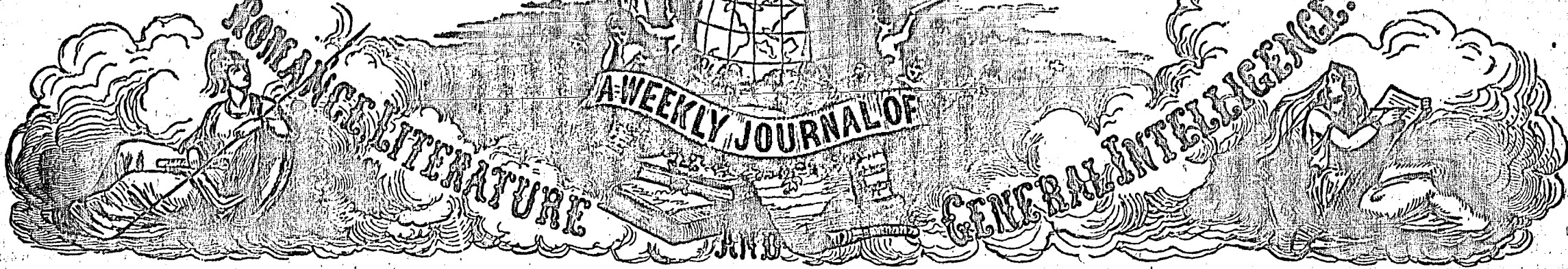


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 8.

Written for the Banner of Light.
IN THE COUNTRY.

BY ENOLA.

There is a house in the beautiful country,
With a porch that is old and low,
Where heavily fruited vine stems
In their rich luxuriance grow.
I can see the well in the dooryard;
I fancy I hear the sweep,
As it dips the iron-bound bucket down
Through the waters cool and deep.
There are grand old apple-trees, laden
With branches that reach the ground,
Where erst in the early spring sunshine
The snow-petals blossoms are found;
There are flowers that no hand hath planted—
That have need of no green house to shield;
And the graceful golden rod bends low
O'er daisies that gem the field.
Wild asters of rosiest purple,
Fringed gentians with deepest blue eyes,
White all-viceworn shaking her golden-tipped balls,
And carnations' gorgeous dyes,
They grow by the rugged roadside,
They peep from the meadow grass,
They tell us o'er forest and field and fen,
Where the footsteps of beauty pass,
The Autumn is yielding her harvest,
October's abundance is here,
November will soon quench the harvest moon
With her beautiful Thanksgiving cheer.
Oh, beautiful country home,
And still will my thoughts turn back to thee,
Wherever my feet may roam.
October, 1860.

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE LORDS OF THE CASTLES.
A TALE OF THE RHINE.

BY ELKANAH STRANGE.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

Gertrude had hard work to keep her impetuous and haughty spirit from uttering the defiant scorn with which it was filled for this vile and worthless hypocrite. But she had passed through a severe school, and learned how to keep her impulsive feelings completely under. She therefore, resolved to bide her time. It would, surely, come, and that she knew and felt.
"Humph, Sir Knight," returned the minstrel, for he comprehended at a glance that such he was, "there is no use in thinking to doory such a lance as that which Wilhelm of Grossenberg is known to carry."
"You are impertinent, slave!" answered the Knight, leaping to find that the minstrel's response pleased Gertrude so well.
"Nay," said the other, "with all the deference which your Order inspires, I will still assert with all sincerity and truth that the lance from which flutters the pennon of Wilhelm of Grossenberg is worthy to compete even with your own; and I doubt not the whole army would lay a gage on his dealing you superior blows in a fair and equal combat."
"Silence!" thundered forth the Lord of Rosenheim, thinking his duty to his guest required that he should protect him in case he was likely to be worried in an encounter of this sort with the minstrel. "And now I will tell you, to conclude with, that you live salt enough of Palestine and of this young upstart, who is dazzling everybody there, according to your own account! Let it stop where it is. I, for myself, will hear something better!"
Gertrude alone seemed to be pleased with what she had just heard. For the first time in many weary days and nights her heart beat more lightly. Now she felt she could dream once more of brighter and better days. A perfect revolution seemed to have been wrought within her heart.
The feast broke up, after a proper time, by the withdrawal of Gertrude from the hall with her waiting-maid.
The minstrel was shown to a humble apartment, that was situated away by itself in a remote part of the castle, by a waiting-man, who bore a lighted torch before him; and finally none were left at the board save the Knight and the Lord of Rosenheim alone, who thereupon began comparing notes on the various occurrences of the day, and more particularly of the evening. They sat over their great flagons of liquor, and drank and drank, till the room went round and round to their vision, and their brains were muddled like the thick talk that betrayed them.
The minstrel had but just reached the door of the distant apartment allotted him, when one of the maids attending upon Gertrude came forward to meet him, and said in a low tone:
"My mistress, good man, would fain speak a word or two with you. If you consent, I will conduct you into her presence. And she particularly requests that you"—turning to the torch-bearer—"do not divulge what you now hear and see."
The minstrel readily acquiesced in the fair maid's request, and proceeded to comply with the same on the instant. The male attendant betook himself away with a gesture of satisfaction, and off went the wanderer to narrate his welcome story of Wilhelm and Palestine, more in detail, to the eager ears of Gertrude.
It was fully an hour, and might have been even more, when he decided, and even then at her own request. She feared lest he might become weary, and insisted that she ought not to detain him any longer from his rest.
But what a well of delight had not suddenly been opened to her by this evening's adventure! She pattered her head in its accustomed resting-place, and all her dreams that night were of the Holy

land, and him who wore her heart in that distant region along with his own. The day of his triumph was not—could not be far off. He had suffered, and she along with him had suffered enough, to deserve the vindication which she secretly felt time had in store for both of them. Her haughty fether might be cruel and inhuman; but she could afford now to be patient.

The Knight staggered and reeled out of the dining-hall to his bed, leaving the Lord of Rosenheim sitting alone and insensible in his great chair. They had plotted and conspired together over this Wilhelm, and the lord had, in one of his maudlin impulses, professed such a tender regard for the Knight as to promise him his daughter and his castle if he would, by any means whatever, overthrow this youthful Wilhelm and bring his career to an end. It was devised, to this end, that he should depart for Palestine again so soon as he should be able, and there find some pretext for challenging Wilhelm, confident that he could disgrace, if not destroy him.

And with so ill-digested a plot in their brains, the one reeled off to bed, and the other fell soundly asleep in his chair.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FEAST IN THE HALL.

Old Mahala imparted none of her information to the Lord of Rosenheim, for that was not at all her purpose. Neither did Gertrude whisper a syllable. Had the Knight departed himself only as a gallant and true Knight should, there could not have been less said of his conduct.

Yet he knew himself well enough, from the looks of Gertrude, in what pitiable scorn she held him, and it was the very gall of bitterness in secret to his heart. From this source he suffered more, perhaps, than Gertrude here; if could have suspected.
And there was brave and faithful Bernard, too, to whom his mistress was so fondly, though prudently, attached for the service he had rendered her on a truly fearful occasion—he regarded the Knight with looks of awakened suspicion, and had even communicated his impressions very freely to Joan, on one of her frequent visits to Rosenheim. They coned the circumstances all over together, but being quite unable to find the thread by which they might unravel their mystery, they silently agreed that it was best to wait and watch developments.

There was a famous hunt, not many days after the significant occurrences recorded in the last chapter, in which the Knight of course took an active and leading part. The whole force of the castle was turned out, to participate either in the chase itself, or in its preparations. The arrangements for a full day's sport were entered upon with all possible speed and eagerness. The horses were made ready, with their trappings and hunting furniture. The dogs were exercised in the open yard, and given a foretaste of the sport they so keenly craved. The thralls of the Lord of Rosenheim were awake to the great event, for such it was when the master of the castle had once set his thoughts about a hunt of the first magnitude.

The day dawned beautiful and bright. The sun threw his golden arrows in showers upon the forest. The spirits of the hunters, and especially of their leader, rose with the brightness of the occasion.

"Hail we are to have a glorious day of it, to-day!" he exclaimed to his guest and friend, the Knight. "I know nothing, Sir Knight, of the still you are going to exhibit to us all to-day, but I can promise you what I can do."

"And what may that be?" inquired the other, as he arranged some part of the dress in which he was arraying himself for the day's sport.

"Oh, well, I shall send home across the horses of my attendants three fat bucks! Mark what I say, now—three fat and plump bucks! Will that answer for me in one day, think you?"

"By my faith," answered the Knight, "but I should judge that was doing remarkably well!"

"Al!" murmured the lord, musingly, and so I think it is, too—remarkably well, even for an old hunter like myself."

"How long now," asked the Knight, finding his dress all comfortably adjusted, "before we shall mount and be off?"

"Are you ready yourself, Sir Knight?"

"Quite ready."

"Then we all of us are ready. Come! Ho! Warder, summon the men together! Bring out the horses! We must be off in a hurry, for nothing is gained by waiting after the preparations are all finished. Hillo! ho! ho!" he called again.

"Bying forth, the horses! Here we are! Whoop! whoop! whoop!"

And the excited Lord of Rosenheim jumped from the threshold down upon the ground, and began to super about the castle yard like any boy just freed from school.

There was remarkable haste all about the castle then, for the master's wish was absolute law. It consumed but very little time to place the steeds before their riders; and, while the thralls stood each at a horse's head and held him for the riders to mount, the latter vaulted into the saddle with all possible grace and agility.

And they swept out of the castle yard, a long and imposing train of them, amid shouts and cries like battle-cries, and snatches of roistering songs, and noisy laughter.

While they were gone, busy notes of preparation were sounded in the kitchen, in anticipation of what the night was to bring forth. After such a day, it was the minstrel's wish to have a famous gathering in the hall at evening, where the events of the day's chase might be talked over in a social, if not a boasting spirit, and the results of the day's work might be brought in and laid upon the board before them and the floor around them.

In larder and kitchen, therefore, as great activity prevailed as had been seen in the morning, in the stables. Cook and butler bustled about under the weight of their many responsibilities. If the signs were to be believed, such another feast as was to be spread that night on the generous board of the Lord of Rosenheim, had not often before been given by the master of any castle along the shores of the Rhine.

Gertrude was not insensible to all this parade, either, nor to its significance. She felt that it was made in honor of the Knight, whom she so heartily, but so secretly, despised. She questioned if, perhaps, the stranger was not beginning to exercise a controlling influence over the mind of her father, and thought she could detect palpable symptoms of such undue influence already. As she wandered over the castle during the live-long day, musing upon this thing and that, and wondering when dear Wilhelm would himself return, bringing his name and fame along with him, it appeared as if the Lord of Rosenheim could in no true sense be called her parent now, but that they must forever be at variance with one another.

The day wore away. All were intently looking forward for evening.

In due time the cavalcade swept up the acclivity to the yard again. It was just as nightfall. The Lord of Rosenheim had not succeeded in bringing home quite the number of bucks he counted on, yet two stout and weighty trophies, borne on the horses of attendants, furnished evidence that the hunt was in no sense an unsuccessful one.

At he rode up through the massy gate and came into the area of the castle grounds, he gave another of his hideous whoops, and jumped with violence to the ground.

"There, Sir Knight!" exclaimed he. "I would challenge ye to say that the day has not turned out a right royal one. I am not a whit more weary, though I am a trifle hungry, than I was when I started off this morning; and, as true as my words come from my own lips, I declare, to ye that I could, if the sun would rise this minute in the East, start off as brisk as ever I did in the morn! What say you to that, friend?"

"I say that you are a noble example of endurance and prowess," answered the Knight; "and, did I not already know better myself, I should count your years a great many less than my own."

The lord accepted this flattery with manifestations of acutest pleasure, and both went into the castle, almost side by side.

It would link the reader to hear particularly of what transpired in the interval between their return and the spreading of the board. Suffice it that every inhabitant of the castle, having been made aware of what the night was to bring forth, was prompt and ready with his and her preparations for the feast.

At the ordinary summons from the master, who duly transmitted the same through the butler, the men-at-arms, the torch-bearers, and the servants, the party began to assemble in the great hall where all these feasts were wont to be celebrated. The reader has, no doubt, an idea of what this hall is, already. It was long, with a low ceiling of oak and timbers, and had a dais, or raised platform, at its upper end, where the master and his family all invited guests were wont to seat themselves; while beyond, and still further down, the table stood on a lower floor, and there sat the humbler portion of the assembly, together with such stragglers and idlers-gatherers as chanced to happen along at such times.

The Lord of Rosenheim had already taken his seat at the head of the table, whence his eye could command every person who sat either above or below "the salt." On his left sat the Knight, all costumed in his gayest, evidently determined both to put the best face possible on dubious matters, and to strike a sense rather of awe on the mind of friendless Gertrude. The servants had ranged themselves along on the humbler end of the board, and were carefully watching their master and awaiting his nod. For himself he sat rather impatiently on the seat usually occupied by him, for he was compelled, by every law of courtesy, to delay for the entrance of his daughter.

"Tell Gertrude," said he, with ill-concealed irritation, to an attendant, "that the feast awaits her coming! She should be more considerate than to keep our arrangements back in this style!"

The message met her on her way to the hall, accompanied by two pretty maidens, who had been assigned her since her escape from the tower. She opened the door and entered. Making proper obeisance to her father, she was about to take her seat opposite the Knight, when the master of the feast interrupted her.

"You should not do thus," said he, with much feeling. "I see that there is a place left for you, and it is the right one; but still, it is due both him and myself that our friend the Knight should seat himself beside you."

She thought, it best to utter no protest, at that time and in that place, but waited till the Knight rose and bowed around to where she stood, and then suffered him to lead her to her seat and take his own beside her.

Now was the haughty Lord of Rosenheim well pleased indeed.

The feast went on. The meats were abundant, well-cooked for those times and with those rude appliances which were in use at that day, and partaken of with almost ravenous appetites on the part of those who had been engaged in the day's hunting. The lord did ample justice to the roast, and so did his guest, the knight Templar. As for Gertrude, she contented to take all the interest she could possibly felign in the feast, for her spirits had been visibly lightened since the recent visit of the minstrel to the same hall, and particularly to her own apartment. So that she truly seemed to be getting hearty enjoyment out of the affair.

The Knight observed the marked change in her

demeanor, and ascribed it to anything but the true cause. It gave him encouragement to continue his former address.

When the ale was poured for the churls at the lower end of the table, and the wine sparkled in the drinking-cups and choice and beautiful Bohemian glasses at the upper end of the same, the tongue of both Lord and Knight was suddenly unloosed. The latter answered to the remarks of his host with such alacrity as he could, but bent his attention chiefly upon Gertrude, at his side.

He had begun and put her a number of questions, and seemed resolved to recover, so far as he could do so in the single interview like this, his former position in her regard. Gertrude bore it with composure, nor, in fact, did she take the pains at any period of the conversation, to insinuate to him that his attentions were disagreeable.

There was a secret in her conduct. It was this: She felt assured now that Wilhelm would ere long return covered with glory, and vindicate his claim to her pervers father's favor and her own hand in a manner not to be resisted. So she could well afford to be placid, even under the infliction of disagreeable society like that of the Knight.

The drinking went on till it began to assume the form almost of carousal. Several times already, Gertrude had looked about her in a questioning manner, and had even motioned to take her departure from a place where she felt her society was hardly prudent and proper; just at that juncture, however, the door of the hall, at the further end, opened and a man-at-arms stepped forth into the view of the Lord of Rosenheim, and called out:

"A palmer is at the castle gate, and craves permission to tarry with the master of Rosenheim this night, accepting likewise such fare as you may choose to tender him."

"A palmer, hey? Another of those wandering, houseless vagabonds! He should know that it is an unreasonable hour for him to be out wandering, and that he ought to have found friendly shelter long ago. Yes, bring him in. We have enough left yet from what we have taken during the day, and he shall be welcome. The Lord of Rosenheim will never turn away the beggar from his gates. Order him in without delay. He shall assuredly have the best of what now remains, both meat and wine; for his ribs must, perforce, sorely need a new lining, after so long wandering and fasting since nightfall."

The man departed from the door to obey the summons.

Gertrude's interest having become a little excited with what she heard, she resolved to tarry, a little while longer; and settled back in her seat.

"These palmers are a wretched race," remarked the Knight, as well to Gertrude as to her father. "This one, now, must have been many a mile a foot to-day, not to have found shelter 'till he reached here. I wonder how he missed the Castle of Grossenheim?"

"All the beggars do," promptly answered the Lord of Rosenheim. "But they somehow find their path here still, they are all welcome; the more, the merrier."

At the conclusion of this speech the door of the hall opened once more, and the mendicant stranger was ushered in.

"You must find such pickings as you can," said the master to him from his seat at the further end of the table. "Sit down anywhere there, and charge upon the roast and the pastry with all the feeble heart there is left to you; and then proceed to wash down the meal with such generous draughts of ale and strong liquor as you may choose to pour into your drinking horn. You are but a poor palmer, I know; but I give ye hearty welcome all the same."

The stranger, still keeping his standing posture, returned the welcome of the lord with a bow of profound thanks, and then took a seat almost out of observation near the foot of the board.

The avidity with which, for a few moments, he proceeded to satisfy his hunger, and then his thirst, most strikingly attested his opinion of the bounty of the board. And when he had finished his meal, he sat back with perfect composure and satisfaction, employing his eyes in studying the guests, the hall, and all the separate features of the feast.

The Lord of Rosenheim was not disposed to put him any questions, but rather bestowed his attention upon the wine for which he had so marked an attachment. He was coming under its influence very rapidly.

Him, chiefly, did the palmer at first seem to regard out of all the rest.

As for the Knight, he had drawn as close as he dared, under the circumstances, to the side of Gertrude; and thus he was playing her with questions of every sort, by means of which he hoped to draw her out in conversation with him. He seemed rather in a daffiant mood, though she certainly gave him no visible cause for making so peculiar a manifestation. His face was all smiles, his gestures were emphatically those of a trained gallant, and his entire mien was calculated to arrest, and hold the attention of any casual observer.

Him, too, did the weary and humble palmer regard with close scrutiny. There was something about him that caught his interest, and after once looking at him, he could scarcely keep his eyes from his face or figure.

Had any other person present at the board watched this stranger with anything like care, he would have found reason to question the peculiarity of his conduct; but as he was of little or no importance there in the eyes of any one, it so chanced that he went almost entirely unperceived.

How his features suddenly changed their expression, at what they saw! How his eyes first sparkled, and then glanced like living coals, as they took in the picture; for well did he seem to know that this Knight was but a recreant and unworthy son of

his Order, and that he was even at that moment playing basely false to his sacred oath!

Gertrude, after a time, rose and withdrew by the side door through which she had entered. The eyes of the palmer, still sparkling and glowing as before, were upon her. She stirred not, but he saw every movement, and gave it a meaning.

After her departure, his interest in what he saw appeared to subside rapidly.

The lord of the castle proposed a flowing bowl, for the dozenth time at least, with his knightly guest. The latter accepted the challenge, and they raised their courage to a still higher pitch with the copious draughts they tossed off.

"Now, then, for the palmer's story!" exclaimed the Knight. "Let us hear him; for if he be indeed come from the seat of the foreign wars, I warrant ye he can tell a tale, if he list, that shall throw the story of that ragged minstrel into the shade altogether; come, call up the palmer, and let us hear what he will have to say."

