

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XX.

(\$3.00 PER YEAR.)  
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1867.

{SINGLE COPIES,  
Eight Cents.}

NO. 16.

## THE LESSON OF THE SNOW STORM.

BY BELLE BUSH.

How changed is thy presence, oh, Mother Earth!  
Since I looked on thy form last night.  
Sombre and dark was thy mantle then,  
But now thou art robed in white.  
Pure and bright—  
As the beautiful light  
That welcomes the Maiden Morn,  
Is thy radiant white,  
That came last night  
When the blinking stars were born.

What power has changed thee, oh! Mother Earth?  
What gentle and loving Spirit  
Looked fondly down from the sky last night,  
And wove thee a mantle white?  
Whence comes the glow  
Of the stainless snow?  
What Chemist of the sky  
In secret makes  
Its fleecy flakes,  
From the cloud-rifts floating by?

And what is the lesson, oh! Mother Earth,  
That the wintry storm would bring?  
Oh! speak and tell me, and through my heart  
Each resonant word shall ring!  
With the voice of mirth  
Awake, oh, Earth!  
And teach me to read aright  
The lessons taught  
By the changes wrought  
In thy beautiful form last night.

Thou dost not answer, oh, Mother Earth!  
I hear but the world's rude din—  
So I'll silently turn for an answering tone  
To the teacher that dwells within:  
Oh! questioning Soul,  
Unseal thy scroll,  
And answer me, Spells of thought,  
By the stainless glow  
Of the beautiful snow,  
What lessons are we taught?

The answer cometh, oh! Mother Earth,  
None loqueth within a cell,  
Truth welketh up from the Soul's deep cell,  
As surely as falls the rain.  
We've but to seek,  
With a spirit meek  
And the crystal founts will ope,  
And its diamond spray  
Of light will play,  
Till blossom the flowers of Hope.

It is a holy lesson, oh, Mother Earth!  
That the snow storm brings to me  
And one it is well for us all to learn—  
The lesson of Charity.

When the hills are dark,  
And the meadow lark  
No longer wakes his lay,  
Or floats along,  
On the waves of Song,  
To welcome the dawn of Day—  
When Summer has left thee, oh, Mother Earth!  
And the fields look bare and brown,  
Then out of the playing skies above  
The beautiful snow comes down,  
Pure and white,  
In crystals bright,  
It falls where the dead flowers rest,  
And it keepeth warm  
Each seedling form,  
That sleeps in thy sheltering breast.

Sometimes it is Winter in human hearts,  
The Winter of dark despair,  
And Souls there are that have felt its blight,  
Till they shiver and shrink with care.  
Sometimes they sink  
To the very brink  
Of the dark abyss of woe,  
Till they yearn to sleep,  
Where none may weep,  
Under the stainless snow.

Sometimes the beauty and bloom of life,  
Like the Summer flowers decay,  
And the soul looks forth from a dreary home,  
Whence virtue has fled away.  
Sometimes it strays  
From Wisdom's ways,  
And worships at Folly's shrine  
Till love and trust,  
For soul and rust,  
Have battered their light divine.

Oh! what shall we do for such darkened souls?  
And how shall we cheer their night?  
What power will cover their sin-stains all,  
And weave them a mantle white?  
Shall we look with scorn  
On hearts forlorn,  
And spurn them from our path,  
Then proudly prate  
Of our scornful hate,  
Calling it virtuous wrath?

Oh! no, not thus, oh! Mother Earth,  
Doth the pure and loving sky,  
When on thy bosom, in Winter time,  
It seeth the shadows lie;  
But it sends the snow,  
The pure white snow,  
To cover each hill and plain,  
And the light to ray,  
With each golden ray,  
Oh! Earth thou shalt bloom again.

Thus kind—thou art saying, oh! Mother Earth—  
Should we to each other be,  
And weave for all darkened and sin-stained souls  
The mantle of Charity.  
Pure in its glow,  
As the beautiful snow,  
It will cover each scar and stain,  
And tell them, above  
Is a land of love,  
Where their spirits shall bloom again.

## Original Essay.

### THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

SIXTEENTH PAPER.

TEMPORAL OBSTRUCTIONS TO ITS EVOLUTION; AND  
HOW TO REMOVE THEM.

THE MISSION OF REFORMERS.

SEVENTH SECTION.

**Artistic Maternity.**  
The postulate of artistic power in maternity is supported by the physiological mode as well as the psychological principle of procreation, through which the unborn infant is not only nourished with the mother's blood, but also magnetically impressed with her whole experience as the sole method of its prenatal development. According to the rationale of parentage which this statement involves, the notion of maternal art is practical in no other sense than the ability of mothers to pre-empt their own experience, which they may do by an orderly course of living and a timely control of circumstances. To secure the birth of healthy children, they have only to obey those hygienic rules which are requisite to preserve the health of their own bodies; and to endow their offspring with whatever traits of character are most desirable, they have but to "covet the best gifts" of Creative Power in their estimate of self-hood, striving to adorn their own lives with what seem to them the fairest graces of the human spirit. Thus it appears that the substance of maternal art is SELF-CULTURE—a work which no mother will be moved to undertake in behalf of her prospective progeny, without comprehending the weightier motives to it in her own behalf. Besides, this work must precede as well as attend the generative functions, which cannot be normally discharged without certain preparations for motherhood, including the products of Self-Culture, or those mental attainments which complete the substratum of capability, and which, I repeat, must be the fruit of intellectual as well as moral development. The first of these preliminaries to Artistic Maternity, as noted in the order of their requisition, is

**THE PROFESSIONAL EDUCATION OF MOTHERS.**  
Every artist and artisan requires some instruction and training for an apt performance of his art; and the most intricate of all arts is that of employing the maternal aptitudes and functions so as to realize an exalted purpose. It is singular, and would be ridiculous if it were not too lamentable for ridicule, that the very notion of maternal art is almost universally ignored—that, while the process of reproducing plants and animals of every species below the human is known to be subject to modification by human intelligence, and while the propagation of horses, kine, sheep, pigs and poultry is generally regulated by science, that of mankind, for the sheer ignorance of all parties, is left wholly to chance. This is not the failing of foolish women alone; it is quite as much the fault of unrighteous men. Legislators display a reprehensible want of wisdom in tolerating a popular ignorance through which society is constantly renovated without improvement. Stupid indeed, or else culpable beyond the power of words to exaggerate, are those magistrates and jurists who make a business of arraigning, condemning and punishing the outlaws of civilized life, with no rational profit from their experience—either with no thought of the licensed parentage of criminals and the legal nurseries of crime, or, like other men of business, concerned only for the stability and pecuniary proceeds of their calling. There is no need of dwelling upon the fact—the reader knows too well already, what the newspaper makes notorious with its weekly details of social wrong and outrage—that the world is full of rascals. It is time to consider where they come from, and how to stop their perpetual multiplication to the intolerable annoyance of all right-minded people. They are born of the Ignorance of Woman. Man's Depravity fosters them, of course; but maternal artists never copy the likeness of wicked men. These are the mischievous work of maternal incompetence—the weeds of society which cumber the uncultivated soil of Womanhood. Give mothers a professional education, and the last generation of the wicked will soon have died out of Earth. Let us now consider what that should be.

According to my estimate of maternal requirements, a capable mother must approach her work by long anticipation of its performance, with a relevant discipline of body and mind. Her most essential characteristic is a mature and healthy organism. To this end she must have been not only well-born but brought up from infancy to the age of at least twenty-five years in perfect harmony with all the physical laws of life. Thus she becomes a natural vegetarian and teetotalist, having no relish for pork or other greasy viands, no hankering for vile stimulants, little if any experience of disease, and none of the morbid issues of allopathic medication. For this physiological purity and super-animal elevation she is mostly indebted to her parents, whose hygienic intelligence was opportunely derived from the reformatory works of Drs. Alcott, Graham, Trall, Jackson, Combe and other physiologists who for some thirty years past have been teaching us all how to take care of "the houses we live in," by a timely penetration of the unnatural cause and natural cure of disease; or, what is more desirable, the economy of preventing disease by a normal treatment of infants and self-treatment of adults, to the end of "Health without Medicine."

But the first of capable mothers, though for the present an ideal character, must be wiser than all her ancestors. She must know by wholesome tuition in advance of malleability, all the uses and

possible abuses of her own organism, especially those of its sexual aptitudes. Her chastity should not have been left in girlhood unsupported by reason, or with those rational supports only which are the slow, precarious and commonly unseasonable fruit of experience. She must have known in good time whatever is needful to forestall and frustrate all the wiles of Cupid. To this end parents should be faithful mentors to their children; and another department of juvenile instruction should be added to our common school system, for indoctrinating girls as well as boys with the natural motives to sexual intercourse, and with the contingencies of good and evil therein. Thus esoteric anthropology should be made exoteric at once, that no child may be suffered to grow up in ignorance of what all are bound to know and none can know too soon to avert the danger of learning by sad experience the consequences—either of conjugal misdirection or of sexual self-abuse.

Then the prospective mother is to be further assured of success in her work by a thorough knowledge of obstetrics; all but its surgical department, which, as a system of masculine expedients for disposing of certain predicaments of feminine error, will become useless just as fast as the whole sex becomes relevantly intelligent. Such emergencies of parturition as require the use of the scalpel should never occur; and the only way to prevent their occurrence is to transfer their rationale from the heads of its few male professors to those of all the women. That kind of information which midwives and their male rivals appropriate would be available to mothers, as well as propitious through them to their offspring, from the beginning to the end of gestation, by assuring them of a safe and painless delivery, and thus averting the pernicious effects of maternal inquietude for the prospect of possible agonies, beside enabling them to dispense with the services of a man whose officious presence, in a juncture for which all females instinctively seek seclusion, every woman of the least sensibility and self-respect must abominate. There is good reason to believe that the shock of feminine modesty in such a plight generally aggravates, and often tends to produce, the very straits of maternal adversity which the profession is meant to alleviate.

To all these scientific wants of Woman I must add the doctrine of "Love and Mock Love," including the cause of diverse conjugal affections and all the casual motives to matrimonial mis-mating, as subjects not less advisable for feminine investigation than of universal interest, a perfect understanding of which is necessary to facilitate the finding of the second prerequisite to maternal art—

**THE HARMONIAL MARRIAGE OF MOTHERS.**  
By this designation I mean that kind of marriage whose soul is LOVE, and not Mock Love. Therefore, to learn what Harmonial Marriage is, we must begin its study by distinguishing Love's reality from its counterfeit. Having done this for myself and readers in the form of a manual whose title is quoted above, I proceed upon this reference to say that Harmonial Marriage is the consummation of Conjugal Love, which obtains only between persons of mutual adaptation, mutual acquaintance and mutual self-dedication. The happy pair are espoused by nature, in the sense of being born with compatible temperaments, as well as with correlative susceptibilities of body and mind, whereupon they become fitted by development for congenial partnership in life; and when the fact transpires, as it can only by the fortuity of association, its mutual recognition begets a consensuous affection—a sentimental, rational and actual communion of interests, hopes and aspirations, which constitutes the natural bond of Marriage. Such a marriage, beside being to the parties embracing it the most precious and ennobling of all human relations, is indispensable to success in parentage; and this as the origin and support of maternal complacency, without which a normal procreation is impossible. Conjugal harmony pervades the generative powers of the mother to the birth of unlovely characters—the like of neither parent, but caricatures of the de-ranked affections of both. It is only in Harmonial Marriage, therefore, that the maternal art is practical; and surely no other is desirable. Yet few have found as yet what everybody craves. The legally married are seldom naturally mated. The reason of this is various, but mostly that men are often subject to amorous propensity and women to a certain psychological affection, both which are mistaken for Love. But this bubble of infatuation is continually bursting in domestic confusion and wretchedness, with no special revelation of its cause; which I venture to say is twofold—the reckless passion of one sex unwittingly fostered by the other—the casual patronage of masculine carnality by feminine Ignorance. I know there are some depraved women in the world, and many exemplary men, who are not included in the above bi-section of the race; but I speak of the sexes in the gross. What, then, is the proper remedy for this egregious evil? What, indeed, but intelligence—the Mental Illumination of Woman? Non-marriage is certainly better than mis-marriage, and no posterity is less deplorable than the fruits of conjugal discord. Girls must be taught to choose celibacy as the less of the two evils, until they learn the art of marrying to conjugal harmony. When that is matured and popularized the sex will find itself in another attitude than that of standing on the defensive against exclusive marital rights. Nay, the time is coming when sensible and well-bred women will choose their husbands, and reverent men, prizing a test of being loved as one with the object of loving, will cultivate the maiden grace of wooing tactfully. This is likely, because Woman, to be qualified for the actual demands of her mission as the mother and moral educator of mankind, must come to a higher estimate of her personal endowments, and to a better economy of her nuptial relations, than she has yet conceived; and this must be the result of her Mental Illumination.

In that event the proposed mother-artist will be aided by her conjugal mate in making, as the third prerequisite to success in the procreative art, an ample provision of

**MATERNAL IMPLEMENTS AND RESOURCES.**  
No art is practical which does not appropriate the handling of certain tools as well as the use of certain materials; and mothers are artistic as mothers in proportion to their discovery and employment of the natural means and instrumentalities of procreative power. The principle of Artistic Maternity, as I have said, is quite at one with that of Self-Culture, the object of which is furtherance toward the end of conscious being. This is vaguely conceived as *Happiness or Heaven*; which words should represent distinctively the temporal fruition and the supernal goal of Progress. Human beings can reach harmonious life only through natural development. This is Progress; but by virtue of its semi-dependence upon human agency, it may be either direct or indirect, making the way to the end of conscious being long or short, according to the varied aptness of different souls to learn the Art of Living.

Thus it appears that Self-Culture is a somewhat exaggerated expression for Self-Conduct, or the institution of rational habits of body and mind for conserving and promoting Health and Sanity, which, as fundamentals of Harmonious Life, or antecedents of Progress, it is the province of mothers to generate in their offspring. This requires the natural use, as well as a prudential care, of all the physical and mental powers of maternal being; and more than these, it demands a generosity and magnanimity of purpose of which even sane and healthy mothers are incapable without a reservoir of vitality which empowers, and an affluence of spirituality which prompts to God-like action, such as welcome maternity with no dread of its casually burdensome functions, but rather with the gracious zeal of artists who wait for opportunity to reveal their rare conceptions of Truth and Beauty.

Next in importance to these internal resources of maternal art, is that conjuncture of marital and paternal interest which only true marriage hypotheates, whereby the husband and father becomes to the wife and mother a banker of Competence to the end at least of all her maternal ventures. It is not needful that she own anything in the vulgar sense of the word (indeed, she had better not), provided only that the usufruct of all things relevant to her calling be at her bidding through Conjugal Love. When they are not, either poverty or indifference is the cause of default in the man of her choice; in which case even the capable and would-be mother should postpone her preference. To make the most of parentage through Artistic Maternity, not only must parents be in ardent sympathy with each other, but the mother must be patronized and aided in her enterprising work by its paternal agent, especially in the use of some of its implements. These, being identical with those of Self-Culture, are as various as the springs of Health and Sanity, as usable as the means of natural development, and as numerous as the modes of bodily and mental activity. They are classifiable, however, according to the diverse resources of *Normal Exercise*—the sole method of CULTURE in all its departments: these being, first, the Hygienic, including temperance, business and recreation; second, the Intellectual, embracing observation, reasoning, conversation and writing as well as the reading or study of books; third, the Artistic, such as painting, drawing, embroidery, music, elocution and rhetoric; and fourth, the Moral, which is no other than the practice of ethical relations, or obedience of Conscience in all the relations of life. It is hardly needful to say that these varied resources of maternal art become practical through an equal diversity of self-cultural implements, which are ideally comprised in my conception of the *Mother's Home*—a Temple of Conjugal Love, not palatial, but lofty and spacious enough to contain, beside the usual set of domestic apartments, a gymnasium, a library, a cabinet, a laboratory, a studio and all varieties of apparatus for practicing each of the fine arts: which edifice, draped with rural scenery and the devices of horticultural skill, in the midst of a garden of vegetable esculents and ornaments, becomes the most attractive place of its tenants, as no less an abode of nuptial felicity than a laboratory of domestic comfort, wherein the wife and mother is installed, not as a mere housekeeper, or maid of all work—not in the kitchen as a menial of dainty appetite, nor in the parlor as the mistress of genteel sensuality, but in the academy of human development as its principal—in the temple of motherhood as priestess of Creative Power, to whose altar the devoted husband and father brings all his heart's oblations, as well as the proceeds of industry, to be consecrated to the temporal uses and supreme end of Marriage, or a

**PRAXIS OF THE MATERNAL ART.**  
On this topic I purpose to write only such precepts as are commended by rational investigation. It would be presumptuous in a man to attempt a perfect exposition of what is practical only to Woman.

The capable and purposed mother, being harmoniously married and duly provided with implements for her work, can succeed only by doing what is requisite, whereas she may fail in two ways; either by doing what she ought not, or by neglecting to do what she ought. Now the first thing she should do is to dedicate herself to the work before her, by actual determination to have no other engagements. Artistic Maternity must be the sole business of its successful agent. I mean that its object must induce a paramount aim and interest in the mother's mind. If it do not—if other motives to action are suffered to rival this, they will surely blur the maternal ideal, and make success impossible.

It is of the first importance that the acting mother should have no dependents, and be exempt from toil even for her own support. Such

wives of worldliness as work sixteen hours a day and go wearily to bed every night, are fit to be mothers only of sleepy-heads, sluggish and louts of imbecility. If bound to labor, either by necessity or avarice, women wrong both themselves and their children by consenting to become mothers. So do those who undertake to discharge the maternal functions too often. According to the best medical authorities, a young and healthy mother requires at least three years from the birth of her last child to recuperate the wasted energies of her organism. Others may require from five to seven years, according to the grades of temperament and the measures of vitality which the same constitution may at different times conserve. There is also another reason for enjoining that no woman attempt motherhood as an art at shorter intervals than seven or eight years; and that is, that every infant for sake of its nurture has a natural right to monopolize the affectional interest of its mother from birth to at least the age of seven; as indeed, it generally does in a way to disqualify her for the more absorbing interests of Artistic Maternity.

