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THE LADY AND LOVER.

A REAL ROMANCE.

BY ALEXANDER T. HATHAWAY.

CHAPTER I.

"O me! What fray was here? Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all. Here's much to do with hate, but more with love."

The silver moonlight poured its beautifying rays over the noble city of Venice and the adjacent waters. Domes and balconies, turrets and spires, were gilded anew in its glorious sheen. The Grand Canal and the three hundred watery streets that veined the proud city in all directions, threw back with all gentleness the bright beams that fell like the soft kisses of heaven's breath upon them. It seemed to the beholder as if the entire city were laced and interlaced with beautiful threads of silver, and each thread a sheet of sparkling, flashing water. It lay like a old argosy just returned from a voyage, full, freighted, and moored in silence at the head of the broad Adriatic. Before it stretched the Laguna—that mysterious and darkly deep sheet of water into which so many a feeble, unresisting victim had from time to time been cast at the dread hour of midnight, and given up his soul to Heaven beneath the stars, without an ear to catch the agony of his dying cries.

On this most lovely of all nights, the prominent features of this Queen of the Seas stood out in bold relief and beauty. Here were to be seen the famous Giants' Stairs. Here stood lofty palaces and dark, low-browed dungeons, together. There was the memorable Bridge of Sighs, suggesting the saddest thoughts in the mind of the beholder. There were the old palaces of dukes, with their domes and towers, their balconies and turrets, and minarets and splendid facades, all flashing like erected halberds in the steady wane of moonlight that enveloped the noble city.

On that very same night, full many a weary prisoner strode to his dungeon bars to catch a breath of fresh air, with his emaciated and almost bloodless hand grasping the dull iron that held him in, and throwing longing looks over the waters beneath whose surface they wearily wished they might be buried forever. On that same night, too, full many a lady of high and noble birth, the scion of truly noble stock, leaned in languishing attitude over her balcony, and, with jeweled head resting in seeming carelessness on her hand of snow, listened to the sound of the light guitar thrummed by some secret lover seated in his silver-beaked gondola below.

There was a wave of music, as well as of moonlight, resting everywhere over the water. Moved by stalwart arms and guided by graceful motions, gondolas in every direction shot across the glistening waters like light and airy birds; and costly jewels, countless and rare, vied with brighter and yet more sparkling eyes to throw back even a share of their own beauty upon the water. Lights gleamed and shot forth from stately palaces and houses of splendor across the liquid streets. There were many shouts of laughter, and the echoes of silvery voices, everywhere, and they fell on the ears of enchanted gondoliers like the low and dreamy music that peals at the hour of vespers from the distant convent bell. Joy, and light, and beauty shed their radiance everywhere. And as the Queen of the Night ascended so regally and majestically into the deep blue ocean of the sky, it looked down upon the mass of wealth and grandeur, and happiness, and revelry of Venice, as if it felt a genuine pride in the gay scene on which it shone.

With the brilliantly illuminated palace of the Count Cesario the sounds of revelry were frequent and prolonged. Songs and laughter chimed gaily and merrily together. A hundred flames, from as many lamps, flung their glare over proud maidens and bejeweled matrons. Their jewels, without number and beyond estimation, threw back the light till the eyes could not rest on them any longer with pleasure.

This particular day chanced to be the birthday anniversary of the beautiful young Viola, the only daughter of the haughty Count Cesario. His lofty mansion was thronged with noble and worthy friends, come to pay respect to her rank, and to assure her of the seventeenth anniversary of her birth, of her surpassing beauty and worth. This same ceremony had been gone through every year since her birth, and this year it was observed more imposingly than ever.

The high-born Viola never looked before so surpassingly lovely as now. Her dark and exceedingly lustrous hair was drawn back in wavy lines from her low, broad forehead, and fell in profuse ringlets over shoulders that seemed of alabaster. Her eyes were that were full of dreams—dreams of love and innocent delight that were yet to come. They were large and very dark, and clearly expressed every deep feeling begotten of her soul. Her cheeks, fair and well-filled, were not guileless of two sweet and rosy dimples, that looked like little whirlpools in swiftly running streams. Full and ruby were

her lips; and when a soft smile chased over their portals across the marble floor of her countenance, it seemed as if a gleam of heaven's purest and most golden sunshine had stolen to her heart, and, softly nestling there, had lighted it up with love.

Her head was cast wholly in a classic mold, and set off to the greatest advantage the striking beauties of her features. It was set upon her shoulders like some fair and well-proportioned temple upon a marble cliff—the pure white cliff itself having been chiseled by Nature's hand until it was admirably fitted to support so truly royal a superstructure. Whenever she averted her head only partially, her throat swelled like the beautiful throat of some sweet warbler whose songs ascend to Heaven.

On that night of brilliancy, yet of mystery too, there were crowds of admirers at her hand, and every lip vied with every other one in speaking its praises of her queenly beauty.

But she soon grew tired of these tamely spoken flatteries. Her heart yearned for something purer, that had more soul in it. She turned away from them all with undisguised weariness, and from not a few even with disgust.

As she moved away, unattended entirely, she chanced to come upon her father, who was walking rather thoughtfully in an opposite direction.

"Ah!" was the count's impulsive exclamation, "and how is my darling daughter Viola enjoying herself this evening? Is there any one thing wanting to make the happiness of her young heart complete?"

"My dear father," she replied, in a low voice, "I am as happy as you could expect me to be. It rejoices me that I have reached this my seventeenth birthday, and that thou art still living to share its pleasures with me."

"God bless thee, my devoted child!" exclaimed he, taking her hand and holding it affectionately in both his own. "God bless thee, my Viola! But have you seen the youthful Count Ruberto this evening?"

"I have, my father."

"And where is he at this moment, Viola?"

"I know not, my father," answered she. "I would wish you to bestow on him all the favor you properly owe, my daughter. He is a worthy young man, and a scion of a truly noble stock."

Viola cast down her beautiful eyes upon the teal-colored pavement of marble, but returned no reply.

"Forgive me, if I have wounded you by my over-earnest speech," he instantly added, perceiving the confusion into which she was thrown. "Hereafter I will not so plainly express myself," and, raising her delicate hand to his lips as he simultaneously half-bowed his head, he pressed it a moment there, and, with a proud smile upon his features, passed silently on.

Viola continued her solitary stroll till she had, almost unconsciously, reached the garden walk, and down that she leisurely found her way.

It was with a feeling of surprise when she discovered, on suddenly turning around, how far she had come, and especially unattended. She started to return to her friends again, when a low and musical voice fell on her ears with a sweet and welcome salutation, calling:

"Viola! Viola!"

She bent forward in an instant to catch a glimpse of the person calling, when a figure emerged from the dark shadow of an adjacent column, clad in a light and silken half-robe, and stood erect before her.

