglect to
even sign their names, as is often the case, or, if
they do, leave off the name of either the county,
town or State, how in the name of common sense
can we be "prompt," or attend to the business in
these particular cases "properly?"

Subscribers and others are particularly request-
ed to send us their address in full, always. It
will not only facilitate our business, but prevent
them from considering us remiss in our duty.

Personal.

M. M. J. Wilcoxson is speaking with good
success in Ohio. She spoke in Geneva on the
Sundays of Nov. 4th and 11th. Large audiences
listened to her discourses on Spiritualism.

A. T. Foss, a noble worker in our cause, speaks
in Willimantic, Conn., during November and De-
cember and goes to Portland, Me., in January.
He informs us that Spiritualism is prospering in
Connecticut; quite a renewed interest is man-
ifested in Willimantic.

Laura V. Ellis, the physical medium, has been
confounding the skeptics in Willimantic, Conn.

Mrs. A. P. Brown will lecture in Stowe, Vt., on
Sunday, Nov. 25th. The friends in that part of
the country should improve the opportunity to
secure her services.

Moses Leavitt, Esq., was nominated as repre-
sentative to the Legislature from the city of Chi-
cago, Ill., and being a thorough believer in the
Spiritual Philosophy, he was assailed on account
of his Spiritualism; but instead of being defeated,
he was triumphantly elected by a large vote.

Mrs. C. Augusta Fitch, of Chicago, has with-
drawn from the lecturing field for the present.
She does not intend to retire permanently.
N. Frank White and Charles A. Haddon are
both speaking at different places in Chicago to
good audiences.

Poor Fund Donations.

To send the Banner of Light free to Spiritualists who
are too poor to subscribe for it.

We have for several years past sent our paper
free to poor Spiritualists who earnestly desired it
and could not afford to pay the subscription price;
but we can do so no longer—at least, add no new
names of this class to our list—unless we are
aided in the work by the friends of the cause who
have the means to spare and the disposition to
benefit the poor. Therefore we appeal to those
Spiritualists who are willing to act with us in
this matter, to the end that "those who are thirsty
may partake of the waters of life freely." We
shall publish a record of all moneys so received.

Meetings in Salem, Mass.

During October Mrs. N. J. Willis has lectured
before the Spiritualists and others of Salem to
general acceptance. In fact, her whole course of
lectures was a success, so far as numbers, intel-
ligence and influence were concerned. Mr. Thom-
as Hunt, a thorough Spiritualist and an excellent
impressionable medium, says: "The 'witches' who
were hung there many years ago by order of the
bigots of that day, are now active, with other
spirit-intelligences, in waking up the conserva-
tive element of old Salem." Thus it is every-
where. The good seed has taken root, and the
glorious fruit will be gathered in, in due time.

Eastern Maine.

Geo. A. Peirce, of Auburn, Me., who has been
lecturing on Spiritualism for several weeks in
Charleston and Dover, Me., assures us that Spir-
itualism is not dead or dying in Maine; on the
contrary, it is finding its way to the consciousness
of the people, and enlightening their souls by its
eternal truths. Mr. Peirce will again lecture in
Charleston, Nov. 18th, Dec. 2d and 16th. He is a
trance speaker.

Springfield, Mass.

The Spiritualists of Springfield have resumed
their meetings, and now hold them regularly ev-
ery Sunday afternoon and evening, in Fallon's
Hall. Dr. F. L. H. Willis spoke there the two
first Sundays in this month, giving great satisfac-
tion to the intellectual and appreciative audiences
present, and is to speak the two following Sun-
days. The society is called Fraternity. A Chil-
dren's Lyceum is to be inaugurated at once.

New Medical Institute for Invalids and Pupils.

A new Medical College for invalids and pupils
will be opened on the 23rd inst., in the large, thor-
oughly furnished building, recently known as
Walt's Seminary, on the Boston and Maine Rail-
road, at Greenwood, Mass., eight miles from Bos-
ton. Dr. Uriah Clark is Principal and Physician, and
his Circular promises a model Institute in
advance of anything heretofore established.

New Music.

C. M. Tremaine, 481 Broadway, New York, has
just issued the following pieces of new music:
"Waiting for the loved ones," words by Josephine
Pollard, music by Henry Tucker; "The Tender
Glance Schottische," composed by Mrs. Par-
hurst, dedicated to the fair sex; "Do not heed her
warning," reply to the Gipsy's warning, words
by Thomas Manahan, music by Henry Tucker.

Read the prospectus of the new illustrated
magazine, NORTHERN LIGHTS, in another col-
umn. It is to commence with the new year.

New Publications.

Brewer & Tilton, of this city, have out-
"HILLARD'S PRIMER," edited, in P-
ing Orthography, by Edwin Leigh. The
feature of this little Primer is that it rep-
resents a complete system of phonetics. His desir-
able with strange and uncouth char-
acteristic spelling, and still to make an
convey to the eye its correct pronuncia-
tion, and still to make an
compass this end—a most difficult task
volving a world of patience as well as a
acquaintance with principles—required a
overhauling and rearrangement of the
sounds of the language. The way in which
nunciation has been made to express its
eye is by a peculiar style of printing cer-
ters: some are put in outline type, with-
ing at all; others are crossed by light li-
the entire page conveys to the casual read-
but a fair and even look. The learner
once become familiar with the true me-
these peculiarly marked letters, can never
it as he progresses, but is adding to his stu-
thoroughly. It is expected that this will
entirely new and simple system of phonet-
to be used in all our schools.

THE GALAXY for Nov. 15th is before us,
ing out a most attractive table of contents
the contributors to this brilliant fortnight-
zine are Harriet Prescott, Eugene B-
Parsons, Richard Grant White, Julius
Mrs. Edwards, and the writer of "Nebul-
Galaxy gains and keeps ground remark-
able is that of the age.

A. Williams & Co. have for sale
JUNE'S AMERICAN COOKERY BOOK,"
some and stout volume on the subject
treats of with such fullness. The quota-
tion on the title-page is very apt and
The volume contains upward of twelve
tested and tried receipts in culinary prop-
embracing all the popular dishes, and the
suits of modern science reduced to a sim-
ple practical form. There is also a chapter
lids, for infants, and a large variety of
neous receipts of special value to house-
wives. We should think that all who want to
freshest results of experimenting in the
sentinal art of cookery, might gratify their
somewhere in these pages.

DEMOREST'S "YOUNG AMERICA" is th-
a remarkably neat and attractive littl-
magazine, the first number of which has
appearance. It will hold its own with
other candidates for juvenile favor.
nents are stories, poems, anecdotes, sho-
nice pictures and music. On the who-
take with the young folks amazingly.

Leo & Shepard publish the KINDER-
SPELLING BOOK, Part First, by Ella Lit-
Kindergarten method of teaching is a
this manual to the spelling of words, a-
lows for a natural progression in the ac-
of the pupil.

FIRST LESSONS IN READING, ON
METHOD, is the title of a manual on Read-
the press of the same publishers. The
here developed is that of teaching to read
by training the ear to discriminate the e-
ery sounds of words, and the eye to recog-
nize signs used for these sounds in the estab-
thography. The authors of this new R-
Mr. Richard Soule, associate editor of W-
and Mr. William A. Wheeler, associate
Webster's Quarto Dictionary. These nar-
entitle this book to a careful investigation
reference to its use in our schools.

Dr. J. R. Newton.

Dr. Newton has closed his office in N-
and has located in Newport, R. I., his pe-
home.

We want more subscribers—hav-
enough. Spiritualists and liberalists, be-
selves, and, by your renewed efforts, do
circulation of the BANNER the coming
Whist our glorious, heaven-born religion
ishing everywhere, do n't, we beseech
allow your organs to languish through a
effort on your part in their behalf.

It is understood that an article w-
in the next Atlantic Monthly from the
John Neal, Esq., on the life and charac-
venerable and esteemed John Pierpont,
was intimately acquainted with our ne-
fearless friend, and can do ample justice
virtues of so excellent a man.

Our friends of the Independent S-
Spiritualists in Charlestown hold a con-
in Mechanics' Hall, on Wednesday even-
21st. A good band of music for danc-
in attendance. The proceeds will go to d-
expenses of their free meetings.

Edward S. Wheeler, Secretary of S-
achusetts State Association of Spir-
would like to confer with Secretaries
State organizations, if they will send h-
address, in care of this office.

The stories for children by Mrs.
Willis are very popular with the little on-
ing by the many letters of commendation
continually receiving from parents.

The questions and answers upon o-
page are eminently interesting.

New York Matters.

NEW YORK, A-
Last Sunday, Dr. Horace Dresser gave
discourse before the First Society of S-
ists in Dodworth's Hall. Next Sunday,
H. Willis, of your city, will address the
city.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend is speaking du-
month before the Ebbitt Hall Society o-
ualists. She gave two excellent discou-
Sunday, in a strain of touching eloque-
brought tears to the eyes of many, as
trayed

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Everybody admires the beautiful drawing on exhibition at our office—a vase of flowers—by Prof. William P. Anderson, the artist, of New York.

The Western Rural, to which paper we made allusion last week, offers the largest premium to agents who will procure a club of twenty-five subscribers we have yet seen, namely, a \$300 Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine. One thousand dollars in seventeen cash prizes is also offered for the largest lists of new subscribers. The Rural is the best agricultural paper in the country. See prospectus in another column.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY LECTURES.—The next lecture before this institution will be delivered on Wednesday evening, Nov. 21, by Hon. Wm. D. Kelly, of Pennsylvania, on Our Relations to Future Civilization. The succeeding lecture, Nov. 28th, will be by Henry Ward Beecher.

VERMONT.—A correspondent assures us that Vermont is alive to the truths of Spiritualism, and her hills everywhere are shining with the light of the new era, and lecturers do not labor there in vain. Mrs. C. Fannie Allen has been doing a good work there. Mrs. A. has been in the lecturing field for many years, is an able speaker, and very much liked wherever she goes.

Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, was organized in 1846 with twenty-one members. Rev. H. W. Beecher was installed in November, 1848. The present membership of the Church is about 1,800, with a congregation ranging from 2,500 to 3,000.

The key-note to good-breeding—B-natural.

The Boston and Providence Railroad Company, which has lately laid three or four miles of steel rails near Roxbury, is going to lay ten miles more next spring. They are of English manufacture, and cost, landed in Boston, \$170 per ton.

A movement is making to have the East Boston Ferry boats stop at the foot of State street.

The "Empire of Maximilian" was one of the most humiliating results of the slaveholders' rebellion.

WOULD-BE POETS.—The following clever advice to this class of scribblers is timely. It is from the "Biglow Papers":

"Unless one's thoughts pack more neatly in verse than in prose, it is wiser to refrain. Commonplace gains nothing by being translated into rhyme, for it is something which no house-poise can transmute into the real presence of living thought."

