TEATURE.

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NO. 18

Written for the Banner of Light. AN INVOCATION. BY CORA WILBURN.

Come, from the lilled bowers, the joys serene, That hall thee angel, spirit, mother, queen ! From the fair Eden homes thine eye hath seen-

From the supernal heights and love-lit plain. Come to the darkened earthly home again ! Come, with the lily-wreath upon thy brow; The rose of youth upon thy cheek's sweet glow;

From paradisean vale and mountain fane.

The star gem's lustre on thy robe of snow. Come with the bridal token in thy hair; With the bright jeweled promise thou didst wear, The pearl of truth within thy sacred care.

Come I ere the midnight shadows from the deep Fold in the long repelled and dreamless sleep

The yearning eyes that vainly watch and weep; For the swift rainbow-gleam that marks the flight From the soul-regions of the upper light,

Unto the nether world of sin and night. Close by the turbulent, dividing sea, In prayerful silence, spirit-ecstacy,

I watch and pray, beloved one, for thee ! Cottage Rest, 1860.

Two Stories Complete.

Written for the Banner of Light.

STAR EYES; OR, THE HAUNTED MAN.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

It was a cold, chilly night in March, when I first the sensation that trickled through my brain as I uttered the ery of life. Sure I am that I remember think it possessed some mystic spell. the touch of a gentle finger, the tear in a soft blue. As I had no friend to help me I ad eye, a pale lace, and then the chill coldness of death. describable serse of reality that always accompanies sense of lifting through death!

that it was dreadful to live and have no one toway: - house, where I had plenty of quiet and little inter-"Oh, blessed day that you knew the light,"

tle touch, and knew only that I had felt what was dearer than life but felt it through death.

When I grew to a sense of the great world, it seemed to me like the ocean, beating, beating forever, open fields and the fresh mountain air. The toil disand never resting. When I looked upon a crowd, I thought of the foam-crowned waves flowing so ceaselessly. Whither? Only to the hard shore. I remember one night I lay listening to the meas-

ured tread of steps on the street, and I felt the first longing to live; before that, it had been only as if sense of humiliation. I walked early and late, on death was in me. I had heard all the busy talk the bleak hills and in the forest, now bare and desoamong neighbors and friends about my sad begin- late. ning, until I, the silent child, was filled with the One night I had climbed to the highest mountain, the great wonder of death.

be life and being and activity. I was called a mopwere carefully prepared, and I had pictures and books, pewter wagons, and horses and blocks, yet no strong and resolute heart. one thought of resting my active brain by giving me something to think of, that I cared for, or of feeding

I remember the night that I first thought of life, instead of myself, and wondered what it would be to go out into the great street without having hold of some one's hand, and hearing some one say, "h (sh," or "do n't," or, "why do you not mind where you

are going ?" As I turned my eyes toward the window of my room, I saw that two stars were looking down as if was new created. The third birth of my life had come upon me. I gazed at them, so bright and glistening. For the first time I loved the world and all in it. I till their soft light grew ambient, and in it I beheld knew not if Susan Lee were the Susy Leg of my two tender eyes looking at me-those eyes of mem- memory, but I knew that in her presence life was ory, those eyes that I had called death-and then I transfigured. cried again, and fell asleep.

Thus another birth began, the real one, and there somewhere, to do something besides play with the cause of my being sent to school-the ushering into that second life-consciousness of the world. Oh that glowing summer's day, where, led by the hand. I stepped on the threshold of my first hope. I did not look up for a whole week. Not once did I sur-

vey the room or those within it. bent on me and a hand touching me. I remember a the corner, and as I turned, the broad street opened thrill that went all over me, and a thought that filled its vista to the east, and there again I beheld the me as if the stars had come down from the serene stars of my child-memory. Was it memory that heavens-those two stars that looked in at my win- filled me with fancy, or did indeed those eyes of amdow, and those eyes of the first birth night. After bient light look on me again? Was I to feel that a week I looked up and turned around and saw the this vision portrayed some coming good or ill? Was face and found the eyes and knew the finger that had I a haunted man, or a visionary? I was ashamed of touched me. They all belonged to a little girl about the thought-I, a scholar, a strong, self-reliant man my ago. I looked at her as I had never looked at -and yet I trembled even there. I felt a vague sense mortal before, and from that moment I grew am- of joy and pain-of satisfaction, and yet unrest. In bitious. I studied and learned, and knewlonly that this mood I walked on; memory took me back, spite

What a halo is around that time-that memory of life.

But one day Susy was gone from her seat. I was punished that day because I could not recite. I ran away at recess and went to her house. She was sick, and I took my two pennies and bought her some candy, and went to the flower market and took-for I did not thing it was stealing-ecme asters, and carried them to her door. They let me go and look at her, and as I stood by her, suddenly, in place of her eyes, I beheld the same blue eyes, like the stars. I could stay no longer. I went out and hid behind a pile of boxes. Not that I was afraid, but a vague sense of something coming—something that I would run from, was on me.

Susy never took her place again, but she sent me her book, and said I must learn it for her. That was why I studied again, and tried to forget she was not there.

And now ten years had gone. Life was no longer to be wished for-it had come. A great, mighty struggle was in my soul-an ambition, in place of hope-an aspiration in place of longing. I looked forth no longer on the stars thinking I saw them gleam like eyes, or listened to the tramp, tramp of the steps up the broad street, but I was a man among men-and came and went with the crowd. I possessed a slight frame and a thin, pale face, with black hair and grey eyes. But the wonder of my face was its silence; it seemed as if it held within itself a solemn secret, and dared not open itself lest it should be revealed. I say this of it, because every one gazed at me with earnest, searching look, and then turned away as if unsatisfied.

But I had grown to the stature of manhood, and, according to the world, I must be put to labor. I loved nothing but study, for ever since the charmed book had been in my possession, I had felt an imawakened to a sense of being. I feel as if I could pulse to learn. I kept the book ever beside me. remember it. I almost think I remember the first It was a Third Reader, but it seemed to me a book of breath of life that filled my body; that I can define deepest lore, for I never looked at it that I did not feel the mystery of life deepening until I learned to

As I had no friend to help me I adopted the great resource of Americans—school-keeping--for a living. I cannot even blink of them now, but with that in- I had scarce ever been outside the limits of my own native city, when I went into the country to teach. consciousness. You will say it is the memory of It-was a still, half-dead place, that to which I went; being told all/this-of being told how life began and but there was a quiet serenity about it that pleased ended; but the dread consciousness that I was not me well. I had books enough and implements for blest because I took what was dearer than myself— drawing, and I looked upon the quiet meadows, the my own mather's life—denies that. Oh, that dread grand hills and serene forests as better far than all the bustle of active towns.

When I was a child-boy I knew all about it, heard | , I had found a home in an unpretending farmference. I took my stand the first day in school I thought of the tender blue eyes, of the soft, gen. among a set of rough, uncared for scholars. It was late in November, and they were clothed in coarse garments, and their faces ruddy and stupid. I went through the routine of the day, longing only for the pleased me. I hated it. As a natural sequence, my pupils disliked me; they all began to make trouble for me, until I had to fight for subjection. I grew nervous. I could not sleep from thinking of the vexations of the day and was filled with the keenest

most active and noisy thoughts. My eyes were down- and was looking at the stars in the east as they came cast, my lips always half open, my head a little bent up elowly and silently—yet so surely and with forward; but in the chamber of my soul grew up such glory, when I saw the same tender eyes, that, as a child, I had called death, looking at me. They The first time I thought of life, it was not with seemed stars, and yet living eyes. For the first definite thought, but as if I knew that there should time in my life, I prayed—not to God, even then but to death; because life seemed so harsh and ing child, and though I was tenderly put to bed and death so lovely. What was the virtue of that prayers snugly tucked in each night; although my meals I could not tell, but I slept in peace that pight, and entered upon my duties the next day with a

As I stepped over the threshold of the door, I felt a new life in the room, and as I numbered my pupils, my heart with what it was famishing for; or put- a new face was there. Again, in mortal face were ting before me one really beautiful object, that I set those glowing stars. My voice was gentle, not might worship it and hope.

harsh as beretofore; and as I said, "will you give me you name?" the eyes of all were turned upon me with surprise at my tone.

"My name is Susan Lee," said a voice that made me think of the wind in the pine trees. What! another, and yet the same? Oh, what a life was in that room, from that hour. I was the gladness, the strength, the knowledge of all, and as for myself I

But the term was over, and leave-taking must begin. I was again the world's child. With little was a great longing in my soul-always there—to go money and less hope, I determined to be a scholar. So I buried all memories of the hills, and even of the blooks. And this restlessness was probably the school-room-all except the gentle voice and the star eyes-and went to college. I thought I did not need to pray there, but felt confident and self-reliant. I

grew harsh and cold again, but not fearful. One day I walked along the streets, thinking of what was to be, with not one thought of the present. Crowds went by me, but nothing attracted The first awakening I had was a sense of eyes my mind from its search into the future. I turned I must be as good as Susy, and get my lessons as well. of myself; I felt all I had felt at the birth of death,

and the birth of life, and the birth of love-and yet past, except as a dim, unsatisfactory dream. My I tried to be matter-of-fact—here was the street; let | old housekeeper did not allow me to want for any me go in this shop and buy a cigar, and shake off comfort, and I was never fretted with care. same wonderful light in the eyes.

these words, the eyes glowed as of old.

now--let me go with you !" get out of it. I, a young man just to take orders—I were putting on their gleaming light in the East. might be ruined by even the thought of taking under Why did memory go back to the past, until I recalled my charge a girl in most doubtful position; it would the days of my births, and thought of the tender not do. I hastened to the door, but not so easy was eyes that had blessed those days? An inexplicable it for me pass out. In front of me were again those longing came over me to know another day of lifeimploring eyes of the heavens. I stopped, and spite to feel once more the blessing of existence through of myself, I said.

"Come, then! I am strong and will protect you." hand touch me, just as I had felt in the schoolroom This act—this resoue from a fate worse than death long ago, and yet there was no one near. I went to shall I say it, was the ruin of every worldly hope the shelf, and took down the old worn Reader. I Calumny, slander, every evil imputation rested on turned over its leaves. Was it their rustle? It me. Men that professed to love the world, hated this must have been, and yet distinctly I heard the soft act of love and called it vile. And I-yes, shame wind-voice calling Susy, Susy. Spite of myself, I on me. I regretted it. I could not bear the loss of trembled. I put the book up hastily, and sat before position. My pride was humbled, and who was help the open fire, looking at the embers. What fancy ed thereby? Only a poor girl that fortune had al- was at work in my brain? Those glowing embers ready cursed. She had come to the city for respect- suddenly shone forth with a human look. Tender able labor, and this was the result. What fatality love seemed in them; I even thought I saw them was this that led me ever to her?—that made her move as if coming to me. I was surely growing ill. first my saviour, and then me hers? When I thought I must certainly take an alterative on the morrow. she was dead, she had-found a house among the hills, I took down my old copy of Darwin to see what he

the humiliation, and determined to be brave; but their rustling cohoed through the room as Susy, friends forsook me-poverty came, and sickness. Susy. Again I prayed, but it was again to death, not to God. I would not live. I would force myself from when memory brings no hope? I had forgotten fearfulness of perfect despair? Let that one pity, there is a memory that seems to dwell in the past, for no one else will. I must either commence battle and a memory that comes into the present; and yet again with fate, or yield. I preferred the latter, here the haunted chambers of my brain were each and lay whole days in perfect silence waiting the ing again and again with a living presence. Away end. I could not die, but lived.

for the country. I traveled slowly, and without quivering sigh of the past. I then recalled all that object or destination. Without intention, I found I had tried to forget, and one desire seemed to come my way to the old country home. This I had sent from all the memory—to see Susan Lee once more— Susan Lee to the old school district. I wanted to see and yet was she not wedded, and had I a right even the hills once again—the grand rock-crowned hills, to desire to see her; and if I did wish to look upon and the soft, sleeping valleys, but not the face of her face again, where was she? No one had menfor it.

The Spring work was being done by the farmers, and the country was fresh with its newly turned resolution sent sleep to my eyes, and I saw and farrows, and its soft shade of green. I had only heard no more but the flickering firelight, and the one thought in my mind as I looked on the dark | wind in the buttonwood trees. soil-how cool it would feel if pressed upon my forehead and I, three feet down beneath the turf. Well! to talk, I sought out Susan Lee. She was very quiet was my estimate of the world's sincerity. and very beautiful. She said little about her gratitude and happiness in her home, but it was all persed. A wild storm had arisen, and my horse written in her eyes. I read it there.

friends, and something loves us that brings us to- a wild rush. But just in the middle pathway, when gether."

anviour." "I don't know," said I, "about that; he was

litter enemy, if he did."

for her sake. I hated myself, and then I hated her. I dreamed. A rough man opened to me, and I told I knew that I had put a stone in her heart and a my trouble; my horse was stabled, and I entered bitterness in her cup; but I was too proud to de- the little brown cottage. clare the words false-and they were not, for even then I hated the day when my care for her blasted every hope of my life, and I bitterly said, "Why should she not know it?" And so we parted. I recovered my health, and returned to work.

became a student of medicine. I was prospered, swept pine. My heart was touched as if by all the grew rich, and forgot the past as best I could. memories of the past Susan, I was told, was to marry a respectable farmer, and would live in comfort. When I heard of it, I said I did not care, and I did not, much; but that night, the moment I closed my eyes, I saw hers beaming on me; and, when I opened mine, I saw the star eyes of my childhood's vision.

I did not believe in God. I hated the world; but the world professed to love me, for I was rich and prosperous. Ah, I had received a bitter lesson of the world's charity, and I did not care again to do ward exclamation; but I was ashamed to seem good for good's sake, but only to subserve pride and timid, so I followed, and entered a small room, and said. I knew it would say it, if I humored the the closed eyes -- closed as if in prayer. When they world and did my alms to be seen of men. I was opened, "My God, may I never forget thee. Oh, munificent in charities, all believed; I intended glory and blessing," said I to myself. This is what they should. But a cold mist was over everything I saw last night; just these eyes, and they called in life. I knew no joy or hope. Why should I stay me with their look of eager longing. toiling longer in a loveless city? I would go away I hardly know how I said it; but I breathed for among the hills, and believe they, at least, loved me. her to hear: So I bought an old mansion, not far from the old schoolhouse, and fitted it up with all that pleased you shall live!" distance southward, till they seemed seeking some said to her: outlet between the far-off range of mountains.

some good. I do not think I ever remembered the the world have hated me."

this sense of shadows and mystery. When I stepped | I found that the old house I occupied had a doubton the threshold I trembled-yet I went in. Again I ful reputation in the neighborhood; it was said to saw the little form, the soft features, the tender eyes have been forsaken, because of the strange, unacof the child and the pupil, in the shop-girl that wait- countable noises heard in it. But I had no faith in ed on me. A sad, weary look was on the face, but pneumatology. I did not even believe in any future, the same earnest thoughtful smile was there, and the so I heard nothing because I fancied nothing, I believed.

"Why are you here? Tell me, Susan Lee!" At It was my birth night-a cold March nightthe house was silent, except when an occasional "Oh, do not ask me, only take me away. Yes, gust shook the shutters and mouned in the tall chimnies. I rose, and looked from the window. The Really, this was a disagreeable porition. I must moon was just setting in the West, and the stars another. As I turned from the window I felt a and when I thought her blest, she was found cursed, thought of the connection between seasons and nerv-Ambitious schemes pressed on me. I put aside ous diseases. But as I turned the leaves, again

What is so harsh to the mind as a tender memory, ife. Who knows of death in life? Who knows the Susan Lee, or forgotten her in the present; for with them, said I, and I stamped with my foot on Just as Spring dawned I grew better, and started the floor, and the coho of that sound seemed like the susan Lee; I did not hope for that, or even ask tioned her. I knew not if she were not beyond the prairies, or in her grave. There was to be a country festival the next day, and I resolved to go, and that

I went to the festival. All seemed happy, and very gay. Everybody was especially glad to see grew better every day-stronger and more active me; but I believed it was because I would pay all spite of that thought; and when I was well enough they asked me, and never dispute the price. Such

After the night was far spent, the company dishad become restive. As I mounted him, he plunged "Susan," said I, "we have always been good and reared, and then took the track homeward with "Something?" said Susan. "God loves us and the spur did not urge him, and gentle words did not guards us, and God made you my protector and move him; his ears were bent back, and I was at his mercy, for he would not stir. I dismounted. and he became docile, and followed me : but to walk three miles in the wind and sleet, seemed a fearful Oh, how the light faded from her eyes. I had effort. I hailed the light of a farm-house not far told her all that I had felt, without intending it off, and went toward it. As I knocked on the door. and had put the burden on her, of, all my suffering again I heard the soft pine-toned voice, and thought

> Nothing was there to make me fear, but I trembled from head to foot. I could hardly speak. The hospitable-farmer piled up his logs, and I soon grew calm. He left me, and went to the next room, and again I heard a sound, soft and low, like the wind-

> "Oh God," said I, "take care of me, for I believe I am ill or mad."

> "She says bring you in," said the farmer, "for you are a physician."

"Your wife?" said I. "No; a friend, a saint is dying, I believe."

rafter of the house, and wailed round the corner. "Oh, death, I cannot feel you again," was my incopularity. I was a most noble man—the world stood by the bedside. I looked at the pale face and

"Susy, live-do not die-live-you must live-

my eye. I had a park gready planted, a fountain I saw a faint glow spread over her face. I took already flowing, and my bye could look out each day both her hands in mine. I laid my forchead against upon a landscape that #walled the glorious reality hers. I breathed on her lips, and she grew strongerof Church's art. The grand hills encircled a valley I sat all night, all the next day, and for a week, and to the north; the meadows stretched away in the she lived, and sat up and walked about. Then I

sweets and beauty in that dreary place. But beford "I killed your joy, but I crushed also my own, for I spent days in hunting, fishing, and walking; I I was too selfish to know pleasure. Say you no we say anything more of them we will try to tell you how these fresh blossoms happened to bud from read by night, until sleep overpowered me. Thus I longer remember those cruci words. I have hated lost my restlessness, and began to think life had the world ever since I hated myself and you, and

I looked for her answer rather than listened. sudden light seemed spreadingover her face. "I remember only the Cross that gave the Crown."

Was it a vision that haunted me still? Directly over her head gleamed again those love-lit eyes of the heavens. My mother's eyes I then knew them to be. Was her life then given to another, that I might feel she lived and loved me? I had heard of n new philosophy-spirit impressibility. Was I to

trust it? I will not add more of what passed. In six weeks my home was haunted by a real spirit presence. Love was treading it instead of fancy; love lighted it instead of glowing embers; and yet, was it fancy, that light and those voices? Tell me, if you can, ye wise and learned. I call it God's revelation, even now, living and real. I call it the mediumship of heaven. I call it the voice of angels, wooing my steps from the wild, cheerless paths of selfishness and doubt to the flowery paths of love and faith.

Summers came and went-two, three of them-and we heard another voice within our home, not soft like the wind in the pines, but ringing and glad, like the bird's note; and eyes gleamed forth, not like stars, but like the sunlight on the dew-wet violet, and from that voice and those gleams went out continually a God be praised, until every heart turning heavenward, said, God in everything.

When I go back in memory, and recall those monitors of good, I no longer call them visions or funcies, but I know they were as the light of God being revealed to me to light me to his great glorya blessed life. "Groping blinded in the darkness, I beheld God's hand in that darkness," yet knew not that it was His, and that it led me. Oh, faint hearts and ye who doubt, heed the glimmers of light; heed even the voices of fancy, for they are voices-from the eternal and true.

> Written for the Banner of Light. OUR

OLD SEXTON'S LITTLE DAUGHTERS

One of 'Aunt Esther's Remembrances. As you love to hear me tell of the "queer old times" of my childhood, especially of the people in the ancient parish of Wenbury, I think, my dear niece, you would be interested to know more about the Old Sexton. It seems but a very few short years since I saw him leaning over the churchyard wall, under the shade of the great willow, gazing with a strange, satisfied look upon those grassy moundsgraves they were-of more than one generation, which his spade had opened, and into which his hands had lowered forms and faces familiar from childhood to his eyes; and well do I remember, as I thus passed him once on a bright summer's day. how I quickened my step, as I thought with what a calm, reconciled air he might shovel the clods over mu coffin, and grimly smile, perchance, to see our "family lot" thus filling up, even if it were with its youngest members; and my step was hastened still faster, as turning my eye, I caught a glimpse of that old "sorrel horse" who, drawing behind him that rusty funeral carriage, had so often slowly moved up and down our village street. Not a house he had not tarried before-not a family, some of whose dear ones had not taken their last ride under those sombre curtains; but now, there he was, near his old master, within those precincts so peculiarly he had gone a mile or so, he stood perfectly still; theirs, nibbling, with his nearly toothless gums, the scanty herbage off those nameless graves in the lower yard-not that he restricts himself alone to those; he felt entitled to the harvest of all. And though complaint was often made at such liberties. he still roamed over them at will, and-shall I tell you what the dwellers near that place of graves now say?-that on dim, starry nights the "old sexton's horse" is still seen slowly limping over those old mounds! The herbage in that new country to which he was supposed to have gone, (by believers in animal immortality) not probably being so delicious as grass grown over that acre of human dust, and no repose so soft to him as those rounded hillocks. But don't be frightened-my story is not all of spooks" and churchyards. Pass on with me where stopped with the scare all left my face, as I saw two rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed children --- our old sexton's little daughters! Yes, they were calling that old man of near four score, "Father!" His feeble limbs moved quickly at the sound as he roused from his reverie, and turned to look fondly, yet with a sort of strange surprise, at these fresh buds which had unfolded from his so withered being. Those pretty children ! methinks I see them now-quiet, Just then the winds broke forth, and shook every delicate Ruth, with her large, soft, hazel eyes, and timid movements as if questioning how it ever came to pass that she was in this wonderful world; and looking so pityingly on her father's white. hair and bent form-while Nettie dashes forward with a fearless step, her merry, bright eyes meeting yours with, the expression-"If my coming here is anything . unusual I do not know it; they are more droll to. me than strange, my quaint old parents, and I shall. get all the happiness I can out of everything and everybody." Nettie's little mind of four summers' development had never reasoned this all out of course; it was a born wisdom with her, fitting her, for the life to which she had come; while Ruth's sensitive nature, upon which all disharmony jarred,

> that old bough. Qur old sexton married early in life, and his young

proved as clearly as did her sweet, spiritual face,

that she was only staying here for awhile, and was.

expecting the "angels would call her." They, too,

had been in the graveyard; and Nettie's tin cup full

of blackberries, and Ruth's little hands filled with

golden rod and yarrow, showed that they too. find

manhood was blessed with the love of wife and children; but she, with two little ones, were gathered into the churchyard long before he became its proslding officer. One son alone was left him, who, when he grow up, went to sen, and "settled in foreign parts," as his father said, from whom he etill reselved tidings and gifts. A widowed sister then took her abode with him, till after many years she was removed by death; then feeling, indeed, alone, with growing infirmities, he looked around for a suitable housekeeper, and a quaint old spinster, who had passed her fortieth year three or four summers previous, attracted his notice, so he invited her to take care of his house; and finding that, with all her queer ways and sharp sayings, she was a tidy, efficient manager, he proposed to give her the title by which she could claim permanent authority over his domestic matters; and the old maiden (whose home had previously been with a sister, so like herself that they never could agree,) concluded to accept the offer, for, as she told a neighbor, she could get along better with the old man than with Polly; yet she was afeard that, as he cama from a long-lived race, she might n't have a very easy time with him in the cend." She certainly did not marry the sexton for his wealth or beauty. She knew the old place was mortgaged; and his round shoulders and shuffling gait could never have won for him favor by grace of movement in his best days, to say nothing of his ever-disordered locks, and homely, though intelligent gray eyes, and a nose, the like of which is not often seen; yet the science of Lavater tells me it was a good nose-a nose patriotic! and as he actually fought at Bunker's Hill, his patriot-Ism did not wholly lie in that organ, immense as it

I was out of town when the wedding took place, or else (as it was not a strictly private affair,) I should have peeped in to witness the ceremony with the other girls, who gave me, an amusing account thereof: but I was present about a year afterward at the christening of the twin-babies! It was a strange scene. The sadness awakened by the sight of that old man, presenting with trembling hands those little ones at the baptismal font, was relieved by looking at the mother's rather jolly face, which, somewhat pretty still in feature and complexion, expressed, with a mingled look of shrewduess, honesty and drollery, that she thought this coupling of babyhood and old age was somewhat ridiculous; yet that she felt an inward strength to take care of them all-folks might laugh, and she would too: but she would show them "she was equal to her destiny." And truly the babies thrived and grow, without being lulled by the softest of motherly notes, or tossed from strong fatherly arms. The caresses bestowed on them were peculiar. We schoolgirls loved to call and see them, and hear the mother's queer talk to them; and complaints of "the world of trouble them young uns gin her, and their father was as much a baby as them, (and what under the canopy she married the old fellow for, she did n't know) and the cow and the horse were always straying where they had n't no business." Yet one could easily see that, in spite of all this fretting. there was an undertone of love and telerable satisfaction, and a certain motherly expression would look out of those droll round eyes, though she ignored the sentiment in speech, and seemed ashamed of any inadvertent demonstration of tenderness toward her progeny, When the children were about seven years old. I

essayed my first duties as teacher in the Sundayschool, and to my delight Ruth and Nettle were assigned to my instruction; as we had long been friends, they were not so shy toward me as they were to the minister and other teachers. From their father they had received some Biblical knowledge; and it was an interesting study to watch the effects produced on those two little minds by the same study or lesson. Thus, while Ruth's brown eyes would fill with tears at the desertion of Joseph by his broth ren, Nettie said, "I should n't have thought they would have felt so bad about that little coat. Marm patched my red gown with brown and yellow, and it looked awful. I should n't want a coat of many colors." And when Ruth expressed her grief over the infant Jesus in the manger, Nettie looked up with surprise, saying, "Why, Ruth, you like the cows and oxen-and then, don't you know, he had all those pretty things the Eastern men brought him? and I'd rather play in the barn than any-

"Yes-but he was a tiny baby, Nattie."

