

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 7.

Free Thought.

MARRIAGE LAW—JUST OR UNJUST— FREEDOM OR BONDAGE?

"Prove all things," said Paul of old, and marriage is no exception to this wholesome rule. Surely our marriage laws, as they are, need reform, and an equal recognition of both wife and husband, as each having rights which the other is bound to respect—in property, person, custody of children, &c. Justice in these laws can hardly be hoped for until woman helps to frame and administer them, and we thus have all humanity represented, instead of a ruling class, as now, infringing on the rights of a subject class. This is a powerful argument in favor of suffrage for woman. But, meanwhile, let us be both wise and thorough in looking at this matter of marriage, vital as it is, and lying at the very foundation of social life as it does.

With a blind zeal and little wisdom, the abrogation of all marriage laws is demanded by some. A fatal error lies at the root of this demand. It ignores all obligations men and women owe to society. Were there none concerned or interested but the parties themselves, and if they were honorable and pure in purpose, any recognition of marriage might be of little moment to the man and woman bound by ties of mutual affection and reverence; but there are others to be thought of, and there are coming results to be honorably provided for. A man and woman love each other tenderly and truly; they wish to enter upon most intimate and sacred relations—mutual help and support, and the care and culture of children that may come to brighten their home. It is but just to make public and open statement of their intent, and thus say to the world, "We are husband and wife, true and faithful to each other and to the children we hope to rear and sustain." Such public recognition and statement is the root of all marriage law, and is just and right—is not bondage, but fair and open freedom. With it you have the sanctity of home, the control of passion, the sentiment of personal chastity and the possibility of well-ordered private life. Is it unjust or enslaving that partners in business are required, by law, to make known their partnership? No, it is indispensable to a decent order of business affairs. How much higher the importance of the marriage contract, and therefore how much more important its open recognition under just law.

Some short-sighted people say that, in the present state of society, it will not answer to be without some marriage law, but that "it may when we become more perfect and higher in development. If marriage law be an evil of itself, if an abrogation of all rules and regulations be best under any higher condition, let it be boldly advocated now, and thus the coming of a better time be helped. It is always safe and best to openly advocate the right and broadly oppose the wrong; so if any and all marriage laws be wrong and enslaving, away with them, and give us what is called "freedom"—the sooner the better.

But as the race goes up to a higher life on earth there will be more justice, and then truer freedom and the true-hearted man and woman will feel that it is right that all should know that they would be husband and wife, father and mother, and openly assume these sacred relations and responsibilities, and will turn to the marriage law as the ready means of making known their intent in clear and unmistakable manner. Never, so long as the world stands, will marriage laws be outgrown or ignored, but their sacredness and justice will be more clearly felt as the thoughts of men and women widen and ripen.

Reforms must come; they are already begun, and must go on; but reform is one thing, and destruction of what is, in itself, good, is another; and the destroying of all marriage laws, or regulations demanding a public recognition of marriage, would not help freedom, but would bring confusion, injustice and license.

But what of divorce? With the one lasting marriage as the ideal, let us have an open door to escape from mistakes or crime or passion. Let divorce be granted where love or reverence are not, but let it be openly known and in decent order, and especially with due care for children; and it will ever be held as but the remedy of a sad and pitiful mistake in life.

I like not this blindly passionate cry that the world of social life is growing worse. It is not true. I would not lessen, but increase and emphasize all that helps us to realize the pride and crime and passionate excess, of which there is so much, and from which woman suffers so terribly, but as you go back to a darker past, woman was still more the slave, and man still more the savage and the brute. Homes and marriages are far from perfect, but there is a higher and purer social life to-day than ever before, and this fact is incentive and strength to help us make that life still better to-morrow. Is the great law of progress—a delusion? Is it true that "through all things an upward tendency irresistibly streams?" or is that "a glittering generality," as Rufus Choate called our grand Declaration of Independence? It seems to me we need to get strength and hope by looking to some of these great principles.

Let me enter a protest against this absurd and audacious assumption that those who do not believe in so-called "social freedom" are therefore timid and conservative.

I stand on my own feet and say my own word, and that word is, that, to me, this "social free-

dom" is rotten at the root, and therefore will be bare, and not blessing; and this in all fearless frankness, but "with justice toward none, and charity to all."

But true charity is consistent with most earnest warning and most searching exposure, and therefore I send you this message on the justice and perpetuity of marriage law, and the reform of the laws which now stand on too many statute books. Yours truly, B. B. STEBBINS.
Detroit, Mich., Oct. 15th, 1873.

LOVED ONES ON THE WAY.

O'er every sunny home
Shadows will fall;
From every happy group
God's voice will call.
Some treasure well belov'd,
By his hand given,
Hanging again, home again,
To his own heaven.
Out of earth's shaded ways,
Into the light,
Where above the misty clouds
God's rainbow bright
Gleams with a radiance true,
Never to dim;
On they go, on they go,
Beckoned by him.
Up where the lamps of life
Shut out all gloom;
Where God's bright immortelles
Never cease to bloom;
Where we shall meet again,
When he says, "Come,
Lovingly, lovingly
Leading them home."
Home! where the farewell word
Never has been said;
Home! where no blinding tears
Ever were shed;
Where with a shining face,
Close by the gate,
One who loves, one who loves,
Fondly doth wait.
Dread not the farewell then;
Let them pass on;
Since he has said, "It is time,
Let them be gone."
On to a better land,
Through gates of pearl,
Let the sails, let the sails
For heav'n unfurl.
Deck their forms lovingly
From earth's fair bowers;
Cover the easterly lid
With choicest flowers.
Bury them tenderly
'Neath the green sod;
Willingly, willingly
Leave them to God.
Think of them cheerfully,
Glad evermore;
Think how they're safe at last,
On yonder shore.
How, in a little time,
When all is well—
We shall go, we shall go,
With them to dwell.
—[Georgie Nourse, in Boston Transcript.]