It is an obtrusive fact in natural history, that sentient beings propagate in multitude according to the ratio of their inferiority. It is vermin that swarm, and rats, cats, hogs and dogs that breed in litter; while the higher animals approve the policy of "fewer and better." The moral of Esop's fable is more commendable to parents than the philoprogenitiveness of old patriarchs. "One, but a lion," is an excellent clue to maternal aspiration, and promises more for posterity and the progress of a race than the competitive prayer of Rachel or the ostentatious fecundity of Leah. Mankind seem to be growing mindful of this truth, since the prestige of prolific stocks is nearly antiquated, and pedigree has already come to less repute than character. As a consequence, chary parentage is beginning to be held in comparative honor. The mother of Franklin is remembered only in him; we almost forget that she had other children; and it adds nothing to her praise to recollect that he was the flower of a merely numerous family.

[To be continued.]

## Robert Nixon, the Cheshire Prophet.

The BANNER, with its other valuable uses, serves admirably well as a repository for spiritual experiences and psychical phenomena. The following sketch is taken from the "Lives and Portraits of Remarkable Characters," published in London, 1819, but has not, I believe, appeared in the BANNER. The original memoir contains many other remarkable predictions, with their surprising fulfillments, besides the following:

"Robert Nixon, the Cheshire prophet, was born A. D. 1467. He was short of stature, with a remarkably large head and piercing eyes. His face bespoke a vast deal of innocence, blended with great conception and forethought. He was distinguished for his great simplicity of manners, from one hand to the other; when he spoke, it seemed to hurt him much; he was remarkably satirical, and what he said had generally some prophetic meaning. As he was one day driving the team, he pricked the ox so cruelly with his goad, that the plow-holder threatened to acquaint his master, on which Nixon said the ox should not be his master's three days hence, which accordingly happened; for a life dropping in the estate, the lord of the manor took the ox for a heifer."

He foretold that Norton and Valeray Altheys should meet on Acton bridge; a circumstance which appeared impossible, but was fulfilled; the whole of these ancient pious having been demolished, the stones were used to repair the bridge.

What brought Nixon most into public notice was, when the battle of Bosworth field was fought, between Richard III and Henry VII. He stopped his team on a sudden, and pointing to his wife, from one hand to the other cried, "Now Richard 'Now Henry' several times, till at last he said, 'Now, Harry, get over that ditch and you gain the day.' The plow-holder, amazed, related what had passed when he came home; and the truth of the prediction was verified by special messenger, sent to announce the proclamation of King Henry of England, on the field of battle. The messenger related on his return the prediction of Nixon concerning the king's success. Henry, curious at this information, sent the same messenger back to find Nixon and bring him before him.

At the moment the king gave his orders, our prophet was in the town of Over, running about like a madman, declaring the king had sent for him, and that he must go to court and there be starved. Such a declaration occasioned much laughter in the town; but great was the surprise a few days after, when the messenger, passing through the town, demanded a guide to find Nixon; at this very juncture exclaimed, as he was turning the spit at his brother's, "He is coming; he is now on the road for me." While passing through the country, Nixon still loudly lamented that he was going to be starved at court.

When he arrived there, the king, to make trial of his foreknowledge, hid a valuable diamond ring, and pretending he had lost it, sent for Nixon to help him find it. Much was the king surprised by that old proverb, "He who hides can find." To prevent Nixon being starved, his Majesty gave orders for him to have full liberty to range throughout the whole palace, and the kitchen was selected as his constant dwelling. An officer was also appointed to take care that he was neither misused nor affronted by the servants. One day, as the king was going to his hunting seat, Nixon ran to him crying, begging that he might not be left, for that if he were, his Majesty would never see him again alive; that he should be starved; that now was the time, and if he was left he must die. The king said it was impossible, and recommended him to the officer's care. Scarcely was the king gone, when the servants mocked and teased Nixon to such a degree that the officer, to prevent these insults, looked him up in a closet, and suffered no one but himself to attend him. But a message of great importance coming from the king to this officer, he, in his readiness to obey the royal command, forgot to see poor Nixon at liberty; and though he was but three days absent before he recollected his prisoner, he found him, on his return, dead for want of food."

Boston, Mass., 1866.

A. E. G.

Misery assails riches as lightning does the highest towers; or as a tree which is heavy laden with fruit breaks its own boughs, so do riches destroy the virtue of their possessor.



Written for the Banner of Light.

# TO MY IDEAL.

BY "DEWDROP."

Thou, all to me of life on earth,  
Thou, all to me in yonder spheres,  
Thy presence gave to love a birth,  
Eclipsing that of earlier years.

All earlier love were like the flowers  
That, blighted, fall before their time;  
But this, affection's ripened fruit,  
In the soul's full autumnal prime.

Life of my life! soul of my soul!  
My being centres all in thee;  
Long as the distant ages roll,  
My soul's companion thou shalt be.

Without thy love what are to me  
The morning sun, the evening dew?  
And what to me the fairest scenes  
Of all that's beautiful and true?

Without thy love a dreary waste  
Spreads out before my famished soul;  
Life's cup is bitter to my taste,  
And turbid waters round me roll.

Without thy love 'tis desert land,  
And sultry is the noon of life;  
Oh, lend thy gentle magic wand,  
And end this weary, weary strife.

But with thy love would come delight  
My ravished soul might fall to bear;  
'T would banish far the dismal night,  
This everlasting dumb despair.

But with thy love all Nature teems  
With beauty fresh on every hand;  
And every tree and flower now seems  
Clothed with new life at thy command.

Oh love! oh life! thou ill-matched pair,  
When will the unequal contest cease,  
And purer blessings, rich and rare,  
Spring forth to fill our souls with peace.

## 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."  
(LUCY HUNT.)

## AUNT ZERA'S STORIES.

NUMBER SEVEN.

"How that diamond of yours sparkles in the sunshine," said Kate to Aunt Zera; "it looks like the snow crystals that we saw this morning."

"People usually say the snow sparkles like diamonds, instead of the diamonds sparkling like snow," said Aunt Zera.

"I suppose," said Will, "that is because diamonds are considered the most valuable; but I guess the snow does more good to the ground than a shower of diamonds would."

"Which gem do you like best?" asked Grace.

"I like the emerald, and they say it brings good luck."

"Pshaw!" said Will. "I'd do without all the good luck that a stone could bring."

"Well, you may laugh if you wish," said Eunie, "but some great men believed in the power of stones. I was reading about it to day."

"You think everything you see is printed in law and gospel," said Will; "like the old woman who thought it was authority enough to quote a Boston paper."

"Do stop quarrelling," said Kate, "and let Aunt Zera tell us something about jewels."

"We were only having a little wholesome controversy," said Will; "but I am willing to keep quiet for another of Aunt Zera's illustrations of the subject."

"I would like to tell you of some jewels that a Roman Matron possessed," said Aunt Zera.

"Oh, I know," said Grace; "it's in our school-book, and I always wanted to know more about the story. Wasn't her name Cornelia?"

"Yes, it was her reply to a wealthy lady that has made her forever famous. This lady asked to see Cornelia's jewels, just as ladies do now who are on intimate terms with each other. She had come for a social call, and doubtless thought Cornelia would be proud to exhibit her gems. Cornelia did not go after her pearls and onyx and sapphire, but rather turned the conversation, until her children came in from school. As they entered the room, she turned to them with pride, and said: 'These are my jewels; and that one expression has been handed down from century to century for two thousand years.'

"Do tell us something about her," said Grace.

"Were her children no better than we are?"

"That would be a hard question to answer," replied Aunt Zera; "but I do not think it would be difficult for your mother to call you her pearls, her rubies, her amethysts. But to return to Cornelia. Her father was Scipio Africanus, who was a noble and cultivated man, loving the fine arts and having a taste for literature. She married when she was twenty years old."

"Do you know how she was dressed, as you did how Laura was?" asked Kate.

"We have no minute account of her bridal outfit," continued Aunt Zera; "but she is represented as wearing a graceful tunic, simple and flowing. She had twelve children."

"Quite a few," said Will.

"But nine of them died, leaving only two sons, Tiberius and Caius, and one daughter, Sempronius."

"What a pretty name!" said Eunie. "I wonder no one has ever called a child after her!"

"I should have told you before," continued Aunt Zera, "that her husband's name was Tiberius Gracchus. It is related of him that he consulted an oracle in regard to an onion that he had, and the oracle declared that he or his wife must die, and he thought that a mother's influence was the greatest over her children, and therefore he determined not to attempt to avert the danger from himself, but heroically endeavored to preserve the life of his beloved Cornelia."

After his death nine of her children died, but she determined to devote herself more entirely to the remaining three, and not make her life useless by too great grief. It was of these three children that she made the proud assertion.

Ptolemy, one of the Kings of Egypt, wished to marry her, but she had too much good sense to marry a tyrant, and a coarse, intemperate man, simply because he sat on a throne."

"Was Ptolemy a drunkard, Auntie?" asked Jeanie.

"There were many Ptolemies ruling over Egypt in different ages; but this one was so bloated by intemperance that he could not walk, and only appeared in his chariot, when he had to be supported by many ingenious devices. No wonder that Cornelia did not wish to marry such a man,

even to become queen of the then famous nation of Egypt.

Her two sons are called the Gracchi, and they became famous men in the Roman Empire, and won many honors. But her daughter married a husband who received the title of Scipio Africanus the younger. He was the most valiant man of his time, and beloved by everybody. But it is said that Cornelia was disappointed that her sons were not as greatly distinguished, and had not won the title which more rightly belonged to them."

"Because their grandfather was called Scipio Africanus?" asked Will.

"Yes. It is said that she reproached them, because her pride was wounded, and this urged her sons on to hasty political measures. But I think she had more reason to be proud of the course of her son Tiberius, than if he had conquered kingdoms."

"Why?" asked Grace.

"Because he became the champion of the poor. The rich had begun to tyrannize over the poor more than the Roman laws permitted; but the rich were in power, and there was no one to take the part of the poor. Tiberius determined to see that greater justice was done them. I have read an extract from one of his speeches lately; for, although they had no reporters in those days, we have a very good idea of their eloquence. He said that 'the wild beasts of Italy have their caves to retire to, but the brave men who spill their blood in the cause of their country have nothing left but air and light.'

Of course, the rich became his powerful enemies; but he was determined not to be killed in his efforts if it was possible. But at last he was killed in an affray with the Senate. Thus Cornelia lost another of her jewels. She demanded his body with entreaties, but it was cruelly refused to her, and it was thrown into the river Tiber."

Her other son, Caius, was made Tribune, and he also became the friend of the common people. He caused many laws to be passed which were of great benefit to the poor. He wanted the Roman Empire to be the home of liberty. Like Tiberius, he made bitter enemies, and he was also killed."

"Poor Cornelia," said Eunie.

"Yes, she was indeed afflicted, for her daughter's husband had joined the party that opposed her sons, and so Cornelia was left alone. She did not, however, shut herself up to express her grief, as do fashionable mourners of our day."

"Mrs. James says it's positively vulgar to open your blinds after one of your friends die," chimed in Jeanie.

"Cornelia made no change in her life. She took up her residence at Misenum, which overlooks the Bay of Naples, so celebrated for its loveliness. Here she received her friends with the same cheerful grace that had always distinguished her. She had become famous for her nobility of character, and kings of other nations offered her valuable presents."

She talked most cheerfully of her sons, and considered them martyrs in a holy cause. Some thought that she was indifferent and heartless because she did not weep and lament."

"That is what they said of Aunt Zera," said Grace, "because she did not put on mourning for Cousin Frank, but went out just the same and tried to look cheerful."

"The best expression of our love for those that have died, or gone from us to another life," said Aunt Zera, "is to try and make the world as near like the heaven to which they have gone as is possible. We cannot do this by shutting ourselves up, or by darkening our houses."

"But I think long black veils are real stylish, don't you?" said Kate. "Did you see Mrs. Thompson's last Sunday? The dressmaker said her dress cost a hundred and fifty dollars, there was so much crape on it."

"And her husband said she used to quarrel, like our Minnie and I, but so they say," said Jeanie.

"Don't talk about your neighbors," said Will.

"I think that if I felt very sorry for anything, I should n't care about my dress."

"But, Aunt Zera," said Grace, "didn't you say that Tiberius believed in oracles? I wish you'd tell me something about them."

"You always want to know about the humbuggery," said Will.

"Like many very wise people," said Aunt Zera, "so great a man as Cicero says that it is impossible for the oracle, at Delphi, to have been so generally believed in and trusted, if it was all a sham."

"But do tell what an oracle is?" said Kate.

"An oracle is a person famous for wisdom, one who has power to advise and give instruction from the spiritual world. One of the most celebrated oracles was the one at Delphi, and perhaps you would like to know something of it. There was a deep cavern at Delphi, which was a small town on the southern slope of Mount Parnassus. This mountain with its two peaks contained many caves. At its foot grew laurel, myrtle and olive trees; further up grew figs, and its peaks were often covered with snow. It was a very romantic spot.

But to return to this one cave: It was said that some goats put their heads into the aperture and immediately began to skip about, and make strange noises. Whereupon the herdsmen put their heads in, and he began to jump about more wildly than the goats. Of course, people began to wonder at the report the herdsmen gave, and wished to put their heads in, too. All who did so began to act like insane people, and to talk strangely. It was supposed that all they said was very wise and to be believed; this made so much trouble, that all people were forbidden to approach the cave.

A woman was then chosen by the priests to sit at the entrance, on a seat called the tripod. It was for only a month in the spring that she remained there, and it was believed that she was directly inspired from heaven. She was consulted on all matters of business, both public and private.

This priestess was called Pythia. She was required to dress very simply, and to live very temperately. At first, young women were chosen; but afterwards old women alone were considered able to impart the advice from heaven. Kings sent their ambassadors here to ask about the wars they wished to wage, and lawgivers went to ask what would best benefit the people, and men who wanted to make money asked the best way to do it. All were required or expected to make some handsome present in return for the advice.

Before the Pythia approached the tripod to take her seat, she bathed in a stream that flowed down Mount Parnassus, called Castalia. It was believed that all who drank of the clear, sweet waters of this stream would be inspired."

"That was an easy way to become a poet, wasn't it?" said Will.

"Easier than burning the midnight oil," replied Aunt Zera. "When the Pythia had bathed, she shook a laurel tree and ate some of the leaves, and bound some about her head. As soon as she breathed the air from the cavern, she became pale;

her eyes glowed, and she trembled violently. She shrieked, and foamed at the mouth, and began to utter strange words. These were supposed to be the voice of the God speaking through her. There is but little doubt that the women chosen were clairvoyants, or mediums, and that something peculiar in the atmosphere made them sensitive to spiritual influences."

"Well, Aunt Zera," said Will, "I do declare you are as fond of humbug as Grace."

"I should be worse than insane if I did not believe anything I read," replied Aunt Zera, while her eyes looked a little sharply at Will. She continued:

"Socrates, a great man, said that the oracles brought great advantage to the Greeks. But I do not wish to make you believe in oracles. I was only telling you what they were. There was a great temple built at Delphi, and a statue of pure gold, dedicated to Apollo, was raised in it."

"Well, I do wish I could have put my head in that cave," said Grace.

"I don't doubt you do," said Will. "And I confess I would like to take a whiff of its mysterious air. Perhaps it was a kind of laughing gas."

"I would rather have asked Miss Pythia," said Kate, "whether I should ever be as rich as a princess, and when I could find a set of diamonds like those Madam Estell showed us."

"I'll find a Delphic cave," said Will, "and put Grace on a stone at the entrance, and I don't doubt she would tell us of rare sights and wonderful things."

"Some day you will be glad," said Aunt Zera, "that you have a sister that sees visions and dreams dreams. But we began with diamonds—the jewel for the month of April—and have wandered on to those wonders of olden time."

"And now let us begin the practical," said Will.

"By eating dinner?" asked Kate.

"I would rather dream about Cornelia," said Grace, "and wonder whether she believed in oracles."

## SUNNY DAYS.

How glad the children are when the sun shines. How much better everything seems in a sunny day. I do not think I remember a single stormy day of my childhood, but beautiful sunny days stand out like pictures of light. That is because the best and most beautiful things remain in our memories, while the sad and unlovely fade out. When the sunshine lights up the schoolroom, how much easier the lessons seem, and at recess what sport it is to find the ball among the shadows of the bushes, or to chase the hoop, with its revolving shadow.

Just such sunny days there are too in our spiritual life. I remember a day spent with a little child, many, many years ago, when her glad life made everything bright, so that now I remember it as a sunny day, though I am sure I do not know but the sun in the heavens was clouded, but sure I am there was a brightness that has never faded through all the years.

It is one of the easiest things in the world to make sunshine. Perhaps you wonder how. I went once to see Church's picture of the Falls of Niagara, and I thought I had never seen anything more wonderful. It was as if he had painted the light so that it sent out its gleams in the many-tinted rainbow. But after all, it was only the wonderful combination of colors, that reflected back so much brightness that it seemed as if the bow in the waters would glow in the dark.

I do not believe that any of the men of science have come nearer making sunlight than that; but the sunshine of a glad heart makes the whole atmosphere glow.

What sunny days those are when some happy child lets gladness breathe out as the flower its fragrance. What sunny days there are when a good man or woman gives us the best of blessings—their heart-love. As I look out now on the unfaded leaves of a tree that has been sheltered from the cold winds, and see it glow in the sunlight, I think of the many hearts that are sometimes made happy by the shining of some loving heart, that pours forth its goodness as naturally as the sun its light.

The best treasures we can lay up from the present are those sunny memories that will forever glow because of the goodness and love that created them. Look out for the sunshine, little ones, and best of all, for the sunshine of your own glad hearts.

## WHAT MAKES A NATION RICH?

A Persian traveler came to the United States directly from his own country, and was astounded at the general prosperity, the comfortable homes and independent habits of the people. But what perhaps surprised him more than anything else, was the wealth and the number of the richer classes.

"In my own beloved country," he remarked, "the rich are few, and the poor many; or," he would add, "all are poor, for even the reputed rich are constantly embarrassed for means to maintain their station, and have to be severe on the people to extort from them what they require, and generally without any right to do so. How can your rich be so numerous, and have such ample means? Do they transmute the metals into gold?"

"No," replied a friend, "but we have laws which protect every man equally, so that another man cannot extort what is not due. Rich men have learnt to live by fair means."

"But what are fair means? Have your rich no rights? These are words?"

"Yes; but if they claimed less, they would be better off."