"Bandolo!" she exclaimed. "Ah, dear Bandolo!"

"It is I, indeed, lovely Viola," replied he, in a suppressed and softened tone.

"But why here on this night, Bandolo, of all others?" asked the more than half-bewildered maiden.

"Do you chide me, then, for coming, Viola? for putting my poor, unhappy, worthless life in jeopardy, that I might once more behold my heart's own idol?"

"Bandolo! Do not thus suspect me, my love! I only sought to know by what fatality you are brought into the midst of so much danger to night. Forgive me for what I carelessly said!"

"You are forgiven already, my love," replied he. "I ask for myself to-night no more than the same privilege that all others are enjoying."

"What mean you, dear Bandolo?"

"That I have come, like the rest, to lay the hearty expressions of my delight at thy feet—to offer thee my congratulations that another happy anniversary has come around to thee. That is all."

"You are thoughtful of me, Bandolo?"

"Why should I ever cease to be, my love? Does the green earth forget, even in darkest obscurity, the blessed sun that warms her breast? Does the dark and wave-troubled ocean ever cease to remember the silver moon, whose slender crescent sails monthly, like a fairy boat, up into the ocean of blue overhead?"

"But you have not yet counted the danger you incur, Bandolo!"

"Nor would I seek to do that. What care I for danger, when here I behold all my life and happiness at stake? Teach Love to know a thought of danger, if thou canst, Viola!"

"But, dear Bandolo, how I wish that you could gain admittance to yonder proud mansion, and tread its gay halls as freely as those whose hearts are there only for the selfish hour that is passing."

"My sweet Lady Viola, thou knowest too well that cannot be. For me, so true a bliss as that is proscribed, and without doubt forever. But still, my love, that thought cannot make me wretched, if

have the treasures that secret meetings with thee so generously yield me, and I heard them up in my heart for other days, to dream upon when otherwise I might be unhappy. I love thee, Viola! and it is bliss for me to know that I am loved by thee in return. Why should I not be contented? My heart no one can tear from me save with my life itself; and with that, of course, go all its priceless treasures, too!"

As he finished speaking, he raised her hand to his lips, and pressed it with a kiss of the most fervent affection.

"I must be gone, Bandolo," said Viola soon after, starting as with a sudden thought. "They will surely miss me from the hall, and then they will search for me, and find me here in the garden, and you here with me, too! Oh, would that you could but go back with me, Bandolo!"

"Hush, Viola! Say no more! Thy proud father has forbidden it forever! But he may not prevent my loving thee, and here do I, most earnestly avow it. Farewell, Viola! farewell! I shall watch patiently for thee, and shall be at thy side when thou wouldst fain pour out thy troubled thoughts upon the night-breeze, or the faintest zephyr that skirts these waters. Farewell!"

"Good-night, Bandolo! I shall but sorrow for thee the more, until thou art by my side again!"

A second time he pressed her white hand to his lips, while, on bended knee, he bowed before her. He rose at last to find that she was gone.

"An angel went that way!" said he, in a low tone, as he became lost to his view in the shadows of the long rows of columns that beset her path.

Immediately he started to return again by the way he had entered the place, and had proceeded but a few steps, when a voice fell upon his ear:

"Be at you, sir! Defend yourself!"

Bandolo turned about, in surprise, to ascertain from whose lips such threatening syllables could proceed, when he discovered a man standing close at his back, rapier in hand, and glittering wickedly in the moonlight, who seemed to defy him.

"What would you have with me, sir?" demanded Bandolo, placing his hand on the hilt of his own sword as he spoke.

"Villain!" shouted the man, "defend yourself! Knave robber!" he continued, in a voice husky with the depth of his passion, but in which a stern and impetuous determination was perceptible.

In an instant the glittering blade of Bandolo leaped from its scabbard, and he made a sudden and vigorous thrust at the other's heart.

He saw, at a glance, that his opponent was no mean master of the art of using the blade, and instantly he changed his own manner to one of greater prudence. He made several feints at the person, and, at last, when provoked beyond his endurance by a stinging remark of the other, inflicted on him an admonitory flesh-wound, only disarmed him altogether with the same blow, and then as quickly turned his heel contemptuously upon him.

The steel of his opponent rang on the still night air, and fell among the rare exotics that were clustered in an adjoining parterre.

In another instant Bandolo was out of sight of his disgraced opponent, and was skimming lightly over the gleaming water in his fairy-shaped gondola, rowed by the hands of a trusty oarsman.

There was also in his barge, reclining obediently at his feet, a young and beautiful page, named Fedore.

Swiftly the gondola shot away, like the flight of a feathery arrow; and Bandolo gazed back on the mansion of his lady-love, with its glittering turrets and spacious balconies, with a deep-drawn sigh.

Ruberto!" a second time repeated Count Cesario. "I would know who it was! Speak, Ruberto!"

The young nobleman, who had by this time wiped from his forehead and face all traces of his recent encounter with his foe, leaned forward toward his interrogator, and hastily whispered something in his ear.

Count Cesario started back with unbounded surprise, lifting up both hands.

Ruberto still kept nodding affirmation of what he had just imparted.

The count was profoundly troubled, and turned away. Slowly and abstractedly he paced the brilliant halls of his noble mansion, nor stopped to exchange a syllable with any soul present.

All observed the marked change that had so suddenly come over him, but were unable to fathom either its cause or meaning.

Presently, Ruberto sought the side of Viola, and fell in conversation with her. His thoughts were greatly disturbed, but hers were almost as light and free as those of a singing bird. She had just returned from an interview with her accepted lover. Why should she not be full of joy?

"Viola," began the youthful Count Ruberto, "I have just been wounded."

Viola started with affright, not being able to comprehend him.

"I have been wounded," he repeated. "It was in your own garden."

The suspicion at once flashed across her mind that possibly he might have fallen in with Bandolo, and been wounded in a hasty encounter with him.

"You read my meaning, I see," said he, with a look that imported much. "Yes, Viola, you know by whose blade it was this villainous act was done!"

The countenance of Viola was in an instant suffused with the deepest crimson, and she threw at him a glance full of the angriest pride, mingled with a merited rebuke.

"What do you mean, sir?" she haughtily demanded.

"May I not be excused from telling you, fair lady," said he, "what you already know?"

"I am altogether ignorant of what you would say," she rejoined, imperiously now, and rising, as if summoned to avoid herself of her unsolicited companion.

"Stay, lady; but for a single moment, I beseech you! I will here tell you all. It was by none other than Bandolo's blade that I received this wound."

"Bandolo's?" she involuntarily exclaimed.

"You have truly spoken," said he. "It was myself who met him in the garden but just now."

"Bandolo in the garden?" she again exclaimed, in a tone of much affected surprise.

"Was it all such a secret to thee, fair lady?" asked he, half tauntingly. "Was there no one with him in the garden?"