Science Clearing up Bible Mysteries.

An English expedition is now being fitted out preparatory to a search for the exact location of Mount Sinai, which has for a long time remained a mystery to the human race. Dr. Beke, the English geographer and Abyssinian explorer, has lately advanced some views so decidedly new in regard to this Mount, which may be pronounced the originating ground of all legal and civil codes that have followed, that some further investigation may be desirable if intelligently conducted. He thinks that it was a volcano situated near the great Arabian Desert, and in this connection he believes that the Israelites passed through the Gulf of Arabia, and not through that of Suez, in their escape from bondage. The biblical phraseology of "a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night" which directed them in their journeying, corresponds with the descriptions of volcanoes which Oriental historians and travelers have given since an African of the Somali country, who witnessed the eruption of a volcano on the Abyssinian coast in 1861, said that the craters "smoke in the day time, and at night give light like a lamp." The "thunders of Sinai" can be accounted for in the same way. There is considerable plausibility in this view, and it is not unlikely a partially correct one. If so, it helps rather than hurts the statements of the Bible by giving them a natural and scientific basis. Some of the old theologians may find their stock of miracles reduced by this solution, but where we are governed so largely by natural laws, it is useless to go outside of them, when they are competent to explain all seeming mysteries.

SPIRITUALIST'S FUNERAL IN NEW ZEALAND.

The first funeral in connection with the Harmonical Progressionists on the Thames, took place yesterday in the consigning of the body of Mary Williamson to the grave, her spirit having passed away (as the brethren would say, into the Summer-Land) on the evening of 5th of July. The Spiritualists, who took part in the proceedings, were evergreen immortelles bound with white ribbon on the left breast, and were further distinguished by bouquets of flowers in their hands. On the arrival of the funeral cortege at the grave, A. Dunbar's hymn of "We are going to the Spirit Land" was very well rendered by the "Thames Auralian choir," of which Mary Williamson was a member. Mr. R. T. Cunningham then delivered a very feeling address of encouragement, suitable to the occasion, when the flowers and evergreens were cast on the coffin, and the singing of Byron's hymn of "Immortality" closed the proceedings. It is worthy of remark, that although the weather had been very unfavorable the whole fore part of the day, from the time the funeral started the sun shone out with splendor, and it continued fine until the return home.—*Thames Advertiser.*

A New Orleans jurymen was asked by the Judge if he ever read the papers. He replied: "Yes, your honor; but if you'll let me go this time I'll never do so any more!"

SOUNDS PRODUCING COLORS.

BY MRS. A. M. STONE.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT—On reading David Wilder's article in your paper concerning sounds producing colors and odors, and asking of its readers further information on the subject, I can contribute what has been given me by my clairvoyant daughter, who is promised to perform the music of Gottschalk by color and odor of sounds on the piano, and is now under tuition by said spirit:

"On fine mornings, when the atmosphere is clear and sunny, I enter my room, alone, where perfect quiet prevails. My children are denied entrance to this retreat; for it is here that I compose my music, or rather, where it is composed for me. Sounds such as of loud voices, moving of furniture, or slamming and creaking of doors, make discord in the atmosphere, for the simple reason that they create inharmonious and coarse colors. They are frequently the destroyers of the color-music on which I am engaged. Sitting in an easy-chair, with a slate and pencil on my lap, I patiently await the command of the inspiration.

Presently, after this waiting, a thick, soft-looking gray cloud arises within a foot of my chair. It is oval-shaped, and about the size of a common dressing-glass. At first it presents a solid, neutral-tinted surface to my eyes. All at once, it flushes through with pale pink, and then a succession of delicate hieroglyphs, of various colors and flowery forms, are sketched upon its smooth surface, as if by a rapid and masterly hand.

"They are for a few moments as constantly supplied, and as constantly and systematically erased, as are the problems upon a blackboard. These forms I copy upon my slate, also rapidly, but without comprehending a single figure or color that palpitates there. In my vision, perhaps, during the entire lesson (for such it seems to be), half one side of a large double slate—never more—is generally filled with the quaint and grotesque characters in which I give you a brief illustration.

"As I am copying the article for publication—if you see fit to do so—and fearing I might not succeed as well in the notes or hieroglyphs, I send the original.

"Scarcely any of these hieroglyphs appeal to my sense of tone as being at all musical, until tried upon the piano afterwards. They then interpret and arrange themselves, with difficulty, but precision. I am acquainted with but few of these 'emblematics,' as I term them. Three short strokes, thus: *///*, of light yellow, mean a 'triple' in music; two short strokes of light pink, a 'trill.' A triangle formed of three blue dots, interpreted, means 'grace-notes.' Piano and pianissimo are indicated thus:

In gradations from pink to white; forte and fortissimo by a single or double or treble forcible stroke of blackish brown, thus:

Delicacy is expressed by a light purple eyebrow, extreme softness and pathos combined, a double light and dark purple crescent, with a green dot under it:

Sometimes the outlines of a new piece of music will be conveyed to me by a flower. This always pleases me, for the conception is then generally harmonious and accurate. For example: a polka 'brilliant' was given me in the shape of a French pink. I comprehended the 'calibre' of the air immediately. It was to be decided time, light, gay and variegated; the key in color pink, also. I knew that the odor would give the first strain with ease, which is invariably the case when permitted. But this requires peculiar electricity—in fact, the cream of it, one might say; and that is difficult to copy.

In this one case of which I speak, the moment I sat at the piano, the atmosphere about the instrument became permeated with the piquant odor of a French pink. It then seemed to alight upon the keys, as it were, and my fingers were directed to follow its delicate movements. This was done instantaneously, since odor gives the inspiration to the brain much more quickly than either form or color. Thus far, I have been able to translate but little of this fine lace-work of electricity. However, this slight experience leads me to believe that students can and will be done in the world of music, by the uses of color and odors in composition and in tuition at the piano and other stringed instruments.