"Ah! you speak enigmas."

"Not so. We have thirty millions of people. They all work, and gain wages or salaries. If twenty-nine millions were to be made slaves, and gain no more wages or salaries for their labor, the business of the country, the trade, commerce, navigation, traveling, manufactures, &c., would have to depend almost exclusively upon the money which the one million rich would be able to spend and circulate. And though they might possess all the wealth of the country, and everybody would seem to work for them, yet their wealth would hardly or never increase, by reason of the burdens heaped upon them by the poverty of the people who cannot support themselves, and because the money or rents received could not be used by them to make so much money as they would make in everybody's hands."

"That seems reasonable; yet it is not enough. How could you trust the people with money?"

"If we paid twenty-nine millions of people wages every week, they would be forced to pay it back again immediately, in buying food, clothing, &c., for themselves and families. The money must come back to the payer, in one way or another. We can trust them with confidence. Then the surplus or savings can be used by them to open up sources of business, industry and skill, for which they may be adapted. Thus the more they gain and the more they make, the more they can buy and the more they can pay."

"Ah! ah! it is like the wheels of a watch; all,

large and small, work together. But in Persia we have no money."

"Money increases by circulation. If paid out freely, it runs round quickly; no one being afraid of revolutions or extortions, each spends readily when necessity requires and the interest of business prompts. Thus if I give a dollar for bread, the same dollar is used by the baker to buy meat, and by the butcher to buy shoes, and by the shoemaker to buy clothes, &c., &c.; so that this one dollar may very soon be used for one hundred dollars of business transactions, yet this one dollar bill has been the only medium of exchange. Now if a million of men gained a dollar a day each, or six dollars a week, making in all three hundred millions of dollars a year, and each dollar was thus put in circulation, as they must inevitably be in most cases, the business transactions or exchanges resulting from these wages may amount to thousands of millions of years. Hence all property rises in value, manufactures grow up, commerce flourishes, trade increases, traveling and transportation of goods becomes enormous, and the arts and sciences aid and embellish the common prosperity. The more men produce or gain, and the fewer consume or live on the work of others, the more wealth increases, and pauperism disappears. That is why our rich have never-failing means: the working man is always able to pay."

"Then why have you had a rebellion?"

"Because we had in one section of our country four millions of paupers, or slaves, and an aristocracy of extortion like yours, who absorbed of themselves all the wealth they could by force obtain from their legalized paupers, and yet they were never satisfied, never at ease about money, and always exacting more and more power to perpetuate the errors which kept them proud and dissatisfied."

## THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

BY MRS. C. A. K. POORE.

In the cool shady lane where the wild flow'rets bloom,  
And mingle their fragrance with the lilac's perfume,  
Near a low gurgling brook the old house may be seen,  
Though half hid from view by its network of green:  
There stands the old dwelling, deserted and lone—  
Its chimneys are crumbling and its roof is moss-grown,  
Its timbers are tottering and mouldering away,  
And its windows are shattered and gone to decay.

Like an old faithful friend in tenderest mood  
The woodbine is clinging to the dismantled wood;  
And its tendrils of green, with their unstudied grace,  
Enfold the old ruins in a loving embrace:  
The roof is overshadowed by the old willow tree,  
With its long pendant limbs waving graceful and free;  
While the south wind comes breezing o'er mountain and plain,  
And sighs through its branches a dirge-like refrain.

And the spirit of solitude reigns through the halls,  
Where the spider has festooned the bare, cheerless walls,  
And the adler glides swift o'er the desolate hearth,  
Once cheered by contentment and innocent mirth;  
The old orchard is laden with fruit as of yore,  
But the hands that once plucked it are seen there no more;

For orchard and meadow and broad fertile field  
To aliens and strangers their rich harvest yield.

Where are now the glad voices that rang gaily out  
In merriest laughter, in song, jest and shout?  
And where the blithe feet that in frolicsome glee  
Traced the path on the sward to the old apple tree?

Some went down 'neath the daisies to their resting-place,  
And a stone marks the goal at the end of their race;  
Some yet linger fondly round the home of their birth,  
As the dearest, the loveliest spot upon earth.

Some have wandered from the home of their childhood afar,  
With hope for their beacon and Success as their star;  
Some are roaming at will o'er our vast Western wild,  
And rest at the camp-fires of Nature's own child.

Some walk with light foot-fall 'mid the noble and grand,  
With the titled of earth and the lords of the land;  
Some have scaled with firm step the bold heights of fauce,  
And some—speak it lightly—tread the pathway of shame.

But though surely they diverge, yet their paths surely tend,  
Through sunshine and shadow, to one common end;  
And though fettered by sin some may stumble and fall,  
Yet the love of the Father is over them all,  
And will lead them at last to the heavenly plain  
Where earth's shattered love-links are united again;

With their weary feet stayed on the Infinite shore,  
The dear household band will be broken no more.  
Hammon, N. J., 1863.

## Why we Suffer.

The idea seems to have taken possession of the minds of the people, as a general thing, that suffering is somehow so necessary to us poor mortals in this world, that we are bound to thank God for every affliction that may befall us in our journey through life. Let us look at some of the causes of suffering to be found in our land, and when we have disposed of them, as of most importance to us, at present, we may find time to look a little further. We will first look at the religious teaching received from the lips of the leaders of the different denominations. Resignation to the will of God is the watchword of one and all. You see a young wife and mother, perhaps, laid away in the grave, the babe left motherless, the husband desolate, the parents bereaved, and friends distressed, but the preacher comes forward and tells these suffering ones to how to do the thing. Now suppose the same one had come into that dwelling and caused the death of that young mother, would the friends for one moment listen to a person who should undertake to tell them to be thankful to the murderer for removing his victim out of this world of sin and sorrow, or would they not rather be inclined to suspect such a person of being out of his senses, if not something worse? The truth of the matter seems to be that those who have undertaken to teach men and themselves to learn the first principles of human nature.

If you think the subject worth a place in your paper, in my next I will examine some of the causes of suffering.

S. CALDWELL, M. D.  
925 Washington avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

## Correspondence.

**Spiritual Movements—Singular Phenomenon, &c.**  
(Vermont Correspondence of the BANNER OF LIGHT.)  
COLD WEATHER AND WARM HEARTS.  
Winter has set in earnest here among the hills of Vermont, and the loftiest peaks of her grand old mountains are wrapped in a thin counterpane of snow. The winds are sighing out their mournful requiems, and the fantastic figures that the artistic hand of Jack Frost has painted on the window-panes, convince us of a certainty that the winter king has mounted his icy throne, and is waving his sceptre over mountain, vale and river of our northern zone, causing some of us to sigh for the summer-land of perpetual youth, beauty, and sunshine.

Not cold, however, are the hearts and homes that have welcomed the weary pilgrim to their cheering influences and blessed sunshine. The rays of sunlight that have glimmered across his pathway, emitted from friendly natures, have eased many a wearisome burden, and strengthened him to redouble his efforts for the good of humanity, and for the spread of humanity's greatest and holiest cause.

**NARRATIVE OF LABORS.**  
Here, in a spot hallowed as being the mortal dwelling-place of our departed sister, Mrs. Susan K. Tuttle, one of the purest, noblest spirits that ever tenanted a human organization, and the inspiration of whose immortal presence is sensibly felt by all of any mediunistic susceptibility, I sit down to inform my many friends of my whereabouts, and to render an account of my stewardship in the spiritual vineyard.

After fulfilling my engagements in New Hampshire, I started for the northern part of the Green Mountain State, to respond to the calls of friends in that region. Gave my first public lecture in Danville, in the Court House. Quite a large auditory were in attendance, and a great interest manifested. After the afternoon lecture, a number of excellent tests were given, each one of which were recognized by some one present. Spoke there for three Sundays, and awakened a strong interest in behalf of our glorious cause. Roused the putrescent elements in the sectarian carcasses to a sense of their danger, and stirred the credulists to infuse a little new life into their waning organizations. Spiritualism finds there an earnest advocate in Mr. Abner Hoyt, and sectarists have been obliged many times to retire in gloriously from the field so ably contested by our brother Hoyt.

**THE SPIRITUALISTS OF GLOVER.**  
Glover next claimed my attention. Here I found quite a little army of Spiritualists, who have done noble service in the spiritual battlefield, and in no one instance have they surrendered to the enemy, or acknowledged a defeat. Discouragements at times have seemed to paralyze their efforts, but they have proven "blessings in disguise," as incentives to spur them on to a more faithful discharge of their duties as Spiritualists.

The Spiritualists of Glover are made up of the intelligence and worth of the town, and they are making active exertions to have lectures a portion of the ensuing year. They find encouragement and strength in the person of the Universalist pastor, Rev. George Severance, whose mental being is receptive to the influences of the angelic world, and whose feet will soon scale the walls of every limited idea, and stand upon the broader, freer platform of our glorious spiritual temple.

**MATTERS ELSEWHERE.**  
Spoke two Sabbaths in the Universalist Church to quite large audiences, and here as elsewhere exercised satisfactorily the test power. New recruits are continually enlisting under our glorious standard, ready to do battle with us for the triumph of truth. The people here find an excellent healing medium in Mr. Lyman Darling, who has done much to heal the diseases flesh is heir to. An excellent citizen and worthy man in every respect, we trust to hear soon that he has augmented his mediunistic sphere, and is carrying out, to its fullest extent, the glorious mission which, by his mediunistic sensibilities, heaven has appointed him. We hope the diseased and spiritually disturbed will extend to him a liberal patronage and an equally liberal remuneration.

**THE LOST LAKE.**  
This town (Glover) is famous as being the place of Runaway Pond, the incidents connected with which have passed into the history of the State, and which perhaps are familiar to every school-boy and girl. A little history, a portion of which we extract from "History of Vermont," however, from one who was on the spot when it passed out of existence, may not prove uninteresting to your readers, both juveniles and adults.

Originally, Runaway Pond was three miles long and one mile wide. From this issued toward the South a considerable branch of Lamoll river, which flows a terminus in Lake Champlain. A short distance north of this was a smaller pond from which issued a branch of Barton river, which empties into Lake Memphremagog.

On the 6th of June, 1810, a number of men, from this and neighboring towns, cut a small channel from the north end of the large pond, with a view of connecting it with the smaller one, and to increase a mill-stream which issued from it. After digging a few feet from the margin of the pond, through a bed of gravel and earth exceeding hard, which had resisted the pressure of waves and water for centuries, they came to a bed of quicksand, into which the water entered from the pond, through this newly created channel, and in a few moments formed a deep gully or hole nearly sixty feet deep, and of considerable width. Presently the body of water in the pond rushed toward this outlet with such force as to push nearly half an acre of the opposing bank with trees all standing, with a tremendous crash over a precipice to the north, and in a few moments the rushing torrent made for itself a channel from ten to fifteen rods wide, and one hundred and fifty feet deep to the bed of the pond, and the whole mass of the pond rushed at once down the descent toward Barton river. The small pond was in an instant swallowed up and carried off the overwhelming torrent which, in a course of six or eight miles, formed a channel ten or twelve rods wide and twenty feet deep, and through the whole extent of Barton river, carried off its mill and bridges, and covered thousands of acres of excellent land, from four to sixteen feet deep with sand, wood, and other substances, destroyed crops, intervals, &c. The damage was estimated from twenty to sixty thousand dollars. No lives were lost.

A friend informed me that, in the rapid traversal of the pond, a solid rock, weighing from one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred tons, was transported the distance of half a mile, and has since been converted into foundations for houses.

One could hardly believe, except upon the most positive evidence, that the road which now runs from Glover to Hardwick was once submerged in a body of water for miles, from seventy-five to a hundred feet deep, and that, too, within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant." But so



was. We had it from the lips of one who witnessed its circuitous journey, and it was only stayed in its grand march by the beautiful waters of Lake Memphremagog, which opened its wide arms to receive this scintillating star to its eternal embrace, it having traversed the intervening space of twenty-five miles. Lands that were deemed worthless were enriched by its then unwelcome visit, and many have reason to-day to bless the lucky incident which forced Runaway Pond to abdicate its original throne.

#### SPEAKING BY THE WAY.

Leaving the kind hearts seated in Glover, I proceeded to Barton Landing, where I found the cause sustained by a very few souls. Gave one lecture there, in the school-house, and many were present who heard for the first time the principles of the Spiritual Philosophy.

#### TRIBUTE TO WORTH.

From thence I came to this town, where warm hearts and open arms were ready to receive me. The cause is sustained here by a very few, the active, moving spirit having passed from this world to the invisible realities of another, where there is a wider range of action for a nature so aspiring and far-reaching as hers. Sister Tuttle was a woman who was widely known, and all knew her but to love her. Her ministrations of love and mercy have endeared her to all, and many have occasion to bless her memory, and to mingle with the bereaved husband their tearful tributes of affection and gratitude. Conscious as we are of the nearness of her sweet presence, and of the illimitable fields of duty now spread out before her translated spirit, yet our finite souls cannot fathom the wisdom which removed her from us in the midst of her beautiful usefulness. The flowers over which she watched with such tender solicitude, seemed to bend their pretty heads in sorrow, as if, too, to unite in mingling their dewy tears with earth's weeping ones for the loved spirit who had so cared for and nursed them. May the soul-quickening consolations of our blessed faith disperse the gloom of grief which overshadowed the dear husband's heart.

#### MORE LECTURES, AND PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

Have spoken three Sundays in the place, and two evenings. Expect to speak the ensuing Sabbath. A few true souls keep the car rolling, and are determined to keep the fires burning on the spiritual hills. Witnessed a few physical manifestations through the mediumship of Amasa A. Paine, one of the children who received such uncalculated criticism from the pen of Austen E. Simmons a few years ago. The manifestations, though not as powerful as they sometimes are, were sufficient to convince me they were genuine. The young man was severely tried, and in such a manner as to preclude all idea of attempted deception on his part. Spirit hands were shown, instruments were played upon, and other strong demonstrations were made, satisfactory and conclusive.

#### A WORD TO FAULT-FINDERS.

If the maligners of physical mediums were as honest and straightforward as I believe the class they malign are, they would hesitate before they pen and forward for publication the simple exposures they pretend they have made. Envy, jealousy and malignity are plainly discernible in every line and word. Dishonest and unreliable as they frequently are themselves, they imagine every one else to be. They must expect to receive the same judgment they mete out to others.

**PROGRESS OF SPIRITUALISM—MRS. BROWN.**  
I am happy to inform your readers that Spiritualism is making rapid headway in this region of the country. Mrs. A. P. Brown, of St. Johnsbury, has spoken to good acceptance through the towns hereabouts, and the inspirations the angels breathe through her have fed many a famishing nature, and given joy to many sorrowing homes. She is a very excellent trance speaker.

#### PERSONAL.

To my many friends in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, I will say, life and health permitting, I shall be with you ere long. Faces upon which I have not gazed for years I hope to greet, and to listen to voices memorized in the halls of my mental being. In the interim may we all labor for the overthrow of all injustice, and the upbuilding of the Temple of Truth upon the earth:

That, "mid the changing scenes below,  
The scenes of bitterness and woe,  
To each and every one be given  
A foretaste of the joys of heaven."

JOSEPH D. STILES.

South Hardwick, Vt., Dec. 16, 1866.

#### Matters in Peoria, Ill.

Though I diligently peruse the highly valued columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT week after week, search them as I may I can never find any mention of this place, any evidence that Boston is aware that this great and flourishing Prairie State contains a town of such magnitude, and importance to the world generally, as Peoria. The deductions your readers may draw from this are, I am sorry to think, that the cause to which you are devoted has no advocates here; that the Spiritualists in this community are too few in number, weak or sluggish to make themselves known. This may be in a measure too true; yet we have in our midst many earnest and true believers in the Spiritual Philosophy, many bold and staunch friends, who openly and fearlessly avow their principles upon every opportunity and all occasions, as well as thousands to whose souls, I am safe to affirm, the doctrines are very dear, a light to their understanding and a guide to their feet, who have never yet given any open expression to their faith. The BANNER OF LIGHT, as well as the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, finds many readers here, as you are doubtless well aware. We only need some quickening, vitalizing power to arouse and set our latent energies to work in the right direction. "A little heaven leaveneth the whole lump;" but, though few and far between, "like angels' visits," occasionally some fine lecturer from a more favored region descends upon us, bringing the bread of life and the waters of salvation to our starving souls, we are habitually without speakers or regular meetings. We need missionaries; we need a Progressive Lyceum for the children; we lack hearty, concerted action among ourselves. Still a little progress has been made of late.

For the last six months we have had one amongst us who has done more, by his good works, toward awakening interest in the minds of the people and advancing the cause of Truth, than has before been accomplished here in the same number of years; and in justice to his merits, I want to call your attention, the attention of the reading public generally, and the friends of Progress particularly, to the remarkable healing medium, Dr. Robert Greer, formerly of New York city, now permanently located in this place. His healing powers are truly wonderful, and he has only to become more extensively known to be correspondingly appreciated. Benevolent, charitable, strongly sympathetic with every phase of suffering, devoted to his sacred mission, and an energetic worker in his peculiar field of usefulness, his fame has already spread far and wide

throughout this region, and were it not for his unassuming modesty in making known his gifts, his name would ere now have been "a power in the land." Let me cite a few of his most recent cures, all of which have come within my own immediate observation, and which can also be attested by scores of others who are well acquainted with the facts.

Mrs. Outler, of Peoria, was cured of chronic catarrh, prolapsus uteri, and general prostration of four years' standing in one application of three minutes.

Mrs. Nash, of Peoria, was cured of dyspepsia, chronic rheumatism, heart disease and general debility of many years' standing, in three applications.

Leonard H. Jones was cured of palsy, or paralysis, in both limbs, of which he had been suffering nine years. He was relieved by one treatment, and made to walk and entirely cured by three.

Frederick Wyman, of Peoria, was saved from dying of cancer in the stomach. He was given up by his physicians. By one treatment he was improved, and is now well. I saw this man when he first entered the Doctor's presence, haggard, prostrated and dispirited, with the expectation of a fearful death; I met him a few days since on the street, erect, ruddy, with the light of health and happiness sparkling in his countenance.

Charles Brown, of Peoria, was also saved from dying of jaundice, and fever and ague. His physicians despaired of him, but Dr. Greer restored him to perfect health by one treatment.