"What of that, Ruth? Then he didn't know where he was; and besides, his mother held him in

So she was sure it was waste of sympathy to cry about him.

Ruth's questioning soul looked forward to the other life; and often and carnest were the inquiries she made about the little children and good people who had gone to Heaven. What kind of a world was it? what did they do beside singing? She wished the Bible had told more about it. She felt troubled when she saw her father cover them up in the ground, and she asked him would they live again? He guessed they would; she didn't think he knew. Nettie did not like to have her get on such a train of thought, and would quickly try to divert her attention to things tangible.

Dear, brave, noisy, ever glad Nettie! who did not love to see thee, and hear thy merry words? Ruth's thin, spiritual face we all gazed upon with loving reverence-feeling nearer the angels when talking with her. Yet, as the "Professor of the Breakfast Table" says, in his own inimitable way, "I do verily believe, that He who took little children in his arms and blessed them, loved the most healthy and playful of them, just as well as those who were richer in tuberculous virtues;" and further on, adds, " In the sensibility and sanctity which accompany premature decay, I see one of the most beautiful instances of the principle of compensation which marks the Divine Providence."

For nearly four years I thus enjoyed meeting with these children, and hearing their Sabbath lessons and their young thoughts thereon; then left town and did not return till more than a year had clapsed. My first inquiries about the old parish were of the sexton's little daughters, and most sorry was I to learn that dear Ruth had been very sick, and her recovery was still doubtful. She had taken cold in the early spring, going to and from school. Nettic could bear all weathers-wet her feet in rain and snow without being the worse for it; but Ruth's delicate nature could not endure such exposure. Yet her mother, having faith in the toughening principle, thought she might become "hardened to it," and the child was so ambitious she could n't bear to be a day absent-so a severe cold ended in fever. which had left her very weak, with a bad cough.

The old father had, with his wife's assistance in keeping tidy the old meeting-house, and with the managed to keep his post as sexton, until the autumn she had been walking in the yard. The fresh air less, to his very temperate habits.

provious, when he had a stroke of paralysis, from made her feel brighter. She said the doctor was which he partially recovered, yet he was very lame coming to take her to ride the next morning. and almost helpless: so that now poor Mrs. L____ had the "hard time" of which she had so long the bright gleaming of the little pond near it, and complained. His eye-sight was still pretty good, so could hear the merry voices of the children at their that with the help of his glasses he could often recess play. I asked her if she did not wish to join amuse himself by reading-for I forget to tell you them; she answered: that he had been quite a reader, as well as original thinker, upon some points of science and theology: but his neighbors, "well-to-do farmers" as they hear that singing again. I did hear them as though were, had little respect for his "book larnin'," yet a good ways off, last night." the minister enjoyed talking with him, even if he did not find him quite so orthodox as he could have in late September, and an early frost had touched wished-for he belonged to that "old Arminian the trees, and they were changing their green robes school," which was the former faith of the parish.

I called to see little Ruth as soon as possible, and I should like here to give you a picture of their old to the door by a messenger from her mother, who house, with its brown wooden front, its block-work informed me that Ruth was taken suddenly worse, decoration under its projecting caves, (for it was a house of some pretensions when it was built, in the early days of the colony;) its brick ends, within tion had ruptured a blood-vessel which had flowed which long, narrow glass windows were deeply ensconced, with arched tops; its capacious centre there was no mistaking the look of those glazed chimney, alike ambitious in architecture. Within, a eyes. I looked for the father. On the opposite bed roomy entrance, where a carved balustrade ornamented its winding stairs'; on each side, its northern and southern front rooms, each with its corner hearthstone, and its parlor fireplace adorned with Scripture illustrated tiles; while behind, its long on to Ruth's little bed, and called her name softly. kitchen stretched from the pewter-plattered dresser Her eyes turned toward me, but she saw only spiriton one side, to the deep-shelved buttery on the ual visions now; yet she smiled, saying:

The sexton's family occupied only a part of the house; the last descendant of the original owners sion-"Oh, they have come again! Father and I occupied the other. She was a half-orazed spinster, are going together! Dear Nettie, don't cry; we who was dreadfully troubled by "the witches;" was up several times in the course of the night to have a good-good-by-" tussle with them, much to the annoyance of the other occupants of the house. There was an orchard on one side, from whose old and crooked trees but a small yard stood a noble elm, whose protecting arms had joyous cry, which sounded like Ruth, Ruth! all was waved over the old roof more than a century. over. Around the door and under the low windows were a little bed front of them, Ruth and Nettie had their sweet peas and four-o'clocks.

the sick child, supported by pillows, her hands strong in Jesus. crossed over a book, her face, oh so thin and pale! her large eyes, now brighter than ever, gazing out of was absent from my native town many years; yet the window opposite at the crimson and purple sun- I kept up my acquaintance with Nettle by occasional set. Her father sat in an arm-chair by her side, his correspondence. She would write in such hopeful. white hair flowing down his shoulders, his eyes fixed child-like simplicity, of her plans, while she would fondly on his little daughter's face. As I thus stood, always remember something pleasant of Ruth's saydreading to disturb the holy quiet, Nettle, coming ings and doings. She deeply mourned her sister. from the kitchen, saw me, and running eagerly for and seemed to become more like her. A growing ward, grasped my hand and drew me into the room, sensibility and refinement became visible in all her exclaiming:

"Oh, Ruth-Ruth! here's our teacher!" bed, and taking those small, thin hands in mine,

"No-no dear Ruth, not teacher now; I have come to learn what those great brown eyes have fully taught in then our district school; then in one seen, and what the angels have whispered to you here, for I am sure they have been with you."

dreams!" said the feeble voice of the child; "I do education, and was going out as teacher unto the believe the angels have been with me, but you must far West. He saw and loved "our Nettie;" and tell me what they wear."

lighted up, and he said, softly:

"Yes, Ruth is teacher now; she has been teaching her old father how to die-and-and she thinks comfortably shelter her mother's old age, she would she shall go with me through the dark valley into go to him. So they parted, full of hope and courage: the light."

the mother, as she entered the room. "Why Miss mother was still bright and vigorous; but if you you do n't know how our Ruth talks! Her father teriorly by Ruth's holy departure and the loving thinks its good and right-but I do n't see what the goodness and lady-like manners of Nettie, (of whom child wants to die for. I've done everything for she was very proud) you will be mistaken; yet she her; she's taken lots of doctors' stuff; and now had improved much, though still retaining her I've got a cough mixture that Captain Harnden's quaint brusqueness of speech and manner. darter Hannah took when she was worn to skin and Nine years since I unexpectedly had the pleasure bones, and nobody thought she'd live-and it cured of a tour through our Western States, and gladly her, so she's as well as anybody-and it would cure went out of the direct line of travel to reach the our Ruth, too, if she was n't determined to die."

Little Ruth's sensitive spirit gave a slight tremor

unloving tones met her ear, and she quickly said: "Oh, mother, you know I 've taken everything you wanted me to, and if our Heavenly Father saw it across which a lady and gentleman were slowly was best, it would help me as it did Hannah." Then walking. As I put my head out of the window as turning to Nettie, whose happy eyes were filled with tears ... Oh, Nettie, you know I'd love to stay with from his side, hastened down the nicely graveled you; but I am so sure I shall go, that I do wish you would let me talk about it-do, please, mother?"

The old mother raised her apron to her eyes, saying, with a sob:

"What a strange child you always was, Ruth-but yet I'm sure good folks is wanted more here."

Then Ruth leaned back with such a calm and Happy expression on her face, and told us of the such a snowy, becoming cap, neat brown dress, and pleasant things she had seen, of the loving faces looking at her through bright clouds, of such beautiful children

"And -I do n't know," said she, softly, " that they were all dreams, for I had my eyes open, looking out of the window, and I saw that rose-bush there-you gave it to me, you know, Miss M--- and there have been ten roses on it this summer. Well, I saw them look-look here !" and from behind her chair peeped come in right over the rose-bush, and they smiled on me and held up a wreath of such beautiful flowers, and said they do n't fade there,' pointing up. And then they sang-oh, so sweetly-I held my breath to hear; and the words were go pretty-but I've as she toddled forward and pursed up her lips for a forgotten them, only that there was 'no sickness kiss. Then the grandmother clapped her hands, there,' and 'the old grow young again,' and the good Jesus loves us all.' Then another day they it, and is as glad to see you as we are." Then takwith them; when I looked to father and said, '1 softly, "There's Ruth and Nettie both together! want him to go too: then they smiled and said, She knows so much, and is so good, I sometimes take you both.' And oh, it was so real, dear Miss soon." M, I can't help believing it will come true-

do n't you ?" What could I say to the sweet child, but tell her father know, to be sure, what a treasure she is; that doubtless the angels had been sent to comfort her; yet that perhaps she was now to be strengthened to help take care of her father here awhile longer. Here the old man shook his head, but said

Her mother's faith in "Captain Harnden's darter watchful guardians over that young life. E. M. Hannah's cough mixter" seemed to produce a good effeet. Ruth took it perseveringly, and grew stronger, her cough was less frequent, yet still hard and severe. She was able to walk about her room, and one pleashelp of a young man at the funerals and interments, ant afternoon I found her seated on the door-step;

We could see the school-nouse on the green, and

"Sometimes I think I'd like to; yet I think more about those dream children, and would so like to

The next morning was fair and beautiful, a day for crimson and yellow. I was thinking how much Ruth would enjoy her ride, when I was summoned and would I come to her?

I went immediately. Excitement and over-exerprofusely, and she now layexhausted-dying. Yeshe lay, prostrate and still; the shock occasioned by seeing the fresh blood pouring from his dear child's lips, was too much for him. He was seized with faintness, and now lay in a palsied stupor. I passed

"I am glad you are here." Then after a few minutes sho whispered, with such a happy expreswill come to see you. Mother, Miss M-. Nettie-

A slight tremor passed over her, and all was still. A movement from the opposite bed told of a change there; the old man's eyes opened with a look of harvest was gathered. Back, was a little tillage and strange brightness, as if he also saw the messenpasture land; while in the corner of a large front | ger; then gently closing his eyes, with a faint but

We stood transfixed and silent amidst the sobs of lilac bushes, yellow lilies and French pinks; and in Nettie and her mother, until the voice of the minister (who had just entered,) broke forth in those conjuring words-"I am the resurrection and the As I entered the open door, and turned to enter life; whose believeth in me shall never die." Then the southern room, I was arrested by the picture kneeling, he gave thanks for this holy departure of there presented. In the corner, on a low bed, sat angel-loving youth and weary age with its faith Time passed on, bringing its changes to us all. I

expressions; and Ruth's gift of angel seeing became hers also. She, too, had her dreams, when those I involuntarily shrank back from such a high-ap- large brown eyes would look lovingly on her; and pellation, and with a softened step went toward the she felt that Ruth was cheering her on to a life of patient work and endurance. Her love of study increased; and she prepared herself for a teacher. thus supporting herself and mother. She successmore advanced in a neighboring town. Here she became acquainted with a young man who, by in-"Oh, yes-I have dreampt-oh, such beautiful dustry and perseverance, had acquired a collegiate she, finding he possessed an honest, pure spirit-a Then as I turned to speak to the old man, his face reverent, practical piety, soon gave him her loving heart's pure affection, and promised that as soon as he should make himself a home in which she could she remaining teacher at F--- two years longer, "Oh. hush-hush " spoke the quick, loud voice of returning to her home every Saturday night. Her -" (shaking me heartily by the hand,) "why, are expecting to hear she, too, became refined ex-

flourishing town of R- in Illinois, to visit the Principal and his wife, of the well-conducted and to her weakened frame, as these querulous, yet not popular seminary there. The carriage stopped at a pretty white house, around whose piazza the prairie rose and trumpet flower twined luxuriantly, and we drew up to the gate, the lady jumped quickly walk, and with a face all bright with smiles, and a welcome such as only " Nettie" could give, embraced me, and joyfully introduced the tall New Englandfaced man who had followed her, as her husband. Then clingingly putting her arm in mine, she hura good 'un; so I know you'll go the sooner for it- ried me into the house, where, seated in a rockingchair at a pleasant back window of a very cosy room, sat a round-faced, happy-looking old lady, in black sink apron, that I hardly recognized who it was till she rose up, clasped my hand with such a strong, hearty shake, exclaiming in the old familiar.

"Well, well! who'd a thought of seeing you out here? When we come to this world's eend, I never expected to see anybody agin-leastwise you! But the curly head of a two years' old child, whose large brown eyes were fixed upon me with such a ques tioning expression, I almost started, when, quick as thought, there passed over them a droll, merry look, saying, " Now, did you ever? She knows all about came again, and it scemed to me I was rising to go ing off her glasses to wipe her eyes, she said more Yos, pretty soon; when we come again, we will think they sent her, and she will be called away

> "Oh, no-no, dear mother!" said the pleasant, trusting voice of Nettie. " Aunty Ruth and grandthey, too, enjoy our happiness, and pray for its continuance."

> And as I took our old sexton's little granddaughter on my knees, I felt with its mother that they did indeed "know all about it," and would be ever-

> Gen. Scott is the largest man in the American service. He is six feet six inches tall, and weight two hundred and sixty pounds. He is seventy-four years old, yet his health is good, and his whole system is apparently vigorous-much of which is owing, doubt

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE MYSTERIOUS BULLET.

BY ERASHO.

In the fall of 1852, I left Newport with the intention of visiting a gentleman and lady, friends, in during their sojourn by the sea shore on the levely Island of Rhodes. On their departure from that finger. beautiful spot. I promised to visit them, and for the fulfillment of this promise I had set out. Going by the way of Philadelphia, I concluded to remain a few days in the City of Brotherly Love, and spend them with a young married friend. On arriving at his residence, I was surprised and pained to learn that a brother of my friend had, but a short time previous, buried his wife, a lovely and interesting woman, which had plunged the whole family into tion? My answer was in the affirmative, and in a mourning, and the grief of the once happy husband was intense.

My nature being of a sympathetic character. I clung more closely to the lonely widower than to my old friend, and tried to condole with him in his great loss. He seemed to fully appreciate the consplicit friend, seeing my anxiety, spoke as follows solation I offered, and considering it my duty to through the medium—as near as I can remember: afford the heart-broken man all the comfort within my power, I sought his society. His brother seemed

On the evening of the day following my arrival my friend asked me to accompany him down town. and call upon some of his friends; but I declined.

"As long as I can be of any service to your distressed brother, I shall remain with him."

He left the house, feeling quite provoked with me. That evening I learned why it was that he disliked to have me so constantly with his brother. Soon after the departure of my friend, I was startled to hear the young widower say that he had become a Spiritualist since the death of his wife. I had never before given the subject a thought, and was wholly unprepared for such a revelation; Of course I was a great skeptic. After a long and very exciting argument, he persuaded me to listen to some communications purporting to come from his wife. He said he was fully satisfied that they could come from no other source. As he finished reading the last message, I was forced to exclaim-

"By George, William I they are beautiful, and it must be a pure source from which they emanate No wonder they give you great joy, if you really believe they come from that lovely being you have parted with; but as for my ever believing our friends come back and communicate to us through mortal beings-Judge Edmonds, and all other great minds to the contrary-I never shall, and it is of little or no use for you to try to interest me in such

an unearthly subject." He still persisted in talking to me, and tried to make me reason with him on the subject; but skep. tics know no such thing as reason, neither did I on this occasion. Not wishing to have it said that I was a coward, and afraid to see a medium; I accepted an invitation to go with him, and appear before one of those dreadful creatures, which my mind had been picturing. It was but a short distance com our abode, and I was soon ushered into the plesen of-not a she devil-but a perfect lady, the wife of a physician of Philadelphia. After passing the compliments of the evening, etc., with the Doctor's family, we drew around a table, All were perfectly quiet, and the stillness of death reigned in our

Mrs. C. soon felt the spiritual influence stealing over her, and in a moment she became entranced. and, turning to me, she said, in a voice not like her

"Your sister Fidelia desires you to remain in Philadelphia, and give up all idea of visiting Cincinnati."

My mind was fully made up to go, and I could not have received a communication of a more unpleasant nature. Although I was forced to acknowledge I had a sister Fidelia, then dead, I thought well to us forever. Little by little it wasted away. "humbug," and moved back from the table with Like old age, it vanished from earth, having fulfilled apparent disgust; but the spirit held possession of an important mission. the medium, came toward me, and said things to me known to no one in the room, save myself. I her identity, and then persuade me not to visit my friends in Ohio, which appeared very singular to me.

On my way home I remarked to my companion, that nothing should deprive me of my anticipated pleasure, and that I should start for Cincinnati in time to reach there Saturday evening. He advised me to abide by the spirit instruction I had received. My only answer was a "ha, ha, ha!"

"You may laugh," said he: "but will you visit with me on the morrow, a physician in Fifth Street, who is considered one of the bost mediums living?"

result from a visit to the doctor. I consented. The next morning I met my old friend at the breakfast table. He had heard of my visit with his All is harmony. brother, and was inclined to treat me with indiffer-

ence, and cut me whenever an opportunity offered. ly attached to me.

doctor held his morning circle-we proceeded to the side, comented by the eternal laws of gravitation in haunted house in Fifth Street; and before I left it, one indissoluble bond of brotherhood, and that cold. test upon test was given me, to assure nho that my word Alone is but the reflection of a desolate heart spirit friends were with me. I was told by others upon their loy slopes. present, that I had received evidence enough to convince any reasonable man, but I could not, or as I the window-pane, and the old Storm King is marchnow think, would not see it:

through Mrs. C .- begging me to give up the idea of seems to saygoing to Ohio. I asked them to give me some reason for wishing me to remain in Philadelphia, and they No sympathy near, our woe to cheer. would roply, "You shall know in time." I was out None cares our sorrow or joy to hearof patience with such answers, and declared I would start that very night, (Thursday,)—but, to tell the And the only word you'll ever read there is alonetruth, I had become deeply interested. The spirits knew this, although I supposed it remained a secret with myself.

in the room with the doctor all night. I was assured Alone! gerated things, should I relate what I saw, heard shadowy outline of something real! and felt on that night-which will never be forgotten did not start for Ohio at all.

tions until eleven o'clock in the evening, when the The realities of stern, cold, selfish life burst upon us, doctor and myself accompanied the young widower and we feel that we are alone! to the ferry-boat, and he took his departure for New

we heard raps constantly beneath our feet, and th same when we returned, the spirits responding upon the bricks, to questions put to them by the doctor and myself, until within a short distance of the house, when they ceased, and we were both stirtled by the report of a pistol. We saw the flash above our heads, and in an instant more something Cincinnati, the acquaintance of whom I had formed dropped with great force into my paraguas, which I was carrying carelessly by the handle on my fore-

"What have we here ?" said I as I turned the paraguas upsido down, and a small ball rolled out upon the sidewalk. "My heavens ! it's a bulletand some one has fired at us!" I exclaimed, very much excited.

At that moment the raps came loud upon the bricks beneath the doctor's feet. I asked if we were to consider what had just transpired a manifestamoment a spirit purporting to be that of my brotherin law, took possession of the doctor, and said he would explain all as soon as we reached the house. I picked up the bullet, and we crossed the street and soon found ourselves in the doctor's office. My through the medium—as near as I can remember:

"My dear Brother-Your spirit-friends are rejoicing my power, I sought his society. His brother seemed over the preservation of your life. They have been somewhat displeased at this, and I wondered why it the means of saving you from an untimely death, through this medium, who has permitted himself to be controlled by us for this purpose. Had you started for Cincinnati as you intended to do. you would have arrived at the hour we have manifested ourselves to you in this singular way, and you would have received the ball which was intended for another. As it is, the man you would have been taken for, was shot. Look in the papers published on Monday, and you will see an account of the accident.

I considered the above a very strange communication, which did not fully satisfy me for having been detained; and I thought the idea of looking into the papers for an accident which my spiritfriend told me had occurred, as the communication states, too absurd; still, when Monday morning came. I went to the reading-room, and there, to my great amazement, found what the spirit had told me was true. That night, at half-past eleven, a man had been shot, as the spirit stated. But to return to the mysterious bullet."

On that eventful night I placed the bullet in a drawer of my burgau, and retired to rest. The next morning I looked for the bullet; but it had disappeared, and where it had gone was a mystery to both the Doctor and myself. We had given up all hopes of ever seeing it again; but on the following Saturday evening, at precisely half-past cleven, the bullet shot into my room as if fired from a pistol. Where it came from I know not. The door and the windows were both closed. I called the Doctor. There was no more sleep for us that night. To every portion of that house that bullet went, and we followed it until we were tired, and then lay down to rest; but all night long that bullet rapped upon the walls of that haunted house. For a long time afterwards it would come to us whenever we asked for it. I was requested to mark it so that I might know it. I did so, and that mark remained upon it until it had grown as small as a buck-shot, and then it disappeared altogether.

One of the favorite tricks, the spirits used to play with it was to drop it into a tumbler of water, and then make the bullet so hot that no person could take it out of the water. I have seen a great many unbelievers try to pick it up, or take it out of the water, but they never could until the controlling spirit would permit them to.

During the following summer I visited, with the Doctor, friends of his in Connecticut, and also my friends in Massachusetts. Through both of these States that spirit bullet followed us, and would appear at all places, and at all times, whenever we desired it to, and sometimes when we little cared to have it.

We found it a faithful companion; and at last, as we approached the end of our journey, it bid fare-

My spiritual investigations were full of interest from the commencement, and I have often regretted must confess I was not a little startled. The whole that I did not keep a record of them, and when time object of the spirit seemed to be to convince me of permitted present my experience to the public. Seeing no better way to spend a Sabbath in this ungodly place, I concluded to write a true history of the Mysterious Buller, and send to you for publication, begging your acceptance of the same.

Written for the Banner of Light. ALONEI BY HELEN MAR.

Alone! What a dirge, what a knell rings in that word, alone. We gaze upon the silver lake, spread I had seen just enough to awaken an interest in out in loveliness before us, and seem to see that me, and could see no harm that would be likely to dread word engraven on the crested cap of every dancing wave. We look again; the foaming serf has vanished, and the waves have mingled into one.

We look out upon the snow-capped mountains, where the sunlight dances and plays, weaving rain-Meanwhile his brother became more and more warm. bow garlands for every shaggy rock-bound cliff, and seem to see alone, written there. But are the moun-At ten o'clock-for this was the hour that the tains alone? Oh, no; there they stand, side by

The rain-drops are falling, patter, patter, against ing through our streets, with stately steps, and The messages I received through the doctor, were slow beating on the muffled drum of time the deathall of the same nature as the first one which came march of the departing year. We listen, and he

"Alone, alone, we're marching on, Through a world of bustle and care; Alone, flies off, the old dying year-Alone, comes on the new in the rear,

He has passed by, but the dirge still rings in our

ears-alone! And is it so? Is there but one word On Thursday evening I was persuaded to remain in the great vocabulary of humanity, and that word that I would see strange things. I did, and they Listen! Methinks I hear gentle whispers-angel

were of such a startling nature that the world voices. Yes, we seem to feel their sweet, soothing would not believe, and I doubt whether many Spirit influences. A-frail, trembling network of attraction ualists would not consider that I very much exag- is drawing us away, and we discern the misty, In the midst of this pleasing reverie, alone strikes

by me. Suffice it to say, by the experience of that again upon our ear in death-tones, and all is hushed. night, my iron will was forced to succumb, and I The heavenly visitants are fled, the silken threads which seemed to be drawing us toward a better. Friday and Saturday, I continued my investiga- higher life, are sundered, and the spell is broken!

Oh, thou Eternal Spirit of Truth, must it ever be York by the night train. On our way to the dock thus? Is man doomed to plod on through this

for us? Shall our ears nover hear the celestial music of the spheres? and must that requiem of hopes departed haunt us to the grave? Shall we forever hermetically seal up the deepest, purest fountains of our heart's highest aspirations, and bid a heartless world gaze and trample on and misjudge? It must be so. Many a flower which might have bloomed in beauty, and shed a fragrance on all around, has been transplanted to an uncongenial soil, tilled by a rash hand, supported on a thorny week day the medium was employed at his trade. trellis, and watered by bitter tears!

Written for the Banner of Light. THE LITTLE ROBINS.

BY MRS. A. C. SPAULDING. In the robin's nest in the old elm tree.

Are some little birdlings-I counted three; I listened just now, being tired of play, And what think you, ma, I heard them say?