"Count Ruberto! Why do you thus address me respecting Bandolo? Am I as yet responsible to you for my conduct, or companions? Am I not my own mistress still?"

"True, Viola," he answered, in a half whisper; "but yet—but yet—other eyes than thine alone were there to witness the passionate and devoted attitudes exhibited by this same Bandolo, before thee! Other eyes than thine alone saw him take that lily hand of thine, and press it again and yet again to his lips! There were other ears, too, than thine alone, that eagerly drank in those expressions of passionate affection, he poured forth so lavishly! Thou must not think thou wast alone with him, fair lady."

"And did you, Sir Count, see me with Bandolo this evening?" she demanded, marvelously excited with her lightning thoughts.

"I did, Viola, in the shadow of a column that concealed me."

He spoke it with all deliberation.

not have sought to see! What could I do but remain silent in my chosen hiding place, and there suffer? But call me not a villainous, low spy! Oh, Viola! wrong me not also in that way!"

She made no reply to him, although he paused for a moment, as if he might voluntarily retract the charge she had before made.

"When I saw thee at length return to the house," he went on, "I stepped boldly out upon the wall and challenged him whom I deemed my most formidable rival, to single combat. We took our swords and fell to, and, save this mere scratch he gave me, I am not ashamed to tell even thee that he wrested from me my rapier; for, he it known to thee, fair lady, as it is well known to every gentleman of rank, that this same Bandolo is reckoned the most skillful swordsman in all Venice; and it is no disgrace to have been disarmed by a professed master of his art."

While he was speaking in this strain, Viola was searching him with looks that betrayed the keenest excitement, and there was even a smile of triumph hovering about her curling lips, as he told how he had been deprived by her betrothed of his sword.

"Thy father knows of the occurrence, already," said he, dropping his voice to a confidential and half-mysterious tone, "and—"

"Yourself told him of it!" she accused him, with vehemence.

"I did—I did, fair lady. He saw the plight I was in, and at once demanded of me an explanation. I told him that Bandolo had fought me in the garden."

"Tide-bearer, as well as spy!" said Viola, contemptuously.

"Not so. I was forced to tell him all. But he knows nothing as yet, Viola, of your meeting him in the garden. I have not told him that. I have faithfully kept your secret from him. I knew too well what a dark shadow such intelligence would cast over his path, this evening."

Viola offered no reply, not so much as by way of thanking him for keeping the secret of whose possession he was thus openly boasting; but immediately rising from her seat, left him without another word, and was soon mingling again with the gayest of the gay.

Young Ruberto turned away to conceal his chagrin. He had been so lately relaxed and mortified. More than this, his miserable culprit could feel so wretchedly unhappy.

As soon as Bandolo had left the garden, immediately after the passage-at-arms with Count Ruberto, he gave orders to his gondolier to row him to a particular point, where he and his page Fedore intended to disembark.

The light and agile craft sped on, and on, and in its luxuriously furnished depths reclined the elegant form of Bandolo, his head thoughtfully supported by his hand. He now and then gazed over the glistening prow, as it cut its swift way through the silver sheet of water, and essayed to count the ripples that swelled and rose with their mimic crests on either side.

He cast his eyes over the water as far as he could see, and beheld reflected in its limpid bosom the rays from a thousand lights, and listened tranquilly to the melodious strains from the light-hearted gondoliers. He thought of her he had left behind, to be preyed on by the same tormenting reflections that were awakened within his own heart. He even started to dream of the balmy days and the soft, starlit nights of tender love. His heart was even then dancing with the inspiration of his restless thoughts.

Now and then he shook his plumed cap within his hand, as if he were impatient to bring around him the pleasant hours of which he dreamed. Or he slowly placed it on his head again, and, with a half-disappointed air, fell once more to dreaming.

He was at length aroused from this intermittent series of reveries by his gondola's beak's grazing against the marble steps on which he wished to set foot, and by his active page, Fedore, calling his attention to the fact that this was the place where he was to disembark.

Suddenly his brave heart began to palpitate, and he sprang out upon the wave-washed stair with a resolute and agility that boded an inward strength not yet fully developed.

"This way, boy!" he spoke to his page, pointing the way he would go.

"Ah, master Bandolo!" replied the youthful page, "I had quite forgotten it. But for you, I might have lost my way."

"I am familiar with all the mazes of Venetian streets," said Bandolo, "and well may I be. I have had occasion too frequently to know the most direct ways to points I would soonest reach."

There was an emphasis about this remark of the young bravo, that shut out the most distant thought of deception. He meant even all he said.

For some distance thereafter they went on together, always selecting streets last frequented, and concealing themselves within the shadows formed by door ways, arches, recesses, pillars, and columns. At length they arrived before a particular house, and, with no further word, Bandolo placed his hand to the door and opened it.

They ascended two or three flights noiselessly, and finally reached a large apartment that might almost be termed a balcony, so much did it overhang the street; and at the door of this room Bandolo softly knocked, so as to be overheard by none but whoever might be within.

"Enter!" a husky voice sounded from the other side of the door.

Bandolo obeyed the summons, and, bidding his page follow him, opened the door and passed through. It was a narrow, though a rather high apartment,

out of which a couple of windows looked off upon the water. In the further corner of the room sat an old crone, who turned her face from the silent contemplation of the stars to the person about entering.

CHAPTER III.

No. 111 not weep; I have a cause of weeping, but this heart shall break into a hundred thousand flaws.

"They have fastened their keen eyes already upon you. Fly, Marco! fly!"

For some time they had no efficacy whatever. He seemed as one entirely dead.

Written for the Banner of Light. STRIKE AT THE CAUSE. BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

build their foundation upon this Book. Though it is not reliable, yet it is inspiration. We shall yet know more about it, and then can use it for more good.

Spiritual Phenomena.

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1861, by A. H. Davis, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the District of Massachusetts.]

COMPENDIUM OF FACTS ON SUPER-MUNDANE PHENOMENA.

BY A. H. DAVIS.

CHAPTER III. THE AGE OF WITCHCRAFT.

PREVALENCE OF THE BELIEF IN WIZARDS AND WITCHES—EDICT OF SAUL—THE MANIA IN NEW ENGLAND—THE MANIA IN EUROPE—CHARACTER OF THOSE INFLUENCED—ANOMALOUS SACRIFICE OF HUMAN LIFE—NATURE OF THE PHENOMENA WITNESSED—ANN COLE, HARTFORD, CONN.—ELIZABETH KNAPP, GROTON, MASS.—WILLIAM MORSE, NEWBURY, MASS.—GEORGE WALTON, N. H.—DISTURBANCE IN WILTS COUNTY, ENGL., 1661—DISTURBANCE IN THE WELLS FAMILY.