EXODUS OF ITALIAN MONKS AND NUNS.—The following intelligence from the Tyrol is published in the Augsburg Gazette:

"The number of monks and nuns who, quitting anti-monastic Italy, are arriving here to take shelter under the shadow of the Concordat, is so enormous that the convents are literally overflowing, and, to make matters worse, we understand that these *debris* of the religious societies of Italy, blown hither by the storm of revolution, think of settling in our country."

The Catholics of Bridgeport, Ct., are erecting a cathedral to seat 4,000 persons, at a cost of \$150,000.

"Do not care much about the bugs," said John A., "but the truth is, I've not got the blood to spare."

WESTMINSTER is the name of a new and magnificent hotel just finished in New York.

The clergymen of Springfield, Ill., "who believe in the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, eternal punishment and justification by faith alone," have signed a call for a State prayer meeting, to be held this month.

It was with a great deal of difficulty that a clergyman in Detroit baptized by immersion the other day a young lady with crinoline on.

The Rev. J. C. Fletcher has not abandoned the lecturing field. He has several new lectures prepared, one of which is upon the charming province of Andalusia, Spain, and of great interest.

The *Journal d'Indre et Loire* says that a young girl of Tours has been lying in a trance for fifty-seven days, during which time her state has not undergone any visible change.

Prof. Agassiz says he found the valley of the Amazon uncommonly fertile, and its climate very healthy. It is his opinion that it will one day become the mart of the world, supporting in comfort 20,000,000 inhabitants.

Warfare is the worst kind of fare for a man to live on.

GOOD!—Garibaldi has written the following letter to Mr. John Jay, of New York, who is now in Europe:

"The sympathy which comes to me from free men, citizens of a great nation like yourselves, gives me courage for my task in the cause of liberty and progress. I regard to-day the American people as the sole arbiters of questions of human rights and the universal brotherhood of the soul and the intellect. Please express these my sentiments to your countrymen, and believe me—yours for life—G. GARIBOLDI."

Snow has sent us a few specimens of his extra-fine Diamond Pen, from 47 Liberty street, N. Y., for which we are very thankful. His Commercial Pen is also *au fait*. Price by mail, \$1.25 per gross.

THE CITY HALL DINING ROOMS, kept in City Hall Avenue, at Nos. 10, 12 and 14, by Messrs. C. D. & I. H. Preshe, are the nearest and most airy of any in the city. There is a spacious apartment for ladies, and another for gentlemen, where all the luxuries of the season can be had on short notice. In fact, their bill of fare embraces everything provided in our first-class hotels. Our friends in the country who may visit Boston, are recommended to patronize the City Hall Dining Rooms in preference to any others. Those who reside in town do so, because they know where the best dinners can be had.

Nearly five million letters and papers came to the United States from Great Britain in 1865.

The captain of the steamer *Batavia* reports that a man who died on board that vessel from cholera, ate eighteen eggs and two pounds of cherries before he was taken ill.

DILATED THEOLOGY.—A little girl, after having been to church, was very fond of preaching to her dolls. Her mother overheard her one day reproving one for being so wicked. "Oh, you naughty, sinful child!" she said, shaking its wax limbs, "you'll just go to that place of brimstone and molasses, and you won't burn up, you'll only just sizzle."

"Do you think that raw oysters are healthy?" asked a lady of her physician. "Yes," he replied; "I never knew one to complain of being out of health in my life."

Some people are born croakers. The more they are humored the worse they grow.

In the past two hundred years no less than 7206 treaties of peace have been signed,

We clip the following from the Daily Davenport (Iowa) Democrat, where Mr. Chase is lecturing during November, glad to find the people are awakening to an appreciation of our speakers and philosophy:

"THE DOCTRINE OF SPIRITUALISM.—Warren Chase, Esq., a talented and widely known believer and advocate of Spiritualism, has been in our city for a number of days. On Sunday afternoon last and on Sunday evening he addressed fine audiences on the subject, at LeClair Hall. What our people may say of his doctrine, one thing is certain: Mr. Chase knows what he is talking about, and is well posted in every necessary particular. The number of adherents to this doctrine in this city is considerable, and is rapidly increasing. We understand that a regular series of meetings will be held."

A curious preacher and teacher is Beecher. Not many years ago he was death on the runner. Now he is out in favor of granting licenses to this same class of individuals. Probably several wealthy ones have joined his church lately.

The man who acts with no higher motive in view than to court the popularity of the world, has a soft spot in his cranium.

THE ROSE'S SONG.
I grow by a maiden's window,
And into her chamber I peep,
When the night-wind blows the curtain,
And the maiden lies asleep.
And the moonlight falls on her face,
I am only a rose that buds and blows
And dies like a smile or a sigh;
But I save a little of my life in the chamber,
And the moon can tell you why.
A tear fell into my bosom
Last night when the moon shone clear,
And, though I was wilted and faded,
My beauty returned with the tear.
I am only a rose that buds and blows
And dies like a smile or a sigh,
And the moon can tell you why.
And the lover can tell you why.
(EDWARD LA TORRE.)

General Garibaldi, on his late arrival in Florence, summed up his counsels to the crowd assembled beneath the windows of the villa at Beloguardo, by the following words, addressed to the female portion of the audience: "Italian mothers, Italian sisters, if you wish your sons and your brothers to be good patriots, never again enter a confessional."

Voltaire said: "The more married men you have, the fewer crimes there will be. Marriage renders a man more virtuous and more wise." This may have been true in Voltaire's day, but the times have changed awfully since then.

What sea is like a certain portion of a house in good repair? A-dri-atic.

Prentice is recovering. He says: If you would remedy dyspepsia—diet. If you would remedy gray hair—dye it.

An international contest for Beauty is proposed at the coming Paris Exhibition. Several French, English and other European ladies have expressed their willingness to compete for the prizes, provided that no American ladies put in their claims.

The President has informed the Mississippi delegation that Jeff. Davis is allowed every comfort and full freedom within the limit of Fortress Monroe, but he cannot consent to his release.

Uncle Sam's money-chest now contains ninety millions of dollars in gold.

APPEAL FOR RELIEF.—An appeal has been made to the citizens of New York, without distinction of nationality, for relief in behalf of the victims of the late terrible inundations in France. The latest accounts represent that the destruction of property has been such, that multitudes are literally on the verge of starvation.

A leading Democratic paper of the Northwest has come out in favor of impartial suffrage, and advocates its adoption by the Democratic party.

Dr. A. Hill, of Norwalk, Conn., has invented a simple process by which oil paintings can be executed on marble, with the colors as permanently fixed as in stained glass.

Peat is a prominent article of exhibition at the fairs of Iowa.

An extensive fire in Paris last month was instantly extinguished by the bursting of three bottles of sulphuric ether, the contents of which, mixing with the atmosphere, put an end to the combustion.

The number of persons attacked by cholera during the present outbreak in Hungary, has been, up to the latest date, 48,845, of whom 21,556 have died.

"Pharaoh's serpents" are banished from Spain by royal decree.

Rev. George F. Williams, an Episcopal minister, is in the Tombs, in New York, on the charge of cutting a lady's pocket and stealing her wallet in an omnibus. The wallet was found upon him, and he offered to give it up if the party who arrested him would let him go.

Lord Clarendon is dying from the effects of tobacco smoking.

"You look," said a gentleman, to a pale, haggard smoker, "as if you had got out of your grave to light your cigar, and could not find your way back again."

People are advertising in London for copies of Swinburne's suppressed book, now very scarce, and offer five guineas apiece for them.

The Convention of the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches has appointed a committee to consider the relation of secret societies to church fellowship, to report at the next annual meeting with special instructions "to inquire particularly concerning the orders of Freemasons and Odd Fellows." If judged by their works of love and charity, which far outstrip in good deeds to humanity all that old theology has done, neither association can have much to fear from such inquiry.

GETTING READY.—Twenty-six iron clad vessels are now being built in England for the British navy.

There are twenty thousand professional drones, occupying palatial edifices in Italy, whose whole lives are devoted to begging and austerities.—*Ex.* They will soon get kicked out of their lives.

A convention of the colored men of Indiana has recently been held in Indianapolis. It adopted a memorial, addressed to the State Legislature, asking equality before the law and suffrage, and requesting that the law be changed so that negroes may be allowed public schools.

The tenor of the reports received by the Freedmen's Bureau from the Assistant Commissioners of the several districts, has been within the past six months of a nature which inspires the hope that the antislavery and prejudices resulting from the late war are rapidly fading out, especially in the Southern and Border States. "This is well. Peace and prosperity go hand in hand."

It is said that the oldest daughter of the late Gen. Scott died broken-hearted in a French convent, because her father would not give his consent to her marriage with a young French nobleman and officer.

Lord Shaftesbury has been making a speech on church questions at Salisbury. Ritualism he regarded as "full-blown, arrogant, insolent Popery," and he held that "whether they build up Popery in the country, or whether they fostered neology or rationalism, the result would be to bring the mass of the people to one dead level of unbelief and infidelity." Let it "bring" it there, then, the sooner the better. Humanity has been "in prison" long enough.

Lyons, France, is in distress, because the world no longer buys her figured silks. In 1858 she exported \$17,000,000 worth, but in 1865 she exported but \$2,000,000, and this year but \$1,400,000. Her people, thrown out of employment on account of the caprice of fashion, are in a condition of extreme suffering.

The Spanish Government has taken the first step toward the abolition of slavery, in liberating all blacks who may be landed on the territory of the peninsula. But she still tolerates slavery in her West India possessions.

There is a certain natural production, that is neither animal, vegetable nor mineral; it exists from two to six feet from the surface of the earth; it has neither length, breadth, nor substance; it is neither male nor female, but is often found between both; is often mentioned in the Old Testament and strongly recommended in the New, and answers equally the purposes of fidelity and treachery. Who can solve it?

The fashionable midnight dinners bring headaches in the morning.

PUTTING ON AIDERS.—A young man, just elected councilman in an neighboring small city, was asked the other day where was the Pemberton Mill. "That structure is now the Pemberton, sir," pompously replied the city officer; "it was erected, sir, upon the site of the former edifice, the scene of the late lamentable, piteous and heart-rending catastrophe." Very true, but why such a flourish of words to tell of it?

Wendell Phillips's sickle cuts up the weeds in the gardens of all political parties.

The new ocean telegraph company, which proposes to lay wires between New York and Brazil, connecting by the way the West Indies, Panama and British Guiana, has nearly completed the manufacture of its cable, and in a few days will send a party to Key West to lay the line from that point to the Florida peninsula. Telegraphic communication between New York and Havana will be effected by the middle of March.