Why they said, or at least I seemed to hear. That for ever so long their parents dear Had quite controlled them, but now they'd try. Being all alone, if they could not fly.

So one little robin hops up on a twig; His wings they were small, but his body was big, He sprang in the air with a wee little jump, But down on the ground, lo I poor robin fell plump

Now birds, or children, great or small, 'Twill save you, dears, from many a fall, To listen and learn of those more wise. Before you attempt too high to rise.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENTA EXPERIENCE AND OBSERVATION.

BY A. H. DAVIS. CHAPTER II.

THE CIRCLE OF 1853—THE MEDIUMS, HOW INFLUENCED THE GROLE OF TOOO—THE REDURNS, NOW INFECTIONAL TOO THE CIR-THE DESCRIPTION OF THE CIRCLES OF TOOO—THE REDURNS, NOW INFECTION OF THE CIRCLES OF T INGS-WHY CANNOT ALL BECOME MEDIUMS?

The circle held at the residence of Mr. Healey Sunday evening, Oct. 1, 1853, at which I received the communication from my father, alluded to in Chapter I, was the commencement of a series of private circles, which we continued the remainder of the fall of 1853, and during the winter and spring months of 1854.

The medium through which the principal part of the communications came, was Mr. J. P. Healev. then, and for ought we know, now, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in good standing; and with much that was taught us through his own hand, he had, or professed to have, no sympathy. He was an impressed medium, and his hand was also controlled to point to the letters of a printed alphabet which lay before him, in a rapid manner, a letter at a time. A second person looked over and pronounced the letter as soon as pointed to. and when the word was spelled out, I took it down; and the words came about as fast as I could write in long-hand; and, in fact, I found it exceedingly convenient before the winter was out to resort to phonography, of which I had a partial, and which I now took up again and gained a practical knowledge. Mrs. Healey, the wife of the medium, was a trance and writing medium; and occasionally we received communications through her hand.

A few facts in connection with these sittings are worthy of notice; and first, much of what we received was counter to the professed belief of the medium. Secondly, the style was bold and glowing, and many parts elequent, and every member of the circle was satisfied that the teachings were in advance of the medium, or of any mind present. Third. ly, there was a connected link through the whole series - and in several instances the communication medium would engage in conversation, with the circuis of as much greater importance as the spiritual ole, foreign to the subject, ten or fifteen minutes, the more elevated spheres of development, let them and then commence again; and when my notes were written out, I could not tell where the break was be willing to be useful where they can; for, rest made-being good evidence, to my mind, that the communications were not received from the medium's mind.

Those who attended the meetings of this cirole punctually, were Franklin Hanchett, Anna E. Hanchett, Joseph P. Healey, Mary P. Healey, Manson Morse, Martha Burnham, John Jennings, A. H. Davis, all of Natick, and Henry Wood, of West Needham. Nathan Rice, George Wood, and H. L. Bowker were also occasionally present.

It will not be expected that I shall give a full report of what was received during these sittings; and I will give only occasional extracts from such parts as I deem of interest to the general reader.

At a meeting of this circle, held October 22d, soon after we were seated around the table, it began to tip in a marked, heavy and measured manner, different from what we had ever known it to tip before. It was asked by one of the circle-

"Will the spirit tipping the table give us its signal? and in response the table tipped twenty one times. Again it was asked:

"Will the spirit tipping the table give us the name by the alphabet ?" Answered "Yes," and the name, "Jonius Fabulus" was spelled out. Again it was asked:

"Where can we find that name?" It was answered - You do not have the name in viz :- When a medium is in a trance state what any of the books with which you are familiar. It proof have we that the ideas or thoughts which was from my name that the peactice sprung, of call he or she may utter, come from spirits; and ing whatever seemed marvelous or strange, and not if the intelligence which comes forth may not proto be credited, a fable. In my time of existence on occid from a highly magnified condition of the faculthe earth, there was but a very imperfect knowledge ties, which enables the subject to grasp superior of any existence after the spirit left the body, and wisdom through the same mysterious process that when I labored to convince the world that there man naturally receives his thoughts?" was such a place as the spirit world, I was ridiculed and called a deceiver. From that fact, it became a if I can make it so to others perhaps both parties general practice to call whatever was not fully un- will be gratified. derstood, one of Fabulus's stories, which in time degenerated to fable. What I came for was, to call the subject well know) that the trance state, so called, your attention to the fact, that there are in the is very different in the different individuals subject presented."

good, we received them. And I would here remark, the control of another mind, or power, and not their it has never been a matter of interest with me to own. identify spirits; but when the spirits see fit to give evidence of their identity, I am always happy to scious, and at other times semi-conscious, according receive it.

This, as I have intimated before, was the commencement of a series of teachings, through the fall and winter months—the circle meeting twice, and ful, honest, good-loving medium, (and I feel thanksometimes three times a week. I will not tax the ful there are many such,) one whose self-conscious-

trackless, wilderness world, unable to read in all all we received, but simply review my reports, and thy book of Nature and Revelation naught, save give the leading subjects, and occusionally an exthat one word, Alone? Are there no soul-sympathics tract from the teachings. The subjects came systematically and in order. An experienced writer would not have arranged them more systematically. And, what is still more remarkable, on one or two occasions it was announced several weeks beforehand that at a certain point in the teachings he would be aided by Herschel and Martin Luther; and when the time came, although every member of the circles had forgotten the promise, it was fulfilled; and I would not forget to mention, either, that every

I will now give here another extract from a communication received from Jonius, at a circle held Saturday evening, Oct. 29, 1353: "The race to which I belonged, known in history as Greeks, were among the first to adopt social habits, or, as you may say, the habit of living in communities. With us began the practice of building temples of worship, and houses to live in. To us belongs the honor of taking the lead in what is known among you as architecture. Although at first it was in but a rude state, yet step by step it advanced, according to the laws of progression, improvement following improvement, until there were erected those massive piles which have been the wonder and admiration of ages past, and are still the study of the present generation, affording matter for the research of scientific minds of all nations whom curiosity led to open the bowels of the earth, to search for cities long buried beneath by the wasting elements of time. Be assured that there are still many places that have been the abode of men, which have long been lost to the knowledge of the inhabitants of the globe. Ninevah is not the only city that has been swallowed up in the many convulsions which have taken place since man appeared on the earth; and the account of that was not recorded for many centuries after the occurrence."

Question .- " Will you tell us how many thousand years it has been since those pyramids of which we have an account were erected?"

Answer .- " They were not all erected in one century."

Ques .- "Can you tell us how long any of them have stood?"

Ans .- " If I should give the time in your mode of reckening it would not be credited, and might lead some to doubt the truth of the whole subject; but as light increases, the mind of man will become more and more prepared to take in the great and mighty things which are yet to be revealed. This much I will say, your history does not give anything like a

correct idea of the time." WHY CANNOT ALL BECOME MEDIUMS? At another sitting, held November 5, the following was received in relation to mediums: "I perceive that there are minds among you disposed to inquire, why cannot all persons be used alike as mediums? and why is it that all that does come through such as are mediums is not reliable? I will say, in answer, that when you will tell me why every man you know is not a Franklin, a Fulton, or a Morso, then you will discover the reason of what you ask. You must not expect every medium to be an Andrew Jackson Davis any more than you can expect every man to be a Daniel Webster; but be prepared to receive the truth as it may be made manifest, whether it comes in a broken and disconnected manner, or in words which shine like pictures of gold. o o o Some are disposed to doubt, because every communication is not substantiated by physical demonstration beyond the possibility of deception. Now apply this rule to the every-day occurrences of life, and

see how it will hold. O O You are willing to take it as a fact established beyond doubt that steam may be used as a motive power, and go to work accordingly, making use of the knowledge others have gained, and applying it to practical use. So do with this subject, which has been as plainly and positively demonstrated as has the other, world is above the earthly. If all cannot be used in Assured, the Divine Mind has a work for each of the inhabitants of earth in nature's great work-shop, and the one the most willing shall make the most progress. But it is impossible for any to make progress without labor." o o o

Ques,-"Did you have any part in sending Martin Luther to us?"

Ans .- " Yes."

"Is it your intention to give us a course of instruction in relation to the spirit-world, assisted by Martin Luther?" Something the second

"Yes."

"Shall we devote more than one evening in a week

to you both?"

" Yes." "Shall we devote one evening in a week to each?"

" Yes." o o d " Let not your minds wander from the great and important work which you, have commenced, and you may rest assured you will yet see the highest desire of your hearts gratified in receiving communications both instructive and useful" o

THE QUESTION OF MEDIUMSELP. I saw in your issue of November 10th, an article headed "A new question for discussion," in which Mr. G. H. Davis asks the following questions,

Now, to my mind, this proof is very apparent, and

First, then, I will say, (as those conversant with spirit-world those who, though they have lived long to it. And also that the degree or depth of trance before the time of which you have any history, still varies greatly in the same person. Some persons have a deep interest in the whole human family, and while in this state are entirely unconscious of outare at all times ready to frender such assistance as ward things, and do not remember anything which is in our power to give, when a proper opportunity is takes place during their sleep, or trance. Others nover lose their unconsciousness, but take cognizance Whether such being as Jonius Fabulus ever ex- of all which may be said or done by those around isted, or whether the name is a myth, we did not them, yet without the power to speak or act of their stop to question; but as we found the teachings own volition, because their physical organs are in

> Again, some mediums are at times totally unconto the degree or power of the obsessing spirit, or controlling power, over such mediums.

Now let us take the case of a conscientious truthpatience of the reader by giving a detailed report of ness is never entirely lost, but whose own mind takes | nounced.

note of all that is said or done through him on her (as the case may be) yet without the power of resisting it; who often doubts the truthfulness of the as- over this great city and levely bay, reminds me that sertions being made through their (the medium's) forty-eight annual revolutions of our earth have gives its name or is recognized by persons present, my pilgrimage in the outer and visible life. How manifesting all the emotions of a separate, distinct not even capacity to know I had no friend in this and different individual, whether it be manifesting world but a mother, and that to her, even, I must joy or sorrow, laughing or weeping; whether embrac. have been an unwelcome visitor in the cold storms gushing affection of a mother's love, the dear chil- and contempt that surrounded her. dren who may be present, but from whom that! Those who wish to know the story of my trials mother has long been separated, because before un- and sufferings in early life, and the wretchedness of recognized by them-and many such scenes I have a mother whom the angels took home so soon after witnessed, many tears of joy I have seen shed, and my appearance (four years,) can read it in the heard many a prayer of thankfulness, on such occa- "Life-Line of the Lone One," as I cannot recount it sions, both from mortals and spirits.

I say, then, that a truthful medium, who is con scious of all this at the time, will not, when relieved despised, forsaken, and sold into sixteen long years from the trance or influence, claim to have produced it of servitude, and the present condition of the same themselves, but will invariably tell you that they child, (for still I am but a child,) with thousands of knew but could not prevent what was being done, friends scattered over our country, and hundreds of and that the thoughts, the speech and the acts were the best and happiest homes in the nation open to as new and strange to them as they were to others welcome me, and the warmest of hearts bidding me present. And even suppose mediums should claim to have done it of their own volition, (but I never and happy family, who call me husband and father, knew of such a case,) those who knew them well dear father, etc.; with all the endearing terms that would know of their inability to personate, unaided, the perfect individuality of those whom they had and dutiful son (two,) to any parent, and a kind. never seen nor heard of.

often spoke—as you may see by reference to "Spirit ualism," by Judge Edmonds. She was never entirely my mission; and then a little higher, and more imunconscious, was at times quite skeptical, especially as regards the wisdom or power of spirits; and, above, of which I have an equal certainty, where although she could often see spirits, and hear them dwell my mother-more dear to me than ever-my talk, she disliked, as a general thing, to yield to two little boys, who have preceded us, and are their influence, but would do so if she thought any watching over us and anxiously awaiting the time good would result from so doing. Spirits would often come to her and beg to be permitted to speak and dear friends whom I have known and loved through her to their friends on earth; and when such friends were present, their (the spirits',) importunities would be almost irresistible.

When she did give herself up to their influence, she seemed, as she said, to stand aside as it were, and listen to the words her lips wore uttering; at whose very names I had respected and revered, and the same time commenting in her own mind on what whose written words had been to me "footprints on the spirit said, the same as any other listener would the sands of time," which I have tried to follow; and do. If it purported to be some person of note, who last, and most precious of all, the fall assurance I was speaking, Webster for instance, she would think have that in that world the deepest and strongest as he is doing:" or again, "I don't believe this soul shall not be doomed to wander unsatisfied with spirit knows as much as he pretends to; if it is a the cold formalities, idle dreams, or yulgar sensualiagain if they can't talk better than they are now doing." &c., &c. Now at such times she was conscious of no superior illumination of mind, was perfeetly alive to external things and did she hear her child cry, or anything else of a startling character, she would struggle to get control of her organs again, and in some instances succeeded in doing so. The ideas given through her, would be new, strange

No person had a higher veneration for truth, and t often caused her considerable anxiety and distress, for fear that something which was given through her might not be true; and she after remarked that if a spirit said anything through her which was not true, she would yield to the influence no more.

and different from her own.

Now these are stubborn facts, and they prove, in such cases at least, that the mediums do not get the mother did, my children have, as well as many ideas, or thoughts, through a "highly magnified friends whom I have known here, and all testify to condition of their faculties," nor through the same the beauty and leveliness of that bright world, now mysterious process by which man naturally receives | being, through Spiritualism, so closely linked to this his thoughts.

they do not pretend to be the spirit of another person; ceived me here, as well as by others. if so, I have yet to hear of the first instance. They upon the peculiar state they are in.

through their own organs from the volition of their remains as now. own spirit; but if we are to suppose that they are I reached this city last evening, and met a most give forth such things.

Clairvoyants claim to see, hear, &c., for themselves. They may see spirits, may hear them speak, power, and hence have little influence. but they do not claim to be spirits other than themselves. May we not believe in the one case as well

as in the other? To sum up then. Some mediums are conscious of speaking through their own organs. They are conscious of seeing and of being spoken to by spirits, and they are also conscious that spirits control and speak through their external organs of speech, in spite of their desire and efforts to the contrary. And unless we rule out all faith in the honesty and truthfulness of the multitudes of good, moral and truthloving mediums throughout our country, together with the evidence of our own senses, sharpened as they are by doubt and skepticism, we must believe that departed spirits do speak with us, as they claim Yours respectfully, to do.

G. SWEET.

ON EPITHETS.

I never in my life called man or woman a drunkrd, thief, or prostitute, or pauper. I know that so offensive to me as never to use them. And, moreover, I never felt toward such any feeling but compassion: whereas, with a more healthy mind, I doctrine. might view them with horror and disgust. I doubt if I can now correct this feeling, if it is wrong; and that when I read or listen to "reform" discourses,

A RETROSPECT.

This beautiful sunny day, as it spreads its shine organs, has doubts about its being the spirit who transpired and completed to day since I entered upon by the many peculiarities pertaining to such spirit's changed is life in this brief period, with its two ends character or individuality, but of which the medium so near in the endless hoop of eternity! Then I is entirely ignorant; in short, one who is all the knew nothing of this or any other life—had barely time aware that the physical body and organs are a capacity to feel a little of my surroundings, but ing long loved friends, or blessing with all the out- of New England, and the colder blasts of poverty

here, but only introduce it to exhibit the contrast between the poor, friendless outcast boy, homeless, welcome to a home; with a pleasant little cottage, can bind a loving daughter (only one,) or a noble amiable and noble wife, who always welcomes me to My wife was a medium through whom the spirits | the little home circle, and would not consent to my going, only that she feels the importance and uses of portant and permanent still, the spheres and life of our arrival to that happier home; and many near while here, already there, and often sending me messages of congratulation, sympathy and continued affection; and, added to all, messages of encouragement, friendship and love from socres of noble and worthy persons whom I never knew on earth, but to herself thus, "I don't believe this is Webster who elements of my soul shall find a legitimate sphere of is speaking, for it seems to me I could speak as well growth and expansion, and that the love of every spirit, he do n't seem to know any more than other ties of this mundane stratum of being. And all this folks. I wont let them use me to speak through great change, in less than half a century, has occurred in me.

> I know I have not lived in vain, Whether useful or useless to others, I have been useful to myself, and life has paid at last, although for years it seemed to me a failure, and I feared the whole race was bankrupt and the creation a failure, as it surely would be if either sectarian Christianity or that infidelity which denies a spirit-life were true; but. thank God, I know they are not; and thousands with me know that this human bark is not to be wrecked by either Scylia or Charybdis-is not to be burned up on African sands, nor bound in eternal ice by Arctic frosts. There is a temperate region of eternal bloom open to the souls of this world, and those who long for and can appreciate and enjoy it, will find it when they sail through the gate of death. My and to us.

instance, do many things while in that state, which ripened my soul, and although I do not feel the they are not capable of doing while in a normal con- creeping years in my body, and my mind seems still dition: they may write sermons, or paint pictures strengthening, expanding and unfolding through the in a dark room, or with eyes closed. At such times, body, yet I feel and know by my time-table and the I do believe that some of their faculties are in a su- annual stations I have stopped at, that the journey is perior or illuminated condition, while other of their nearly at an end on the foot-path, and voices are faculties lie dormant and inactive. While their already calling me to "come up higher," and I feel faculties are in this illuminated state they may, and sure my spirit will, in a few more short years at perhaps do, possess a lower of obtaining ideas or of furthest, let go its hold on earthly matter, and freed knowing things, which at other times they do not from this body that now anchors it to earth, ascend have; but I never knew such persons to pretend to to the home where I trust its reception and welcome be anything more than they really were-certainly will be different even by the same mother that re-

I have much work laid out before me to do here, are not conscious of being asleep and awake at the but may not complete any of it. Books in manusame time, or that they are in any abnormal condi- script, and lectures in embrio; both may be left for tion, consequently they are not capable of reasoning others, or finished by me through mediums, for I expect to correspond and communicate with this The minds of mediums do often affect or color sphere after I enter the next; for I know others do, the communications given through them, and it and I know my sympathies at least cannot be with may be, that those in deep trance sometimes speak drawn while I am what I am, or while my nature

then in a superior condition, they must be aware hearty and cordial welcome from my friends; and that they are speaking and acting out falsehoods, if when I have felt the political and religious atmothey were really doing so. Conscientious mediums sphere, and taken observations in that direction, I would not be likely to do such things many times, will make a note of them; but, at present, the apnor permit themselves to be placed in a condition to pearances are that the great storm is not to be as severe as I anticipated at one time. The moderate men have the helm here, and the rowdies are out of

WARREN CHARR. Baltimore, Md., Jan. 5, 1861.

IS THERE NO EVILP

I have been an investigator of modern Spiritual ism since its advent at Rochester in 1849; have read most of its earlier publications - including Davis's works: been a subscriber to some Spiritual paper most of the time, commencing with The Spirit World; am now a subscriber to the Banner or LIGHT. I have tried to keep up with the progress of the times; have seen many new and truthful ideas established, and many erroneous ones exploded.

All great errors have generally been exploded at once by some of the many able writers in the spirit. ual press. I have never until now been obliged to emerge from my obscurity to rescue truth, or explode error. I would gladly leave the task to abler hands; but having waited long, and looked in vain for a refutation of the heresy which confounds evil with good, and teaches that man can do no evil, I am conthese are the legal names applied to such, and it strained to undertake the annihilation of this moral may be only a morbid feeling that has made them Goliath with the powers with which heaven has endowed me. Unless this can be done, the foundations of our civilization are in danger from this monstrous

If we destroy the contrast between good and evil, how long will our civilization endure? Teach that we can do no wrong, and what law will be respected? where these (legal) epithets are applied with so All our laws, and the order which exists in society, much gusto, they will give me anything but pleas- are based upon the recognition of the antagonism of are; and that I may continue to doubt at times if evil to good. It is this antagonism which renders the denouncer is any nearer heaven than the de-law necessary; and although Dr. Child may succeed PAUL PRY. in convincing weak-minded people, and people of affair.

casy virtue, that there is no such antagonism, yet such antagonism is none the less a fact. Allow me to refer the Doctor to the saving of him " who spake as spake no other": "Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven." Why? Because he in so doing, stiffes the voice of the God within-closes his ears to the voice of his God. The man does not live, whose inner conscience, at first hearing this "all-right" doctrine, did not tell him it was false.

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mion, As, to be inted, needs but to be seen; But seen too oit, familiar with her face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

And although he may have schooled himself to embrace it, he cannot thus easy escape the conscquence of the error. But the Doctor having first smothered the voice of his God, endeavors, by the use of the prevalent false ideas of God, and some very ingenious sophistries, to induce others to smother the voices of their Gods also. His whole argument is based upon the following assumption. which is not only unproven, but unsusceptible of proof, viz., the original existence of an organized creative power, all of whose works are necessarily good whose mistakes are by design, and whose errors are infinite perfection.

If this assumption is admitted, of course his conclusions are inevitable. But it is said the negative of this cannot be proven: therefore the affirmative stands good as the most reasonable way of account. ing for the phenomena of being. But is this so? Is it more reasonable to suppose that an organized being, perfect in attributes, and containing the germ of the universe, originally and eternally existed, than that matter existed in chaos before progress had developed organization?

I admit there is something beyond our comprehension in the eternity of matter; but it is still more beyond our comprehension how an organized God came into existence before any progress had taken place to develop one. The old argument which I can only regard as a compound absurdity, is this; "The universe exists. It must have had a beginning; and if it had a beginning, it had a beginner; and the beginner must have had power to create, or to make something out of nothing." It can be illustrated in no better way than by repeating the argument until we perceive its absurdity. Thus: That Being must have had a beginning; and, if he had a beginning, he must have had a beginner, and that beginner must have had power to create him, and that Being must have had a beginning, and if he had a beginning, then he must have had a beginner, and that beginner must have had power to create him. and so on, ad infinitum. You will finally leave off just as wise as you began, unless you lose your senses in the operation.

Why is it not as well to admit the eternity of matter, and that matter contained the germ of God, as to admit the eternity of God, and that God contained the germ of the universe?

In either case we are forced to admit the eternity of matter. Is it not more reasonable to suppose that the first condition of matter was chaos? God is an organized being, and organization can only come by progress. Chaos must therefore necessarily have been the condition before there was any progress. Now upon the supposition that chaos of matter was first, and that progress developed organized life, and further progress developed intelligence; and that higher and still higher developments of intelligence developed the several circles of wisdom and power; and that the great sum total of intelligent being, in all the multifarious degrees of perfection in wisdom, power and purity, is what we call God-therefore chaos is the beginning, and God the ultimate of being.

The fixed and eternal laws of nature, bringing order out of chaos, is Deity. Organized life is God. The object of the universe is the development of this God-principle. Therefore all action the development of the God iff us, is good, and all which tends to retard it, is evil.

Lee, Mass., 1861. ALANSON PREPRIATE

[Speculations upon the origin of God always lead to the same point, whether we consider that God was always existent and the first great cause of all things, or that God is a power developed by matter under nature's laws. Our friend starts with "chaos;" another starts with "God." We do not see so much difference in the beginner; for chaos, which could contain the germ of the world, is no less a wonderno less incomprehensible to us than a personal God. Either power contained the law within itself which has evolved present Nature, and whence originated that power is the question to be asked in either case, ad infinitum. All our ideas of God are vague and unsatisfactory, requiring a better knowledge of self and outside Nature than mortal possesses to enable him to comprehend. We believe that evil contains within itself a germ that shall in time develop in the subject, by suffering, a more perfect state, which we call good.]-ED.

THE BOOK OF JOB .- The Book of Job is generally regarded as the most perfect specimen of the poetry of the Hebrews. It is alike picturesque in the delineation of Hebrew phenomena, and artistically skillful in the didactic arrangement of the whole work. In all the modern languages into which the Book of Job has been translated, its images, drawn from the natural scenery of the East, leave a deep impression on the mind. "The Lord walketh on the heights of the waters, on the ridges of the waves towering high beneath the force of the wind." "The morning red has colored the margins of the earth, and variously formed the covering of the clouds, as the hand of man moulds the yielding clay." The habits of animals are described, as, forinstance, those of the wild ass, the horse, the buffalo, the rhinoceros and the crocodile, the eagle and the ostrich. We see "the pure other spread, during the scorching heat of the south wind, as a melted mirror over the parched desert."

The poetic literature of the Hebrews is not deficient in variety of form; for while the Hebrew poetry breathes a tone of warlike enthusiasm, from Joshua to Samuel, the little Book of the gleaner Ruth presents us with a charming and exquisite pioture of nature. Goethe, at the period of his enthusiasm for the East, spoke of it "as the loveliest specimen of epic and idyl poetry which we possess." -Huumboldt's Cosmos, Vol. 11., p. 60.

After he had got fairly a-going in his printer life in Philadelphia, Franklin's financial prudence never left him. While he yet owed £100 toward his newspaper property—(the story is his own) -a matchmaking woman tried to negotiate a marriage botween the printer and a young lady of which he was somewhat enamored. "Tell the parents," said the type, "to give her £100-enough to paymy debt-and I'll marry the girl." They answered that they had not that sum to spare. "Let 'em mortgage their house, and borrow the money," said Franklin. "Wont do it," replied the parents. "Then I am too poor to marry," said the printer—and so ended the

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SHOULDERING A MUSKET.