John Anderson, a poor man living on public charity, and for two years under charge of the town doctors, was pronounced incurable. His case is well known. He was bed-ridden for nearly all that time from ulcerations, internal and external, and also of consumption in its worst stages. He was improved by one treatment, and by three treatments was made well. He was able to go to work in three weeks, as the Doctor predicted.

Mrs. Emily Brassfield, of Henry, Ill., was an invalid, not able to walk for nearly two years, suffering from prolapsus uteri, ulceration, etc., and great prostration. Her physicians could not help her. In one week she was made well, and went on her way rejoicing.

These are only a few cases, which I have been able to recall to mind on the moment. There are many others too numerous to mention.

You will thus see by the brief outline of facts I have tried to sketch, our condition, spiritually: reading, thinking, glad to listen to any one who will preach the "everlasting gospel" to us, seeing and admitting our own deficiency in energy and zeal, yet remaining inert, supine and slumbering, but with a silent power at work unseen, whose influence sooner or later will be felt.

There is a great work to be done here. The ground is already prepared; gently the seed is scattered, *wind-sown* though it be; the dews of heaven softly descend to cherish it; angel-eyes are watching for the harvest, and rich and abundant shall it yet be.

Praying for the good time coming, I am, yours hopefully,

C. L. S.

The following tribute to one of the pioneers in the cause of Spiritualism, is valuable as a token from one who is not a Spiritualist, and not unknown to the public as a contributor to its literature:

#### RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO WARREN CHASE.

Falter not, oh faithful hearted  
Soldier in the cause of right!  
From thy brethren thou hast parted,  
And art foremost in the fight;  
For the fragile and the lowly  
Thou hast bared thy shining blade,  
God is Judge—thy cause is holy—  
Be not doubtful or afraid.

Falter not, thou faint and weary  
Toller in the stony field,  
Though thou seest no token cheery  
Of the harvest it should yield.  
Sow thy seed, the winds shall spread it  
O'er the gardens far away,  
Where no heavy feet shall tread it,  
It will ripen to the day.

Falter not, oh brave reformer!  
Press thy cause with voice and pen;  
Thou shalt have a greeting warmer  
Than the tardy praise of men.  
Angels round thee, God above thee,  
See thee in thy manhood's might  
Lead the souls that trust and love thee  
Out of darkness into light.

E. C. H.

#### Be more Charitable.

There seems to be a spirit finding vent through some disquieted minds pertaining to spirit communicating, mediumship, &c. One man, and another man, finds fault because all truth, infallibly so, is not dispensed to the world by spirits. Spirits are not Gods. They are of our brethren, formerly in earth-life. Expecting infallible truthful communications from spirits arises from the teachings of the past, which the teachings of Spiritualism will set right. To produce such a result, what is the condition of the world? Are the old bottles of earth fully sufficient to contain the new wine of life and spiritual truth, without fermentation, and lees from natural labor? Why cannot imperfections be seen as a consequence, rather than as a motive? Why gaze at the dregs and the scum, and see not the pure wine?

One man says he has been almost disposed to adopt Swedenborgianism, because of these spirit errors. Suppose he should, would there be any the less spirits to inharmonize earth minds, or can they in any manner be driven away, or would they be any the better disposed by refusing to associate with them? Would it not rather increase and aggravate the difficulty sought to be avoided? Is it not rather our duty to so live and act, as by our daily walk to educate them and lead them upon a higher plane of unfoldment? Why so much ranting against untruthful spirits and mediums? Do not all live and act on their plane of growth? None claim infallibility more than other people. If there are those of higher spiritual growth than is the lot of the multitude, it is presumed the fruit of charity will be duly manifested by them? Why do some, for selfish ends, wish to make the trance medium and the physical medium unimportant and unpopular? Cannot the normal speaker be willing the trance speaker shall occupy the rostrum in common with them, as the people may demand? Spiritualism does not rest its position upon material education. The whole is spiritual, and as such it will live. I live at all, in the hearts and minds of men. It can never crown a temporal king. The present Christ has not come to man having a physical body, as in Bethlehem of Judea. He has come in the tongues of the Holy Ghost, flaming with fires of truth, to baptize human souls into righteousness. Inspiration, therefore, swells out its anathema to an inharmonious world. An ancient Apostle once said, "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." Should we not all beware of the letter of material, carnal mindedness? Are not conditions all that are required to insure truthful communications from spirits? Not only may the

spirit and medium, at certain times, be unadapted to correctness, but also the investigator may be wholly negative, and objective to the medium and spirit, and at the same time be wholly unaware of such a condition. Is it not possible the investigator may be so inharmonious, so very objective, as to call out negatives through the medium, when other conditions would elicit positive truth? Let us consider, rather than denounce. If there are errors, what of it? Will not a medical instrument out of tune give forth strange and uncertain sounds? Shall we cast away the instrument because of such sounds? Or shall we give up music because of a few inharmonious notes? Instead of giving up a true cause for a few discrepancies creeping in, shall we not rather labor for a more perfect walk with God, for a brighter development of Christ in the soul?

Charleston, Me., 1866.

GEO. A. PEIRCE.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

### The Eddy Mediums, etc.

I have just read in the BANNER an account of the Providence Lyceum, and of their presentation to our brother L. K. Joslin of a writing desk, showing by this beautiful and useful token their appreciation of his humanitarian and unwearying efforts in conducting their progressive school, and being personally acquainted with him, and also with the Lyceum movement, my soul claps her glad wings and shouts for joy that there are great and noble souls who appreciate this heaven-born principle, the proper culture of children—the best immortals, angels yet to be—who make glad the hearts and homes of their beloved parents, and are to fill our places in the great drama of life. When we have passed to the eternal shore, there will still be an unbroken family in the vast chain of universal being.

This truth has recently been verified to our senses of sight, hearing and feeling, in the presence of the Eddy mediums, who have for the past two weeks been holding sittings in Pike Block, as well as in private homes, in this city. Their mediumship excels everything that has come under my observation—and my privileges in this respect have been many and varied, having attended the sittings of the Davenport, Jennie Lord's, Mrs. Ferris's, and others.

Last evening, at the house of our friend, Mr. Vantarel, of Salina, while the family, with the mediums, joined hands, and then united in singing, the guitar was floated above our heads, and the piano played in perfect time with it, with no human hands in contact with either instrument.

We then repaired to the sitting-room, and removed the contents of a clothes-press adjoining the room, after which, the neighbors who had come in to witness the demonstrations were invited to examine the closet, and all declared that there were no private doors or secret springs in the room. Shaws were then tucked up to the doorway, and the lady medium, blindfolded, sat in the light with the company, near the doorway, and a lady whom she had never met before sat by her and tightly held her arms, so that the audience could be assured that her hands were not used to produce the manifestations. Meanwhile a blanket was placed over the two ladies' arms and laps. The musical instruments were then played upon in the closet, and hands protruded between the two shaws, so that all in the room had the privilege of shaking hands with the spirits. Your humble correspondent took hold of one, and saw what seemed to her to be the hand of her sister Mary, who departed the earth-life five years ago this present month.

The son of our host and hostess, who died in our country's service, gave unmistakable evidence of his presence by grasping their hands as in days of yore. While these arms and hands were visible to the eye in a light room, one lady burst into tears as her dear mother caressed her in her own familiar way. Skeptics and believers were all alike interested and astonished.

These mediums will remain in and around Syracuse, and engage with parties for private sittings at their residences for not less than ten dollars an evening. What is ten dollars, when compared with the knowledge that the invisibles are able to give in the presence of these mediums?

Mrs. F. A. LOGAN.

Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 18, 1866.

### Letter from Canada—Tests, etc.

TO THE EDITOR OF BANNER OF LIGHT.—With thousands of others scattered through the British Provinces, I congratulate you with your Western editor on the successful manner you have hitherto battled with the two great enemies of our faith, viz: Orthodoxy and Atheism. Your unanswerable arguments in reply to the Investigator, do honor to your head as well as heart. The facts on which the Philosophy of Spiritualism rests, are impregnable; they cannot be successfully explained on any other than the spiritual hypothesis, by all the learning and sophistry of the Investigator on the one hand, or the ravings of the prejudiced and superstitious on the other.

To my mind nothing is better calculated to give increased confidence to our glorious religion and Philosophy than to read the various articles which emanate from the press against Spiritualism. It is well known that the most gifted intellects in the various religious denominations in Europe and America have been and are now engaged to write down this so-called heresy. Take, for instance, the three English Quarterly, London, North British and Edinburgh. Did it never strike those Reviews that the arguments they use against the facts and Philosophy of Spiritualism can be used with tremendous power and effect against every so-called miracle in the Old and New Testament?

It is a remarkable fact that those very Christian reviewers make use of the same arguments, and in many instances use the same language, that Hume, Gibbon, Voltaire, Rousseau, Paine, &c., used against the miracles recorded in the Bible. I should like every Spiritualist to read an article in the North British Review on "Necromancy," and if they do not arise from the perusal of that article a more confirmed Spiritualist, then I am mistaken.

But, Mr. Editor, I took up my pen to give you a few facts in relation to spirit-intercourse which I received in my city. I wish to make one remark here, and it is this: from reading the Investigator, a person would come to the conclusion that it was impossible to get at the facts, in your city, in regard to spirit-intercourse. I was determined to try. Having business at Boston, which occupied me about four days, I thought I would spend an evening in ascertaining if it was possible to obtain communications from the dead. I called at the BANNER office, and learned the address of Mr. Foster and Miss Starkweather. I visited Miss Starkweather the same evening, which happened to be her regular circle night, and sat down in company with about twenty others, all perfect strangers. A number of ladies coming in afterwards, I gave up my seat and sat

in the corner. After giving a communication to an old lady about a son of her's in China, the medium wrote on a piece of paper, very rapidly, and threw it toward me. On examining it, I found written:

"I am indeed your spirit-brother, Horatio Spettigue; lived and died in Trewennan, England, 1838."

After I had read this, another piece of paper was thrown to me, with the following written on it:

"My Dear John—We rejoiced in the spheres to-day when we knew you were in Boston; for we can make ourselves known to you here, but could not in London."

Shortly another sheet was thrown to me, with the following written:

"Mother and father are here. Elizabeth Jane and Charles Jordan. Give my love to my sister Phillis, who is with you in London. I will write her before you leave."

He then wrote a most affectionate letter to his sister, over his own signature. It contained certain facts in earth-life, which put the question beyond a doubt that it was indeed my own dear Brother Horatio, whom I had been taught was somewhere on the confines of the universe, but that neither his sympathy, love, nor presence could return to earth again.

The following day I went to see Mr. Foster. While there my brother, mother, and a dear friend communicated to me through his mediumship, and other most startling facts were given, the truth of which I did not learn until I returned home and made inquiries of my friends. Every statement made I found to be correct.

The above named tests I obtained in your city, a place where Mr. Seaver tells us, in the Investigator, no facts can be got to prove that we shall live after the body dies. There are several persons in this city who have been convinced by the same class of test facts as I have narrated, who before were without one ray of hope of living beyond the grave, but who to-day laugh at Mr. Seaver's silly arguments of annihilation.

Go on, dear BANNER, in the line marked out for you by the angel-world. The success which has hitherto attended your efforts to give mankind the truest religion and the most exalted philosophy, must be a source of great blessedness. For one, I shall never be able to repay the benefit I have derived from perusing the BANNER OF LIGHT. The truths which it teaches are indeed pearls of great price, which I would not part with for all the world. Yours truly,

JOHN SPETTIGUE.

London, Canada West, Nov. 30, 1866.

### Tests of Spirit-Intercourse.

For the past few years we have had many pleasant and social interviews with our spirit-friends through the mediumship of Mrs. Libby White, of Solus Point, N. Y. From long acquaintance I can recommend her to be an honest, truthful and conscientious person, whose pure and sensitive nature would scorn the idea of intrigue or deception in any form. Her mediumship consists in seeing, rapping, writing and talking, while in an unconscious state.

The manifestations of spirit-power and intelligence through her mediumship are somewhat novel, and to us satisfactory. I will relate some of them.

I was solicited by my spirit-wife (who left the physical form some six years ago) to obtain materials for making paper flowers, stating that she would make them the same as she did while in the earth-form. This I conceived to be impossible; but as she appeared so sanguine that it could be accomplished, I obtained the materials. The tissue paper was marked with a private mark, and then with other materials placed in the centre of a large dining-table. Some twelve of us then sat around it, joining hands, and resting them on the table. The medium's hands were also held during the sittings.

As soon as the light was turned down (but not so dark but what we could distinctly discern each other), the paper commenced rustling, as though it was being folded, and soon the shears commenced cutting it. What seemed to us most singular was the extreme rapidity with which all the movements were made. No earthly being could have used those shears with one-tenth part of the velocity they were used by the spirits.

In a few minutes there were loud raps on the table, announcing that the task was finished. On admitting the lights, to our great surprise and gratification, we found a beautiful bouquet of flowers, still wet from the gum-water used in putting them together, and pronounced by competent judges to be well made. We all felt like rejoicing, and we did rejoice over this extraordinary achievement. Our spirit-friends felt equally happy, for they kept up a continuous rapping on the floor and table, so loud that it could be distinctly heard in the street.

The bouquet consisted of thirteen flowers, besides several rosebuds, with the usual number of leaves of the ordinary size of paper flowers. The time occupied in making the bouquet was only seven minutes. The fragments of paper that lay strewn over the table were compared with the flowers, and found to be parts of the identical paper that I placed on the table. None of us doubted for a moment the genuineness of the manifestations, and knew the impossibility of there being any collusion or deception.

We are having other demonstrations of spirit-intercourse, manifesting intelligence that is equally satisfactory, and proving conclusively to my mind that our dear and much-loved friends do return from their spirit-homes and communicate to us, not only by rapping and controlling the hand of the medium to write, but by actually writing themselves without the aid of the medium's hand. Writing in this manner, at our circles, is of frequent occurrence.

After forming the circle, we are directed to place under the table paper and pencil—(mark the paper if you please)—all hands resting on the table and in the light. Soon we hear writing, and in a few minutes the communication is finished, notification being given by raps. The invisibles always write with great rapidity in this manner, and we often have from one to three sheets of letter paper written over with different handwriting; and this writing is often recognized as being a fac simile of our friends' style of writing when in earth-life.

At one of our circles we were directed to place under the table paper, thread, and a common pocket-knife, closed; also, a few leaves from a house plant that was in the room. The circle was formed as usual, hands resting on the table. In about fifteen minutes we were told to let the most skeptical person in the room take up the paper. There was found written on it an invocation and two addresses to the circle, each by different spirits. Nearly half of one of the sheets was cut in fifteen slips or billets, and on each one was written an appropriate motto or symbol, in different handwriting, with the name of the spirit signified thereby. They were all recognized as being friends in spirit-life. The leaves were arranged in the form of a bouquet, and the billets were

doubled around the stems and tied with the thread. We compared the billets with the paper that was cut, and found they fitted exactly; but one piece was missing. After looking for some time without finding it, we were told to look under the chair of a skeptical friend who sat on the opposite side of the table to the medium, and there we found it pinned to the bottom of the chair. We recognized the writing as being that of the gentleman's spirit-wife.

There being a carpet on the floor, the question arose how the paper could have been cut so smoothly as it was without being doubled over. After some inquiry we were told to look at the underside of the table. There, on the bottom of the leaf, we saw indentations made by the knife as each billet was cut.

Mrs. White is of late being developed for speaking. She is controlled by a high order of intelligence, and many are the soul-inspiring words that we listen to through her organism.

Yours fraternally, H. H. OSTROM, M. D.

Alton, N. Y., 1866.

### OLD MUSIC.

Back from the misty realms of Time,  
Back from the years ago,  
Faintly we catch the ringing rhyme,  
And hear the melody and chime  
Of olden songs, of strains sublime,  
Like the carol of birds at dawn.

And ever we hear them, soft and low,  
Harping their music sweet,  
Songs that we loved in the long ago,  
Ringing their liquid ebb and flow,  
Drifting their cadence to and fro,  
Like the fall of fairy feet.

Some faces our heart will ever hold,  
Some smiles we may remember yet;  
There were flowing locks like the sunset's gold,  
There were parted lips of Cupid's mold,  
And the songs they sang can never grow old,  
For our hearts can never forget.

Ah, welladay! 'tis a story past,  
Which I may not tell again.  
'T was a happiness, too sweet to last;  
The heavy clouds on her grave are cast,  
And her voice is stilled, and above her, fast,  
Falls the Winter rain!

### SEEKING FOR TRUTH.

BY W. L. HORTON, M. D.

Having attentively read Professor Hare's book "On the Spirit Manifestations," Judge Edmunds's work on the same subject, and for some months past the BANNER OF LIGHT, having conversed freely and confidentially with those who profess a firm belief in the doctrines of Spiritualism; having attended the great gathering at Pierpont Grove, and listened two days attentively to the speakers, and having attended a circle of six—one a professed medium—with a sincere desire and wish to be convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, as generally taught, yet, I am sorry to say, I am without conviction.

As a neophyte, I have thought proper to apply to you as my liegephant on this mysterious subject, promising that I will give all your arguments a fair, candid and honest consideration, and if I shall fail to adduce stronger on the negative side, will gladly and willingly adopt the positive.

With the character and talents of Doctor Hare I have been long acquainted, and from a high opinion of them and his logical mind, expected to find arguments which should solve my doubts. The result has been otherwise.

As fire is educed by the collision of flint and steel, so truth may be elicited by friendly argument; it is therefore hoped that should you not find it convenient to attend to my request, some one of your numerous correspondents may think it worth his while to give me the result of his lucubrations. That I am not a stubborn and unimpressionable infidel, I can inform you that I once believed in some of the greatest absurdities connected with a belief in Christianity. I am further encouraged by the cases of Robert Owen, his son, Robert Dale Owen, and Frances Wright. In 1827 I passed a day in company with the former, who informed me that he neither believed nor disbelieved in the being of a God—that he thought the evidence equally balanced for and against such belief. On my expressing surprise, he jerked me by replying: "Poor God Almighty! as he is not able to take care of himself, you must take care of him." Yet this same Robert Owen, I am informed, died, when an octogenarian, a believer in spirit-manifestations. His son, Robert Dale, I never saw; but have read his writings, about the same time I became acquainted with the elder Owen, and drew from them the conclusion that his opinions were coincident with those of Robert Owen, the Philanthropist, the Socialist, and quasi Atheist. With much surprise I therefore read his "Foot-Prints in the Sands of Time," demonstrating his belief in Spiritualism.