Rev. James C. Provost, of New York, is under arrest for making wine without paying the internal revenue tax. He claims that he has only done it for sacramental purposes!

The population of the Island of Candia (or Crete) is about three hundred thousand, of whom only seventy thousand are Mussulmans, the remainder being Greek Christians. The Mussulmans live chiefly in the fortified towns, whilst the Christians reside in the open country and the mountain regions.

Contentment is a jewel of rare value. Very few possess it.

From Iowa.

Among all your numerous correspondents, I have not noticed one hailing from this little inland town, but I assure you there is such a place—say you may see by consulting the map of Iowa—situate on the Burlington and Missouri Railroad.

I am a constant reader of your invaluable paper, and can truly say it has often diffused its light over my mind, and without its soul-inspiring presence I feel that our home would be poor indeed.

Although located on the line of a public thoroughfare, we are not visited by any of our public speakers. There is a wide field open for the true friend of progress, and I have long to hear the sturdy strokes of the centurion's plowman laying the axe at the root of the tree of sectarian ignorance. It seems to me that by the aid of some one or more of our numerous and highly gifted lecturers, an interest might be awakened in the thinking part of the community in this section that would eventually redound to the glory of God and the advancement of truth.

I am almost a stranger here, and do not know of one true Spiritualist outside of our family. Still there may be others who would respond to a call from the rostrum, and aid in pushing forward the good work of reform, and the ultimate redemption of the world from the thralldom of ignorance and blind superstition.

Bro. Moses Hall might do a good work by opening the eyes of the spiritually blind among the Adventists here, some of whom were converted to that faith through his teachings. Could not Bro. Hall do as well now, armed as he is with the panoply of truth, and sustained by the bright visitants from the Summer Land?

Not long since, while at Mr. Pleasant, I listened to a discourse by Bro. Brattain, who claims to be a Universalist, but he teaches the true Harmonical Philosophy, and occupies a plane of spiritual growth far in advance of church or creed. It is truly cheering to see a man of his ability and standing ignoring the right of any sect to fashion creeds to bind the immortal soul; and he is one who does not admit himself a Spiritualist, but is true in principle, if not in name. It is far positive that he has progressed beyond the fold of the church, inasmuch as many of the members of the organization over which he presided not long since have voted him for radical in his views of religion and the true exercise of reason. Would to God the churches could boast a few more noble natures like him, for then we might reasonably hope to see the whole lump leavened, and these church organizations would cease to be a stumbling-block in the path of humanity.

With many thanks for the blessings you are weekly bestowing on your numerous readers, through the columns of your fearless sheet, I bid you a Godspeed in the right.

New London, Iowa, Oct. 27, 1866.

Dr. Persons.

Dr. Persons, formerly of the Dynamic Institute, Milwaukee, is doing a great work in curing disease by magnetism alone, in Davenport, Iowa. I have witnessed some of the most remarkable cures by the Doctor that I have ever met with in my travels. An old lady brought her daughter to him who had not walked a step on one of her feet for nearly three years, and who had been under medical and surgical treatment most of the time. Her hurt was caused by forcing a nail into her foot, and she could not be cured by the best physicians in reach of her mother, and was in constant danger of lockjaw. In ten minutes the Doctor set her to walking about his room, and in a few hours she returned home with her mother, cured, and left her crutches in the Doctor's room with other trophies of spiritual triumph over disease. I have not met with a more successful operator in my travels. WARREN OLINSE, Davenport, Iowa, Nov. 9, 1866.

New York Branch of the Banner of Light Bookstore and Publishing House.

Our office in New York is at No. 644 Broadway, nearly opposite Barham's Museum. Friends visiting the city are invited to call, where Dr. Storzen, our Agent, will be happy to afford any information concerning the location of mediums, public meetings, or whatever may be of value as a guide to strangers.

A Capital Inducement to Subscribe for the Banner.

Until Dec. 31, 1866, we will send to the address of any person who will furnish us new subscribers to the BANNER OF LIGHT, accompanied with the money (\$3), one copy of either of the following popular works, viz: "Spiritual Sunday School Manual," by Uriah Clark; "History of the Chicago Artesian Well," by George A. Shufeldt, Jr.; or "A B C of Life," by A. B. Child, M. D.

For new subscribers, with \$6 accompanying, we will send to one address one copy of either of the following useful books, viz: "Hymns of Progress," by Dr. L. K. Cooley; "Poems," by A. P. McComb; or the "Gift of Spiritualism," by Hon. Warren Chase.

For non subscribers, with \$9 accompanying, we will send to one address one of either of the following works: "Dealings with the Dead," by Dr. P. B. Randolph; "The Wildfire Club," by Emma Handridge; "Blossoms of Our Spring," by Hudson and Emma Tuttle; "Whatever Is, Is Right," by A. B. Child, M. D.; the second volume of "Arcana of Nature"; "Incidents in My Life," by D. D. Home; or a *carte de visite* photograph of each of the publishers of the BANNER, the editor, and Mrs. J. H. Conant.

For new subscribers, with \$12 accompanying, we will send to one address one copy of Andrew Jackson Davis's "Morning Lectures."

For new subscribers, with \$15 accompanying, we will send to one address one copy of "Supernatural Facts in the Life of Rev. Jesse Balcomb Ferguson, A. M., L. L. D., including Twenty Years' Observation of Preternatural Phenomena," edited by T. L. Nichols, M. D. English edition. The price of this work is \$2.50, and twenty cents postage.

The above named books are all valuable, and bound in good style.

Persons sending money as above, will observe that we only offer the premiums on new subscribers—not renewals—and all money for subscriptions as above described, must be sent at one time.

Send only Post-Office Orders or National Currency.

To Correspondents.

(We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.)
M. E. C. ELKHART, IND.—\$1.50 received.
L. H. PHILADELPHIA.—Document received.

Business Matters.

MRS. E. D. SIMONS, Medical Clairvoyant, Magnetic and Electric Physician, 1239 Broadway, corner 31st street, New York.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL surpasses all other remedies in the rapid and radical cure of Coughs, Colds and Consumption.

JAMES V. MANFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

L. L. FAIRBANKS, Medium, answers SEALED LETTERS. Persons sending \$3 and four 3-cent stamps, will receive a prompt reply. Address, 1019 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

CARTE DE VISITE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE LATE REV. JOHN PIERPONT for sale at our Boston and New York Offices. Price twenty-five cents. Postage free.

ABRAHAM JAMES.—Fine *carte de visite* photographs of this celebrated medium (the discoverer of the Chicago Artesian Well), may be obtained at this office. Price 25 cents.

Special Notices.

This Paper is mailed to Subscribers and sold by Periodical Dealers every Monday morning, six days in advance of date.

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWERS, for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, Mass.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENGL.

KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

Such curative and healing power as are attached to Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powers, has never before been known in the entire history of medicine. See *Certificates of Cures and testimonials in another column.*

Remember that Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powers are the Greatest Family Medicine of the Age. See *Certificates of Cures and testimonials in another column.*

The most liberal terms, and also the sole agency of entire counties, for the sale of Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powers, given to Druggists, and to Agents, male and female. See *Certificates of Cures and testimonials in another column.*

Physicians of all schools of medicine, use Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powers. See *Certificates of Cures and testimonials in another column.*

LIKE MAGIC.—The certainty and quickness with which CURE'S GREAT BALM cures Coughs, Colds, Croup, and Lung Inflammation, give to the children, when attacked with Coughs and Colds, and rest assured you will find relief at once. Physicians say it is the best cough medicine in the world. —*Nov. 24.*

TO CURE CONSUMPTION.—The remedy should be used when the disease is in the incipient stages, and when it first appears in the system, such as a hacking Cough, Pain in the Chest, Difficulty of Breathing, Cold Night Sweats. Before the system is too much disorganized, Allen's Lung Balm will be found to give immediate relief. —*Nov. 24.*

FOR SALE BY THE DOCTORS in Family Medicine generally. PAIN KILLER.—The Wonderful (Dr. W.) Sentinal says: "It is a generally admitted fact, that the medicine manufactured by Messrs. Perry Davis & Son, has been instrumental in alleviating much pain, and giving relief to millions of suffering humanity. The medical faculty almost everywhere recommend the Pain Killer, and its reputation is now established as the most beneficial family medicine now in use, and may be taken internally and externally to expel pain. —*Nov. 24.—2w*

LITCHFIELD'S DIPHTHERIA VANQUISHER. (Used with Litchfield's External Application.) WARRANTED TO CURE DIPHTHERIA AND ALL THROAT TROUBLES. Litchfield's External Application, WARRANTED TO CURE RHEUMATISM AND SCIATICA LAMENESS, and all LAMENESS, where there is no fracture. Price of each of the above, \$1.00 per Bottle.

G. A. LITCHFIELD & CO., Proprietors, Winchester, Mass. (Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., M. S. Burr & Co., Boston; John F. Hensy & Co., Waterbury, Vt., General Agents.) Sold by Medicine Dealers generally. —*6m—June 2.*

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

Letter Postage required on orders sent by mail to the following Territories: Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah.

THE MAIDEN IN THE SPIRIT-LAND. PRICE OF COPIES REDUCED TO 25 CENTS. A beautiful picture, claimed to have been produced by a planchette through a medium, W. P. Anderson, and drawn to represent the Spirit-Land, a new and never before known world, through the year 1864, married a Russian General, lived in high life in Europe for many years, and finally died in Chicago, in 1864. The picture with copyright is valued at \$5.00. For copies, address, 809 HIA HIA STREET, ROOM 21, No. 124 North Clark street, CHICAGO, ILL. —*3w—Nov. 24.*

MRS. HYDE, Business and Test Medium, has been examined to 69 W. 10th street, corner 6th Avenue, NEW YORK, in the Spirit-Land, and giving relief to millions of suffering humanity. The medical faculty almost everywhere recommend the Pain Killer, and its reputation is now established as the most beneficial family medicine now in use, and may be taken internally and externally to expel pain. —*Nov. 24.—2w*

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

An association of literary gentlemen will commence with the beginning of the New Year, the publication of a new periodical, to be entitled:

NORTHERN LIGHTS;

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

TALES, TRAVELS, POEMS, SKETCHES AND ESSAYS.

IT WILL BE EDITED BY

JULIA WARD HOWE and EDWARD KIRKE.

And among its contributors will be the following well-known authors:

JULIA WARD HOWE, author of "Fanny's Flowers," "Latter Days," etc.

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Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

While in an abnormal condition called the trance. 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.

The questions propounded at these circles by mortals, are answered by spirits who do not announce their names.

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, services commencing at one o'clock, three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

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

All proper questions sent to our Free Circles for answer by the invisibles, are duly attended to, and will be published.

Invocation.