There is another and a better courage than the physical. Not that the lower must not always lie below the higher; but it is not worth while to confound them by running one into the other. We often speak of a mere moral courage as entirely distinct from a physical; whereas, if it is looked into as it deserves, there can be nothing like a physical without some sort of a moral courage to inspire and inform it. The greater must ever include the lesser, and so must the higher gradually grow out of the lower

We frequently overhear men saying, in these times of excitement and confusion, that they are all ready to shoulder their musket for the union of these States, or for the perpetuity of their political principles. Well, if they really are ready, perhaps they have much to furnish them with gratifying reflection; but it certainly cannot be a reflection that proceeds from the most satisfactory sources. As if, now, the truest courage lay in bringing a leaded musket to the shoulder! As if, unless a man could be brought up at once to the pitch of passion, or frenzy, he may be taunted with possessing no courage at all! But this is but the popular misapprehension; when matters are better balanced and harmonized, the public verdict will come nearer the truth.

What if you are ready to shoulder your musket, sir, in imaginary vindication of the principles you profess, or of the integrity of the government under which you live. That proves your courage, does it? Very well. Now then, are you just as ready to leave off your impulsive threats, if thus your cherished principles could be made more secure? Are you just as ready to " present arms " as you are to point the muzzle, in order to place your government, now in peril, upon a higher and more permanent foundation? . In brief, is your courage nothing more than the gunpowder courage, the same that lies nearest the surface, and has always been prompt to answer the summons of passion? Is it of that old sort that blenches the fist, distorts the muscles of the face, gives one the horrid mien of a madman, and will do nothing unless on the spur of excitement, and under the heat of passion?

It is much easier to act than to think. Calm reflection, especially in the midst of exciting and even provoking circumstances, is one of the tests of human character. To control one's self costs a great deal more than to conquer others. It is an easy matter to get excited, whether with or without due cause; but it is no proof of radical courage, which must always include high-mindedness and forbearance, and imply the existence and harmonious working of several leading qualities. One who is but superficially developed cannot easily know what it costs a full-grown man to refrain from doing that which the former would rashly plunge into. What seems to many the merest negativeness of character is frequently but the profoundest positiveness. We may not judge another by what he does until we have been at the pains to look around and see what he has refrained from doing. It is vastly easier to shun temptation of any sort than it is to resist and overcome it.

While we are animal as well as spiritual, and while each half of our common nature is alternately attracted to and repelled from the other, it is not so easy, either, to abandon the claims which the purely physical makes on our constant consideration. We agree that that is a very essential portion of our present make-up. We allow that what is called purely physical courage is by no means to be sneered at, much less left out of the account. It is the substratum on which the better sort of courage rests; it is the pedestal whereon stands the entire spiritual

But animal courage, which at best can only be styled an instrument in the hands of its superior. ought never to get the upper hands of its real lord and master. It should ever be kept subordinate. Its place is the lower, and not the higher one. It is useful when it performs service, but mischievous when it usurps authority. We could not get along without it, nor yet ought it to become supreme. We ought to be willing and ready to shoulder a musket, but we ought to be still more willing to forbear and forgive, to propose peace and extend the right handof fraternal feeling. The readiest impulses must not be .taken for the strongest and profoundest ones. What lies nearest the surface is not therefore of the most value. The passion that soonest flames up, soonest spends itself and is over; the still forces that lie beneath, kindle slowly and burn a long

When, as now, there reigns a feeling of panic, and one side is very sure it is right and that the other is wrong, the truest courage for the party thinking itself right is, to exercise toward the other only the kindest disposition and the largest charity. It is smost courageous, too, because it costs most to pracpico it; were it an easy affair, there would be little .or so merit in it. How very hard, how next to impossible it is, for a man who feels that he is right and knows that he has been wronged, to yield his convictions temporarily for the sake of permanent peace-or, rather, to hold his opinions in abeyance, until time and favoring circumstances have been allowed to step in and do the work which can be done only by them! Who is there that does not rather desire the full gratification of his pride, be-, coming even stiff in his demands, than to have only what is best accomplished, and accomplished without his aid? It is far easier, in these matters, to put a musket to the shoulder than patience to the resolution; to fire a loaded gun at an opponent, than to exercise charity toward him till he sees the better · TOY.

We frequently hear, in thego times, one and auother condemning our Chief Executive for his vacilconduct, it cannot reasonably be denied that this

government of force, of conquest, and of subjuga- ing, shall see plenty dying of idleness; and he that tion; that however much we may desire to enforce is dying of starvation, may see plenty dying of glutits authority everywhere upon the individual, yet tony. It is all one to be smothered, whether with there may exist circumstances where even the use kisses or with ditch water. He that has no special of that central authority is not for a moment to be misfortune to trouble him may see the man of trouweighed in the same scale with the everlasting bles grow strong of soul, while the listless shall stagblessings of Peace; that it is better to yield a large nate with inertness. He shall find the man of labor asserting it, every one of the results for which such hard tool blisters the tender hand, the hand will claim is set up; and that we have yet to try the grow fit for its mission and will wax instead of wanlove in our political affairs, even as we have all along not make watches nor drill needles. He that is a advocated it in affairs social and ecclesiastical, in

A Complete Character.

It is wrong for us to place the same sort of estimate upon our moral elements that we do upon our material goods and possessions. They are not to be judged by the same rule, nor brought to the same standard. It is, therefore, an unfortunate mistake to measure human character by the same process that is employed upon the estimates of property. Nay, more; it is impossible to judge of a man by the points of character that he merely shows. What is hidden from view is as valuable as what is plain; and not unfrequently has more to do with character than that which is observable. A perfectly developed character is the very thing we all aspire after; and that is the desideratum in life-not the mere forcing of one particular quality forward to a morbid and unhealthy development, while the rest are neglected. A French writer says:

"Accustomed," says he, "to estimate objects according to their rarity, according to what they may offer that is extraordinary, according to the trouble they have cost rather than according to their rea merit, we sometimes pronounce a similar judgment on characters. Yet a complete character, though accompanied by inferior qualities, is nearer perfection than an incomplete character united to the most brilliant faculties. This proposition may shock our prejudices; it is nevertholess, justified in the eyes of true philosophy. It ought to be well under-stood, no doubt, that by inferiority of talents we mean only such as belongs to their natural limits not that resulting from our own negligence in culled into confusion, and give the name of inferiority to what is only modesty? The beauty of the moral edifice does not consist merely in the grandeur of the dimensions, but likewise, and especially, in the excellence of the proportions. In a complete character everything contributes at the same time to the same object; all the qualities aid and sustain each other: none of them thwarts the aspiring and destination of nature; the parallel whereto is a mechanism, all the wheels, all the parts of which are perfectly adjusted; the friction is imperceptible; no movement is lost.

Such characters attain happiness more easily; perhaps they are the only characters for whom hap-piness becomes in effect a reality. They taste it without celebrating, and even without defining it; just as we breathe au air, free, sweet, and pure. For them, security is reserved; for them, everything is in its place; every action responds to its object. Is happiness anything else than the secret feeling of that general and constant correlation which maintains everything in harmony within us? say within us, for if everything is in harmony within, we cannot fail to be at peace with that which is without us, since nothing external affects more mind than when we are awake. Now that this us in an immediate manner, and since the things should not act separately, as well as jointly, who can that are without act on us only in proportion to the influence which we accord them. Complete characters are those which in the commerce of society offer the surest, the most facile and delightful relations; to encounter them never leads to any painful collision; we never find them contradictory or false to ordinary conduct. Their solidity determines confidence-their frankness excites abandonment and openness; we feel at ease with them; we are all less offended by their superiority. - No doubt we disarm malignity by that peacoful influence which attaches itself to their presence. If the ways of revenge, rather than correct, must be morally wrong; perfection appear to us so ardnous, it is because we and, when the world is at an end, what moral or seek them far from the direction which was traced with ourselves, many things which appear difficult would become easy-many which are bitter would become sweet. Complete churacters are to the moral life what comprehensive minds are to science."

Mexico. While our own Union is threatened with disin-

tegration at the hands of unhappy and disaffected

political leaders, whose representations have influ-

enced thousands who might otherwise never have that our Mexican neighbors are fairly on the road it, and with and upon the congregated dust called to the betterment of their internal affairs. Miramon, the aspiring Dictator, has at last met with a others, or upon multitudes! The same agency, in a total overthrow a few miles outside the gates of the higher and purer degree, may act upon the stars, capital, and the Liberal forces are already entrenched in the ancient stronghold of the Montepresent ruling party having been acknowledged by us, some time since, as the real power in the country. Hence we have no steps to retrace in that matter, and our timely advances will also be likely, to return us a good political dividend in the future. Should this change in Mexican affairs prove to be of a permanent and abiding character, there is hope tention in that city. that still another power will make itself felt among the nations of the world. The people of poor, priestridden Mexico have suffered from division and dis- Mrs. French. She allows visitors to bring their own traction, from the ambition of their rulers and the paper, only stipulating that it shall be drawing exactions of their spiritual guides, until there would appear to be but little vitality left as capital for the their own paper, so as to be sure it is the same future; but there are abundant instances in nations, paper drawn upon as they handed to the medium; as of individuals, where bleeding and reducing prove but the usual method is to cut a slip of irregular the surest preparatory steps to subsequent vigor shape from the sheet, and retain it until the drawand health. It may be so with our darker-skinned ing is perfected, and then compare the parts. Visineighbors. Certainly, they have passed through tors sit in a lighted room, a few feet from the table discipline enough during the last thirty years, to upon which the paper is placed, but are requested have made them at length familiar by experience with the elementary principles of a sound and stable paper.

Dr. Gardner has brought with him from New Dr. Gardner popular government, which is what we hope they

may now secure. ..

"Optimiam."

From the volume thus entitled, we are glad to lation and inefficiency, because he is not already en- make two or three extracts for the benefit of our gaged in firing guns upon, and thrusting bayonets readers at large. We spoke of this promising little into his fellow-ckizens of the discontented States; volume, a week or two ago, and then hinted that we but whether he is right or wrong in his position and should probably return to it for a few quotations.

Says the author, speaking of the everywhere same inefficiency, which is charged upon him, is the prevalent doctrine of Compensation in the affairs of only present protection of our quasi fraternal rela- life -- Everything is blessed, but everything is untions, and this apparent inactivity is fuller of prom- fortunate as well. If we run to brain, we will diise to all of us than could possibly be the promptest minish in muscle; if we run to invention, we will activity that ever made the power of a government diminish in execution. He that can invent has not felt. How can any one of us see and know what the the faculty to sell an invention; the ready, versatile President must see and know? He was set in his tactician seldom can invent. If we conquer evils present place by us expressly for the purpose of with science, we lose the victory in the carelessness keeping watch over events and occurrences that of pride. Possession increases the appetite for postranspire in every part of our wide country; and it session, or else satiates to a want of the wants which is but right and fair that he should be allowed to that possession can gratify. He that is hungry, use the discriminating authority with which he has with nothing to eat, can see plenty of men who would do as much for his appetite as he would do Let us not forget, any one of us, that this is not a for their provision. He that is injured by overworkclaim of authority, than to sacrifice, by vigorously full of health and spirit. He shall find that if the practical experiment of forbearance and charity and ling. And he that has hands fit for the sledge canpoet, sensitive and impressible, cannot be competent order to prove the still profounder resources that to the sudden stratagem and dangerous reckonings lie undeveloped in human nature and the human of the field of battle. He that is impressible must be impressed-he must both suffer and enjoy with more intensity than he that is full of the sturdy confidence of vigorous life."

And, upon Experience, he says :- " To us, this carnal carelessness, or stupidity if you please, is a redeeming feature in man's life, here or hereafter. Wherever we exist, through a thousand progressive changes, we see this mantle of divine charity protecting us from the chill winds that would otherwise blow in on us from the vasty deep, where God walks, now as ever, alone. We believe in a 'spiritual body,' growing within this body of flesh, as a child grows in its mother, to be delivered into a finer sphere. And this new body shall lie down in the world to which it enters, and from it shall go forth anotherand from this another-far into the depths of the eternal divinity. The soul shudders at any other existence than that of body-shudders at any direct partnership in God's majesty, and fondly olings to those carnal and spiritual bodies which hold us asunder, alike from the universe and him."

On the theme of "Each for All," he philosophizes -"If for any wise purpose of variety, or harmony, life wries from the infinite to the infinitesimal, there must/be somewhere such a thing as man; and if forthe same reason the human race varies from Shakspeare and Bacon to an idiot, there must be somewhere such a man as you are. All cannot be the head but some must be the hands, and legs, and lower parts. None can be made for itself alone, but each for all-for the edification and amusement of the entire race. One must furnish beauty, and lose something thereby; another must furnish deformity, and have some compensation therefor. One must furnish black eyes, another blue. One must be an example of suffering, and another must die of joy. Each man's actions must refer to the actions of all other men."

LORD BYRON ON IMMORTALITY. We make a few extracts from Lord Byron's "Detached Thoughts." They present forcibly some of the natural evidences of our future existence, and

also foreshadow, with almost a prophetic spirit, the

truths which Spiritualism is impressing on the publie mind :-

Of the immortality of the soul, it appears to me that there can be little doubt, if we attend for a moment to the action of mind; it is in perpetual activity. I used to doubt of it, but reflection has taught me better. It acts also so very independent of body-in dreams, for instance-incoherently and madly, I grant you, but still it is mind, and much should not act separately, as well as jointly, who can pronounce? The stoics, Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, call the present state 'a soul which drags a carcass'-a heavy chain, to be sure; but all chains being material, may be shaken off. How far our future life will be individual, or, rather, how far it will at all resemble our present existence, is another question; but that the mind is eternal seems as probable as that the body is not so. Of course, I here venture upon the question without recurring to revelation, which, however, is at least as rational a admire them less; but also we never think of shoot- solution as any other. A material resurrection ing at them the arrows of envy, and they seem to seems strange, and even absurd, except for purposes of punishment; and all punishment which is to warning purpose can eternal tortures answer? Huby Providence. If we knew how to be consequent man passions have probably disfigured the divine doctrines here, but the whole thing is inscrutable.

> It is useless to tell me not to reason, but to believe. You might as well tell a man not to wake but to sleep. And then to bully with torments, and all that! I cannot help thinking that the menace of hell makes as many devils as the severe penal codes of inhuman humanity makes villians.

Matter is eternal-always changing, but reproduced, and, as far as we can comprehend eternity. felt themselves aggrieved, it is encouraging to see eternal—and why not mind? Why should not the mind act with and upon the universe, as portions of mankind? See how one man acts upon himself and etc., ad infinitum.

Believe the resurrection of the body, if you will, gumas. It is a fortunate thing that we, of the but not without a soul. The deuce is in it, if, after United States, have no backward steps to take in having had a soul (as surely the mind, or whatever reference to the new government in Mexico, the you call it, is.) in this world, we must part with it in the next, even for an immortal materiality! I own my partiality for spirit.

Spirit-Drawlings through Mrs. French. A recent number of the Bannen contained an laborate account of the mediumship of Mrs. E. J. French, of New York, which is attracting great at-

Drawings which would require as many hours of an artist to execute, are finished in four seconds by paper of a certain texture. Visitors may choose

York, two drawings, which he will exhibit to th

other is a water scope.

29th instant, and she will spend two or three evenings in this city, giving friends an opportunity to witness these wonders. Due notice will be given as to the place where her senness will be held.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

MISS A. W. SPRAGUE AT ALLSTON HALL. Sunday, Jan. 13, 1861.

AFTERNOON DISCOURSE.

The lecturess announced her theme of discourse as "The Spirit of Protestantism." Its spirit, she said, is of larger construction than the organization called the Protestant Church. It is a principle that has always obtained in the human soul. Ever since man had his reason, has he received that his mind has protested against. So the spirit of protestant. ism and inquiry must go together-for the mind ever questions the great things needed for its nature. There was a time when it was dangerous to protest, and it is, to a degree, yet, for man to refuse to worship the deities he is told to bow down to For this reason the world has always had its martyrs, and man's intellectuality has grown stronger from the training it has thus obtained.

When the mind is dormant, it can worship a god of wood or stone, for the mind is as senseless as the god. When creeds and dogmas are too small for the soul, it surely protests against them, and thus it will itself grow larger. So long as the mind is latent, these things will do, and bishops and priests will thrive while the souls of the people sleep; but lead the mind to understand its own dignity, and priests and bishops can no more hold it than the that spirit which protests and inquires. Now we waves of the sea would obey the behests of the olden

Men possess a power which their minds cannot taught that the present was of no account, but men fathom, and which their spirits cannot quench, have striven to make the future supply its place. which instinctively leads them to seek the foun- Those who believe reverently in the past, should betain of true knowledge and spiritual unfoldment. lieve in the present also, because the God of the past Not only has man's mind gone beyond the grasp of lives in the present, as in all time. So long as you priestcraft, but God himself, whom they thought to sail in the old yessels, and use the old chart and secure in the Ark of the Covenant, has outwitted compass, you may properly wonder whether there is them, and when they look to find him, he is gone anything newer than that you have. Man ques-Men are made to think in spite of themselves, and tions whether he has any right to live in the future. when they find no satisfying answer through the priesthood they seek Jehovah's truths at their foun- best and believe the truest, should seek expression tain, till it almost seems that men can so outgrow as well through divinity as through science. There hemselves as to measure heaven and grasp at the are those who study the past, present and future. very throne of God-till they are taught there is no There are others, who say there is no hereafter; but way of fathoming the Almighty's mind, when even their own is beyond their comprehension.

has given it, for in the grand total—the summing turies have passed away. Science and theology are up of all events—the Father of Humanity will see alike in final results, but differ in means employed. justice done all his children. Men may cease to Both evolve eternity, but by different means. know a Jesus of Nazareth ever lived, but it will be when the truth of his life and words will become so incorporated into human thought and actions that wedded to one or the other of these, unwilling to his life's mission will be achieved. Some men fear criticism will strip from the Son of God the insignia is bigotry among all, but all are not bigots. Some stroyed, the truth of God can never be. All thore is the dawning glimmer of any truth. of goodness and truth can never be destroyed till it is absorbed in yet higher truths and nobler goodness. There should be that trust or goodness which mind. The proud, self-righteous, worldly-wise man esty and sincerity, are doing their work, and we should let them alone. But when we find those who claim to believe because their fathers did, without knowing within themselves any reason for their interests.

Your churches almost worship such men as Luther faith? Only that they made, to have men believe if followers for doing just what their leaders didand sphere of growth.

The spirit of Protestantism has always been which they first protested.

God's words are given just in proportion to the mind's receptivity; and what man would receive, he tidings from the throne of God; and in turn, those

You need not be ready to believe everything you are asked to, but you should be bold enough to take everything that comes to you into the laboratory of your own reason for the most rigid analysis, and you will surely then unmingle the gold from the dross. Jew. Mahometan, Catholic and Protestant, each apply the stigma of infidel to the other-and who shall blame them? For from their standpoint each conceives it has received the key to ultimate knowledge. But we are free to say all are infidels so soon as they close the door of their own consciousness, and reject any new truth. It will not do for those who were beggars a few years ago, now, because surrounded with plenty, to speak hard of the beggar, for the beggar to day may have given them of his opulence when they were poor. So with the churcher. . It is unseemly for those who were classed must be a mistake in this matter, and not any fault of as infidels a few years ago to bestow that epithet upon others now; for all the reason that they are not now infidel is, because the world has grown up to where they stand, and given them the right hand written through mediums, but we have never seen any of fellowship. The faithlessness of the church of explanation of the characters, or any good result from the bosom of the church of authority.

There are better ways of bringing conviction to men than denunciation. Be honest and independent

fsiends in this city. One is a collection of flowers, in whatever course you pursue; and if you find good bird, etc., etc. One corner of the paper, in a semi- in your way, we'll point others after you, and if you circular form, is cut from it, the words "Truth is wander over unhappy paths, you will at least have the Power" being written so that the top of each letter satisfaction of being a warning to others. You is on one of the pieces, and the bottom of the letters must look after your spiritual nature as carefully as on the other. This was done in four seconds. The you do your physical. The world is now protesting more than ever before, and men are more hungry for-Dr. Gardner has made arrangements for Mrs. the truth, and if by any efforts of yours the world French to visit Boston on or about Tuesday, the may be placed on a nobler footing, the goal is worth the sacrifice.

EVENING DISCOURSE.

The choir sang the beautiful lines, from the Psalms of Life." by Gerald Massey-

"I live for these who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For all human ties that bind me;
For the task that God assigned me;
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who 've suffered for my sake; I live to learn their story,
Who 've suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds growd History's pages,
And Time's great volume make. I live to hold communion .

With all that is divino;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow where from conviction,
And fulfill each grand design. I life to hall that season ... By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by renson,
And not blene by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me, I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do."

The lecturess said: This afternoon we spoke of would bring it further down, and show you the consequences of such a spirit in the world. It has been

That principle of nature which seeks to know the the student perceives those things which give the lie to this, and goes off into millenial times to get a No soul but can afford to wear the mark the world foretaste of those things that shall come when con-

There is as much bigotry and intolerance in Science as in Religion. And there are certain minds receive any truth outside of their speciality. There of his rank. But if forms and ceremonies are de- are like sentinels on the watch tower, ready to hail

Society feels the necessity of something vitalizing. Something is needed to rouse theology from its lethargy, even though it comes in the form of an is willing to stand the searchings of the inquiring earthquake. Man has something to do, as well as something to be: Some souls onn only be reached may investigate in vain; but there is a class of when the thunders of Sinai awake them. It is not honest and earnest thinkers who are fit ones to well for the human mind to be like the Dead Sea. trust any truth to, for they are the true children of Better be like the feaming waves of the ocean, though God. Those who cling to the faith of their fathers, it overturns ships and draws them into its depths-

as though the soul were dead. ..

A man's expectations hereafter regulate his life here. It is better for man to enter heaven with belief, we find men who are either without strength something of a capital. If there is a future spiritor purpose of mind, or are cringing slaves of selfish life, every being wants to begin and do as much as he can here, for the more he does here to win it, the better he shall be there. We are not to prepare and Calvin, as eloquent defenders of the faith. What for death, but for an endless life. It required a navigator to find the New World, so it requires a navithey could be induced to do so. We praise them for gator to find immortality. It requires a knowledge the truths they did evolve, and for the quota of hu- of the present to know aught of the future. The man progress they were the instruments of; but not study of life and spirit is one and the same thing. for their attempts to hold the mind in check to the The study of the body throws light upon the soul, dogmas they taught, under the belief that they had for the body has to keep it in repair. If your soul, reached the ultimate of religious progression. And, would do anything, you should have a body in which more, we do not like to be called infidels by their it can work with ease, a brain that the mind may use with comfort, and the wings of Mercury-as is protesting against that unsuited to our condition were—that you may go to distant errands in the world. Your body and soul are held together by divine laws, and your body is connected with everyknown, and those have protested most have most thing below you in earth or air. Man's spirituality been worshiped by following generations. But in and materiality are indivisible—there can be no the workings of time the Protestant has always isolation one from the other. Mind acts upon mind, been protested against, and the Protestant Churches and spirit communes with spirit. As you progress, ground themselves as firmly now in their tracks you find the working of a power you did not know and in support of pet dogmas as the church against you possessed. A power is opened up within you like the sun which has been hid behind the clouds. We must take the key of the present, to unlock

the future. If there was no power among men to must first be ready for. When God was revealed to deserve the higher, they would not receive it; but the Jews, they thought they knew all about him, and the soul has been true to itself in spite of iron bedcrucified Jesus, who came bringing them fresher steads. Men and women have revelated more to humanity since that time, than God did in the propheto day who heal the sick and cure diseases, as Christ cies. When a man knows himself, he is sure to do commanded his true believers to do, are rejected and God's will. A mind that has thought, strength and denounced by those claiming to be his faithful fol. purity, can look far into the beautiful. The mariner will see the light-house before the passenger does. He is nearer, therefore, in one sense, if not in another. If you stray from the path of virtue, and get a thorn in your foot, the smart is eased by the thought that no other shall bear it; and you will be a warning to others as well as yourself. But every deed, after all, becomes a part of life, and is as ineffacable as time itself. Time cannot outgrow itoblivion will never wipe it out.

To Correspondents.

W. T., PORTLAND, ME. - We cannot publish your letter unless you send us your full name. We think you had better detail the cure performed by Mrs. H., without animadverting against Dr. Quimby, even if, as ydu assert, the cure is wrongfully attributed to him. Communication on file for further word from you. G. W. MANLY, KNOXVILLE, ILL .- We know there

Mr. C. He is absent, but we will aftend to it as soon as he returns, and he will write to you. R. C., KEWANEE .- It is difficult to tell what such

characters amount to. There is any quantity of such Protestants has led many back to seek refuge in them, except, perhaps, in obtaining control of the medium for higher purposes.

The discontented man finds no easy chair.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Rend " Our Old Sexton's Little Daughtere," a fino story on the second page. It was written for us by a Spiritualist friend, who is doubtless destined to excel in this branch of literature. We should be pleased to hear from her again.

Noteworthy .- Why is State street, just before two o'clock, like Ditson's Music Store? Because it is full

A VOICE PROM GEORGIA .- "Hark from the Toombs a deleful sound !"