Yours respectfully,
LOUIS MANVEL,
Under-graduate Scientific School of Music,
Emil Casso, Professor.

The clairvoyant has no knowledge of music or time; cannot read it. Music has been promised her for many years, and this seems to be the beginning of its fulfillment. The control gave the article by my request. Use it as you see fit.
Cincinnati, O.

"ANK RICK" says: "After seven years of reflection, I have come to the conclusion that the three most difficult things in life are: 1st—Carrying an awful live eels up a steep hill without spilling an eel; 2nd—acting as referee at a dog-fight without getting mad; 3rd—editing a newspaper."

Man judges of our motives by our actions. God judges of our actions by our motives.—*Dream of Rajah.*

Literary Department.

(Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Colby & Rich, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.)

THE TWO COUSINS; OR, SUNSHINE AND TEMPEST.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. A. E. PORTER.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"Will you ride with my wife this morning?" said the Doctor. "It is a glorious day, and John Stott will take you through one of the finest farms in this country. You will see a thousand acres where not a fence mars the beauty of the green fields of ripening corn."

I was a guest. The Doctor had been very kind in giving me the liberty of the house, and I had no right to demand more. But had he given me my choice that morning, not the glories of the Alps nor the grandeur of Niagara should have prevented me from visiting Leslie Leigh. My thoughts were with her. Just as we were about starting, and I stood waiting, with my bonnet on, for Mrs. Minot, I saw Miss Love cross the hall. I called her to me, and said, "I am going out. See Miss Phelps for me, and ask her to take special care of Mrs. Leigh, and report to me to-night how she passes the day."

"Yes, ma'am, I will do so. Miss Phelps tells me that she is very still and silent this morning, has not spoken at all, and sits all the time with her face toward the door. I think she wants you." Miss Brown wished Auntie Dick to ride out this morning; but she replied, "No, ma'am, unless you take my baby, too. Auntie Dick don't want none of your riding out for her health. I shall scrub the entry to-day; your girl and I will do it."

Mrs. Minot came out, and said, "spun my clean," as Mother Goose has it, with his smooth linen coat, and bonnet in button-hole, stood by his horses. We were off, under blue skies and past hedge-rows of living green, with a soft, fresh breeze tempering the air, and the music of birds mingling with the sound of the reaper. One could hardly help forgetting all care on such a day, while going at the rapid pace which John's horses enjoyed, apparently, as much as the riders.

I drank in the beauty of sky and field, of fleecy cloud and flowing river, and a feeling of peace filled my heart. All was well. The world was beautiful; a loving Father ruled it, and all things will work together for good. There are some such hours in life, but they do not last long; very soon some wrong or injustice or sorrow crosses our path, and we are thrown back to darkness and doubt.

When we returned home, and I had dressed for dinner, I found Dr. Minot in the library awaiting us, looking over some new engravings which he had just received. "You know Salsrey Gamp?" he said.

"Yes, very well. Was introduced to her some years ago by Mr. Dickens." "You may like to look at her, then," and he placed before me a large engraving of Salsrey Gamp and Betsy Prig. "Mrs. Gamp had produced the teapot simultaneously with two wine-glasses; 'Betsy, drink fair, wotever you do.' The tent-bedstead, the bottomless bandboxes, the chest of drawers, the pap-bowl and spoon are all faithfully represented by the artist."

The Doctor quoted Dickens's remark, in his preface, that Salsrey Gamp, four and twenty years ago, was a fair representative of the hired attendant of the poor in sickness; and he adds, "I think it is not the least among the instances of mismanagement of the hospitals in London—in many respects noble institutions—that Mrs. Betsy Prig was, at that time, a fair specimen of a nurse."

"The Salsrey Gamps may not be dead yet," I said.

The Doctor made no reply to this remark, but, handing me another engraving, said, "I need not ask if you know 'Mr. Dick.'"

The artist had entered into the spirit of the writer. I was transported at once to the cottage, with its patch of green in front, so sacredly guarded from donkey footsteps—to the room where the sea-air came blowing in, mixed with the perfume of flowers. I saw the old-fashioned furniture, brightly rubbed and polished, Miss Betsy Trotwood's chair and table by the round green fan in the bow-window, the drugget-covered carpet, the cat, the kettle-holder, the two canaries, the old china, the punch-bowl of dried rose-leaves, and the tall press which guarded all sorts of bottles and pots. I saw Mr. Dick, gray-haired and florid, with his large gray eyes and bowed head. I saw Aunt Betsy Trotwood, tall and large-featured, with her smooth gray hair and mob-cap, her dress of lavender color, scant in the skirt, but neatly made, her large gold watch, with its chain and seals; and I heard her saying, "Come, Mr. Dick, I want some sound advice. Don't pretend to be wot-gathering, when you are as sharp as a surgeon's lance."

"Bless Aunt Betsy Trotwood!" I said. "I took Mr. Dick out of an asylum, I believe. Don't you hear her saying, 'Nobody knows what that man's mind is, except myself.' There are many Mr. Dicks, but few Aunt Betsy Trotwoods. Don't you think, with such a know-

edge of medicine as some women of the present day possess, she could manage an asylum for insane women?"

"No doubt—no doubt," said the Doctor; "but there would be difficulties in the way—difficulties which only one who has had experience could foresee."

The Doctor, with all his liberality, clung somewhat to the traditions of the fathers.

"I think a woman could see into a woman's heart sooner than a man," I said. "The Salsrey Gamps and Betsy Prigs would not have held sway under Miss Trotwood long."