Frances Wright wrote and published her "Few Days in Athens," and delivered public lectures, advocating the doctrines of Owen, father and son. If she ever changed her opinions before her death, I have no knowledge of the fact.

Now the argument I wish to inculcate is this: If men of such strong minds as those above alluded to could be brought from Atheism to a belief in Spiritualism, why may not one of such humble acquirements and pretensions as myself be inducted into the same belief? More especially as the will is favorable to the metaphysical change.

Man is the only religious animal inhabiting this mundane sphere, and he generally wishes to have some belief on which to hang his future hopes. He is not, however, very particular on the subject, as is evident from the many and various creeds existing throughout the world. He seems capable of accommodating himself to any belief that may be inculcated in his mind. Born in Africa, he becomes a worshiper of stones, plants, &c., called Fetishism; in India, a Buddhist; in China, a disciple of Confucius; in Japan, an Atheist; in Persia, a worshiper of the sun; in the American wilds, of the Great Spirit; among Jews, a believer in one God; among Catholics, a believer vainly arrogating the name of Orthodox, a believer in three Gods; among Baptists he is to be saved by a plunging in the aqueous element; among Universalists, in a general restoration; while the Calvinists foreordain nine-tenths of mankind to endless misery; and lastly, among Spiritualists, a believer in inability, non-entity, non-existence.

So we conclude that the mind of man must partake largely of the qualities of that substance known as gum elastic; for it can be expanded or contracted to any required form.

I close by saying, Godspeed the BANNER OF LIGHT; for it is liberalizing the minds of men, if not otherwise edifying them.

I offer nothing for publication without my proper name, and shall expect a like observance by any one making replication.

Lynnfield Hotel, Mass., Dec. 10, 1866.

\*We do not see how a Spiritualist can be a believer in ability and non-existence. On the contrary, in order to be a Spiritualist, he must believe in the substantial and continuous life of the soul. We can well imagine that those who believe the soul is an unmaterial nothing, without form and void, are open to the charge brought by our correspondent. But is a contradiction in terms to say that a Spiritualist is thus inconsistent.—ED. BANNER.



## Valedictory.

As the veteran pioneer, WARREN CHASE, is about retiring from the field of itinerant labor, and closing up his lecturing career with the close of the year, it may perhaps not be inappropriate (although not "dead nor as good as dead") to say a good-by and a God bless him from one of his latest fields of labor, and where, perhaps, some clear seer in the far-off future, when looking into the "soul of things," will trace the footprints and the soul-marks of this reformer in the good done by sowing broadcast the truths of a natural religion and a living inspiration, although it may have been at the expense of shocking sectarian prejudice, or perhaps hurting the ears of some too tender-footed Spiritualists.

It was with feelings of pleasurable sadness akin to what is felt at the close of a glorious autumn day, when the fruits are about ripe, when the leaves are about changing, a redness in the western sky and a sense of ripeness in the atmosphere, that we listened to his closing address here, (or rather talk, for it was simply conversational,) reviewing in a measure his past labors, glancing at the kindness and the unkindness, the love and gratitude, as well as the coldness and ingratitude he has met with, and then summing up all as being useful and beneficial, and thankful to all, for as well as friend, as all helping to fill up the measure of his experience, ripening him, as it were, for his future home, just as the storms and frosts, as well as the sunshine and light, all help to develop and perfect the tree and its fruit.

Brave old iron-ast! like all true reformers easily misunderstood and maligned, like them, also, tender of heart, and sensitive to a fault in his inner nature, yet on the rostrum, when dealing with the injustices of political or social life, what a sledge-hammer he is! And what a two-edged sword he wields when "dividing the joints and marrow" of old bigoted sectarian theology! No engineering, no figurative explanations, no picking out of soft places for prejudice to repose upon a little longer and then die gently, no expediency at the expense of principle, no popular now-a-days, nothing of all this in his composition, but straightforward, direct, and to the point, (Luther like,) he nails his argument to the very gates of the citadel of reason, from the just and common sense conclusion of which (although it may hurt) there is no escape. Truly, a very image-breaker has been against baptized idolatries! When shall we look upon his like again? or upon whom will his mantle fall, now that he has left the field?

Burns says, in one of his letters, that he envied the Antediluvians because in so long a life there were so many chances for the renewal of friendships; but our Philosophy opens up a broader and larger field for the interchange of sentiment and friendship in the long future of spirit-life. So, friend Warren, although we may never meet again in earthly life, may we not hope to have many reunions with kindred spirits beyond the mystic veil, where, though now "our spirits may be footsore and weary," yet,

"There we shall rest in that land of the blest,  
When earth's weary hours are fled,  
When the dewy bow is in the vales where they blow,  
And the sky in the west is red."

Davenport, Iowa, Dec. 20, 1866.

J. T.

## Matters in Dubuque, Iowa.

DEAR BANNER—I have been since May last a citizen of Dubuque, and also a weekly reader of your columns. Since the discontinuance of the Little Tide, I have been simply a looker-on, watching carefully the goings, doings and sayings of Spiritualists, yet a firm believer and heart-worker in the cause for which I have labored so zealously, hoping and praying for the upbuilding of our beautiful Philosophy. Not only for the addition of believers, but for its advancement in a pure, exalted religion—a piety that gives force and encircles the believer in a cloak of universal charity. It appears to me a religion or philosophy that does not produce an influence over the interior nature sufficient to forgive humanity for her errors, is merely a "tinkling symbol to be heard of men."

I took my pen not to theorize or preach a sermon, but thinking you, with many others, would be glad to hear that Dubuque is not wholly forsaken—as some might suppose, there being nothing said of her in long months—for she still contains noble representatives of the Spiritual Philosophy. It is true, a kind of spiritual death has passed over this place, discouraging the timid, half-way believers, which will undoubtedly result in good, for in waiting strength in wisdom and numbers will accrue, and greater good be accomplished. When all things are in readiness, it is hoped there will be no sand-bars, as heretofore, to impede the ship in her onward, upward progress, but that all will put heart and hand in the work, that she may sail joyfully, faithfully forward, scattering truth-seeds that will grow and eradicate all errors, superstitions and theological creeds.

One or two of the years ago brave supporters of our glorious Gospel still remain here to do homage to the cause. Bro. Holland—brave, generous soul that he is!—never flinches from duty when there is a movement worthy of cooperation, is still living here with a willing heart and hand. Bro. Bradstreet—ever zealous for a combat with Biblical authority, or ideas that do not accord with his own—is living at Monticello, Iowa. Bro. Longhurst, still firm in the faith, appears among our Chicago workers. While some have sought homes elsewhere, others have come into the ranks filling their places, and still others ready to enlist when a thorough movement is made.

D. W. Hewett, though young in the faith, is an able, generous friend to our cause; and I notice he is looked up to as a corner-stone in all spiritual movements. We trust he will accept the honor conferred upon him in good faith.

A permanent organization is looked and prayed for at no distant day. Preparatory steps are being taken to secure a lease of Globe Hall for a year. Should that be accomplished, a Lyceum will probably be organized and speakers occasionally procured, and Dubuque may not be far behind her lesser sister cities in this noble work in a year or two to come.

A few of the friends combined together and procured the services of N. Frank White to lecture to us the evenings of 11th, 12th and 13th of this month. He spoke in the Christian Church to small audiences, owing somewhat to the limited notice and extreme cold weather; but they were earnest, attentive seekers after truth. A more sound, practical and logical expounder of our Philosophy is hard to find. The heartfelt thanks of many friends follow him in his arduous labors to Christianize humanity.

Hoping that the dear BANNER OF LIGHT may wave its glad pennon for long years to come, leading many into the shining paths of truth; and that Dubuque, with her romantic hills and Mississippi waters, may attract the pure, the noble and good, both in earth and spirit-form, to her abodes, brightening the inner life of many befooled souls, is our prayer. MAGGIE M. CHANDLER.  
Dubuque, Iowa, Dec. 17, 1866.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1867.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,  
ROOM NO. 2, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WM. WHITE, C. H. CROWELL, I. B. RICH.

For Terms of Subscription see eighth page. All mail matter must be sent to our Central Office, Boston, Mass.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

All letters and communications intended for the Editorial Department of this paper, should be addressed to the Editor.

SPiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit-communication and intercourse. It is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine Inspiration in Man; it 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 relations of spirit to matter, and of man to find and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to the true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—(London Spiritual Magazine.)

## Particular Notice.

Having perfected arrangements (which we have long contemplated) with our esteemed friend and co-laborer, Hon. Warren Chase, this gentleman will take possession of, and control as agent our BRANCH BOOKSTORE AND PERIODICAL DEPOT, 514 Broadway, New York, from and after January first, 1867.

Bro. Chase brings to his aid ability, experience, and integrity, combined with promptness and energy. These qualities will recommend him to our New York friends particularly, and the public generally. We earnestly desire the Spiritualists of New York and vicinity to render Bro. Chase all the aid they can, in dispensing the Gospel of Truth to the famishing millions.

The time for which Bro. Storor was engaged having expired, it is meet that we should allude to him, as we do with pleasure, on his retirement. He consented to act as our agent for a time, when a contingency arose which made it necessary that we should make a change of agents; and he has performed his mission to the entire satisfaction of the publishers of the BANNER. Bro. S. is a man of ability and integrity, and we wish him the fullest success in the business in which he is now engaged.

In conclusion we would say, what we have no doubt our readers will be pleased to know, viz: that Bro. Chase will furnish us a column of local matter of interest each week, under the heading, "New York Department."

## The Condition of the Indians.

If it be true that, in the case of the Indians, civilization is advancing and barbarism is receding, then assuredly we ought to expect civilized conduct from the whites and barbarism from the Indians. Instead of that, the latter can too often plead the example of a heartless and inhuman character, set them by those who profess to be the pioneers of civilization. A more hollow and brazen pretence is not often set up. That it is a pretence, now appears from the disclosures made by the several reports to Congress, by men holding authority in this business of protecting and providing for the Indians.

In the last Report of the Commissioner for Indian Affairs may be found the very gist of the whole matter. Besides making a full and exact statement of the present condition and prospects of the tribes under his supervising care, he turns upon the manifold abuses of a system which allows such indefensible practices by the white traders and commanders at distant posts, and advances remedies that, so far as they go, are precisely adapted to the state which requires such fundamental revision. We are rejoiced to find that the complaints so long made of the conduct of certain parties concerned with the Indians, and in making which the BANNER has been as persistent and plain as any other journal in the country, have at length found ear with the Government, and promise to bring the speedy application of a thorough remedy. It is high time the cause of these complaints was overhauled.

We have heard of the "outrages" of these "terrible Indians" till people are tired of believing them. It is getting to be the general opinion that a dependent race, if it is well treated and honestly dealt by, is not inclined to perpetual fault finding, or to visiting fancied wrongs upon an innocent neighborhood of protectors and friends. These wretched red men no doubt have feelings like other people. They probably know when they are well used, and when defrauded; and they must possess the faculty of showing resentment. Hence, when they do show it, common sense and a common love of justice prompts the suggestion that there must be some sort of cause for such demonstrations of savage feeling as they are guilty of. It is wiser to look into the matter of their complaint than it is to send out more breech-loading muskets to send them out of the way by violence. Least of all does it become the character or the professions of a civilized nation to refuse to make investigation, and to impatiently attempt to stamp out the relics of a race that was once the possessors of the soil we now occupy.

According to the summary of the Reports recently sent in, we have the unequivocal testimony of Gen. Sherman, Pope, and McDowell, that most of the troubles with the Indians spring from the conduct of the whites. Here are men competent to give an opinion on the subject. They speak of what they know. They have personally witnessed the workings of our present system, and are conversant with the wrong and right of the whole matter. They understand both sides of the question, and what they are talking about. And the Indian Commissioner is compelled, on a review of their opinions, to corroborate their assertions, by admitting to Congress that the fault lies at the feet of the white man. If the Government Agents did their duty, and acted in a spirit of justice toward the Indians, their would be little or no complaint. With these men the Commissioner is reluctantly forced to believe that the delinquency rests. The red men might be very differently disposed with pioneers, if they were themselves taught to understand that they could rely, and must rely, on the practice of justice toward them by the Government and the whites whom it undertakes to protect in their new settlements.

The Commissioner has his recommendations to make, of course, in view of the ugly facts he is obliged to deal with. He thinks that a reorganization of his department, so as to secure more efficient workers in their several places, and a more faithful discharge of duty on the part of the agents and officers. Our two great Generals—Grant and Sherman—are of the opinion that the affairs of the Indian Department ought to be placed under the control of the War Department, instead of being kept in the Interior Department. We need not say that we are glad this subject has at length been presented to Congress and the country, in an official manner, and with such emphatic representations and suggestions as make

it probable that a long-standing wrong will soon be righted. We do not mean, for ourselves, to cease making appeals until justice is established.

Since preparing the above, we have received the following from our Washington correspondent:

"The Indian Commissioner, in awarding contracts for Indian goods, did not give them to a certain crowd of speculators, as has been the custom. Consequently they were exceedingly aroused, and, in their anger, got a resolution of inquiry through the House. Just what we have been working for months. A committee of investigation are now at work making a most startling exposure of swindling, bribery, &c., in connection with the administration of our Indian affairs.

The speculators begin to see that they have prepared a rope for their own necks, and want to drop the whole subject; but the Commissioner insists upon a most rigid investigation. The result will be of great advantage to the Indians, and help matters very much."

## Things Fittingly Joined.

When an individual of peculiar character and capacity is required for a peculiar service, it is generally the case that he is at hand. Napoleon left his army in Egypt and landed in France, at the critical moment when the old Directory was breaking up and chaos was about to come to the nation again. Nature appears to delight in keeping her chosen ones out of sight, under cover as it were, until they are wanted; then she brings the men and the time fittingly together. Religious people, with the heaven of superstition still at work within them, are disposed to ascribe this combination of individuals and events to Providence, which they believe to be all the time meddling in human affairs, but rather to get them out of a tangle than to keep them running rightly in the first place.

Spiritualists find no trouble in solving these doubts and adjusting these perplexities, because they hold to a faith, in all cases an individual and distinctly recognized faith, in the operation and agency of disembodied spirits, who continue to interest themselves in human affairs, who still feel a deep sympathy for those they once knew, and who are at all times ready to prompt and assist such as are engaged in working out principles in whose success they have a living interest. "Providence" with us, therefore, means neither more nor less than the invisible intelligences, who see and obey the divine law themselves, and are eager to help mortals work it out on earth to their own highest good. There is no conflict in this. It is Providence working through its own trusted agents.

## A Voice from the Pacific.

What we have heretofore had to say in the BANNER on the working women of the Atlantic cities, finds a ready response on the Pacific shore. An intelligent friend and reader writes from California to ask why there need be such suffering and want in our large cities among the poor women, while there are fair lands waiting to be occupied in that delicious climate, which can be obtained for a trifle. If there were strong home and local attachments holding such persons to their wretched haunts, that would be one thing; but there are not. The writer advises women to be as brave as they can, to learn something of agriculture and the art of building, and to combine into organizations, saving what they can from their earnings, and purchase a tract of land in a genial climate.

When they shall have organized in this way, he argues that there will be poor but energetic persons of the other sex ready to join them in their projected expedition. The women are not to rely on the men, but all are to come in on terms of equality. There should be a constitution which all must implicitly obey. Buildings would be erected as fast as means and needs allowed and required. The community system might be individualized as rapidly as its prosperity warranted. They could marry; they could take up homes outside the Association, by relinquishing their shares to the same; and they would be as free as ever to pursue their happiness and prosperity in their own way. The writer insists that on the Pacific shore woman has the "rights" which she vainly demands on the Atlantic coast, and that such a plan would meet with sincere sympathy and be offered all necessary assistance.

## Newport (R. I.) Matters.

The communication of Mr. Hazard, in the Newport Mercury, shows that the dry bones are getting a sharp shaking up. It is time they had it. Mr. Hazard satisfies, or ought to satisfy the writer who has ventured to reply to a former communication of his, that Dr. Newton's cures are far too many to be passed by with light remark. He instances a long list of cures performed by Dr. Newton, that would of course be styled marvels by the believers in old theology, but which are perfectly natural when performed in the sight of true believers. If any intelligent person, whose mind is not tight locked in prejudice, can peruse this series of proofs from the pen of Mr. Hazard and not secretly admit the soundness of his faith, he can scarcely lay claim to the intelligence he would be thought to possess.

Mr. Hazard's opponent and critic, "X. Y. Z." does not care to discuss the theory of Dr. Newton's present works, until it shall first have been answered whether he, the Doctor, has ever raised anybody from the dead! The bigot refuses to believe in the healing power of Dr. Newton, unless it can be shown that he possesses resurrecting power also! About as good a specimen of the reasoning as is ordinarily displayed by such persons. They want all their whims attended carefully to, before answering a syllable to the questions that properly ought to engross them. But the prejudices of the hide-bound theologians are getting well shaken up. They cannot debate, when it comes to practical cures, such as they style "miracles."

## Greatness and Thorns.

Such as envy monarchs and the great ones of earth, would be cured, perhaps, if they could get a nearer view of their real condition. Napoleon, for instance, has a painful kidney disease. Victor Emmanuel has a right arm paralyzed, and lives in fear of apoplexy continually. Blamark is sick pretty much all the time, and keeps up only with the help of the brandy bottle. The Empress Carlotta, a young and accomplished woman, has had her reason overthrown, because her husband was so ill treated by Napoleon in the Mexican matter. The Emperor of Austria and the Queen of Hanover have had their hair turn gray within a year. The Pope is in tears over his troubles pretty much all the time, and bemoans his situation to those who are admitted to interviews with him. And Queen Victoria broods despondingly over the past, refusing to be comforted. Now who is going to covet such persons any of their honors or glory?

Friend Morgan, of the Express, prints a column of Spirit Messages each week.