"Against his eyes The upland ridge and every mountain round But not one trace of living weight discerns Nor knows, o'erawed and trembling as he stands To what or whom he owes his idle fear— To ghost, or witch or fairy, or to fiend. But wonders and no end of wondering fends." [ANONYMOUS.]

Under this head I shall treat upon the super-mundane phenomena of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Living as we do in an age of advanced light and wisdom, we look back into the past and censure our fathers for what seems to us to be their blind zeal, bigotry, superstition and religious intolerance. Educated as they were, they doubtless acted in good faith, and thought they were doing God service even while they were sacrificing the lives of some of their best citizens in order to crush out what to them seemed to be a dangerous innovation upon the church, which they held as sacred as the apple of the eye.

The belief in wizards and witches dates back as far as we can trace history; but in no age do we find it so prevalent as in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and in no age has the belief jeopardized the lives of so many of the human family. Saul, it is true, sent forth an edict that every wizard and witch should be put to death; but we learn of no very serious fatality resulting from this edict—and soon after we find him consulting the Witch of Endor.

The pages which record the history of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, are stained with blood—blood spilled at the altar of the sanctuary. Nor was it a bloody crusade to crush out infidelity, but a blind warfare waged against an invisible foe. This period is noted in our own history, for the Salem witchcraft; but the phenomena witnessed, were not confined to New England, but spread with alarming and fatal rapidity all over Europe.

In this country, the mania commenced in Salem and Danvers, in the year 1692. The first case occurred in Danvers, in the family of Rev. Mr. Paris, a minister of the gospel; and of nineteen executed at one time in Salem, it is said that more than one-third were members of the Christian Church; and besides these, there were many others, men and women of distinction and rank. According to Dr. Increase Mather's testimony, many of those who were strangely influenced during this period, and who were thought to be bewitched, or possessed with a demon, were men and women of sterling integrity and piety. Although history seems to point to New England, yet we find cases occurred in Europe, as far back as the year 1616, which led to the belief in witches; but it was not until between the years 1646 and 1692, that it began to spread in England and America. The sacrifice of human life on account of this fearful mania, was enormous.

Dr. Zachery Gray tells us that he saw a list of between three and four thousand who suffered death on account of witchcraft; and a large class of these were poor decrepit women, and as strange as it may appear, the phenomenon witnessed in its more extreme phase, was no more remarkable than what has been witnessed in the nineteenth century, in almost every town and village throughout the civilized world. Speaking of the fatal result of this mania in Europe, one writer says:

"One can hardly form an idea of the extent of the horrors which followed for two centuries. One half of the population was either bewitched or bewitched. In the year 1616, five hundred supposed witches were executed in Geneva in three months; and one thousand were executed in one year in the Diocese of Combe. Remigius boasts of having burned nine hundred in Lorraine between the years 1680 and 1695. The multitudes executed in France about the year 1620, is incredible. One writer states the number to be thirty thousand. A twentieth part of the whole population of Wurtzburg were burned for this alleged crime. One hundred thousand are supposed to have perished in Germany by this fatal madness."

Speaking of England, he farther adds: "The popular belief in witches still exists there. In 1828 a poor woman narrowly escaped with her life from a resort to the trial by water, the well-known ordeal long in use in Europe, in deciding who were witches. If the unhappy persons were drowned, they were accounted innocent; but if not drowned, they were put to death without further proof."

The phenomena witnessed, as I shall now proceed to show, were strikingly similar to what are witnessed in our own day, and known as spirit-manifestations; and no one thinks of attributing them to witchcraft; nor, unless wedded with blind zeal to the church, to demons or devils. In fact, the phenomena were not so prevalent or varied then as now. The first case to which I shall allude, was that of Ann Cole, Hartford, Conn. Concerning this remarkable woman, Dr. Mather says:

"She was a woman of sterling integrity and piety. She was taken with strange fits, wherein her tongue was improved by a demon to utter things she knew nothing of. This having continued some hours, the demon said: 'Let us confound her language, and then her discourse passed into Dutch. The Rev. Mr. Stone being by at the time, declared that he thought it impossible for one not familiarly acquainted with the Dutch, (which Ann Cole had not in the least been) should so accurately imitate the Dutch tone in pronouncing the English.'"

Such were some of the peculiar phases of the phenomena witnessed in the case of Ann Cole, who was executed on the charge of witchcraft in 1692. The next case to which I will now refer, was that of Elizabeth Knapp, Groton, Mass. This case occurred in October 1671. Speaking of her, the same author says:

"She was taken in a strange manner. Sometimes weeping, sometimes laughing, with violent emotions and agitations of the body. The November follow.

1 Samuel, Chap. 28. Goodrich's History of the United States. Mather on Special Providences. American Mag. Useful Knowledge, March, 1855. Dr. Mather on Special Providences.

ing, the tongue for many hours was drawn like a scimitar to the roof of her mouth, which could not be removed from that position. In December she began to speak. Many words were uttered, wherein are the Latin letters, without any motion of the lips, which was a clear demonstration that this voice was NOT HER OWN."

The next case to which I shall allude, is that which occurred at the house of William Morse, Newbury, Mass., in the years 1769 and 1770. This case occurred under the immediate observation of Dr. Mather, and was reported by him at the time. Of this case I shall not enter into detail, but simply give the reader a synopsis of the phenomena witnessed, taken from the report of Dr. Mather. The disturbance commenced on the night of December 3, 1769, and continued to December 26, 1770. At one time noises were heard on the roof of the house, as though struck with heavy sticks. At another, five great stones were thrown into a window, at the west end of the house. At another time, while Mrs. Morse was making the bed, the bedstead was lifted from the floor, and a long staff was thrown out of the window. A heavy chest was removed from place to place, when no visible hands touched it, and people were sometimes barricaded out of doors, when there was no visible agent present to do it. Two keys being tied together, the one was taken and the other left, and flung about, making a great noise. Ashes were strewn about the hearth and floor, and flung into their vials while eating. An iron pin was twice thrown at Mr. Morse, and his inkstand was taken from him while writing, and with all his searching he could not find it; but finally it dropped down the chimney upon the hearth. A ladder which they had lost was thrown against the door with great violence. In closing the narrative of these strange disturbances, Dr. Mather says:

"December 9th, 1770, the boy (Mr. Morse's son) was violently thrown upon the floor, and they carried him into the house of a doctor, and then he was free from disturbance. The next morning he came home quiet, but soon he cried out, 'I am pinched on the back.' Dec. 26, he barked like a dog, and said, 'There's Powell! I'm pinched!' All this while the devil did not appear in any visible shape, neither were there many words spoken by Satan; only once, they having put out their light, they heard a scraping upon the boards, and then a piping and a drumming, which was followed by a voice, saying, 'Revenge! Revenge! Sweet is revenge!'"