The Doctor smiled. He saw my drift and replied, "There may be some instances of those," he said, "but they are comparatively rare. Two assistants in England have been sentenced to penal servitude for causing the death of a patient. Were justice done, there have been some in our own country who ought to be serving out terms in the penitentiary for abuse of helpless patients."

"Such cases of cruelty should be made impossible," I said; "your houses are too large; they should be so small that the superintendent can have each case under his immediate charge. Instead of that you are adding wing to wing to your old asylums, and States point with pride to their huge hospitals, capable of containing a thousand people."

"Such cases of cruelty should be made impossible," I said; "your houses are too large; they should be so small that the superintendent can have each case under his immediate charge. Instead of that you are adding wing to wing to your old asylums, and States point with pride to their huge hospitals, capable of containing a thousand people."

"If you will recall our conversation on the first evening you came here," he said, "you will remember that we thought that the treatment of the insane by their own relatives in private families was cruel in the extreme. It was the report of these cruelties by philanthropic people that led to the erection of these State homes, where poor creatures, who had been caged, beaten, chained and starved in their own homes, poor-houses and jails, could have the care and protection of the State."

"A reaction has taken place, and the pendulum has vibrated to the opposite are of the circle, but let us not forget that the best thoughts of the best men and women have been directed to making the Asylum what it is. We owe much to it. As your writer says, it is a wonderful organization—wonderful in its systematic and harmonious working, despite the erratic element it has to deal with; wonderful in its freedom from accident, and wonderful, too, in the beneficent results that flow from it. Its advantages are ease and directness of supervision, the safety and security of its subjects, an ample provision for warmth, and an economy over any system that can be devised."

"There is one radical defect in your system, Doctor, and I am more convinced of it each day that I stay with you: the individuality of the subject is lost in the immensity of your organization. I know the same objection applies to large schools, where it is almost impossible to rear independent thinkers; then (pardon me—you know my confidence in you and therefore you will not be sensitive on this point) it seems to me that there is an immense responsibility resting upon one person. The Superintendent has, necessarily, almost unlimited power, for you and I know that the visits of a Board of Inspectors amount to nothing as far as abuses are concerned. Human nature is weak, and great power in the hands of one man is dangerous."

I was interrupted by a strange noise without. The door of the library opened into a broad hall. There was a tier of rooms on the opposite side of this hall. The doors of these rooms were closed, but the windows were open, and the sound evidently came from that direction. It sounded like the screams of frightened women, and then the hurried tread of many feet. We rushed out and saw all the workmen from the shops, and the servants of the house, gathered in one place, and looking up with terror-stricken faces.

CHAPTER VIII.

"She is dead!" they said to her, "come away! Kiss her and leave her—she has to stay!" I followed the Doctor and joined the crowd. One glance upward made my blood run cold, and, like a coward, I covered my eyes and dared not look a second time. Some one said to the Doctor, "Is there no help for her?" For an instant he did not answer, for he, too, was stricken with terror at the sight. The place where the crowd had collected was the quadrangle formed by the main building and the north and south wings. The workshop, the bakery and the laundry were

✂ We shall print in our next issue No. J. M. Peebles's interesting "Letters of Tra As before stated, several of the series were tained in the London post office from some known cause, and have comparatively but come to hand.

Message Department.

EACH Message in this Department of the Banner of Light was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears through the instrumentality of

MRS. J. H. CONANT.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their condition to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Public Circles are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 9 Montgomery Place, (second story) every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon. The Hall will be open at two o'clock, services commencing at precisely three o'clock, at which time the doors will be closed, neither allowing entrance nor exit until the close of the service. It is, of course, necessary that all those desiring to leave the room during the service, the fact must be signified to the Chairman, and permission will be granted to retire after the expiration of five minutes. But it is to be hoped that visitors will remain throughout the session, as every spiritualist knows that disturbing influences produce infirmity, and thus our spirit friends particularly enjoy upon us to avoid, if possible. As these circles are free, we have no doubt visitors will readily conform to our rules.

The questions answered at these Seances are often propounded by individuals among the audience. Those read to the controlling intelligence by the chairman, are sent in by correspondence.

Donations of flowers for our Circle-Room solicited.

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

SEATED LETTERS.—Visitors at our Free Circles have the privilege of placing sealed letters on the table for brief answer by the spirits. First, write one or two proper questions, addressing the spirit questioned by its own full name, then put them in an envelope, seal it and write your own address on the envelope. At the close of the seance the Chairman will return the letter to the writer. Questions should not place letters for answers upon our circle table expecting lengthy replies, otherwise they will be disappointed.

LEWIS B. WILSON, Chairman.

Invocation.

Thou Soul of this handsome day, we, the living and the dead, would join purposes for the moment, laying aside all differences of opinion that we may commune with thee, that we may enter the sanctuary of thy holy of holies and learn of thee, that thou mayest take us by the right hand of thy power and thy wisdom, and lead us a little further in the arcana of life. Oh, thou Infinite Spirit, who art our Father and our Mother, thou knowest our needs, thou comprehendest all the necessities of our souls, and yet we pray unto thee. We come to thee with our praises, thinking thee for all the experiences through which we have passed—for the shadows that, like great waves, have rolled over us and have well-nigh engulfed us. For these we thank thee, since, when in the shadow, we have been enabled to behold the stars shining above us—stars of faith, stars of love, stars of power, stars of faith—all, all messengers from thee. Lead us nearer to thee, Father; receive thou the aspirations of those whom the living call the dead; and unto thee be all songs of praise from thy children forever and forevermore. Amen.

Oct. 14.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRITS.—Mr. Chairman, if you have questions, I am ready to hear them.

Q.—[From O. B. J.] If, as A. J. Davis has declared, man be a microcosm or epitome of the great world from which he is derived, by being a combination of universal Nature, all Nature combining in the human system, how is it, then, that he is found incompetent for self-government?