The lord of the castle thereupon shouted for the length of the table, commanding the stranger who had just been fed by his bounty to approach.

There was a bustle in the neighborhood of where the palmer sat; but immediately answer was returned, to the astonishment of all, that he had taken on his departure from the hall!

No one perceived when he withdrew; but he was gone.

The lord gave rein to his passion and disappointment. "What! never sharing with him at my own table, too! I never saw so sourly imposed upon by mortal! Faith! whip me all my retainers; but they shall hunt over the castle till they find him!"

Forthwith there was haste and hurry on the part of the attendants to go out and learn whether he had taken himself, and bring him back as an offender against the laws of hospitality. The interval was duly improved by the master by venting his rage in oaths and denunciations against the palmer.

"To be treated thus," said he, "in one's own castle! It is too bad. The knave shall come back and apologize for this to all of us."

Presently, one of the servants after another having returned with no tidings of the delinquent, in came an attendant, bringing with him intelligence from the castle warder.

"And what saith the faithful warder?" demanded the Lord of Rosenheim. "Dost he know ought of this treacherous villain, to be sure?"

"He declares," answered the attendant, "that the palmer presented himself at the gate, some little time ago, and craved permission to go forth again; for I am only a miserable and friendless palmer," said he, "and it can harm no one, whether within this castle or without, that I should be permitted to pursue my solitary way." He begged to be allowed to depart, and the warder let him go. Even now he may be a mile away in the forest, and no one can tell in which direction."

The Lord of Rosenheim gnashed his teeth with rage. But it was of no use then; he found that he must suffer the not on to pass without attempting to follow it up, and he therefore dismissed it with the usual accompaniment of oaths and imprecations.

It was fortunate for the poor palmer that he was not present in the hall to be overwhelmed with them.

CHAPTER XX.

AN UNEXPECTED CHALLENGE.

At an early hour on the following day, up rode a horseman to the most of the Castle of Rosenheim, and calling out at the top of his voice for the warder to cross the bridge and come toward him, set on his steed with a stiff dignity to await the latter's approach.

When he had come sufficiently near, the horseman pronounced the following message, in a loud and imposing tone, much as if he had been delivering a harangue:

"This from Wilhelm, Lord of Grossenberg and its domains, to the Knight who is at present the guest of the Lord of Rosenheim: Wilhelm throws down his gage, with scorn and contempt, in the face of the Knight, and declares to him and to all others that he is in all respects unworthy the Order in which he stands enrolled, and false and heartless in all his professions. Tell him that he has betrayed the most sacred friendship, and deserves to be lashed with a scourge up and down the land! Tell him that his heart is corrupt to its very core, and that I shall ever advise all friends to renounce his contact and companionship! That he has disgraced his lance, and that Wilhelm, Lord of Grossenberg, now stands ready to prove! Tell him further that Wilhelm of Grossenheim hereby challenges him in open field, to answer to these charges, and to receive at his hands the punishment such treachery and falsehood deserve! And to this end, I herewith transmit to the Knight aforesaid the gauntlet which is here thrown down upon the ground!"

Thus saying, he tossed a gauntlet to the ground, which the warder proceeded of course to pick up. Then he took his seat more firmly upon his horse, and awaited the result of his warlike message, whatever it might be.

The warder moved off within the castle grounds, to deliver the message from the challenger. With all possible haste he found his master, and told him what had just occurred.

The Lord of Rosenheim was all but stupefied with astonishment. He did not believe the warder could have heard rightly.

He strode forth from his apartment, in the deepest anger, and hastened to make his guest acquainted with the news.

Neither could the Knight at the moment comprehend what so sudden a return on Wilhelm's part, and so unexpected a message could mean.

No wonder he could not.

But his fate had not yet been decided. When he thought of his own innumerable guilt, and of the base betrayal of the tenderest and truest feelings of the youthful challenger.

His excitement became still greater, when the Lord of Rosenheim began to put him those searching questions:

"You never knew this half-brained Wilhelm, did you? At least, you told me you did not. Then how comes it that he throws down the gauntlet at your feet, challenging you to mortal combat? And how comes it, too, that he makes these charges against you, such as, if true, would forbid any man to keep your company? Explain this to me, Sir Knight, for I confess I do not understand it!"

"We will first go out and make answer to this haughty young lord," replied the Knight, evading his host's pointed questions, and then we will see whether, if at all, it is best to make an explanation. Possibly the Lord of Rosenheim will agree with me that there is none to be made."

Thereupon the Knight went forth from the castle, and, wending his way through the spacious yard, the eyes of the master still following him, approached near enough to the messenger, who still sat on his steed, to make his answer heard.

"Tell your haughty young master," said the Knight, "that his insolent challenge is accepted on the instant! that I make no scruple whatever to meet him on any pretext, and on any fair field he chooses! Tell him that, being the challenged party, I offer to meet him *this very afternoon*, without further preparation, in the open hall that stretches between this castle and his own! and that, for weapons, I ask for nothing but my trusty lance and a good broadsword; and may he get good deliverance from all bodily harm, if he can! As for his insolent charges, assure him that they go for nothing with me, and will have no weight in the trial that is so speedily to come off. If he be successful in such a contest, he may with good reason think he has put them to the proof and carried his point. Tell your young master that I bring back all such charges in his teeth, with scorn and contempt un-speakable! This very afternoon, with the sun an hour in the heavens, I will try a lance and a sword with him; and, warrant ye, he will be certain to get the worst of it!"

Receiving this warlike message, the horseman made a respectful inclination of his head, wheeled his steed, and rode rapidly away.

"Now my hour has come!" muttered the terror-stricken Knight. "I feel it! There is no use in denying it to myself, at any rate! I have abused his generous confidence, and he has come to hold me to account for it! But how should he know that I was here at Rosenheim Castle? Who could have told him that? Besides, who knew that he had returned? Nobody. He came like a thunderbolt upon me! I had no warning of it at all! He was right—yes, he was right. But a true to these weak reflections! I must nerve myself up, keep all in concealment from the Lord of Rosenheim, and, after I have put an end to this haughty young spaw, then I can impart to him such a story as I choose. Yes, that will be the way of it!"

He crossed the drawbridge again, and returned to the castle.

Gertrude saw him from a high window, but as yet scarce knew what it all meant.

The Knight evaded the multiplied and searching inquiries of his host, who still remained where he had left him, anxious to understand the meaning of this sudden occurrence. He merely assured him that the youthful Lord of Grosseburg had, of a truth, retarded from his foreign wars, and that some artful spy had poisoned his mind in relation to himself, so that this insolent challenge was the result. As a true and trusty Knight, he said, with no single thing in the wide world to sustain him but his character, he could not refuse to join combat with such a half-brained challenger, and teach him, once for all, his real position.

"I am so positive, too," added the Knight, "that I shall give him this day the coup de grace, that I feel really light of heart, and can gallily drink a glass in confusion to him and all his haughty airs."

"And that we will do straightway," said the Lord of Rosenheim, as he led the way for his Knightly guest into the hall, and pledged him in a flowing glass success in the approaching encounter, and the overthrow of his youthful enemy.

From that moment forward, the preparation for the afternoon fray went on with uninterrupted zeal and energy. The Lord of Rosenheim was assiduous beyond description in his personal attentions to his challenged guest, and refrained not from offering him advice up to the last moment of his remaining in the castle walls.

"You will be sure to finish him, for good and for all," said he to the Knight, "and that will be an end of all the trouble he has made me! Let him bite the dust this day, and the reward shall be all his own!"

"That shall he certainly do," answered the Knight. "For no stripping like himself ever before defied the lance that has overthrown giants in its time; and he, of all others, shall not escape! I owe it to myself, quite as much as to you, to put an end to this insolent braggadoo and meddlesomeness!"

With which the conversation on this point ceased, and the preparations for the battle went forward vigorously.

The hours went by as if they were winged. Afternoon was close at hand.

Up to this time, the deadly engagement between these two men was kept from the knowledge of every living being about the Castle of Rosenheim, the warrior having been strictly enjoined to hold all to know a close secret. The horse of the Knight was duly caparisoned and furnished for the combat, his shield having been secured upon his breast, and his greaves upon his legs. His head, likewise, was thoroughly protected from the point of an opponent's lance, and a spike thrust itself forward between the animal's eyes, much like the horn of an unicorn.

The accoutrements of the Knight were to correspond. His helmet and crest glittered in the sun, and showed his coming afar off. The coat of mail he wore was manufactured of the finest steel, and had been carefully polished till it could not have taken another ray of brightness. The shield he wore on his arm was his chief weapon of defence, and upon its dexterous handling would his safety depend. The front of his legs were protected from the assaults of a hostile lance by greaves similar to those worn on the forelegs of his horse, and, passing in a curved joint, or set of joints, over his knees, came up over his thighs. With his visor down and his lance in rest, he appeared to be indeed a most formidable competitor.

Only the Lord of Rosenheim, and a single companion, acting in the capacity of his squire, was to accompany him out to the field. The whole affair was still a dead secret, and the fatal time was fast drawing on.

When, at length, the sun stood at the appointed place in the heavens, the three sallied forth through the open gate, and trotted briskly off in the direction of the place appointed by the Knight himself for the meeting.

After due time they reached a certain hollow, or glade, well known in that vicinity, into which they rode with a fury calculated to impress on the sense of whoever might behold them. The Knight's plume streamed out defiantly over his erected crest, like a pennon on a lance, when a charge was to be made for battle.

As the Knight's party came into the selected enclosure, he had only time to sweep the same with a hasty roll of his eyes, when he descried his youthful opponent likewise bearing down from the other side. They had met punctually.

In the party of Wilhelm—for he indeed it was—were six men in all, including himself. He rode a powerful horse, of a jet black color, which he managed with wonderful address and dexterity. He likewise had protected himself with a casing of complete mail, and his eyes gazed as fiercely forth through the bars of his visor as ever did the shining eyes of the recreant Knight. A more thoroughly resolute mien and manner never expressed itself in the bearing of a rider.

In his right hand he bore an upright lance, whose glittering point caught the rays of the declining sun, and seemed to burn with all the fiery purpose of its owner. At his left side hung his heavy sword. His visor was up. As soon as he recognized the Knight, he rode proudly forth into the middle of the spot, and upon the perfect stillness of the air rang out the following high and defiant words:

"Knight! we have met before. I felt that we should meet again. The time has come. Prepare yourself now for your exit from this scene, for as surely as Heaven takes the side of innocence and truth, and loves to deal out punishment upon the treacherous and wicked, so surely will he aid me in this present encounter."

"Young man," interrupted the Knight, assuming a manner of calmness which he did not in any sense feel, "I came here to accept your challenge with arms—to fight, and not to talk: so let us to our business without further delay."

"And so did I," shouted Wilhelm, at the top of his voice. "But I wished first to give you a warning of your deserved punishment."

"Ha! ha!" sneeringly laughed the Knight. "And besides that, I wished to explain to the worthy and generous host, whom you have thus deceived in his own castle, how it was I came to know you, and so suddenly to call you to combat."

"Yes," now spoke up the Lord of Rosenheim, "that is just what I would like to know before this contest begins."

"And you shall know," answered Wilhelm. "I disguised myself last night in the garb of a worthy palmer who was accidentally staying in my castle, having already returned myself unknown to all my vassals and dependents. In that disguise I presented myself to the warder at your gates, and prevailed on him to admit me. I had already learned of the presence of this villainous Knight at your castle, and determined to see with my own eyes if he were guilty of the falsehood and wickedness I had reason to suspect. On seating myself at your table, I saw quite enough to establish all my suspicions. I tried to remain, obedient to the ordinary rules of courtesy and hospitality; but my feelings would not permit me. On the first favorable opportunity I stole away from your hall, made a proper excuse to the warder for wishing to go forth again, crossed the bridge that guards your walls—late in the night as it was—and made my way home to my own castle with all the speed of which I was capable. And as soon as I could dispatch a courier to this same unworthy Knight, this morning, I did so; and I am heartily glad that he has not found an excuse for not coming forth this afternoon to meet me."

"No, you never need have been afraid of that, young man," retorted the Knight; "for it is my vocation both to succor the weak and defenseless, and to accept all challenges from whatever quarter."

The Lord of Rosenheim would have put in further words, and especially some inquiries respecting their previous acquaintance—whether they had indeed ever met before, where they had met, and what had been the peculiarity of the relations between them; for that there was some mystery connected with this challenge and this meeting, he was very well assured in his own mind.

But his intended inquiries were cut short, by the speech of Wilhelm, who said in a strong and defiant tone:

"I have explained for the present enough. The rest must needs explain itself. You say, Sir Knight, that you came here only to fight, and I pledge you that you shall have all you want of it. Now prepare yourself! Place your lance in rest. Let our attendant squires give their signals duly, and I will take care that you are satisfied with my first meeting with you!"

Nothing more was to be said. The men thereupon took their positions according to the regular rules of the tourney, and their attendant squires played the part of heralds, posting themselves at opposite sides of the imaginary lists.

The latter sounded the charge—not with the trumpet exactly, but by the sound of their voices.

At the instant the word was given, both the Knight and his youthful opponent set spurs to their champing steeds, and rushed at one another with all possible impetuosity. Their onset was truly terrible to contemplate. Each drove on with the whole strength of their passions, now excited to the point of indammability.

The shock of their meeting was like the crash of a thunderbolt. They shook the ground with the thunder of the charge.

The Knight had originally aimed the point of his lance at the helmet of Wilhelm, but changed his purpose before he reached him, and intended to drive it with all his force against his breast. But a correspondingly dexterous movement on the part of the latter foiled his design, and deprived his aim of every chance of harm.

Nor did the work of Wilhelm by any means stop here. He did not lose his effort, either. But thrusting his lance upward and forward with all possible force, he made an unexpected entrance for it, as by a miracle, between the bars of the Knight's visor, and penetrated his eye-ball to the very brain!

It was an awful sight to contemplate. The facings of the Knight's enquo snapped with the sudden thrust like the merest whip-cord. His helmet was thus unloosed, and, but for being pinned to his head with the aid of his opponent's spear, must have fallen off entirely.

As it was, the whole of the dreadful sight was revealed.

He fell from his horse, and rolled and groined upon the ground. His anguished screams all attempts at description. He not only groined with

his pain, he bellowed and roared, likewise. He kicked and plunged upon the ground, in the extremity of his intense suffering. He cursed Wilhelm, and in the same breath implored the Lord of Rosenheim to come and save him.

Wilhelm withdrew a few paces off his horse, and sat there viewing the spectacle for which he felt that the guilty Knight was alone responsible.

Presently he spoke to the Lord of Rosenheim, the squires being both of them engaged in extending succor to the wounded man:

"He has betrayed me and my dearest secret!" said he. "If this is a fatal day for him, let him know that he dies by the hand of Justice, as well as of vengeance! If he dies, so dies a traitor and a coward!"

"Liar!" exclaimed the outraged Lord of Rosenheim, raising his hand as if to strike Wilhelm, although quite beyond his reach.

The latter sat like a statue, and regarded him without a syllable.

"He is a guest, and an honored guest, of mine own!" said the Lord of Rosenheim.

"He is a cowardly and treacherous villain!" retorted Wilhelm, "and that I came here prepared to prove. Have I not done so?"

"And you," sneered the other, "you are an impostor! You sneak into other men's halls in disguise! You smelt out mischief and scandal wherever you go. You thought, villain, to possess yourself, too, of my daughter; but—ha! ha!—I have so far thwarted you there, and you may depend upon it that I ever shall!"

"Madman!" returned Wilhelm, in as calm a voice as he could command; "would you rush blindly on to your own doom, too? See there—that dying villain is a fit warning for yourself! Do not fail to regard it with due care, for it may save you much in the future!"

And as he finished, he wheeled his horse and rode away from the place.

His attendants all followed him, leaving the Lord of Rosenheim and his single servant to take such care of the fallen Knight as they were able.

They bent over him with all assiduity, and hastened to relieve him of the oppressive weight of his armor.

When they had managed to completely uncover his head and face, he was just gasping his last!

He had paid with his life the forfeit of his treachery! It was a heavy payment indeed.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

A PLAIN.

BY THOMAS H. HOWARD.

Where are my darlings? Where,
In all the space
Of upper air,
Dwells each familiar face?

O, answer there,
When toward the Milky Way
I upward gaze,
With blank dismay,
And not with fond amazement,
I look and pray—

Again, and yet again,
Up to the sky
Look, pray in vain;
And hence the reason why
I still complain.

How can their fond hearts thrill
With heavenly joy
And mine not fill?
And mine not fill?

What distant, strange employ
Keeps them so still?
Do not my darlings call,
And I not hear?

Their whispers fall
Elsewhere than on mine ear—
And that is all.
Mine ear, with discords filled,
Can hear no sound
From Heaven distilled;
Elsewhere their voices bound—
My soul is filled.

But, ah! so dull of speech
To mine own heart—
Each shunning each—
My soul is, that I start
At what I teach.

Start when I think my soul
Hath not divine
And fast control
Over this heart of mine—
That is the whole.

So my heart cries in vain—
Ours that my Deeds
Do not again
Speak to my very ears:
Hence I complain.

Yet my soul knoweth where
My darlings dwell,
And reacheth there;
Leaving my heart to tell
Its own despair.

O, heart, that lieth lowly!
Teach up high
Into the Holy,
Or spurn the earth and die,
For their sakes solely.

New Orleans, Sept. 23, 1860.

On the Same String.

This is what we get out of the Boston Transcript. It is from a brief leading editorial, and will be thought "beautiful," and all right, coming from the Transcript, while, from the BANNER, it might be deemed rank heresy. Says the editor:

"What mystic chords there are in the harp of our spiritual being. How we are surprised and startled sometimes by unexpected revelations of the world within us; by sudden upheavals of the crust of the soil of an earlier life through the opening of which we get a momentary glimpse of fathomless depths in our being, that we knew not of before."

"And now faces and forms and scenes come up, and pass before us silently and swiftly—we seem to know them, or feel as if we did know them some time, somewhere. A strange, confused bewilderment oppresses us—we strain every nerve of thought to bring the broken links of memory's chain together, but in vain. Suddenly from that spectral crowd, still sweeping past us so swiftly and noiselessly, a pale, sweet face looks out upon us with large, lustrous, swimming eyes, so full of tenderness and longing—that face we have surely seen before—oh, if it would only stay one moment—it awakens dim remembrances of another life, of a far-off world, where we were ages ago! Quick! gather up the scattered fragments of memory, the light is beginning to break on the soul—we reach out to catch the thread which will lead us out of the labyrinth—our lips are open to speak the name—when, sudden as the flash of a gun, it shuts down, and all is vanished and blank again!"

Oh, what would we not have given, if that chord in the spirit could have remained electric, and the circle of communication maintained a moment longer! It wanted, seemingly, but one moment more, and we should have retraced the connections with other and forgotten worlds and beings, where, once we were, whom once we know, long ages since."

THE REQUISITES TO UNITY AND CO-OPERATION.
Address of A. J. Newton, at the Quincy Convention, Nov. 2nd, 1860.