Come nigh unto us, ye countless throng of angel ministers, whose great thoughts have been the blessing of every age! Come and let us drink at the fountain of your inspiration! Come and let us reason with you! Come and let us learn the way of life from you! Let us see your light and understand your language. Come, ye vast throng whose brows have been crowned with thorns, the experience of whose mortal lives have been hard and unpleasant; come, each and all. Come, that we may learn to worship our Father in spirit and in truth. Oh, let us lay together our offerings upon the altar of life; and together let our prayers ascend, mingling with the prayers of these mortals, until the very heavens shall resound with our cries. Come, and the Angels of Peace, of Justice and of Love shall dwell upon the earth! Oh, come, ye countless throng of worshippers, and teach us how to worship; come wiping away the falling tear; come binding up the broken heart; come, oh, come, and rend in twain the veil that hides the immortal world from mortal sight! And unto the Great God, whose name we know not, but whose purposes are everywhere manifested, be the honor of all souls forever. Amen.

Sept. 20.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—By E. B., of Maquoket: "Will some intelligence please explain upon what principle four persons can raise the fifth into the air, upon the ends of their fingers, by simultaneous respiration? and say whether, in their opinion, it would be possible so to understand and control gravitation as to remain up at will?"

A.—The process is very simple when you understand it, but very mysterious and complicated when you do not. It seems from all I am able to learn during my short sojourn here in the spirit-world, that mind is, at all times, through intelligence, master of matter; that there is no law governing in the material world, or world of matter, that cannot be overruled and subjugated by mind. This being true, the law of gravitation of course can be dealt with accordingly. I am informed by those who have been largely interested in certain scientific movements through the action of spirit, during the last eighteen years, that when the disembodied intelligence—a spirit, man, woman or child—desires to control any powerless object, that is to say, to raise it in the air, or move it hither and thither, they do not use the hands or feet, or head, or any part of their spirit-bodies, to perform this; but, being good chemists, they extract from the object in question whatsoever quality it be that renders it subservient to the law of gravitation. Having removed this, the article becomes then subservient to the law of mind. Then mind can say to the object: Go here, go there; either rise or fall; and the object obeys, as if it had intelligence.

I had supposed, in common with many Spiritualists—many who considered themselves investigators—that law was law, wherever it existed; that the spirits did not, in their operations on matter, interfere with any known law. But this was a very great mistake. The laws of matter are inferior to the laws of mind—as distinct from them, entirely separate. And, as the superior always governs the inferior, always is able to control it, so mind must control matter. And this is what Jesus meant when he said, "If ye have faith ye can say to this mountain, Be thou removed and cast out into the sea, and it will be done." Well, what did he mean by faith? Why, I believe he used it in this sense: If you knew enough, you could see beyond the veil clearly enough. If you could feel, in your inner lives, that mind could control matter, then it would be possible for you to do this thing. But, because you cannot, there is what he called a lack of faith. Now, to dwell a moment particularly upon the subject up for discussion, namely, that portion which refers to the raising of a body by four persons, simply by an action material, simply by a material force as thrown through mind, why, I should doubt very much if it could be done. But if these persons do so understand earth's laws—that is to say, if they have soul-experience, or the experience they have gained by contact with human life is such as to show them how these things should be done—they can chemically change the forces that bind the object or body to earth, rendering it subject to the laws of gravitation. But one person can do this as well as four; for a man or a child, being a unit of themselves, is a universe. One Jesus of Nazareth could walk the waves just as well as two or a dozen. But perhaps I have said enough upon this subject, therefore I will pass on to something else, if you have anything else to offer.

Q.—Will the spirits please give their views concerning the following "queer story?"

Correspondence of the Mount Sterling Sentinel.

BRACKEN COUNTY, KY., FEB. 17, 1896. The people of this neighborhood are in the greatest state of excitement in consequence of a remarkable visitation, or apparition, of some demonic personage in our midst.

On Monday night last, after myself and family had retired to rest, we were suddenly aroused by a great outcry from the negro quarters—which are immediately to the rear of the house—in which prayers were uttered with blasphemies; men, women and children screaming "fire" and "murder" at the top of their voices, all conspiring to create a scene worthy of a pandemonium. Terribly startled, my wife and I sprang from our bed. The room was illuminated as brightly as by a flood of sunlight, though the light was of a bluish cast. Our first and most reasonable conclusion was that the negro cabins were being consumed by fire. We rushed to the windows and beheld a sight that fairly chilled the blood in our veins with horror, and filled our hearts with the utmost terror. My daughters, shrieking loudly, came flying into my room, hysterical with fear. This is what we beheld:

Standing to the right of the upper cabin, near the fence that separates the negroes' garden from the house-yard, was a creature of gigantic stature, and the most horrible appearance. It was nearly as high as the comb of the cabin, and had a monstrous head not dissimilar in shape to that of an ape; two short, very white horns, appeared above each eye; its arms were long, covered with shaggy hair of an ashen hue, and terminated with huge paws, not unlike those of a cat, and armed with long and hooked claws. Its breast was as broad as that of a large-sized ox. Its legs resembled the front legs of a horse, only the hoofs were cloven. It had a long tail, armed with a dart-shaped horn, which it was continually switching about. Its eyes glowed like two living coals of fire, while its nostrils and mouth were emitting sheets of bluish-colored flame, with a hissing sound, like the hissing of a serpent, only a thousand-fold louder. Its general color, save its arms, was a dull, dingy brown. The air was powerfully impregnated with a smell of burning sulphur. The poor negroes were evidently laboring under the extreme terror, and two of them, an old woman and a lad, were actually driven to insanity by their fears, and have not recovered their reason up to this writing. I do not know how long this monster, demon, or devil, was visible after we reached the window—possibly some three seconds. When it vanished it was enveloped in a spiral column of flame that reached nearly to the top of the locust trees adjacent, and which hid its horrid form completely from view. The extinction of the flame was instantaneous, and with its disappearance we were relieved of the presence of this remarkable visitor.

If it had been the only family visited by this unearthly creature, I should have kept silent, and perhaps, tomorrow my mind into the belief that it was a hallucination. But precisely the same apparition made its appearance at my neighbor's, Mrs. William Dole, appearing there in precisely the same shape in which it presented itself to us, save the head, which appeared to those who witnessed it at Mrs. Dole's, to resemble that of a horse. At Mr. Adam Fuqua's, another neighbor, its head was that of a culture. On Tuesday night it appeared at Mr. Jesse Bond's, there wearing the head of an elephant. All these places it made the same appearance as at my house—excepting only the changing of the head—and disappeared in the same manner. These parties are all reliable ladies and gentlemen, and at my request have made oath to what they witnessed.

What it is, what its object, what its mission, is something that passes my poor comprehension. What I have above written is simple, unadorned truth. You are at liberty to use this in any manner you may esteem.

Respectfully, your friend,

NATHANIEL G. SQUIERS.

STATE OF KENTUCKY, BRACKEN CO.—Set. This day personally appeared before me the undersigned, John G. Finley, Justice of the Peace, within the county for the State aforesaid, Nathaniel G. Squiers, Minerva Squiers, Sarah D. Squiers, Lucy Squiers, Maudie W. Dole, Adam Fuqua, and Jesse Bond, who, being sworn according to law, depose that the statements in the foregoing letter are true as far as refers to each of them. And I certify that all are credible and reliable persons, and their statements entitled to full credit. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of Sept., 1898.

A.—It should be understood that whatever mind is capable of conceiving of, it is capable of representing in form, capable of externalizing. Now if mind is capable of conceiving of a Satan with horns and tail, it is capable of externalizing that form. And, as mind is possessed of a larger range of power after death than before, you will readily see it is more easy for the unclothed spirit, that is the spirit that has gone beyond the physical body, to take upon itself such a form as described, than it is for you to appear in such a character at a masquerade. You all know that it is easy for you to appear in any disguise, even here on earth. You can represent what you conceive to be a devil, or an angel. Well, then, it is still easier for the disembodied spirit to make the same representation. You have only to make yourself acquainted with the laws governing matter, and when you are master of them, you can do whatever dress you see fit to. The process is by no means hard or mysterious; but with regard to the case you have presented us, we have no direct information.

Q.—Is every human being a medium in some form?

A.—Certainly.

Q.—What occasions bone tumors?

A.—If I were to undertake to answer that question, I should probably fail; therefore, I will leave it to some one else, who may possibly follow me, who can deal with it better than I can.

If I shall not weary the patience of my auditors, I would like to make brief reference to a letter I received a short time before my change, in which the writer set forth his troubles, and requested my advice. I was intending to answer the letter, and give whatever advice should seem the most fitting at the time; but various circumstances interfered. I was not able to carry out my intentions, and so the writer remains in ignorance as to whether I ever received his letter or not; or if I did, whether I cared to answer it. He says, "Being a minister of the Gospel, a dispenser of the faith of the saints, I stand, you must well know, upon an eminence a little above the people. Many see me and criticize me that I may not see; may not know. Now, it so happens, that a few months ago—perhaps I had better say a few years ago—I quietly, and I may say secretly, investigated, and tried to investigate modern Spiritualism. I accidentally became the recipient of an article that made me feel I would like to know whether or not there was any truth in it. So I quietly looked into the subject. But it was not long before I found that some members of my church, of my family, of my social circle, were aware of what I was doing; and gradually from this point would come an arrow, and from that point, until at the present time I am completely besieged by those dearest and nearest to me, and I have questioned in mind, as to whether I am pursuing the right course, in withholding what I have learned in the course of my investigations; or whether it is a righteous cause or not? If I were sure, absolutely sure, that the cause was a righteous one, I would be willing to suffer for it; for Jesus hath said, 'Blessed are ye when ye are persecuted for righteousness sake.' I should feel that I was indeed blessed. I should look upon every word of censure, upon every arrow of slander as a chariot, bringing me a blessing from heaven. But I cannot feel, I cannot know that the cause is righteous. I have labored hard and prayed most earnestly to know what is right. And as I sat alone to-night in my chamber, I determined to question you, knowing that you had suffered as I now suffer. I hope that you may be able to advise me. First tell me, do you think the cause I have been investigating is a righteous one? Then tell me what course you would pursue if you were situated as I am? I am weak, absolutely weak, and I ask of your strength." And at the close he says—"should you ever make any public use of this letter, I beg you to withhold my name."