The next and last case which I shall allude to, as having occurred in New England during this period, is that which occurred in the family of George Walton, in the province of New Hampshire, A. D. 1698. This case, which was published a few years since in the Boston Courier, and taken from a London quarto volume, under the title of "Lithobolia, or Stone-throwing Devils," was witnessed and attested to at the time the disturbances occurred, by Samuel Jenks, Esq., Deputy Governor of West Jersey; Walter Clark, Esq., Governor of Rhode Island; Mr. Arthur Cook, Matthew Boyden, Rhode Island; T. Maul, Salem, New England; John Hussey and wife, and others. The phenomena witnessed in this case were as follows:

On Sunday evening, two grandchildren of Mr. Walton affirmed that they saw a hand thrust out of the hall window throwing stones at the porch. On Monday night stones were thrown into the kitchen and down the chimney. On Tuesday night five or six stones were thrown into the maid's chamber, near the kitchen, breaking out several panes of glass. Two young men, who were in the house at the time, not only saw the stones thrown, but heard a dismal sort of whistling, whereupon they ran out with the intent of taking the stone-throwing devil, but he was too sharp for them. They saw nothing, but heard, as it were, the tramping of a young colt. Stones were thrown while they were at work in the field, and one of their number (Mrs. Clark) would not be persuaded but that the boys at work might throw them; and straight her boy was struck with a stone on the back. Not only were stones thrown, but the pewter was thrown down from the shelves, and sometimes they heard a humming noise in the air, like a bullet discharged from a gun; and a noise like that of snoring and whistling was generally heard by the men at work in the field.

The case which occurred at the house of a Mr. Mompesson, Tedworth, Wilts county, England, A. D. 1661, is another striking illustration that the phenomena of that age were similar to what are being witnessed now. For some time the people of the town had been troubled with an idle drummer, who pretended to have a pass from an officer in the army. Mr. M., an officer in the place, on reading the pass, and knowing the handwriting of the gentleman, discovered a cheat, and ordered the drummer to put off his drum, and a constable to secure him; but not long after he got clear. In April following, Mr. M. was much disturbed by knocking and drumming. For hours together there would be beat upon the drum "round heads," "oukoids" and the "tattoo," as well executed as could be by the most skillful drummer. On the fifth of November there was a great noise in the house, when the whole room was filled with people. The next night chairs walked up and down the room, and children's shoes were hurled over their heads. In December, 1662, they heard a noise like the jingling of money; and the January following, lights were seen in the house, which seemed blue and glimmering. Finally, the drummer was condemned as a witch, and to transportation, and during his absence the house was quiet.

The manifestations of this age were not confined to low and vulgar, but were witnessed by some of the most intelligent and pious families, not only in this country, but also in Europe. If these manifestations proceeded from his Satanic Majesty altogether, as was generally supposed at that period, he evinced a strange fancy in his selection of localities and individuals on whom to play his freaks. Even the pious Wesley family were not free from his molestations, although they were not condemned as witches.

The account of the disturbance in the Wesley family, is related by Rev. John Wesley, and attested to by my nine others of the family, and is published in the Memoirs of the Wesley family, second edition, by Adam Clark.

As the facts connected with this case are so well before the public, I shall barely allude to some of the prominent features of the phenomena witnessed.

The disturbance commenced in December, 1716,

Dr. Mather on Special Providences.

This is Dr. Mather's exposition of the case. He attributes the whole phenomena to Satanic influence, but the manifestations of the present day led me to believe the boy to be a medium, controlled by the spirit of Powell, an Indian, wronged and outraged by the pious fathers of the eighteenth century.

Mather's Special Providences. See also Capron's Modern Spiritualism, page 18.

and continued, at intervals, for a series of years. The first that was noticed was on the night of December second, a little before ten o'clock. Robert Brown, a servant in Mr. Wesley's family, was sitting with other members of the family in the dining room, when they heard knocking at the door, which was repeated several times, after he had been to the door and discovered nothing. On going to the top of the garret stairs, he saw a hand mill whirled about with great swiftness. The next evening, a daughter of Mr. Wesley heard the door of the hall open, and a person walk in, and the rustling of a silk gown. It seemed to walk round her—then to the door—then round her again; but she could see nothing. A night or two after, another daughter heard footsteps coming down the stairs, walking by her side, and then up another flight of stairs in another part of the house, which seemed to shake the house from top to bottom. Mrs. Wesley did not credit the stories related to her, and said: "If I hear anything, I shall know how to judge;" and soon after she heard the violent rocking of a cradle in the nursery, where no cradle had been for years. Mr. Wesley was offended at what was related to him by his wife, and said, "Let me hear no more of it;" but that night, at prayers, when he began a prayer for the king, a knocking began all around the room, which was continued every morning and evening while the prayer for the king was repeated. The next evening, as he attempted to go into his study, the door was swung violently back into his face. On another occasion, as Mr. and Mrs. Wesley were going into the kitchen, they heard as if a vessel full of silver was poured upon her breast, and ran jingling down to her feet. Several gentlemen and clergymen advised Mr. Wesley to quit the house, but he constantly answered, "No! let the devil flee from me; I will never flee from the devil."

Such are some of the facts which I gather in relation to the nature and condition of the super-mundane phenomena of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, or the age of witchcraft. Many more instances might be cited; but these I deem sufficient for my present purpose. That age has passed. It was a fearful age to those who were unfortunate in being subject to the influences which crushed them beneath the iron heel of despotism, superstition and religious intolerance. But it foreshadowed a brighter period—when men would look more calmly upon deep, hidden mysteries, which they could neither fathom nor solve—an age of light, an age of wisdom, an age of science, when men would reason rather than sway the sceptre of despotism, and condemn to death the unfortunate mediums of an invisible world.

49 and 25.

Last Sunday (January 5) these two numbers completed each its full round of years in my history—the first marking the period of my earthly pilgrimage. To me, on the whole, a sad and grateful life as any one will find in my "Life-Line of the Lone One." Drifted into being by powers over which I had no control, and without consultation, a wail in a cold season of year, and colder social surroundings, and soon deprived by death of both parents, penniless and friendless, a town pauper at four years of age, and sold by the laws of New Hampshire for sixteen years to a cruel man; a fugitive at fourteen; and a free man at twenty-one; a student at twenty-two; an emigrant at twenty-three; a husband at twenty-four; a father at twenty-five; a day-laborer at twenty-six; a State senator at thirty-five; a lecturer on Spiritualism at forty; a grandfather at forty-nine; and a spirit at—this appointed time.

The first forty years seemed of little value to me or the race, and brought me far more suffering and misery than joy, for I had no religion, and am thankful I had not any with hell in it, as such would have been a curse and evil, and I had all I could bear without it.