Mr. President and Friends!—In claiming your attention at this late hour, I owe it to myself to say that I do so only at the urgent desire of your Committee. Indeed, so slightly did I consider myself identified with the cause for which this Convention was specially called—namely, public speakers—that it was with reluctance I consented to the use of my name on the call, or to intrude my presence on your deliberations. I have refrained thus far from any effort to give direction to your proceedings, lest I should assume responsibilities not properly belonging to me.

But I have not been an uninterested spectator, nor devoid of thoughts which have seemed to me pertinent and important to the occasion. Yet so fully have these thoughts been expressed by others—so remarkably have even those truths which I least expected would find welcome, been enunciated from other lips—that I find little remaining for me to do but to gather up and reiterate in a concise form, and with such added force as I may command, suggestions which have already been spoken in your hearing.

To proceed, then, to the grand purpose of this Convention:

It is evident on all hands that a great work has been done in our land, within the past seven years. Numbers of us who are here to-day have been called out of private and humble life—some through strange and before unheard of experiences—and put before the world as teachers of a new faith.

Thought has been aroused—novel theories have been advanced—old opinions have been called in question—inquiry and discussion have been started throughout the land—the despotic sway of the church in theological matters, has been effectually broken—in short, a mighty mental revolution, probably without a parallel in the history of the world, has taken place.

But there is a want yet unsatisfied. There is a call for something more, and better. Man is a religious and social being. Hence if you demolish the old forms and formularies of religion and of worship, he of necessity seeks for new. His religious nature and spiritual yearnings will have expression in some social form. It is a significant fact, often remarked, that just so fast as individual Spiritualists have got beyond the stages of wonderment and disputation, and have begun to experience a quickening of their deeper natures, they have been disposed to withdraw from the ordinary public meetings of Spiritualists. What is offered there by the majority of popular speakers is but husks and chaff to their hungry souls. Their religious wants are not met. Their profounder and often perplexing interior experiences are utterly ignored.

Moreover, it is becoming painfully evident that, more intellectual quickenings and improved theories are inadequate to produce radical reform, and truly spiritual lives. Petty rivalries, jealousies, bickerings, and scandal-mongering, are confessedly quite too common; even among those who claim to be mouth-pieces for the highest angels.

There is hence a call for a deeper, more religious and more vital Spiritualism than has thus far prevailed—for the influx of a mightier and diviner power, to renovate the hearts as well as quicken the intellects of those who receive it.

There is also a yearning for more fraternal and kindly relations among lecturers, as indeed among the whole body of Spiritualists—recognitions of heart, and sympathy in labors, as well as in those deep interior struggles and conflicts of soul which many are beginning to experience.

This gathering, unquestionably, is in some measure an expression of these wants; and indicates a reaching forth for the supply. This is ready at our hands, whenever we are ready to receive it. Ministering angels, redeemed from the love of self, burning with the love of God and Humanity, are waiting to pour a higher inspiration into our souls, and to lead us on to greater conquests.

Permit me, then, to invite your serious attention to that unity of purpose which we all desire as the first step toward a higher position.

1st. Broad views of the great work to be done. Ours is a field of many departments—almost equally important, and all inter-dependent. I will not enlarge upon this, since it has been already broadly outlined.

2d. A recognition of the different capacities of individuals, adapting them to different departments of labor—each being freely allowed to determine his own work by his interior leadings.

3d. An acknowledgment of the inability of all minds to think or see alike, however honest. Each must see through his or her own peculiar organism. Hence all truthful and honest expressions of opinion are to be respected.

4th. A clear understanding of the great law of spiritual perception—namely, that our views of truth depend on the degree of our internal unfoldment, and vary with every varying and deepening phase of experience. This is illustrated by the different grades or kinds of clairvoyance with which most Spiritualists are familiar. Some clairvoyants see material objects without the use of the external eye; others see spiritual objects alone. One sees the mere forms of spirits, another their thoughts and qualities, penetrating any disguise they may assume. The deeper one has penetrated into himself, the deeper his insight into others. There are degrees or stratifications of our internal natures, in a sense corresponding to those of the earth. We know nothing of what we shall experience or feel to be true, when in a particular stage of development, until we arrive at it. And while there is a general likeness of experience in the same stage of growth, yet there are endless diversifications according to the type or genius of each individual. Nothing is more common than for one religious sect to ridicule the spiritual or religious experiences and views of another sect; nor than for some Spiritualists to treat all religious experiences and beliefs differing from their own, as superstitious fancies. But nothing is more unphilosophical than such ridicule. Making a large allowance for mere cant and pretence, there has doubtless been much genuine and sincere experience of a profoundly instructive character among all sects; and this has imparted tone and coloring to their various theories. No philosophic mind can regard such persons as Edwards, Whitfield, Wesley, John Fox, Bunyan, Pennell, Madam Guyon, Ignatius Loyola, Martin Luther, Thomas a Kempis, Augustine, Paul the Apostle, and others, as mere victims of hallucination. None of us can say, that as we go deeper into the unexplored mysteries of our own natures, or ascend higher into the pure realms of spiritual discernment, we may not go over substantially the same paths of experience which one or another of these has trod. Most assuredly we shall, if we possess the same type of mind. Let us then learn to respect all genuine

experiences, as each in its place in the great book of Divine Unfolding. Never can we know all of God, until we reverently study every line He inscribes on every human soul. And never can we have unity until we have mutual reverence.

5th. But a most indispensable prerequisite to unity and cooperation, is a sincere, conscientious, and unselfish devotion to one's own convictions of truth and right. Where this evidently exists, it is easy to overlook mere differences of opinion and of method. Then our hearts can beat in unison, though our tongues may speak a various language. Then we can confide and repose in each other, feeling that our labors must tend to a common end, though of diverse kinds. But where sincerity and unselfishness do not exist—where sinister and selfish ends of any kind are manifest—whether in the form of mercenary desire, making exorbitant pecuniary demands—or the love of ease and self-indulgence, or of show and homage, or of prominence and flattery—not to mention still baser motives often charged, at least, upon professed teachers of reform—where anything of this nature is manifest or believed to exist, there can be neither confidence, respect, nor unity. These are impossible in the nature of things. It is not in our power, even if we will, to respect and confide in those whose sincerity or unselfishness we doubt. And it is out of our selfishness and self-conceit—our desire to elevate ourselves at another's expense—that all our mutual jealousies, with their miserable train of unkind criticisms, and petty scandals, and whispered suspicions, and thoughtless words of detraction, spring. Oh, could we only lose sight of self, and be wholly absorbed in God's eternal truth and the welfare of humanity, all these things would soon disappear. We should feel our hearts blended into one—a band of brothers and sisters, each jealously guarding and defending the other's good name and interests, rather than our own.

True, we have had many of us at least, great temptations to vanity and self-conceit, in the flatteries and almost worship which persons, more enthusiastic than discreet, have sometimes lavished upon us; to say nothing of the extravagant conceits with which tempting spirits have sometimes blown up our vanity. And perhaps the wonder is that any have been able to withstand such temptations, and preserve at all their balance. But it becomes as all now to rise into a manhood and womanhood that is superior to such weaknesses—to rid ourselves of all such illusions, and come to more modest estimates of our importance. If we have not already committed blunders and follies enough to let the wind out of our self-conceit, we may be sure that those wise guardians who have in charge our discipline will yet leave us to them when we least expect it.

Plainly, it is our self-love that hedges us about with walls of separation, breeding jealousies, suspicions and contempt of each other. Only then as we get rid of this, by dying to self and rising into a new life in the higher and diviner departments of our being—in other words, only as we are truly regenerated—can there be any unity of heart, purpose, or action; and only thus can we become possessed of that mighty regenerative power which will enable us to become instruments in redeeming others.

6th. It follows, then, that self-renunciation, humility, teachableness, mutual deference, and confession of faults, are the lessons for the present occasion. These may be promoted by mutual acquaintance. Often prejudices and misconceptions exist—having their origin in some baseless calumny, or lightly spoken word of detraction, circulated from mouth to mouth, without any effort to ascertain its truth, much less, to restore the supposed fallen one—which prejudices a personal interview of five minutes would forever dispel. More than once have I seen persons who have been led by floating calumnies to entertain most contemptuous and revolting opinions of another, when thrown into that other's presence, fall on their knees with tears of penitence and shame that they had ever given a moment's credence to such slanders. And where such prejudices have had a basis in fact, a kind word, spoken in the right spirit, may reclaim a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins. There can be no bleeding of souls in the great work before us, until all such obstacles are removed by mutual confessions, penitence and forgiveness.

7th. Lastly, and above all we need to experience an outpouring and baptism of the Holy Spirit, to cleanse us from selfish loves, and to quicken all that is gentle and pure, lovely and Divine within us. Whatever theory we may hold in relation to the nature or personality of the Holy Spirit, we all know from experience that there is a silent yet mighty influence that comes upon us in our best moments of humble receptivity, which depresses all pride and passion, makes us ashamed of our jealousies and unkindnesses, and elevates us to higher and purer spheres of life. And we all know, too, that there are other influences which sometimes come upon us, or come up within us, whose action is to stimulate our base and selfish loves, our conceit and vanity. Instinctively we feel that the one is holy and the other unholy.

Let us, then, in this closing hour of a convention, in sweet humility, open ourselves receptively to a baptism of the Holy Spirit of love and peace—and a pentecostal season will surely be ours. A new, deeper and diviner life may be quickened in every soul. A heart of love and a tongue of flame may be given to each one of us, and we may go forth and proclaim henceforth a gospel of power, which shall move not only the heads but the hearts and the pockets of men—arouse them from the slumbers of sensuality, selfishness, and materialism—quicken to a new and spiritual life—and set in motion a mightier wave of redemptive power, which in due time shall encircle the whole earth!

A Farewell.

The Boston Herald is very facetious in its parting words to the young Prince. It offers him some peculiar advice, on leaving our shores. The other papers have not dealt so frankly with his Highness. Says our contemporary, in a rather familiar way:

"You have been very much squeezed, Albert Edward, and it will be good for you. You have been rubbed against, and it will make you bright. A great many stories have been told about you, Mr. Wales, some of which are true, and some false. You have worn very good clothes, but not a handsome hat. You have ridden about with some very good horses, and you have received some of our choicest variety of mad turtles to take home. You have visited institutions which you did not care a snap about, and you have danced with some of the best dressed old ladies to be found in America. You like to dance, but you don't dance the Lanciers very well. Still you are a pretty clever fellow. If you lived in this country you would stand a chance to be ruined, Albert Edward, and then you would be sent to the Comptroller-General, and then you would lose all your self-respect, and you would be done."

Written for the Banner of Light.

TO VIOLET.
A SPIRIT-CHILD.

BY E. LOUISA MATHER.

Violet, dearest! sweet and mild,
Pure and gentle angel-child!
With the blue of thy bright eyes,
Deep as where the violet lies
On its southern bank of green,
Near the brooklet's dancing stream—

Violet! from thy home of love
Comest thou with pure, sweet dove—
With the lays of sweetly chimed,
And their ever-murmuring tones,
Messages with love are fraught,
And the stary gems of thought,

Violet! when I think of thee,
Then my spirit rises, free,
To the realm where thou art gone
In thy early morning dawn,
Like a dew-drop from the flower,
By the sun's rosiest power.

Violet, dearest! come to me;
Bid darkness shadows flee!
Breathe around me words of song,
Gathered from the heavenly throng
Of the saints and martyrs old—
Words of truth and courage bold.

Violet! when I enter there,
In thy home of peace and prayer,
Then I'll see thy joyous face,
Hold thee in a warm embrace;
Meantime, do not me forget,
Darling, beautiful Violet!

East Haddam, Conn.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

THE SPEAKERS' CONVENTION

AT QUINCY,

October 30th, 31st, and November 1st, 1860.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

THURSDAY A. M.

The Convention was called to order at 10 o'clock, and the resolution last offered on the preceding evening, affirming the need of a higher spiritual life on the part of lecturers and teachers, was re-read.

Dr. Lyon said that he had had many years' experience in Spiritualism, and witnessed every variety of manifestation. He believed that all tended to good. Even those influences and temptations which were attributed to evil spirits and devils are needed for our discipline. He had been made to suffer much, in various ways; but he had needed it all—and hoped he had come nearly to the end. He had been called a devil, and had been a devil; but thought he has come to a higher state of existence. He would condemn no one, but take the whole world in his arms and do good, if in his power. No one should condemn his brother; it would require an infidelity of wisdom to do it. Give the world the time and they will come out right. The resolution advising that mediums seek to put themselves in proper spiritual conditions: Free-agency is a farce. No one is free in his acts. We must take our brothers and sisters as we find them. We are great and small in the spiritual phalanx, but each has his own work in reform. We should learn how to ward off or conquer disease. Inharmonious is what causes disease, as also it produces volcanoes, and tornadoes, in the outer world. We have been bound up in human creeds so long, that now the tide has burst its banks and will foam along its way, until the great principles of God and Nature be developed. He remarked at some length on the importance of physical culture, and the need of healthy bodies for healthy manifestations of the spirit.

Mr. Butts made a few remarks on the treatment of so-called outcasts; and presented the following resolution as expressive of his views:

Resolved, That Phariseism, or the popular doctrine that by nature or grace "I am holier than thou," is the greatest stumbling-block to the most permanent amelioration of the condition of the outcasts and prostitutes of human society; in other words, that we, as Spiritualists, recognize no outcasts in the divine universe; that all are children of one Heavenly Father and Mother, and as such entitled to equal reverence and fraternity.

Father Beeson made an urgent plea in behalf of that class of outcasts consisting of the Indians of our western frontier. He related his recent experience in advocating their cause in the State of Rhode Island, as going to show that with Spiritualists and other liberal minds rested the only hope of effective action. He stated that by dint of earnest labor he had succeeded in so far interesting the prominent clergymen of different sects in that State, that in Conference they had adopted resolutions expressive of a deep sense of the importance of the Indian Aid Movement, and recommending the preaching of a sermon and taking a collection in its behalf in all the churches of the State on a certain Sabbath in October. But before the day arrived, some of the Doctors of Divinity made the alarming discovery that he (Mr. Beeson) was a Spiritualist! This at once dissipated their sense of the importance of the cause, and they set themselves at work privately to counteract all that had been done. The result was that not a single sermon was preached, or contribution taken, so far as he could learn, in the State!

Mr. Wadsworth here called up the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That in the special work of our esteemed friend, Father Beeson, in behalf of the Indians of our western frontier, we see a purpose worthy of deep sympathy and hearty support; and that we assure him of our endeavors so far as in our power to help him forward.

Mr. Greenleaf, of Lowell, remarked that the statements of Father Beeson showed the uselessness of adopting resolutions on paper, which were not inscribed down deep in our hearts. If really written there, there is little need of formally voting upon them. Let them be not to send forth a code of excellent resolves, but to have the truths which are affirmed a well-spring of life within us, to flow forth as a living power wherever we go. All speakers owe it as a duty to themselves, and to their hearers, to be in the best and most harmonious conditions of body, mind and spirit, for the influx of inspiration. He deprecated the use of tobacco, spirituous liquors, coffee, etc. Speakers needed to come nearer to each other, to talk from the heart, instead of shooting across the hall as at a target. We want unity of soul; not agreement on paper.

Some affirmed that they saw no high—no low. But there is a principle of our nature which makes us look with more admiration and satisfaction upon that which is beautiful and lovely, than upon that which is not. While he would despise and hate none, yet it was his strongest aspiration that he might love beauty and right more and more.

Mr. Parsons deprecated the use of animal food. Mr. Barnes urged the importance of purifying our bodies from all grossness.

Mrs. Bart spoke of the importance of mediums

and speakers understanding the laws of the spirit's growth and action. These are fixed and as devoid of caprice, as are the laws of the natural world. The forces of the spirit tend to growth. It is a magnet, attracting to it the elements by which it grows. According to the quality of its aspirations, and the nature of its surroundings, will be the rapidity of its development in beauty and perfection. These principles should be regarded in the education of children. Referring to those who are called outcasts and fallen, he said they all exist within the consciousness, and hence the fatherly care of God, and will be disciplined only for their good. We should not dare to pity any one.

Mr. Charles A. Hayden, of Maine, made an eloquent and forcible speech on the necessity of giving our first attention to the causes which produce outcasts and criminals. The proper parentage and education of children is of paramount importance.

AFTERNOON.

The closing session of the Convention was held in Lyceum Hall, which was closely filled by an interested audience.

The chairman, Hon. Frederick Robinson, addressed the Convention at some length.

The Christian world, he said, has met its opponents with malice, slander and ridicule. The Catholic Church opposed the Protestant; the Protestants opposed the Puritans, and drove them here; they had no sooner settled themselves than they drove away the Quakers, and all who differed from them. Now all the sects of the day, even while fighting with each other, are united to put down Spiritualism.

We see the same manifestations now as when Christ was in rapport with the angel-world; our mediums go from city to city, and perform, as Christ said, greater miracles than he. We have all different talents, showing that man is made for society, where he may exercise his different faculties for the good of all. We should tolerate each other. Spiritualism is but in its infancy; but the conception of Swedenborg shall yet be accomplished, and the human race become one Grand Man. Its nervous system is being formed, and nerves of iron will stretch out to the circumference, like the rays of thought from the centre of existence. While each is laboring for all, we should feel that each is laboring also for his own individual good. In such a state of harmonious action, do the progressed beings of the spiritual world exist, and for such a state are we to pray, when we say, "Thy kingdom come." We shall have spirit-guides then; but in apathy we shall receive nothing. If we but ask, we shall find an evidence in Spiritualism that shall break down the skepticism of disbelief. But the dormant faculties of the soul can be but slowly developed. Nature works silently; buds and blossoms slowly appear. So now a few have begun to hold communion with the spirit-world, and this is a promise that all shall awake; and then will humanity bloom like the rose, and cover themselves with its fragrance. The Christian church has degenerated into a place for show and dress; a God is worshiped who is merciful to his friends and vindictive to his enemies, pouring mercy upon some, and wrath on others; and the further we go, back, the more we sink into barbarism.

The God of Motion exists within everything, from atoms and systems to the least particle of matter. Father God, and Mother Nature, and Man, the result of the two, are the trine God. Nature was always pregnant with Man, and all manifestations of animal were but fetal germs of the man. This unity in trinity, and trinity in unity, was seen and described before Christ was born. We are all trine; material, soul and spirit. The soul is the body of the spirit, as the material is the body of both. The soul is intangible to us, but tangible to spirit-perception. Why take exceptions to this? Are we not accustomed to realize that there are invisible objects, as electricity, etc.? Thus the descriptions and visions of the Bible may not be inconsistent with the investigations of sense. The spirit is of God, and grows like to him. All things tend upward. God the Infinite is forever vitalizing the visible; He is all good, loving and wise, so that in the spirit-life each will have his wishes gratified. God will deal with every one as he needs. If we have got to go through hell, it is the best place for us. If we gratify merely our material existence here, we shall be on a low plane there; but if our delight is in truth, goodness and mercy, we shall lay up treasures where neither moth nor rust can corrupt."

Mr. Wadsworth raised the question as to how far the objects of the Convention had been met. This would be answered differently by different persons, according to their idea of what these objects were. For himself, as one of its movers, he could say that far more had been accomplished than he had dared to hope. Much more of unity of purpose and harmony of sentiment, in the recognition of vital and fundamental principles, had been developed, than he had anticipated. But the work contemplated is not to be done in a day nor a year. This meeting has been only preliminary to others which will be held. He gave a history of this movement from its first inception, declaring that we did not come together for the purpose of constructing an organization, nor to devise any plan with regard to pay; but to see and to understand each other, and to make a starting point for future gatherings of the same kind.