I have given as clear a synopsis of the letter as I am able to from memory, withholding some few personal paragraphs. And now for my answer. Righteousness is not measured by creeds or by priestly parlance. It can be measured only by the highest light of which the possessor is possessed. He who deems himself in possession of a righteous thought, can only know whether or not that he indeed is a righteous thought, by weighing it in the balance of his own reason. No church creed can decide for you; no law either in heaven, earth or hell, outside a man's own reason. If Spiritualism or the Spiritual Philosophy of today has not furnished its own proof, has not demonstrated its own righteousness, rest assured you have not gone far enough. And as your adviser

and confessor, I implore you to go a little further; put off the garb of Nicodemus, and come out as I did, and then perhaps the angel world will pour down its full flood of glory upon you. You cannot then be mistaken. If you are weak, darkness will never strengthen you; light alone can. You need the positive element, light; and as your friend and brother still in the ministry, still preaching the word of Truth, and bound for the Court of Wisdom, I earnestly beseech of you to take off your garb of darkness, and go out into daylight. Your persecutions then, will be sweet; your crown of thorns then, you will not feel. Preach the whole truth, not half; and when questioned concerning your faith, declare it unflinchingly, knowing that God and his angels are on your side. But, as I before remarked, if Spiritualism has not demonstrated its righteousness to you, it's because you have not gone far enough. Go further, seek deeper, pray more earnestly; and of all you do, do not fear to trust either your good name, or character, or purse with it; for if you do, some doubting soul, either on our side or yours, might lead you a little out of the way. Do you not feel, down in the depths of your soul, that there is a mantle altogether righteous and of God over this movement? If you do, gather up what little strength you have, and go out; and if you feel that you shall sink beneath the waves of opposition, pray, as Peter did, and the hand of the Divine One will be stretched out to save you.

I am obliged, Mr. Chairman, for your patience, and also obliged to the audience for theirs.

Sept. 20.

Johnny Joice.

How do you do, sir. I believe, sir, you asked me to come again, saying in the meantime you'd see what could be done. I am Johnny Joice. [We have held conversation with parties upon the subject, but the great difficulty is in getting the medium to consent to accompany us to Roxbury. Do you feel sure you can solve the mystery?] Oh yes, sir, it's nothing to master—not for me. Of course I know, sir, who murdered me. [Do you think you'll be able to clearly identify your murderer?] Yes, sir; because I propose to be brought face to face with that person, and there are people in the spirit-world who are willing to aid me, and my murderer would not be able to withstand their force. He would own up right away. No, sir, I have my plans all arranged right, but it is harder to arrange matters here than I thought it would be. All I ask is that if I convict the guilty party, I convict him, then I want the money given to my mother; when it put in the hands of some responsible party, before I furnish the evidence of his guilt. [We have seen a brother-in-law of the gentleman who offered the reward. He is willing to guarantee you the privilege of speaking as you desire, and insures the reward also. He told us he was anxious to push the matter before he left for Europe.] I didn't mean, sir, for the reward to be given, simply upon my telling who it was. [Unless the party was convicted.] Yes, sir. [You meant that from the evidence you gave, he would own up.] Yes, sir, that's what I intended. [If you could induce the medium to grant your request, we are willing to aid you.] I don't do it because I want to be avenged, because I don't; but I know he's a great deal more unhappy, now, than he would be if he were convicted. And he always will be; and really it's doing him a kindness, and at the same time helping my mother. Of course I have that in view, else I should not have come. I wish the medium would go, sir. I'll make it just as easy as I can; won't do anything to harm her. I know from what I heard people say, she don't believe in hanging. I know she don't herself. She don't want to be used as an instrument for bringing it about. There's a good many things worse than hanging. He's a great deal worse off now than he would be to hang a dozen times over. [Does he feel very bad about it now?] Yes, sir. [Has he seen your communication?] He's heard of it, sir; never has seen it, but he's heard of it, sir. Good-day, sir. Will I come again? [Certainly, if you can give us any more light with which to pursue the matter in question.]

Sept. 20.

Edward Gordon.

I am here to make some move toward getting a communication to those I've left. Seven weeks in Salisbury and Andersonville didn't improve me much. I tried very hard to shut out the thoughts of what I had suffered in my own body, but I couldn't do it. But I shall overcome it, they say, this time coming.

I belong, sir, to the Stark Guard of New Hampshire. I am from Manchester; Edward Gordon. I don't want a single tear shed on my account; but I do want my brother and my sister, and my mother and my father, too, if they care to communicate with me, to let me talk with them.

I had a pretty tough time of it, so I was not sorry to leave the body. We undertook to dig our way out from a sort of an underground tunnel, and six of the boys that were strong enough to work in it began the job; but I've met 'em on this side. They all died in the swamp, every one of them. I should have gone through and tried my chances, but I had not had anything to eat when the project was first started, for two days. I wasn't in good working trim, you see. Why, I stood up under it until I don't know but what you could have seen right through me. The boys named our pen Skeleton Pen. I think it was very appropriately named, for there was n't one of us but what was reduced to a skeleton.

I don't know but what I should be wicked enough to like to come back here, and hold old Johnson's place for about six months. I don't know but what I should make every day in the week—Sunday's not excepted—execution day. If he's not amazing careful with the way he treats rebels, some of the boys on our side will stretch his neck for him, or let him feel our sharpwords. If we get our clutches hold of him, he may get rather rough handling. We don't like it, you know; we don't like it. His poultices for our wounds don't heal them. His poultices may heal Southern wounds, may heal those, but they can't ours. And we ain't dead; we know we ain't dead. No, sir; we cry out for redress just as the blood of Abel was said to. And he's not the man to give it to us; we're sure of that. He may say God will take care of him, but perhaps he will make us his agents; can't tell, you know. It's a long road that has no turn, they say, and a sleepy cat that never jumps.

I'm only uttering the sentiments of more than one regiment of boys that come back here for redress. We love our country now as we ever did, and we should hate awfully to see it governed by such men as controlled when Jim Buchanan was in the chair; and the way things are going on now, it is in a fair way for it. According to Andy Johnson's policy, when he vacates the chair a Dick Turner will fill it. There's no getting away from it.

I am amazing weak, Colonel; if I wasn't I would preach a political discourse, that would reach from here to Washington. I'm not good at stumping it, but I can tell the truth in a plain,

simple way; and I think it will please the public as well as Mr. Johnson's speeches, and the soft soap and Southern policy that he's trying to cram down people's throats. I beg your pardon, sir; do not mean to offend. If there are any Johnsonites here, I hope they'll change their base of operations before they leave this room. He's a very good man in his way, but he's got a Tennessee backbone in him. If you don't believe me, why ask some of the boys that have died at Andersonville or Salisbury, and they'll tell you. If his policy don't sign his death-warrant, it will the death-warrant of the nation—one of the two—and it depends upon people which it shall be.

As I am in the way of coming back, and hope to do better next time I come, I hope my folks will think it advisable to give me an early invitation little nearer home. I am weak now, as I said before. I shall get over that after a bit of coming.

Sept. 20.

Charles Brown. (A Slave.)

I am from South Carolina, sir; but I am Union, clear through. I boast of being an outgrowth of the blood of two nations. I am an African and an American. I fought for my own liberty and the liberty of my race, and for the Union and the Constitution revised, remodeled—not as it was.

It is a very great pity that Mr. Johnson's policy could not be served up, and served upon him in true Jacksonian style. Andrew Jackson once said that every traitor ought to be hung upon galloos higher than those Haman was hung upon.

It's all very well for Mr. Johnson to talk of his policy. He's a friend to the Irish, to the American, to the slave, to North and to South; a friend to slavery and Abolitionism. He's a friend to anything and everything that will serve him; and, when it won't, he's their bitterest enemy.

But excuse me for wandering from the subject that I intended to speak upon by coming here, which was to inform the friends I've left here—for the slave can have friends as well as a free man—that it is possible for me to return; that I'm strong and free, glad of the change, and able to minister to them in their sore needs.

By the kindness of some liberal mind, some who are very dear to me have been made acquainted with your paper; and so I hope to reach them.

I do not return here because I would complain of the situation I filled when on the earth, by no means. As a slave, I was for the most of the time well treated. Contrary to the laws of the South, I was educated, and spent a greater portion of my time at the North transacting business for my master. But as the mind is destined to be free when it learns its destiny, it, like the eagle, seeks to mount above all obstacles.

I am Charles Brown, sir, once owned by Charles C. Brown, of Charlottesville, South Carolina.

Sept. 20.

Circle conducted by John Pierpont.

Invocation.

Our Father and our Mother, let the benediction of thy Holy Spirit fall like gentle dew upon these souls, leading them away from the cares and disturbances of human life, and opening unto their souls that heaven that all souls so earnestly seek for. Let us by thy power guide them to a more perfect knowledge of thy will and thy way. Let us bind up their wounds. Let us open their closed senses unto a realization of thy most glorious truths. Oh may they know that God is with them; that their being is folded safely in his being; that their life depends upon his life; and because his is everlasting, theirs must be also. Oh our Father, and our Mother, too, let the glorious truths of these days gleam upon the brows of these thy children like diamonds in the sunlight. Oh let their good works be seen of men, and women, too, that all may glorify thee, all may worship thee. Our Father, now that the cold autumnal winds are sweeping over the land, oh may each breeze open the hearts of thy children, whispering to them of those who are in need, talking to them in thine own language of those who are in poverty and distress, and causing them to give of their worldly wealth to those who are in want. Oh, our Father, and our Mother, too, do thou continue the blessing through the glorious truths thou art dispensing to them, that they may exercise that charity, that divine love manifested toward human, that makes of earth a heaven indeed. Our Father, and our Mother, too, we thank thee, that sorrow sometimes resteth upon thy children; for without these shadows they would never know the sunlight of joy; without the midnight of despair they would never know the joys of heaven. So, oh God, for darkness such as makes the soul feel God hath forsaken it, we thank thee; for it is a sure harbinger of that joy, the coming morn, that eternal sunlight that the soul shall know, when it understands that thou art in the shadow as in the sunlight. Oh God, let the hearts of thy children go with the poet, in singing "Nearer my God to thee, nearer to thee," in every act of their lives, so that they may make for themselves glorious dwelling places in the land of souls, whither they are hastening.

Sept. 24.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—What natural condition of temperament or constitution is requisite for an impersonating medium?

A.—We are not sure that the gift is dependent upon any peculiarity of organization. It is more dependent upon attendant circumstances than upon the make-up of the machine.

Q.—Will the Controlling Spirit tell us why Jesus Christ never comes to us through a medium?

A.—Are you sure that Jesus Christ never does come through a medium? No, you are not. And still further, are you sure that such a man as Jesus Christ ever existed? No, you are not; but through faith, which is an attribute of the soul, you believe it. You believe that such a person had an existence in the past. Soul has a right to so believe; and for our own part we do not question the truth, the absolute truth of such an existence. But so far as you mortals are concerned, you do not know it. There are many persons who are investigators of this beautiful philosophy, called modern Spiritualism, who are disinclined to believe that their God-Idol, Jesus the Christ, could by any possibility return, manifesting personally through modern media. Well, we shall not blame them because they cannot believe that Jesus Christ could come in these days, or does come. We only say to such, seek earnestly to know the life of Christ; the spirit, and not the dead letter; seek to know concerning him as a distinct intelligence, not as a body human; and do not seek alone through the Record, the imperfect Record you have of his life, but seek within the Holy of Holies of your own nature. Take that imperfect Record of the man Jesus, and compare it with a similar life-line in your own internal being. Then bring the two out into external life and rear them to manhood, making of them a perfect God, Divine and human, also.