The last ten years, since the spirit-world has opened its windows, and let its congenial light and soul-sympathy on my head and into my heart, life has been joyous and happy, and I feel the blessing of existence, and the goodness of God, or whatever power brought me here to fit for the life beyond. Every year and every month, life grows more pleasant and happy, as I near the spirit-shore, and every day I bless God for it, and am not sorry that I had my lot cast at the bottom of society, that I might feel and know the trials and sufferings of the thousands who come out of great tribulation.

I have taken the lesson, and my heart cannot be separated in its sympathies from the poor, the oppressed, the outcast, and the down-trodden of my race; even if cast into hell in another life, my sympathies and my soul will follow them, and if it cannot aid them out, will share with them the misery, in sympathy, which a merciless God or world has inflicted. I am happy in being free from misery, and yet reaching ever a willing hand and heart to those who endure it. Poverty, which so long held me in its grasp, having slackened its hold and allowed me the comforts of life, is still far more attractive to me than wealth, and as I see the misery in both, I can cheer and encourage the poor with better prospects than I can the rich—and so did Jesus.

A calm serenity was settled over my soul, dispelling the clouds and rendering it impervious to the poison shafts so often hurled at it by mistaken and erring mortals, and the spirits aid, assist, and enable me to walk in places of moral, social, or political darkness or sin, and often to aid a fellow mortal.

Oh, the blessings of Spiritualism! How little are they appreciated—nay, even hated almost as Jesus and his blessings for the poor were by the popular churches of his day. But such is human life. I look calmly and hopefully to his sunset for me, yet shall try to improve each day as best I can, and be ready when the messenger comes, and the boatman calls my name; but I hope and trust, when I am a spirit, and only a spirit, I may be able to reach and sympathize with the suffering and poor of this life, for in that I find my greatest happiness, and seem to do them good.

The same day that completed the forty-nine, and also completed the twenty-five years of married life, and in this, too, the blessings of Spiritualism have been felt, shedding a glorious halo of harmony over my little home, and blessing us all as we were never before blessed, and rendering more firm every family tie. Blessed as we have been with angel visitors and messages, and with three as good and worthy children as any family in our State can present, (the eldest an M. D. in hospital service in the army,) we are moving smoothly and happily toward the evening shades of a hard and thorny life, yet blessed in its evening with joys beyond our hoping, and prospects for the next life which no Christian sect could offer. We have passed the silver wedding, though

wide apart in forms, not far apart in souls or feelings, and not likely to be wider, even to accommodate the foes of our religion. When the spiritual philosophy crept over our household, first taking possession of my heart, then of the beloved daughter and her mother, it soon drove the clouds and fogs and doubts and skepticism from our cottage, and brought joy and sunshine, instead. Now we know we have not lived in vain, nor lost the experience of our earthly troubles. Many families, to my knowledge, have been blessed as we have by the messengers, and more no doubt will be, as it spreads over the land and melts away both superstition and skepticism. WARREN CHASE.

Boston, Jan. 8, 1862.

Written for the Banner of Light. FORWARD, BRAVE HEARTS!

BY DE VREE VINING.

When the storms of sorrow roll Darkly o'er the struggling soul; When the body writhes in pain, When our wealth and earthly gain Passes from us, why complain? 'T will not give us peace again. Forward, brave hearts to the van! Forward, hope befits the man; Bid the soul assert her power, To triumph in depression's hour.

When the fiend of evil birth Doth assail your neighbor's hearth; When the demon, laughing sly, Glances from your brother's eye, Will you stand and see him die? You can save him if you try. Forward! snatch the yielding soul From the tempter's base control. And with love and reason's force, Stop him in his downward course.

When Progress's path is barred, By old Superstition's guard, Who, with weapons ready drawn, Waits upon Reason's coming on? Will you stand and see the fight, Ragging in your very sight, Without giving all your might In defence of Truth and Right? Forward! brave hearts, every man, Forward, boldly to the van. And with Reason's mighty sway, Clear the way!—clear the way!

When the monster, Slavery, Blinds the arm that should be free, And with giant steps and slow Seeks your country's overthrow: When your struggling brother man—Free as you in God's great plan—Writhes beneath the oppressor's ban, Will you stand his woes to scan? Forward, brave hearts to the van! Forward! in the cause of man! And in Truth and Justice strong, Right the wrong!—right the wrong!

Thus with brave hearts in the van, And the future good of man, For the prize, We will battle 'till our eyes Close in endless victories. Woodstock, 1862.

Newburyport Matters.

We have not had any lectures here for some months past, but still the work goes on. For a few weeks past Annie Lord Chamberlain has tarried here, holding circles for musical manifestations, which have been truly wonderful. I consider them to be the most convincing of any of the numerous forms which spirits use to convince mortals of the immortality of the soul. I have heard a large drum beaten by spirits as loud and quick as ever I have heard in a band on the public streets. A guitar is carried around the room, being played upon, also a tamborino and bells, all giving fine music. A large dinner bell is rung furiously, and carried to each person in the circle. A flat-iron weighing seven pounds is carried through the air as though it were a feather. But one of the strangest feats I have witnessed, is the sawing of wood on a small saw horse. The dust is placed on the floor, after sawing. I have seen a piece of wood which was partly sawed off, and then broken, requiring considerable power. I have heard the feet of spirits dancing upon the floor, as plain as though it was done by a person living in the flesh. These manifestations are in the dark, but such is the management of the circles, that all are convinced of the reality. I understand Mrs. Chamberlain is ready to answer calls addressed to her, at Boston. She intends returning to this city the first of February. I would advise friends desirous of witnessing wonderful phenomena, which as nearly as possible brings us to the reality of spirit-life, to secure Mrs. C.'s services, as her terms are very moderate.

You have recently recorded the demise of Miss Carrie E. Richardson, of this city. Miss R. was a firm believer in Spiritualism. To her it was a glorious reality, by which she could anticipate the approach of the King of Terrors, without a fear; in fact, with joy unspeakable. Since her decease, she has answered a sealed letter through the mediumship of Mr. Mansfield, which fully identifies her and gives most wonderful tests.

I may say, without trespassing on the privacy of the family, that Miss Richardson, long before her death, left letters in which she bore testimony to the faith that was in her. Among other matters, she requested her sister to continue to perform on the piano the tunes they always played together, and she would be present. And she has fulfilled her promise. A few days ago, her sister was performing a favorite air, when suddenly Carrie's voice was heard as natural as when present in the flesh. She had a fine alto voice, and the spirit voice was as clear as when she was in health. I cannot close without saying that I understand that Mrs. Chamberlain has had musical instruments played upon while here in daylight, but I have not witnessed it and cannot give my personal testimony, but I have it from responsible witnesses, and have no doubt of its truth.