A.—The very vastness of his being would produce just such a condition. He that can govern himself can govern the world. If man were of less mighty proportions, spiritually and physically, it would be easier for the soul to govern in either direction; but it is because of his greatness that the soul is unable, at all times, to give a certain sound.

Q.—[By Mrs. K. L. V.] Is the spirit-body built up from and through the physical?—and, if so, how is it possible for a child born without hands, arms, or deficient in any other part, to have the spirit-member supplied?

A.—The spiritual body proper is never material. If the physical body loses a limb, the spiritual body does not.

Q.—[By A. K. of Baden-Baden, Germany.] Will the spirit state, for the benefit of skeptical doubters, of whom there are so many, what guarantee there is that the spirits in communication with Spiritualists are not Satan and his angels, transformed into angels of light, to deceive the very elect?

A.—We can give no guarantee that we do not belong to just that very class. It is written in the Bible that we should know concerning returning spirits by their fruits. Now, there are various ways of collecting evidence concerning returning spirits—of providing yourselves with a knowledge as to whether they are good or bad. Spiritualism has been with you about a quarter of a century—Modern Spiritualism; and, notwithstanding the many blunders that have been made, in its name, it has done more toward enlightening and liberalizing humanity than any other ism that ever floated upon the sea of humanity. This is a known fact, demonstrated beyond the possibility of a doubt. What has it done? says the skeptic. It has told you that you live after death, and proved it. Has any other religion done that? No; it has not. It has told you that the drunkard's appetite was a disease, and that you should deal with it as such, and, instead of putting your foot on his back, put your hands under his arms, and lift him up. It has told you that you are all constituted, spiritually and physically, each unlike all the rest, and that it is that difference which exists between you, that makes all the misundestanding; and by-and-by, when you shall arise intellectually beyond the effects and mists of ignorance, you will cease to war with each other. You will know that the kingdom of heaven is within you, and that you are to possess yourself of it by your own merits. You are not to ride into heaven on the back of a Jesus Christ or a Confucius, but you are to go in the chariot of your own good deeds. If you ever get there, you will pay for going in good deeds. Spiritualism has told you this. It has told you that you can commune with loved ones whose bodies you have laid under the sod. It has brought the baby to its

mother, and the mother to the baby. It has brought the husband to the wife, and the wife to the husband. It has brought friend and friend together, the one being in the world of spirits, and the other here. It has bridged the river of death—nothing else has ever done it—and it has lighted that bridge by the torch-light of reason; and let angels be traversing it every hour. Spiritualism is a mighty worker amongst men. It is doing for you what nothing else has ever done; and, although young in years, it has been already to you a Saviour—the Christ-principle that the ancients prophesied of in other days.

Q.—[From the audience.] Did Spiritualism commence when the voice of Abel cried unto the Lord from the ground?

A.—Oh, no; Spiritualism commenced when the first living soul became identified with matter. It dates further back than an Abel or a Cain.

Q.—Did the agitation of the Social Question start from the world of spirits?

A.—Yes.

Q.—What difference do you make between soul and spirit?

A.—I understand the soul to be the inner principle—that which cannot be divided—which cannot be analyzed. The spirit I understand to be an aggregation of powers that the soul has attracted to itself, and through which it manifests. You may call the one the life, the other the body of the life, if you please. The ancients termed the spirit the breath. Well, I call the soul the power that puts the breath in motion.

Oct. 11.

John Crossman.

I am very happy to be able to come here at so early a date, from my death, which took place yesterday-morning, in Holborn, Strand, London, England. My name was John Crossman. I learned something about these things by reading the writings of William and Mary Howitt, and by reading some American works upon the subject, also some French works. I never saw much in this way, but I think I believed by what I read. So, I said to some of my friends, "If I die first, and this thing be true, I will come back." "It is true; it is clear as daylight; and, although I have not the experience to give that I wish I had, or would have had if I had been here longer, yet I can say it is a natural world so far as I can see; it is a world where there are trees, where there is land and water, mountains, valleys, and all the different scenery such as makes up scenery in the earth-life. There are dwellings here, beautiful beyond description. I had thought in my own country that nothing could exceed some of the buildings; but oh! they are nothing—nothing in comparison! I have seen some of the most magnificent structures in the spirit-world, so grand that the human mind could conceive of nothing like them.

Now, to my friends: It is a truth, and being such, it would be well worth your while to look into it. Make it a study; lay something else, if it be necessary, upon the shelf, and take this down; make it a study; inform yourselves concerning it, and I am sure you won't regret it. Good day, sir. Fifty-six years I lived in the body human.

Oct. 14.

Mary Ann Knights.

I died in Cambridge eleven years ago. My name was Mary Ann Knights. I was eighty-eight years old. I didn't believe anything in these things, though I had a grand-daughter who was a medium, and she used often to say to me, "Grandma, when you get to the other side, if you should happen to be mistaken, come back and let us know it, won't you?" I've never been able to come back till to-day.

Now I want to know—of course she knows I was mistaken—but I want her to know she mustn't believe all that comes to her. There's bad folks in the spirit-world as well as on earth—a good many who make it their business to return making mischief. I think I should have believed in these things if I hadn't had such an experience with one that came through my grand-daughter. He told me such an outrageous lie that I got disgusted with the whole thing, and didn't believe anything about it.

Now I know that I can come back. I know that most anybody can, after learning how to take advantage of these conditions. I know why that spirit was suffered to tell the lie to me that he did. He was suffered to do it for my good, and to gain an experience for himself, through suffering. He regretted it and suffered by it, and through that suffering he went higher. But it ain't best to believe these wild things, no matter what names come attached to 'em. Now, he told me he was George Washington. Oh, the lie! He told me that my son who was out West was dead, and his body was being transported from the West home, and I was so troubled; but I see through it now. It was n't best for me to learn too much about these things. It is n't best for everybody to. Some people can't bear strong spiritual light. If they can't, it is best to withhold it from 'em.