.. A RETROSPECT," by Bro. Warren Chase, in another column, breathes the true spirit. His productions are ever welcome. He has been fully appreciated wherever he has lectured, and we hope and trust he will be spared to us for many years to come, as a pioneer of those great and glorious truths that have made their advent into the world with modern Spirit-ualiem, and are identical with the world's true development.

The winter is very severe in Great Britain. The London papers say the heavy snow storms and keen frosts now visiting the country, find no parallel, even in the remembrance of that veracious individual, the "oldest inhabitant.i' No part of the kingdom appears to have escaped the visitation of winter in its severest The Constitution has provided a Judiciary for that aspect.

.. Sonny, does your father take a paper?" "Yes, sir, two of them. One of them belongs to Mr. Smith, and the other to Mr. Thompson. I hooks 'em off the stoop."

THE BANKER OF LIGHT, Berry, Colby & Company, publishers, \$2 per year, comes regularly to our office. We first unfold it; next, look over its articles; lastly, read whatever seems adapted to our immediate wants Poetry and Miscellany, Reports of Lectures, Selections from Correspondence, Editorials, Paragraphs tions from Correspondence, Editorials, Paragraphs, Itoms of News, and Messages through Mrs. J. H. Conant, appear in every issue. We arise from the pe-rusal of the "Banner" with the expression: "It is a valuable journal and should be generously supported."—Herald of Progress.

Sensibility is like a lake in the soul, from which vapors of sadness must often arise, and into which the rain of tears will often fall.

The number of respirations or breathings in a minute, in a person of mature age, will average about twenty. Some persons breathe oftener than others, but this is about the average number. The heart pulsates about seventy five or eighty times in a minute; so that we have nearly four pulsations of the heart to one respiration. That is, the heart contracts with about four times the rapidity with which we breathe. The heart contracts about 112,000 times in twenty-four hours, and we breathe about 28,000 times.

Mr. George F. Train, of street railway fame, has received permission to lay down an experimental line from Ball's Pond to the city of London.

A NEW Jug .- During the late cold snap, a gentleman, who had filled his gasometer with whiskey the night previous, suddenly found himself in utter dark ness. As all things were right to his knowledge, he could n't understand the cause of his gloaming; but on looking around, he found his nigger gloriously drunk, having sucked the meter dry.

Gainsborough was very successful at reparte. He was once examined as a witness on a trial respecting the originality of a picture, when a counsel endeavored to puzzle him by saying-"I observe you lay great stress on a painter's eye-what do you mean by the expression?" "A painter's eye," answered Gainsborough, "Is to him what a lawyer's tongue is to you."

.. The Political Condition of the American Nation to day'',--a spirit message-may be found on the sixth

CARPETS .- Those who wish to furnish or redecorate their floors, with carpetings, at low prices, are referred to the advertisement of the New England Carpet Co. "The flesh is willing but the spirit is weak," as the toper said when his rum jug froze up.

THE MORTAL AND IMMORTAL.

The MORTAL AND IMMORTAL.

I stand between the future and the past—
That which has been, and that which is to be—
A scale ray from the Eternal cast,
A scale rill, that seeks a shoreless son;
A living soul, treading this earthly sod,

A falls between the seeks as the seeks as a finite being, yet a child of God:

A body crumbling to the dust away,

A spirit panting for eternal peace;
A heavenly kingdom in a frame of clay,
An infant aigel fluttering for release;
An erring man, whose race has just begun,

A pilgrim, journeying on from sun to sun. A piligrim, journeying on from sun to sun.

Oreature of clay, yet heir of future life,
Dweller upon a world I shall outlive;
Soldier of Christ, battling midst earthly strife,
Yet hoping, by that strength which God may give
To burst the doors of death, and glorying rise
Triumphant from the grave, to tread the skies!

[R. C. Watersto

Why is a cat's tail like a swan's bosom? Because

it grows down. A cookney being asked why he married a second

time, replied, "Because it was re-wiving." THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY'S "CONFESSIONS OF

MEDIUM."-One of the silliest and most slanderou stories ever published against Spiritualism, appeared in the December number of the Atlantic Monthly headed Confessions of a Medium." The author very nessed "Confessions of a Medium." The author very ingeniously withholds his name, at which we are not surprised, since he succeeds in confessing himself not only a saphead, but a subject of hallucinations wholly beyond the experience of ninety-nine out of a hundred who have had anything to do with modern the nomens. "Confine out of the content of th phenomena .- Clarion.

PAWNER'S BANK .- The increase of loans at this bank within two months is equal to any five months previous. The bank is now issuing stock, on which there is an annual payment of eight per cent.

Civil War was thus alluded to by Henry Clay in one

of his noblest Senatorial efforts: "I have ambition; but it is the ambition of being the humble instrument, in the hands of Providence to reconcile a distracted people, once more to revive concord and harmony in a distracted land—the pleasing ambition of contemplating the glorious spectacle of a free, united, prosperous and fraternal people! If the concept of any portion of our countrymen split, I am not one of them. I wish to see war of no kind; but, above all, do I not desire to see civil war. When war begins, whether civil or foreign, no human foresight is competent to forese when or how or where it is to brown paper. This marching, and commanders are winning their vicing it, His Excellency found that the box contained
tories, and fleets are in motion on our coast—tell me,
if you can, tell me, if any human being can tell, its
duration! God alone knows where such a war will
THE ADAMS EXPRESS ROBBERY.—At Bridgeport,

The following occurred in a country druggist's shop, where cigars and other nauseous substances are sold. A person having purchased some Havanas, commenced smoking one of them, when his eye caught a notice-"No smoking allowed in this store." "Well !" he exclaimed, "that is a pretty joke; you sell a chap cigars, and then wont let him smoke them !" "Yes." replied the druggist, sand I sell emetics, too, but I don't intend to have them taken here."

MISTAKE IN A TRANSLATION .- MISS Cooper, daugh. MISTAKE IN A TRANSLATION.—Miss Cooper, daugh understanding between the Powers would maintain ter of the novelist, in a late work entitled "Page and peace, which was the object of his desire. Pictures," gives an amusing account of the blunder of the translator who first rendered her father's novel, "The Spy," into the French language. Readers of that interesting book will remember that the residence of the Wharton family was called "The Locusts." The translator referred to his dictionary, and found the rendering of the word to be Les Sauterelles, "The Grasshoppers." But when he found one of the dra. goons represented as tying his horse to one of the locusts on the lawn, it would appear as if he might have been at fault. Nothing daunted, however, but taking it for granted that American grasshoppers must be of gigantic dimensions, he gravely informs must be of gigantic dimensions, he gravely informs his readers that the dragoon secured his charger by fastening the bridle to one of the grasshoppers before the door—apparently standing there for this purpose!

A Berlin letter says the excitement in all the States of the German Confederation greatly resembles the the door—apparently standing there for this purpose!

OVERHEAD.-No. 2. The sky bloshes deep, and holds her skirts in, . As the "man in the moon" appears: But his weazen-face spreads with a satisfied grin, As on Night's pulsing beauties he leers.

We have had sent to us by the proprietors-Stearns & Co., 3 Commercial street, Boston-a specimen of their Premium Clycerine Soap, for shaving, for the toilet, &c. It is a superior article. We have tried it, and we know. Nobody will get "shaved" by buying it; but masculines will get chaved quite easy when they use it on the face in preference to most other barber-ous stuff in the shape of soap. The proprietors make a great mistake, we think, in not advertising it in the BANNER, which circulates everywhere. When an article like this comes into the market we want everybody to know it.

In the U. S. Senate, on the 14th, Mr. Polk alluded at some length to the causes of the present crisis, and said that there must be an adjustment of the difficulties by sufficient constitutional guaranties. The Republican party ought to be ready to grant concessions in order to remedy the evil. The people of Missouri do not desire to leave the Union, but perhaps this step will be forced upon them: The President was bound to see that the laws were faithfully executed, and must do it by the means pointed out in the Constitution. purpose, and he cannot assume to be judge, jury and executioner. Coercion was utterly impracticable.

Flax is to be cultivated hereafter in the West more than ever before, and for the straw as well as the seed, of late the only valuable part of the crop. It is believed that flax cotton will prove a hard rival to "king cotton." The Western papers are discussing how to cultivate the crop.

HYPOCRISY. Think'st thou there are no serpents in the world But those who slide along the grassy sed, And sting the luckless foot that presses them? There are who in the path of social life Do bask their spotted skims in fortune's sun, And sting the soul—ay, till its healthful frame Is changed to secret, festering, sore disease, Bo deadly is the wound.—[Jeanna Bailite.]

Brad, on his return from the country last week accosted Digby, with-"What's the news? .. Oh, there's been an awful scrape here since you've

been away," replied Digby.
"What's turned up now?" slowly asked Brad, fearing a "sell," but anxious to be posted in these stirring times.

"Why, people have been scraping snow and ice from the sidewalks for the past two days, that's all," coolly observed Dig.

The Syracuse Journal observes that a hand-bill announcement of a Douglas meeting in that city, stated, with boundless liberality, that "the ladies, without distinction of sex, are cordially invited to at-

Man cannot live by bread alone .- Exchange.

Granted. But newspaper borrowers think editors can live without any bread. No well bred man would be a newspaper borrower, adds Digby.

Men and women, prepare yourselves for stirring times. Be true to God and the right, and let come what will. There is a God who speaks out over the voices of all the people.—Lizzie Doten.

Bro. Clark's Spiritual Register for 1861 is now in press. This is the only work of the kind ever published, embracing the complete statistics of Spiritual. ism in America, the names and addresses of all known public lecturers and mediums, number of believers, list of books and papers, compend of facts, philosophy, reforms, etc., forming a reliable guide to friends, investigators and skeptics. Address Uriah Clark, Auburn, New York.

BOOMS TO LET-UP STAIRS. All full on the floor of the common street Where the jostling crowds like surges go, And eyes that are red with the glare of gold Are sceking for stars in the dust below. Are seeking for stars in the unus beauth.

But above the floor of our common life,
Where the week-day waves beat not the shore,
There is room enough for a man to live—
Will you speak for a room on the upper floor?

"" [Eberhart.

Why cannot fraternal love prevail? Because men have ceased to worship the divine in their own souls. OLD MAIDS.—Somebody, who claims to be posted in the matter, says that more old maids are grown in Boston, are kept and ripened there, and finally are buried there, than in any other place in the country. GLORY !-On a mango tree under which General Havelock is buried, a rudely cut piece of tin is nailed, bearing the following words scratched upon it:- "On this spot lie the remains of General Havelock. May he rest in peace.". This is all that marks the grave of

the hero of Lucknow. An Englishman and & Frenchman having quarreled, they were to fight a duel. Being both great cowards, they agreed (for their mutual safety, of course) that the duel should take place in a room perfectly dark. The Englishman had to fire first. He groped his way to the hearth, fired up the chimney, and brought down the Frenchman, who had taken refuge there!

Science sees signs; poetry the thing signified. WHAT APPECTS MANY PEOPLE.-Whiskey whisks them into prison; Brandy brands their noses; Wine causes them to whine the morning after imbibing; Punch often causes them unfriendly punches; Ale drinkers are always ailing; Champagne produces real pain; modern Gin Slings have slewed more than the slings of old; Rum causes them sad rum-inations; La-

ger Beer brings them to the sexton's bier at last. The President adheres to his position in regard to the forts in Charleston harbor, and emphatically refuses to surrender Fort Sumter. Unless the surrender is made, Col. Hayno, the S. C. Commissioner, says oceans of blood will be spilt,

A POOR PIECE OF FURNITURE.—The great difficulty with the Bureau of Indian Affairs was, that it had too many Drawers in it .- Vanity Fair.

Bpiritualists should make extraordinary efforts to support the spiritual papers. The success of such enterprises depends on their doing so. Our cause is a holy one, and its organs should not flag for lack of

SINGULAR PRESENT TO GOV. ANDREW.—The Governor was the recipient of a small box, enclosed in is competent to foresee when or how or where it is to brown paper, this morning, which was brought from terminate. But when a civil war shall be lighted up Baltimore by the Adams Express Co., and was din the bosom of our own happy land, and armies are rected to the "Governor of Massachusetts." On open-

Ct., Jan. 17, Andrew Roberts, Lewis Stebbins and Porter Kellogg were convicted of the Adams Express robbery, committed between here and New York in April last. The robbery, being a large one, excited much interest at the time.

Counterfeit threes on the Berwick Bank, Berwick, Me., are in circulation.

LATE FOREIGN ITEMS.—Napoleon in reply to Lord Crowley, on New Year's, said he regarded the fature with confidence. He was convinced that a friendly

peace, which was the object of his desire.

A meeting of the Jews from all parts of the world has been held in London, to concert measures for the restoration of the child Mortara.

The King of Prussia is dead. The official Prussian Gazette announces that the Prince Regent assumes the reigns of government as King William V.

Ship Bustonian, from New York for London, was totally lost off Guernssy. Part of the crew saved.

The negotiations for a treaty of commerce between France and Belgium had terminated satisfactorily. Im-

France and Belgium had terminated satisfactorily. Important reductions had been made in favor Belgium coal and iron.

It is rumored that France may ask further indemnity

from China.

Detachments of French troops which were under or ders for China had been sent to reinforce the regiments

THEY REST NOT HERE. BY ENMA HARDINGE.

[In the fall of 1859, while Miss Hardinge was in St

Louis, the choir were desirous of singing some new piece, and under the inspiration of the moment Miss H. composed the following: It is very touching.]

Where do the dead find rest-where are they sleeping Beneath thy waters, melancholy sea? Say, are their spirits still in thy stern keeping? Ah, no! thy waves in music answer me:

They rest not here ! In dim cathedral aisles, where night winds sighing, Stir the old banners, waving midst the gloom,

There gallant knights, neath sculptur'd tombs are lying And yet a still voice echoes from each tomb-They rest not here !

Where graves are green and summer sunshine falleth On moss and flower and through the rustling trees, where earth with smiles her weary one recalleth, Still the soft murmur floateth on the breeze— They rest not here !

Peace dwelleth not in tombs-there only lieth The empty casket that contained the gem; Far, far from earth the ransomed spirit flyeth, By angels welcomed, evermore with them To be at rest.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All persons having received Test Communications through the mediumship of Mr. J. V. MANSPIELD, and who do not object to their publication in Book form, are requested to forward the copy of the same to Mrs. J. Y. Mansfield, 153 Chestnut street, Chelsea, Mass. 6w° Dec. 29. Dec. 29.

A CARD PROM MRS. CHAMBERLAIN .- Messrt. Editors:-Through the columns of your paper, allow me to say to my friends, that on account of Political troubles, I could not spend the winter South, and the climate at the West, not benefiting, but rather injuring my lungs, I was obliged to return to New England. Therefore all may address me at Portland, Me., during the Winter. Respectfully, Yours,

ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Portland, Me., Jan. 12, 1861. A CARD .- Friends in Vermont who wish me to lecture in

August next, will picase write me at Philadelphia, early in February. WARREN CHASE, PROF. WM. BAILEY POTTER will attend to all calls to give ectures (without charge,) on or within ten miles of the Rail-

road from Hudson, N. Y., or Worcester, Mass., that may be eceived at Hudson before Reb. 15th. Dr. A. B. CHILD will lecture in Taunton, Mass., Sunday,

Jan. 27th, at 2 and 7 o'clock P. M.

A Card.

EDITORS BANNER: -- We wish to say to the public through our excellent paper that we have lately been favored by Dr. POTTER with a Lecture on Spiritualism, in which he scienifically demonstrated the communion of Spirits with mortals and boldly challenged and triumphantly refuted all objections fored by the audience.

Brom our brief acquaintance, we think he is a noble, devot ed and self-sacrificing laborer in the cause of truth; and we would earnestly recommend Spiritualists to avail themselves of his liberal offer to give free lectures, trusting to his practice as a Phrenologist to pay his traveling expenses; as he hope thus to be able to introduce the truth in many places that would not be willing or feel able to pay for speakers. Friends of the cause, open the way for the Doctor, and ald in the good work. ROBERT L. SMITH.

Stockport, N. Y., Jan. 14, 1861.

Central and Western New York Spiritual Con

Yention.
All Spiritual Lecturors, Modiums believers and inquirers are hereby cordially invited to attend a supvention to be held in the Universalist Church, Victor, Ontario county, N. Y., on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, February 24, 7th and 8th, 1881. Victor is on the New York Central Railroad, between Rochester and Canandaigua. Speakers and as many others as possible will be entertained free, and arrangements are made with the hotels within a few rods of the church to take visitors at the rate of 75 cents per day. Committee: W. Dickenson, C. Fisher, D. Goodwin, Marcenus Wright.

Pen-Yan Spiritual Couvention. There will be a meeting of Spiritualists in Pen-Yan, Yates

county, New York, on the 1st, 2d and 3d days of Feb., 1801, which all speakers and friends of Progress are cordially invited to attend. Arrangements will be made by the Committee to accommodate as many as possible, free of expense. Pen-Yan is situated on the branch Road connecting the New York and Eric Railroad with the New York Central, and bout two hours' ride from each.

The meeting will be opened on Friday at ten o'clock A. M. Per order of Committee.

Bronchitis.

From Ren. S. Seigfried, Morristown, Ohin -" Having recived the most salutary relief in Bronchitis, by the use of our excellent 'Troches.' I write for another supply. I had tried several Cough and Bronchitis remedies, but none with a relief at all comparing with that experienced from the Troches." Brown's Bronchlal Troches are sold by all Drug gists.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

ALLSTON HALL, BUNSTEAD PLACE, BOSTON.—Lectures are given here every Sunday afternoon at 200, and at 7.15 o'clock in the evening. The following speakers are engaged: Miss A. W. Sprappe, four Sundays in January, 1861; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, first two, and Miss Lizzic Doten the last two Sundays in Feb.; Miss Emma Hardinge, first four Sundays in March, Mrs. Maria M. Macumber, last Sunday in March, and first two in April.

Convergence Hall, No.14 Brompield Street, Boston.— The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening, at 71-2 o'clock. The proceedings age reported for the Banner. The subject for discussion at the next meeting is:

Janner. The subject for discussion at the next meeting is:

'What is Prayer, and what its uses?"

A meeting is held overy Thursday evening, at 71-2 o'clock, or the development of the religious nature, or the soultrowth of Spiritualists. Jacob Edson, Chairman.

The Boston Fosum will meet overy Friday Evening. Dr. P. B. Randolph, chairman. Subject for the next meeting:
'What is a human soul—what is its origin and destiny?" OHARLESTOWN.—Sunday meetings are held regularly at lentral Hall, afternoon and evening. Mrs. Kenney, speaks an. 27th; Hon Frederick Robinson, Feb. 3d; Mrs. Clough,

Jentral Hall, afternoon, 27th; Hon Fre Jeb. 10th and 17th. Cob. 10th and 17th.

Qamenidozeour.— Meetings in Cambridgeport are held byery Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock r. m., in Williams Hall, Western Avenue. Seats Free to all. The following named speakers are engaged: Mrs. M. M. Macumber, Jan. 20th and 27th; Miss A. W. Spirague, Feb. Bd; Miss Lizzie Doton, Feb. 10th; Mr. Chas. Hayden, Feb. 17th; Leo Miller, Esq. Feb. 24th and March 3d.

Lowell.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, afternoon and evening, in Wells's Hall, They have engaged the following named speakers:—Miss Fanny Davis, four Sundays in January; Leo Miller, three first, and Emnia Hardiuge the last Sunday in March; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, during April; Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, during Mrs. M. S. Townsend, during April; Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, during

LEOMINSTER, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Leominster hold regular meetings on Sunday, at the Town Hall. Services commence at 1 1-2 and 7 1-4 r. M. The following speakers are engaged:—Mrs. J. B. Farnsworth the last Sunday in Jan.; Mrs. M. M. Macumber during Beb.

Woncester,—The Spiritualists of Worcester hold regular under meetings in Washburn Hall, LAWRENCE.—The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular meetings on the Sabbath, forencen and afternoon, at Law

GLOUCESTER.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday, at the Town Hall. The following named speakers are engaged: Mr. J. H. Currier, Jan. 27th and Feb. 3d; Mra. M. B. Kenney, Feb. 10th; Mrs. E. Clough, Feb. 24th and March 3d.

PUTNAM, CONN .- Engagements are made as follows: Miss Susan M. Johnson, January 27, and Feb. 3d and 10th; H. B. Storer, for March; Warren Chase, for May; Miss L. E.

A. Deforce, Aug.

Portland, Mg.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Lancaster Hall. Conference in the forencen. Lectures afterneon and evening, at 2 1-4 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Lizzle Doton, last two Sundays in Jan.; G. B. Stebbins, last two Sundays in March; Charles The Conference and Miss. Parallel Politics of the Stephens of Miss. in Jan.; G. B. Steodins, make two contrays in starting unaries.

A. Haydon, first two, and Miss Fannie Davis last two Sabbaths in April and first two in May; Mrs. M. S. Townsend the last two Sundays in May and the first Sunday in June; Mrs. M. M. Macumber last four Sundays in June.

PROVIDENCE.—A list of the engagements of speakers in this city:—Leo Miller in January; Mrs. A. M. Spence in February; Miss Lizzle Doten in March; H. B. Storer, two first, and Warren Chase two last Sundays in April; Miss Emma Hardinge in May; Mrs. F. O Hyzer in June; Laura E. DeForce in July.

On Bigfoot Prairie, Walworth county, Wis., Wednesday noon, Oct. 24, 1800, Mes. Barah Ballay, wilcof Amos Balley, and daughter of Joseph Bell, Eaq., of Albany, N. Y., aged 50 years and A mouth.

noon, Oct. 24, 1860, Mas. Sanah Balter, wilcof Amos Bailey, and daughter of Joseph Bell, Esq., of Albany, N. Y., aged 50 years and 4 mouths.

The following written by horself the present month, by her request was read at her funeral:—

My friends, it becomes my duty to rehearse starlling events in my heretofore uneventful life. Let me not appail you by disclosures which were made to me just one year age — If in the year that's past I have evineed a somewhat different demeaner, perhaps these lines will illustrate to you the cause. When alone is my room, busily employed in making a garment for one of my lamily, very unexpectedly my mind was addressed by some unseen agency, in the Quaker language; I looked up in astonishment, and there beheld standing by my side, the outlines of a figure, though somewhat indistinct. The face and features I immediately recognized as bearing the resemblance to Thomas Paine, whose likeness we have in his life. I accested him familiarly by name and without fear. He smited when I addressed him, and gave me the words to write, addressed to Amos Bailey. I then supposed he had fullilled his mission, but he did not retire, but followed me where I went to attend to other duties.

I then asked if he had any further wish to communicate; he assented that he had, and addressed me with these words: "Your sphere is too limited—you could do more elsewhere." I repiled, I am needed here; how can I be excused from my family? He replied, "Your days are numbered in—and thou left me. I pondered on his words and thought I would not montion the interview. This was on the 4th of Oct. 1859. I mentioned it to my neighbora the week following, but not to my own family; and endeavored to put the impression from me as much as possible.

In a week or two, he came again, by impression, but not visible to my sight. His first words were, "De your duty, and leave the result to Providence" and likewise said, "thou knowest thy destiny, I have told thee previously; this is true as Sacred Writ; be not deceived, thou know

not deceived—but thou art fearful of being deceived by thy friend."

He likewise gave me a mission to perform, which was to write down all he had told me, together with what my spirit friends had given me, and put them in book form, to be published as my demise, which he still continued to confirm by repeated communications. In the course of the following winter. I compiled with his request, and penned down what was given me at intervals. And now I would say to my Orthodox friends in extenuation of my conduct—"despise not the day of small things," for on such documents was the Holy Book founded, which is confirmed to me as a living witness of spiritual truths unfoliced to man by the Most High through his agents, in manuscript form—living witnesses of the perpetuation of His name and counsels to man.

Is it reasonable to suppose that the primitive Christians wrote any other way than by inspiration, as does your humble servant? Is it reasonable to suppose that the Most High Potentate would withdraw his favors from his children when once they had received his divine influence, showered on them by his loving kindness and mercy? Ne, my friends—mankind have strayed from the fold; the divine favor was not withdrawn, but suspended, and is being renewed in this nineteenth century! Read your Testaments with carful scrutny, and you will perceive that all these things are promised through Christ and his Apostles. It is unnecessary to quote; you can all read for yourselves. Christ says. "Him that readeth, let him understand."

In the winter of 1800, a vision was presented to me, between sleeping and waking: I saw my manuscripts lying in a pile of about three inches in thickness; and a flower was presented to me as if suspended by a hair, as I saw not the and that held it; the flower was of a light purple heer re-

a pile of about three inches in thickness; and a flower was presented to me as if suspended by a hair, as I saw not the hand that held it; the flower was of a light purple hue, resembling an Autumn flower now in blossom. I looked upon it as onthous of a change to me, but no time was then specified. I had an attack or liness, the summer following, and recovered, consequently became somewhat skeptical, as my friends did likewise. But of late the prediction has been renewed, and the time designated as the present menth, [Oot.]—a year from the time I received my first warning. My daughter Maria [died May, 1853] also warned me, and told me how pleased they all were that I was coming to them, but could not specify the exact time, but seemed to admit that our lives were in the hands of our rulers.