While here, she made her home with Bro. R. Sherman, who, with his lady, have been untiring in their efforts for years, in the cause. They have made great pecuniary sacrifices, and their house has always been offered freely for the accommodation of test mediums, where the public can meet to investigate. This has been done without any fee, their reward being the satisfaction of having endeavored to give to others the glorious news they have received in the future they will have their reward. Newburyport, Jan. 14, 1862. A. HAZROX.

In governing others, you must do what you can, not what you would.

HASHISH.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

It is a singular freak of the human mind, one which would never have been predicted, this idea that it can set aside spiritual development and culture by a draught of drugs, and, by one simple movement of the esophagus, enter the highest spiritual condition; still more startling that such a theory should originate in the ranks of Spiritualists—those who, above all others, place the greatest importance on individual culture, and value above price spiritual improvement, or the ennoblement of the internal man. Yet such is the fact—such the erratic freaks of misguided understanding.

I do not doubt, that clairvoyance can be produced by drugs; that Hashish will do it; but I dispute the idea that the state so produced is reliable. It bears the same relation to true clairvoyance, that the visions of nightmare do to the sweet dreams of angels. True, under their influence, facies, assuming substance, flash and glitter before the mind; but they are unreal, flickering, deceiving; mirage visions, alluring the traveler across the burning waste to his doom; the illusions of the phantasmagoria. I have seen a man under the influence of Hashish, fancy he was an Indian prince, and, when dispersed, fall into such a rage that if he had not been confined, he would have seriously injured his dearest friends. I call the attention of its advocates to the well known fact that it is not always the spiritual in our natures which it arouses, but rather the predominant faculties. If the spiritual is in the ascendant, spiritual visions will result; if the gross and animal, they will be dangerously intensified. The Hashish eater becomes a fiend, a brute, anything, everything low, debased, abhorred. This I know from actual experiment, and as very few have the spiritual in entire ascendant, experiments always bring out the animal faculties, gleaming with red hot intensity.

Experiments are always dangerous, and the results are such as show, in a most conclusive manner, their entire worthlessness as far as they throw light on the domain of spirit. There is nothing healthy or certain about such results; vagaries of the disordered stomach are more reliable. So far from developing man's spiritual nature, Hashish, like alcohol, tobacco, opium, cannot otherwise than exert the most baleful consequences. Whatever is gained by its exalting qualities, is lost, tenfold, in the resulting depression.

No. We have not, cannot, should not have a royal road to the superior state, where we know all things by intuition. Long and happy cultivation of the godlike qualities we possess, alone can bring us to that condition where we can drink of the waters of Spirit Life. We must harmonize our lives—must think right, live right, do right; must become organized right; to feel that divine radiance which flows downward from the celestial spheres. The ancients used drugs, and inhaled gases, in order to bring on the "Divine affluents;" but we have yet to learn what they acquired by so doing but self-deception. The true oracles give no proof of having been thus produced. The ancients are excusable for resorting to all practicable means, so rare was the gift of clairvoyance, but the moderns are not, among whom it is so bountifully bestowed. If they gained nothing, we cannot. The forced utterance of the prophets always was, and is, vague and incoherent. The tendency of the use of drugs is always bad, especially of Hashish, the most powerful of all narcotics, and its habitual use brings utter prostration and death, to which the horrors of delirium tremens is a sweet dream of Eden.—[Herald of Progress.]

Instead of encouraging the artificial means of acquiring the higher spiritual condition, let us learn and teach others the manner of so doing by the endowments of our organization. The fact that one individual can enter the superior state, not only proves the possession of spiritual perceptions, but that all men can do likewise, by developing to the same plane. Much better then, even if the artificial state be as desirable as the natural, to give into, than stimulate up, to its perfection.

Mistakes enough are committed, even in the clearest clairvoyance. The best conditions, with our imperfect knowledge, yield errors, far too many. What then shall we say of the Maundin confusions of the drug eater, who mistakes the horrid visions of a congested brain, the faculties of which work not in harmony, for the voice of angels, and glimpses of the Great Beyond?

Never believe for a moment that you can by stimulants enter a desirable state to receive the whisperings of good angels. It is a delusion, leading straight and swift to ruin.

IT IS COMING.

BY WM. ORLAND BOURNE.

In the age of mythic vision, Years ago, as years do fly, Poets dreamed of fields Elysian, Where the glories never die.

Painted they the bright delusion, Often called the golden age, And they lent the gay illusion Borrowed light from fancy's page. But their strains rehearsed the story Of the ancient days of dream, When the world's primeval glory Made the past enchanted seem.

IT IS COMING! sure and onward! Coming from the realms of day! While the spirit looks upward, Like an eagle, sees the ray. Earnest souls around us labor, Yearning for the coming time, When the scimitar and sabre, Sheathed, shall cease their deeds of crime.

When the words of love shall waken World-wide fires in hearts of men, When the spirit shall be shaken Till it finds its God again. Night's high priest, th' Egyptian Pharaoh; Bids the hastening time delay, Planting in the pathway narrow Stubble creeds that fear the day.

Telling Faith's bright, earnest children, They that bear the oppressor's chain— Get ye to your tasks and burden, Get ye to your bonds again!

Yet a day shall end your sorrow, Ye shall serve the gods ye know, On the morning of the morrow Out of Egypt ye shall go!

Long the world has heard the fable, Bought the sin-procrastinated day, But the towering walls of Babel Soon shall wed their native clay.

Earth's old temple, dome and pillar, Like a charnel, filled with death, Built by the brother-killer, Mindeth what the spirit saith.

In its shadow, pure and olden, Leth Freedom's corner-stone, Which we seek, while songs embolden Hearts of giant-trust alone.

Out of darkness light is springing— Out of dumbness glorious speech! Prophets from the dead are bringing Living souls that boldly teach. Out of brass and out of iron Soon shall come the shining gold, While the beams shall then environ Realms whose splendor is untold. Then shall Love spring forth unbidden; Then shall Light spring forth unborn; For their foes shall all be hidden 'In the unclouded golden morn.

Banner of Light.

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"Banner of Light, Boston, Mass." ISAAC B. RICH, Publisher for the Proprietors.

OUR DESPOTISMS. Let no man think that we, above the other nations of the world, are free. Free, in name, and perhaps by comparison with other people in some particular points of public policy, we may be; but free absolutely, or even relatively with what we boast and profess for ourselves, we certainly are not.

Take any religious belief, or profession, to begin with. Can any reflecting man look around him and say that the mass of our people are not bound, almost hand and foot, by the professions and declarations of these around them? How much true independence is there, in our making up our minds on topics of such vast weight and import!

Let us just stop a moment and see how it is, and if it be so. Take any religious belief, or profession, to begin with. Can any reflecting man look around him and say that the mass of our people are not bound, almost hand and foot, by the professions and declarations of these around them?