Now, Sarah, you've looked for that little hymn-book of mine, and haven't been able to find it, have you—because you haven't looked in the right place? In my little old trunk there was put a false bottom. You take that out, and you will find the book and a good many other things in the bottom of that trunk, if it'll do you any good. And if your Uncle David asks you about my coming back, tell him "to ask if he wishes to find." He'll understand it better than you will.

Oct. 14.

Joseph Phillips.

I have a son who is a believer in Modern Spiritualism. Before my death we used to have a good many talks about it. He always contended it was a religion, and I that there was n't any religion about it. Finally I said to him, "Well, my son, if there is any religion about it, let the Simon pure." He said to me when I was sick, "Father, if you find out in the spirit-world what the Simon pure religion is, come back and let me know, won't you?" So I have found out, and now I come back to let him know. That's right, is n't it?

I find that all advanced spirits hold to this idea—that the Simon pure religion, the only religion that amounts to anything, is embraced in what is called the "Golden Rule." You don't need any other, they say. Live up to that, they say, and you cover all the rest. So, my son, that's what I have learned; and if your Spiritualism embraces that Golden Rule, why, then, it is a religion. But if it don't, I still say it ain't a religion; but I hope it does; I hope the true Spiritualist lives that idea. If he does, he has got a religion. My name was Joseph Phillips. I lived in Lewistown, Maine.

Oct. 14.

Hattie Wellington.

My name, sir, was Hattie Wellington. I was eleven years old. I lived in Detroit. I wish to send a message to my mother. First, then, mother dear, if you mourned less I should be happier; and then I am not alone in this beautiful spirit-world. You mustn't suppose, because none of my family are there, that I have no congenial spirits to make me happy. Oh, mother dear, there are plenty who have opened their loving arms and taken me to their hearts. If it was not for your grief I should be happy. Try, mother dear, to overcome your sorrow; try to feel that I live, that I am not dead—that I live in a beautiful world, and by-and-by you are coming, too. I have only started a little in advance of you. I shall have grown in wisdom and grown in stature when you come. I shall not forget you. I shall still love you, and I shall be so happy to meet you. Mother dear, be happy, be happy, be happy! If you want me to be happy, oh, be yourself. Hattie, to Charlotte A. Wellington. Good day, sir. Oct. 14.

Seance conducted by Theodore Parker and Prof. Ware.

Some year ago, as is well known to the majority of liberal readers, our circle room, printing office, bookstore, stock all the paraphernalia by which we were enabled to carry on our work as disseminators of enlarged spiritual thought among men, were consumed in the great Boston conflagration. Shortly after the disastrous event a private purpose, in one knowing its position at the residence of Mrs. Conant, 26 Waltham street, Boston. During the course of said circle the following messages, fraught with deep meaning, were given through the medium. We did not at the time think it appropriate that these communications—to us seemingly of a strictly private nature—should be given to the public, as they referred to only one person, a gentleman formerly of Boston, but then and now a resident of California; but we publish them at this late day in obedience to the direct request, both of the Spirits communicating, and the individual so addressed. E. B. or L. J.

Invocation.

In thy name, oh Holy Spirit, who presideth over the destinies of nations and souls, we are here assembled; let us feel thy presence in our inner lives; let our souls be bathed with the sunlight of thy love, that shall illumine all the darkened chambers of our being, and call us into new life, giving us greater strength, and preparing us for the duties yet to be. Thou Spirit of the Hour, we know that we need not invoke thy presence, for thou art ever with all thy children, leaving us never, caring for us ever. Oh, Eternal Spirit, we will trust our souls and our interests with thee.

Dec. 2.

Light.

To his earthly father, Mical Tubbs, of Brooklyn, California.

My father—feeling that I have the right in nature to call you father—I have left my own spirit-home, to-night, that I may send you a message of love, and that I may also demand of you, in return, something of your love. Although my eyes were never opened to the beauties of this life, though I never breathed its air save through mediumistic life, yet I have been schooled in it by those whose business it is to take such little waifs as I was, and bestow upon them that experience which they would have obtained had they dwelt here in the mortal body.

Not long since, I was pleased to welcome my mother, the companion of your life, to our heavenly home. She had well prepared herself for it. By her deeds of charity and love she had adorned her home, and made it a fit dwelling place for such a soul as hers, and, but for your absence, would be happy in it; but she is looking forward to meeting you there at no distant day, and to giving you as joyous a greetings as she herself received from those near and dear to her; and what I say of her is equally true of myself and others.

Your earthly pilgrimage, my father, is well nigh ended, and the time is drawing near when a shadow will be flung over this life, and you will be ushered into the realities of the real life, of which this is but a shadow, while that is the substantial. Here, you work out for yourselves a happy or an unhappy state in the spirit-land. It depends upon you, upon your efforts here, whether you shall be ushered into a state of happiness or unhappiness at death. They who do their duty in this earthly life build for themselves homes in that spirit-land that are enduring, that are all that the soul needs. They who fail to do their duty have no home, no abiding place, no love; they are wanderers between the two worlds, and their condition is worse, far worse than that pictured to you by your preists of ancient days.

My mother tells me that you love me; but I ask for stronger proof; I ask that you will aid me in a matter which is near and dear to my soul, being born of my soul; I mean—that you shall aid me in restoring to life and active duty my "Banner of Light." Sixteen years ago this humble letter sheet received the name, "Banner of Light," in honor of your son, whose name is "Light."

Two years prior to its birth in this life, a band of spirits, of which I was the chief—numbering thirteen—conceived the idea to bring into life and being a journal of our own, one through which the spirits could talk and be heard, one that should be under the direction and guidance of our band; and, after searching this way and that for the proper subjects who were to be our organs here in earthly life—after bringing them together and properly magnetizing them—schooling them for the hard duties that were before them, we announced to them our plan. They declared themselves ready to be our servants, and from that time until the present hour they have served us well. And now we cannot turn our backs upon them; we would not, if we could; but we are pledged to stand by them and their interests as long as the earth shall have need of a Banner of Light.