I seemed to see her face to face. When she had delivered her message, she said, "I am called," and vanished away.

And now, dear friends, if I am called

And now, dear friends, if I am called To icave these regions fair.

To trave tones regions fair,
To mount on pinlous pure and free,
Through scenes of upper air.
Let no regretful tears be shed
When I am called away;
'T is only the frail form that's dead,
The 'spirit lives for aye!

The spirit lives for aye!
Then farewell, friends! we'll meet in light,
Transcendent, pure and free;
A radiant form in regions bright,
Is waiting aye for thee!
Farewell, my children, one and all!
I leave my sympathy—
When you receive the Heavenly call
Prepare to dwell with me.

S. BA:

B. BAILRY.

THE GREAT ANTAGONIST OF DISEASE. - How he carries on THE GREAT ANTAGONIST OF DISEASE.—How he carries on the war.—The "Faculty" consider it infra dig to advertise. It would be lowering the "dignity of the profession" to tell the sick what is good for them, through the newspapers. The regular physician must hide his light—aupposing him to have any light—under a bushel. His medical knowledge, if he chance to have a modicum of the article, and if not, his ignorance, must be wrapped up in contractions of Latin words, and he must even conceal the quantities of the drugs he administers, by using queer-looking signs: incomprehensible except to the initiated. That the formulas professedly designed to promote the general health should be enveloped in mystery, is a paradox we cannot understand. How different in this respect is the rule adopted by the profession to the in this respect is the rule adopted by the profession to the course pursued by that great irregular Physician, Professor Holloway. No sconer had he discovered and effectively combined the remedial ingredients of his death-defeating Pills and Onymers, than he commenced advertising them, and after extending the area of their publicity annualty, during a period of twenty-five years, he now employs the whole and after extending the area of their publicity annually, during a period of twenty-five years, he now employs the whole newspaper press of the world as the medium of communicating their properties and effects to mankind. Had he merely presented these unrivalled specifics to those who applied to him for medical aid, fee in hand, hundreds of thousands whose lives they have saved, would long since have been in their coffins. While the rush-lights of medical science have been shedding a doubtful light on small circles of private patients, Professor Holloway has kindled a bencon that has irradiated over the world. All honor to his fearless contempt of stupid conventiouslisms. In breaking through them, he has conferred immeasurable blessings on the afflicted throughout the whole earth.—[N. Y. Inquirer.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TERMS.-A limited number of advertisements will be in serted in this paper at fifteen cents per line for each insertion. Liberal discount made on standing advertisements.

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE DR. ALFRED G. HALL, M. D., PROFRESOR OF PHYSIOLOGY, author of the New. Theory of Medical Practice on the New Theory of Medical Practice on the Neutrative Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of every form of humor, weakness and disease, in person or by letter, from any part of the country. It is restorative in its effects, reliable in the most prostrate cases, and justly worthy of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are purely vegetable No 250 Washington Street, Boston Mass. Oct 1.

A SIARD....DR. E. WILLS, Electro Physician, and Sister, MRS, M G. HUNTER, Clairvoyant Healer, would give notice that they will treat patients who may desire to be healed with or without medicine, in their rooms at South healed with or without medicine, in their rooms at South Royalton, Vt. Also, we will visit patients at their homes, if within reasonable distance. Likewise, give written examinations by receiving the name by letter.

Please give us a cail. The poor will not be sent away empty. All charges will be reasonable. Accommodations will be as good as in any other place in the country. We are located within ten rods of the Railroad Station.

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MISS M. G. HINDER

South Royalton Vt., Jan. 10, 1801. tf J26.

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N. B. Correspondence confidential. Good references given.

Jan. 10. cop419

SIX LECTURES ON THEOLOGY AND NATURE. NOGETHER with the outline of a Plan for a Humane En-terprise, and an Autobiographical introduction and Por-trait. Price, in paper 500.; cloth, 750. For sale by BELA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street. 3t Jan. 12.

regular meetings on Sunday, at the Town Hall. Services commence at 1 L-2 and 7 1-4 p. m. This following speakers are ongaged:—Mrs. J. B. Farnsworth the last Sunday in Jan.; Mrs. M. M. Macumbor during Feb.

Honorov.—Meetings first and third Sundays in each month in the Town Hall, at 1 L-2 and 6 o'clock p. m. The following named speakers are engaged: Henry C. Wright, Feb. 3d; Mrs. R. H. Burt, Feb. 17th; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, March 17th; H. P. Fairfield, May 5th.

PLYMOUTH.—Miss Lizzle Doten will speak Feb. 2d.

Wessers and Mrs. Shiritualists of Wercester held records. faGm BOOKSELLERS' AND NEWS-VENDERS' AGENCY.

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oop0m A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST, NO. 15 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS. NEW BOOK

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Spirit is like the thread whereon are strung The beads or worlds of life. It may be here, It may be there that I shall live again—0 0 But live again I shall where er it be.—[Fastus.

BOSTON: BERRY, COLBY & COMPANY, · 8 1-2 Brattle street. 1861.

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DELIVERED AT KINGSBURY HALL, CHICAGO, BY MISS EMMA HARDINGE, ... ON THEOLOGY AND NATURE. ALSO, AN AUTOGRAPH AND STEEL ENGRAVING OF

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THEODORE PARKER AND HENRY CLAY ON THE CRISIS! BEING two characteristic and ablo LECTURES, given through Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, on Sunday, Dec. 16th, 1800. Printed in an octave pamphlot. Price 30 cts., or \$20 per hundred. Sent anywhere by the single copy free of postage. Published at the Banner office, 143 fulton street, by Dec. 29.

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The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the Bannan we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through lirs. H. Comant, while in a condition called the Trance State. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends who may recog-

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than rimin beings.

We believe the public should know of the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is ovil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

mortals.
We ask the reader to receive no destrine put forth by spirits, in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives— no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not ex-

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to any on who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 81-2 Brattle street, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at materase rwo o'clock; after which time there will be no admittance. They are closed usually at half-past four, and visitor are expected to remain until dismissed.

Answering of Letters.—As one medium would in no way suffice to answer the letters we should have sent to ask did we undertake this branch of the spiritual phenomens, we cannot attempt to pay attention to letters addressed to spirits. They may be sent as a means to draw the spirit to our circles, however.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED. The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course. Will those who read one from

aspirit they recognize, write us whether true or false?

Wednesday, Jan. 9.—Come and let us reason together, saith the Lord; Francis T. Whittier, Troy; Laura Wood, Brooklyn; Pat Riloy, Lawrenco.

Thursday, Jan. 10.—The Cause and Effect of Sin; John Coffin, New Bedford; Josiah Murdoch, Phillipa. Me.; Betsey Hewins, Sharon, Mass.; Richard Crowningshield.

Friday, Jan. 11.—Invocation; What is Thought, and does it travel? Wm. Bhipley, Boston; Rebecca Collins; T. Belcher Kay.

Ray.
Saturday. Jan. 12.—How are we to understand Biblical

Ristory which refers to the Oreation of the World and the Origin of Man? Charles French, Fall River; Chas. Herbert, Boston; Mother Underhill, Boston.

Tuesday, Jan. 15.—Is it not possible to educate certain animals up to the standard of man?—and is not all life immortal? John Derby; Harriet Abby Phillips; Edward Hooper.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, in whom

Invocation.

nations and individuals ever move and have their being, we find ourselves called upon to thank theo for the blessings of the present hour. We thank thee, Father, that thou hast again permitted us to walk through this temple of the flesh to speak to mortals. And oh. our Father and Mother, though our words may be few, may they fall upon good ground, bearing fruit to thy glory. While we look around us, oh Saviour of humanity, we can but wonder that the nations of the earth have no better confidence in thee. We can but wonder that they do seemingly wander from thee. We can but wonder that they have not that implicit confidence the child should have in the parent. We can but wonder that they do not see thee in the shadow as well as in the sunbeam. But when we stand apart from mortallty we see that the veil is thick between thee and them-that darkness heavy and black still mantles thy subjects, thy children. And yet, oh Divino Sovereign of souls, while we look in pity and wonder upon the inhabitants of earth, we will at the same time lift our souls to thee, thanking thee for all we behold-for the shadow as well as the sunbeamfor the souls who do see thee, and those who see thee not, and cannot rest with confidence upon thy bosom. Shall we ask thee to bless the nations everywhere? Shall we ask thee to pour out especial blessings upon those before thee? Oh no, our Father, for each atom thou hast called into life thou wilt perfect Therefore we ask no blessing of thee, but rest in thy mercy, knowing that thou art our friend, our Father and our Mother.

The Political Condition of the American Nation to-day.

Lo! the indiregneth! let the people rejoice.

Yea, notwithstanding the tumult is everywhere rife, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and therefore the

people shall rejoice.

The past hath brought you to the present. It hath laid at your feet all that is real that is of it. It hath shown you the glory of the present hour, and the present hath unfolded to you much of the future. It points you not only to duty in the outer

world, but to duty in the internal world. The present gives you a brighter light than the past was prone to give; and why? Because our God is a God of progress—because he hath marked progress upon all his creations. He hath called all things into life, and he will call all things to himself. We have been requested to speak upon the political

condition of the American nation to day.

What shall we say in behalf of the children of this enlightened age, who seem to stand, as it were, upon platforms they have done nothing of themselves to erect? Shall we say they are governed too much by the past? If we speak according to the dictates of materiality, we shall say this; if we speak according to the dictates of our experience, we shall not charge upon them these things. We shall say, in the language of our text, "The Lord God Omnipo tent reigneth." His hand holds the reins as much to day as in the past-as much in this condition as in that of the past.

The present condition of the American nation is but another footfall upon the boundary of another life-another development-another individualized mind seeking to build for itself a higher standard of right. Although the time has not yet come when each individual can stand alone, yet it is fast tending to it. One mind says, "I will not walk by your law; I am a God of myself; and as I am thus, I will walk by no opinion save that begotten in my own soul."

Peace begetteth no glory, no honor. She doth not take many steps in progress; but war, that which over has brought glory, honor, and undying fame, ever will bring it. And if the waters be never troubled by the angels calling you onward, how shall you be healed from the errors of the past? How shall yourbe merged into the glories of the Father? Then fear not for the fate of the American nation. Fear not, for the hand of God is in this work.

The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. The same spirit that is at work dividing your States, is at work elsewhere also—dividing the parent against the child, husband against the wife, brother against the sister. Yea, it is severing the most holy ties existing among you. Is it because the Devil reigneth? But because the Lord God is calling each soul upward, saying, "Know thyself, oh man, and live by thine own knowledge."

Again we say, the same spirit manifesting itself in the North and the South, is manifesting itself in your midst. It is separating the chaff from the grain; it is giving you a better knowledge of your-seives as individuals; it is bidding you bow the knee to no class of individuals, to worship at no shrine save that in each soul. That which each individual thinks right, it is telling you to fall down

and worship. We rejoice with joy unspeakable at the difficulties about you. We rejoice, for now we know you are not all dead in the tombs of the past.

What though your forefathers aid give you a system to go by? What though they did mark it as sacred? The God of to-day does not bid you go down to the tombs of other days to get your guides to lead you on to brighter things they never dreamed

While gazing upon the condition of your land, ask God what he will have you to do as an individual. Ask not the multitude. God is not there to answer your call. He talks to each individual, telling them

their duty in tones they cannot but understand When some dire calamity visits you, what do you do? You pray to the Lord God to take away that he hath visited upon you with judgment. You pray; but will your prayers be effectual? Will the hand of God be stayed because you ask him to stay it? God cannot turn aside from his immutable law to please you as individuals, nor the vast multitude of mortals and spirits. He is as much a subject to the

Then seek to understand this God, and instead of died in 1857 of dropsy of the brain, I suppose, to spiritual medium could be obtained, a Universalist asking him to turn aside to cast the shadow upon gether with general debility. My mother died three clergyman officiated, who read, from the desk of a

human life. It is that which always tells you when up his mind not to come back. My mother, too, you are wrong and when you are right. It is that wishes to speak with him. which not only points the way, but leads the way, and makes you follow in his path.

If you would see this God, slavery would cease,

and man would see that every man hath a sovereignty can find some medium that mother, or myself, or of his own, and he would not dare to trample upon my brother, who died sometime since, can control, his brother. But when you are looking for externalities, you will constantly be in error-constantly trusting an Unknown God.

Once again we say, if your God bids you do this or that, go do it. But be sure when you ask counsel of this God, to close your eyes to the external world; be sure you commune only with God, and in secret His name is Charles, and that God will hear you, and the blessings you ask for in also. He was a brick mason. the internal will not cease to shower upon you in the external. Your nature thall bloom in glory, and be upon and admire, but such as shall please you to

Oh, then, feel that the Lord God Omnipotent still reigneth. Though midnight darkness settles upon you, God is there, bidding you through the cloud to come up higher and worship at the altar of Individual Sovereignty. Then shall you be created in the image of your Maker, fashioned like unto him-Jan. 8.

George Carter.

I don't believe God always reigns; I think he must get asleep sometimes, and lets the devil take charge

I should think I was boxed up in a rat trap. Look here, mister! Is this the kind of accommodation you always give? I suppose I shall have to be satisfied,

Now you see I've been out of my shell most four. years, and I'm inclined to think if the devil had n't reigned all that time, I should n't have been back ere. I suppose I must have done right always; for if God reigns, he wont let anybody do anything but

right. The worst failings I had I must own up to, ch? Well somehow or other I would get drunk. When I tried the hardest to keep sober, I was sure to get the most drunk. That's so, sure as you live. I tell you what it is, I've come to the conclusion that there is unless skepticism had settled upon their souls like somebody round trying to overthrow God. He thinks a dense cloud, they would not have requested me to be reigns all the time; but I guess he do n't. Just come here and answer, myself, publicly, as they have like the Catholies and other people, who think they are right. As long as they think so, it is just as well, I suppose.

My name was George Carter. I tell you what it is, it is hard work getting back here. You want me to tell about myself straight along, do you? Well, I suppose if I had lived about one mouth longer, I should have been thirty years old. I 've seen some of the rough sides of life, I tell you, I 've seen plenty of it since I've been here, too. They say I died drunk—I do n't know about that. If I did, and God reigns, he overruled it -so it's all right, is n't it? Ans .- Yes, I do wish I was back in the form

ngain, particularly in my old body.

Do you know a man by the name of Robbins, at the House of Correction, and Adams, at the East Cambridge jail? They are kind of rat-keepers; I lived in Boston. pect to again before I die the second time. I suppose the second death is falling from grace. I conclude I can't die the second time. for I never had

What I'm driving at is, I've got somebody here that I should like to take a look after. Here a short time ago-all of a year ago-this person was under the care of the East Cambridge jailer. A brother of mine is getting hard whipped round here. He used to help me a good deal, and it is no more than fair that I should help him. I do n't suppose he will get this letter, for it's a hard case. I want to ask one of the chaps that knows him, to see he gets this. But they're not so apt to help people that's clear down. The name of this brother of mine is Philip B. Carter Phil, we used to call him. He is hard up, and has been ever since I died, and before, too. The amount o: it is, I want to know how I can talk with him. By sending to the jail, I'll be more likely to find himfor I don't know where he is now.

I've got respectable folks about here. I was born in the good old State of New Hampshire. As nigh as I remember I was born in Deerfield. I had no trade to work at, for farming is n't good round Boston. I could mix a glass of liquor as well as the next one, and drink it, too. I tended bar for a man by name of Brown, pretty near Court Square-then r a man by name of Chamberlain, down by Blackstone street. Do you know a man by name of

Matthews, down in Fleet street? My brother does most anything. Like me, he did n't have any trade, nor much money. You may say I have taken a good deal of pains to come here, and have tried a long while to come; and

if he thinks it well to have a talk with me, it's all right—if not, it's all right. I will say no more. I can put him on his feet, I reckon. I advise him to drink no more rum, unless he can make a better living at that than anything else; but I do n't think I can.

Ans .- I do n't know but I might have a desire to drink if I stayed here long enough, and saw rum around. I swore enough when I was here that I would n't drink, and broke over it, that I am most afraid of myself now if I had a body like mine was.

I came nigh belonging to a church once. Do you know, a Methodist minister by name of Cox, who used to preach in Hanover street? Well, about seven years ago I had a straight spell, and they had a revival down there, and I was a candidate for the very day I was to have been sprinkled outside I got after; but they gave me such a cold shoulder that I got over it.

I seem to be in a place where it's close quarters. 'm getting over it; but the fact is, we do n't know what is outside of us, and don't like to move much for fear we shall tumble into the hot place. I had that before me all the time I was looking into the Methodist church. That had more to do with it than fear of God did. One of them told me he was sorry I had fallen from grace after I got drunk, and said something about plowing—putting your hand to the plow, and falling back. That's the way they talked to me. That's all the time I had anything to do with religion. When they asked me if was n't sorry I had got drunk so soon, I said I did n't know as I was. I suppose if I had said I was, they would have hauled me in again; but I did n't know as it would do to tell a lie there.

Can't do any other way but keep sober in my kind of life. There is only one way to walk here, and that's a mighty narrow way to me. Good-by. Jan. 8.

Samuel Upham.

Perhaps I have made a mistake in coming so soon, but I don't know as I shall do any harm. I come here as soon as I had power to speak or write. want to thank the friends who were so kind to me when I was sick. I find things about as I thought I should. If any poor soul was glad to get far from

for what they did for me. If there is anything I can do for them, I shall be glad to do it. I am weak, but thank God I'm happy. I have visited my wife

My father and all my folks are not forgotten, and I shall always do for them the best 1 can.

out of my body. My brother helps me here to-day. Jan. 8.

Anne Maria Hussey.

My name was Anne Maria Hussey. I was born in Hallowell, Maine, in 1847, on March the 6th. I

others, you will see that he gives you the midnight years before of consumption. I was with her a shade to grow by. If you understand this God, you great deal, and was never well after she died. I will not fear him; you will know that he doeth right have a father; he was in California when my mother died, and when I died; but I have since What is this God? It is the higher principle of heard that when he learned of our death, he made

I have come here to-day with the hope of giving comething that may reach him. I do not suppose be understands anything about these things. If he we will all try to come to him. If he cannot find any one there, perhaps he may come to the States again; and, if he does, wont he find some one here?

My mother and myself and my brother are very happy, except when we think of his loneliness, and then we want to do something to make him happy. His name is Charles, and that is my brother's name

For awhile after my father went away, we heard he had very bad luck, and was not happy; but after not only such as the nations of the earth will look that he seemed to be more happy; but his letters always expressed a wish to be at home once more. and we know he must have hours of sadness now we are dead.

We all send him much love, and hope for his happiness, and will try to spe k with him. And if he will try as hard as we will, we think we can soon do it. Jan. 8.

To Joseph Loomis.

I am deputised to come here by the friends of one Joseph Loomis. He used to be in the employ of the Boston and Lowell Railroad-a machinist by trade. The friends who have requested me to come, are not able to come themselves, and they wish to have a private interview with him. I do not know what for, nor do I care.

My name is Balcom. I was in the same employ eleven years ago, and was killed by coming in contact with a bridge-carelessness of course. I was not told who to say wished to commune with him. Good day, sir.

Louisa Gann. I do not come here this afternoon from choice, but because I seem to be impeded so to do. Two months ago I announced myself at a private circle. Three of friends were present at that circle, where I did the best I could to make myself known; and done.

I have no desire to commune with the world in general. If I could benefit the world I would throw myself upon it, and try to raise those who stand in the lower walks of life, as I do not hesitate to say I once did.

I there gave a very correct sketch of my earthly career; but I positively refuse to give it here, because I do not deem it best, not because I am ashamed to. I think we each have the right to choose the path we walk in.

I say I would not have come here to-day except I was obliged to by force of conditions. I do wish to commune with all my friends, but I do not desire to remove mountains in order to do so.

My name was Louisa Gann: I was an actress, and

Correspondence.

Prophetic Spirits, Correspondential, &c.

How beautifully diversified are the angel gifts, dropping like sweet incense here and there! They come to the poor frail body, writhing under torture from disease, in form of healing power-to the skep. tic who doubts a continued life, or to one whose theologic teachings and belief are far from truth and to the infamous in thought and act, and whose better nature is smothered in sensuousness and vice, they come, mayhap, in the tip of a table, in a tiny sound : or perchance some more startling demonstration arrests the attention; and although the squeamish and the unthinking cry out shame upon a belief in such undignified spirits, still they falter not, but lead all these misguided and inquiring ones on and upward step by step, until their souls become enlightened, purified and redeemed. To the bereft and yearning soul they come in sweet intercommunion with the loved, but no longer lost.

Among these countless gifts, none are perhaps more coveted, or less understood, than those administered by prophetic spirits. A remarkable instance of prophecy recently met with its fulfillment within this vicinity. Several persons of, my acquaintance were witness to its truth, from one of whom I received the statement.

A Mrs. Bailey, a lady of much intelligence and worth, became, a few years since, developed as a writing medium, to which she devoted much time, and, as I understand, produced sufficient material for a book of considerable size. On the 4th of Oct. 1859, as she sat alone in her room, busied with her needle, she unexpectedly received a visit from an angel messenger, who informed her that one year more was only allotted to her earth-life, and within that time she fould make every arrangement necessary for leaving. She talked with her family upon the subject, but finally came to the conclusion that sprinkling business; but, somehow or other, the it might be her fancy or imagination, and thus the matter for awhile remained. Some few days therepretty wet inside. I was sorry for that a week after, as she again sat alone in her room, she saw suspended from the ceiling a bunch of flowers; and at the same time appeared her spirit visitant, saying she did not heed his former message, and he would now renew it. He assured her that her earthmission would close when those blossoms again appeared in their annual round, and that a short time previous to her dissolution a sore would gather upon her back, and breaking inwardly, cause her death; that an incision or any remedy would be of no avail. Mrs. B. now felt satisfied of the reality of the message; she made a memorandum of the time, and calculations accordingly. Earth presented her with many attractions-wealth, friends, and a happy home, with a husband and six children; but she struggled with energy and overcame them all. During the year each day brought a renewal of preparation for the journey to the hereafter, so that her family became gradually accustomed to anticipate her departure. During the past summer she visited, and took leave of some friends in the northern part of the State-purchased, and made with her own have n't got strength to stay long, but I promised to hands her burial robes, which were not funercal in their aspect, but tasteful and life like. As the time approached, she made every necessary arrangement for leaving the family in comfort and order. Two weeks previous to her death a slight swelling com-I shall not stay long, for I know my influence menced, as indicated, but for a time was not painful, does harm—no good. Do you remember me as I and caused no uneasiness. A week after its appear-saw you last? I want to thank Mr. and Mrs. Pope ance she role into a neighboring town, remarking, it ance she rode into a neighboring town, remarking, it was her last ride. Just before her final change, a sister in law came in, bringing in her hand a bunch since I died, and I hope to have a chance to go again of flowers she had gathered for her by the way side. They were of a purplish, blue color, and called by many the "Bloom of Autumn." She recognized them as the same presented, and called by that name The first thing I did when here was to pray as I them as the same presented, and called by that name never prayed before, and thank God that I had got by her spirit friend one year previous. (At her request they were set in a vase of water, and placed in her hand and about her person at her burial.) Soon after this she passed away so calmly, that her family were scarcely aware of the event. She herself arranged all the funeral ceremonies; and as no

hera!" Now that I am upon the subject, I will mention any desire it.

one more instance, somewhat similar, coming under my own personal observation. Not quite two years since, a lady residing near me fell a victim to consumption, and passed away from earth. She had which have put us well on the road to progression. for a long time been conscious of spirit impressions; but as the physical became more and more prosshe came to hear and recognize spirit-voices. After his friend avid brother, her physician and friends were satisfied that her lungs were almost gone, and that no mortal remedy would enable her to again rise from her couch, she received through her spirit friends strength and assistance to do so, clothe herself suitably, and walk about her garden. This she did repeatedly under months, time, returned and set her house in order, then awaited calmly her transition.

thoughts are ever active, and many a bright thread fitably. enliven the good time coming. N. Frank White, so a communication in No. 12 of the present volume favorably known to many of our eastern friends, of the Bannen, given through Mrs. Conant, from A. C. S. February.

Beloit, Wis., Dec. 20, 1860.

H. P. Pairfield at Fort Ann, N. Y .- A Test. For a number of years I have been earnestly nvestigating the subject of modern Spiritualism. When it was first announced that the spirits of our departed friends could and did return from the heavenly spheres to communicate their experiences and teach the inhabitants of earth the ways of truth and happiness; I thought it was uncalled for. inasmuch as we had a plenty of teachers already.

It also seemed that when we were once freed from earth with its attendant evils and sorrows, that we would not, and that we could not if we would, return to earth. Therefore the whole subject looked like a humbug and delusion, and the first circle I sat in to hear and see, I must confess, looked like fool-

There we were, men and women of professed intelligence, sitting around a table waiting, and some expecting, who had more faith than myself, that the spirits would come and rap, write or speak to us. Oh, how absurd, thought I; and why should n't I, not have spirit-rapping in their creed, nor even the word Spiritualism; for they had heard, ere I was enrolled as a member, what Spiritualism purported to do. They began to leave out what was once taught, that our spirit friends came to assist us in our second birth. But circumstances being favorable, we did get some raps. Not content with this, and contrary to the wishes of the church, I invited will go generally to a rock house, or cave, in the side Mr. H. P. Fairfield, the well-known and truly worthy of a hill near by, have her weird talk and pantotrance speaking medium, to come and lecture one Sabbath. Mr. F. came, and two such lectures as he gave upon the subject of Ancient and Modern Spiritualism, (which, by the way, was well adapted to the time and place,) the people of Fort Ann never listoned to before, and they were well represented, for Mr. F. was the first lecturer we ever heard.