## Christmas Festivities in Charlestown.

The Spiritualists of Charlestown, Mass., celebrated Christmas with the same happy spirit which marked the doings of their more Orthodox neighbors. A friend who spent the evening among them assures us he passed the hours most pleasantly. Washington Hall was filled to overflowing with the First Society, Lyceum, and their friends. The exercises were intensely interesting, and exquisitely pleasing. The music and speeches of the children filled the hearts of their elders with happiness. A fine library was donated to the Lyceum by its friends, and gratefully acknowledged as the best of Christmas gifts. The assembly had the pleasure of hearing from Sister Felton. Mr. and Mrs. Felton have just returned from their journey West. E. S. Wheeler had a few words to say about the old Scandinavian Christmas, asserting that the day belonged to the children naturally, aside from any Christian usage. Then, after all this, the seats were displaced, the big and little fiddle found, and our informant started for City Hall, as he could not dance. City Hall was ablaze with light and tasteful decorations and devices and liberal radical mottoes. Here, as elsewhere, children were active and happy. Off the stage the young folks made real fun, fresh from their bounding hearts. Upon the stage the performances of the "Old Folks" provoked the applause and laughter of the lookers on.

In the "Old Folks Kitchen," young and old were constantly celebrating their appetite for good things, while the speculatively inclined wandered along the tables holding many articles for sale, for the purpose of raising money to build a hall in Charlestown big enough to hold all those who wish to listen to the spiritual Gospel; for this purpose the Independent Society held a fair through Christmas week, hoping that the funds for their enterprise may soon be raised, and a proper building put up, where the people may come together under one roof, united for harmony and progress, having accommodations making it possible—as at present no hall in the city except City Hall will hold both Societies, and that cannot be had as desired. Both halls were open during the evening, and parties were passing and repassing from one to the other, anxious to do the impossible—of being in two places at once, as each and both were too good to lose.

## Thoughts for the Season.

We are entered on a New Year, and every heart dances with new hopes. Not even the most abject and sorrowful but has some flutter of a feeling like a fresh inspiration; momentary, perhaps, but very real. The BANNER offers all its readers and friends a "Happy New Year," and many, many returns of the same. May we all meet a twelvemonth hence as we do now, only with feelings of friendship more closely cemented, and our prospects grown still brighter. Our hope keeps up to the work that lies before us, so that we pursue it with full hearts in the faith that blessed results are to ensue. It is no ordinary event for any of us to pass the line which divides the years. We realize, at these points, the fact that time passes.

We make no new pledges for the year; our readers probably make none on their part. But let both sides take hold of the good work we are all engaged about, and pursue it with a tenacity and resoluteness that will show our faith is not to be shaken. There is so much to be done, and so few reapers at the harvest. Yet the Lord has waited; why not we? Still, no waiting is worthy except with work. So let us persist and yet be patient. What though we cannot see our end from the point at which we propose it? It is certainly there, and it is ours simply to push on for it. We will therefore all resolve together that we will accomplish more this year than the last; hoping that when an hour comes at the next New Year's for folding the hands, we may take pleasure in what we have completed.

## The Paris Exposition.

We are informed by a circular from Messrs. Dows, Clark, Van Winkle & Gould, that they intend to open "the American Restaurant" in the Paris Exposition, exclusively for our countrymen, where they can find all the comforts of an American home during their stay in Paris. The ladies' parlor will be elegantly furnished, in which Chickering & Sons will place one of their best pianos for the enjoyment of the visitors. There will also be a reading-room, containing our leading American journals; a Post-Office, so that Americans can have their letters addressed to that department, etc., etc. This is an excellent idea, and cannot fail of meeting with the hearty cooperation of our people who intend to visit the Great World's Fair. The suggestion that American publishers furnish the reading-room with a copy of their respective journals, is a good one, and we willingly comply with it.

## Soldiers' Claims.

The U. S. Sanitary Commission "Army and Navy Claim Agency," established for the collection of claims of soldiers and their representatives, without charge, has settled, up to October 1, 1866, fifty-nine thousand seven hundred and seventy-three claims; the cash value of those allowed amounting to \$9,726,427.83. One hundred and eight Local Agencies, extending throughout the loyal States, and auxiliary to its Central Bureau at Washington, D. C., have been supported wholly or in part by the Commission, for the purpose of gathering these claims. The total cost of this service, which is wholly without charge to claimants, has been, up to October 1, 1866, \$221,028.65. At this date, there remained twenty thousand two hundred and seventy-three unsettled claims, which are being prosecuted by the Commission to completion.

## Annie Lord Chamberlain.

This renowned medium for physical manifestations is at present at Ottawa, Ill., in such poor health, we regret to learn, as not to be able to hold public sances. She has been quite ill, but at last accounts was slowly improving. From this her friends will understand why much of her correspondence has remained unanswered. We hope soon to hear that she is at her post again; for so fine and truthful a medium is much needed to pull down the barriers which forbid free thought, and by her wonderful powers to enlighten the public in regard to the spiritual phenomena.

At a small private circle held by Mrs. C. since leaving this city, the spirit of Mr. Charles Poor, of Charlestown, made his appearance, and unmistakably identified himself.

## E. H. Green, Esq.

This gentleman, a delegate from the Spiritualists of England to the Spiritualists of America—to whom we alluded last week—will remain in town for a week or two longer, and would be happy to meet his friends at the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT, 158 Washington street. Mr. Green is an excellent trance medium, and will, no doubt, on his return home, render a good account of his stewardship while sojourning in America.

## New Publications.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for January, 1867, looks as fresh and bright as the New Year's self. It contains several illustrated tales, the leading one being a poem, entitled, "At the Area Gate." Herold Deeds of Heroism, as well as Personal Recollections of the war, are continued in this number. The short stories are capital. The essays are what Harper always picks and culls from foreign magazines, or creates. We do not doubt that this favorite Magazine takes a new lease of life with the New Year.

For sale by A. Williams & Co.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for January is a promising number of a favorably monthly with the ladies. Its pages fairly glitter with the attractions held out, in the way of illustrations. The latest styles are all between these covers; so are valuable receipts, patterns for embroidery, tales and poems. It is skillfully edited and conducted by Mrs. Henry Peterson.

Lee & Shepard have for sale that great favorite with the people, "The New Gospel of Peace," according to St. Benjamin. The writer—whether inspired or not he does not say—is a keen fellow, and makes palpable hits. It is an elegant volume his publishers, the American News Co., now offer, which must command a large and ready sale.

Joseph Cartwright is the author of a pamphlet on the insurrection in Candia, originally published in London. It goes over the whole ground of the Greek and Turkish difficulties.

## Personal.

J. Hacker, of Portland, Me., editor of the "Pleasure Boat" and the "Charlot," is desirous of perfecting a line of appointments for meetings through Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, in neighborhoods where the people desire to hear practical truths. Address him at once, Portland, Me. He intends to resume the publication of the Charlot as soon as his subscription list will warrant it.

We are pleased to learn that Mrs. E. A. Bliss has so far recovered from a long and severe illness as to be able to resume her labors as a lecturer in the ranks of the promulgators of the Spiritual Philosophy. She lectured in Troy, N. Y., Dec. 30th, and is engaged to speak in Worcester, in this State, during the month of February.

The author, whose nom de plume is Marion Harland, is the wife of a Reformed Dutch clergyman in New Jersey. She is one of the most prolific writers of fiction that we have. She can be seen, says "Burleigh," any day on the fashionable course, where her husband drives a fast horse and takes nobody's dust. The world has little reason to complain of an austere religion, when our leading ministers write novelettes for the press and our parsonages are the founts from whence issue the popular literature of the day.

Horace Seaver, of the Boston Investigator, will lecture before the Lyceum at Rowley, Mass., on Monday evening, Dec. 31st. Subject—"Progress, as developed in History and Science."

N. P. Willis has so far recovered that he has resumed his editorial labors.

## Gleason's Literary Companion.

This truly excellent and beautiful weekly, GLEASON'S ILLUSTRATED LITERARY COMPANION for this week, and the New Year, has been received. This number is finely illustrated with numerous and well executed engravings, and is the first number of a new volume, containing sixteen elegant pages, as open and fair as any reader's eye would desire to feast upon. Mr. Gleason, with his long experience in the newspaper line, understands the wants of those who seek enjoyment and instruction through the medium of reading. The circulation of the "Companion" is very large. Terms: 1 subscriber, one year, \$3; 4, \$10; 10 subscribers, one year, \$20, and one gratis to the getter-up of a club of ten. Send 5 cents, and get a sample copy, at least, and you will thank us for having advised you to do so. Address F. Gleason, 40 Summer street, Boston, Mass. The paper is also for sale by all periodical dealers in the United States, at 7 cents per copy.

## Return of Spirits.

Rev. Sylvanus Cobb reported himself from "beyond the river," at one of our private circles, last week.

Our friend Bosson, late of the Evening Commercial, also reported himself, and said he was ready to "report" further at a future day. He gave up a capital test, proving his identity beyond a shadow of doubt.

"Joe Morrill," of Salisbury, Mass., also reported himself for the first time. He said he "felt gay as a lark."

Anna Cora Wilson, (daughter of L. B. Wilson of the BANNER editorial corps,) also reported, in order to wish her parents a "Merry Christmas."

## Spiritualism in New Hampshire.

We take the following cheering extract from a letter written recently by our friend, D. G. Christ Esq., of Franklin, N. H.: "Spiritualism never stood on so solid a foundation as now amongst us. Very many who a few years since were frightened at the mention of spirit-influence, are now availing themselves of its benefits." Dr. J. L. Colby of Franklin, the healing medium, is doing a good work in the cause of humanity. He is an honest and sincere man, and enjoys the confidence of the community. He is now healing in Peterborough, N. H., where he will remain for a few weeks.

## Miss Doten's Lectures.

The fourth lecture by Miss Lizzie Doten, in Mercantile Hall, in this city, was fully attended. The speaker gave a pretty clear idea of the duties of Spiritualists as to how best to promulgate the truths of Spiritualism, and in an eloquent and earnest manner portrayed the obvious results which will follow from a more general knowledge of our divine philosophy. An original poem followed, sparkling with live thoughts. During January and February Miss Doten lectures in Ebbitt Hall, New York.

## The Ellis Girl Medium.

This young medium for physical manifestation has been holding sances of late in Connecticut where considerable excitement has been created on account of the wonderful manifestations and the pretended exposure. We shall have something to say upon the subject in our next issue.

We hear Dr. Palmer, 78 Fourth Avenue, New York, highly spoken of as an excellent healing medium, and a true gentleman of modest and unassuming deportment. We advise the afflicted to patronize him.

The December number of the "Little Boy" is at hand, full of fresh thoughts for the little ones.







## Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was claimed by the Spirit who gave it, 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 earthly life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth 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 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

Mrs. 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 Circle for answer by the invisibles, are duly attended to, and will be published.

### Invocation.

"Let thy light shine, oh Spirit of Everlasting Truth, into the darkened chambers of mortal life. Open the mouths of thy commissioned servants, that they may preach thy Gospel, and thine alone. Though that Gospel shall cause governments to pass away and thrones to crumble to dust; though it shall raise the beggar to a level with the king, still let them preach on, inscribing the magic word Everlasting everywhere."

Oh thou whose loving face beameth in upon us through the sunshine, we are continually invoking thy blessing, while thou art perpetually blessing us; we are forever asking that the fountain of this everlasting Truth may flow free to all; and yet that fountain is ever flowing, and thy love is ever being manifested to all thy subjects.

Oh grant that every soul may seek to know thee and thy truths. Grant that the children of this day and generation may understand how greatly they are blest in having the windows of thy heaven open unto them. May thy children understand that thy fountains are in the sandy and barren desert of mortal life, gushing forth for their refreshment.

Father, Eternal Spirit, hear thou our petitions. Receive thou our praises, simple and humble though they may be, for thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen.

Nov. 8.

### Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have queries, Mr. Chairman, we will consider them.

Ques.—By Dr. Rutley: Can the intelligence explain such singular phenomena in Nature as "General Tom Thumb," the "Siamese Twins," bound together by the firm adhesion of the flesh and skin at the sides; the "Carolina Twins," sisters, bound and firmly held together by the spinal column, back to back; also, giants and gigantes, some of whom weigh nearly a thousand pounds? Can anything be done to avoid such occurrences in the future? as they are inharmonious, and must of necessity cause those so unhappily situated much trouble and suffering. Please give to the world the law necessary to be observed, that humanity may be benefited by it.

Ans.—Physiological science contains the key to the subject you have offered for investigation; and there are numerous works upon that science floating all through the land. Your correspondent has but to make them his study, and he will understand not only the cause of these monstrosities in Nature, but the remedy thereof.

Q.—By A. J. Perkins, of Plainfield, Ill.: Why is it that some persons are extremely susceptible to the influence of chloroform, so much so that very minute quantities cause death, while others will inhale large quantities without danger? By what external signs may we know who are thus easily influenced by it?

A.—Medical men inform us that those persons who are possessed of the most nervous susceptibility are most susceptible to the influence of chloroform and similar agents. Now these nervous subjects present their external signs very forcibly in quick, angular temperaments, are easily made happy, easily made the reverse. Spirit mediums, so-called, or those who are acted upon through their brain-life, as in the case of the subject I now control, are exceedingly susceptible to the influence of chloroform. Medical men tell us it should never be used upon them, except with the greatest caution; for they say nine times out of ten, the use would be fatal.

Q.—By J. W. Greene, of New Albany, Ind.: Can spirits pass into the centre of the earth? If so, can't they tell us all about that unknown region? If not, why, since they can pass through matter on earth?

A.—Matter is subservient to spirit, always; therefore spirit can well pass through any earthly substance. They can just as well go into the bowels of the earth, as they can ascend the atmosphere. You ask—or rather your correspondent asks—why spirits are not more enlightened? why they may not know what there is in the, to them, hidden and unknown centre of the earth? There are various instances on record wherein spirits have shown this knowledge. One very prominent instance is in the discovery of the Chicago Artesian Well. Here was a positive, undeniable exhibition of spirit-power. This instance is not alone, by any means, for there are numerous cases, as you will ascertain, if you seek for them.

Q.—By the same: Is one spirit ever subservient to another's will?

A.—Certainly; that is a demonstrated fact here with you, as well as with us. But there are many different ways in which that power is exercised. Sometimes it is exercised through force, through superior will-power; sometimes through love, sometimes through hate. Indeed, a spirit can make use of all the attributes that belong to itself in controlling another.

Nov. 8.

### James B. Hill.

In the year 1850, in company with a small party of friends—nine, I think, there were of us—I left my home—it was in the western part of New York State—to try my luck in the gold regions. After prospecting through the country as well as I was able for near a year and a half, I suddenly became a resident of the spirit-world, and the way and manner was not known to my friends—the way I went out—and it's always been a mystery to them.

The only account that my companions could give with regard to my being missing, was that we were out prospecting one day, and all at once I was lost from them, and to find me they never could, nor any trace of me. It was said that in

all probability I was either taken by the Indians, natives, or was killed by them.

Some of my friends are still clinging to the hope that I may yet turn up in the body, having been kept prisoner all this while. So for their benefit and the benefit of all, I have thought best to come here and report myself.

I was not made way with by any red skin whatever. My companions will recollect that we had been prospecting at the summit of a deep mountain gorge, and I had expressed a wish to go a little further in some of our investigations. But the rest thought it useless to try to do so, so we went on. But I suddenly became possessed of the idea that there was something behind, something I had not got, and I wanted to see what was there. So I lagged behind. I do not know how I got separated from them; it wasn't because I intended to separate from them entirely, but I thought I'd find what I wanted and then catch up with them again. But I lost them as well as they lost me. I thought I'd make good time and pursue my investigation until I found it, and as they were rather a lazy set of fellows, I'd be able to catch up with them easily.

But I went a step far, and I suddenly found myself falling into the gorge below. That's about the last I knew. I have a dim recollection of being momentarily in distress, but that's about all, until I found myself dead, or, rather, free from the body; and if I caught up with the boys at all, it must have been as an unseen intelligence to them.

They had no idea that such a deep gorge existed so near. I fell—well, perhaps to the extent of ten or fifteen feet—but I rather think it would be a vast deal more than that. But I didn't stop to measure as I went down, nor have I measured it since. But I know my bones lay there now. I'm sure of that—mine, or those that once belonged to me, and I'm just as well off. I did feel a little bad at first, when I thought of my friends' distress. My only anxiety has been to know just how to get back here to give the right kind of information.

My name was James B. Hill. My brother, J. Warren Hill, as he used to sign himself, I desire to reach most. He was with us at the time, and was determined I should not go any further in my investigations at that time, because he thought it wouldn't amount to anything, anyway. He, I believe, is, or has lately been to Utica, N. Y. There's where I hope to reach my friends.

Also, I would like to reach in this way one called Matthew Weeks. He is somewhere near Marysville, California, and through them I should like to come in contact with my relatives generally.

If there's any little knot in my affairs they can't untie, I should be glad to help untie it, very glad indeed. I knew there was some trouble when I died, consequently I had n't my house in order, consequently I had to hire in new hands to do my work. The saying, "that a new broom sweeps clean, and an old one knows where the dirt is," is a true one. I knew just how to untie the knot myself, but I'm not sure they've got it undone. If it isn't, call on me, at head quarters, I'm headquarters yet, and I'll show them how to untie the knot pretty quick.

I'm very happy, comfortably situated, and I've not found the hell our father was afraid of coming to, tell him. If he has, I wish him good luck in his living there—being able to live there. I don't think I could stand it in summer. He used to say he hoped he should go to hell, if he was worthy of a very hot kind of a hell. I know I used to think I hoped he'd find that hell, if he was worthy of it, and had got a taste for such a place. For my part, I should n't have. [Have n't you seen him?] No; but I've heard that the old chap is waiting for Gabriel's trumpet to blow, so he may get resurrected. I am not of a religious turn; never was; but I want to say to those who are of that turn of mind, that I am quite comfortably situated, nevertheless.

I bid you good-by, Major-General, hoping that you may have good luck in going out quick and coming back at your time, as I have. Good-day.

Nov. 8.

### Mary Brady.

I was eleven years old, sir. My name, sir, was Mary Brady. I died at the Catholic Institute at the South End, corner of Camden street and Shawmut Avenue.

I died of the fever and sore throat, and I was a medium. [Were your teachers aware of it?] Yes, sir; but they said the understanding of such things belonged to the fathers in the Church, and to them alone. But my mother used to come to me when I was sick. I knew I should die; she told me I would, and she told me to tell the Sisters that I would come back again. So I did tell them; and I have a great many times. But my mother meant I should come back in this way and talk. So I come here to tell them that the fathers on our side say it is the work of the Great God, our Father, who permits these things, and his work will certainly progress on the earth, however much they may fight against it. They say that Spiritualism is the work of God, our Father, and that it is right that all souls should receive it, because it is from Him. And they tell us, too, that the time will soon come to our people when there will be no need of a second party who shall stand between God and themselves. Now there is need of it, because there is so much ignorance.