He then presented letters just received from N. Frank White and Laura DeForest; and offered the following recommendation from the Business Committee:

Your Committee would recommend a careful consideration of the suggestions made by Brothers Storor and Jackson, in their letters to this Convention, relative to the arrangement of lecturing circuits to be supplied by speakers in rotation. In these suggestions, it is believed, are embodied a method for the economic employment of means worthy of attention on the part of both lecturers and societies.

Mr. Cooley called attention to the registration of the names, addresses, etc., of lecturers. He wished it might be complete, as he desired a copy for reference.

On motion of Mr. Wadsworth, all the resolves which had been previously submitted to the Convention, were taken from the table and re-read for final disposition. The whole, with the exception of those offered by Mr. E. Hutchinson and Dr. A. B. Child, were adopted.

The Business Committee, through Mr. Wadsworth, submitted the following:

Whereas, We see in the signs of the times a growing need of co-operative feeling and united strength—a blending of the hearts and heads of all true Reformers; and

Whereas, We believe this Convention has accomplished great good in this direction, and that a future one will be productive of still greater good; therefore,

Resolved, That a committee of seven be appointed

by this Convention, whose duty it shall be to call a similar one, to convene at such place as shall be deemed practicable, at some time during the summer of 1861—the immediate purpose of such Convention to be determined by the exigencies of the time.

Adopted, and the following persons were chosen to constitute this committee: A. E. Newton, H. B. Storor, Leo Miller, Mrs. A. M. Sprague, Miss A. W. Sprague, F. L. Wadsworth, Mrs. M. S. Townsend.

The Committee also recommended the adoption of the following address, which was agreed to:

To our absent brother and sister laborers, Greeting:

Our Convention of Lecturers is about to close its sessions—prior to which we cannot forget the pleasant duty of greeting you as present with us in spirit. The words of sympathy received from many of you have indicated to us a "unity of purpose," and feeling for which we had hardly dared to hope.

Our sessions have been characterized by unusual harmony. No serious jar has been felt—few discordant sounds heard—and thus far we have proved that harmony can coexist with variety.

Our Convention has accomplished its purpose. That is, by association, acquaintance, and interchange of views, we have been drawn nearer to each other, and formed a nucleus of future, broader, and more harmonious action. This meeting is not—was not intended as a finality. We shall separate to meet again—when we hope to meet more; and to do more, and feel more in reference to the great wants of human kind.

In the meantime, we must all work. We send you, each and all, our God-speed in all earnest and sincere labor, and assure you all of our deepest sympathy in the particular work to which you are called, and of our interest in your individual welfare and progress.

Mr. J. H. W. Tooley was now introduced, and favored the Convention with an address on the importance of physical health and the value of birthfulness—submitting the following resolves as embodying his leading thoughts:

Whereas, Spirit is the pivotal fact in nature, it being the soul and essence of all things that move and have a being; and whereas woman and man are the highest expressions and the most perfect representatives of the grand central and eternal Spirit—they having a spiritual and a natural body; therefore,

Resolved, That any and all "gospels," theories or philosophies, that do not accept the natural as well as the spiritual, the better to know the authority of nature, the limitation of laws, and the universality of principles, is defective in method, injurious in example, and the fruitful cause of fanaticism and fragmentary progress.

Resolved, That in all conflicts of opinion facts must mediate, until science becomes the universal mediator between nature and man—reconciling each to each and both to the Infinite.

Resolved, That phrenology, temperamental physiology, and vital chemistry, should be studied by all who wish to know themselves, educate the age, construct healthy, happy marriages, wisely develop childhood, and comprehend the mixed and conflicting conditions of men, women, families, and society.

Resolved, That while we recognize the phenomenon of trance, and feel thankful for the work it has done while agitating thought, and aiding forward the progress of popular reform, the experience of the past ten years warrants the opinion that trance, as known among us, is a mixed phenomenon, made up of mesmeristic conditions, psychical influences, spirit promptings and automatic manifestations; all of which should arrest the attention of the thoughtful and conscientious mind, that spirit may not be made responsible for the defects and idiosyncrasies of mediums.

Resolved, That since it is in accordance with the laws of nature and the order of development for organic life to be of the earth, and subject to the conditions of the earth, thereby making men and women suffer in proportion as they are in ignorance violating the harmony of law; therefore, Spiritualism, in growing to be the everlasting truth-teller, must become the full and harmonious exponent of nature—actual, practical and daily—in order to make life in fact, as it is in truth, a science, and the true exponent of the "Grand Man."

Resolved, That mindfulness and cheerfulness of spirit are not only consistent with a natural and sincere religious experience, but necessary for health of body and peace of mind.

Resolved, That singing, dancing and love of recreation should have a place in educating the catholic mind, as they give ease and grace of manner, and take nothing from the dignity of the true and practical reformer.

Mr. A. E. Newton followed with an address on the Pre-requisites to Unity of Purpose and Action among Speakers and Mediums, with some suggestions as to the duty of the present occasion.

At the close, Dr. Gardner, of Boston, expressed, with much emotion, a deep sense of the importance of the suggestions made, and moved that the thanks of the Convention be presented to the last speaker for his timely address, and that he be requested to write it out in full, and offer it, to the Spiritualist papers for publication.

Mr. Cooley moved to amend the motion so as to include all the other speakers, and a publication in pamphlet form of the entire proceedings.

The amendment was negatived, and the original motion adopted by a unanimous vote.

On motion of Leo Miller, it was

Voted, That we tender our unreserved thanks to the Spiritualists of Quincy, for their kindness and hospitable attention to our wants while their guests. Also, to the Quincy Committee of Arrangements for their invaluable services; to the Choir for its contributions to the harmony of our meetings; and, lastly, to the President of the Convention for the kind and efficient manner in which he has discharged the duties devolving upon him.

Dr. Gardner occupied a few minutes in detailing some remarkable cases of healing which had come under his own observation, performed through the instrumentality of Dr. J. R. Newton, now of Boston—proving that this ancient spiritual gift may be exercised as effectually now as in any former age.

The Convention then adjourned to such time and place as the Committee chosen for that purpose shall designate.

The foregoing report affords but a meagre outline of one of the most important and significant gatherings ever held under the auspices of Spiritualism. It was important in that it consisted mainly of speakers actively in contact with the public mind; and significant, not only in the general prevalence of a higher moral tone than has marked some previous gatherings, but also in the general concession that the disintegrative and merely marvelous phase of Spiritualism is passing away, and that something more constructive, religious, and vitalizing to the moral nature, must succeed. In what form this will be developed remains for the future to show—this conference having been avowedly preliminary. It is to be hoped that the Committee who are charged with carrying forward the movement thus begun, will have wisdom to avoid the obvious dangers which beset their path, and lead the way to a valuable issue.

One word is due to the Spiritualists of Quincy. The vote of "unreserved thanks" passed by the Convention was no mere matter of form. The generous and hearty hospitality with which they opened their doors on the occasion, will be long and gratefully remembered by the many partakers of their bounty. May the benedictions of the angels rest upon them, and upon all!

• This address will be found in another part of this paper.

Written for the Banner of Light.

CONSOLATION.

Affectionately Dedicated to Mrs. J. V. Mansfield.

BY CORA WILSON.

I ofttime see a shade of sorrow resting
On the fair face that should be lit with mirth;
And then I know that thou alone art breathing
The adverse billows and the storms of earth.
I know then, by the sad thought shadows flitting
Over thy brow and lip, that o'er the sea
Thy spirit seeks the lonely one then sitting
Immersed in lovely thoughts and dreams of thee.

And thou art and because the days are passing,
The dreary months that keep him far from thee;
And visions of the bygone are repeating,
Clouding the day-dreams of the bright To Be.
And earthly fears and daily cares invading,
Sadden the loving heart that would be free;
Turns to the Autumn landscape's dreary fading,
The yearning spirit's once undaunted glee.

Be hopeful of the future! see the glory
Of our God Father shed o'er hill and plain;
The love-song and the angels' wisdom story
Triumphant o'er the ills of life shall reign;
And human foes beneath th' all conquering power
Of Truth Eternal, and of Love Divine;
Shall be forgot, when the illumined hour
Of recognition o'er thy path shall shine.

Behold, the foliage in its garb of beauty—
Not all is dreary in the Autumn time;
So in thy heart the solemn sense of duty
Teaches ennobling trust to be sublime;
Tells to thy spirit of the holy measure,
The compensating love of God shall give,
Imperishable love, the endless treasure
For which the toilers of this earth shall live.

Permit me more the lingering shades of sadness
To nuzzle to thy vainly yearning heart.
Up! smile and sing, beneath the beams of gladness
The Angel messengers of God impart!
They who watch o'er the highest and the lowest,
O'er thee and thine have ever held the shield
Of heavenly safeguard; and full well thou knowest
The brave and true are with him in the field.

And o'er thy household watch the dear departed—
Sweet guardian angels at thy children's hand;
Deem not the purposes of earth-life thwarted,
Though compassed by an unbellying hand.
The Will of God—that human effort only
In league with truth and goodness may fulfill,
Shall be outwrought; and thou, no longer lonely
Cherish the shadow of an earthly ill.

Chelsea, Oct. 7, 1860.

Correspondence.

Spiritualism in Leominster, Mass.

The rise and progress of Spiritualism in our place has been of so much interest and importance in our eyes that I have ventured to lay a portion of its history before your readers.

For a few months prior to holding any lectures, weekly circles were held under the supervision of Dr. R. Barron, of Lancaster, and other angels. The enfranchised spirits, however, could hardly be more zealous and unselfish in their efforts to spread the gospel of Spiritualism than was their co-laborer, the Doctor.

In April last, Bro. Leo Miller lectured for us one Sabbath and two evenings, and our Town Hall, large enough to accommodate seven or eight hundred persons, was well filled, and, what was better yet, all seemed more or less deeply interested in the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, as set forth by this popular expounder of the true faith. The seed he sowed fell mostly on good ground, and to-day is bearing an hundred fold.

Following our worthy Brother, came two angels in human form—Laura DeForest and Mrs. J. W. Currier—whose ministrations were like the dew of Hermon to these thirsting for the pure waters of life.

And Prof. Grimes "came also." He stated to his hearers that he had come after the "dimes," and if they would donate liberally he would sing them a song entitled, "Where there's a rap there's a rogue." The Professor told us that he had sung this same song going on ten years, without a single variation, and that he had got so he believed it himself! I would like to ask you, parenthetically, Messrs. Editors, if you know what "conditions" are necessary to produce such manifestations of mind, "if you leave out the chance to cheat?" But, unfortunately for the Professor's popularity here, the Miller and Grimes Discussion had preceded him, which so seriously damaged his stock in trade that his influence was nothing; and most of those who are supposed to have invested a few "dimes," swear they were "dead-heads," and wish that somebody else was. In short, the Professor came, and went his way again; and of his second appearance in Leominster, knoweth no man.

Soon after the departure of Prof. Grimes we made arrangements to hold regular Sunday meetings the coming year. Twelve disciples of the new faith pledged themselves to see that all material aid should be forthcoming when wanted; and under these favorable circumstances we commenced our meetings the last Sabbath in August. We have more than realized our highest expectations; our speakers have been thus far of the first class, though we were unable to engage them, at present, for more than one Sabbath. S. B. Britton, Hon. Frederick Robinson, Mrs. Currier, Lewis B. Monroe, J. S. Loveland and Leo Miller, have each ministered to our spiritual needs.

Our audiences are steadily increasing in numbers. Heaven smiles propitiously on our labors, gladdening the hearts of many who have so recently found immortality where all had been uncertainty and gloom. And now, dear friends, we propose to have a day of rejoicing, yes, a two days' festival, in which our kind friends, far and near, are cordially invited to participate.

The Ladies' Harmonical Band is natively at work in preparing for the entertainment, which will come off on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 14th and 15th next.

Public Discussion.

I wish to say, through the agency of the BANNER, that a most interesting discussion has just closed in this place, between Mr. A. Morron, on the one side, and Bro. Uriah Clark, of the Clarion, on the other.

The question was, "Do the Spirits of the Departed now hold Tangible Intercourse with Mortals?" Dr. Morron followed in the negative—Mr. Clark affirming; and here permit me to say that Bro. C. deserves a string of eulogistic expressions, which we feel too fully to convey in words appropriate and just, since justice done to him in the case might seem to be what some people call "eulogistic exaggeration." Bro. C.'s reasoning was strong, his analogies perfect, and his arguments quite invulnerable, etc., etc.

Mr. S. J. Finney, of Plato, Ohio, is to meet Dr. Morron in debate, on the same and other questions, in this place, early in December.

I would that I could give you a more detailed

account of the debate last week—how you might have seen the Anti-Spiritual people of this place stirred up like a nest of hornets in a hot summer day, insinuating free-love, and all manner of epithets and scandal against Spiritualists and other reformers; but I close, wishing good and progress to mind.

Miss Jonny King, of Auburn, N. Y., spoke to the people of this place some days since. She is a good, pleasing and attractive trance speaking medium.

Victor, N. Y.

The Green Mountains State.

As it is always interesting to know what is doing in other places as well as our own, and feeling assured that you and your readers will at all times be pleased to hear of the progress of truth and liberal principles superseding and dissipating error and superstition from our midst, I venture to send you a brief statement of what has been doing among the Green Mountains during the present month.

While our much loved sisters, and indefatigable co-laborers, Miss A. W. Sprague, and Mrs. M. S. Townsend, are disseminating the glorious and soul-enlightening principles of our beautiful faith in distant parts of the country, rejoicing and making glad the hearts of thousands, who, without the cheering and enlivening rays imparted through the Spiritual philosophy, would be wandering still amid the darkness of doubts and fears, so prevalent among the believers in old theology, as well, as among those, who have had no bright hopes and spiritual perceptions of a glorious immortality beyond the dark confines of the grave.

I say, while they, with their numerous fellow laborers are giving birth to hopes in some, and quickening spiritual perceptions in others, in distant parts, we in Vermont have been made the happy recipients of new and beautiful truths through our much esteemed and devoted brother, Dr. L. K. Cooley, and his amiable lady, who, since the Convention, have been spending their time (agreeably to them I hope, as I trust it has been both pleasant and profitable to us) among the Spiritualists of Woodstock, Bridgewater, South Reading and Windsor.

On Sunday, Sept. 9th, he spoke at Bridgewater, where he gave so much satisfaction that he was requested to speak to them again on the following Friday, which he did. The subject of the morning being, "The Tracing of Man and Nature from an Un-cultivated State." The subject was handled in a masterly way, and was replete with many new ideas and sublime truths.

The subject in the afternoon was, "The War of the Elements." I can only say of this discourse, that it must be heard to be appreciated. It contained ideas so new, thoughts so vast and profound touching the past, referring to the present, adverting to the future, that I confess myself wholly inadequate to the task of giving even a brief synopsis of this elaborate soul-effusion, which was listened to with breathless attention, by a very respectable though not numerous audience.

Any of our friends wishing the services of a trance lecturer would do well to secure those of our friend Dr. L. K. Cooley. His lady, who generally travels with him, usually opens the services with some very appropriate poetic recitations. They stopped a week at my house, and we were extremely well pleased with their visit. We found in them both that civility and free communicative intelligence which must ever tend to make life agreeable. We had some very singular and striking manifestations of spirit presence through them both, as the Dr. constantly sees spirits by day, and his good lady by night.

During their stay we made a visit to our brother Austin E. Simmons, and had a very pleasant time, our only regret being that we were so soon to lose them. Trusting however, that when winter shall have passed away, and the summer, with all its eternal loveliness, shall again return to us, our much esteemed brother, and his lady will once more visit the Green Mountains of Vermont, where they shall meet with a hearty welcome to the mountain home of their sincere friend and well wisher.

THOS. HUNTERTON.

An Opinion.

The theory, "Whatever Is, Is Right," conveys to our minds a delightful philosophy of comfort, and I see no escape from the admission of its truth, except through Atheism. Those who advocate this theory with that fascinating rhetoric which we discover in the book issued by Dr. Child, presume that there is an all-wise, all-good, omnipresent Being who controls and governs all events, therefore all things are right. We are brought straight to the question of Atheism. I affirm that there are certain fundamental principles which constitute the whole of morality, and in their practical application to our acts as human beings, embrace all that is essential of pure and undefiled religion. These "fundamental principles" are called Justice, Truth and Love. Whatever is in accordance with this trinity, is good. Whatever is antagonistic, is evil, only evil, and that continually. Observation teaches us that injustice, falsehood and hatred are among the most common events, therefore, Whatever is, is not right. Thus it is that by reflection upon this "all right" doctrine, we are educated into Atheism.

GEORGE W. SIMMONS.

"Whatever Is, Is Right."

This must be true, for God, with his attributes, could not suffer anything to be against his will; and yet the free agency of man is equally a truth to himself. You cannot by any reasoning convince a man that he is not a free agent, that he does not know right from wrong, and that he is not responsible for his wrong doing; and he feels in his inner heart that the time must come when in his sorrow he will pray, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" and in that hour, when he prays thus for himself, his prayers for others will be, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." He ceases now to judge his brother, which is the besetting sin that belongs to humanity. Paul deemed himself the "chiefest of sinners;" and man has made but little advance in spiritual progress who does not deem all others better than himself. PAUL PAT.

A Call.

The Spiritualists in this vicinity most earnestly request that some one of the many advocates of our beautiful philosophy will call this way, for we are in want of some one to dispense to us the words of truth and justice; for, though we are few in point of number, yet our faith is great. This part of the State is a good field for those to labor in who will do so. Then why not improve it? For many souls there are who are ready to burst the bonds that make them slaves, and come forth as free as God intended they should be. Yours, in behalf of many Spiritualists, FRANK M. HAYS.

Smithville P. O., Fowle Co., Ill.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We call especial attention to the report of the excellent and timely address of Mrs. Newton, delivered at the late Quaker Convention. It may be found on our second page.

WHICH CHURCH IS THE BROADER?—The World's Oracle says:

"We are aware of the rapid spread of the sentiments of Spiritualism, and we feel deeply and anxiously that plans for revolutionizing the government of America and the whole world. The Quakers are devising measures to govern our planet through their mediums, and when successful, they wish us to believe that we are under a true 'theocracy,' or a government direct from God."

The Oracle thinks that Spiritualists are governed by devils and demons, and that themselves are governed by God himself. Spiritualists think that Second-Advancers, and everybody else, Spiritualists and anti-Spiritualists, are created, directed and governed by God himself. God lays plans, not Spiritualists.

Why is a wild Irishman like a native of a certain country of Africa? Because he dwells in a shanty.

THE FRIENDSHIP.

A friendless heart is like a hollow shell. That sighs o'er its own emptiness.—[J. M. Wood.]

"In my time, Miss," said a stern aunt, "the men looked at the women's faces instead of their ankles." "Ah, but, my dear aunt," retorted the young lady, "you see the world has improved, and is more civilized than it used to be. It looks more to the understanding."

DIDN'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.—One of our "naturalized" citizens, whose name was placed upon two distinct tickets for representative, desired to know, after his election, whether he was to take his seat in the U. S. House of Representatives, or the Massachusetts House.