His arguments and illustrations could not be refuted by any one. He spoke powerfully yet eloquently, and many said he was a most profound scholar, while others said he had learned his leccommon idea after he had left us, many were anxious to hear him again, thinking he would soon I wrote to him to come again, telling him the state of feeling in our town.

He did so, but was suffering from a severe cold and hoarseness. He came the 19th of December, and lectured on Sunday to a full hall of earnest and intelligent listeners; and, if possible, his lectures were far superior in eloquence and logic than when he was first with us. His audience were perfectly charmed with his oratorical powers and profound philosophy.

At the close of each lecture the spirits subjected themselves to the criticisms of the audience. While here, he spoke nearly every evening in the week in private families, and many of us have begun to realize that the departed are not dead.

Last Sunday, Dec. 81st, he again called out two large audiences, who listened to the sublime truths of life and progression here and hereafter, as portrayed by the spirits Hosea Ballou and Lorenzo

Dow. Finally, Messrs. Editors, let me relate a test which we received through him (Mr. F.) at my houss. The first Sunday after he came, after pro paring myself for church, I went to the barn to see about the chores, as I was going to leave. While there I lost from my bosom a gold button, but did n't miss it until I returned to the house, when I went immediately back and looked everywhere that I could think of that I had been while there, but could not find it, there being snow on the ground and the yard full of cattle and sheep, I discontinued my search, and it soon passed from my mind.

Six days after, the medium, Mr. Fairfield, was entranced by an Indian calling himself Wild Medicine, and after going through various Indian manouvres to convince us all of his Indian highness, he came and took my wife's bosom pin, and looked after fin. ger rings, saying, "Indian lové shiners," when it came to my mind to ask him to find my bosom button, I ac. cordingly did so. He replied he did n't know whether Indian could find it or not, but said he would try. He then took down a coat which was hanging in the room, put it over his head, and tied the sleeves around his neck, completely blindfolding himself. He then took hold of my hand, led me to the room where I changed my clothes, went up to the mirror and touched it, then touched my bosom, when he started out and for the barn, saying, as we started, "If you humbug Indian, Indian humbug you."

Baptist church, her own sermon and address to her | We went to the barn, where I had been the week family and friends. The lady giving me the descrip- before, and around the yard, looking and hunting tion says, "I never before witnessed such a burial all the time. Finally we stopped, when the medium scene-so calm and peaceful, not a tear dropped by bent down, and commenced digging about and breakthe family until the farewell to them, and even then ing up the pieces of frozen snow and manure; and more emotion was shown by the audience and mem- strange as it may appear, the button was found by bers of the church where we were assembled. I him about three inches below the surface, and could but exclaim, if this be the last of earth to brought to the house and washed from the manure, the derided Spiritualist, let my last end be like to our great astonishment. There were many witnesses to the above, whose names can be given if

He has also given us many other tests, even in public-such as reading a whole chapter from the Bible while entranced, and the book closed-all of

To day, which is Now Year's, we are obliged to partwith him, and may the good spirits of heaven and trated, the spiritual acquired new strength, until earth be his friends and companions, is the wish of ORVILLE GRIPPIN.

Fort Ann, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1861.

Charles W. Burgess's Test Verified--Somnam-

Through old Connectiout's levely farms and over her winding rivers I found myself wandering upon a pleasant day last week, and by steam car and their guidance, being told at the same time that a horse power reached the "Rose Cottage" of Mrs. renewal of life would be given her to visit her friends Davis, of Putnam. After stopping a time with in the Eastern States. She accordingly journeyed her, the spirit moved me to go onward, and verily I thither with her husband, and after spending some proceeded until I came to another cottage, nestled in among the hills of West Killingly, at the foot of Mount Mashintuck, which is the residence of Mr. This far-off Western town has been until recently William Burgess, and the home of Mary Maria slumbering on, unaided by any speaker or social Macumber, well known in our spiritual annals, and gathering for spiritual improvement. But our with whom I passed a day most pleasantly and pro-

is manufactured which will by and by mingle in and Perhaps you, and your readers also, will recollect has been among us, delighting our souls, and infus | Charles S. Burgess, of West Killingly, Conn. This ing new life into our inanimate society. He formerly has never been responded to; and he being a son of resided for a short time in this town, winning the the Mr. B. of whom I speak, I am requested to adhearts of all those who became acquainted with dross you in regard to it. The communication was him, by his unobtrusive worth and highly intelled recognized by all his friends, and the neighbors, as tual order of inspiration. His last lecture on Sun being entirely characteristic of him; and all the day evening amplified somewhat on the "all right" data and circumstances are correct, with exception doctrine, and was surpassingly beautiful in every of the middle initial of his name, which should have respect. He is now traveling northward; will be in been W. and was, as the spirit says, given correctly; Milwaukie during January, and visit us again in but being written hastily, was probably afterward mistaken for an S. This mistake he told hig parents of before the article appeared in the BANNER, and had also, six months previous, informed them that he had given them a test through Mrs. Conant; subsequently saying, however, that the BANNER peo ple had mislaid it, or would not publish it, which agrees with what he gave in this, his recond article. Much of the phraseology is distinctly recognized by all as being his own.

About three years ago, before Mrs. Macumber became a medium, she was also addressed through your columns by her grandmother, Sarah Macumber, who told her that she was a medium, and ought to sit once in so often, for her development. At this time Mrs. M. was an Adventist, and not believing in spirit existence, independent of the outer form, paid no attention to it, though it was pointed out by an acquaintance to her. It is unnecessary to add that it has all proved true.

Mrs. Macumber has always, from her youth, been a somnambulist; and after an exciting day, generally repeats the events thereof during the night. She sometimes, in this state, gives beautiful and lengthy improvisations of poetry, or launches off for I belonged to the Baptist church, and they did into some question which has been agitated during the day; but generally she wishes to plunge out of doors, up "on the hill," as she always says the spirits are waiting for her there, and calling to her. She sometimes rises, and dressing herself with great rapidity and quietness, is out of the house before any one knows it. Sho, though in frail health, never seems to take cold in these nightly excursions, but aime over, and return to the house. writes in her room, and then again retires. This state, though to a degree natural to her organization, has of late become rather a trouble to her; and being in a low state of health, she fears it will have a deleterious effect upon her. These affairs being of a nature that many would not like to speak of, I should not do so, except with her permission, and in the hope that some kind friend may suggest to her a remedy for this sleep-walking.

I heard her speak Sabbath day, in the Spiritualist Hall in Putnam. She was most rapidly developed tures, and was deceiving them. This being the in the commencement of her mediumship, and in the time which has elapsed since, has continued on with unabated ardor, until she stands in the very run dry and come short of lectures. Consequently front ranks of our speakers, as a sound, argumentative, philosophical mind, which will leave its stamp on whatever community it enters, and for the entire success of which, I have only this fear, that the spirlt may become soon too ripe for the frail body that enfolds it, and we may see transferred to brighter spheres her whom we so much need here. But I hope for the best, and that she will not overtax herself with labor until recuperated in physique. She is with the kindest of friends, but her duties, publicly, have been too arduous.

Mr. Loveland is speaking (and Susie Johnson is to follow,) at Danielsonville, where the friends have established regular meetings. This is a bold and independent step in them, considering the multitude of scoffers with which they have to contend, and we hope they will be well sustained by a long continuance of the interest now felt in our twelve year old philosophy. Of course, I do not allude to the age of the principles underlying the philosophy, but only to externals.

We had a pleasant month here in December, for we had with us one of the gems of the speakers' constellation, Miss A. W. Sprague. She is a favorite everywhere, so that any words from me would be superfluous. With the dawn of the new epoch, '61, we had the good fortune to welcome Brother Miller and his estimable lady. Brother Miller is well known as an energetic and logical, as well as agreeable speaker, and an audience cannot do otherwise than improve under his teachings.

At Christmas, Miss Mary H. Wilbor, a well known writer in the spiritual ranks, issued a neat volume of 250 pages, called "Violet." This is a finely written story for the youth, and will be quite an addition to the youth's library slowly forming in our midst. It is interspersed with many poetical gems, and will repay a perusal. LITA H. BARNEY. Providence, January, 1861.

The paper having the largest circulation-the paper of tobacco. Paper for the "roughs"-sand paper.

Paper containing many fine points-the paper of The paper that is full of rows-the paper of pins.

Papers illustrated with outs-editorial exchanges. Drawing paper-dentist's bills, A taking paper-a sheriff's warrant. Ruled paper—the French press.

BADID BELL.

THE FORM OF A LITTLE LIFE THAT WAS BUT THREE APHILS LONG.

BY .T. D. ALDRICH.

.. If she had lived, I think she could have been Lilies without and roses within I"-[MARVEL.

Have you not heard the poet tell
How came the dainty Bable Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of Heaven were left ajar:
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradiso,
She saw this planet like a star,
Hung in the narried deaths of even.

Hung in the purple depths of even—
Its bridges running to and fro,
O'er which the white winged Angels go,
Bearing the holy Dead to Heaven.
Bhe touched a bridge of flowers—those feet,

She touched a bridge of flowers—those to So light, they did not lengt the bells Of the celestial asphoders!

They fell like dew upon the flowers, And all the air grew strangely sweet!

And thus came dainty Bable Bell

Into this world of ours.

She came and brought delicious May:
The swallows built beneath the caves;
Like sunlight in and out the leaves, The robins went the live long day;
The lily sung its noiseless boll.
And o'er the perch the trembling vine
Seemed bursting with its veins of wine? How aweetly, softly, twilight fell?
O, earth was full of singing birds,
And happy spring time flowers,
When the dainty Babie Bell
Came to this world of ours!

O Babio, dainty Bable Bell— How fair she grew from day to day! What woman-nature filled her eyes, What woman-nature filled ner eyes,
What poetry within them lay!
Those deep and tender twilight eyes.
So full of meaning, pure and bright
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise!
And we loved Bable more and more:
O never in our hearts before
Wesloves a lovely born:

Was love so lovely born : We felt we had a link between This real world and that unseen-The land beyond the morn I

And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth,

For love of her whom God led forth,
(The mother's boing ceased on earth
When Bable came from Paradise)—
For love of Him who smote our lives,
And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said Sweet Christ!—our hearts bent down
Like violets after rain.

And now the orghards, which in June
Were white and rosy in their bloom—
Filling the crystal veins of air
With gentle pulses of perfume—
Were rich in Autumn's mellow prime:
The plums were globes of honeyed wine,
The blidd sweets of supmy time!

The hived sweets of summer time ! The ivery chestnut burst its shell; The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell! The grapes were purpling in the grange, And time wrought just as rich a change In little Babic Bell!

Her tiny form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace.
In softened curves, her mother's face!
Her angel nature ripened too.
We thought her lovely when she came, But she was holy, saintly now— Around her pale, angelic brow We saw a slender ring of flame!

God's hand had taken away the seal Which held the portals of her speech:
And if she said a few strange words Whose meaning lay beyond our reach,
She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key!
We could not teach her holy things:
She was Christ's self in purity!

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands:
And what did dainty Babie Bell?
She only crossed her little hands.
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair:
We laid some buds upon her brow,
White-buds, like scented flakes of snow—
White-buds, buds around in flawers! Death's bride arrayed in flowers! And thus went dainty Babie Bell Out of this world of ours l

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. Sample copies sent ree. Lecturers named below are requested to give notice of town, Mass. any change of their arrangements, in order that the list may be as correct as possible.

MRS. AMANDA M. SPANCE Will locture in Philadelphia, 4 Sundays in Jan. Providence, 4 Sundays in Feb.
Bangor, 5 Sundays in March. Taunton, 4 Sundays in May.
Campridgenort 5 Sundays in April.
Address, the above places, or New York City.

Miss L. E. A. Delonos will lecture in Terro Hauto, and Mrss L. E. A. Defonos will lecture in Terro Hauto, and Evansville, Iudiana, during January—address, care of James Hook; at Oloveland, obio, during feb—address care of Mrs. H. F. M. Brown; at La Crosse, Wis., in March; at Decorah, and Davenport, iowa in April; at Plymouth, Mass., in May; Providence, R. I., in July; Quincy, Mass., Aug. 4th, 11th and 18th; Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Aug. 25th, and Sept. 1st; Putnam, Com., Sep. 8th and 18th; Concord, N. H., Sept. 22d and 29th; Portland Mo., in Oct. Applications for week evening lectures, addressed as above, will be received.

Miss A. W. Spraoue will be received.

Miss A. W. Spraoue will speak in Boston, through
Jan, letters care if. F. Gardner; at Cambridgeport first Sunday in Feb.; at Willimantle. Conn., second and third Sundays
in Feb.; at Now flaven, first and second Sundays in April.
She will travel in the West next season, commencing at Oswogo, N. Y., first Sunday in August, and is now making ougogoments for Ohio and Michigan. Those wishing to be inincluded in the route will please write as soon as convenient. FRANK L. Wadsworth speaks at Richmond, Ind., January 27th; in Terre Haute, Ia., Feb. 3d, 10th, 17th, and 24th; Evansville, Ia., March 3d and 10th; Attica Ia., March 17th EYABSYIIIO, IA., MATCH 3d and 10th; Attlet it., March 15th and 24th; Ronsalear, Ia., March 31st; Elkhart, Ia., April 7th and 14th; Sturgis, Mich., April 21st and 28th; Adrian, Mich., May 5th and 12th; Toledo, O., May 10th and 25th; Detroit, Mich., five Sundays of June; Lyons, Mich., four Sundays in July. Address accordingly.

MRS. FARMY BURGANK FELTON will lecture in Worcester, April 25th and 27th. Butter superst of Adress accordingly.

Ans. FANNY BURGAN, FELTON WILL THE WORLD IN WORLD AND MASS., on Sunday, Jan. 20th and 27th. By the request of old friends, Mrs. F. has returned to Boston and renewed her course of Select Oircles during the week. She will still remain in the lecturing field, and speak on the Sabbath, in places not too remote. Address No. 25 Knocland st. Boston.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE WILL lecture in January in Detroit, Elkhart and Attica Indiana, (care of C. Waterman, Esq., Detroit); in February in Chicago, (care of Russell Green, Esq., Onicago; Post Office address, care of Bela Marsh, publisher, 14 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass. For the ensuing year Miss Hardinge will lecture in the east.

Miss Rosa T. August having returned from New York State, where she has been lecturing the last three months, will remain in B ston until the latter part of the winter, whon she leaves for the South and West. During her stay in Boston would make engagements to lecture in Boston and vicinity, and also to attend funerals. Please address her at 32 Allen street. Boston. 32 Allen street, Boston.

Mas. Many M. Macumum will lecture two last Bundays Jan. in Cambridgeport, Mass.; the months of February in Leominster; list three Sundays in March in Hartford, Ct.; the last Bunday in March and first two Sundays in April in Boston; the last two Sundays in April in Taunton; four Sundays in June at Portland, Me.

H. B. Stonen will lecture in January, third and fourth Sundays and the four Sundays in Feb., at Bangor, Me., and vicinity; through Murch, at Putnam, Ct., and the first two Sundays of April at Providence; R. I. On three evenings of each week, at towns in the vicinity of the above places. Miss Lizzie Doren will speak-the last two Sundays in Jan. in Portland, Me.; first Sunday in Fob., in Plymouth, Mass., the second in Cambridgeport, and the two last in Boston; the five Sundays in March, in Providence; last two in April, in Williamantic, Ct.; four Sundays in June, in Lowell, Mass. Address, Plymouth, Mass. Address, Plymouth, Mass.

LEO MILLER will speak in Providence, four Sundays of Jan.; Lowell, three first Sundays in Feb., in Cambridgeport, fourth Sunday in Feb., and first Sunday in March; in Quincy, second and third Sundays in March; in Philadelphia, four Sundays in May, Mr. M. will answer calls to lecture week evenings. Address, Hartford, Ct., or as above.

Mas. S. E. WARNER will lecture in January in Olney, Illi ols; and in February in Lyons, Michigan. Those wh her services on week evenings, in the vicinity of these places, can secure them by making application. She may be addressed at either of the towns named above, or care of Ebenezer Warner, Norwalk, Ohio.

J. W. H. Tooney has returned from the West, and is prepared to answer calls to lecture through the week, on Physi-ology, Temperamontal Philosophy, and the Laws of Health, Mirth and Cheerfolness. On Sundays he lectures on the Philosophy of Sphituglism—when needed. Address in care

J. H. Cunnien will speak at Gloucester, Bundays, January 27th and Seb. 3.1: Orango, Seb. 10th, and evening of the 11th; Wendall, Seb. 12th; North Dana, Seb. 13th; Baldwinville, Feb. 14th; Athol. Seb. 15th; Warwick, Feb. 10th and 17th; Winchester, N. H., Feb. 18th; Hinsdale, N. H., Feb. 18th

Mn. AND Mns. DANFORTH Will speak the fourth Sunday in Jan. at Westerly, R. L.; first Sunday in Feb. at Stornington, Conn; second Sunday, at New London; third Sunday at Mystic, Conn; fourth Sunday at Westerly, R. L.—also as boye in March.

abovo in March.

H. P. FAIRFIELD Spoaks in Oswego, N. Y., in Feb.; in Chicago, Ill., in March; in Tolodo, O., two first Bundays in April; in Adrian, Mich., third Bunday of April. Would make engagements in the Western Battes for the Summer. Address, Chicago, Ill., in care of Russell Green, Esq.

ISAAC P. GREENLEAF, tranco speaker, will respond to calls to leasure in New England during the Winter and Spring, on bundays or week evenings. Post Office address, Lowell, Ms. Will speak in Exeter, N. II., Jan. 27th.

Miss Bell Scouoll, of Rockford, ill., will speak in Grand Rapids, Minn., through Jan.; Dotrolt, Mich., Feb. 17th and 24th; will recuive applications to lecture in the New Eng-land States during February, Starch and April.

G. B. STEBBINS will spend the first two Sundays in March in Detroit, Mich.; the east three in Portland, Me. Will be in Massachusetts through the month of April, if his services are required. Address, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Warren Chass lectures in Baltimore, Md., four Sundays of Jan.; in Philadelphia, four Sundays of Yeb., in Oswego, N. Y., five Sundays of March. May be addressed as above. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light at club prices.

Mas. F. O. Hyzen will lecture in February and March, in Mns. F. O. Hyzer will lecture in February and March, in Westorn New York; during Jan. in Gleveland, Ohio; through April, in Vormout; during May, in Lowell, Mass; during June in Providence; R. I.; July in Quincy, Mass. Address till April, Spencorport, N. Y.

Mns. J. W. Cunrier will lecture in Jan. at Lyons, Mich.; in Feb. at Elkhart, Ind.; in March at St. Louis. Sho will return to the east in April. Applications for evenings should be made early. Address Box 815, Lowell, Mass., or as above.

E. V. Wilson's address is Detroit, Mich. He will receive calls to lecture on Spiritualism, in Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and Canada West. Mr. Wilson is agent for the sale of the Miller and Grimes discussion; also that of Loveland

MISS ELIZABETH LOW, trancospeaker, of Leon, Cattaraugus Co., New York, lectures at Ellington and Rugg's Corners, (Cattaraugus Co.), overy fourth Babbath. She will answer calls to lecture in Chautauque and Cattaraugus Counties. PROF. J. E. CHURCHILL starts for the West, Jan. 1st, 1861 to lecture on the subjects of Phrenology, Psychology, Magnetism and Clairvoyauce. Will speak for the brothron en

N. Frank White will lecture in Milwaukie, Wisconsin, through Jan. Applications for wook evouings made in ad-vance will be attended to.

MRS. H. M. MILLER willdevote one half her time to lecturing wherever she may have calls; she is ougaged permanently one half the time for the coming year. Address, Ashtabula, Ashtabula Co., Ohio.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN, trance speaker, of Livermore Falls, Me., will speak in January in Banger and vicinity; in Quincy, Mass., first two Sundays in Feb.; Cambridge ort, the third Subday in Feb.

Mas. M. B. Kenney, of Lawrence, will speak in Charles-town, Jan. 27th; Leominster, March 10th; Randolph, March 17th. Sho will jecture in adjacent towns week evenings. Address, Lawrence, Mass. CHARLES T. Inish intends to labor in New Hampshire and Vermont, this winter, and friends who desire his services as trance speaker can have them by addressing him at Granon,

MRS. CHRISTIANA A. RODBINS loctures in Hammonton, Atlantic County, New Jersey, every other Sunday, and will speak in other places in the vicinity when called upon.

Mrs. Laura McAlpin, of Port Huron, Mich., will lecture in Cleveland, Ohio, and vicinity, during the month of Jun. Address care of Mrs. H. F. M. Brown.

Address care of Mrs. H, F. M., irrown.

John H. Randall will respond to the friends in the west who may require his services as an inspirational speaker. Address, Killawog, Broome, County, N. Y.

HON. FREDERICK ROBINSON, of Marblehead, has prepared a course of lectures on Spiritualism, which he is ready to repeat before secieties of Spiritualists.

Miss M. Munson, Clairvoyant Physician and Lecturer, San Francisco, Cal. Miss M. is authorized to receive subscriptions for the Banner.

G. W. Ifolizson, M. D., will answer calls for lecturing in Southern Wisconsin and Northern Illinois. Address New Berlin, Wisconsin.

Miss. J. B. Smith of Manchoster. N. H., through Decem-

MRS. J. B. BMITH, of Manchester, N. H., through Decem-or, will be in Raleigh, N. C. Address there care of J. P.

Neville.

MRS, ANNIE LORD CHAMDERLAIN (formerly Annie E. Lord)
mrsy be addressed during the month of Jan. at Lyons, Mich.,
care of D. N. Sax. MRS. J. B. FARNSWORTH. (sistor of the late Mrs. Huntley,) will answer calls to lecture. Address, Fitchburg, Muss.

MRS. J. PUFFER, Healing and Trance Speaking Medium, may be addressed at Hauson, Plymouth Co., Mass. MRS. A. P. Thompson will answer calls to lecture in the surrounding towns, addressed to her at Holderness, N. H.

MRB. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK's engagements are made up to April 1, 1861. ALBERT E. CARPENTER will answer calls to locture in the trance state, addressed to him at Columbia, Licking Co., Ohio, Mrs. Isaac Thomas, trance medium, will answer calls to locture in the New England States. Address, Bucksport, Mo.

Mas. C. M. Srows, trance lecturer, will receive calls to lecture, addressed Vandalla, Cass Co. Mich. LEWIS B. Monnor's address is 14 Bromfield at., Boston, in care of Bola Mursh.

Mrs. E. C. Clark will answer calls to lecture, addressed at Lawrence, Mdss. George M. Jackson will receive calls to lecture, addressed to Bennettsburg, Schuyler Co., N. Y., until further notice.

REV. JOHN PIREFORT may be addressed, as usual, at West Medford, Mass. J. S. LOYELAND will receive calls for lecturing. Address,

W. K. Ripler will speak alternate Sabbaths at Hampden and Lincoln, Me., until May.

Mrs. S. E. Collins, No. 1030 South Fifth Street, Philadel-

hia, will answer calls to locture. CHARLES C. FLAGG, trance speaker, 59 Warren st., Charles-WILLET STRATTON, healing medium, 158 Sands st., Brook-

CHARLIE HOLF, trance speaker, may be addressed for the present at Dolphi, Ind., care of Dr. E. W. H. Beck. Dr. P. B. Randolphi's services as a lecturer, an be had by addressing him at the Bauner of Light office.

MRS. HELEN E. MONELL will receive calls to lecture in Now England. Address, Hartford, Conn. REV STEPHEN FELLOWS will respond to calls to lecture, addressed to him at Fall River, Mass.

L. Judd Parder's address is in care of Dr. J. G. Atwood, No. 883, 19th street, New York. Granney H. Chowell, tranco speaker, Boston, Mass. Address. BARNER OF LIGHT office. Mns. E. Clough, trance speaker, 2 Dillaway Place, Boston. Mns. M. H. Coles, care of B. Marsh, 14 Bromfield St., Boston.

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August 18.

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MATTERS IN NEW YORK.

Reported for the Banner of Light. BPHIRTUAL CONFERENCE.