Sister Clara—she was in charge of me and others—and I would like that she know I come back; and if there's any way I can come to her as I come here, when the children are all in the dormitory and everything quiet, I shall. And she may tell the fathers in the Church that I come; that we can come, and what we say. There won't be any harm in it. It will be right.

I want her to know that I've met my mother. She was so glad to meet me! She was very happy to go to the spirit-land; and I'm learning all the time. I am very happy! I am a Catholic now, but I'm not such a Catholic as I was before I went to the spirit-world; for I am taught by the fathers in spirit-life, the teachers who are over us, that we should believe in the superintendence of a Great Wise Father, who will conduct us all—Catholics and Protestants—to a heaven of understanding which is a heaven of peace and joy.

(To the Chairman.) I thank you, sir. Good-day.

Nov. 8.

### Belcher Kay.

I am here for the purpose of giving information to a little knot of persons, who are anxious to investigate this modern Spiritualism. They are persons who belong to the society of sporting men—for such as they do sometimes think of the place they're going to hereafter, and have sometimes a desire to know what that place is, and where it is. These persons have requested me to help them to learn of that other world; to come to this place, giving them some sort of instructions as to how they shall proceed.

Well, in the first place, secure a room in a quiet

locality. In the second place, newly paint, paper and furnish that room simply. The object of this is to destroy the former magnetic life, if possible, and to present an open field to spirits. Thirdly, fix upon some stated time when you will all meet there; and be very sure that you're all sober heads when you go there; for the spirits that inhabit decanters cannot agree with living spirits. Therefore if you want really to invite this thing, come sober-headed. Fourthly, make up your minds that you will not lose your patience, even if you try a hundred times, and fail of receiving anything. Perhaps the hundred-and-first try will receive a great deal; can't tell. Perhaps the first time you may receive.

With regard to selecting a medium, you should procure a good one, that is, the very best one you can obtain. I believe that is all—I believe that is all the knowledge that is requisite to a novice in that direction.

You may be assured that those who have insisted you to move in that direction will guide you aright, and they hope that you'll admit of no obstacles, such as shall interfere with your free course in investigating spiritual things.

There is much for you to learn, and the sooner you commence, the sooner you will be on the road to knowledge; for, by the way, some of you are very soon to cross the river, and a little of that you seek for will be needed by you.

(To the Chairman.) I am known to that fraternity by the name of Belcher Kay. I shall be recognized, I suppose, readily.

Nov. 8.

Séance opened by T. Starr King; closed by Henry Wright.

### Invocation.

Holy Spirit, let thy blessing rest upon these mortals, even as the dew rests upon the flowers. Let them be consciously blest through the services of thy ministering angels. Let them understand that life means something more than the brief shadows of Time. It means the sunlight and shade of Eternity. Let them understand that because they live in time, unless thou diest they cannot die. Do thou so open their understanding that they shall know they are encompassed about by that unseen world they call the spirit-world. Let them feel sure of this. Let all the mists and fogs of doubt be dispersed by the bright sun of thine everlasting truth. Do thou place a new song upon their lips. Let it be a song of rejoicing, of praise. Let it be a new anthem unto thee, our Father, our Mother, our Everlasting Life. And unto thee, whose purposes we cannot fathom, whose name we do not know, be everlasting praises. Amen.

Nov. 12.

### Questions and Answers.

Ques.—Will the controlling intelligence tell us the meaning of the passage, "As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive?"

Ans.—There are as many meanings attached to every passage in "Holy Writ," as there are souls to consider these passages. Every one seems to attach a different meaning; if not an entire different meaning, it will differ in some respects from all others. One believes in part in vicarious atonement. Another believes it as a whole. Another believes a certain small portion of it. All differ; no two are alike. "As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive." To our understanding it means this, if it means anything at all: As in ignorance you are born of earth, through ignorance you fear death, because in ignorance you believe in death; while in Christ, which is the Spirit of Truth, all are made alive, because all who believe in Christ believe that they cannot die. All who understand the Spirit of Truth, all who drink in its proper meaning, do not fear death. Death, as such, consists in the fear thereof. There is no power in death outside of fear. One writer said, and truly too, that "the fear of death is the sting thereof," and he might have added, The fear of death is death itself.

Q.—Can a medium be so developed as to be perfectly under the control of a spirit, and yet be conscious of every word spoken, and know all that is going on around him?

A.—Certainly.

Q.—What kind of mediums are the most perfect instruments of spirit communication?

A.—They are all perfect, in a certain sense. Those who can be used for all branches of spirit control, may be said to be the most perfect.

Q.—Can an enlightened spirit—one of the Greek philosophers, for instance—communicate with the same ease in a modern language as he could in his native tongue?

A.—Yes, and often with greater ease.

Q.—What race of people built the ancient cities of Central America and Mexico, that are now covered with large forest trees, some of which seem to be of more than a thousand years' growth? Had they not a written language? If not, what means the hieroglyphics on these monuments of antiquity? Also, did they not manufacture edged tools, and use them in erecting those temples?

A.—Very little is known concerning this race of humans; but enough is known of them to know that they possessed a certain amount of intelligence, and that that intelligence was of the same kind and class as you are possessed of to-day, causing them to build a shelter for themselves, and causing them to institute means of communication between each other. There are certain minds dwelling in company with ourselves, who are making earnest investigations concerning all the races that have ever existed upon this planet. They purpose, when conditions are favorable, to furnish you with the result of their investigations. And we hope that your souls will be refreshed thereby; that your intelligence will be strengthened and quickened; that your doubts will be swept away; and that the mysticisms that have surrounded you as a people will pass away before the Sunlight of Knowledge; that your religion will be a more rational one, founded upon truth, not upon fable. When this will be presented, we do not know; but judging from present appearances, we should say you would receive it very soon.

Nov. 12.

### William Clarendon.

It is a singular, a mysterious, but a most perfect law of Nature, that brings us back to earth and allows us the privilege of again using human organs, to make ourselves understood by souls dwelling in human bodies.

It is twenty-one years ago—as high as I can calculate upon time—since I left a deserted tenement called a corpse, here in this very locality; in the building that occupied this very space of ground. It was then the resort of the stranger. [Do you refer to the old Washington Coffee House?] I do, most certainly.

I had, with my good ship, entered this port two days before. Feeling quite unlike myself, quite sick, as it were, I thought I would lay by a few days, and that I should then be well again. But report says, "Captain William Clarendon was found dead in his bed such a morning. We presume he died of some disease of the heart." And so report winged its way over the waters, and reached my friends, my native shore.

But that report is all they have ever known. Though they have made earnest efforts to ascertain some particulars of my death, yet the report of the papers is all they have known. And to this day my children—those who are left, and there are two—are occasionally found contemplating me, and saying to themselves, "I would like to know how father died?"

Well, as he do not know himself, I hardly think anybody else can know very well. I was not conscious of suffering. I was not conscious of dying. I was only conscious of feeling sick, and conscious when I woke up in what you call the spirit world.

Shortly after my death, there was some slight trouble, resulting from the inability to obtain certain papers referring to certain business movements. And it was said that in all probability the papers were taken from my person by some strangers, or persons who disposed of my body. But this is not the fact. I am quite sure that those papers were with all my other ship papers, and I cannot understand why they were not forthcoming when needed. I only know they were not on my person when I died. And I would suggest the propriety of asking—I would suggest that the persons, whoever they may be, that know anything concerning those papers, for the good of my children and the good of themselves, make it known. I do not know who you are, do not pretend to know; but you know yourselves, and the knowledge would be better away from you than with you.

I should be very glad, Mr. Chairman, to meet with my friends, talk with them as I do here. I have heard that there is much said of this new religious movement, or spiritual movement, in my own country; but I know of no means by which to meet them as there are ways here. I have been told that the way will be opened, and I earnestly hope it will be. I suppose there are ways, but I have not made myself acquainted with them.

I have been strangely and powerfully attracted to this very spot, and I have sought for the last two years to come here, to manifest here. I have been here much of my time; I may say I've spent a very fair portion of my time here, learning the way, and trying to come to anybody, as I do today. So my coming back is no small thing. It requires upon the part of me a great deal of exertion; and those who come must sacrifice greater joys, perhaps, to do so. But I would be willing to sacrifice a great many joys to be able to meet those dear friends that I left, those children—two have not me, two have crossed over, but the others remain. [Is your wife on earth?] Oh no; she came to this beautiful land when my youngest child was very small.

Hoping that I may be successful in what I have started upon, I will take leave, after thanking you for your kindness.

One word: My ship was from Antwerp, bound here. I proposed to go from there to Liverpool; that was my home. The name of the ship, the "William Clarendon."

Nov. 12.

### Lucy King.

My name was Lucy King. Oh I had such a dreadful sore mouth I could n't speak for most two weeks before I died, and it feels sore now.

This is Boston, isn't it? [Yes.] Well, I want to send my letter to New York, and one to California. I want to send one to my aunt, she's who I lived with after my mother died. And I want to send one to my father and brother. They're in California. [What is your aunt's name?] Abigail Blaisdell. She's my father's sister. She's married, and she lives there. And I don't know as I can ever go to my aunt. I've tried ever so much, and I don't know as I shall ever get there, so I thought I'd come here and send her a letter. But I care most to send a letter to Stephen—he's my brother—because my mother is so troubled about him. She is distressed because he—because he—well, he gambles, he does; and she says, when father knows it, when he knows it, he will make a great deal of trouble; and he may as well know it soon, as to wait until he, himself, is so badly involved that he can't get out.

I don't feel unhappy about it myself. I reckon he'll get out of it, don't you? [We hope so.] Don't folks outgrow that? [Sometimes.] Well, he's done growing, but I thought, he'd somehow outgrow it; I don't know how. I don't believe he'll always gamble. He has got into that way, and he stays in it. And I can tell him 'tisn't right, and it makes mother very unhappy. I know he wouldn't do it, if he knows that. I'm sure he wouldn't ever do it, if he knew how mother felt about him.

And we want to tell him to break right off now, as soon as he gets our letter. I do, for mother wants him to so; so it's wiser, isn't it? [Yes.] He's in San Francisco most all the time, he is. [Where's your father?] He's there, too, most all the time. They're sometimes in Sacramento, sometimes in Los Angeles, but they're most all the time in San Francisco.

A gentleman what was a cousin to my father, showed me how to come here. He knows how to come himself. He's been a great many times. [Not here.] Yes, he says he has; yes, sir. He was shot out in California, James King. [We remember him now.] Well, he has learned me how to come, because I wanted to so much. [Was he an editor?] Yes, sir; of "The Bulletin."

Well, I reckon mother will soon be happy, because if Stephen only stops that, and father lets us come, so we can tell him what to do—tell Stephen to make him break off; then we shall be all right, shan't we? Yes; I reckon mother will be then. I have to cheer her up awfully, she feels so bad. Sometimes she says "If heaven's like the place she's now in, she wouldn't want to live there." She does say so. And I have to cheer her up. I tell her it won't always be so; and I don't think it will, do you?

Well, she worries so about Stephen; she did here. He was wild, and he—was always doing some kind of a prank that plagued her. But I'm sure when he gets my letter he won't trouble her any more. [You'll be likely to influence him.] Oh, I reckon I shall, ever so much. Oh he isn't bad; no, he is not; he's only led astray. And if folks can be led astray, can't they be led back again? [Yes.] Well, I think so. And I told mother so. I told her Stephen wasn't wicked; only been led astray. And she said, "Oh he was naturally inclined to evil." I don't think so.

I told her I should come here and send him a letter. She thought I could n't come. I said I'd try, anyhow. I've tried ever so long. It's a hard thing to come, because there's everybody here! There's soldiers, there's Irish, there's Indians, there's Negroes, there's Hindoos, there's Turks, and there's everybody, and you have to, Mr. King says, be smart, to get in here at all. [You were smart.] Well, yes, sir; I don't know how smart I be, but I wanted to come and send my letters, so I tried very hard. [Mr. King is smart?] Well, he is smart. He's a laughing at me now. Well, I think he is, because he knows ever so much about coming here. He says I must n't stay any longer, because I've got nothing more to say. [Give my regards to him.] Yes,

and I'm very much obliged to you, sir. He says if there's anything to pay, charge it to him. [What is your age?] I'm nine years. [Where did you pass away?] In New York. [These facts will be of interest to your friends.] Oh yes, I forgot them—I knew, and I thought you did. [You're a stranger to us.] Oh yes, I am; I didn't think of that. Now you know, don't you?

My brother's name is Stephen, and my father's name is John. Now you know, don't you? I should feel awfully if they didn't identify me. Good-by.

Nov. 12.

### Joseph Davis.

How do you do, Mister? I come to see my father and mother, if I can. [Where are they?] Fortress Monroe.

I come to tell my mother that my father will never be hanged. I come to ask you, too, if you'll let me go to my father, just as I come here. [We can't spare the medium to go so far. Perhaps if you tell your story, and ask your father and mother to give you an opportunity through some other medium, they will do so.]

Oh you Yanks won't let my father come out. He can't go nowhere. [Say what you wish.] Well, I wish my father to know I can come. I want him to know that I go to see him every day—that he won't be hung—and my mother, too. [How do you get that knowledge?] Oh I know; I hear folks talk. [Where?] On our side; yes, sir, I hear what folks say on yours, too. Yes, sir; but they don't know. [How is it that you have all the knowledge on your side in this matter?] I don't know sir; but he won't be hung, because the biggest folks in the spirit-world say he won't. [Do they have any control in the matter?] Yes, sir, they do. [Who do you call "big folks?"] Well, President Jackson says he won't be hung—though he says he ought to be. He don't know anything. He says he'll never be hung in the world; but that he ought to be. President Taylor says just like it, too. President Jackson says he's ashamed of the American people, because they won't do different. I don't care anything about what the American people are ashamed of, so long as my father ain't going to be hung. [What does President Lincoln say?] He don't say anything, but I know what he thinks; he thinks just the same as they do; I know he does.

I want you to tell my father I did n't suffer at all in dying. I did n't know anything about it. I was, oh I just was a little frightened when I was falling. I fell off of the balustrade, you call it. I fell off the railing in front of the hotel in Richmond. They said they was—they said the Yanks was coming into Richmond, and we was all out there to see them. I was there, too. [How came you to fall?] I don't know; somebody pushed me, I think, and I fell off. [How old were you?] Nine years old, same as she was that's just gone.

My name's Joseph Davis—little Joe. Shall you send it to my father? [Yes.] When my father's liberated, then I want him to find some one that I can come to him through, same as I do here. And I want to come more than once, too. I do n't want to say here all I wish to.

Nov. 12.

Séance conducted by William E. Channing; closed by Geo. A. Redman.

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, Nov. 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Henri Presbiter, lost on the Evening Star, to his brother, Frederick Presbiter, in New Orleans, La.; Frances Adelaide Hill, to her father, John Hill, in New York, N. Y.; Alfred Winnings, to Thomas Winnings, Liverpool, Eng.

Thursday, Nov. 13.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: William St. John, to his father, John St. John, in New York, N. Y.; Campbell, of Weldon, East Tenn., to friends; Eph. Hays, to friends in this city; Fannie Bullard, to her mother, in Roxbury, Mass.

Friday, Nov. 14.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Henry H. Merrill, to Joseph Merrill, Savannah, Ga.; John Sweeney, to Father Riley, of New York; Mrs. Eliza Smith (widow of Dr. Smith), to her daughter, and friends.

Tuesday, Nov. 20.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Johnnie Joice, Wm. Frazier, to friends, in Titusville, Penn.; Thomas Thompson, to his father, in New York, N. Y.; Joe, formerly a slave in Burnett's family.

Thursday, Nov. 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Scher, to friends in Pennsylvania; Lieut. Col. McFarland, of the 11th Iowa, to his friends; Charlie Poor, to his friends in Charleston; Matilda Chase, of Provincetown, N. S., to her mother, and brother John; Ann Murray, to her father.

Tuesday, Nov. 27.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Charles M. McCook, to his mother, Wm. Falkland, to Paul Falkland, and friends; S. C. Maria Louise Deane, lost on the Evening Star, to her sister Joseph, in New Orleans.

Monday, Dec. 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John H. Bowler, to his wife, Charles, and Robert W. Kelly, of Montpelier, Vt., to some of her relatives; Charlie Jenkins, of Chester Square, Boston, to his parents; Bill Custer, of Boston, to his father, Wm. Garfield, of New York, N. Y.

Tuesday, Dec. 4.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Major-General Robert McCook, of Ohio; Harriet, wife of Isaac McCook, to her husband in New Jersey; Wm. Garfield, to his father, Wm. Garfield, of New York, N. Y.

Thursday, Dec. 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Sallie Knight, who lived on Russell street, Boston, to her father, John Knight, of New York, N. Y.; Wm. Russell, of New York City, to her brother Willie; Capt. James L. Brooks, to his friends in Norfolk, Va.

Monday, Dec. 10.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Wm. Wallace Carrington, who died in Florence, Italy, to friends in London, Eng.; Tom Hunter, of Goldsboro, N. C., to his father, John Hunter, of New York, N. Y.; Samuel C. Thompson, of New York; Michael Devine, to his sister Mary.

Tuesday, Dec. 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Samuel Butler, to his parents; Capt. Joe Rowland, to his son; Augusta Jennings, to her aunt, Carrie Dempster, in New York City.

Thursday, Dec. 13.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Richard Alden, of St. Louis, to his brother, Jacob A. Alden, in Virginia City, Nevada; Dennis Williams, of the 18th Mass., to his father, John Williams, in New York, N. Y.; Charles P. Bosson, Editor, to Mr. White; Julian S. Grey, lost on the Evening Star, to her father and friends.

Monday, Dec. 18.—Invocation: Answer to Question on the origin of the Gulf Stream; Hiram Jarvis, of the 5th Mass., Co. C, to his friends; Wm. Sterling, to his mother and sister; a spirit was manifested for the benefit of the poor, and the origin of the Gulf Stream, to her mother, reading on Columbia street,



with the things of earth, you may rise to meet them and all the dead ascend, who encircle the vast dome of heaven's grand Cathedral.