THE VISIONARY.

Hard is his fate who builds his peace of mind On the precarious mien of mankind; Who hopes for wild and visionary things, And moulds o'er unknown seas with vent'rous wings. [C. B. Webb.]

A young monkey, and the only one ever known to be born in America, was born at Goodwin's Zoological Garden, 117 Court street, last Saturday evening. And on Monday following three baby lions were added to the already extensive collection.

An English paper gives the following recipe for curing rheumatism: Bathe the parts affected in water which potatoes just before going to bed. By next morning the pain will be much relieved, if not removed. One application of this simple remedy has cured the most obstinate pains.

"If a girl word or two will render a man happy," said a Frenchman, "he must be a wretch indeed who will not give it. It is like lighting another man's candle with your own, which loses none of its brilliancy by what the other gains." If all men acted upon this principle, the world would be much happier than it is.

By the great name you inherit, By the suffering you recall, O'er the fraternal spirit, Love your country best of all. Linger not in idle questions, How its hands may be untied; Don't the patriot whose suggestions Whisper that the prop may slide!—[Holmes.]

Governor Brown, of Georgia, in his message to the Legislature, is pointedly severe on Massachusetts laws, and says if the laws of Massachusetts cause the plunder of Georgia citizens, that State must be compelled to compensate them, and advise reprisals. He says, let us meet unjust aggressions and unconstitutional legislation with just retaliation. He recommends the enactment of laws authorizing the seizure of such amount of the money or property of any citizen of such offending or faithless State as will identify losses. He recommends such legislation as will drive the manufactured articles of offending States from Georgia. He says Georgia has the right as soon as Northern goods are brought there to tax them as she deems proper.

A Law which Nature contravenes, A rule of Rank and State, Forbids our Princes, Kings, and Queens, With British subjects mate. The ancient laws of England, Them Protections to wed; And therefore is their choice of hands Extremely limited.

Their Cousins are our Royal race Confined, almost to wed; Who, by the nature of the case, Are German Cousins too. All very well may be said; But Cousins German are provided Too near the parent tree. Near cousins of the German tide, What need remains to wed? Now steamers cross the Atlantic wide, Almost within a week? Of Yankee land the beauty pales, All Continental Fair; Might not a bride be found for Wales, A distant Cousin, there?—[Punch.]

TRISH CONGRESSIONAL WEATONS.—[A. H. H.] FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.—Good for a Catamount. High water.

SATISFIED BY HIS SOLICITARY.—Why was Thackeray's last literary quarrel quite a crusade? Because it roused a great *Satan*.—[Vanity Fair.]

Members of the South Carolina Legislature say that there is little doubt of a Convention being called, and that State secede, thus dissolving the Union.

Thank God the Presidential election is over. The torches are laid aside—the wind instruments have ceased—the extra amount of oratorical gas has exploded—and people are quietly resuming their usual avocations. "Old Abe" is to be our next President. The people's faith has gone forth to this effect, and disaffected office-holders might as well retire from the field peacefully, and await patiently till 1864 for another contest.

FIRE IN NORTH BRIDGEMAN.—Baker & Kingman's Hall, used Sundays by the Universalists Society, and sometimes by the Spiritualists, was entirely consumed by fire on the evening of Nov. 7th, supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. The Rev. Mr. Cleverly, the Universalist minister, is a Spiritualist and medium.

Among the Americans in Paris last month were the following persons from Boston and vicinity: A. W. Thayer, Stephen Bayler, Albert W. Badings, Augustus De Peyster, Theodore Chase, W. L. Farnsworth, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Thayer, T. B. Curtis, J. R. M. Squire, Wm. E. Baker, and George E. Maguire.—[Transcript.]

A NEW PAMPHLET.—An interesting document is announced as forthcoming from the pen of our ex-Rev. Bro. J. D. Mandell, to be entitled, "Mandell's Messenger." First issue. It will contain a new spiritual melody, to departed friends, close questions to Dr. A. B. Child, A. J. Davis and others; friendly epistle to Emma Hardinge on the Christian peculiarities of her and others; hints toward the spiritual California, etc. Three cents, single; ten cents, twenty-five cents, fifty for one dollar. Address J. D. Mandell, Abol. Mass.—[Clarion.]

Mr. Ellis Thayer, of Halifax, Mass., is said to have had twenty wild geese out of a flock. "We wish you had been there (Thayer).—[Tanton Gazette.]

A secular paper, referring to a recent theological work, inquiring how sin came into the world, says: "There are matters of more importance than this inquiry. If there is a pig in your garden, you had better busy yourself in driving it out than in speculating as to how it got in."

An English Friend in a recent work says:—"In 1659 there was not a Quaker living who did not believe Quakerism to be the only true church of the living God. In 1838 there is not a Quaker living who does believe it."

Front Warren Chase.

Comfortably resting in a cushioned seat, I rode after the morning hours, with a wooden stall, over the Lexington Road, to Mendota; where the prairie farmer—a liberal brother of that very liberal man, Calvin Blanchard, of N. Y., so long known as an author and publisher, of books on rational and liberal, that few persons dare read them—met us, with his little grey pony, which soon drew us over twelve miles of prairie road, to his cabin, on the top of the highest roll of a rolling prairie. And when we had mounted to the housestop, my eye could stretch its vision over his fourteen hundred acre farm, and several times as much more, nearly all of which has this year been burdened with heavy crops of corn or grain. It was one of the most magnificent views of my life. And when the eye had watched the slowly departing sun, far, far, away over the prairie land, and the fading rays were withdrawing their last tinge from the clouds that skirted the border of heaven and earth—then, in the opposite direction, in full orb and glow and quickly splendor, arose the red man's "night sun," silver-rayed Luna, to try her power in beautifying earth and cloud. Ten thousand little stars were clapping their wings and singing her praise from grass plot and weeds or garden, and in the beautiful orchard in front of the house, more than one thousand flourishing apple trees have already proved that this soil is adapted to fruit as well as grain. But there is no use trying to describe a prairie farm to a Yankee who never saw one, and I will give it up, and only say, it is all outdoors covered with grain and grass. Three miles in some directions over fields of corn and grain, would not reach a fence. The roads are fenced up—I suppose to keep us travelers in the right place and course, for really we should not know where to go or where the road is, were it not for the fence which forcing the travel in one path makes it a road. Stretched away in the miles are to be seen many of the cottages of the prairie farms, and when night comes they look like light-houses on the ocean-coast. Little clumps of trees, protected from the fire and the plow, show plainly that timber would have a luxurious growth here in this rich soil; but rocks and loess do not grow here, at least, are not indigenous. Do you wonder where they get fuel? Excellent coal costs three dollars per ton, and has to be drawn from ten to twenty miles. Where can we warm cheaper? Pease—would you like to know how they fowce? The roads are mostly fenced with pine boards and oak or cedar posts, and hedges are growing between the lots, or by the way side. The stock is fenced in, not out of the lots; corn and grain runs at large; cattle and travelers are fenced up. Swine are not here, for this is not a hoggy section of country—it is wheat, wheat, and twenty bushels per acre, and eighty cents per bushel; and corn, corn, forty bushels per acre, and forty cents per bushel; so dollars and dimes come in as the grain goes out. I saw several miles of teams going to and from the station at Mendota yesterday. To look over this vast region makes one think the song of the poet must now be realized:

And wide and corn, to all men born, Be free as warmth in summer weather."

A magnetic cord that binds me to a sick friend, has brought me here, where the magnificent scenery of prairie life expands my thoughts and feelings over humanity, as it does my vision over the landscape; then, I wish, oh, how earnestly I wish we could have a common interest, and seek the common welfare of the race, so all could feed on the bounties and blessings of nature, peace and plenty sit with us at the table, and then we should be the better for it. Why should we war upon and worry each other? Why should we feed upon each other's necessities, and ever strive to increase those necessities, and exert from the demands of nature in the poor, to heap the coffers of the rich? Is there not a better day for man? If not, the signs fall again.

Subsidiary, N. O., Oct. 3, 1860. WARREN CHASE.

Emma Hardinge in Fond du Lac, Wis.

Miss Emma Hardinge delivered four lectures at this place during the last week. She had most appreciating and intellectual audiences, though not as large as they would have been for the near approach of the Presidential election. There was a political meeting on the evening of every lecture, which necessarily drew off many who would otherwise have gladly attended and listened to her eloquence. Her first three lectures were on Spiritualism. The methodical arrangement of the subject, and the manner of presenting it, could not be surpassed. She commenced with the nature and origin of spirit, and brought it down through all its phases to the spiritual manifestations of the present time. She then showed the mission of Spiritualism, and contrasted its religion with the obsolete dogmas and worn eaten theories of bygone ages. Her choice of language, her fluent but deliberate utterance, her accurate pronunciation, her perfect accent and emphasis, her beauty of gesture, her grace of attitude, her dignity of manner, and withal the *lout ensemble* of her appearance on the platform, all combined to present the highest order of elocution; and the rapid and unobtrusive listened to strains of eloquence such as they had never heard before from human lips.

The last lecture was on her plan of a "Self-sustaining Institution for Homeless and Outcast Females." Never were the wrongs of these fallen creatures so vividly portrayed—never were the causes of their fall so soberly set forth—never was the want of effort or inclination to reform them, on the part of professed Christian communities, more severely and feelingly rebuked—and never was a plan of restoration more fully developed and more thoroughly demonstrated than the one so powerfully presented by herself. Every one felt that the enterprise was one of the greatest and most humanitarian reforms of the age; and that woman could not be entrusted with a nobler, higher, or holier mission. Every one felt, too, that no other woman could be so perfectly fitted for that high office. With an eloquence unsurpassed to support its claims—with a moral courage that knows no fear—with a heart feelingly alive to every noble deed and every exalted charity—with a soul imbued with every Christian virtue—with a reputation untarnished, and a character as pure and

—chaste as the lily.

That's curled by the frost from purer snow, And hangs on Diana's temple.

she goes forth on her mission of duty and of love, conquering and to conquer. Bigotry and superstition quail before her—hypocrisy and cant shrink into their native nothingness—self-righteousness is pierced by the polished Toledo, and assumed sanctity is routed by the lance of the Oressack!

The clergy were respectfully requested to give notice of this lecture to their respective congregations, and to contribute their aid to carry out this great moral and humanitarian reform to a "consummation so devoutly to be wished." But no one answered the call, except the Rev. Mr. Baldwin, who is a progressive man, and joined most heartily in the enterprise. The others, I suppose, like certain *Reverends* at Oswego, refused their aid and counsel because Miss Hardinge is a Spiritualist, and therefore unworthy to lead or to great an enterprise. They will do nothing themselves, nor lend their countenance to a cause in which their great Master was so conspicuous, but it should thereby be divested of a sectarian character. Christ mingled with the Magicians of his day and reformed them, and bade them go and sin no more. But his example is unworthy of imitation in this enlightened age!

Miss Hardinge's life is devoted to this cause, and under the guidance of the high and pure spirits that control her, no human power can resist it.

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Messrs. Editors.—Our friends in England are crying to us for help. A letter received by me to-day from London says there is a great stir in Spiritualism going on there, both among the press and the people, which is likely to continue to increase, at all events, for some months. Both Hume and Squire are in France, where they will be for some time. In the meantime, there are constant requests for sittings with mediums, and I have therefore been written to to send them some good medium, etc. It is a physical medium they want; for they are in the A. B. C. of the matter in England, and require the primary manifestations, addressed to the senses, and calculated by an appeal to the senses to prove to them the realities of Spiritual intercourse. If you know or can hear of any such one, who is sufficiently intelligent and honest to be reliable abroad, I wish you would let me know it, and I could give him such passports to the confidence of our friends there as would at once open to him a wide field of usefulness.

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The Messenger.

Each meeting in this department of the Banner we claim to be a spiritual communion. The spirit of the Lord is the one who speaks through the lips of the messengers. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spiritual communion to those friends who may recognize them.

We hope to show that spirits are the characters of the earth-life to that beyond, and to show the erroneous ideas that they are more than spirits.

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

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine 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 experienced.

Answers to Letters.—As one medium would in no way suffice to answer the letters we should have sent to us, 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.

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to anyone who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 819 Beattie street, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at 2:30 p.m. and ending at 4:30 p.m. There will be no admittance. They are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course. Will those who read one from a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false?

Thursday, Oct. 4.—What evidence have we that God made all things?

Saturday, Oct. 6.—Is the change of death attended with as much physical suffering as mortal generally suppose? James D. Good, Hartford, Conn.; Hannah Cummings; Mary D. Wilson, Springfield; Peter J. Murray.

Sunday, Oct. 7.—Why do spirits seek to destroy the Kingdom of the Dead? Alice Baker, Boston; Frances Kimball, St. Louis; Obed Farnsworth, Hallowell; Ann Elizabeth Burge, London, Eng.; David Hope.

Tuesday, Oct. 9.—Is there any end that will justify the means of Capital Punishment?

Wednesday, Oct. 10.—Of what advantage is any system of Religion to humanity? Ebenezer Sawyer, Boston; Edwin E. Winslow; Billy Gage; Melvin Chase, Yarmouth; John L. Shaw.

Friday, Oct. 12.—Is there any time—the time—the appointed time—the day of salvation? Charles J. Chase, Eastport; Annie Granville, Joy L. Smith.

Saturday, Oct. 13.—Do spirits retain their five senses after death? Jack Shorland; Susan C. Parke, Boston; Michael Donnelly, Boston.

Sunday, Oct. 14.—Is not the doctrine that "Whosoever is in right" a device of the Devil to lead men astray? Joseph L. Kinney, Hallowell; James Johnson, San Francisco; Anna Thompson, New York.

Dissonant Elements in Spiritualism.

If Modern Spiritualism is of Divine origin, why do we see so much confusion and discord among its followers?

Modern Spiritualism has not come to bring peace on the earth. Modern Spiritualism is a sword in the hands of Justice and Wisdom; and this sword shall hew down the old and bring forth the new. We are told that Jesus of Nazareth uttered these words: "Think not I come to bring peace on earth, but a sword." I come to divide, not to unite—to make war with the nations of earth.

Our questioner believes that Jesus was the special son of God, endowed with a superior intelligence from spirit-life. He believes he stood above all others; that he was especially blessed by God the Father. If the religion given through Jesus was given to make war, to divide, can you expect more of Modern Spiritualism? If that was of Divine origin, cannot Modern Spiritualism be like it?

This is a star that hath been sent among the old to resurrect to newness of life. We are not to suppose that the new religion can dwell in harmony with the old—one of the two must depart. All believers in Modern Spiritualism have not as yet wholly surrendered themselves from the old. They have all come up from an old religious theory, and you cannot expect they can throw off this yet—in a month, a year, or many years. This must come by the way of nature, and it would not be in accordance with nature for the individual to rise immediately. The change must be gradual; and while the change is going on, there can be no peace—not even within the holy sanctuary of man's being. There comes of necessity discord, and yet out of the mouth of contention come the flowers of peace and joy. Yes, the flower of peace is always born of the flower of discord.

You are told it would be unwise to put new wine into old bottles, because the two cannot dwell together in harmony. Now do not suppose the new religion can be transplanted in a year or a thousand. While you see discord, know that peace shall come of it, and though a thousand forms run upon the walls of the new religious temples, they shall not shake them.

God doeth all things well. He was never known to make a mistake. The book tells you that you live by this God—you move by his power. Now this comprehends all things, and if it be true, every act of yours is of God. Every thought, word, and deed is of God, and therefore modern Spiritualism is of divine origin.

In order to understand divinity, you must understand self, and you will know that all that is divine is constantly rising in the scale of being. We cannot do so though in heaven, earth, or hell, exists without the will of God. And no matter how low the thought, who can tell but it is a step to something higher?

Would you of to-day be willing to sacrifice your religious opinions upon the altar of olden time? Now you have outgrown that, and the new religion has come up, that you may war with it, until you understand it. If it accord with your opinion, you will beat peace; but mark as—there will always be a certain something in your nature that will war with it.

Why do we find so much discord in Modern Spiritualism? It is because the believers are striving to cast out the old. It is doing a mighty work. Notwithstanding husbands are separated from wives, parents from children, brothers from brothers—a seed is being sown that will spring up and yield glory to the God of Israel. All nature will prove this, if you study her. Go not to any other, but enter into your own soul and analyze all you find there, and you will see our words true.

You must not expect this work will be perfected in your day or generation. Eternity is written upon it; and although it shall lose its present name, it will not die, but will over war with the old and bring forth the new.

Within your soul you have enough to enable you to understand all things in nature. Modern Spiritualism, we affirm, is of Divine origin. Every religion on earth, in the present or the past, is Divine. The religion of the Heavens is no less divine than is yours. God approved of it as well as yours.

We come not among you to bid you to lie down in peace. It is necessary to throw ourselves among you, to rouse you into action. A deep sleep had settled upon your nature, and it was high time that your souls were called into action. A death was upon them, and as around them war rages, and there is no peace in the elements, we are to suppose that a bright sun is to be given us, that all things are leaving the olden temples and coming forth into new and brighter light.

Know that Modern Spiritualism is of God, for all things are of and from him. He toucheth with his might and power all things; nothing can live without him. Even the darkest wave in the ocean of time bears the unmistakable image of Jehovah. It may be darker than night to you, but to another it is light. Call with a common or unclean, for perhaps an angel may be enveloped in the cloud.

They who see with eyes undimmed, who have charity and purity within, are alone able to penetrate the cloud, and see Jehovah sitting in its centre.

Look, and ye shall find, and ye shall see Modern Spiritualism as a star, calling you from death, and wrapping you in a mantle of righteousness.

Oct. 2.

John C. Kinney.

My name was John C. Kinney. I was thirty-seven years old at the time of my death. My place of birth was Boston. I died at St. Charles, Texas, seven months since. I had a difficulty of the stom-

ach and bowels. I was sick some months, but could not try for only a few days. I believe by physical called it chronic bowel complaint. I never had a fancy for trade, so I didn't move that way; I didn't seem inclined to any profession, so I didn't move that way. I suppose you must have the occupation, so call me a gambler. The gentleman who just left said everything was honorable, so I suppose that is it.

I have a wife and two children at St. Charles. I believe they hardly know which way to turn—whether to come North, or remain where they are. My wife has friends in New Orleans. If I was to counsel in the matter, I should tell her to leave St. Charles, and go to New Orleans. I believe I should be better off to see my friends better situated.

I have many things I'd like to say, but I don't care to speak about them here. Are there any mediums at St. Charles? I never took much account of it, but it sometimes happens that such are things we have most to do with after death. I suppose I will my wife to go to New Orleans, and when there to seek a medium and let me talk to her.

My mother died when I was quite young, and my father married again. Shortly after, they separated, and I was taken charge of by some of my relatives. I thus lived a sort of a cross life, and never got settled into any religion here. When I got on this side, I thought I'd get religion, and asked what to follow. But I was told to follow out my own inclinations. Tell my wife for me that I am dead in one sense, and alive in another; have borrowed a body that don't fit very well; but I have to put up with it for the time.

I own a little property in Nashville, Tenn., and I think my wife's uncle had better look up the matter, and sell it outright. Unless it is well looked after, it will not be worth much as it is now, and that they will be better off with its proceeds.