There never was a time in the earth's history when such a journal was so much needed as now, when the souls of the people were so ready to receive it as now; but by the action of a law of Nature, through fire, it has gone down in ashes, and our mortal servants are crippled. They are endeavoring to raise the flag-staff, and widows and orphans, and the poor throughout the length and breadth of the land, are doing their best for them; but that best is but a small portion of what is needed to raise again this mighty structure, and fling out this, our glorious resurrected Banner, to the breezes of heaven and earth.

My father, you are blessed with more than you will ever want, or yours will ever want, of that which will aid us in carrying on our great work; and I ask you, in behalf of yourself and your needs in the land of souls, in behalf of my mother, who stands by my side, in my own behalf, in behalf of the world here—that dear humanity that is struggling for wisdom, but has found it only in fragments—that you will lend us of your aid, for which we will render you more than an

equivalent in the land of souls. When you come to us you will need to have something more to your credit than is already there. Oh, then, give it to me, your son, that I may employ it for the good of humanity; and give not sparingly, for remember that of them who have much, much is required. The widow that gives her all, gives more than the rich man who gives only one-third of his possessions. Remember this, my father, and act accordingly.

Believing that I have the right to ask, because my mother tells me you love me, I shall ask in all faith, nothing wavering, that you will respond, and promptly, too, for our needs are imminent; and when the shadows of this life begin to lengthen for you, I shall meet you as I did my mother, and stretch out my hand that you may stop across the stream and enter upon the land of Light.

Dec. 2.

Mehitable Tubbs.

To her husband in Earth-Life.

My dear husband, your faith will assure you of my safe arrival in the spirit-land, and of my continued life. The last few hours of my earthly life, you supposed, were passed in unconsciousness; but I was just as conscious of all that was going on as I was at any time of my life. I heard Esther ask some one in the room—who I am not able to tell—if they supposed I sensed any suffering. The answer was, "I do not think she does; I think she is perfectly unconscious." I did not suffer, but I was not unconscious. My brain was never more active than at that moment; and if I could have spoken, I should have told you of what I was permitted to see and to hear. Our son Light was with me during all that period, and I should have known him, he looks so much like Esther, if he had not told me who he was. Ella was the next one I saw, and Lily the next; and Hattie came up behind me, and threw his arms round my neck, just as he used to, and told me how glad he was I had come to live with them.

Oh, Mr. Tubbs, there was such a reality in the welcome, that I could hardly realize, at first, that I had left you and my earthly home and my children; I could hardly realize that there was any boundary between the visible and the invisible world.

Light says I remained nearly a week, earth-time, in that happy state; and then, as I began to realize more my condition, I wanted to come here and send you a message from here, but Dr. Fisher, Mr. Parker, Light and others discouraged it, saying that, as the medium was subject herself to just such attacks as had proved fatal in my case, I might, in my earnestness, overstep the bounds allotted me, and do her material, if not fatal harm. So I stayed just where I was; I lived, seemingly, at home with you, and yet Light was always with me, and Hattie and Lily and Willie, and a great many other of our friends, and I sometimes thought that you must see me—that you ought to hear me speak, for all seemed so real I could n't understand, at all times, that I was a spirit.

But, Mr. Tubbs, the spirit-land is beautiful! Oh, such glorious scenery, such land, such water, such trees, such grand old mountains, such beautiful green valleys! and they tell me, too, that there are terrible desert places where the unfortunate gravitate; but I shan't be in a hurry to visit them.

"Light" has told you in his message how he is connected with the Banner. Oh, Mr. Tubbs, heed his warning! Do what he asks you to do, for my sake, for his sake, most of all for your own, for if you don't do your duty with the light you have, how can you expect to be happy in the spirit-land? And I cannot, oh, Mr. Tubbs—I cannot—I cannot feel that you are to be separated from me, here. No! no! no! Out-do me in good works! Oh! Mr. Tubbs, out-do me in good works! They said I was good, I tried to be; but if I were on earth again, with what little experience I have gained in the spirit-land I'd do much more than I ever did. I would employ all the privileges given me by heaven and by earth, in doing more good than I ever did when here; but they said I done enough to earn for myself a happy home in this new life.

Oh, then, Mr. Tubbs, do n't do less than I did, for I must have you with me in my home. It would be no home to me without you. How could I bear the thought, how could I bear the reality that, when your time of change came—and you know not how soon it will come—Light says it won't be long, and I believe him—how could I bear to know that you must take one path and I must take another? Oh, no, no, Mr. Tubbs, my dear husband, come to me—do your duty, and come to me with a record clean as an angel's in this respect, and we shall be happy—oh, so happy! Oh, my husband, do it for my sake, for your own sake, and for our children's. Mehitable Tubbs, to her husband, Mical Tubbs, Dec. 2.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Oct. 16.—Prof. Parady; Tom Devine, of South Boston, to his brother, James Fick, Maine; Mical Tubbs, of New York City, to her mother, Lydia Stephens, of Saco, Me.; N. H. to her daughter, Henry C. Wright. Monday, Oct. 20.—William Glover, Annale Cook, of Boston, to her daughter, Jennie Johnson; Preston C. Brooks, Donnelly, to Alfred Tappan. Tuesday, Oct. 21.—Helen Emerson, of Greenfield, N. Y., to his brother, Benedict Arnold; John A. Andrew, Dilly, of Savannah, Ga., to Massa Brown. Wednesday, Oct. 22.—John J. Glover, of Quincy, Mass., to his mother, Mary J. Glover, of Quincy, Mass.; William R. Preston, Michael Hogan, of Boston. Thursday, Oct. 23.—Daniel Owen, of Albion, Mich., to his brother, John Owen; John Owen, of New York, to his mother; Willie Phillips, of Hartford, Conn., to his mother; Capt. Jack, to the Big Father at Washington.