Clinton Hall, Tuesday Evening, Jan. 15, 1861. Bumeer - Spiritual Doctrine concerning Human

Rights.
Dn. Hallock in the chair. Mn. Pantaidon.-If there were but two beings in the universe, they would have mutual relations; if there were more, the relations would be the same. Where there is a great number, a necessity is felt, in proportion, of some definite law and order; but where the human is sufficiently developed, he may seek to contravene it, and hence we are obliged to establish certain laws among ourselves for the development and welfare of our own beings, and our mutual benefits; and these laws spring from our moral natures. This nature recognises certain uses, and, to promote them, we feel it necessary to promote the uses of the neighbor. This is necessary, inasmuch as no man can preserve his own rights who does not observe the rights of his neighbor. Hence the social compact—the spiritual claim of human right, by which we must recognize means and uses adapted both to ourselves and to every other individual. Out of this come the laws regulating the intercourse between the sexes-meaning not the laws as they are, but as they should be. Man, moreover, is capable of cultivating the earth, and thus providing for his livelihood. It is his conventional right to use the water and the air for the display of his genius and strength; he must have this right, because his spiritual and moral natures demand it. We must meet this demand, and give every man his right; yet this right and this law of nature is violated every day. I violate the laws of nature and the rights of man, and thereby think I am asserting my manhood. It is an idea generally prevalent that a man must act against the interests of others in order to serve his own. Every man knows what is moral and what is immoral, yet he often finds the latter to serve his interests better than the former. Human laws may be said to express the fact that there are in every society some persons, full grown in physical stature, who in minds and morals are mere children -who do not think that they owe anything to that society. It is necessary, by force of law, to bring the acts of such persons up to the standard demanded by the whole community. Can a single State seceds from the social order established by the people of the United States "for themselves and their posterity?" If so, then any single city, town or village may withdraw from the control of the State: nay. further, any individual in such community may at pleasure sever his relations in law with any other; husband may desert his wife, parent his child, as a matter of course. This is the plea of every outlaw -" I do n't wish to abide by your laws." He would break down the social order, in order to prey upon the rights of his neighbor—this social order being a burden on him, because he wishes what it does not admit of. Once allow that a State may secede, then I say that I may secede for purposes of robbery or outrage. These consequences must follow.

MRS. COLLINS.—Human rights are human wants. The harmony of nature, in all her departments and manifestations, depends upon preserving an exact balance between demand and supply. On this de-pend all attractions and repulsions. All rights are the supply of our necessities. Necessities are rights. and are the only guarantees we can require for the fulfillment of the latter. There are necessities of the body and necessities of the soul. We know in what way the former are violated. Labor is the king of the earth. The relations between capital and labor must be changed. The sovereignty of the individual soul must be acknowledged. All men must have their natural, indispensable needs supplied. The intercourse of the sexes should be regulated only by the laws of God, regardless alike of fears for the future and regrets for the past. Love is the life of the soul. God himself is love. While all other beings everywhere are rejoicing in love, shall man alone be denied and starved in what is as much the necessary, daily food to his soul, as bread is to his stomach, or air to his lungs? Great souls require larger supplies of affection than small ones. An important point is the proper balance between the growth and support of the cerebellum, or seat of the affections, and the cerebrum, the seat of the intellect. The intellect has a right to know and understand everything up to the full measure of its capacity. The third and last class of our desires and wants is that to which belong our restless aspirations for higher states of purity and love The dimension of these faculties of spirituality is the crown of the head. In this present stage of being and of our spiritual progression we are demanding a larger supply for these exalted faculties, and we shall have it. For, in the sublime formula of Charles Fourier, destinies are proportional to at tractions; i. c., all rights depend upon necessities.

Mr. Adams first spoke of the importance and necessity such an investigation and such a law. We can at least catch some glimpse of it, which may be thus expressed: Every individual has an eternal germ of mental, moral and spiritual life, always in rocess of developing, never fully developed, and having a right to all things necessary for such eternal unfolding. That such germs actually exist in all forms of life, may be shown in the case of vegetables. On examining seeds through a microscope, I have myself traced the exact form of the whole tree in each one of them, and this is true of all vegetables. No vegetable can grow otherwise than it does, as springing from an exactly corresponding invisible germ. Since this is the case, no existence can reproach another with any fault or defect in its inevitable development from an unalterable type. Rights can belong only to the type, and the one right is the right of development—that is, to develop-ment in all respects, and this involves the right to all elements of plastic growth, all the gaseous elements of nutrition, the light of the sun, etc. All functions also have a right to be fulfilled. As no two forms have the same type, so no two have the same rights. Here the speaker treated of the law of correlative uses, as illustrated in the case of the All the elements have the right to be used in their various transmutations to serve the purposes of vegetable growth. All these rights are to be so used in each case as to serve for the development of other rights. Hence follows, as a cons quence of wantonly cutting down a tree, that the whole vegetable world cries out against you. Each type should exercise its own right, else the rights and needs of some other type will be violated. Our great curse is a blind reverence for authority. Only Nature herself can teach us the true law of rights, uses, and correlative uses. [The speaker went on to apply the foregoing principles to the subject of human rights in their various departments.] Every human being has a right to live long enough for the full unfolding of its type. Hence premature death is a violation of right, both in the particular case and in that of every other existence contingent or dependent upon it. But there is a good time coming -a new heaven and a new earth. Then there will be no premature deaths. Then there will be no need for spirits to come back to human organisms in the attempt to eke out their curtailed and imperfect earth lives. Then death will be a mere falling asleep-as now sometimes in the case of a very old person-for the fruit being ripe it falls easily and spontaneously; whereas, while green, it cannot be detached without struggle and mutilation. Then shall we learn and practice the sublime art of dying. The speaker next traced the development of moral affectional and spiritual nature.] No right is more sacred than that of the affections, and none is so often violated. Sooner or later, in this world or the next, this right, in every case, will be admitted and enjoyed. And so with the rights of our spiritual nature the right to freedom from persecutionfrom the tyranny of creeds—the right to cast off all false forms of doctrine, and come up each to the great templo of the universe to worship as seems good to himself.

Dr. Gray-read extracts from a letter, giving an interior view of a circle in Philadelphia, and detailing decorations, furniture, ceremonies and declarations of doctrines resembling those of the Roman Catholic Church, the medium being Mr. Gordon.

He then passed to the subject of the Conference. Each want or desire is not a right in a higher sense. Each want or desire is to be found in the spirit. Eich wish is not an exponent of the right. To find what are the rights of the man, we have to ask what BANNER of Nov. 10-and which was delivered by her are the wants of the spirit. My body wants food, at the close of a fecture at Allston Hall the Sunday and you may say I must take food in accordance with previous, by an influence controlling purporting to the preferences of my painte; but one of you may be that of the gifted poet whose name heads this be in want as an immortal spirit, and that may in-terfere with the lower want of my palate. This is not fanciful or far-fetched. Our friends talk of free-melancholy blending of divine powers and human love—of free epicureanism in the pleasures of the frailty—has been republished all over our country, taste; but the major proposition, on which my argu-mont is based, is not to be found in the demands of newspapers which have given it space. Many orders spirit. I am entitled to love; but that right must be limited by the rights of my spirit, according to order and duty and the internal functions of my in- republish it, to supply the demand: dividuality; not the law of lust, but that which is to accompany me through eternity. The contest be-tween the epicurean and the stole scholars of philosophy turned on this point. Epicureans declared pleasure the highest good; the stoics upheld virtue, and their respective followers have sought, in one way or the other, for happiness. The Spiritualist agrees not precisely with either. He sees his highest good in pleasure neither of body nor of mind but in the application of his spiritual individuality -not to the ends of his own happiness, but to uses And this is distinctly taught by Jesus when he de clares that "he who seeks his life shall lose it," and in similar passages. He who applies his indivi duality to uses has found the core of his rights. He has found the exponent of his needs of happiness in proportion as he has found those of uses. The ance of use, therefore, transcends the performance of pleasure. By this law, Jesus on the cross rose to the perfect and highest type of manhood, when he said. "Father forgive them, for they know not what said, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." What my body needs, my body has a right to; and the same is true of my soul; a duty is imposed on nature to furnish it, since every right imposes a duty; but then the major need is in the spirit. More than this; a series of correspondences is clearly deducible between the needs of the spiri and the lowest needs of the body, according to which we find that sexual love is based upon, and directly connected with the prolific power of the soul. What ever wastes and degrades the one, inflicts corresponding loss on the other; and precisely so with the appetites for food and drink, as related to the corresponding wants of the spirit. The appetite of the spirit is an appearance of the spirit is appearance of the spirit is an appearance of the spirit is appearan stomach is the continent of the desire for what is good and true in the spirit; and whoever pampers the one degrades the other. In general, the needs of the body are determined, limited, by the needs of the deathless spirit. Let us study the correspondencies between the needs of the spirit, and the wants like a frost-fire, freezing, burning.

Did the purple, pulsing life-tide through its fevered and lusts of the body, and we will find them bound with hooks of triple steel. DR Young .- Human rights are human needs and

things, and can only grow out of the necessities of the individual as a part or integer of the social state; but society, as now organized, denies all rights by generalizing them. Hence common law and statutory law are of little practical valuation, because they provide for no conditions, and punish with equal severity all infractions of them, whether done in ignorance or aforethought. I have a right to life, to liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and yet if the capitalist does not need my services, I have no remedy but to starve or go to the poor-house and do work that others outside of it are nearly or quite starving for the want of, and leave my family unprotected. Thus everything that constitutes human rights is made dependent upon the course of commerce and trade; and these never respect human rights, and are ever fluctuating between two extremes of supply and demand; and not only this but the season interfere, and for one-third of the year one-third of the customary employments of life are cut off, and that portion of society whose only chance for occupation is to be employed by capital, must suffer in On her common with those who at best can only have chance occupations and opportunities for labor. This condition of things everywhere exists in greater or less severity, and for at least one-half of humanity, and all because human rights are nowhere respected. Crime in all shapes thence becomes a normal neces sity, and should not be condemned-and beggary and want equally so, also. What, then, are human rights? To be real, they must have a basis in the things that constitute the state, in the things that go to make up a good and intelligent citizenship, or at least constantly tend that way. The spirit has its house in the body, and the body, as a congener of this, needs a home in the state, or a chance for development, without hindrance, equivalent to that which surrounds the child on the domestic hearth of of each spirit, but of the commonwealth, is best thus secured. But how is this to be obtained? for it is manifest that neither individuals nor society can npon each separate emergency in the million of emergencies that are constantly occurring, stop or turn from their courses, to provide for it or them. or protect human rights. This can only be obtained by starting from aboriginal grounds, by recognizing no distinctions in occupations, and no castes in society, and by breaking down those privileges that now exist in laws and customs, which enable power to accumulate in the hands of the few because they are recognized as having rights that, as yet, like Moses's rod, swallow all other rights; or else by establishing by law and custom that one man's hour, employed the service of another, is of equal value to any other man's hour, or something kindred thereto due allowance being made for time and money spent in the acquisition of any given occupation, over and above what the common acceptations of life cost to

prepare one for them. Provisions should be made likewise, whereby every man having a family to sustain, should either be al lowed and paid the pro rata value he bestows by his existence as an integer of the State upon its land, or be allowed a homestead site, or farm lot, in lies thereof; and this right can only be attained by restrictions against monopoly of the soil, or by so taxing land, after exempting the homestead from tax, that encouragement shall not exist to stimulate its acquisition. All other rights may be left to the common love of intelligence and the sympathies of the race mainly. Regulate the homestead right and the equable compensation right, and other evils will work out their own remedy. But while I, or any considerable portion of mankind may establish my own freedom of action and rules of acquisition, there is no remedy against the enslavement and robbery of mankind.

Dr. HALLOCK.—I think man has a right to grow and I think we do wrong when we expect ripe fruit where nature declares we shall find green. The germ of no form of life gives anything voluntarily; it demands first the riches of the sun, and of all which is suited to its support which the sun has eliminated It vields nothing as a form of its own volition until it arrives at maturity. This is the law of the vegetable kingdom among men, and throughout the uni verse up to God, who is the All-Giver. The perfect being is that which gives all things. This generosity is the expression of maturity of manhood. is a young world, not a ripe one; and, as in the nursery the child wants all things because it needs all things, so it is in that collective man called society. It is wrong as yet to call it man. It is a child, and as a child wants toys, so it wants brown-stone houses, bank-stock, place and power. The wants of the child are natural and right, in either case: but let the so called man grow up, manured with divine traths and principles, and you will wean him from them as we wean the child. Let us have patience Do n't take the toys away from him too soon-there is use for them yet. We must not expect ripe fruit where nature has only given the green. When the growth of the world is perfect, then we shall find the generosity among mankind it would now be premaure to look for. If we would have the perfect fruit, let the great human tree first show its buds and blossoms, knowing to what they tend.

Our country has increased in size more than threethat of Great Britain and France combined. American Republic is one-sixth only less in extent than the area covered by the fifty-nine empires, states and republics of Europe. Our earnest prayer is, that it may never be divided.

Idea lore, While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came than the area covered by the fifty-nine empires, states a tapping, and republics of Europe. Our earnest prayer is, that it may never be divided.

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.

The late poetical improvisation through the mediumship of Lizzie Doten, which we published in the which we are unable to fill, and we are induced to

From the throne of life eternal, From the home of love supernal.
Where the angel feet make music over all the starry floor— Mortals, I have come to meet you,

Come with words of peace to greet you,
And to tell you of the glory that is mine forevermore!

Once before I found a mortal Waiting at the heavenly portal— Waiting but to catch some echo from that ever-opening door; Then I seized his quickened being.

And through all his inward seeing, Caused my burning inspiration in a flery flood to pour! Now I come more meekly human, And the weak lips of a woman Touch with fire from off the altar, not with burnings

But in holy love descending.
With her chastened being blending.

As one heart yearns for another, As a child turns to its mother. From the golden gates of glory turn I to the earth once more— Where I drained the cup of sadness,

Where my soul was stung to madness, And life's bitter, burning billows swept my burdened

Here the harpies and the ravens.

For I felt accursed and fated, Like a restless, wrathful spirit, wandering on the Stygian shore.

channels pour, Till the golden bowl—Life's token— Into shining shards was broken.

And my chained and chaing spirit leapt from out its prison door.

But while living, striving, dying, Never did my soul cease crying: 'Ye who guide the fates and furies, give! oh, give me, I implore, From the myriad hosts of nations-

From the countless constellations. One pure spirit that can love me-one that I, too, can

Through this fervent aspiration
Found my fainting soul salvation,
For, from out its blackened fire-crypts did my quickened spirit soar:
And my beautiful ideal— Not too saintly to be real— Burst more brightly on my vision than the fancy

formed Lenore.

Mid the surging seas she found me, With the billows breaking round me, And my saddened, sinking spirit, in her arms of love upbore; Like a lone one, weak and weary,

Wandering in the midnight dreary, saintly bosom brought me to the heavenly shore.

Like the breath or blossoms blending, Like the prayers of saints ascending, Like the rainbow's seven hued glory, blend our souls for evermore. Earthly love and lust enslaved me. But divinest love hath saved me,
But divinest love hath saved me,
And I know now, first and only, how to love and to

Oh, my mortal friends and brothers, We are each and all another's. And the soul that gives most freely from its treasure,

hath the more.

Would you lose your life, you find it;
And in giving love, you bind it,
Like an amplet of safety, to your heart for evermore. A correspondent also suggests that we republish

the poem alluded to in the second verse, which was given through the mediumship of T. L. Harris, in November, 1854:

—Then there came my Fancy's Maiden From her dim and mystics idenn, And a light from her full bosom shone her Angel-form-

before. And she whispered as the roses When the blushing bud uncloses, And like dew from off a blossom fell her speech for evermore.

"I have waited. I have waited, As the Evening Star belated, When it lingers pale and lonely by the purple sunset

I have found thee. I have found thee. And with heart-spells fast have bound thee."
So from out her glowing halo sang the Angel Maid Lenore.

To my rapt, enamored seeming, Framed amid the golden gleaming. Like a star in its own brightness high above the ocean's floor, Shone the lovely apparition,

And from Earth's accursed perdition was lifted by the Angel, and my death-in life was o'er. O the sorrow, the despairing. The weird terror phrased with daring.

wild wind-storms of remorses that my earth-bound Spirit bore! Like the tempest-lashed Atlantic With my anguish I was frantic, And the serpent men name Hunger gnawed into my

bosom's core. While on earth the Poet hungered For heart-bread, the gay world wondered, And poor beggars spurned the rich man, heaping curses

evermore.
Till I prostrate fell despairing. In my anguished breast unsharing All Earth's undivided sorrow, crushed as never man before.

I was mad with desolution.

And I fled Life's outer portal.

Like a sun from out creation Stricken rudely and its brightness turned to blood upon I for years was broken hearted; Long before my youth departed But a heart by Fate down trodden into palpitating gore.

Deeming anguish was immortal, Crying, "Launch thy heavy thunders, tell me never to adore. Hate for hate and curse for curses, Through abysmal universes,
Plunge me down as lost Archangels fell despairingly of
yore."

So the whirlwind bore my Spirit, But to lands that Saints inherit, And it seems my heart forever like a ruby cup runs o'er. I am blessed beyond all blessing. And an Angel's pure caressing. Flows around my soul forever like a stream around its

shore. We also copy the "Raven," Poe's masterpiece, that our readers may compare it with the poems above, and detect, if they can, anything in the former inconsistent with, or unworthy of, the genius

that shaped the following, ere "The fever called 'Living' Was conquered at last": THE RAVEN.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I ponder'd, weak fold since the Revolutionary war. The United States and weary, have a territorial extent nearly ten times as large as Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotton

"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my Only this and nothing more."

Ah. distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December, And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor. Eagerly I wish'd the morrow; vainly had I tried to bor-From my books surcease of sorrow-sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrill'd me—fill'd me with fantastic terrors never felt before; Bo that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
T is some visiter entreating entrance at my chamber

Nameless here for evermore.

Some late visiter ontreating entrance at my my chamber door ;This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer, ·Sir,'' said I, ··or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you,"—here I opened wide the door :

Darkness there, and nothing more!

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before : But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave

no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whisper'd word, 'Lenore!'
This I whisper'd, and an eche murmur'd back the word. "Lenore!"

Merely this, and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning, Soon I heard again a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore— Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery ex-

plore :-'T is the wind, and nothing more i''. Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter. In there stepp'd a stately raven of the saintly days of yore; Not the least obelsance made he; not an instant stopp'd or stay'd he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perch'd above my Perch'd upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber

Perch'd, and sat, and nothing more. Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smil ing.
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance is wore, "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said. dhastly grim and ancient raven, wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Pluton-

ian shore l Quoth the raven " Nevermore." Much I marvel'd this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy For we cannot help agreeing that no living human

being
Ever yet was bless'd with seeing bird above his cham ber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door.
With such a name as "Nevermore."

But the raven sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke flown before— On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have

Then the bird said " Nevermore." Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly Disaster Follow'd fast and follow'd faster, till his songs one

burden bore— Till the dirges of his Hope the melancholy burden bore Of Nevermore. of Nevermore. But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling.
Straight i wheel'd a cushion'd seat in front of bird and

bust and door;
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto iancy, thinging what this ominous bird of yore— What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominou Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expres bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining with my head at ease ed o'er: But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, never more!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfum'd from an unseen censer, Swung by angels whose faint foot fails tinkled on the tufted floor. "Wretch." I cried, "thy God hath lend thee by these angels he hath sent thee ite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Respite-Lenore! Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost

Quoth the raven " Nevermore." · Prophet!" said I, . thing of evil !-prophet still, if bird or devil! Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest toss'd thee here ashore. Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land en chanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I im-

Is there—is there balm in Gilead? Tell me—tell me, I implore!" Quoth the yaven " Nevermore."

Prophet !" said I, " thing of evil-prophet still, is bird or devil ! By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore— Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name

Quoth the raven "Nevermore." Be that word our sign of parting, bird or flend !"]
shrick'd, upstarting— Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plu tonian shore! Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul

Lenore.

hath spoken! Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!''
Quoth the raven · · · Nevermore.''

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door; And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is

Shall be lifted-nevermore !

Reported for the Banner of Light BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, . WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 10, 1801.

QUESTION .- " What is Prayer, and what its uses ?" Dr. Burstey, chairman.

JACOB EDBON .- Prayor is the spiritual demand made by aspiring, receptive souls, as they trustingly confide in the fountain of all good, and the means of its manifestation. It is the recognition of a religious life, an unfolding bond of union between the human soul and God. It unfolds motives for action derived from an acknowledgment of divine power, rather than any particular line of conduct itself. Its object is to draw man nearer to God, which is accomplished in proportion to the truthfulness of our conceptions of God and of ourselves, and the reality we give them by our living faith. Correct speculation, (I mean unprejudiced inquiry in a religious spirit.) tends to shorten in two ways the bond between the soul and God-bringing God nearer the man, while it raises man nearer his Creator. This shortening at both ends (so to speak,) is always simultaneous. To deny the efficacy of prayer in toto-to hold that the unchangeable God cannot be moved by the breath of feeble man, leads at once and directly to the doctrine of fatalism, which, believed in, renders the soul incapable of effort or advancement. To allow a reflex benefit to the soul from communion with God, but advances a step ligher, though it opens a way for improvement. But to hold God a sympathizing Father, ever ready to hear the cry of his children-a wise and beneficent Creator, who has made the bestowment of his favors dependent upon our efforts, leads to a filial trust, a warm, gushing love, and a life of devotion to his service. This idea, gloriously adapted to the wants of the human soul, is the only one by which may be produced the effects each man knows he needs. Nor is such an idea unreasonable, nor is such a course a fickleness of mind on the part of God. His laws are ever the same, his providences are ever varying. I am aware our philosophers claim God is immutable, and cannot be moved. In the main I admit this; but perhaps there are some relations between him and us where he may be moved to bless us by the true and proper expression of the desires of the soul.

Mr. GROSVENOR .- I was thinking this moment of a case of prayer. When David had been driven from his throne, and his son had gone out of the union in disgrace, he uttered the simple prayer, "God defeat the counsel of Ahithophel." Ahithophel was a traitor, and David knew him to be a subtle enemy, and he knew if he was allowed to carry out his scheme, he himself would have been destroyed. (Ahithophel's counsel was rejected, and he put his house in order and went out and hanged himself. Many cases of prayer have been made in this peculiarly brief manner. A long prayer was made at the dedication of the temple of Jerusalem, and one part of the prayer was, that when its children should be driven from the city, and they should turn back to the city to pray, and God would answer their prayers. This was done often afterward, and it almost seemed as the fulfillment of prophecy. There is no happiness to me so pure as that of prayer. I have sometimes thought that men often reverse the use of prayer, and make it a blasphemy instead. It is a drawing nigh unto God, that he may answer.

Mr. Burke.-I suppose there is no one here, old or young, but has some time felt the need of prayer. Their lives must have been cast in pleasant places. only

Their lives must have been cast in pleasant places,
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did if they have not. Young America, in his wildest outpour.

Nothing further then he utter'd, not a feather then he pranks, always feels there are some things he has flutter'd—
flutter'd—
done he wishes undone; and there is no way of soft—
Till I scarcely more than mutter'd. •• other friends have ening remorse like prayer. It is vain for a man to try to cheat himself. The idea attached to prayer by philosophers is, that it works no effects upon God. How do they know it? Are they acquainted with God's secrets? I think none here are so foolspoken.
Doubtless," said I, what it utters is its only stock hardy as to claim this. Now, if we cannot cheat and store

Saught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful need and appropriate place for prayer; but there is a time when prayer becomes not only vain, but blasphemous. When man goes to God in utter contrition of heart, it does seem to me that God will answer such a prayer as his. If prayer is not ans. wered, it does seem to me the human heart must be made in vain. We do n't expect to add anything to God's knowledge, for he is omniscient; but he has commanded prayer. I do not suppose God will answer prayer unless our work goes with our words.

Mr. Bishop.—A case once happened under my own observation, between here and Florida. A vessel loaded with lumber was capsized, and the captain's wife swept overboard. There were seven men on board, and all expected to die, but assembled in To the fowl whose flery eyes now burn'd into my prayer, all but one of them—an lufidel. While the others were on their knees, he got an axe, and out away the masts, and so the vessel was saved. Which on the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloat saved the vessel, the prayers of the crew, or the man with the axe?

Mr. Grosvenor.—Perhaps some bright angel came down and sprung that man's nerves, and forced him to move, in answer to the prayer of the other six men. I like the old maxim, that "man's extremity is God's opportunity." Men have been known to pray-men unused to prayer-in times of emergency, when they knew not why they prayed.

Mr. Burke .- If Christ's prayer on the cross was answered-to wit-Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do?-why are the Jews to-day objects of everybody's hatred and contempt?

Mr. GROSVENOR.—This question has exercised me before. But it seems to me he referred to those who were simply the executioners, upon whom the prayer rested-the Roman soldiers.

JACOB EDSON .- It seems to me the Jews could n't receive the blessing of God till they were sufficiently receptive. If I am penitent for an injury done a brother, and he is not ready to forgive me, I do n's care a snap, for I get forgiveness then at headquarters, and go right beyond him, on account of my condition. It seems to me the prayer prompted by the dread of the chastising rod, is the lowest kind of prayer. Prayer is simply the opening of our mouths to receive the bread of life. As an inventor, I sometimes feel a need that does not hardly come up to a want. Every man needs prayer, if he

doesn't always know he wants it. Mr. Tripp.-I have heard some pretty sensible talk to-night. I have failed to find an instance of the direct answer of prayer; but I believe God, away back in the beginning, shaped certain laws, by which, when we are receptive to them, we shall be blessed. One of the first missionary ships that sailed around Cape Horn was wrecked and all but one man lost, though thirty souls, the salt of the Christian church, engaged in trustful, earnest prayer. This occurrence led me to inquire into the subject, and to the conclusion that prayer does not always bring an dreaming.

And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the brain, and the divine principle is better prepared