I feel just as lost. I have not lost any of my faculties; and though the money will not do me any good personally, it will indirectly, for if my friends are made happy I shall be so.

This uncle of my wife's, if I judge him correctly, would rather go to a medium of the other sex. Perhaps he would like to go with my wife to a medium. If he will, I will give him all particulars, so he will have but little trouble in doing it. His name is Samuel Stevens. He was in the manufacturing of combs, knife-handles, &c.

Oct. 2.

Adaline Bartlett.

I want to tell you—to tell everybody—that I was murdered! I want to tell you that I was killed. I lived at Brown's Crossing, Michigan. On the 16th day of January last, I was killed. I am dead; I was killed; he killed me. I don't want my neighbors or my children to think I killed myself. I want justice to find him. I was born here in Cambridge; my maiden name was Adaline Pinkhurst.

I want you to tell the world that—killed me. I want him hung. I'd feel better about it. I looked all round to find a medium there, and could not. He was a Missouriian—all bad. I thought he was good. I went out West to my brother, at Waukegan, Mich. His name was Benjamin. I worked for him. I married, and moved to Brown's Crossing. I had two children by my husband. The oldest sixteen years old.

What a bad thing to have it that I killed myself, to have my children think so. I would not have come here if I hadn't thought I'd get him hung. Let my son James watch him, and he'll do something else. I want you to publish this. My throat was cut, and somebody must have done it, and if it was done, I must have known who did it, and ought to tell. I'll give you a description of the man who murdered me, which will clear you, as you object to my giving the name. He was forty-eight years old, the month before I died. I would think he was about five feet six inches tall, straight, full round form, red face. His hair a mixture of dark auburn and grey, a little inclined to curl—not much on the crown; whiskers running from the ear to the chin—none on the chin. High forehead, small eyes of a light hazel color. When he gets excited, he stammers. He'll stammer when anybody asks him if he knew a man of this description, if he knows about this letter.

This comes from Adaline Bartlett. I was most thirty-nine. I didn't live many minutes; but I saw him as well as I ever did. I don't think I can make him better where he is. Oh, I'll be satisfied to have him shut up, if he would own that he killed me; but I want people to understand that I didn't kill myself. I can't rest when he says, "I don't see why poor Adaline killed herself!"

He was so drunk that he didn't know what he was about; but he was drunk enough to be ugly. Don't you see how terribly he violated my law by murdering me, and ought I not to avenge it? This would be the direct means of his being hung, but it will leave people to watch him, and he'll be brought up. I think it is right for the man to be hung. I can't help thinking so.

Oct. 2.

Nathaniel Staniford.

I have no wish to be considered ungrateful for the kind remembrance of friends here in the body. I have been desired to come to your place and give certain information regarding an estate I owe owned in Boston. I wish hence to inform my dear friends who are living on earth that I have done with these things. Others may find pleasure in giving advice in material objects, but when I laid off my material body, I said, I have done with material things. If I can benefit their souls, I am ready and willing to do it; but to minister to their avarice, so help me God, I never will. I know I am excited; but though I wish to have them understand that I have the power to communicate with them, I will not do so to fill their pockets with gold and silver. They have got too much now. I would to God they had not a cent.

I have been quite happy since I have been a spirit. If I can aid my friends in any other way, I shall answer their call at any time when I can find a medium through whom to make myself known. I wish them well, and if I was in my power to pour into their hearts the riches of heaven, I would do it, but to pour into their purses the riches of earth I never will.

If I am in error, God forgive me; if I am right, he will prosper me.

NATHANIEL STANIFORD.

Oct. 2.

Invocation.

Almighty Giver and Guide of Life, we will not forget that thou hast taught us to pray, and to pray continually. We will not forget, oh, our Father, to offer our gifts to thee from out the altar of materiality, knowing that thou wilt write with the finger of thy divine love upon our petition, and answer the same. We thank thee for all thou hast given us, for all thou art ready to give us. We praise thee for the midnight of sorrow and sin, and will not forget to praise thee for the sunlight also.

We will not forget to praise thee for the darkness of other times, for from out the darkest cloud may be seen the brightest sunbeam. We praise thee for everything, omitting no praise upon thee for anything, for thou art our Saviour.

May thy children feel that while darkness hovers about them, in this dark time thou wilt make known thy presence in their time of need.

Oh, Father, with thou receive us as we leave mortality. May we feel that our visit here has not been in vain. May we feel that all thou hast given us has been occupied upon for thy honor and glory.

Oct. 2.

Sin.

"By what power are men actuated when they sin against God?"

We are to understand by the question given us, that our questioner believes that men can sin against God. We cannot understand our God by the light of materiality. We cannot conceive of two kingdoms in the spiritual world—one as governed by God, and the other by the devil. But the Christian world and here is such a theory. We are not disposed to censure our Christian brother for his opinions.

We say, as we have said a thousand times before, there is no such thing as sin, no such thing as evil; but that you call sin is another condition of good.

If God controls all things, he has as much power over the evil man, as you call him, as upon the good, and he will in no case permit any one to sin against him.

You are all born under certain conditions of life, and if you walk according to those conditions, with ignorance as your right hand, you will suffer much. If you walk with wisdom at your right hand, you will walk the downy path to heaven.

It is because you do not understand yourselves that you dwell in the spiritual condition we found you in. And yet we do not come to condemn you, because we find you walking as you walk, acting as you act. We are not your judges—you are your own judges; and if you condemn self, you are indeed condemned. Your sins will not consign you to everlasting condemnation, for all is progression in nature.

We can conceive of but one power that creates and governs everything before us; and that which bears the impress of evil is but another condition of goodness, but another way in which God is perfecting his own and bringing it into a condition of purity. If man would cease to watch their neighbors, and watch self, they would cease to plant thorns in their path. But while they are constantly looking at that which does not belong to self, they must suffer.

We find our questioner wandering in theological darkness, fearing to acknowledge the power of the God he serves; falling to give him the power of Omnipotence. If there is a hell, God made it. If there is a heaven, God made it. If there is sin among you, God made it, and he will perfect all. Wisdom clothes the soul in purity, and this power can see God, everywhere. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," said Jesus. Blessed is the soul that sees God everywhere, no matter if he stand by the side of the murderer, for God is surely there, perfecting his work. Now then, if there is sin anywhere, God made that sin—he is the author of it, and by his power you sin.

Call us radical, if you please; we care not; we give that we know.

The foundation of your religion is fast fading away. Soon we shall find you shaking hands with these new things. This must be so. You are a child of progress; that which is yours to-day is not yours to-morrow. You live in accordance with the law of the hour. The future hour may give you a new heaven, a new God to worship.

Once again we ask you to come out from the old temple of theology, and wander with us where flowers are blooming, where God is seen in all his glory. The religion of earth is not the religion of heaven. If you would worship your God, you must do so in spirit, not in mortal. Instead of going from your own sanctuary to know what your God is, or may be, or what he expects you to be, live in accordance with the law of the hour, and you will find him with you; there is no sin, no evil; therefore no sinners. Jesus of Nazareth, if he were here to-day, would tell you as we tell you.

It is time the scales were torn from your eyes. Take special care of the flowers blooming in your own soul. Go not abroad to learn how to take care of them, for heaven is within you, and there dwells your God.

Oct. 3.

Polly Jewett.

I want to send a letter to my friends in Hollis, N. H. I have been here five years. I was eighty-four years old. The folks there will know me by the name of Aunt Polly Jewett. I'd give the world if I could go there and talk. I was told I should not see my folks here, and I thought I would not come; but I don't see any other way, and I come here.

I don't know as I had any disease. I was very weak at one time and suppose I died of old age. I had a sort of a letter sent me from my mother some months before I died. I don't know where it came from—I have not learned yet. I should like to have my friends see it, and they will find it under the outside cover of my Bible. I was almost afraid to read it, but I did. I want them to see it. I'll go there and speak if they will give me somebody to speak through. I want to go very much.

My son-in-law is with me to-day. He has not the power to come here, but he would go home. He has not been here but a short time.

Oct. 3.

James Kelorty.

Father Fitzpatrick wanted me to come here. If I would tell all about myself, and not make one mistake, he was going to believe it is so.

First, I am to tell how old I was. I was fifteen years old a little better than two months. Then I am to tell what I did of. I had some kind of a trouble in my stomach. I was about four months. I was house-boy for Father Fitzpatrick most three years. I did whatever he liked to have me do. I was born in Glenoe, Killarney Co., Ireland.

I was to tell what happened the same night. I died in the morning. All the doors in the room where I was got shut, and nobody in the house could open them for I don't know how long. I am to tell what is the last thing that was given to me. I don't know whether it was medicine, or water—it was a drink, any way. I'm to tell you what I saw. It was Mary, the girl what waits on the house-keeper. Then I am to say here just what I say to Father Fitzpatrick about my dream two months before I died. He called it a dream; but it was no dream, for I was wide awake, and hear and see. I see my mother come into the room, and she said I was shortly to come to her. She told me, too, that my brother Patrick was dead. He told me I must tell you in the house about it, and I told no one but himself. I want to tell him now it was no dream at all. I hear, I see, I was awake, and it was no dream at all.

I was to tell who doctored me. It was himself that gave me all the medicine. I had no other doctor at all.

Father Fitzpatrick was in Cincinnati. I was never here. It was the Church of the Holy Cross. I will tell what was said to me the first day I came to the house. Father Fitzpatrick said, "You are going to be a good boy, and do whatever I tell you to, and we will get along in peace." If I lived, I was to go away in a year after I died. I have been dead about five years. My father and mother are dead. I have a sister; I don't know where at all she is. She was to come to this country, but she got a good place in Liverpool, and I believe she stay there.

My name was James Kelorty. My mother's name was Catherine; my father's, Patrick. Good morning, etc.

Oct. 3.

Hiram Brownell.

I want to find the folks. What are your roles? My name was Hiram Brownell. I have a sister at the McLean Asylum, and I want to give some advice about her.

It is a poor way for one to drag out an existence in such a place that, particularly when there is insanity. They say we are not of much account here; but I am coming to see of how much account I can be.

I died in California about nine years ago, of bowel complaint.

I suppose my father and folks put her there. She is laboring under some delusion, and thinks she can't go away from there; and it's no way for her to live. She has been made to believe that she can't live outside that institution. I want her to come out and be treated right. What's the use of living in a tomb all the days of your natural life? I'd rather she'd be sold to go South as a slave. I'm a chap who has not much time to stop in any place.

My father lives in Lowell. His name is Hiram Brownell.

Can't you fix it so I can borrow a body to go and see my sister in? I've been trying these five or six years, and I don't see as I have gained much on this one thing. I have been working under ground all this time, and want to see the fruits of my labors.

If the girl was n't perfectly satisfied to live and die there, it would be better; but she wants some power to break the hellish charm, and bring her out in the world. If I could go to her and satisfy her that I am talking to her, I could influence her. She feels I am there at times, but I don't see as I am nearer getting her out than I was years ago. I don't want her to come here where I am in the condition she is in now. All her energies are cramped, constricted, and instead of living a free life, it is just the same as if she were every day I want her spirit to expand. It has not added one cubit to its stature since she has been there.

If it would further my object any, I would give my occupation; but it won't do any good, so I will keep it to myself. Good by to you.

Oct. 3.

A FAMILIAR LETTER FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

FROM ABBY C. FINE TO FANNIE A. CUNYAN.

[CONTINUED.]

As all are free in the system of education, so all are free to choose whatever occupation best pleases them. If I loved to cultivate the flowers of earth, I love to do the same in the spirit-land. If I loved to arrange my taste, my surroundings on earth, I have not less that in my new home. None are idle here; but all are followers of that occupation they would have followed on earth, had they been left free and endowed with power to act in the outward according to the desires of the internal or natural.

The change of death can never rob nature—you pass through death a thousand times, and yet have the same natural tendencies—are governed by the same law, then, find parents, to the whispering notes of heaven, as death finds you on the natural shore, so it leaves you on the spiritual, having deprived you of nothing save the natural body, or rude covering of the spirit, which is not requisite to the life of the spirit in the spirit-land. You need not expect to fully understand the action of the spirit as separated from the body, until you shall have laid off the body yourself; then, the unreal things of life shall put on the crown of reality, and you shall fully comprehend the mysteries of the spirit. I often think of this passage in Scripture when I am standing near, so near, to some of my loved ones on earth, that I could stretch forth my hand and lay it on their brow: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and you hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whither it cometh, or whence it goeth; so is every one that is born of the spirit." We come to you and mingle in your joys and your sorrows, but you see us not—you hear us not, because you have not yet ascended from the sepulchre of the body. True, many who possess the priceless gift of mediumship, are often so far removed from the body for a time, as to have all their senses brought in almost perfect rapport with the inhabitants of the spirit-life. And do the possessors of this bright gift realize its value? Go into your own chamber of thought, darling, and read there the answer; and while you read, may your spirit be tuned anew to bless the Giver and use the gift. My dear friend Mrs. D. once said to me, "I feel confident the angels will take care of my darling babies; I am never afraid to leave them alone as many mothers are, for the angels always watch over them when I am away." Though this dear friend had no belief in modern spirit manifestations, yet her spirit intuitively stretched forth its arms and lovingly folded in their embrace the higher manifestations of this holy law of life. And thus it is with many on earth. In the external they are wedded to the earth and earthly things, but in the internal or spirit, they are bound to the great spirit-world around them, and must respond to, and believe in Modern Spiritualism as wisely defined.

Theodore Parker says that Spiritualism has as many keys to its mysteries and its beautiful realities as there are individuals in the realm of thought; and unless you use the proper key to the soul-chamber of each individual, you may stand in the vestibule for ages, and not be able to enter the door. But there shall be no response from within to bid you enter and be welcome.

A short time since I was present at a gathering at which Emanuel Swedenborg presided, and there I saw a vast variety of nations. At first, I was puzzled to know how all could understand him; but soon learned that the flow of thought was not confined to any particular language, but was designated by characters which were transmitted from the speaker to each one present by the strength of their own will or desire, and when once deciphered within the magnetic life of the spirit, none could mistake their meaning, for then they took form natural to the magnetic atmosphere into which they had been drawn. Each spirit whether in the body or not, has a little kingdom of his own in which he lives, moves, and has his being; and within that kingdom all the ideas of that spirit are dressed, which dress is fashioned according to what the kingdom contains. So, if God or Nature has not given you many pearls, he will require them of you when he sends you thoughts from his great general kingdom of thought. Or, in other words, you will not be called on to not upon talents you do not possess. Jesus was said to have used these words: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." He might have said, for their kingdom is an heavenly one. For they who have many gleaming pearls in the kingdom of the spirit are enabled thereby to see each mortal deformity, and if they are seen, the spirit will continually war with them as long as they exist; and where there is discord there cannot be harmony—there cannot be heaven.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Spiritual Communication.

[GIVEN THROUGH MRS. MACUMBER.]

Dr. Child is the champion of hell! He is the first man that has dared to step forth in the arena of strife and say that the lowest are equal to and shall be restored to unity with the highest. Innumerable have been the champions of heaven, and how sickly and baby-like have been the fruits of their mission! Heaven needs no champions; the bleeding, groaning sufferers of hell need champions. Dr. Child is its first, and millions of heaven's mightiest angels aid his novel work. Dr. Child is altogether misunderstood by mankind; there is not a soul on earth that has yet seen and fully comprehended him. The growing hosts of hell begin to feel the power that is in the peace he brings, and it is the host of suffering souls that first shall comprehend him. Yes, Dr. Child is the first that has backed on the armor of peace and fearlessly stands forth the senior champion for hell's redemption. And for this a dark cloud is rising over him; it forebodes a lavish tempest; he stands unmoved, unshaken. This cloud will come, and it will pass away, and the sun of righteousness will shine forth, and hosts of angels shall be seen in the bright rays.

No one has ever before taken hold of the rudder of the great ship of hell. This champion holds the rudder; he knows the sea on which he sails by aid of angel hosts; he does that without fear which no one yet has dared to do for fear. In five years the world will open its eyes. Now it blindly sees only effects; then it will scrutinize principles. And then no sister in the family of earth will lie bleeding on the altar of prostitution.

TO THE MEMORY OF MARY E. FROST.

MEMORIOUSLY INSCRIBED TO THE DEARER PARENTS.

"We gazed upon her when her form was laid in its last slumber; how divinely fair! Her sweet face looked, but no rose that strayed from the sunny cheek, that once had lingered there!"

And the long lashes of the fast shut eyes. Were all too still and droop too heavily. And Mary was smiling, and serenely slept. She did not need to smile when others wept. The silver cord was loosed that bid her longer stay. Within that gentle form, and she was called away."

Fond Parents, we offer thee, the balm of consolation, the solace of sorrow; the comfort of affliction in this glorious fact, that thy Mary's immortality. She, so prominent in thy affections, is not, in reality, dead, but liveth. Though the bright visible link in the household has been severed; the materialistic chain of intercourse broken; though dark clouds have gathered over thy temporal horizon, and the chilling sweep of adverse winds left their desolating impress amid the ruins of blighted hopes and fallen earthly plans; though the deep, placid font of holy affection has been painfully stirred, gushing forth in many a bitter tear, yet thy Mary is with thee. Nought separates her from the "loved ones at home," save the dense curtain of thy material sorrow shroud. Think not, because her form is now sleeping lessening in the bosom of her native earth, she mingled lessening in the fearless sunlight of a glorious reality. Ah! no, all is not given unto death's quiet keeping; her soul hath found a place of higher worth. The exalted beauties of her spirit-home are divinely reflecting within the temple of a still loving heart. Attracted to the same scenes and associations of other days, around which linger such hallowed memories. Then, why not meet thee again; why not bring thee, the inspiration of a higher life in her expanding soul.

And quickened sympathies? Yes, she will linger by thy side while passing through the dark ordeal of time's mysterious labyrinth, gleaming with hidden beauty and unseen good, to be comprehended by the inner life. Then fear not, loved ones; the real influences of earthly trials will outwork, in thy immortal destiny, grand and glorious results! I will call forth the latent powers of a divine strength and beauty; I will stimulate an earnest demand for enduring sympathy and love, whose supply is inexhaustible in the "ministry of angels." Then, oh! I fall not to recognize their presence, in the hallowed hours of reflection, the precious hours of seeming solitude, calm and holy seasons of meditation and desire, which touch the golden cord of attraction, linked to the angel-world of thought. When the seen and unseen mingle and the radiant influence of a higher light inspires thee with resignation. Oh! listen, then, fond parents, to the whispering notes of heaven, as death finds you on the natural shore, so it leaves you on the spiritual, having deprived you of nothing save the natural body, or rude covering of the spirit, which is not requisite to the life of the spirit in the spirit-land. You need not expect to fully understand the action of the spirit as separated from the body, until you shall have laid off the body yourself; then, the unreal things of life shall put on the crown of reality, and you shall fully comprehend the mysteries of the spirit. I often think of this passage in Scripture when I am standing near, so near, to some of my loved ones on earth, that I could stretch forth my hand and lay it on their brow: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and you hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whither it cometh, or whence it goeth; so is every one that is born of the spirit." We come to you and mingle in your joys and your sorrows, but you see us not—you hear us not, because you have not yet ascended from the sepulchre of the body. True, many who possess the priceless gift of mediumship, are often so far removed from the body for a time, as to have all their senses brought in almost perfect rapport with the inhabitants of the spirit-life. And do the possessors of this bright gift realize its value? Go into your own chamber of thought, darling, and read there the answer; and while you read, may your spirit be tuned

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The doctor would call particular attention to his invaluable
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A medicine much needed at this season of the year.
July 21

\$1.20 PER YEAR FOR ALL—Only \$10 capital re-
quired! Active men wanted to cut Stencil
Plates and make Receipts for the Poor. The receipt
Stencil Tools made. Their superiority over all other ap-
pears in the curved side, it is patented, and by means of
which a most perfect and durable die is formed, which cuts a
receipt for every person, and enables him to receive his
very simple and profitable business. Two hours' practice
enables any one to use the tools with facility. Young men
are clearing from \$8 to \$15 per day from this tool. Circulars
sent free on request. Address, A. J. WYLLIE, 15
Merchants' Exchange, Boston. 6m Sept. 3.

LIFE MISTAKE OF CHRISTENDOM!
JOHN JESUS AND HIS GOSPEL BEFORE PAUL AND
CHRISTIANITY. By George Swann. Bela Munoz,
author of "The Book of Mystery," the religion of the
Church originated with Paul, and not Jesus, who is found to
have been a Rationalist, and whose Gospel, as deduced from
the writings of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, is a perfect
outline of Christianity. Contains many striking facts of good
print, well bound, and will be sent you on receipt of one dollar.
Address, GEORGE STRANNS.
June 30. If West Coast, Mass.

A VALUABLE MEDICAL BOOK.
FOR both sexes, entitled, "*The Medical Companion*," pre-
sented to the public by Dr. C. F. KAYTON, is a treatise, first
tractate, first, of Chronic Diseases in general; second, of Dis-
eases of the Sexual System of both sexes, their symptoms and
remedies; third, the Abuse of the Reproductive Powers, and
its consequences; fourth, the treatment of Syphilis, Gonorrhea,
Bookeller and Stationer, No. 91 Washington street. Price, 50
cents; three stamps extra, if sent by mail.
August 15. 13

MEDICAL NOTICE.—DR. C. F. KAYTON, in addition to
his general and family practice, continues to give
special attention to the treatment of Diseases of the Blood,
and of all complaints peculiar to Females requiring medical
or surgical aid, at his Rooms, No. 17 Hanover street, Boston.
A varied and extensive practice during the last fifteen years
has enabled him to acquire a thorough knowledge of the dis-
ease, and to successfully nearly every form of disease to which
the system is liable. 13w August 18.

EUCLESTIC DRUGGIST.—OLIVARIUS RING, 654 Wash-
ington Street, Boston, has always on hand every kind of
medicinal preparation, and a complete assortment of Chemi-
**cals to be found in any Drug Store. He keeps on hand the great-
est variety of foreign and domestic Medicines, and all the latest
and warranted fresh and pure. Also all the patent and
popular Medicines; Dr. Clark's celebrated preparations; all
the medicines used in the treatment of the various diseases of
Physicians and other prescriptions accurately prepared.**
August 4. 3m

MRS. J. T. FORESTER, of Providence, R. I., Independent
Osteopaths, Healing, Sealing, Teat and Developing
Medium, has opened rooms on No. 9 Remond street—a few
feet from the corner of State and Commercial streets—for the
cure of diseases of a Chronic nature, by the laying on of
hands. Acute pains relieved by Spiritual power. Will also
cure Spinal Diseases and Liver complaints. Contracted limbs,
Nervous debility, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Headache, cured in
a short time; and Mrs. F.'s has also given great relief to
cases of Consumption; and it is conceded by those who have
tested her extraordinary natural powers, combined with her
holistic treatment, that she is equally successful in all dis-
eases, giving the location, describing the feelings of patients
without any aid from them, and those who have tested her
methods find her familiar with, and capable to qualify him to
have tried before. Charge moderate. References given
required, in Boston, Providence, Lynn, and other places.
Mrs. F. will also hold a Circle for Spiritual Manifestations, on
the evenings of Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, at 71
Admission, 25 cents. 3m Nov. 2.

NOTICE.—PROF. A. H. RUBER, the Prophetic Medium,
may be found at his residence, No. 13 Ophelia Place, lead-
ing from Pleasant street, Boston. Ladies and gentlemen will
be pleased by him with full account of their past, present
and future may be given him in the exercise of those pow-
ers with which he feels himself endowed. Price 50 cents
narrative written when desired. Charge, 25.
Prof. R. promises no more than he can accomplish.
Sept. 15. 4f

CARDIAC EXAMINATIONS AND COMMUNICA-
tions by Mrs. Rockwood, assisted by Mrs. Eunice
Townsend, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, from 9 a. m.
to 12 o'clock, at 163 Court street, Boston, Mass.
Nov. 3. 4f

MRS. S. SMITH, No. 4 Brimmer Place, Essex street, near
Springs and describes them; has good healing powers
holds circles Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday evening. Terms
moderate. 1m Nov. 4.

GRACE L. BEAN,
TRANCE AND WRITING TEST MEDIA, No. 8 L
Orange Place. Private Circles held twice on Wednes-
day and Friday evening, from 7 to 9 o'clock.
MR. C. A. KIRKHAM, Sealing and Trance Medium, No. 14
Court street, Boston. Hours from 10 a. m. to 1 p. m.
and 2 to 5 p. m. Terms \$1 per hour. 1m Nov. 3.

MRS. ROBERT LUKENS, Clairvoyant and Writing Me-
dium. Rooms at 681 North Tenth et., above Wallace
Philadelphia. 8m Oct. 15.

MRS. E. E. HYDE, Writing, Trance and Test Medium
on Friday evening at 49 Wall street, Boston.
August 13. 4f

PSYCHOGRAPH,
OR DELINEATION
OF THE INTELLECTUAL, MORAL AND SPIRITUAL
CHARACTERISTICS.
Terms—Two dollars, fully written out. Address with a
telegram, J. P. WILSON, Boston, Mass.
Oct. 15. 15w

MY EXPERIENCE;
OR
Footprints of a Presbyterian to Spiritualism.
BY FRANCIS H. SMITH.
BALTIMORE, MD.
Price 30 cents, bound in cloth. Sent, postage free, on
receiving the price in stamps, by the author, or by
July 1. BEHR, COLBY & CO., Boston.

PROF. DEEYOU, SCIENTIFIC AND RELIABLE PRAC-
TITIONER OF EGYPTIAN SCIENCE AND IMPRESS
MEDIUM, Baltimore, Md. All letters faithfully reply
to. Life Chart, according to Egyptian Science, and
Impression, 25¢; thirteen up to \$1; one week, \$1. Send re-
ceipt date of birth, sex, and whether married or single.
DRESS, PROFESSOR DEEYOU, Baltimore, Md. Nov. 3.

PROF. LEITCH, ASTROLOGER
No. 25. Lowell Street, Boston.
Fee—\$1.00—50 CENTS. A Circular of Terms for writ-
ing Nutritive sent free. 4f Nov. 3.

JAMES C. SQUIRE,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
No. 10 COURT STREET, BOSTON. June 15

PIANOS, MELODIONS AND ALEXANDRO ORGANS—
First Second-Hand, for SALE or to RENT, at Great Dis-
count. Successors of the late J. H. Hanna & Co. Monthly pay-
ments received for either. How allowed if purchased.
HORACE WATERBURY, Agent, 33 Broadway, New York.
Sept. 22. 15w

W. D. HUSEY, HEALING MEDIUM, has during a re-
sidence in New York of three years, been successful
treating Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Catarrhs of the Throat
and most acute and chronic diseases, without the use of me-
dicine. He now prepares to receive patients from abroad
at his residence, 225 Greenwich street, New York. Charges re-
asonable. Sept. 15.

MRS. B. A. FERGUSON TOWER,
No. 65 EAST SIXTH STREET, NEW YORK.
CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS
And all diseases treated by Magnetism, Electricity and Water.
All pleasant furnished Rooms with board.

MRS. METTLER'S CELEBRATED CLAIRVOYANT MY-
STICS. Palmistry, \$1 per bottle; Restorative Eyelid
\$1; and Eye Drops, 50 cents; Restorative Mixture
50 cents; and Balsam of Liniment, 50 cents. Clairvoyants
Palmerston and retail by Dr. J. M. JUDSON.
June 3. 14 Fulton street, N.Y.

MRS. W. B. HAYDEN,
TEST MEDIUM AND MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT,
No. 64 EAST 22ND AVENUE, NEW YORK. Examinations for
case when tested, \$2.00; by a lock of hair, verbally, \$3.00;
when written, \$4.00. Fifty-two dollars per hour. Black
Box 22.

New York Dispensary.

SCOTT'S HEALING INSTITUTE,
No. 65 BOND STREET, NEW YORK, ONE OF THE
most convenient, beautiful and healthy locations in the
city of New York. JOHN SCOTT, Proprietor.

**JOHN SCOTT'S
SMITH AND MAGNETIC VIBRATOR.**

This being an age when almost anything in the shape of
an advertisement is considered humbug, I desire persons
who may be afflicted to write to those who have been relieved
or cured at the Scott's Healing Institute, and, satisfy them-
selves that we do not claim false, but in justice to ourselves
we could.

We have taken a large, handsome, and commodious house
for the purpose of accommodating those who may come from
a distance.

Hot and Cold Water Baths in the house; also Magnetics
and Medicated Baths, adapted to peculiar complaints. In fact, we
are made of every arrangement that can possibly be desired
for the comfort and relief of those who are afflicted.
The immense success we have met with since last January
proves or tends to establish that all who may place
themselves or friends under our treatment, will derive a
great relief, and that an entire cure. Persons desirous of being
admitted in the Healing Institute, should write a day or two
in advance, so we can be prepared for them.

EXAMINATIONS.

Those who may wish to have a full and describing
sympoma, will be examined, disease diagnosed, and a pack-
age of medicine affixed to cure, or at least to confer such
relief, that the patient will be fully satisfied that the cure
will be complete and permanent. Terms \$2 for examina-
tion and medicines. The money must in all cases accompany
the letter.

Our Recipes and medicines sent by express to any part
of the country on receipt of from five to ten dollars, as the
case may require. Be particular, in ordering, to give the
name of the Town, County and State in full. J. S.

Spirit Preparations.

GIVEN TO JOHN SCOTT, AND PREPARED BY HIM AT 65 BOND
STREET, NEW YORK.

COCHICHA, OR COUGH REMEDY.

This is a medicine of extraordinary power and efficacy in
the relief and cure of Bronchitis Affecting, and Consumptive
Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all other affec-
tions to that class of diseases, is destined to supersede that
of every cure and give health and hope to the afflicted thousands.
Price 25 cents.

PILE SALVE.

A sovereign remedy for this disease is at last found. It
affords instantaneous relief, and effects a speedy cure. Mr.
Eremit, editor of the Spirituist, Cleveland, Ohio, after
using it for several years, writes: "I have cured a large
number of patients, and hundreds of instances can be referred to
where the same results have followed the use of this invaluable
remedy. Price \$1 per box.

STY RHEUM.

For weak or inflamed eyes this preparation stands un-
rivaled. It never fails to give immediate relief; and when the
difficulty is caused by any local affection, the cure will be
speedy and permanent. Price 25 cents.

SPIRIT EMBOICATION.

For Tetter, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, and all Scrofulous
eruptions of the skin, an invaluable remedy, and warranted
to cure in all ordinary cases. Price, \$1.

THE BALM, when RANDEL SALVE.

This Balm, when used in connection with the Magnetic or Spiritual
powers of Dr. Scott's, has, in a single instance, failed to
effect a permanent and positive cure, to mention how aggra-
vated the case was, and how long it continued, would be to
tell alone, in cases where the part effected is open; and
when Dr. Scott's services cannot be obtained, those of any
good medium, whose powers are adapted to such complaints,
will answer the purpose. Price, 25 cents.

RHEUMATISM REMEDY.

This preparation is guaranteed to cure all kinds of inflam-
matory rheumatism, and will leave the system in a condition
that will positively forbid a return of the disease. Price, \$5
per bottle, or by mail, \$6 per bottle, with postage.

ALATANA, OR HAIR RESTORATIVE.

This astonishing and powerful medicine can be used for
many diseases not specified. Scarcely a day passes but we
hear of its wonderful effects, and often of an entirely new
kind of cure. It is a cure for all diseases of the hair, and
of a cure all, but we do regard it as a Cure of Many. It has
proved startlingly and amazingly successful in the worst
cases of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Erysipelas, Diabetic
eruptions, Eczema, Pruritus, Scabies, Itch, Tetter, Sores,
Bleeds, Rashes, Nipples, Skin Complaints, Badness, etc. Price
\$1 per jar.

DE PARTICULARE.

In ordering any of the above medicines, inclose the amount
in a letter, addressed to the undersigned, and state distinctly
how the package must be sent, and to whom addressed. In
all cases the package will be forwarded by the first conveni-
ent Address.

DR. JOHN SCOTT, 55 Bond Street, New York.
—Liberal discount made to Agents.

NEW YORK HOMEOPATHIC PHARMACY,
D. WHITE, M. D., SUPERINTENDENT.

No. 36 Bond Street,

Where may be found pure Homeopathic Medicines, in Tin-
tures, Trisolutions, Dilutions and Medicated Tinctures; Medi-
cinal Herbs and Essences, and all the latest and best prepa-
rations; also: Vials of every description; Corks, Labels, Globules,
Sugar-of-Milk, Arsenic Flowers and Plasters, Alcohol; Books
on Homeopathy, &c., &c.

Persons who wish to know all the establishment are in-
vited to call on D. WHITE, M. D., formerly of "White's Homeopathic
Pharmacy," 34, Louis, Mo. The attested preparations are
manufactured by the undersigned, and are the result of one of
the greatest healing mediums in the world. Address
D. WHITE, M. D., 36 Bond Street, New York.

July 7. 25

TEOY LOU AND HYGIENIC INSTITUTE.
Established by Special Endowment.
COMBINING THE MOST ABLE OF THE ECLECTIC FAC-
ULTY AND MODERN SCHOOLS OF MEDICINE.

This superior model health Institution possesses, it is con-
sidered, the most complete and perfect equipment in any
other in the United States.

In this important particular, viz:—It has been the earnest
endeavor of the faculty to investigate, and thoroughly
determine the causes of disease, and the means of cure, have
come so very provident and final, especially to the young
known as nervous debility. The external manifestations of
this disease are: loss of appetite, loss of sleep, loss of
muscle or wasting and consumption of the vital fluids and the
muscular and nerve tissues; pallid countenance; pale lips;
dizziness of the head; impaired memory; dizziness of eye;
headache; vertigo; loss of power of the limbs; loss of
power of the heart; great restlessness; dependency of
epilepsy; dreamy and restless sleep; cold or hot breath
violated or morbid appetite; indigestion; liver complaint
or derangement of the liver; loss of power of the lungs;
spinal irritation; cold extremities; muscular debility or
laxity; rheumatism and neuralgia pain; heart and breathing
cough; bronchitis; soreness of the throat, catarrh and
pharyngitis.

Also, INFLAMMATORY DYSPEPSIA, known by capricious ap-
petite; sense of weight and fullness at the pit of the stomach;
dyspepsia; indigestion; loss of appetite; loss of sleep;
dizziness of the head; loss of power of the limbs; loss of
power of the heart; great restlessness; dependency of
epilepsy; dreamy and restless sleep; cold or hot breath
violated or morbid appetite; indigestion; liver complaint
or derangement of the liver; loss of power of the lungs;
spinal irritation; cold extremities; muscular debility or
laxity; rheumatism and neuralgia pain; heart and breathing
cough; bronchitis; soreness of the throat, catarrh and
pharyngitis.

The Directors and Faculty of the Institution purpose
cure all of the foregoing diseases, by the judicious com-
bination of natural and scientific remedies, selected with great
care, and administered in the most judicious manner, and
recuperative energies to build up, throw off, and resist morbid
influences. They discard all drugs and poisonous remedies
mercury, calomel, and all the old school remedies are re-
jected, and the latest and best remedies are used, and the
most judicious and conscientious manner. PATIENTS shall not be
drugs at this Institution.

A Word of Solemn, Conscientious Advice to the
Public, who will reflect.

Statistics now show that upwards of one 100,000
in the United States annually, with some cure of the fore-
going diseases, developing consumption, prostration of the
vital force and premature death.

Persons who will, without its adequate cause,
Thousands of the young, of both sexes, go down to an ear-
ly grave from causes little suspected by parents or guardians,
and often little suspected by themselves, and the result is
the destruction of human life, caused
such debilitating disease, as Epithelioma, Scrophulous
weakness, the vice of self abuse, Spinal Consumption, P
tary, nervous spasms, and the like. The Directors and Facu
of the Institution, for the purpose of curing the disease, and
prevention of consumption practiced upon the community by
pretenders—the Directors and Faculty of the Institution, co
scientiously assure the invalid and the Community th
that the disease is not incurable, and that by the use of th
class of medicines cannot be suppressed.

Patients, for the most part, can be treated at home;
application by mail, or by express, and the result is a
cure, which will enable us to send them treatment
by Mail or Express.

All communications are regarded with sacred
confidence, and no person is ever exposed.

The Institution gives the most unexceptionable referen-
ce to men of standing in all parts of the country, who have
been successfully cured.

The Institution, in view of the causes of the early death of Amer-
ican Youth, just published by the Institution, will be sent
a sealed envelope, to all parts of the Union, on receipt of
cents for postage.

Persons, both male and female,
Fall not to send and obtain this book.

The attending Physicians will be found at the Institu-
tion, from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M., of each day, Day,
days, in the forenoon.

Address, DR. ANDREW STONE,
Physician to the Troy Lyceum and Hygienic Institute, and Fi-
rst Director for Diseases of the Heart, Throat and Lungs, in
the city of Troy, N. Y.

Dec. 17. 17 95 FRY'S Aft. Troy, N. Y.

HUTHOBSON'S REPUBLICAN BONGSTER.
EDITED BY JOHN W. BURGESS, one of the well-
known and ablest writers of the day, and published
by mail 10 cents. A liberal discount to Dealers and Clubs
the hundred or thousand. Just published by
J. O. HUTHOBSON, 37 Nassau street, New York.

June 14. 17

R. F. OBER, REAL ESTATE AGENT, 37 Nassau street, New York.

[illegible]

Pearls.

And quoted Eden, and jewels the world long,
That on the stricken forehead of all humankind
Sparkle forever.

The royal sage—the Master of the Ring,
Solomon—once upon a time in spring,
By Kedron, in his garden's quiet walk,
Was listening, with a pleasant guest in talk,
A man of awful presence, but with face
Yet unharmed, was seen within the place.
The stranger seemed to judge him by his dress,
One of mean sort, a dweller with distress,
Or some poor pilgrim; but the steps he took
Spoke an inward greatness, and his look
Opened a page in a tremendous book.
How he got there—what woe—what could be
That visited thus to learn such privacy?
Whether some mighty spirit of the Ring,
And if so, why he should demand the King?
All these the courtier would have asked, but fear
Held his utterance as the man drew near.
And the King's Master, after one brief gaze,
Looked on with mirth of trouble then amazed.

"Oh, Solomon! Oh, friend! Lord of the Ring,
I cannot bear the horror of this thing!
Hold with thy mighty power! I wish me, I pray,
On the remotest mountain of Cathay."
Solomon wished, and the man vanished—Straight
On came the stranger with his orbs of fate;
And looking harshly on the King, said he—
"What meant that man here wasting time with thee?
I was to fetch him ere the close of day
From the remotest mountain of Cathay."
Solomon said, bowing him to the ground—
"Angel of Death, there shall the man be found."

[Eph. Hunt.]

Existence is only felt to be valuable while it is necessary to some one dear to us. The moment we become aware that our death would leave no abiding void in a human heart, the charm is gone.

Be thou lowly, friend and brother!
In the strife of mind with mind,
Not too proud to yield, but only
At too proud to wrong your kind;
Never let the world adorn you
With its baubles—it is blind,
And if you people scorn you,
Never mind.

Never mind how much derided,
Still have glory, station, gold;
Keep your whole heart undivided
And your apostles' soul unsoiled;
On high-reaching thought, if tender,
In more wealth than earth can find—
If you thus outshine her splendor,
Never mind.

Temperance, or the regulation of our desires and passions, enables us to enjoy pleasure without suffering any consequent inconvenience. [Epicurus.]

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,
WEDNESDAY-EVENING, NOVEMBER 7.

QUESTION.—What effects can intoxicating agents have upon the spirit or soul of man?

DR. P. B. RANDOLPH.—At the last session of this body, there was a general denial of all stimulants, and that too, by some persons who at the time practically ignored their own philosophy by the use of one of these intoxicating stimulants—Tobacco, Verily, consistency, thou art indeed a jewel. How strange it is, that the individual who has the most to say about "the divine," "the celestial" and "angelic" in part human nature, and who continually "pitohes in" "the animal" part of man, should at this very instant have a quid of "Fino Cut" rolling about as a sweet morsel under his tongue—the very same tongue too, that utters such fine things about "the divine in man." If this philosopher, to whom I allude, really believes his own philosophy, about narcotics being so injurious to the species, why in God's name do he not eschew the weed, and practically carry out his own "sublime" teachings? I am silly enough to ask this foolish, simple question. I defend the moderate use of all that God has planted in the earth, and given us intellect enough to prepare for our own use, and that He intended we should use stimulants to a normal extent, for the purpose of subverting some great end of His own, I am as certain as that God Himself reigns upon the everlasting throne of the starry skies. As for myself, I am a firm believer in my own philosophy. I practice what I preach, and am therefore consistent with myself. God understood His business well, nor can we better His handiwork, try as we may. Then let us speak of things as we find them. We see stimulants in universal use by every people under heaven, and assuredly this fact implies a something deeper than a mere surface want, or a depraved appetite. The fact illustrates the existence of a principle underlying it. All stimulants are means toward an end—and that end is human development. Their use is a transient one, and is the direct agency toward a higher state. I maintain that no soul as a man's heart is not filled with the love of some woman—nor boy love, but a deep, full, manly, human love—that man will compensate its absence by the use of stimulants of some sort. A man whose soul yearns for sympathy, will use them; and God ordains that they shall serve as a solace, and imperfect substitutes just so long as we are creeping out of oligues and limes, and merging into Common Sense. If a man's heart and soul is full of love to woman and to God, there's no room therein for tobacco. Narcotics directly affect the great nervous centers, and apparatus; they draw off the superabundant vitality, and in a degree supply a natural demand—magnetic ebb and flow. It won't be when Love reigns supreme below! No perfectly healthy man craves these stimulants, and if he is healthy, he is capable of inspiring woman with a feeling as pure and noble, as his own is manly and vigorous. In such a state he will naturally reject all merely physical stimuli. Sirs, I tell you that man is full naturally of the Holy Ghost—of love! He draws it down from the spangled Heaven, and up from the deep blue sea; draws it in from forest, fen and brake, and from food and drink, and air and light, and all things; draws it in, till every reservoir of his being is filled therewith and a thousand voices within him cry "Take! Take!" but often there is no human being to respond, and so he resorts to exhilarants, and in working off their effects, parts also with a modicum of that beautiful element, which I have called and demonstrated to be physical love. For take notice, O ye philosophers, that we suffer from too much, as well as too little love. Of course, the habitual use of narcotics and similar agents is detrimental, but their occasional use is often the safety-valve for both soul and body. The occasional use of a dram of Butley's wine will do any man good, and will save many a victim of self abuse, yet a gill a day for a year would transform the same man into a sensual debauchee. So of wine, brandy, opium, trances, ha-ha-ha, Spiritualism, and all other narcotics and stimulants, properly used, they are all good; abused, they bring misery and horror. The Hon. Judge (Ladd) deprecated the use of all stimulants, so did my friend Dr. Gardner, and

Jacob Enson, Esquire. The former gentleman has a right to do so, because he is clear and free and pure from their effects; not so with the other gentlemen. We expect a man's habits and practices shall accord with his public teachings, at least a part of the time; and as the two gentlemen named are fond of an occasional taste of "good tobacco," there can be no doubt, either that they derive a positive solace and benefit therefrom, or else that they are not equal in strength to a little weed which lords it over them with a high hand. I care not which horn they get astride of, yet prefer to believe that they think they derive a positive benefit from its use, rather than that they are either slaves or victims to this little plant. The Judge thinks that the use of stimulants renders us morbid. So they do, to a certain extent, perhaps, yet I beg to remind him that nearly all great thoughts have been born of morbid moods, and that, too, in every branch of human research. Clay-voyance is a forced plant, and hence is ever a morbid growth, yet what priceless treasures it has given to a startled world! Mesmeric trances is a morbid condition, yet what a blessing it has proved to us poor groping mortals. I do not believe that intoxication is good for a man's morals, while I do believe that it develops now light in his intellect. I hold that God never intended man to become a slave to narcotics in a form of habitual and excessive use; yet by their occasional and proper use, a man may become a giant in mind. There is a normal use of all these intoxicating agents, and this normal use develops and benefits the soul. Banish the use of tobacco from the civilized world, and thereby a means is removed by which mind is developed.

JOHN DEXTER.—I do not believe in the wisdom of growing hot and cold—of preaching temperance and intemperance in the same breath. I do not believe that stimuli and narcotics are necessary for the development of the soul in any form or under any circumstances. Tobacco is a poison, and it is absurd to think that poison can develop the soul by its influence upon the body. Such teachings are bewildering and mystifying to the public mind. The public looks up to this Conference for truth. Tobacco gives us no strength, no health, no energy, no benefit, no good, but it perverts the energies of the soul. Let us take in our system that which builds the soul up, that which will do us good and make us better.

DR. CHASE.—The human body is the child of the soul. My animal life is the emanation of my soul life, sent out through matter. My reason, my intelligence, my morals, my virtues, are attributes of the products of the soul, that belong to external physical existence. Desire is nearer to the soul than any product of its perceptible manifestations. Desire is so natural that many do not recognize it; it is the home-servant of the soul. Every other attribute of animal life is subservient to desire, and desire is subservient to the soul. The soul dictates desire, and desire commands intoxication, and controls the use of its agents. Intoxicating agents feed and fan the fires of animal life, and make it burn out sooner. The use of intoxicating agents wars with reason; but reason in this war does not ever gain the victory; for reason is subservient to desire; intelligence is subservient to desire, too, and comes under; virtue and morals are subservient, too, to the desire that prompts the use of intoxicating agents. The human body and its animal life, with all its attributes, is weakened, debilitated, is broken and destroyed, by the use of intoxicating agents. All this devastating work to animal life is done by the dictation of the soul to and through its home-servant, desire. Now we ask the question, for what is this premature destruction of the attributes of our earthly existence? We think that by darkened reason the problem may be solved! We say we cannot see the good that can come forth from the use of drugs, but we can see the most damnable pictures of evil. Sensuous eyes cannot see the good of drunkenness, but soul-consciousness can. The soul is always ruled by wisdom that lies behind it; animal life and all its attributes are ruled by the soul through the soul's servant, desire. I cannot question that every manifestation of the soul through desire is a manifestation of wisdom, the ultimate of which we may not see in a moment; we do not see with our earthly eyes. Desire is superior to reason, superior to philosophy, superior to morals, and superior to virtue; it is nearer to the soul; its power and its life are greater, and it will, it does, and it has always held the mastery over philosophy, reason and virtue. When it becomes necessary for the habilitations of earthly love that clothe the soul, to be broken, desire, in obedience to wisdom, performs its mission and does this work. The soul is not always to wear the striped garments of virtue and vice, nor lug this physical body around, nor have its vision restrained to physical things by the fumes of animal life, its philosophies and its religions, and its morals. It may be, and I think it is so, that when the soul has grown to a condition of greater freedom, which is its lawful heritage, it sends forth its servant, desire, to out away the tangled web that it has produced and worn, made of the attributes of animal life; and intoxicating agents are lawful means, or knives in the hand of desire that cut the threads of philosophy, morality and virtue to pieces; it is a consuming fire that desires blades and fans to burn up earthly love and the earthly body, so that the soul may wing its flight away in freedom, sooner. The soul holds the reins of its own physical government; it is the ruler of its own productions. Our consciousness may not, it does not, recognize the unseen wisdom that lies beneath, and produces all physical existence, and that in time causes all physical forms to dissolve and perish. The use of all intoxicating drugs tends to break and destroy human forms, and all the appurtenances of human forms, while upon the soul itself they have no influence, nor can they have.

"God over worketh, everywhere,
And every where, from one Divine decree,
Urging all forms to one high destiny,
Shaping all things in wisdom from his will—
And oh, how calm he works! and oh, how still!
And works from centres outward to extremes,
Diffusing through all, from the dimpled beams
Of love and wisdom perfect and divine,
Great purpose into being. His true name
Is Maker, for he works with master hand
In every and every grade of mind
With perfect skill. His work is never done,
Or, being ended, is anew begun."

JACOB ENSON.—It is better to preach well than to practice bad—and it is well to practice what we preach. I do believe that alcohol, as a medicine, may be a great blessing—and so of tobacco, while the abuse of both may look upon with feelings of sympathy and pity. I know that I have gathered advantage from mingling with temperance societies. I conclude that the moderate use of all narcotics and stimulants may be good, and are good. I think that there is an inclination being developed in this age for the use of some new stimulants that I believe are dangerous and injurious to our beings, and that should be avoided. Let us follow Jesus, who went with the lowly and benefited them. He was neither radi-

brought to rest upon the body. My mind has been improved by injuries done my body. Experience is necessary to go through with, to get knowledge. Mr. Gough was injured by the use of ardent spirits, and he goes round to tell the world of that injury, and the knowledge thereby given is useful. The use of ardent spirits is not injurious to the soul, but may be to the body. I use coffee, and think it is necessary; but I would not recommend it to my child. We have no evidence that great men have been under intoxicating influences when they have produced their greatest thoughts.

DR. H. F. GARDNER.—The gentleman who has just sat down has taken the ground that the soul is not injured by that which is material. The spirit of life in the vegetable depends upon the external influence that surrounds it. So it is of the soul. The seed of corn contains in itself the germ, the elements of the plant—the stalk and ripen ear that it is to produce. But these germs might remain forever unexpressed were there no external influences brought to bear upon it. I claim that the external world influences the soul. I can produce by psychological influences the same phenomena as is produced by some drugs. Yet some of our speakers on Wednesday evening last claimed the wonderful and beautiful visions of the spirit world, which they had experienced, to be the result of highly unfolded spiritual perceptions, induced by the action of narcotic stimulants upon the human organism. I believe that all these psychological impressions are produced by abnormal excited conditions of the external senses, and not by highly unfolded spiritual conditions. It has been said here that I preach more than I practice. All men do this. Coffee to me is injurious. It confuses my intellect, and so does smoking. I conclude that from the effect that drugs have here on the organism of the human body, that they must be injurious to the soul hereafter.

The following subject, sent to the Conference by Rufus Etnier, Esq., of Springfield, will be discussed next week:

"What is virtue? what are its demands on humanity?"

Reported for the Banner of Light.
MISS LIZZIE DOTEN, AT ALLSTON HALL,
Sunday, Nov. 4, 1880.

AFTERNOON DISCOURSE.

The choir sang, the medium improvised a prayer, the choir sang again, and the medium gave her subject as "Politics and Religion." Her text was: "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things which are God's."

She said: To-day we are not to be heard for our much speaking. If what we have to say is appropriate, and answers to your needs, if we are brief it will be easier remembered, and if it is destitute of these qualities, the shorter it is the better.

We have nothing to do with men or parties when we claim that the ground of politics is covered by Spiritualism, the same as it covers everything else. We claim that the spirits of the departed hover around you; the arena of their busy life was here; and as their interests centered here, they still linger about the scenes of their former active life. The arms which were once stretched forth to guide the helm of state are with you now. They have been enfranchised from the bondage of party feeling and interest, and are appealing to you at this time to stand up for principle instead of policy—to render unto Caesar those things which belong to Caesar, and unto God those things which are God's. You render tribute unto Caesar when it should be rendered to God, is disloyal to his high trust. The demagogue cannot wear his mask long. He must stand, sometime for just what he is. The great man, with overhanging brow, whose deep-set eyes seemed ever looking into the future of America, tasted the bitter disappointment when he forgot honor for ambition. But he has had time to thank God for the bitter lesson which led him to redemption, and now stands by the side of the celestial spirit who first gave utterance to our text.

Man knows not always when he bows to policy that he does obedience to Moloch instead of God. But all must learn the lesson. In the past there were a few noble, God-anointed souls, who knew these lessons were deep and significant. Man was not only an individual taught to govern himself, but was taught lessons of life in an absolute capacity, and taught to work out events which will tend to the redemption of all. Demosthenes and Cicero were not guided by self-interest, but left their names and reputations for future generations to make holy centuries, perhaps, after they had lived and died. Solon, the lawgiver, sought into the interests of government, forgetting himself, and stood up not for one man, but for all men—not for one nation but for all nations. Shall we not name Moses, the lawgiver, and Joshua, the exemplar of law, and Jesus, too fulfilling of a higher law? Then we come down to later days—to your own noble Washington, so firm and true in the hour of danger—the patriot who threw his whole life and energy into the struggle, that his country might be saved. He was born for the time, and he stands in the highest niche of fame. There is not one of humanity so dead to patriotism that at his name a thrill goes not through his heart. There were those rare old patriots, Franklin, Jefferson and Adams, and firm old Jackson, with his iron will. While we present these names to you, we do not touch upon their errors. We only speak of them as embodiments of the ideas we are to present.

Why is the memory of such men ever blessed? Why do you honor these men, and canonize them in your memory? Why do you write their lives, and give them to your children to read and emulate? Because their was a religious element in their natures, which makes their examples brighter and brighter as years roll on. How was it with the men of the Revolution? How was it with brave John Paul Jones, when he tore the cross from the British flag? Was it not the result of the religious fervor coursing through his blood, that made him spur the emblem of the Papal Church?

Even in the early times—in the heart of those men who gave up their lives to cast off from their children the British yoke, what spoke with such fire from the eloquent lips of James Ogle, and poured forth the blood of brave Warren, who fell a self-immolated victim on the altar of Liberty? What arrayed brave men against disciplined armies, and even brother against brother? Ah, there was a religious spirit which gave strength to every arm—religion not like that which often bears the name, but a power which actuated live men and women, with God's blood in their veins, and the pentecostal flame burning on their lips. The men of the Revolution, when they defied royal power, and dared to "beard the lion in his den"—when they threw the luxuries of taste into the sea rather than submit to an odious taxation, in the name of God, and the right, they had a religious element in their nature

and all that could not prevail against such a spirit, actuating men who fought for their own homes and freedoms.

The political and religious sentiment of the people is mingling and rolling to-day. The Church is assailed, and when that institution is touched man is awakened, if never before, and as its giant pillars totter to the dust, he beholds himself as the incarnation of true religious liberty—of liberty, equality and fraternity—and he shall more truly than ever before feel himself a part of God.

When the oppressed and darkened souls of Italy come out under the glorious light of freedom, and offer up their choicest gifts upon her altar, then the New Jerusalem will come upon earth, and her civilization will temper the whole world.

But we will not wander across the Atlantic, but confine ourselves to this most favored land. You know this is a momentous time, but you do not understand nor comprehend it. This country is to be the representative of what true government may be. You may thank God that you dwell on American soil—thank God this nation's blood is running through your veins. It is to be the concrete nation, made up of the best contributions of the whole world. You may look back to your ancestry of the North, who sent down to you their Scandinavian mythology; or you may trace the old Teutonic fire in your veins. It may be; and this blood, commingling with that of other nationalities, your children's children, will feel the nobleness of.

There are two elements working destruction to this Republic. The first is the slave-power, and the second is foreign emigration. You need not fear the threats of dissolution coming from the slave-power, for dissolution will never begin with them. You may try to conquer that hydra-headed monster, but it cannot be done. A vast principle is to be worked out through the instrumentality of Southern slavery. Though it seems evil, God will work it out for good. You are to meet the great question of American slavery not as John Brown met it—not with rapine and destruction. You must be just with yourselves, and just with your Southern brother. "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's," and unto God the things which are God's." Force and bloodshed will never liberate the Southern slaves. John Brown was a true, brave and noble soul; and so far as he was true, brave and noble, we will be just to him. Like Leonidas at the pass of Thermopylae, he with his handful of men seemed to hold whole armies at bay. His voice of power sounded in the ear of the whole nation. But he blended with this nerve of a hero the method of a fanatic. Let man be not afraid. There is a God who speaks out over the voices of all people. You are only required to render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and slavery will sink back in dismay, poisoned by its own fangs. Within itself is the cure for its own evil.

Then, through foreign emigration, ignorance, vice and poverty are in our midst. But what are you to do, as men and women? You have liberal institutions—schools, churches, enough and to spare. Know, then, that these classes which you find so gross and low, are capable of improving by your largess. The seed is sown in the cold, damp ground, or it is out there by the winds. But there is a power that moldeth the seed into new forms of life and growth. So the rude intellects that come surging upon the shores of the Western Continent, are to become the fertilizing force for the growth of the nation. You are not to denounce them, but receive them with pity and with sympathy. If you are kind to them, the hearts of the children will remember and reciprocate the kindness. Educate them—teach them of the one God and Father in Heaven, and embrace them in the holiness of your nature. Naturalize them, not with bits of parchment, but naturalize their hearts, and souls, so they will know how noble it is to feel themselves American citizens.

We say, men and women, prepare yourselves for stirring times. Be true to God and the right, and let us see what will.

After the lecture had concluded, and while the choir were singing the closing hymn, the medium was entranced by another intelligence, rose from her seat, advanced to the desk and opened the Bible which lay before her—one of the first editions ever printed in America—and as soon as the singing was over, she spoke as follows:

"My name is Isaiah Thomas. I printed this Bible, and I rejoice that I left it to the world. I carried on business in Boston, and afterwards in Worcester. I'll read a few verses from the second book of Samuel, the twenty-third chapter:

"Now these be the last words of David. David the son of Jesse said, and the man who was raised up on high, the anointed of the God of Jacob; and the sweet psalmist of Israel, said, the Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and his word was in my tongue. The God of Israel said, the Rock of Israel spake to me, He that ruled over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God."

The evening lecture was on the subject, "Theodore Parker." We took the precaution to have it fully reported and revised, and shall publish it entire in our next number.

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Oct. 20.

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