Friday, Oct. 25.—Susanna Sanborn, of Hopkinton, N. H., to her brother, James Fick, Maine; Capt. Jack, to the Big Father at Washington; Mical Tubbs, of New York City, to her mother, Lydia Stephens, of Saco, Me.; N. H. to her daughter, Henry C. Wright. Monday, Oct. 27.—Daniel Owen, of Albion, Mich., to his brother, John Owen; John Owen, of New York, to his mother; Willie Phillips, of Hartford, Conn., to his mother; Capt. Jack, to the Big Father at Washington.

Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles.

Since our last report the following sums have been received, for which we tender our grateful acknowledgments. This department of our establishment is a free gift to the people, established by the spirit-world, and any sums donated by those who feel able to aid in lessening our own expenses, will always be thankfully received:

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The Danbury News man defines "parts unknown" as the place where they don't advertise.

Western Correspondence.

BY WARREN CHASE.

THE FINANCES.—Those who speculate in currency and stocks, but perform no productive labor, have become entangled in the webs of their own weaving; and while a few have plethoric purses, many are cut short because their plans were not matured by which their fortunes were to be realized. Such would be the case at any time in a crisis. We are now passing through a panic and depletion of bonds and stocks, which had become too numerous for the currency in circulation, and gone largely to Europe in payment for goods we did not need, and were drawing large quantities of specie after them in payment of interest and depreciation, which often had to be made good where they were left as security or collaterals. No sooner is the alarm sounded, and banks, for safety, are compelled to notify depositors to wait a little for their money, than the gamblers in stock and gold begin to propose remedies for the evil they have created—remedies, most of which would make the matter worse. One set of speculators proposes the withdrawal of the fractional currency, and a return to silver and copper coin for exchange, either knowing or not knowing that there is not half enough copper and silver coin in the country to do the small trade in change below the dollar, and either knowing or not knowing that the government (which is the people) saves five per cent. on the fractional currency in the losses that never come in for redemption. Both silver, copper and fractional currency are necessary, and might be of equal value in the market but for the speculators in specie, as the paper is most convenient, and absolutely necessary to make out the required amount of small change for daily traffic; and, since the government cannot supply enough specie of this kind, and can supply the paper at a profit of about five per cent., why not let both run together in the market?

Another set of speculators propose free banking, or allowing anybody to deposit government bonds as security for bank notes, which they can issue and loan while they draw from the government, and from the overtaxed people the interest on the bonds also. Any person can see, who is not blinded by speculators, that, since the government is the only security the people have for the redemption of the notes, and is holding the security in its own hands, it might as well issue the notes itself, and take up the bonds and save the people paying the interest, and also save three per cent. of bills in the wastage. To us it seems strange that no statesman or leading paper can be found to advocate so plain a case for the people against the speculators. This free banking proposition would only increase the taxes, and prepare for a worse crisis that would surely come, and continue to come, till banking is restricted to ordinary exchanges, and all public depositories are NATIONAL, where the people can safely leave their surplus currency.

All currency should also be NATIONAL, and mixed, both metallic and of paper, and of equal value in all dealings of the people with the government, and then of course it would be of equal value among the people, except so far as foreign exchanges gave gold a small premium, in which very few of the people would be interested. The forty-four millions should be re-issued, and bonds canceled with the amount, and as more is needed, the necessity supplied in the same way; but all national bank issues should be taken up and the securities canceled by greenbacks—at least as fast as the same can be done without infringing on vested rights or special contracts.

Now, while the country is agitated on currency questions, is the time to move the people nearer to the government, and weaken it, we cannot destroy the speculators in currency who have so long stood between the two, imposing on the people with officious services that were not needed. Banks are already proved to be useless as manufacturers of currency, and they will soon be proved equally useless and unsafe as depositories of currency, and the government will take the place of them, with its branch depositories in all the populous towns of the nation, with the treasury head and fountain at the seat of government.

Following this will also come government insurance offices for both life and property for a safe and reasonable per cent. When the speculators have fully proved what such rates are, and at the same time proved their own dishonesty and insecurity, as they did in banking. We have but just begun the great work of a people governing and securing themselves in this country, but we are learning the lessons constantly, and are just now reciting one on currency and banking, with stock jobbing.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Liberty, Bedford County, Va., Oct. 10th, of consumption, Mrs. Sarah E. T. Plant, wife of Mr. Charles F. Plant, and only surviving child of Hon. Ezra Todd of North Yarmouth, formerly of New Gloucester, Me., aged 30 years.

From his home in Woolsey, West Florida, Oct. 10th, Capt. Rufus Pearl, aged 54 years. Bro. Pearl was native of Hartford, Conn., and for many years a resident of Florida. He was a firm believer in the religion of love and loving ones in the spirit realm. The Banner of Light was his great favorite, and it may be truly said he was the pioneer of Spiritualism in the State of Florida. He was gentle and kind to a fault. He had no enemies; he spoke no ill of his neighbors. Noble, generous, and true soul.

His taking away was unexpected, being ill only a few days. The void is deeply felt by his sorrowing wife and five children. May the stricken ones find consolation in the belief of meeting again in the beautiful summer-land to dwell with him and other loved ones gone before.

PHILIP.

From Marlboro, Mass., July 23d, Daisy Foss, daughter of James and Maria Giles, aged 6 months and 9 days.

M. J., Marlboro, Mass.

[Notices sent us for insertion in this department will be charged at the rate of twenty cents per line for every line exceeding twenty. Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously. No poetry printed in obituary notices.]

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