We are often questioned by many persons as to whether the man Jesus Christ returns through your mediums? Well, as we should say he does return, and much more than you suppose; would you believe us? of you would, but the masses would not. Seech you to cast off your outside shell, then fall like dead leaves at your feet; and anything comes from the spirit-world, it appeals to your inner consciousness as to receive it, whether it comes from a Jesus or a Thomas Paine.

Q.—Is the spirit's form anything like the inhabita here? I have thought or compared a fish that is taken from the shell. There full form, but the shell is laid away?

A.—The body or machine that the soul makes use of during its second term of unaltered, intelligent existence, is an exact part of the human, the shell, the physical, or perhaps we should say, an exact count of what that body should or would have had not disease, or what you call an intervened. But forms, like documents, thoughts, are continually changing. Because in your immediate spirit future, will in form that is an exact counterpart of the one have here, do not suppose it will always be as soul in its second state of existence arrays itself according to the circumstances of its soul-life. Eternal is an outgrowth of the internal, and I do not suppose that you will be the same, say, a hundred years hence, that you are now. Certainly we hope not. Your views, though entire being, will have undergone a great change. Your inner-lives will have changed entirely, if the external is an outgrowth of the inner, surely that must change also.

Q.—By H. W. Tinney, of Connecticut: mind of man is immortal, and can act independent of the body, why does it usually become with the body, and often quite imbecile, while the body, contains considerable strength? I answer that it is clogged by the infirmities of the body, and therefore cannot act, is not satisfied. This I consider the greatest argument against immortality of the soul. I would like an answer.

A.—Your speaker, during his earthly pilgrimage, stumbled onto precisely the same stumbling block. He could scarce believe in the immortality of a soul that grew weak as the body grew weak, but he has learned that the soul is utterly compelled to render strict obedience to the laws of the body, while in that body. manifesting through the body, it must manifest according to the laws of the body. If the weak, the manifestation of the soul must be correspondingly weak; but the soul itself is strong. The soul is never sick, not as the physical diseases are a result of either physical ailments or influences taken on from external sources. The soul feels all diseases first—now do not understand us—the soul feels all diseases mental or physical, before the body, but the soul-integrity is not infringed upon. Who free, absolutely free from the physical body, circumstances surrounding it, then it stands and manifests according to the new laws come under. You must understand that manifestation that is weak and imperfect do not confound the two. The manifestation distinct from the thing that manifests. We stood by the side of the changing spirit who body was weakened by the rude hand of fate. Indeed, we have seen the form fade day after day, and the spirit, or soul, or thinking part correspondingly weak in its manifestation; then we have questioned God most earnestly to know whether or not the spark of life goes out as the body becomes motionless in death. But we have learned that life is life, that the gift of immortality is from God, is ours forever. Forms, we have always you, are subject to change, and they by passing down the stream of life; to say, through weakness. The change ways wrought through weakness. But understand, because the body is weak, the body dies, that the soul grows weak, too, for we tell you that spirit is only body, while it manifests through that life.

speaker that comes holding abnormal conditions, your medium is bound to observe the law, earning the machine they work through, cannot go beyond that law. They may the so-called natural abilities of the subject do, but never the law.

Isabel Ellis.

I'm glad to see you. Is n't Mr. White? I'm Isabel Ellis; do n't you know me? You come to my sister's to see me—Mrs. Gille Maria's. [Yes.] I thought you'd know me, did n't know that you had passed to the world. [Yes.] I have. My father and brother sister too, brought me here. I wanted to and let the folks know that I'm safe and [When did you die?] Well, I came to consciousness Monday morning, a week ago, but the I died Sunday. [Where?] At home, mother's. Tell them not to mourn, won't and say, too. I'm very happy, and I would n't back again if I could. [Do you remember?] Yes, I do. And I'd like to send my love girls at the Institution, if they'd understand but I suppose they wouldn't. [What was sickness?] Inflammation of the brain. you see well now? Yes, sir, yes, sir. [You grow better while at the Institution?] sir; but I fell and hurt me, and was never afterwards. I went home to get better, but worse. I fell and hurt my tooth, and it jarred head so, that Dr. Fisher says it produced brain fever. [Come again.] Yes, I would not have come to-day, but they should be better for coming, and I thought come. Tell Maria I come, won't you? Go.

Sept. 24.

William Higgins.

Whew! How do you do, stranger? I'm forthly off, with the exception of a confounding whirlwind of the brain, caused by that little that's just left. I suppose that's what I owe lay it to.

Well, stranger, the world wags on just as before I left, and Andy Johnson's President he? I'm a strange sort of an individual, mean to be about as honest as the average men; could n't afford to be any more so.

Now, stranger, when I was here on earth, body, I became acquainted with a chap that to prophesy. He was a kind of a visionary. Well, he'd go off about as I put this subject aint much posted, stranger, in these things way. One time he and I were having a sort act-together, and he told me—he said I want't him that said it—that Mr. Lincoln would be assassinated, that Andy Johnson would be elected him, and that he was going to be over the same way, only there wouldn't be as much display and quite as many to see him. Now he says that is so. I said, "Non him. Now he says that is so. I said, "Non Mr. Lincoln may be, but if Andy Johnson

Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT:
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

J. M. PEEBLES, PRESIDENT EDITOR.

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and transact all other business connected with this Department of the Banner of Light. Letters and notices intended for the Editor should be directed to J. M. PEEBLES, Cincinnati, Ohio; P. O. Box 1402.

The Liberty of the "New Covenant" and Other Papers.

A correspondent writing from Muncie, Ind., says:

"I am getting tired of the onesidedness of the 'Chicago New Covenant.' I take it and the Banner of Light. The latter I must continue to take; but what other liberal paper or papers shall or can I take in place of the New Covenant when its time expires?"

Take?—why, take the Religio-Philosophical Journal, of Chicago; take the "Radical," representing the Theodore Parker phase of Unitarianism. Take the Rev. Dr. Ballou's "Christian Repository," printed in Montpelier, Vermont. Bro. Ballou published the National Convention of Spiritualists, and a recent article for the BANNER OF LIGHT, entitled "T. Starr King a Spiritualist." Take the "Gospel Banner," published in Augusta, Maine. It has shown great fairness and impartiality relative to Spiritualism. Take the "New York Independent." It is infinitely more liberal than some Universalist papers, that are literally blatant in assertions of liberty and toleration. "A classmate," in eulogizing the Rev. Mr. Pierpont, after his departure for the heavenly world, failed to mention his outspoken and public advocacy of Spiritualism, and is reproved for his cowardly injustice in the columns of the Independent, of September 13th, in the following pungent style:

"The writer characterizes Mr. Pierpont as a 'marked man,' but singularly enough fails to cite the last, and perhaps most striking proof of his claim to this title. John Pierpont as poet, patriot, pastor, and reformer, was indeed 'a marked man'—he was not also marked as a Spiritualist? Why the zealous pains of his 'Classmate,' of editorial collaborators in the Temperance and Anti-Slavery fields, to conceal the prominent fact of his later life? The delinquency of his friends has more of worldly and worldly pride than of wisdom, or of just respect for the noble spirit whose sacred convictions they strive to dishonor by concealment. Mr. Pierpont's last public appearance was at a Spiritual Convention at Providence, R. I., only three or four days before he 'fell asleep,' so soon to awake in the newness of spirit-life. One year ago he acted as President at a similar national gathering, at Philadelphia, and on the meeting at Providence he took his place, and opened the proceedings with a brief address. Now, Mr. Editor, do you fear to have this fact known?"

Certainly, we have no wish to conceal the fact that Mr. Pierpont was a Spiritualist, and any review of his life which makes no mention of this fact is certainly incomplete. But incompleteness does not necessarily imply concealment. "A Classmate," in paying his tribute to the memory of Mr. Pierpont, naturally confined himself to those features of his life with which he was personally familiar, and in respect to which he was able to speak intelligently, leaving to others better acquainted with the subject the task of saying what they might think useful as to his faith in Spiritualism. We cannot see anything wrong in this.

The above is mainly, The "New Covenant," however, is all on one side. A jug-handle is its fitting symbol. A few weeks since we published some creedal sentiments from Theodore Tilton's poetic creed. These, the Covenant coolly copied without crediting to the BANNER OF LIGHT; but "mark well," it did credit its article to a Spiritualist paper, headed "Dark Circle Performances."

The spiritual press is free. It admits individualities, and tolerates in correspondents the widest diversity of opinions. Thus given to open discussion and criticism, it frequently throws before the world both the *pro* and *con* of certain phenomena denominated spiritual; and sectarian sheets like the New Covenant, select and publish just such portions as they think best calculated to prejudice their patrons against the Spiritual Philosophy. Compensation, sure as any mathematical demonstration, is certain to come in due time. True, the New Covenant editor disclaims being a sectarian; says he is a "strong denominational man." A. J. Davis might with the same propriety say, "I'm not a Spiritualist, only a spiritually-minded man." The Rev. Dr. Ryder, in his occasional sermon at Galesburg, had the manliness to say in so many words, "The Universalist Denomination is a sect." He furthermore says, "We have a creed." The modifications following these square assertions are like the mortar that fills space without materially affecting the walls. The Nazarene's test of discipleship was very simple, yet divinely beautiful. "By this, shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one for another." It is amusing to see sectarians, like oaks, squirrels, when their policy-plans are defeated; but grand to listen to spirit-teachings from lips immortal, and consciously feel the inspirational influences of the gods.

"I want Work—Where can I Lecture?"

Thus writes a brother—others have written in similar strains. Well, the moral vineyard, extensive as the globe we inhabit, wants workmen; but vineyards do not always invite tillers to till their soils, nor train their vines. The apostles did not wait in Jerusalem for "calls" to go and preach the gospel of the risen Nazarene, but a divine enthusiasm gleaming like golden glory into their souls, they were virtually forced to go into all the world, dispensing evangel of truth and love. Did Peter, the hermit, with bare head, sandaled feet, and soul pulsing with a living ideal, wait for a call to go and rescue that sainted Syrian tomb from the ruthless hand of the Turk? Did those Jesuit fathers in Louis's reign, all alive with the missionary spirit, wait for invitations from India and China? This waiting to be invited, waiting to get a call, though quite clerical, is hardly in keeping with the glowing inspiration of the new dispensation.