Though no more eyes shall greet thee,  
While within the form I dwell,  
In vision thou art still to me,  
Father, mother, friend and well,  
South Haverhill, Vt., Dec. 16, 1866. JOSEPH D. STILES.

Passed on to higher life, on the 7th of Dec., from Brunswick, Me., Mr. Edward White, aged 70 years.

He was in his usual health up to the moment of his departure. He had never in his life employed a physician, was ever active, and a man of unflinching industry and energy. Some weeks before his departure he had talked much of the change he felt about to take place. He said he had seen a glimpse of spirits; that it was very beautiful, and he longed to go. He had an impression, he said, "that I am soon to go, and I am ready and willing," and expressed a wish that he "might go quick—without sickness." His wish was granted him. After washing and shaving himself, preparatory to going to his place of business, he was called by the messenger from the unseen world. There he struggled; a smile lit up his face—he was soon with his angels.

Mr. White was one of the earliest believers in the beautiful truths of Spiritualism. He was a bold champion of truth; was ever ready to assist, and to defend the cause. He loved to be called a spiritualist; and much enjoyed the reading of the BANNER—having taken it from its first issue—and freely loaned it for others to read, saying its contents were too good to be kept from them.

His funeral was attended by Mrs. Haskell, of Auburn, whose exposition of our beautiful Philosophy did much to console the hearts of his wife and daughters, and was appreciated by friends and neighbors. M. S. C. Brunswick, Me., Dec. 18, 1866.

Address to Mrs. Percy Cummings, who passed from earthly life to spirit-life, Sunday, Dec. 9th, 1866, aged 45 years. By Mrs. A. W. Smith:

Thou hast gone to rest. Thy earthly labors are ended. Thy spirit is at home, and thou art no more the music of thy voice. The angels have crowned thee with a wreath of immortality, kissed by the dewdrops of celestial life. They lay down thy earthly cross and take up thy harp decked with Japanese rare, and touch its secret strings, discarding sweetest music, that the loved ones on earth may hear the strain, and answer to thy angelic choir. Farewell, sister; but not forever! We will feel thy holy touch upon our weary brow; we shall see thy angel form in our silent hours, and listen to thy divine religion that sustained thee in the mystic river and enter the celestial gateway, we shall fold thee in our arms in a fond embrace.

Portland, Me., Dec. 19, 1866.

Passed to the Summer-land, from North Weare, N. H., Mrs. Anna G. Adams, widow of James Adams of Nashua, N. H. Mrs. Adams passed on to spirit-life on the 11th of Dec., 1866, at her residence, after a long and painful illness. She was a devoted wife and mother, and a true friend. She was a member of the Baptist Church, and a faithful attendant. She was a woman of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of her aid. She was a woman of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of her aid.

North Weare, N. H., Dec. 18, 1866. C. W. HODGSON.

Passed into the spirit-land, Dec. 18th, Mrs. Hannah P. wife of Mr. Francis P. Hodgkins, of this city, and daughter of Mr. Allen Farrow, of North Scituate, Mass., aged 39 years.

A generous and noble-hearted woman, she filled her home here as daughter, sister, wife and mother, and has now gone to enjoy those blissful scenes which she had so long and faithfully foreseen, as she was a Spiritualist, a medium, occasionally entranced.

"That mortal dream of which angels know." S.

Passed to his spirit-land, Oct. 1st, from Lisbon, Me., Mr. Benj. H. Hinkley, aged 31 years and 7 months.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and fearlessly advocated its truths. He was a true friend to all who were in need of his aid. He was a man of unflinching industry and energy, and a true friend to all who were in need of his aid.

## Medical.

### SPIRITUALISM ALWAYS RADICAL AND REVOLUTIONARY.

Spiritualism is profoundly radical and revolutionary in all of its movements. This is evident to the most casual observer; and it is this fact which, more than any other, has excited the most alarm, apprehension and hostility in the public mind. It is an unseen intelligence which we recognize, do nothing after the old fashion, and seem determined that old things shall pass away and all things shall become new. In no branch of the grand spiritual movement, is this more conspicuous than in what may be called the healing art, embracing under this general expression all of the present acknowledged spiritual methods of curing the sick and the diseased, whether it be by the laying on of hands, or by the internal administration of the unseen application of medicines or medicated substances, solid, liquid or gaseous. Whoever visits the crowded operating rooms of Dr. Newton, and witnesses him almost raise the dead to life by the apparently simple method which he, as a medium, is impressed to use, and will then visit any of our public hospitals, cannot but be struck by the immeasurable distance and difference that there is between the system of the laying on of hands, and the so-called scientific system of drugs and chemicals. A method, the former bears no resemblance to the latter, either in its curative principle, its practical application, or its curative effects. In all of these respects the spiritual method is profoundly and radically different from all the methods of the schools; and the results show the former to be as far superior to the latter as it is different from them.

A comparison of all the other recognized spiritual methods of curing the sick and the diseased, with the methods of the schools, will show a difference equally profound and radical, and a superiority of the former over the latter equally great. As the most prominent and important of all the other recognized spiritual methods of treating disease, we would refer to the Positive and Negative system, which, as is well known, was projected through the mediumship of Mrs. Amanda M. Spence, and is embodied in the Positive and Negative Powders which bear her name. In principle, in practice and in results the Positive and Negative system is nothing that bears the remotest resemblance to them. They embody a deeply radical and revolutionary movement, as widely different from the system of mere drugs and chemicals as is the laying on of hands; while in results, or curative effects, the difference is so vast that a comparison is hardly possible. I make this statement with premeditation and deliberation, and with a full knowledge of both sides of the question. Being myself an educated physician, and having been for many years a student of the Positive and Negative system, I fully understand the old system, and I know the full extent of its curative powers; and, moreover, having had the sole external management of the spiritual system of Positive and Negative ever since its projection into the world, through the mediumship of Mrs. Spence; and having during the past two years and a half, successfully treated thousands of patients, far and near, in all parts of the United States, and in other countries, I am fully and completely conversant with both the Positive and Negative systems, and know the full extent of its curative powers, and I am justified then in instituting a comparison. That comparison shows the spiritual system, as embodied in Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, to be superior to the old systems in the following prominent and most important respects, as well as in all others:

1st. In its scientific principle. The leading principle of the spiritual system, in the classification of both diseases and their remedy, is, that every disease is either Positive or Negative in character, and that the remedy, therefore, should be either Positive or Negative. This is a principle which has reference to the interior, invisible cause of disease, and not to its outward, visible effects or appearances. But the old systems base their classifications, not upon the interior invisible cause of disease, but upon the external, visible effects which the disease produces. In other words, upon the external phenomena of disease, or the outward appearances which disease puts on. In this respect, the simplicity, naturalness and truthfulness of the spiritual system, commend it to the most casual observer and even to the medical profession themselves.

2d. In its practical operation. Whoever has watched in the sick-room of a patient under the old system of treatment, or still better, whoever has visited the wards of a public hospital, where the sickened, disheartened and discouraged are the endless and disgusting round of purging, vomiting, nauseating, sweating, cupping, blistering, plastering, salving, and the great variety of other visible, external and often violent effects which the physician intentionally produces, or endeavors to produce, in keeping with his principles of counteracting the visible, external and violent effects of disease. But the practical operation of the spiritual system, as embodied in Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, is radically different. They aim at the invisible cause of disease; and hence they neither produce, nor are they intended to produce, any visible, external or violent effects—no purging, no nauseating, no vomiting, no sweating, no cupping, no blistering, no plastering, no salving; but they silently, gently and soothingly pervade the patient's system, and by restoring the lost magnetic balance or equilibrium of the diseased organ or organs, restore them to perfect health.

3d. In its results. I have already published, in the columns of the BANNER, testimony and evidence, in the form of certificates and reports from private individuals and also from physicians, sufficient to convince every candid reader that the spiritual system, as embodied in Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, is as far superior to the old systems in its results, or curative effects, as it is in its scientific principle and in its practical operation. And yet the evidence thus far published is but a small fragment of that which is in my possession. Diseases of all kinds, the most complicated as well as the most simple, diseases hereditary as well as acquired, diseases which are incurable as well as those that are curable by the old methods, all alike have readily yielded to the singular and extraordinary healing and curative power of the Positive and Negative Powders. Blindness, Deafness, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Hysteria, Dropsy, Epilepsy, Epilepsy, Palsy, Convulsions, &c., &c., have yielded under their magic touch, and often so speedily and so completely, that I myself have, at times, been as much surprised and delighted as the patients themselves, at results so unexpected, because so far transcending what I had been accustomed to witness in the private and hospital practice of the old system of medicine.

Such being the facts with regard to the Positive and Negative Powders, it is my intention to preserve in holding them up before the public until every family and every adult man and woman shall test their virtues for themselves, and thus, from personal experience, learn and appreciate their full merits. And in furtherance of this object, I take the liberty of referring the reader to the published testimonials which will be found in another column of the BANNER, and I also extend to all persons who reside in, or who may visit New York, a cordial invitation to call on my office, No. 373 St. Marks Place, and if they desire more evidence, it will afford me much pleasure to lay before them such a mass of letters, certificates and reports as will satisfy the most skeptical that I have said naught in exaggeration of the merits of the spiritual system, as embodied in Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders.

PAYTON SPENCE.

Address, No. 373 St. Marks Place, New York.

Address, No. 373 St. Marks Place, New York.

Address, No. 373 St. Marks Place, New York.

Address, No. 373 St. Marks Place, New York.

Address, No. 373 St. Marks Place, New York.

Address, No. 373 St. Marks Place, New York.

Address, No. 373 St. Marks Place, New York.

Address, No. 373 St. Marks Place, New York.

Address, No. 373 St. Marks Place, New York.

Address, No. 373 St. Marks Place, New York.

Address, No. 373 St. Marks Place, New York.

Address, No. 373 St. Marks Place, New York.

Address, No. 373 St. Marks Place, New York.

Address, No. 373 St. Marks Place, New York.

Address, No. 373 St. Marks Place, New York.

Address, No. 373 St. Marks Place, New York.

Address, No. 373 St. Marks Place, New York.

Address, No. 373 St. Marks Place, New York.

Address, No. 373 St. Marks Place, New York.

Address, No. 373 St. Marks Place, New York.

Address, No. 373 St. Marks Place, New York.

Address, No. 373 St. Marks Place, New York.

Address, No. 373 St. Marks Place, New York.

Address, No. 373 St. Marks Place, New York.

Address, No. 373 St. Marks Place, New York.

Address, No. 373 St. Marks Place, New York.

## Miscellaneous.

### OXYGENIZED AIR.

No. 119 Harrison Avenue.

### OXYGENIZED AIR.

RADICALLY CURES

SCROFULA, CATARRH, BRONCHITIS;

FIRST AND SECOND STAGES OF

CONSUMPTION;

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, PARALYSIS, AND

EPILEPSY.

THE Oxygen is breathed directly into the Lungs, and through them is carried into the blood; thus, as soon as the blood will carry it, it reaches all parts of the system, decomposing the impure matter in the blood, and expelling it through the pores. The results from this mode of treatment are immediate. Patients do not have to experiment with it for months to learn whether they are being benefited. Good results are experienced upon the first trial, and but a few applications are necessary to effect a cure in any curable case.

Patients in the country who are unable to visit the Doctor personally, are requested to write out a brief history of their symptoms, and forward it to the Doctor. A candid opinion will be given in all cases; and, if desired, remedies can be sent by express to your own house.

The Remedy is administered under the supervision of the Inventor, DR. C. L. BLOOD.

Physicians instructed in the use of the remedy, and furnished with all the appliances for a business with it.

CHARGES REASONABLE.

### C. L. BLOOD, M. D.,

No. 119 Harrison Avenue,

BOSTON.

Oct. 27.

MRS. E. D. SIMONS,

THE WELL KNOWN

CLAIRVOYANT, MAGNETIC & ELECTRIC PHYSICIAN,

FOR MIND AND BODY,

AND LONG A RESIDENT OF HARTFORD AND BRISTOL, CONN., HAS REMOVED TO 1240 Broadway, corner of Third Street, New York, where she will be pleased to consult with and treat all that are suffering. Her reputation and success, as a clairvoyant, magnetic and electric physician, as a skillful practitioner, and a clairvoyant of remarkable perception as an examiner of the body, pointing out the disease and prescribing remedies, and restoring the patient to health, when other physicians have given them up as past all cure, she is second to none.

Also, the strong magnetic power possessed by the medium to remove disease by the hand, with the powerful remedies used externally, discharges it from the system. Her cases include: Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Catarrh, Consumption, in its first and second stages; Bronchitis; all Female Weaknesses; Palsy, Deafness, Deafness, and all those diseases that arise from derangement in the vital forces, giving a clear magnetic life to the sufferer. Consultation free.

Mrs. E. D. Simons's Magnetic Lintment acts like magic in curing Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, and all those diseases that arise from derangement in the vital forces, giving a clear magnetic life to the sufferer. Consultation free.

Mrs. E. D. Simons's Magnetic Lintment acts like magic in curing Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, and all those diseases that arise from derangement in the vital forces, giving a clear magnetic life to the sufferer. Consultation free.

Mrs. E. D. Simons's Magnetic Lintment acts like magic in curing Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, and all those diseases that arise from derangement in the vital forces, giving a clear magnetic life to the sufferer. Consultation free.

Mrs. E. D. Simons's Magnetic Lintment acts like magic in curing Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, and all those diseases that arise from derangement in the vital forces, giving a clear magnetic life to the sufferer. Consultation free.

Mrs. E. D. Simons's Magnetic Lintment acts like magic in curing Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, and all those diseases that arise from derangement in the vital forces, giving a clear magnetic life to the sufferer. Consultation free.

Mrs. E. D. Simons's Magnetic Lintment acts like magic in curing Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, and all those diseases that arise from derangement in the vital forces, giving a clear magnetic life to the sufferer. Consultation free.

Mrs. E. D. Simons's Magnetic Lintment acts like magic in curing Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, and all those diseases that arise from derangement in the vital forces, giving a clear magnetic life to the sufferer. Consultation free.

Mrs. E. D. Simons's Magnetic Lintment acts like magic in curing Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, and all those diseases that arise from derangement in the vital forces, giving a clear magnetic life to the sufferer. Consultation free.

Mrs. E. D. Simons's Magnetic Lintment acts like magic in curing Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, and all those diseases that arise from derangement in the vital forces, giving a clear magnetic life to the sufferer. Consultation free.

Mrs. E. D. Simons's Magnetic Lintment acts like magic in curing Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, and all those diseases that arise from derangement in the vital forces, giving a clear magnetic life to the sufferer. Consultation free.

Mrs. E. D. Simons's Magnetic Lintment acts like magic in curing Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, and all those diseases that arise from derangement in the vital forces, giving a clear magnetic life to the sufferer. Consultation free.

Mrs. E. D. Simons's Magnetic Lintment acts like magic in curing Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, and all those diseases that arise from derangement in the vital forces, giving a clear magnetic life to the sufferer. Consultation free.

Mrs. E. D. Simons's Magnetic Lintment acts like magic in curing Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, and all those diseases that arise from derangement in the vital forces, giving a clear magnetic life to the sufferer. Consultation free.

Mrs. E. D. Simons's Magnetic Lintment acts like magic in curing Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, and all those diseases that arise from derangement in the vital forces, giving a clear magnetic life to the sufferer. Consultation free.

Mrs. E. D. Simons's Magnetic Lintment acts like magic in curing Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, and all those diseases that arise from derangement in the vital forces, giving a clear magnetic life to the sufferer. Consultation free.

Mrs. E. D. Simons's Magnetic Lintment acts like magic in curing Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, and all those diseases that arise from derangement in the vital forces, giving a clear magnetic life to the sufferer. Consultation free.

Mrs. E. D. Simons's Magnetic Lintment acts like magic in curing Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, and all those diseases that arise from derangement in the vital forces, giving a clear magnetic life to the sufferer. Consultation free.

Mrs. E. D. Simons's Magnetic Lintment acts like magic in curing Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, and all those diseases that arise from derangement in the vital forces, giving a clear magnetic life to the sufferer. Consultation free.

Mrs. E. D. Simons's Magnetic Lintment acts like magic in curing Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, and all those diseases that arise from derangement in the vital forces, giving a clear magnetic life to the sufferer. Consultation free.

Mrs. E. D. Simons's Magnetic Lintment acts like magic in curing Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, and all those diseases that arise from derangement in the vital forces, giving a clear magnetic life to the sufferer. Consultation free.

Mrs. E. D. Simons's Magnetic Lintment acts like magic in curing Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, and all those diseases that arise from derangement in the vital forces, giving a clear magnetic life to the sufferer. Consultation free.

Mrs. E. D. Simons's Magnetic Lintment acts like magic in curing Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, and all those diseases that arise from derangement in the vital forces, giving a clear magnetic life to the sufferer. Consultation free.

Mrs. E. D. Simons's Magnetic Lintment acts like magic in curing Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, and all those diseases that arise from derangement in the vital forces, giving a clear magnetic life to the sufferer. Consultation free.

Mrs. E. D. Simons's Magnetic Lintment acts like magic in curing Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, and all those diseases that arise from derangement in the vital forces, giving a clear magnetic life to the sufferer. Consultation free.

Mrs. E. D. Simons's Magnetic Lintment acts like magic in curing Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, and all those diseases that arise from derangement in the vital forces, giving a clear magnetic life to the sufferer. Consultation free.

Mrs. E. D. Simons's Magnetic Lintment acts like magic in curing Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, and all those diseases that arise from derangement in the vital forces, giving a clear magnetic life to the sufferer. Consultation free.

Mrs. E. D. Simons's Magnetic Lintment acts like magic in curing Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, and all those diseases that arise from derangement in the vital forces, giving a clear magnetic life to the sufferer. Consultation free.

Mrs. E. D. Simons's Magnetic Lintment acts like magic in curing Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, and all those diseases that arise from derangement in the vital forces, giving a clear magnetic life to the sufferer. Consultation free.

Mrs. E. D. Simons's Magnetic Lintment acts like magic in curing Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Catarrh, and all those diseases that arise from derangement in the vital forces, giving a clear magnetic life to the sufferer. Consultation free.

## Miscellaneous.

### FOR THE HEALING OF THE NATION!

THE GREAT

SPIRITUAL REMEDY!

MRS. SPENCE'S

POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE



