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### JESSIE GRAY.

Written especially for the Banner of Light, by Mrs. A. E. Porter.

#### CHAPTER I.

"Will the dead speak again?"

It was an evening in Spring, near the hour of sunset. In a pleasant room, the windows of which opened to the west, an invalid sat, propped by pillows, gazing earnestly upon the clouds which hung like a banner of crimson and gold in the horizon.

The grapes and honeysuckles were in blossom, and wined their graceful vines about the pillars of the porch. The steps of this porch led to a garden walk, flanking beside borders of rare plants, just now giving promise of summer beauty. Beyond this garden was an orchard, through the trees of which could be seen the two ornamental chimneys and the gable-end of a large cottage.

Beyond, in the distance, was a range of low hills, behind which the sun was now sinking, as the gazer thought, all too soon for him. His breathing was difficult, the lungs heaved with each respiration, and as he looked westward he exclaimed, quoting the words of a dying patriot, "the last of earth."

He was a man between sixty and seventy, but he had one of those heads which artists delight to paint—the forehead lofty, the eyes brilliant still, and the mouth remarkable for mobility and sweetness. His smile was pleasant to see, as a young and beautiful woman entered the room, bearing upon a tray some tea and fruit for the invalid. She was many years younger, but there was love, reverence and pity in her eyes, as she came to the bedside.

"My dear husband, you are a great sufferer."

"Yes, Carrie; I can't understand that I, who have always enjoyed such vigorous health, should be so suddenly stricken down. The doctor has told me frankly that I have but few hours to live."

"Oh my husband," said the wife, "would that I could die with you. I would not fear dying with my hand in yours, but I dare not—yes, that is the word—I dare not live without you."

There was a look of unutterable tenderness as he turned toward her and drew her head to his breast.

"Yes, darling, I am selfish enough, almost, to wish this myself. There will be a want in heaven till you come, and I would be willing to suffer even more than I do, if I could guard and care for you. I have seen, in my profession as a lawyer, and in my office as Judge of Probate, too many widows and orphans, not to know how desolate and lonely their position. But, darling, I have tried to make your burdens light as possible. My best friend, Doctor Ward, will be guardian and friend to you and to our little ones. Trust him and follow his advice. Do not grieve for me; enjoy life, and gather all you can of its brightness for yourself and those dear to us. Can you live for me? I ought not, I will not, ask you to live for me after I am gone. But," and the words were tremblingly spoken, "I have known no other love but yours, and I have thought—I have hoped that we might be reunited in heaven—that I may still claim you as mine when we meet where there are no partings."

"It shall be so," said the wife. "I promise—"

"Stop, darling; no rash promises. I will bind you by no vow—vow, did I say? I would gladly win one promise from you; and yet it is difficult for me to frame the wish in words."

"Tell me," said the wife, "and she would her arms around him. "Let me know your wish. I promise even before you ask."

He had looked away from her, and his eyes rested for a moment on the house that was just visible through the trees of the orchard. A lady was opening the gate, and coming up the walk. Five minutes more, and she would be with them, for she was a dear friend and relative. Time was precious.

"Promise me, then, that of those who may ask you your love when I am gone, John Selden shall not be the one to receive it. There, I have asked in a rude, blundering way, when I intended to be very cautious and gentle."

The young wife turned to him, with a look of misgiving astonishment and distress. She knew—for the doctor had warned her—that he could not live long; that a few more days, perhaps hours, would limit his earthly pilgrimage. He had calmly prepared for the event, and had no fear. The life beyond was to him but a higher sphere for the unfettered spirit; and he was as weary of this "muddy vestment of decay," that as far as he was concerned, he longed to be released from it, trusting in childlike confidence the great Father. His mental faculties were active and bright, and until this moment his wife had not even thought it possible that reason might fall as the body grew weaker.

"My husband," she exclaimed, as tears filled her eyes, "John Selden has a wife, and you know that I think him unjust and arbitrary to her. Poor Anna! my heart often aches for her, and how frequently she says her head upon my bosom, to weep away her troubles; John Selden! do you remember the old ballad which I sometimes sing to you?"

"Were all the trees of heaven dead,"

"The Earth's son I would not wed,"

John Selden! The husband of my dearest friend, and a man that I despise! Don't let us speak of him."

"We will not, dearest; only I have thought sometimes, that when near death the mental vi-

son, as well as the physical, is supernaturally keen. Just see," and he took up a pocket edition of Longfellow, in very fine print, and read:

"There is no death, what seems to us transition."

"There, I have not read without spectacles for five years, and now my eyes are bright as in my boyhood. Do you see the birds under that old apple tree in the orchard? No? Well, there are birds there, and if you will look steadily you will perceive them."

"Yes, yes, I see them now!"

"More than this, I see the future"—a dark shadow passed over his face, and with his pale, thin hand, he smoothed the glossy hair of his wife, and pausing, looked tenderly into her eyes. "Beyond, beyond it all, I see faith and love for me in your heart."

"Ever, ever thine!" answered his wife, "and I promise what you ask, yes, solemnly."

"No, no, you need not promise."

"But I do though."

She evidently feared his mind was losing its balance, and she would soothe and humor him.

Mrs. Selden entered at this moment. She was a tall, noble looking woman, with an air of hauteur and command. She was a niece of Mr. Perry, and having lost her father in early life, found a kind friend and guardian in her uncle. She was residing with him when she met with Mr. Selden, a law-student in Judge Perry's office. It was a hasty union, the gentleman was won by the beauty of the lady, and she, fresh from her country home in a retired village in New England, was attracted, either by the polished manners, or the beautiful mansion of her admirer. Neither thought of qualities of heart or head, and when the marriage was consummated, they found, to their dismay, that they were uncongenial in their dispositions. Could they have striven through forbearance and patience, accepting the disappointment as the result of their own folly, time would have brought peace, if not happiness. But both husband and wife struggled in the chains which bound them, and they galled and fretted, till the wounded spirit cried out in its agony for the release of death.

Poor Anna Selden! She stood by her uncle's couch watching the pale face, the short, difficult breathing, the wasted form, and felt that her best friend was about to leave her forever. Here she had always found sympathy and counsel. Respected by her husband, loved by herself, the Judge had sometimes guided the helm for them, and piloted these poor templest to portners between many a Charybdis and Scylla. She hardly thought of the poor wife in her sorrow, so absorbed was she in her own loss.

"I am almost home," said her uncle. "I have been watching the setting sun, drinking in the beauty of the clouds, and the glory of the sky, and wondering if the scenery of heaven can be more gorgeous. I have loved this earth very much—home is dear to me, but I accept death as the great change that must come to all—right, because God ordains it—good, because he loves us, and as a child puts his hand in his father's, when he comes to a dark place, so will I put my hand in that of God, and go on fearlessly to meet the great mystery of death."

Talking had wearied him, and his wife entreated him to rest awhile. Like a child he laid his head back upon the pillow and closed his eyes, when as if a thought suddenly occurred to him, he raised himself, and beckoning his niece to his side, said in a whisper, and even that was a great effort, "Anna, our mistakes in life may be the means of good; pray God, we lose not the benefit of errors. The discipline may be severe, but patience and forbearance will carry us through great troubles. God bless you, and if I never see you again, remember my last words, 'Be patient, and never despair of happiness.'"

He closed his eyes again, clasped the hand of his wife, and fell into a quiet sleep. Mrs. Selden closed the windows, and went quietly into the garden. The shadows of evening fell upon that silent room, and the sad watcher.

"We will leave them there, for the shadow of death has already darkened the room; but before we close this history, we will return once more before the master is borne to his long home."

Meanwhile we will give a little sketch of the young wife, who is about to become acquainted with the first real sorrow of her life.

Her parents died when she was a mere infant; she had no recollection of a father's love, or a mother's care. Doctor Selden was her guardian, and the mansion which we have seen through the trees was the home of her childhood. She was but five or six years of age when Squire Perry came to plant in the family.

He was a bachelor, and because he seemed so impetuous to the charms of Dalton ladies, it was supposed that he had buried his heart in the grave of a youthful love.

The Squire never took pains to deny the report, and was thus allowed a freedom which few bachelors enjoy.

He was a thorough student, a good lawyer, and a man of pure life. He was much beloved in Dr. Selden's family, and a sort of Sir Oracle to the younger members, who stood a little in awe of his steady, grave demeanor. All save Carrie Howard—the little orphan her organ of reverence had never been cultivated, or rather poor Mrs. Selden, who was a loving, gentle woman, with no great intellectual gifts—one of those good, useful, happy wives, who believe that intellect is man's prerogative, and obedience woman's first duty—could find any reverence to cultivate.

"Oh, Carrie, I don't know what will become of you, if you don't like to go to church with me."

"I don't know, and I don't much care, Auntie; it's the truth, there are three things I don't like—ministers, boys, and long dresses—ministers, because they preach sermons that I don't understand; boys, because they think they are smarter than girls; and long dresses, because I can't sit in the brook, nor climb the trees with them."

Annite, may I go fishing with John this afternoon?"

"Not till you have learned five verses in the fifth chapter of Matthew, for your Sunday School lesson. I am afraid you'll grow up a little heathen."

"I should like to be a heathen, Auntie, of all things. They don't have to dress up for church, and they hunt, and fish, and roam about, and sleep out of doors, with no chambers to put in order, and no dreary school-rooms to be shut up in, all the bright summer days. Yes, I should like to be a little heathen, and live—oh let me see—on one of the islands, like that where Robinson Crusoe lived. Then I'd never know when Sunday came."

The tears stood in poor Mrs. Selden's eyes when she heard the child talk in this strange way, which, when Carrie perceived, she would suddenly become grave and add: "I can't tell a lie, Auntie, to please you, though I love you very much; but I will learn ten verses in the fifth chapter of Matthew if you wish it. I like that; the verses are so short, and I can understand them all. I would not mind learning a whole chapter, if it would make you smile again."

"But that is a sermon, Carrie."

"Is it, Auntie? Why, it says, 'He went up into a mountain and taught them, saying, "wasn't they all out doors? and I don't believe the Saviour stood in a high pulpit and wore a horrid black coat. I should like to have lived in those days.'"

"Ah, Carrie, I fear you would have been like all the rest, and rejected him."

"Not all the rest, Auntie; there were some that loved him, and I should because so many did not."

"A little contrary piece as Rose calls you," said Mr. Perry, who came upon the porch as she was speaking, with fishing-rod and tackle in his hand.

"She is a strange child," said Mrs. Selden; "I don't know what will become of her."

"Oh, Auntie, don't trouble yourself about the future. It was only this morning I heard you repeating, 'Take no thought for the morrow.' But please may I go fishing with Mr. Perry?"

"Has he asked you, my dear?"

"No, ma'am, but I think he will."

Mr. Perry smiled. "I shall go for that purpose," he said.

Just then John Selden, a bluff little fellow, only a year older than Carrie, came toward them with a fishing pole and a little box of worms.

"Most ready, Carrie? We must hurry if we are going to Trout Brook to-day."

"Mr. Perry is going to take me with him to Mill Creek, and we will ride."

John's countenance fell, and he replied angrily, "You promised to go with me. Just like girls! they never care for the truth! and he threw down his fishing-tackle and stood leaning against the porch in moody silence.

"If you promised, Carrie," said Mrs. Selden, "I shall be sorry to have you break your word."

"I did promise," said Carrie, "but I can go with John at any time; it is not often Mr. Perry goes fishing, and then it is such a beautiful ride to Mill Creek."

"I'll manage it," said Mr. Perry cheerfully; "you can both go; there is room in the carriage and plenty of trout in the brook."

But this plan did not please John. Unless Carrie would consent to go with him alone he would not go. "I make no compromise," he said, and he walked sulkily away. He liked Carrie as a playmate, but he was not willing any one else should share their sport. He was quick-tempered, and often angry with Carrie, but he assumed that girls had no right to get angry with boys. He always maintained the superiority of his sex, and Carrie obstinately contended for woman's equality with man.

"Can't I learn a lesson quicker than you, sir? and who helps you with your hard sums? and who wrote your last composition?"

He must confess that in this case the girl had the strong side of the argument; for, in addition to being a belle, she was not only a better scholar than John, but she stood highest in school. This was partly owing to the interest which Mr. Perry took in her studies. He directed them, and by his advice, no study was left until she had completed it. In botany and astronomy the lessons which he gave her were of far more value than those which she received at school. He explored the fields and woods with her, taught her to analyze flowers correctly, and added her in their preservation, so that her barium was really an epitome of the science and a valuable record of her walks. She knew all the plants that grew within five miles of Dalton, and their favorite haunts. He taught her astronomy on the porch in winter evenings, and led her gradually from the simple to more difficult problems, till she surprised the teacher and her classmates by the calculation of an eclipse. And still Carrie was far from vain of her acquirements, notwithstanding her boast to John, for her friend pointed her to unknown fields beyond those in which she was gleaming, where grew richer fruit and fairer flowers. It was singular to see the friendship between the grave man and the merry school-girl.

There came a time when it was thought best that Carrie should have other advantages than those which Dalton afforded, and Mrs. Selden decided upon a fashionable boarding-school in New York city. It was simply with the good lady a matter of conscience to give the orphan girl every advantage which money could obtain, and a year at a boarding-school seemed to be necessary in her eyes to the completion of a young lady's education. Mr. Perry did not approve of this plan. He preferred the pretty wild flowers to the more gorgeous exotic, and would have remonstrated against the plan had not Carrie herself manifested such a eagerness for the change. But he was not sorry when Mrs. Selden begged him to go with the young lady to New York; the death of a

relative requiring Mr. Selden just at that time to go in another direction.

Mrs. Selwyn, though at the head of a fashionable finishing school, was a sensible woman, and though often weary of the demands made upon her to furnish a capacity or to turn an awkward, ill-shaped, peevish child of luxury into an accomplished, elegant young lady, yet she delighted to receive one of Carrie's training and natural gifts. Mr. Perry himself was most happily disappointed to find such a cordial response to his own views, and left the city with some faith that Carrie might not be wholly spoiled by one year in a fashionable school. And yet as he rode slowly along a by-path which led from the station to Dalton, he thought how much he would miss the bright-eyed, laughing girl who had been the sunlight of the house. He remembered how happy it used to make him when she came with slate and pencil and book, and such a troubled, perplexed look, because she could not get the right answer to the sum, or understand the intricacies of Rule of Three. He enjoyed her coming, because he knew how soon he could chase the shadows from her brow, and what little guiding she needed to make her progress rapid in any study. He remembered the kiss she would give him as a reward for his teaching. It was the kiss of an impulsive child, given to one old enough to be her father, but now the memory of it sent a thrill through his heart. The rein slackened in his hand, and his faithful horse, Mazepa, always entering into his master's mood, trotted lightly and slow. A sudden thought succeeded that thrill, making his pulse bound and a glow rest on the mainly features of the rider. For the first time Mr. Perry had asked himself, "Can I win Carrie Howard for my wife?" The bare possibility made life almost too bright for a steady gaze into the future. She young, bright, joyous, in a middle-aged man, grave, reticent, excepting toward intimate friends, more fond of books than society. No, no; such a prize was beyond his reach. He would guard her tenderly, he would guide her more carefully than the most loving father could have done; he would labor for her, and add his wealth to hers, and then resign her to one who should be more worthy of her choice, more in sympathy with her own bright, bird-like life. And yet who could cherish and love her as he would do? And again came the sweet dream of a life with her ever at his side. "But," he said, "my reverie is too delicious!" The rein tightened in his hand, and Mazepa bounded forward, nor slackened pace till he stood at the door of Mr. Perry's home.

John Selden was sitting in the porch, with his dog by his side. The animal was panting as if very weary, and turned her eyes with a strange, imploring look to Mr. Perry.

"What's the matter, Ponto?" said the latter.

The dog raised herself with difficulty; she was bruised and lame.

"Lie still!" said John, and the creature, trembling all over, laid herself again at his feet.

"I've subdued her at last," said John. "It was death or submission, and I believe she will just survive the discipline; but I believe in making horse and dog obedient slaves. That Mazepa of yours is only half tamed, yet. Better give her to me to break in for a short time."

"No, John, you and I differ about the breaking in system; no one but myself rides Mazepa; and he was walking into his room when John asked:

"How did Carrie like New York and her school?"

"Very much," was the reply, "and has made up her mind that she will stay the year without returning home."

"And I have made up my mind to go to Yale next month," said John, "much to the Governor's delight. He fancies that it is an act of filial obedience, but I have found out that it is devilish lonesome here without Carrie. Lie still," to the dog, who had moved, seeking a more easy posture, for it was suffering intensely. "You've no Carrie to plead indulgence for you now, so that your education can proceed vigorously."

"And so he is going to Yale," said Mr. Perry to himself, as he entered his dressing room to prepare for dinner. "Only a few hours' ride from Carrie; I could have wished it otherwise." Mr. Perry's repulsion to John, was as great as his interest in Carrie.

A year passed, during which not one week failed to bring a letter from Carrie to Mr. Perry, detailing the joys and sorrows of her school life. During that year Mr. Selden died, and, as seemed right to all concerned, Mr. Perry became Carrie's guardian. He was also that of John Selden, at the father's earnest request, but not to the mutual satisfaction of guardian and ward. The latter would have liked one less scrupulous, and more under his own influence. His only consolation was of a "good time when he should become his own man."

Carrie sat in her own room the day before the school closed, in a musing mood, looking at, but feeling little interest in the carriages, with their gay occupants, bound for Central Park. She was thinking of the cool, green woods of Dalton, the trout brook, the mountain, with its bald summit, and the dear room where the windows were shaded by honeysuckle and sweet briar.

She was in mourning for Mr. Selden, and with her it was a tribute of the heart to her father's friend. She was not aware, however, how much she had improved in looks since she had been with Mrs. Selwyn. Perhaps less exposure to sun and air, and a fashionable modeste, had added a little, but certain it is, she never looked more lovely than in the black grandine robe, her fair neck and arms looking fairer still, under the transparent tissue. As she sat at the window, a handsome open carriage, drawn by two fine bays, driven by a young gentleman, who seemed to enjoy the control of the spirited animals, stopped at the door.

A second glance revealed to her John Selden, but so improved in looks and manner, that it was

not strange that she had not recognized him at the first glance. A year in New Haven, combined with a determination to "be somebody," as he said, had greatly improved the outer man. It had been very difficult for him to yield to the discipline of college life, and had it not been for the firmness of his guardian, and his determination to carry out the will of the father: that if his son was rusticated or expelled during his college course, he should not come into possession of his property until two years after his majority. A belief in Mr. Perry's firmness, and a strong desire to be his own master, had kept John Selden from going far astray in college life, though as a scholar he had not high position.

There was a mutual surprise on each side when John and Carrie met.

"Why, John, I hardly know you; college life and a fashionable tailor are rubbing off Dalton rustlety."

"I can return the compliment with interest, Mademoiselle," Carrie uttered gracefully. "I came to give you an airing in the Park."

"Which is against the rules of our establishment," said Carrie.

"Indeed! and of what date is that rule? for I am sure you were permitted to go with Mr. Perry."

"Oh yes, John. He is my guardian, and a staid gentleman of forty, whereas you, as a college student, must consider yourself highly fortunate in being admitted to this interview. It is only upon Mr. Perry's request that you have this privilege."

A frown passed over John's face; it was an indebtedness that did not please him.

"Never mind," he added, "in two days you are free, and we will be children again on Dalton hills."

Carrie's eyes sparkled.

"Yes, I love the dear old home. To-morrow Mr. Perry comes, and the next day I leave with him."

"I don't know the necessity for his coming," said John, a little sulkily. "I could have seen you safely across the mountains."

"But Mr. Perry never allows another," said Carrie, "to perform what he considers his duty."

"Yes, a deuced keen sense of duty he has! never a dollar over my allowance, though he's not a stingy fellow, as we all know. Nothing but this high sense of duty, as you call it; don't you get tired of it, Carrie?"

"I have never felt it," was the reply; "my allowance has been more liberal than my wants."

"Ay! ay! but you school girls know nothing of wine parties and oyster suppers, and the thousand and one expenses of college life. I'll tell you, it requires the cash to get along. I am a hundred dollars out of pocket now, and unless I can save it from my next quarter's allowance, I shall have to encounter that grave, dignified look of our guardian, and hear him say, 'John, don't forget your father's last words, 'Let there be no act of your college life which shall give pain to your mother.' That brings a fellow up close, you see, for my poor mother would die if I was to get into any scrape. Next to you, I believe she loves me better than ought else in this world."

"Next to me, John?"

"Yes, next to you. Why, Carrie, the dear woman's heart is bound up in you. Everything you ever touched is sacred. It was she, I suppose, who gathered up all your little old school-books, even your tiny slate and pencil with which you worked your first sums, and placed them on a shelf in Mr. Perry's library, and near by, in an elegant frame, hangs the pencil sketch which Adams took of you one day, when he found you in the street with your shoes and stockings in your hand, offering them to a bare-footed beggar. I have no doubt she is this very moment in the kitchen, worrying over some nice dish for your acceptance."

"She has been a dear, good mother to me," said Carrie, "and I long to be with her again; but never say again that you are second in her love."

"We'll see when we go home. How proud she would be could she see you to-morrow! At what time shall I make my appearance to see you in the closing act of your school life?"

"Come at 10 A. M.; and don't expect too much of me."

"No danger. Well, if you must 'pine in your fetters here, I will ride alone in the Park. I pay allegiance to no other fair lady in Gotham."

"And never will," he said to himself, as he re-entered the carriage. "That fair prize is mine. I'll win and wear her; and there was a compression of the lips, and a firmness in the lines of the mouth, showing very clearly that whatever other qualities John Selden lacked, he had a strong will, and would go on with a dogged determination to his purpose.

The same evening Mr. Perry arrived in town. He took his room at the hotel, and after bath and supper, he wended his way to Mrs. Selwyn's. Now Mr. Perry, as we have before said, was an educated and traveled gentleman, with an entrée to the best society in the city. But never in his life did he feel so different of himself, so anxious about his appearance, as on this day, when he was to call upon his little ward—the child with whom he had always been so familiar as to pet, reprove and kiss. He had almost a feeling of guilt that he had permitted the idea of winning her to rest in his heart.

She thought he met her coldly, and wondered if she could have done anything to displease him. Ay! little one, the kiss so gently pressed upon the forehead was only the homage of a noble, true heart, that dared not express what it felt. Mr. Perry felt in silence what John did not hesitate to put in words—that Carrie was growing into a beautiful woman, and a strangely sad emotion filled his heart—that she was thus further removed from him. No longer the little girl to climb into his lap, shut the dry, old law books, and tease him to give her a ride, or go out fishing with her. Alas!





the Church, of society, or government, was in keeping with the principles of our religion. Wrong influence, inequality, oppression, poverty, misery, temptation to crime, were everywhere encouraged by the old systems, and they had no elements within them to effect a change for the better. But the eternal principles which we recognize, are the principles of divine government, and we propose to agitate them, until the "kingdoms of this world" are overthrown by the kingdom of God.

Dr. P. B. Randolph, late of New Orleans, now engaged in founding a school for the education of freedmen teachers, and well known as one of the earliest inspirational orators, was next introduced to the audience. He spoke facetiously of the de- cease of the Satan of old theology, whose death had been hastened by the modern phenomena of Spiritualism. We are now freed from the bondage of fear, and freed from everything hin- dering us in the grand march of civilization.

Mrs. Bruce, of Boston, said she had been a Methodist, and had attended camp meetings, but she was good as one as this. All the best feelings and affections of our nature are quickened here, and the scenes and associations uplift us in communion with each other, and the sainted souls who are beckoning us from the summer-land.

Ex-Rev. E. Sprague, of Schenectady, N. Y., now known as a competent spiritual lecturer, took the stand again. He spoke of a spirit-circlo to which he once belonged, and of a spirit who came through one of the mediums. The spirit seemed exceedingly lonely, and lost and dejected, and for some time refused to give any answers, until the cause of his loneliness. At last he said he used to be a hard-shell Baptist, and he was lonely for a long time in the spirit-world, because he could find neither a hell nor the Baptist church there! Thank God, there is something better there! There was a time when he would sympathize with that poor minister; but the time had gone by; he had found a better religion; all his old sectarian Methodism had gone; now he was unable to get up an old fashioned holy grunt, but felt so full of the holy ghost, all the colors of the holy host. He had attended one of the part in seventy-nine Methodist Camp meetings; this was the eighteenth camp meeting, and better than all the others put together. What a glorious contrast! I used to preach and portray hell in such vivid language, the whole multitude would away to and fro with horror, as though the lava waves of hell were just ready to sweep them away into the awful vortex of eternal damnation.

Mrs. S. L. Chappell, now of Boston, the radical, social individualizer, said she stood alone in her ideas of Spiritualism. Perhaps it is so with all; we all have some views peculiarly our own; yet we all agree in certain things, certain fundamen- tal principles. There is more common ground of agreement among Spiritualists than among any other class of people, notwithstanding the great diversity and seeming contradictions among us. We can afford to disagree. We are accused of speaking irreverently of the Bible, the Church, of hell, of God, of religion, and many other things; and the accusation is often too just. There are some speakers and writers who seem to forget that other persons of different beliefs and no belief have honest feelings and convictions, which are deeply wounded by their unguarded, whole- some manner of speaking and writing. Some things have been said on this stand which are liable to do more injury than good. Why talk against the Church? We all believe in something like a Church. So to regard hell, we believe in some kind of a hell. Yea, in hell, and we are passing through them for our discipline. In one sense I reverence the Church, and all its old ideas of God, heaven, hell, Satan, ordinances. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and every other form and ceremony of the Church, have their sacred significance. It is hard to put off at once all the old garments we wore in earlier years, and to pass from the old to the new. In the changes coming many for a time are seemingly made worse; their moral, social and religious condi- tions. The speaker did not know that she was as good now as she was years ago, but she hoped and trusted that the discipline through which she had passed and was still passing, and which made her in appearance worse than she was before, would eventually work out a higher condition of life. Thrown back on ourselves by the terrible experiences of this transitional era, we are com- pelled to seek within our own souls the nucleus of a better life, and we make the right use of these fearful surroundings, through which we are passing, we shall enter our new strength, and find ourselves sustained by the ministering angels of our Father.

Dr. U. Clark, leaving the Chair to announce the next speaker, remarked that in the transitional period of spiritual life, many persons found them- selves so full of what they never saw or felt be- fore, they were alarmed, and seemed as though they were under the obsession of diabolical influ- ences. A ragged, snarly-haired, snub-nosed, dirty- faced little boy, out West, had never looked into a mirror till one day he peeped into one that hung in the parlor of a new neighbor who had a medium in the family, and of whom the boy had heard all sorts of diabolical stories. The boy, on seeing himself in the glass, ran home with hair erect with alarm, and frantically exclaimed that he had just seen an awful looking little devil staring right into his eyes. Let those who mis- judge Spiritualists, and those who attribute every little unpleasant influence to devils or evil spirits, be sure they first take a look into the mirror of their own souls, and see themselves as they are; and then they may take no alarm at anything seemingly diabolical from another world. Get out from out your own perverted selves all that is devilish, and no devils from beyond will ever more trouble you.

Dr. R. M. Lawrence sang his amusing and in- structive reform song, "What we want," and the session closed.

[To be continued.]

"Children of the Universal Father." Can any Spiritualist speaker, in calling the at- tention of the audience, think of anything more beautiful, comprehensive, poetic, divine, than the above? Can any one add to, take from, or change any of those five words to make it more harmo- nious? It is an angel's whisper, given to one of the children, and on the folds of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and Love, and Truth Divine, let it go forth to all the Children of the Universal Fa- ther.

When is a man thinner than a latte? When he's shaving.

Thoughts from over the Sea.

It is a long time, dear BANNER, since I have sent you a written greeting, though the "God speed" of my heart goes out to you, and my dear collaborators in the service of humanity, every day. You hear constantly from other sources of the progress of our cause on this coast. Mr. Todd is speaking to large houses at "Congress Hall." He is fighting the churches, fighting "The Pacific Christian Association," that employs itself in slandering Spiritualism and its teachers, fighting "old fogeyism," and "turning the world upside down" generally.

Mrs. Ada Hoyt Foye is giving sittings in the city, but contemplates a tour through the State, where her services are in great requisition. She gives a séance on Thursday evening next, at Con- gress Hall, at the close of an address by Mr. Todd, the proceeds of the entertainment to be given to the Children's Lyceum. You will remember that she, at the close of one of my lectures last winter, contributed one hundred and twenty- six dollars for the same purpose; and I doubt not they will manifest a similar generosity now, thus evincing their sympathy with this noble en- terprise.

Speaking of the Children's Lyceum, I must not omit to mention the celebration of its First Anni- versary. Faithfully have Conductor and leaders labored in this holy cause for a year past, and what more can I say of this celebration than that, in view of their self denial, their discouragements, their toil, it was still, in the noblest sense, a fitting crown, a complete triumph, unmarred by the most trivial blemish? It was my privilege to ad- dress them, in connection with Mr. Todd, and my heart was full of thanksgiving and gratitude. I felt indeed that my eyes "had seen the salvation of the young from the bondage of creeds;" and that to hear our new gospel sung by those youth- ful voices, to see our banners waving, and our cause so deeply rooted in the rich soil of progress- ive minds, in this far-off land, was "glory enough" for one lifetime. At the close of the exercises, the Lyceum sang the "Anniversary Song" I enclose to you, written for the occasion by Mrs. E. P. Thorndike, one of the leaders. Her poems, and those of Mrs. Fanny Green McDougal, adorn the columns of the "Daily American Flag" frequently, and meet with de- served admiration. The same paper gave one of my lectures a very generous notice not long since. The Editors are not Spiritualists, but are noble, cultured gentlemen, who can be just to all, and find it quite possible to admire an intellectual effort, as such, without endorsing the peculiar tenets of the speaker or writer. We all, I be- lieve, feel our indebtedness to this paper, and shall endeavor to make our appreciation, as a religious body, as tangible as possible.

I visited during the past month, Sacramento, Petaluma and Alvarado, delivering lectures on week evenings, at each place. At Sacramento I was most cordially received and hospitably en- tertained; and notwithstanding the extreme heat of the weather, my lectures were very tolerably attended and generously appreciated. The city papers, however, absolutely refused to insert a synopsis of my lectures, prepared by a regular reporter employed by the kindness of a friend, notwithstanding our philosophy has a strong foothold at Sacramento, and a Progressive Lyceum that boasts an average attendance of one hundred, a library of five hundred volumes, and has received the sum of seven hundred and fifty dollars, by voluntary and unsolicited contribution. It was first organized by Robert Moore, in Octo- ber, 1864, and after remaining in operation six months, adjourned till October, 1865, when it opened with thirty members and has increased to over one hundred. H. Bowman is the enter- prising Conductor, aided by his noble wife; and Miss G. A. Brewster has served as Guardian of Groups since its first organization. Does not this speak volumes for Sacramento? In the little town of Petaluma, I found prejudice very strong against us, and was favored with the only "hiss" I have ever received during my career as a pub- lic speaker. It proceeded, I suppose, from an ig- norant boy or brainless man, oblivious of the fact that the only living things that indulge in that form of expression are snakes and geese! How- ever, there are men and women true enough and good enough to "leave the whole lump" of bigotry in Petaluma, and raise it into a better condition—and that is saying a great deal. Fore- most among these is Colonel Hatch, who has un- dertaken his belief bravely for many years, and intends to "fight it out on that line," if it takes a lifetime.

Alvarado is a little village some thirty miles from San Francisco, where I had the honor of delivering the first lecture on Spiritualism ever given in that place. I found that good seed had been sown here by a friend of our cause—Mr. Wilson—and I was kindly entertained by Mr. Grig and his gentle, large hearted wife. Mr. G. was formerly an infidel, and calls himself one now; but he is certainly infidel to no phase of truth, and I never met with more liberality, kind- ness and appreciation, than I did from the un- believers of Alvarado. God bless them!

I have spoken of Progressive Lyceums, and be- lieve me, I was not forgetful, while I wrote, of the brave soul who, fresh from the inspiring presence and instructions of A. J. Davis—into whose large and progressed mind the angels dropped the glorious idea of their organization—came to this golden land, in search of health and strength, and though failing to secure for himself the blessing he craved; has founded an institution here that shall be an eternal monument to his honor long after he has passed beyond the need of our poor appreciation and sympathy. I am sorry to record that Robert Moore's health is rapidly declining, and yet he

ANNIVERSARY SONG, written for the First Anniversary of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, San Francisco, July, 1866.

We sing our Anniversary song; We hasten all to greet; Oh raise the stately banner high; And march with buoyant feet; Above us is a shining band, Arrayed in living light; These are our happy spirit friends, With joyful faces bright.

We want no solemn visage, To celebrate this day; We want no gloomy, creed-bound souls To lead the joyous way. We wish to see you happy, And all of you to know That our Progressive Lyceum, Is something more than show.

'Tis true our waving banners Are lovely to behold; But, friends, there is a meaning deep Within each azure fold. Our badges, too, are symbols, Whose purpose all may see: Commencing at Liberty's fountain, March on to LIBERTY!

And ever, on our journey, Life's purpose full in view— The Lyceum, in its teaching, Will make us good and true. And when our earthly record Is filled with deeds of love, We'll march with kindred spirits, In the XROBUX ABOVE.

work laid upon his few years has been "done and well done." Why need I be sorry that he who has so bravely wrestled with disease, who has borne so patiently the trials of a life singularly devoid of solace or sympathy, will soon lay down the cross and take the wreath that an- gels hands are even now twining of fadeless flowers, as his fitting crown? No, Robert Moore! thy nature is disciplined, thy spirit calm in the assur- ance of suffering bravely borne and duty nobly done! for thee we need not weep.

As for my own Sunday labors in San Francisco, I can only say that gradually the good people are learning that it is really possible for two lecturers of like faith to exist in the same city and hold meetings at the same hours without being actuated by jealousy or malice, and that the fact that Benjamin Todd has come hither to work for hu- manity does not presuppose the necessity that Laura Cuppy should go elsewhere or remain silent. When Christ selected his followers from the fishermen of Galilee, he betrayed his percep- tion of human needs by sending out the impulsive Peter, the gentle John and the practical Matthew, knowing that their very differences rendered them the more fitted to meet and respond to the de- mands of our many-sided humanity. So I find that my work does not interfere with my brother's, or his with mine, and that in accordance with our differing inspirations do we meet and work for those "to whom we are sent;" and every day do I receive the quiet assurance that my labor is not in vain.

I obey the guidance of the angels in coming, a stranger, unassisted, unexpected, to this coast. I obey their inspiration in remaining. I recog- nize no other authority, and theirs only as it ac- cords with my highest reason and perception of truth; and when these powers, without and with- in my soul, bid me "fold up my tent" and go forth from this dear and noble people who have been so kind to the stranger, I shall say farewell to the Pacific coast. But "the hour is not yet."

Meanwhile how gladly do I hail your pages and those of the JOURNAL, dear BANNER, bringing me, as they do, tidings of loved friends and co- workers in the East. How pleased I am to see Mr. Peebles's name at the head of your "Western Department"—Mr. Peebles, who, when I was a good Episcopalian, first introduced me to liberal theology! Mr. Peebles, over whose growth into Spiritualism I wept in good Orthodox fashion, believing him to be lost in the mists of a great delu- sion! Ah, my brother, how merry you were over my grief, and how truly did you prophesy my fu- ture! Dear old days! the memory of one who talked and afterwards labored with us, comes to me while I write. Noble soul his "well done" sounds in my ears from the "far-off Summer- land," and is a dearer meed of praise than the richest earthly plaudit.

It was a sweet surprise to read "Manifestations in Haverhill," in a late BANNER, and to learn that my cherished friends, Mr. and Mrs. Currier, in whose home so many weary itinerants have found rest and sympathy, were so blessed in the mediocrity of their only daughter. Oh, Mary! dear child! sweet, gentle maiden! has the gift so fearful to its possessor fallen upon you? It is a glorious crown, weighty with responsibility, and never thornless, my child. May it be bravely, nobly borne by thy young brow, and, if it be possible, leave no shadow there.

And now, having wellnigh exhausted your pa- tience, I will only add a cordial greeting to all my dear friends who peruse your pages. To some I am indebted for kindly words of cheer, and to most I have written. I will write to all as time and the pressure of duties permit. Amid all the blessings and trials that strew my path of life, my heart, they must believe, turns longingly, lov- ingly over the sea, asking the kindly remembrance and recognition of my fellow laborers in God's great harvest-field. LAURA CUPPY. San Francisco, August 14, 1866.

Worcester Lyceum.

The members of the Progressive Lyceum, of Worcester, together with the friends of the cause, had a social gathering in Horticultural Hall, last Thursday evening. Tables were spread with deli- cacies that would tempt the most fastidious ap- petites. Flowers decorated the tables, showing that the beautiful is closely allied to the useful. The meeting was called to order by the conductor of the Lyceum. Mr. E. R. Fuller requested that all should be seated around the tables, after which, Mr. S. E. Moses, musical director, was chosen chairman for the evening. Mr. Fuller then read an original poem, composed expressly for the occasion, in which the object of the meet- ing was happily brought in; and in very beau- tiful and expressive language, he presented to the Guardian of the Lyceum (Mrs. M. A. Stearns), a bundle of those assembled, a splendid gold chain and pencil. So great was the surprise to her, that for a moment she was overwhelmed by her emotions at this unexpected expression of their appreciation of her untiring efforts. Some good things were said by others present, after which all partook of the edibles before them. Dancing followed, and continued until twelve o'clock, when the company dispersed, feeling richly re- paid for having blessed one human soul, by an actual demonstration of their love and apprecia- tion. W. L. Worcester, Sept. 11, 1866.

Ready for Work.

I am trying to do a little work in the holy cause—an working, working, working. I hope not to be waiting at the gate for opportunities and en- couragements. Should be happy to make engage- ments to speak for the coming Autumn and Win- ter, in most any accessible part of the New England States. My work comprises, in addition to speaking in a trance state, seeing and describ- ing spirits, writing letters for spirits to their earth friends—that is, recording the words the spirit gives—examining for disease, and prescribing remedies for the same; reading life conditions psychologically and clairvoyantly; giving pic- tures of material localities and spirit condi- tions, and at times psychological delineations. May our loved Zion be established upon the tops of the mountains, and all the valleys of darkness be illuminated with the blessed gospel of un- ending life, and the association of spirit friends. Yours fraternally, GEORGE A. PEBOB. Auburn, Me., September, 1866.

A Physical Medium.

I wish to say through your valuable paper, that Wm. M. Oden has been holding a few sances in this place. The spirits manifesting through him—the evidence of a continued existence after death—is placed beyond cavil or doubt. He was tied fast; his coat was taken off and put on when so tied; he answered readily and earnestly sealed letters; musical instruments (a number of them) were called up over our heads, and played upon simultaneously; he was sitting at my house; a violin was in his room; in the dead hour of night it was played upon so loud and long, that it woke up all in the house, passing from room to room, until we became weary. He then wrapped it in a cloth and laid it aside, when it became quiet, and we were enabled to rest the remainder of the night. The answers to some ques- tions were given in printed letters, very plain, on his arm. URAL MILLS. Salem, Marion Co., Ill., Aug. 30, 1866.

The rapid accumulation of gold in the Treasury will, if continued, soon afford a metallic basis for the Treasury notes in circulation, which ought to materially reduce the premium on them. It is estimated that by the end of this month the Treas- ury will hold nearly if not quite one hundred mil- lions in gold.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1866. OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, 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 Editor- ial Department of this paper, should be addressed to the Editor.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit-commu- nion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recog- nizes 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; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God 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.

Managing the Indians.

For a nation whose cardinal principle is human- ity and philanthropy, we certainly pursue toward the poor Indians a policy scarcely less savage and inhuman than their own conduct as we regu- larly charge it upon them. For downright mis- management, having in it the elements of cruelty, selfishness, and a heartless malice, we do not see how the incomprehensible system we pursue could be surpassed by any civilized govern- ment on earth. Even if we keep out of sight the leading idea that we have dispossessed this wan- dering and wandering people of the lands they once possessed, we must admit that our treatment of this wretched people is not to be defended on grounds such as any humane and benevolent peo- ple, loving justice and equity, would wish to stand upon for an hour. We have merely driven them from one place to another by force, and have suf- fered our unprincipled agents to defraud and dis- hearten them as they went; and now because, after having taught them treachery and bad faith, we find them adepts in practicing the arts which we thought to be our own, we turn upon them with curses and imprecations, and send out against them bodies of armed men to cut them off from the face of the earth.

The worst feature about this business, too, is that which is never brought out into prominence. At least we have never met with it. It is that agents sent among the Indians by the Govern- ment to manage and protect(?) them contrive among themselves to get up Indian wars, that they may have the opportunity to make immense sums of money off of the Government by furnish- ing supplies to the troops. It makes business for them. First they cheat the Indians themselves, and then they turn around and cheat the Govern- ment. Few public servants have this double chance of making competencies for themselves. There is of course no sense nor justice in permit- ting things to be conducted after this manner. But for the greed of a few men, who grow tired of the comparatively sluggish times in trade on the far frontier, and resolve to get up a war with one or more Indian tribes for the sake of a change and of lining their pockets, there would be compara- tive peace with the red men, and they would come more and more readily within the influences of a civilization which would seem to them to be at least consistent with its pretensions.

We are glad, now that Indian troubles are mak- ing themselves a somewhat prominent subject of comment again, to notice that some few of the leading papers are speaking out as they ought in respect to the treatment we have so long visited upon this doomed race. The New York Tribune says, for instance, that the Indian troubles have become chronic because of "an unscrupulous and semi-savage policy in mismanaging" them. Which is strictly true. "Anything short of jus- tice and the entire reform of the old barbarian regime in dealing with the Indians" will not cure the trouble, adds the same paper. And it declares that "we had better civilize some of our agents before attempting to cheat the savage into any false state of amicable."

A new plan for governing the Indians has, we observe, been proposed by the Commission for the settlement of the Indian difficulties in the Northwest, which is worthy of attending to. The "Upper Sioux" tribes had been represented by more than half their braves in a meeting with the Commission for making a treaty of peace, for which they were anxious. The plan of the Com- missioners is, that not less than one hundred and sixty of the reliable ones of the different tribes be organized under authority of the Government, to be paid for their own services, and those of their horses, and their families to be provided for in their absence; and this band of Indians is to be put under proper and reliable officers, who in turn are under the government of the Indian Bu- reau. This plan is to embrace a limited number of tribes only, although it might be made a general one. Its merits are, that the Indian mounted patrol would themselves put a stop to the troubles between their own tribes and the travelers across the plains, and that all trade and commerce on the frontier shall be protected from Indian depredation. This would certainly be both an effective and an economical mode of bringing Indian hos- tilities to an end. An Indian police would thus be established, that would have a perfectly fami- liar knowledge of all the causes of trouble, and of threatened troubles before they broke out, and would know precisely how to prevent them. This is the most sensible plan we have yet seen. It throws the responsibility, in fact, upon the red men themselves; and they would naturally feel that upon their own conduct, rather than upon faithless white agents' promises, depended their immunity from trouble and wrong.

The very fact that a new system of dealing with this race of men, or anything approaching a new system, is seriously proposed and talked of, is a symptom so full of encouragement as to merit still further encouragement by its prompt ap- proval of all who believe in the eternal principles of justice and mercy. Something better will be reached by its being attempted. It is much that the wrongs and abuse of the present method of dealing with the Indian tribes are brought out into public view and contemplation. So long as the base mode of getting up Indian wars to make money out of them is thoroughly exposed to the public, there will be much less danger of the prac- tice being followed by agents whose game will henceforth be watched.

Our New Story.

It is with much satisfaction that we point to the New Story in our columns, from the pen of Mrs. A. B. Porter—a favorite writer with our readers, and a lady of large mental and spiritual endowments. We shall run this fine story through several numbers, and suggest that the commence- ment of it be secured in season by those who in- tend to follow it to its close. This is but the first of the numerous attractions with which we in- tend to regale our readers during the continuance of the new volume.

Return of Emma Hardinge.

The Spiritualists of the entire country joined with us in a feeling of delight over the announce- ment made in the BANNER last week, that Mrs. Emma Hardinge had returned to this country from England. We are sincerely glad to realize that Spiritualists, and those who are seeking for a knowledge of our beautiful philosophy, are to have another opportunity of listening to the noble teachings from this highly gifted inspirational speaker. The lecturing interests will receive a perceptible stimulus from her arrival. Her ser- vices were at once in demand, and she has already commenced her labors in Dodsworth's Hall, New York. Thousands will again listen to accounts on which they hung with rapture in days past. Dur- ing her sojourn in London, Mrs. Hardinge has lectured, before large and distinguished audiences, on the state of this country and its prospects, lib- erally scattering her spiritual ideas through those addresses. She afterwards gave a series of dis- courses on the Spiritual Philosophy, which created an unusual interest, and will result in great good, for she has sown the seed that will produce a rich harvest of spiritual truths. No lecturer in many years has received so much attention from the English press. She left England with the heart- felt prayers of the multitude for her safe arrival on our shores, and she will be welcomed here with an enthusiasm worthy of her reputation as an ex- pounder of our philosophy and her character as a woman.

In this connection we are requested to state that this lady desires in future to be addressed in style and title as a widow, and that letters should hereafter be directed to her as Mrs. Emma Hardinge.

Mrs. Hardinge came to the United States some eleven years since, under a theatrical engage- ment, and, according to the customs of young actresses in her own country, was announced as "Miss Hardinge." As it was her intention to re- turn to England after a six months' engagement, none but her intimate friends were aware of her being a widow. Continuing her public career in America as a lecturer, she became identified only by the name most familiar to those who knew her as an actress. During her recent visit to her native country, and in the pursuance of her law business, Mrs. Hardinge and her mother, Mrs. Floyd, were greatly impeded by the long habit of miscalling their names, and many forms of legal technicality were necessary to prove their real identity; hence they request their friends in fu- ture to address them by their own private titles.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge's address and engage- ments will be found among the list of lecturers as usual.

Verification of Spirit-Messages.

In the "Message Department" of No. 22 of the BANNER, dated Aug. 25, is a message from Olive Pope to her brother Frederic G. Pope, New Or- leans. Among other things, the spirit said:

"My brother, who is a firm believer in your Spiritual Philosophy, said to me about ten years ago, 'Olive, you will yet tell me that you have been mistaken in these spiritual matters; and if I don't mistake very much, you will consider that much of your time on earth has been very poorly spent, although you now think you are doing a great deal of good.' I have to declare that that time has come. I can look back now and see that my life was very poorly spent here, and if I had it to use over again, I am sure it would be used far differently. I am free to own that he was right and I was wrong. My coming proves that; my coming settles the question."

Col. Pope, who has returned to this city, informs us that the message was strictly correct. He says the above-mentioned conversation took place at his brother's house in Shawmut avenue; that his sister was a member of Dr. Kirk's Church and was very rigid in her belief. She was very much troubled about her brother's awful heresy and delusion. She sincerely believed that Spiritualism would be the ruin of all who believed in it. She now sees her mistake, and as anxiously warns others not to be deluded as she was.

We have also received a verification of the cor- rectness of the message of Rev. Arthur Fuller, printed in the BANNER of Sept. 1, from the gen- tleman who held the conversation with him in re- gard to Spiritualism, to which allusion is made in the communication.

A New Volume.

The readers of the BANNER put their eyes on the Twentieth Volume with the number they hold in their hand. As we remarked in the last num- ber, it is something to speak of that a Spiritual Journal has had an existence of nineteen full volumes, and entered vigorously on its twentieth. We embrace the occasion to extend congratula- tions to the hosts of true and tried friends who have stood by the BANNER through its long career, and to add the single word that only by their con- tinued sympathy and support can its influence be extended as it deserves. When we speak of the BANNER as established, we mean that it is estab- lished in the hearts of its tens of thousands of readers, and on such a security it relies to prolong its work for the great and humane religion of Spiritualism. We therefore appeal, knowing it will not be in vain, for the continued support and cooperation of all our old friends and as many new ones as are willing to help on the good work about which we are engaged. There is much to be done, but, with love inspiring us, no task is too great to be undertaken.

Brisker Times.

All sides predict an active condition of trade this fall, and good prices and profits. Business has already started up in Boston, as it has begun to in New York. The prevalence of cholera kept it back somewhat in the latter city, but now the pestilence is very nearly rooted out, the fears of traders from a distance are allayed. In Boston we have had nothing but an unbroken series of healthy and wholesome days. The city never was in better condition. We have purchasers from the West and South, and many more to come. Their stocks of goods have run low in the former section, and in the latter they are exhausted. The crops being much above an average, and money being plenty, a lively traffic in all sorts of commodities may confidently be expected.

Our Publishing Business.

It is a source of gratification to us to be able to announce to the readers and friends of the BAN- NER, and indeed to Spiritualists throughout the country, that our publishing business has grown into large proportions within a few years, and is destined to become still larger in the future. Our Publishing Department is supplied with a large and choice stock of works relating to free and progressive thought, and to all the leading reforms and liberal tendencies of the age. We can supply orders for almost any work of this character, and make that a speciality in our publishing business. It is not necessary to do more than remind the friends of Spiritualism of a fact which will be so welcome to them.

The History of Modern Spiritualism in Philadelphia, is received, and will be published soon.

Letter from Charles Partridge, Esq.

To the Editor of Banner of Light.—For the cause of truth and the benefit of suffering humanity, I feel it my duty to state my own experience of the benefits of Dr. J. R. Newton's healing power.

A year ago last May, in turning quick I received, (as the Doctor said,) a muscle in the calf of my leg, which caused it to turn more or less black from my knee to the sole of my foot, and to pain me to my hip.

After a year's suffering, and in May last, I called on Dr. J. R. Newton, on business, not intending to ask for his treatment, having no faith that he could heal a ruptured muscle. He, however, perceived intuitively my trouble, for as I sat, there were no outward signs of it, and he must first feel me, and immediately commenced manipulating my limb.

In the course of two minutes he pronounced it cured, and bade me to get up and walk. I did so, without crutches, and have not used them since. The pain and soreness left me, but my limb continued to swell, by much use. I have had three treatments since, and I now call myself entirely cured, and walk as well as ever.

Another case. My father, Josiah Partridge, living in Brooklyn, has a daughter who has been troubled with St. Vitus Dance, or Chorea. She did not dance, but suffered with a constant contraction of limbs, and twitching of the muscles of her face, interfering with her speech. Many physicians tried to help her, but failed, and being encouraged by the wonderful cure of myself, Josiah took his child to Dr. Newton, who raised his hands over her head, face and spine, bidding disease to depart, and pronounced her cured, and she has been well from that moment.

Another case. Dr. Forbush, from Wisconsin, stated to me that he had been troubled with a scrofulous sore in his groin, which discharged something like a pint per day. He came here, considering his life at stake, to consult surgeons, and he operated on himself. On his way here, he conversed with a fellow traveler, who urged him to apply to Dr. J. R. Newton. He faithfully consented, and did so on the Saturday after his arrival, and was treated by Dr. Newton, and pronounced cured. Dr. Forbush came to me, a stranger, and told me that the next day, instead of discharging, as it had, a pint, it discharged but very little, a spoonful or so, and that previously he could not walk a block; he had walked more than a mile to see me, and he did not feel him, neither was he tired. I understand that he left for home in a few days, cured.

I know of my own knowledge, many remarkable cases of healing of disease by Dr. Newton, simply by passing his hands over the diseased parts. I have been to his house, No. 6 St. Marks Place, and witnessed his treatment, and his success, and have talked with many persons who have treated, and cured, the disease, and about one-half of the multitude, and most of which are pronounced incurable by other physicians. He thinks that he cures three-quarters, and he has the best knowledge of the facts. The cures are permanent, and the Doctor is in earnest, and is no humbug or deceiver, as is sometimes alleged.

I have no interest with Dr. Newton, but I have with suffering humanity, and must from my own experience and observation, urge those afflicted with disease, (no matter if physicians say it is incurable,) to apply to Dr. Newton, No. 6 St. Marks Place, New York. CHARLES PARTRIDGE, 72 Front Street, New York, Aug. 30, 1866.

We are glad Mr. Partridge has given the above statement to the world. He is a highly respectable gentleman of wealth and influence, and no pecuniary advantage to himself could possibly have induced him to make public the above facts—but suffering humanity alone demanded it, and he obeyed the summons.

Having obtained the following list of persons who have been cured by Dr. Newton during the last few weeks he has been healing at No. 6 St. Marks Place, New York, we deem it our duty to give the facts to the public, though briefly, that other sufferers may secure a like blessing from his hands. There are no doubt thousands of sufferers whose disease could be entirely cured, or at least greatly relieved, if they would but visit him.

Mrs. Cordelia Contour, Green Point, N. Y., had been troubled with dropsy on her chest for eleven months; was cured with one treatment. Fifteen quarts of water were taken from her. She had been given over by six physicians. Her pains were so great at times, that her screams disturbed the whole neighborhood.

Jamel Stone, Esq., 110 West 13th street, New York; cured of heart disease. His wife, also, was cured of neuralgia and female weakness, after ten years' suffering.

Mrs. Sylvia Livingston, 75 West 7th street, Williamsburg, N. Y.; stiff hand and fingers; cured instantly. She can now bend and shut her hand freely.

Hon. Richard B. Connelly, 55 East 28th street, New York; weak and inflamed eyes, and partial blindness; was obliged to remain in a darkened room; cured in twenty minutes.

Margaret B. Williams, 104 East 15th street, New York; spine disease; cured by one treatment.

Louis Herwitz, 181 Greenwich street, New York; liver complaint, dyspepsia, and confusion of mind almost to insanity; cured by one treatment.

Ralph E. Ellis, Stockton, Me.; congested chills; cured instantly, after he had been advised so low as not to be expected to live. His wife was also cured of dropsy, with which she had been afflicted from childhood.

Mrs. O. Vanhouten, 107 West 28th street, New York; neuralgia, catarrh and female weakness; cured.

Edward Lyons, 41 Greenwich avenue, New York; chronic sore throat, and fever and ague; cured.

Michael Conway, Manhattanville, N. Y.; rheumatism; was unable to walk for three years, and could not raise his hand; was brought by four men; perfectly cured.

A child of Samuel Jolly, 61 Fourth street, Williamsburg, N. Y., was instantly cured of fever and ague.

Zeno Norton, 175 South 2d street, Jersey City, N. J.; enlarged spleen, and neuralgia; cured by one treatment.

Annio Middleton, 14 East 13th street, New York; lung disease, with great difficulty; restored to health by one treatment.

Grant P. Robinson, Jersey City, N. J.; fever and ague; cured.

Wm. D. Sperry, No. 11 Durham place, Williamsburg, N. Y.; tumor on neck, and rheumatism—the effects of calomel; cured by one treatment.

New Music.

We have received from the publishers, Brown & Perkins, 420 Broome street, New York, a beautiful song and chorus, entitled, "The Orphan Wanderer," published and sold for the benefit of the "Howard Mission," a charitable institution. This sweet and touching refrain must become very popular.

From the same firm we have received "The Golden Promise," a new collection of hymns and tunes for Sunday schools.

Reed & Meyer, 722 Arch street, Philadelphia, have published a popular song and duet; the words by P. B. Randolph, music by Felix Shellings.

"My First Polka" is the title of a fine composition, by Felice Emanuel Shelling, a youth only seven years of age. Twenty-five cents will procure a copy by sending to 722 Arch street, Philadelphia.

The President of the Convention.

It was the universal comment of those attending the late Convention of Spiritualists at Providence, that to the President of that body—Mr. Newman Weeks, of Vermont—the members of the entire auditory were indebted for very much of the real enjoyment of the occasion. Everything at such times depends on the management and the orderliness of the proceedings. Confusion mars all the pleasure. Hence an efficient and accomplished presiding officer is invaluable. Mr. Weeks approved himself such to a large assembly, dealing promptly and efficiently with the regular business, presenting speakers with impartiality, and bearing a large share in making the Convention a signal success.

Sunday Evening Lectures and Sacred Concerts in Howard Athenaeum.

We learn that responsible parties in this city have engaged the Howard Athenaeum for Sunday evening lectures and sacred concerts, to commence Sunday evening, the 30th. Alonzo Bondi's large and superior Cornet Band is engaged for every evening during the season, and the ablest lecturers, men and women, will occupy the stage. A large choir of children and adults will be added to the exercises, on the second or third evening after the opening. The Howard Athenaeum has just been newly furnished and decorated, and is one of the largest places of popular resort in Boston, seating about twenty-five hundred persons. Such a varied Sunday evening combination of interests and attractions cannot fail to be hailed as one of the most popular movements of the day.

The Children's Picnic.

The Children's Lyceum, of the Independent Society of Spiritualists in Charlestown, are to have a picnic excursion to Walden Pond Grove, Concord, on Wednesday, Sept. 26th. A special train will leave the Fitchburg Depot, in this city, at quarter before nine o'clock, stopping at Charlestown, Prospect-Street Station, Somerville, Porter's and Waltham. Another train leaves at eleven, stopping at the usual places. Tickets can be procured from members of the committee, one of whom will be found at each station. If stormy, the picnic will be postponed till further notice.

The children will give an exhibition of the Lyceum exercises, in the Grove, at a quarter before two. A nice clam chowder will be served up. Music, dancing, and other amusements as usual. The proceeds of this excursion will go to replenish the treasury of the Lyceum.

James, the Medium.

Mr. A. James, of Chicago, whose connection with the Artesian Well enterprise is so widely known, has been spending a few weeks in New England. He has received much attention from our friends in this city and vicinity. His medium powers have been called into requisition in some of the first families here. We trust he will find enough warm-hearted friends to induce him to prolong his stay. He is a genial gentleman, and possesses remarkable mediumistic gifts.

The Positive and Negative Powders.

Mr. Crowell, on his recent visit to New York, called at the residence of Prof. Spence, and had the satisfaction of examining a large pile of letters from persons who had used the Powders, bearing testimony of the benefits they had received from them. He came to the conclusion that there must be great virtue in a remedy that could bring forth such a mass of voluntary evidence in its favor.

Charles H. Foster's Seances.

This well-known test medium is holding seances in this city, at No. 6 Suffolk Place. His rooms are crowded daily. He informs us that his medium powers have greatly increased, and he is in a more harmonious condition than ever before. He is giving great satisfaction to those seeking tests from departed friends. Had we room, we could narrate many striking instances of personal identity of spirits.

Photograph of Mr. Pierpont.

We have obtained a supply of carte de visite photographs of the late Rev. John Pierpont. The likeness is excellent. Mailed to any address on receipt of twenty-five cents.

We are in receipt of many articles which we should be glad to print at once, but our Convention reports, just at this time, crowd our columns, and oblige us to delay other matter for a short time. Have patience, friends; we are doing the best we can.

Rev. J. B. Harrison, of Kendallville, Ind., a spiritual lecturer, occupied the platform of the Parker Fraternity, in this city, on Sunday, Sept. 16th. His discourse gave great satisfaction. He is an able man, and a fluent and pleasing speaker.

To the Friends of my Cause.

Brethren—I have come up to Bamoth Glend to do battle for the Lord. Delegated to the Southern Convention of loyal men from eight different constituencies, I went to Philadelphia, and did my duty. The representatives of the nation deemed me a proper man to join the National Pilgrimage to the tomb of the martyred Lincoln. I am on my way. I therefore beg you to see to it that the subscription to my school goes on while I am on this holy duty; and I call upon all who have subscription lists, or who will contribute, to send in to me, at Chicago, Ill., care of the R. P. JOURNAL, all sums collected up to Oct. 1st, in order that they may, at the grave of the nation's great martyr, be announced to the world. In the last sublime words of the martyr Dostle, "LET THE GOOD WORK GO ON."

P. B. RANDOLPH, Commissioner National Normal School, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 12, 1866. [R. P. JOURNAL please copy.]

Both Atlantic telegraph cables are now working fully.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

A discussion on Spiritualism is to take place at Gowanda, N. Y., (thirty-two miles south of Buffalo), September 30th to the 23rd inclusive, commencing at 11 o'clock each day (except Sunday), and 6 P. M. Persons from abroad desirous of attending, can find stopping places by inquiring at the Union Hotel. The question to be discussed: "Is Spiritualism as true and sacred as the Bible?" The disputants are Lynn H. Howe in the affirmative, and Rev. W. H. Rogers, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the negative. The discussion will be interesting.

At the recent State elections in Vermont and Maine, the Republican tickets prevailed by largely increased majorities.

Laura V. Ellis, the physical medium, is holding seances in Connecticut, with the good success which attends her everywhere. Her agent, M. M. Ellis, can be addressed at Springfield, Mass.

Thanks, friend Crosby, for those delicious pears. A sealed letter, postmarked "Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 7," sent to this office for answer, has been attended to, and awaits a claimant.

It has been asked when rain falls does it ever get up again? Of course it does in dew time, and though it falls hard it is always soft water.

Mrs. Orchard, a literary lady of Vermont, impelled to the task by circumstances which make it very honorable to her, has undertaken to procure subscribers to a volume of poems, written amid household cares and family sorrows, and infused with all those struggles of heart and brain which will commend them to the common heart of humanity. Simple, unambitious, musical in rhythm and rhyme, the poems in this volume, says the Springfield Republican, recommend themselves to all, while the enterprise of the woman gives a strong claim to the popular sympathy. We are glad to know that she is finding much encouragement in this city and vicinity.

When is a lady's neck not a lady's neck? When it is a little bare (bear).

A Spiritual Athenaeum has been formed at 22 Sloane Street, Chelsea, S. W., London, for the establishment of a library of spiritual works; the holding of seances, conversations, and other reunions, and for the advancement of Spiritualism generally. It is to be under good business direction, and Mr. D. D. Home is the resident secretary. All books for the library, journals, correspondence, &c., should be addressed to him as above. The number of members is for the present limited to one hundred. Annual subscription, five guineas.

A Buffalo man has created a sensation in mechanical circles by a discovery that sheet iron will serve for belting in place of rubber or leather.

A timid gentleman some days ago met one of our bluff, burly doctors, who is more noted for the force than the polish of his language, when the following colloquy ensued: "Doctor, what shall I take for the cholera?" "The cholera have you got the cholera?" "No." "Well, take the cholera first."

CHEAPER EDITION OF THE CHILDREN'S LYCEUM MANUAL.—Bela Marsh is about to publish an abridged edition of Mr. Davis's Progressive Manual for Children's Lyceums. It will contain all the songs, hymns, recitations, practical portions of the first editions, and will cost about one-half less.

Why is a selfish friend like the letter P? Because, though he is the first in pity, he is the last in help.

More than half of the coal operators in the Schuylkill region have closed their collieries for the season. The trouble is, that 50 per cent. more coal has been brought to market than has ever before at this season of the year, and this enormous surplus of 2,700,000 tons finds no outlet of sale. Prices are depreciating, and the operators don't want them to go any lower.

Dexter is the great American trotter now. He beat Butler in the unprecedented time of 2:18, at Buffalo.

Pierpont's "First Class Book," first published more than forty years ago, was greatly in advance of any school book extant. The stereotype plates were destroyed at the burning of the Harpers' establishment, about a dozen years ago.

Very fine apples are now raised in Minnesota, near St. Paul, hitherto the same as the north of Vermont. Individuals this has been considered an impossibility.

When may a loaf of bread be said to be inhibited? When it has a little Indian in it.

English papers state that two gentlemen in London have invented a system of stenographic telegraphy which will save much time and expense in the transmission of messages.

A female school teacher, in her advertisement, stated that she was "complete mistress of her own tongue." "If that's the case," said a caustic old bachelor, "she can't ask too much for her services."

New Musical Mediums.

Mr. F. F. Kingman and Miss Mary Jane Clarke propose to give musical seances during the ensuing season. Having been developed as musical mediums, and for some time past been holding circles which have been highly interesting and satisfactory to those who have had an opportunity of attending, they are confident their performances are of such an order as will merit the approbation of all who may attend them. They can be addressed for the present at South Ashfield, Mass. The following named persons have attended their seances and endorse the mediums as genuine: Wm. Leonard, C. L. Gifford, both of South Ashfield, Mass.; Mrs. Wm. W. Foster, Shelburne Falls, Mass.; Manley Hemway, Conway, Mass.

Suggestion.

Allow me to suggest to the committee on an Address to the World, the propriety and practical utility of appending to the address, the resolutions which were adopted by the Convention. Thus would come before the world, not only the general address itself, but the specific action taken by the Convention upon the great practical questions of the day and age. J. M. ALLEN.

Business Matters.

L. L. FARNSWORTH, MEDIUM, ANSWERS SEALED LETTERS. Persons sending \$3.00 and four 3-cent stamps, will receive a prompt reply. Address, 10 Kendall street, Boston, Mass.

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

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

Health, the poor man's riches, the rich man's bliss, is found in AYER'S MEDICINE, after a fruitless search among other remedies. A word to the wise is sufficient.

A Capital Inducement to Subscribe for the Banner.

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

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

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

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

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

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

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

BOSTON.—The members of the Progressive Bible Society will meet every Sunday, at 2 1/2 P. M., in No. 3 Tremont Row, Hall 23. Evening meeting will commence at 7 1/2 P. M.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Children's Lyceum connected with the Progressive Bible Society, hold regular seances, at Washington Hall, every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. A. H. Hilderson, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Mayo, Guardian.

THE BIBLE CHURCH SPIRITUALISTS hold regular seances, at Mechanics' Hall, corner of Chelsea street and City square, Boston, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 10 A. M. Dr. C. C. York, Conductor; Mrs. L. A. York, Guardian. Speaker engaged:—J. H. Currier, Sept. 23 and 30.

CHELSEA.—The Associated Spiritualists of Chelsea hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, commencing at 2 and 7 1/2 P. M. The Children's Progressive Lyceum assemblies at 10 1/2 A. M. J. S. Dodge, Conductor; Mrs. E. B. Tucker, Guardian. Speakers engaged: Miss Lizette Joten during September; Mrs. M. Macomber Wood during October. J. S. Dodge, Conductor.

THE BIBLE CHURCH SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday in Wilmisliam Division Hall, Chelsea, at 2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Mrs. M. A. Tucker, regular speaker. The public are invited. Speaker, Sept. 23.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee street Church, afternoon and evening. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the forenoon. Speaker engaged:—S. J. Finney during October, and J. H. Currier, Sept. 23.

HAVENHILL, MASS.—The Spiritualists and liberal minds of Havenhill have organized, and hold regular meetings at Music Hall, Children's Progressive Lyceum, once a week at 10 A. M. The public are invited. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. A. Tucker, during October; Mrs. W. K. Hipley, Nov. 4; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, Nov. 11, 18, 25 and Dec. 2.

BALTIMORE, MD.—Meetings will be resumed in October, in Lyceum Hall, and continue regularly every Sunday afternoon and evening, free to all. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. N. J. Willis during October; Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes during November.

HANOVER, MASS.—Spiritual meetings are held in the Universalist Church, Hanover, every other Sunday. Conference the 1st Sunday of each month. Speakers engaged:—John Puffer, South Hanover, Mass.

WARREN, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Forest Hill Church, Warren, every other Sunday. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. J. H. Currier, Sept. 23 and 30.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, West Main street, at 10 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. A. Tucker, during October; Mrs. W. K. Hipley, Nov. 4; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, Nov. 11, 18, 25 and Dec. 2.

DOVER AND FOXBORO, ME.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday, forenoon and evening, in the Universalist Church, Dover, every other Sunday. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. J. H. Currier, Sept. 23 and 30.

NEW YORK CITY.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Woodworth's Hall, 806 Broadway. Seats free. Speaker engaged:—Mrs. Emma Hardinge.

THE CHILDREN'S LYCEUM hold meetings every Sunday, morning and evening, in Ebbitt Hall No. 55 West 33d street, near Broadway. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 10 o'clock. Prof. I. Rehn, Conductor.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Meetings are held at Ransom street Hall, every Sunday, at 10 o'clock. M. B. Dyott, Conductor. Meetings also held in Phoenix street every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock. Prof. I. Rehn, Conductor.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Meetings are held at Ransom street Hall, every Sunday, at 10 o'clock. M. B. Dyott, Conductor. Meetings also held in Phoenix street every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock. Prof. I. Rehn, Conductor.

BALTIMORE, MD.—The First Spiritualist Congregation of Baltimore, hold regular meetings on Sundays, at Harpato Hall, 121 South of Calvert and Harpato streets, at the usual hours of worship. Mrs. F. O. Hoyer will speak till further notice.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Regular morning and evening meetings are held in the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday, at Crosby's Opera House Hall, entrance on State street. Meetings at 10 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. M. J. A. Jewett, Conductor.

CHICAGO, ILL.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock. Prof. I. Rehn, Conductor.

CHICAGO, ILL.—The association of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress hold meetings every Sunday, at 2 1/2 P. M., in Hall No. 130 Main street, third floor.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum holds regular meetings every Sunday afternoon at 2 1/2 P. M., in Mercantile Hall. Col. Wm. E. Moberly, Conductor; Mrs. Mary Blood, Guardian.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Spiritualists of Washington hold regular meetings every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M., in Union League Hall.

CINCINNATI, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the title of Ohio's "Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists," and have secured the Academy of Music, north side of Fourth street, between Elm and Plum streets, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock.

CLEVELAND, O.—Spiritualists meet in Temperance Hall every Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock. M. J. A. Jewett, Conductor; Mrs. D. A. Eddy, Guardian.

TOLDO, O.—Mrs. Nellie L. Witte remains in Toledo during September, and will deliver a lecture at 10 A. M. and 8 P. M. on every Sunday during the month, gratis free. All are invited. The BANNER OF LIGHT and JOURNAL are for sale at the close of each lecture.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Mrs. Laura Cappy lectures for the first time on Sunday, at 10 o'clock, in the corner of 4th and Jessie streets, San Francisco, every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Admission free. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 o'clock. M. J. A. Jewett, Conductor; Mrs. D. A. Eddy, Guardian.

RACINE, WIS.—The Spiritualists hold regular Sunday meetings in Turnverein Hall, at 11 o'clock A. M. Children's Lyceum meets at 10 P. M. H. Bowman, Conductor; Mrs. Bowman, Leader of Girls.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMDENWELL LONDON, ENGLAND. KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWERS, for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, Mass. June 16.

A MATCH INODOROUS AND SAFE.

All will admit is a valuable discovery, and these are the qualities of the new.

UNIVERSAL SAFETY MATCH.

Cheapest as well as best. 2 cents per box—50 cts. per dozen.

With what joy and gladness do the people hail the advent and discovery of COX'S DIPTHERIA CURE. It is a sovereign cure for Diphtheria, Croup, and all diseases of the Stomach and Bowels. All Druggists keep it.

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

64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, New York, Oct. 14—ly

LITCHFIELD'S DIPTHERIA VANQUISHER.

(Used with Litchfield's External Application.)

WARRANTED TO CURE DIPTHERIA AND ALL TROTT TROUBLES.

Litchfield's External Application, Warranted to cure RHEUMATISM AND SCIATIC LAMENESS, and all LAMENESS, whether chronic or acute.

Price of each of the above, \$1.00 per Bottle.

G. A. LITCHFIELD & CO., Proprietors, Willschoten, Mass.

GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., No. 6, BURN & CO., Boston; JOHN F. HENRY & CO., Waterbury, Vt., General Agents.

Sold by Medicine Dealers generally. 6m—June 2.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

AGENTS FOR "THE RADICAL."

SPIRITUALIST, REFORMATORY AND PROGRESSIVE LECTURERS, and all other persons interested in Religious, Social and Political Advancement, will find that subscriptions for this Magazine are easily obtained. Thousands of individuals upon seeing a copy and becoming informed of its purpose will require no further inducement to subscribe. Letters daily received prove to us that all thinking people are looking and waiting for a publication of this class. With such contents, we believe it is not only a necessity, but a duty to publish it. We have no other object in view than to enlighten the masses, and to bring about a reformation in the world. We are not a party paper, and we are not a sectarian journal. We are a journal for the people, and we are a journal for the future. We are a journal for the present, and we are a journal for the future. We are a journal for the people, and we are a journal for the future. We are a journal for the present, and we are a journal for the future.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

TO CLAIRVOYANTS AND FEMALE PHYSICIANS.

KNOWING that many of you are very extensively using

DODD'S NERVINE AND INVIGORATOR.

In your practice, for the cure of NERVOUS DEBILITY, and all other diseases of the nervous system, we offer a liberal discount to those who buy of us by the gallon or the gross. All Druggists retail it to the public, and discount by the dozen; but will be better for Physicians to purchase of us by the gallon cases.





Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT: CINCINNATI, OHIO.

J. M. PEEBLES, RESIDENT EDITOR.

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and transact all other business connected with this Department of the Banner of Light.

Gems from Jean Paul Richter.

On the ever-rising waves of the ages, come as circumstances demand, inspired geniuses, leaving not only their footprints upon the sands of time, but their brain-prints upon the literature of the world.

His early life was a struggle against poverty—the false fashions and conventionalisms, so crushing to any free, broad, artless nature.

But to the gems: "I cannot but choose to say to poverty, 'Be welcome! so thou come not too late in life.' Itches lay more heavily upon talent than poverty.

"The best means to learn our faults is to tell others of theirs. They, too proud to be alone in their defects, seek them in us, and reveal them to us.

My dear Bro. PEEBLES—Yours of July 9th reached me this afternoon. You would have me give my experience with the late God-gifted T. Starr King, during my sojourn in San Francisco from 1862 to 1863.

I. Dear father, what is your name? II. What is mother's name? III. How many children had you and mother at your death?

The piece of paper containing these questions Mr. King placed between a full pack of buff deal size envelopes, making for the convenience of paper covering the questions on taking a larger envelope he enclosed the package, sealing it with the mint seal; then procuring two plates of zinc, sufficiently large to cover the package, he as thickly perforated the same as it would bear, and then with heavy twine he sewed this package through and through, zinc and all; and bringing the ends of the twine together, secured them with sealing wax, and sealed them with the mint seal.

Speaking of Prince Dalberg, he says: "We sat in the twilight and talked about religion, philosophy, and all the sciences. In faith and works the Prince is a Spiritualist in the best sense of the word."

Just Like Spiritualists. We have often said that Spiritualists were more honorable, liberal and charitable than any body of mere sectarians in the country.

oversight, were not remunerated. We had forgotten, entirely forgotten it, but these Spiritualists had not. At the Allion picnic last week they came forward, and they were owing us, and, feeling in the right place—their pockets—paid up gladly.

When they have thoroughly repented and made amends, they may join in this hymn: "Fly, broad, thou mighty Gyn!" always remembering to give liberally to make it fly.

T. Starr King a Spiritualist.

Sailing over the depths of two blue oceans and landing upon the Pacific coast, the last of January, 1860, no hand clasped ours more warmly than that of the ascended T. Starr King.

We had frequently met Starr King in the "States," and once spent a few weeks' ministerial vacation upon the seashore with him and other clergymen of the liberal school.

Knowing that he had examined the claims of this spiritual movement, and from the beautiful burning words that dropped from his heaven-inspired lips, we could neither doubt his inspiration nor belief in the Spiritual Philosophy.

Reflecting upon this matter, and remembering that our Pacific correspondents informed us of the deep interest that Bro. King was taking in Bro. Mansfield's mediumship, as affording wonderful demonstrations of a conscious individualized immortality, we wrote Bro. M. a few weeks since upon the subject. Here follows his reply:

NEW YORK, July 14, 1866. 102 West 15th street.

MY DEAR BRO. PEEBLES—Yours of July 9th reached me this afternoon. You would have me give my experience with the late God-gifted T. Starr King, during my sojourn in San Francisco from 1862 to 1863.

I. Dear father, what is your name? II. What is mother's name? III. How many children had you and mother at your death? IV. What were their names? V. What was born a boy, and when a girl? VI. Where did you die, and when? VII. Who preached your funeral sermon?

The piece of paper containing these questions Mr. King placed between a full pack of buff deal size envelopes, making for the convenience of paper covering the questions on taking a larger envelope he enclosed the package, sealing it with the mint seal; then procuring two plates of zinc, sufficiently large to cover the package, he as thickly perforated the same as it would bear, and then with heavy twine he sewed this package through and through, zinc and all; and bringing the ends of the twine together, secured them with sealing wax, and sealed them with the mint seal.

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Voices from the Unseen.

We envy no man his houses or lands, his green-groves or treasures of gold; but we sometimes half-murmur in spirit that we are not a seer; not blessed with clairvoyant vision, enabling us to see the glittering glories that gladden the hills of God.

Bro. H. T. Child, of Philadelphia, blest with many spiritual gifts, related the following to us at the recent Convention in Providence: A youthful spirit, gentle, loving and all aglow with the inspirations of the wisdom-spheres, approached him, while riding in his carriage, and said:

"The waves of our Heavenly Father's love are beating, ever beating, upon the shores of Time, on which humanity stands, and so wash the sands, by methods inverse and motions diverse, that they become pure and white. Sometimes these great waves roll over and seemingly overwhelm mankind; but the sinking rise again, refreshed and strengthened by the baptismal waters. And as these waves roll on, sending up their white spray, there rises a beautiful silvery vapor, that floats away into the upper kingdoms, to be returned in the dews of heaven, as a divine inspiration, feeding and sustaining the flowers of purity that bloom in the soul, that they may give forth a celestial aroma, filling the receptive with pleasures unalloyed and joys unspeakable."

The Spiritualist Picnic in Middleport, N. Y.

Never dawning a brighter day, never shone a more promised sun than on the morning of Sept. 1st. At an early hour the friends came pouring in from Gasport, Johnson's Creek, Lockport, Rochester, and other localities.

At ten o'clock the Lyceum children began their marching, singing and declamation. It was an interesting and beautiful sight. The speaking commenced at eleven o'clock. Father Warren Clark, long a sectarian preacher, spoke with his accustomed energy.

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Spiritual Progress in Chicago, Ill.

In consonance with an increasing belief among reformers that a more limited and cooperative method of action is necessary for the furtherance of this great spiritual movement, the Spiritualists of this city have perfected a permanent and legal organization, called the "First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago."

The following are the officers elected: Warwick Martin, President; Milton T. Peters, Vice President; Joseph Liness, Secretary; James D. Tallmadge, Treasurer.

A. E. Carpenter Westward Bound.

This good brother, whose earnest words in behalf of "Progressive Lyceums" so warned and thrilled our souls at the recent National Convention, has concluded to come West for the purpose of lecturing upon Spiritualism and organizing Children's Progressive Lyceums.

A Monument for Rev. John Pierpont.

Permit us to suggest, in behalf of multitudes of American Spiritualists, who ever delight by willing contributions to honor the great and good, that a splendid monument be erected over the mortal remains of that eminent scholar, patriot, philanthropist, poet and Spiritualist, the Rev. John Pierpont.

Not for the West.

It will deeply interest the numerous Western readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT to learn that Mr. J. S. Loveland, whose sound and able contributions have so frequently enriched its columns, is coming West to fulfill engagements. He is an experienced laborer, and as willing as competent, speaking two or three times per Sunday, and three or four times week-day evenings. Secure his services at once. His present address is care of the BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston.

K. Graves, Harveysburg, Ohio.

"Woe is me," writes this able advocate of the Spiritual Philosophy, "if I preach not the Gospel." His work, "The Biography of Satan," affords abundant proof of his capacity to edify and enlighten. We are pleased to know that he is already in the lecturers' harvest-field gathering in the golden sheaves. Give him constant work, that the truth may prosper even more abundantly throughout our Spiritual Zion.

Addie L. Ballou Coming Eastward.

Each week finds your messenger of truth unfolded to feed the souls of those that "hunger and thirst" in this far Western prairie-land, and each glimmer of light from their beacon shore shines here like a rocket in the sky.

Bro. W. H. Church, soon, whose wonderful powers I hope may make the way plain to many who stand on the outer walls.

R. M. McCord.

It may be remembered that R. M. McCord, professor of modern languages, from Centralia, Ill., gave notice to the Spiritualists, through the BANNER, a few months since, of his conversion to Spiritualism, having been a Cumberland Presbyterian minister for a number of years; also, asking for work in the lecturing-field.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur.

J. MADISON ALTY, trance and inspirational speaker, will lecture in Rutland, Vt., during September. Address, after September, "East Jersey Normal Institute, Red Bank, N. J."

C. FANNING ALTY, will speak in Appleton, Me., Sept. 23 and 30; in Ludlow, Vt., Nov. 11 and Dec. 2; and in Concord, N.H., Dec. 16 and Dec. 23 and 30; in Weston during January. Address as per appointments.

Mrs. N. K. ANDREWS, trance speaker, Delton, Wis. Geo. W. ATWOOD, trance speaker, Weymouth Landing, Md. Dr. J. T. AMOS will answer calls to lecture upon Physiology and Spiritualism. Address, box 200, Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. M. A. C. BROWN will speak in North Dana, Mass., every other Sunday until further notice. Address, Ware, Mass. Mrs. E. F. BROWN, will speak in Chelsea, Mass., during the winter. Address, 86 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, P. O. drawer 8815, Chicago, Ill. J. H. BUCKFORD, inspirational speaker, Charlestown, Mass. Mrs. ESTER F. J. BULLOCK, 111 West 12th st., New York. Rev. ARTHUR BULLOCK, Hopedale, Mass.

Mrs. ANELIA H. COLBY, trance speaker, Monmouth, Ill. Mrs. JENNETT F. CLARK, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture in any of the towns in Connecticut. Will also attend funerals. Address, Fair Haven, Conn.

Mrs. ANNE G. W. CARTER, Cincinnati, O. Mrs. CLARA EAST, inspirational speaker, Fredonia, N. Y. Miss LIZZIE DOWNS will lecture in Chicago during September; in St. Louis during October and November; in New York during January and February. Will make no further engagements during the winter. Address, 107 Fremont street, Boston.

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O. P. KELLOGG, lecturer, East Trumbull, Ashabula Co., O. will speak in Monroe, Ohio, on the 2nd Sunday of every month. J. S. LOVELAND will speak in Moodus, Conn., Sept. 22 and 30. Address, care Banner of Light, Boston.

Mrs. E. K. LADD, trance lecturer, 77 Court street, Boston. Mrs. M. L. LADD, trance lecturer, 77 Court street, Boston. Mrs. M. L. LADD, trance lecturer, 77 Court street, Boston.

Mrs. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK will lecture in Cleveland, O., every Sunday in September and October, and will also lecture in Toledo, Ohio, during the same months.

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