My brother, start; strike out; take up your carpet-bag and walk. Churches may give their moral cripples crutches; but sensible angels will neither give you limbs, feet nor crutches, but tell you to rightfully, vigorously use those you have; and with use, effort, will and work, there will come a mighty influx of power divine, coupled with a grand expansion of the soul's consciousness. We want no angel to chew our food, nor any Heavenly Father to do for us what we can do for ourselves. This doing nothing and waiting for a "call," or on "God to be gracious," is much like robed Adventists waiting for that long deferred Millerite conflagration. Do not always dream; do not let your plans end in planning; do not sit on a silken sofa and wink on an influence; do not wait for mortals or immortals to "open up the way." Construct your own turnpikes; unlock your own gates; sharpen your own sickles; bludge your own sheaves; sift the chaff from the

wheat, and ultimately angels of the vineyard will whisper to you in lute-like voices, Well done, good and faithful workers; cultivating the vineyard has resulted in your own soul culture.

The field is the world. The ripening grain is waving, the harvest is abundant, the prospect is glorious. Reapers, are you out in early morning? Some wielding more than Damascus blades, and others with two-edged swords, are giving giant strokes, causing conservation and hourly effort to tremble and tumble beneath their sturdy blows; while along their seeming pathway of ruin, the new and the better buds bloom and bear melon-like fruitage. Others move moderately in this or that direction, tramping down quite as much of the precious grain as they gather. Others still are standing idle, viewing with anxious longings the rustling fields, rich in their mellowing glory, wondering, wanting work, yet not seeing the place to begin.

Brother, are you in earnest? Are you naturally industrious? Do you love work—the often unappreciated work of the lecture field? Then up and away, making every school-house, hall and church, resound with the truths and inspirations of the higher life. Cold hearts require rekindling; the dead, buried in worldliness, need raising; the sleepy awakening; the shiftless arousing, and the indifferent a new baptism. The time is auspicious. The world is crying for our liberal, loving gospel, fresh from the spirit-world. It does not want doubt and fear, but demonstrations of immortality, devotion, trust, love. It wants a reasonable, rational religion, abounding in earnestness, consecration and charity.

And now, dear brother, here's our hand—warm, cordial. List! Go forth; work for the truth; live it each day; rise to the height of the occasion; lift and bear other's burdens; make full proof of your ministry, and friends will flock around you; while from the arching heavens, angels will shower upon you unfading blooms and immortal blessings.

Various Matters.

The Rev. Mr. Cheney, a Universalist clergyman, "marked man," a speaking number of years since through Tompkins Co., New York, used to say, "the Orthodox preached to keep the people out of hell, but he preached to keep hell out of the people." Spiritualists consider this theologic hell all a myth. "The kingdom of heaven is within you," said Jesus. So the kingdom of hell is in the souls of the angular and inharmonious. It feeds on the fires of envy, hate and revenge. Our lecturers speak to enlighten the understanding, enlarge the moral capacity, demonstrate immortality, inspire a genuine devotion, and cultivate the heart's best and purest affections.

A sectarian brother complains that we "misquoted Paul." It was done purposely, done for improvement. Pity, if writers in the nineteenth century can't brush up and brighten those old Pauline sayings! We differ from that apostle in many particulars. Speaking of sacrifices and sins, he said, "Without the shedding of blood there's no remission." We say that whether blood be shed by goats, kids or Christs, there is "no remission" of just and deserved punishment. The phrase, "shedding of blood," partakes of Jewish barbarism. Those that churchmen call the "holy men of old," we should call bloody men; and if people, in these times, had a plurality of wives, as did Abraham and other Bible patriarchs, we think much better adapted to the civilization and culture of this age.

Speakers, when you are invited to grove-meetings, conferences or conventions, do not wait till the afternoon of the last day before you "drag your slow lengths along." Be present at the opening session. If your attendance is not especially solicited by the committee, do not go away grumbling because not remunerated for your services. If you have advertising to do, be as brief and modest about it as possible. If allotted to the use of the Virginia weed, put a nice little spittoon into your carpet-bag and use it in parlors, halls, and along sidewalks where ladies are necessitated to walk. Do not, upon any occasion, open the chapter of your personal woes, nor reel off your individual experiences, unless invited by a two-thirds majority. Keep off from the platform, unless especially urged to there sit, by the speaker about to officiate. A rostrum is not an art-gallery for displaying ornaments. Upon rising to address the people, do not apologetically inform them you've been "broken off your rest, have a severe headache, and are not prepared to speak." If what you say is true, you have no business to impose upon a public audience. We write thus plainly, because as brothers and sisters we love you and that blessed truth of which you are the noble exponents.

A clergyman writing us, closes his communication thus: "Most truly yours in the bonds of Christ." What does he mean? The "bonds," the trammels, the fetters of Christ! Again we inquire, "What does this minister mean?" We think the Bible says—if not, it ought to—"Whom the truth maketh free is free indeed." Brother, get the "bonds" and shackles of Christ, and everybody else, off from you immediately, and be a freeman.

"There is one topic forbid to all well-bred, to all national mortals, namely, their dissenters. If you have not slept, or if you have slept, or if you have headache, or sciatica, or leprosy, or thunder-stroke, I beseech you, by all the angels, hold your peace, and do not pollute the morning, to which all the housewives bring pleasant thoughts, by corruptions and groans."

We thank thee, oh, Emerson, for these lines! Anything but the sorrows of an "abused man!" The oft-quoted lines of a nervous woman! Prayerfully we exclaim, "Good Lord, deliver us from men with voluble tongues, miserable health and 'late hour' tendencies from women with enlarged spleens, nightmares, spasms and ghostly fears for the future!"

Professor S. M. Strick.

It is with no ordinary degree of pleasure that we announce to lecture committees and the friends of progress everywhere, that Bro. Strick has concluded to publicly advocate the ministry of angels, and the divine principles of the harmonious philosophy. He was educated in one of the Universities of England, receiving therefrom the honorary degree of Master of Arts. He is accustomed to public speaking, is refined in his nature, highly cultured, and deeply imbued with those heavenly truths that glowed in the souls of seers and sages, prophets and apostles, in the ages gone. We have listened to him with pleasure and spiritual profit. His Post Office address is Peoria, Ill.

Miss Nettie M. Pease—New Lecturer.

This lady, recently entering the moral harvest field as a public lecturer, is meeting with excellent success. She succeeded Nellie Willeto in Toledo, Ohio, giving universal satisfaction. She speaks, entranced, and during the week gives tests and communications from the "loved ones gone before." She will not be allowed unoccupied time when her merits are known. Her address is Detroit, Mich.

Married.

By the Editor of the Western Department, Nov. 7th, at the residence of Mr. Jacobs, Esq., the bride's father, Mr. Harrison Kelley, Jr., Attorney at Law, and son of Hon. Harrison Kelley, to Miss Maria C. Jacobs, all of Sturgis, Mich.

The parties will accept our hearty thanks for the favor of a magnificent "bride's loaf," with accompanying wreaths, trimmings and bouquets. They have our best wishes and earnest prayers for temporal prosperity, and the descent of spiritual blessings through long and happy lives. It is pleasant to attend these occasions, audibly and publicly pronouncing what previously had been subjectively consummated—a union of aims, of hearts and souls.

We would just modestly hint, by-the-way, to the Editor-in-chief and other members of the "ad" fellows fraternity, that we have a few more certificates of the "same sort left," with choice matrimonial words all cut and coined awaiting orders for delivery.

Neighboring Association—Homes Offered.

We listened with much interest, at the yearly meeting in Richmond, to Bro. M. Williams's plan for helping those in ordinary circumstances to homes. He is a Spiritualist; owns five hundred acres of fertile land near the confluence of the Illinois and Mississippi rivers, and desires to help reformers to pleasant and profitable homes. The tract is located on the Mississippi, thirty miles above Alton, and in the State of Illinois. The climate is genial, the water excellent, and the soil of a very superior quality, beautifully designed for fruit-raising. This tract of land he proposes to give, in parcels from five to twenty acres, to actual settlers. The limitations are few, and among them this: "No liquors shall be bought or sold on the premises." The object seems to us truly benevolent and praiseworthy.

A Grand Charitable Fair.

The word charity is music to our soul. Blessed are those that erect charitable institutions, or devise means to secure "home and school" for the unfortunate of earth. Our friend G. W. Thomas, Esq., writes us that a "Charitable Fair and Presentation Festival" will open, the 10th of December, at the Public Hall, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third streets, New York, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the maintenance and education of the destitute children of the soldiers and sailors of our country, who in the recent war sacrificed all upon the altar of freedom. The object is noble, and worthy of universal patronage. Knowing some of the parties, we have the most perfect confidence that it will be conducted upon the principles of the strictest justice and equality. Tickets may be procured of N. H. Davis, agent, 616 Broadway, N. Y., or of Thomas & Co., managing directors.

Spirit-Message Verified.

We seldom even glance at the "Message Department," but for some reason, best explainable by spirit-impression, we opened the BANNER of the 10th, and, turning to the sixth page, saw the name, A. A. Johnson. We knew this Bro. A. A. Johnson well; met him in his father's house soon after reaching California.

Upon reaching the "States," some three years since, he came directly to our house. Afterwards he enlisted and went into the army from Illinois. From the time he entered the "Eastern Army Department" we have heard nothing from him; neither have his parents. The communication will inform the friends of his fate. He was an excellent young man, progressive in his modes of thought, and endowed with fine healing gifts.

Professor E. Whipple.

This brother, devoted to science and the dissemination of the Spiritual Philosophy, has removed to Sturgis, Mich. This is an important western location. Bro. Whipple gives lecture courses week-day evenings upon his favorite study, Geology, and Sundays discourses upon subjects related to Spiritualism and the spiritual movements of the age. He is not only true, firm and faithful as a man, but one of the most clear and logical lecturers in the field.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED CRITICALLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

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

J. MADISON ALLEN, trance and inspirational speaker. Address, 1201 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Mrs. E. C. ALLEN, trance and inspirational speaker. Address, 1201 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

C. FANNIE ALLEN, trance and inspirational speaker. Address, 1201 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Mrs. S. K. ANDREWS, trance speaker, Detroit, Mich.

Geo. W. ATWOOD, trance speaker, Weymouth Landing, Mass.

Dr. J. T. AMOS will answer calls to lecture upon Physiology and Spiritualism. Address, box 2001, Rochester, N. Y.

CHARLES A. ANDREWS, Flushing, Mich., will attend funerals and lecture upon reform.

Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES will speak in Salem during November. Will make engagements for the winter. Address, 87 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

ALBERT C. BILLY will speak in North Dana, Mass., every other Sunday until further notice. Address, Ware, Mass.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN, St. Johnsbury, Centre, Vt.

Mrs. H. F. BROWN, P. O. drawer 8815, Chicago, Ill.

J. H. DICKFORD, inspirational speaker, Charlestown, Mass.

M. C. BENT, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture in the Western States. Address, Berlin, Wis., care of J. W. Miller.

Mrs. EMMA F. JAY BULLEN, 151 West 12th st., New York.

Rev. ADIN BALLOU, Hopedale, Mass.

A. P. BOWMAN, inspirational speaker, Richmond, Iowa.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS can be addressed at Orange, N. J.

Mrs. A. P. DAVIS, formerly Miss A. P. Davis, will answer calls to lecture. Address, box 118, Bloomington, Ill.

Mrs. E. DELAMAR, trance speaker, Quincy, Mass.

Dr. E. C. DUMM, lecturer and healer, Rockford, Ill.

J. T. DOW, lecturer, Cookeville, Tenn.

Dr. H. E. EMERY, lecturer, South Coventry, Conn.

A. T. FOSS will speak in Williamstown, Conn., during November and December; in Portland, Me., during January.

Miss ELIZA HOWE FULLER is engaged at Stockton, Me., and vicinity for the fall. Address, Stockton, Me.

Mrs. MARY L. FRESH, inspirational and trance medium, will answer calls to lecture, attend circles or funerals. Free Friday evening lectures. Address, Elly street, Washington Village, South Boston.

J. O. FIAT, "East Jersey Normal Institute," Red Bank, N. J.

Mrs. FANNIE B. FULTON, Cache Creek, Colorado Territory.

Dr. J. F. GARRIS, Attorney, Mich., will lecture in Lowell, Mass., during November.

Rev. JAMES FRANCIS, Mankato, Minn.

Dr. W. M. FITZGERALD will answer calls to lecture on the science of Human Electricity, as compared with the science of the Spiritual Philosophy. Address, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. CLARA A. FIELD will answer calls to lecture. Address, Newport, Me.

C. AUGUSTA FITCH, trance speaker, box 1835, Chicago, Ill.

LEO T. GUNTER will lecture in Taunton, Mass., during November. Will make further engagements for the fall and winter anywhere the friends may desire. Address as above.

Mrs. LAURA DE FONSE GORDON will receive calls to lecture in Colorado Territory until spring, when she designs visiting California. Friends on the Pacific coast who desire her services as a lecturer, will please write at their earliest convenience. Permanent address, Denver City, Col. Ter.

Mrs. N. S. GREENLEAF, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. DR. D. A. GALLION will answer calls to lecture, under spirit control, upon diseases and their causes, and other subjects. Address, 12-1/2 Gallion, Healing Institute, Rockford, Iowa.

Dr. L. P. GRIGGS, Evansville, Wis.

Mrs. EMMA HARDING will lecture in Philadelphia during November, and in New York and St. Louis up to the end of the year. Mrs. Harding can give a few week evening lectures en route to St. Louis. Address, 8 Fourth avenue, New York.

Mrs. HENRY HORTON will lecture in Mill Village, N. Y., during Nov. Will speak Sundays and week evenings. Address as above.

Mrs. SUSIE A. HUTCHINSON will speak in Charlestown, Mass., during November; in Oswego, N. Y., during December. Address as above.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN, 26 Monroe street, Chicago, Ill., will receive calls to lecture in the West. Sundays engaged for the present.

Dr. H. B. HOLDEN, No. Clarendon, Vt.

Mrs. S. A. HORTON, Brandon, Vt., will speak in Charlestown (Mechanics' Hall), Dec. 15, 23 and 30. Address as per appointments, or Brandon, Vt.

Mrs. JULIA J. HUBBARD will speak in Newton, N. H., Nov. 23. Address, Box 372, Malden, Mass.

W. A. D. HUME will lecture on Spiritualism and all progressive subjects. Address, West Side P. O., Cleveland, O.

LYMAN C. HOWE, trance speaker, Clear Creek, N. Y.

J. D. HASCALL, M. D., will answer calls to lecture in Wisconsin. Address, Waterloo, Wis.

Dr. H. HAMILTON lectures on Reconstruction and the True Cause of Slavery. Address, West Side P. O., Cleveland, N. Y.

Mrs. ANNA E. HILL, inspirational medium and psychometrical reader, Whiteboro', Oneida Co., N. Y.

JOSEPH J. HATFIELD, M. D., inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture in the West, Sundays and week evenings. Address, 25 Court street, New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. F. O. HEATZ, 60 South Green street, Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. LOVINA HERR, trance speaker, Lockport, N. Y.

MOSES HILL, Milwaukee, Wis.

Dr. P. T. JOHNSON, lecturer, Ypsilanti, Mich.

Mrs. SUSIE M. JOHNSON, feeling, in common with others of her class, a strong Western impulse, proposes opening the coming year in that large field of labor, and solicits early applications from those who desire her services, that she may, as far as practicable, economize in travel. Permanent address, Bangor during December; in Oswego, N. Y., during January.

Dr. J. J. JONES, inspirational speaker, care of the B. P. Journal, P. O. drawer 623, Chicago, Ill.

WM. H. JOHNSON, Cortez, Pa.

O. P. KELLOGG, lecturer, East Trumbull, Ashabula Co., O. will speak in Monroe street the first Sunday of every month.

Mrs. ANNA KIMBALL, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture in and near New York. Address, 828 Broadway, corner 12th street.

GEORGE F. KITTRIDGE, Buffalo, N. Y.

J. S. LOVELAND will speak in Cleveland, O., during November; in Sturgis, Mich., during March, 1893.

Dr. E. K. LADD, trance lecturer, 175 Court street, Boston.

B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D., will answer calls to lecture. Address, 54 Hudson street, Boston, Mass.

Miss MARY M. LYONS, trance speaker, Detroit, Mich.

Mr. H. T. LEONARD, trance speaker, New Ipswich, N. H.

Mrs. F. A. LOGAN will answer calls to awaken an interest in and to aid in establishing Children's Progressive Lyceums. Present address, Salina, Oneida Co., N. Y.

Mrs. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK will lecture in Worcester, Mass., Nov. 11, 18 and 25, and Dec. 2. Address, box 718, Hingham, Conn.

Mrs. SARAH HELEN MATTHEWS. Address, East Westmoreland, N. H.

Mrs. MARY A. MITCHELL, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture upon Spiritualism, Sundays and week evenings, in Illinois, Wisconsin and Missouri during the fall and winter. Will attend Conventions and Grove Meetings when desired. Address, care of box 221, Chicago, Ill.

Dr. JAMES MONROE, lecturer, Montgomery, Ill.

Dr. A. MRS. H. M. MILLER, Elmira, N. Y., care W. B. Hatch.

Dr. G. W. MORRILL, Jr., trance and inspirational speaker, will lecture and attend funerals. Address, Boston, Mass.

LORENZO MOODY, Malden, Mass.

B. T. MUNN will lecture on Spiritualism within a reasonable distance. Address, Salem, N. Y.

EMMA M. MATTIAS, inspirational speaker, Birmingham, Mich.

CHARLES S. MARR, semi-trance speaker. Address, Wonegan, Jamaica Co., Wis.

LEO MILLER, Canastota, N. Y.

Prof. R. M. M'CORD, Centralia, Ill.

Mrs. SARAH A. NUTT will speak in Beloit, Wis., during November. Address as above, or Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

A. L. E. NAST, lecturer, Rochester, N. Y.

J. W. VAN NAWES, Monroe, Mich.

GEORGE A. FRICK, Auburn, Me., will lecture in the Town Hall, Charlestown, Me., Nov. 18 and Dec. 2 and 9.

J. M. PEEBLES, box 1402, Cincinnati, O.

L. JUDY PARKER, Boston, Mass.

A. A. POND, inspirational speaker, North West, Ohio.

Mrs. J. PUFFER, trance speaker. Address, South Hanson, Mass. Is engaged for the present, every other Sunday, in Hingham.

J. L. POTTER, trance speaker, Cedar Falls, Iowa, box 170.

Mrs. NETTIE M. PEASE, trance speaker and test medium, Detroit, Mich.

Dr. D. A. PEASE, Jr., Detroit, Mich.

Miss B. C. PELTON, Woodstock, Vt.

Mrs. ANNA M. H. PERRY, M. D., lecturer, Adrian, Mich.

LEO A. PEARL, inspirational speaker, Disco, Mich.

Dr. W. K. RIPLEY will speak in Somers, Conn., from Dec. 2 to 10. Address, box 55, Foxboro', Mass.

Dr. P. B. RANDOLPH, lecturer, Bennington, Vt.

J. H. RANDALL, inspirational speaker, will lecture on Spiritualism and Physical Manifestations. Upper Lake, N. Y.

G. W. RICE, trance speaking medium, Brodhead, Wis.

A. C. ROBINSON, 15 Hathorne street, Salem, Mass., will answer calls to lecture.

Mrs. FRANK REED, inspirational speaker, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Mrs. H. T. STEARNS may be addressed at Detroit, Mich., care of H. N. F. Lewis. Will make engagements to lecture in the summer and fall in Ohio and Michigan.

SELAN VAN RICKLE, Lansing, Mich.

Miss MANTHA S. STUBBINS, trance speaker, care Banner of Light, Boston.

Mrs. FANNIE DAVIS SMITH, Milford, Mass.

Mrs. MARY LOUISA SMITH, trance speaker, Toledo, O.

ARMAN SMITH, Esq., inspirational speaker and musical medium, Sturgis, Mich.

Mrs. NELLIE SMITH, inspirational speaker, Sturgis, Mich.

Mrs. C. M. STOWE will answer calls to lecture in the Pacific States and Territories. Address, San Jose, Cal.

H. B. STORER, inspirational lecturer, 75 Fulton street, New York.

Prof. S. M. STURGEON, Peoria, Ill.

Mrs. M. E. B. SAWYER, Baldwinville, Mass.

J. W. SEABY, inspirational speaker, Byron, N. Y., will answer calls to lecture or attend funerals at accessible places.

AUSTINE E. SIMMONS will speak in Woodstock, Vt., on the 2nd and 9th Sundays, in Brattleboro' from the second Sunday, and in Brattleboro' on the third Sunday of every month during the coming year.

Mrs. SUSAN E. SLIGHT, trance speaker, will lecture for the Society of Spiritualists in Yarmouth, Me., at further notice.

Dr. W. H. SALISBURY. Address, box 1313, Portsmouth, N. H.

E. SPRAGUE, M. D., inspirational speaker. Permanent address, Schenectady, N. Y. Will lecture in Oswego, N. Y., during November.

Miss LOTTIE SMALL, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address, Mechanics Falls, Me.