Then there is the lack of courage—not a new thing, by any means—to let the Fashion take its own course, and pass him by or not, as it pleases. We allude to fashions of all sorts—not more in dress than in manners, speech, building houses, and making display generally.

Then there is the despotism of politics. What a dreadful result has been wrought by this despotism, which we can see for ourselves to-day. We understand very well how necessary it is to have parties and party-machinery, but who can estimate the evils that have fallen upon us by reason of the blind devotion with which we have followed party leaders?

On the whole, we may well ask what we really have gained in the course of our "modern progress," and what we have lost. We have certainly not made a very great advance in civilization, unless the individual mind can be said to have been freed from the shackles that have for ages been fastened upon it.

death—unless he is sure that he is freer in every essential sense to-day than he was a hundred years ago, and more capable of doing for himself and the race now than he was then, he may well doubt if all our boasted progress has as yet touched his nature at any point.

Invisible Ministers. I am assured that Angels walked with the ancient Sages. They visited them by the sea-side, and the mountain and wilderness were consecrated by their presence.

Man is not always addressed in the same way. The soul may be directly informed, or through its outward organic medium. There may be no thunder-tones falling on the external organ, but the "still small voice" of the Spirit may have its deep utterance in the silent chambers of the soul.

Heaven enircles all. The blest Immortals Near us, divine with Love's pure beauty, stand; Alluring us, through Faith's translucent portals, Into the Better Land.

Corruption in High Places. From the revelations of corruption recently made by Congressional Committees, and admitted by at least one Secretary himself, people might be led to believe that the time never will come when we shall have a government entirely purged and free from these iniquitous practices.

But seriously, there is no need of our suffering such an eclipse of faith in the truthfulness of human nature, because we see these proofs of a poorly disciplined and mis-educated humanity. The only trouble is, that very few men can stand against the force of temptation.

The events now transpiring around us afford abundant evidence of the truth of one branch of Spiritualism, and that is, it is prophetic. For years past, we may say a dozen at least, messages have been almost daily received pointing directly to these events, and of these messages none have attracted more attention than those contained in a large octavo volume of 450 pages, entitled "Messages from John Quincy Adams."

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An Objection Considered. The fact that certain skeptical persons have been favored with no spiritual experience of their own, is often urged against the justice of the claims of Spiritualism. It is a common question among them, "If the Spirits can come, why do they not present themselves to me?"

Now it is a fact that cannot have escaped the notice of the intelligent observer, that all persons are not influenced in the same degree, or in a similar manner, by any one of the thousand agents in the world of matter and mind.

It is reasonable to infer that a similar difference may exist in our mental susceptibilities. Indeed, this is a fact that might be freely and forcibly illustrated. The effects wrought by external agents on the body, are not more multifarious than those of outward forms and conditions on the mind.

It will be sufficiently evident on reflection, that the various degrees of susceptibility afford not the slightest ground of objection to the reality of the effects produced; or to the completeness of the system whereby the psychologist explains this mental electric action and the resultant psycho-physiological phenomena.

The Real Matter. When the good and wise Bishop Berkley was spoken to about an appointment to a Bishopric, he made this memorable reply: "I am not in love with feasts, and crowds, and visits, and late hours and strange faces, and a hurry of affairs often insignificant."

Coleridge once said, on being offered a lucrative situation as writer for the London Morning Post, that he preferred five hundred pounds in the country, where he could beat perfect liberty to turn over the leaves of folios, and of his own unbroken thoughts along with them, to twenty-five hundred pounds under a master in town.

It is pretty widely believed—the experience of the hardy lumbermen of Maine to the contrary notwithstanding—that it is an awfully hard lot for our brave soldiers to be obliged to camp out during this stinging winter weather, many of them having been "dandled in the lap of luxury" all their lives and knowing little or nothing of practical hardships.

As an illustration of what we are now stating, and a proof, likewise, of the facts of the matter, a writer in the Providence Journal says: "You will find a regiment will be ten times more healthy in camp than in barracks. When in barracks, the men look pale and sickly; the hospitals are filled with the sick and dying. But when in camp, the men look plump and hearty. The sickly student or clerk finds himself growing stronger every day. The men, instead of shrinking from their duty, are ever ready to work, and to do hard work, too. They are Nature's noblemen, and breathe her fresh air, and recline upon the bosom of mother earth and suck in her sweetness."

This celebrated medium has been with us a few weeks, during which time he has given thousands of tests of spiritual manifestations to persons in every sphere of life. His mediumship is peculiar and interesting, and his visitors are startled by the ease with which he is controlled by one spirit after another in rapid succession, each identifying himself or herself to the inquiring friends.

Borrowing and Lending. There seems to be some infatuation about a loan, especially a loan of money. No sooner does one man manage to extract five dollars from the pocket of another, and that other a long acquaintance and friend, than a strangeness seems to set in on the borrower's part toward the benefactor, the one accommodated appears to conceive a sudden and unaccountable dislike to the one who was willing to accommodate him, and it is ten to one if the man receiving the five dollars does not very shortly shun the one who loaned it altogether, and even go so far as to out him dead when he does chance to meet him.

Very few persons stop to think that their disposition and temperament have anything to do with their professional or business success, although they admit readily enough that in society these points are of the first importance. Yet it is so, and they are wise who do not neglect to take them into their serious consideration.

A moment's reflection will satisfy the philosophic observer, that the agents which most powerfully affect the body, are all invisible. The atmospheric and electric changes that frequently occur; the noxious vapors exhaled from the earth; the effluvia generated in diseased bodies; and evolved from the decomposition of animal and vegetable substances; and all the unseen agents of infection, are so many illustrations of my remark.

That man in his mental, more especially than in his physical nature and relations, is thus influenced, we are made deeply conscious from an investigation of the laws of mind, as well as from personal experience. True, the mind cannot always perceive the spiritual presence, or recognize its agency in the existing mental state.

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Mr. Colchester is in Boston. This celebrated medium has been with us a few weeks, during which time he has given thousands of tests of spiritual manifestations to persons in every sphere of life. His mediumship is peculiar and interesting, and his visitors are startled by the ease with which he is controlled by one spirit after another in rapid succession, each identifying himself or herself to the inquiring friends.

Lyceum Hall next Sunday. On Sunday, February 2d, Mr. H. R. Chapman, of Charlestown, Mass., will deliver two lectures at Lyceum Hall, in the afternoon and evening. We shall have the advent of this gentleman into the lecture-field with pleasure, for he is a deep thinker and a clear and powerful reasoner.

We think diversity of Sunday exercise at this hall, which is now made free for the admission of all, will add an increased attendance, and a deeper interest to its old patrons.

Certain of our subscribers who have received their papers at club rates, send us \$1.50 for a year's subscription for a single paper after the expiration of the time for which they subscribed as members of the club.

We find the following handsome and well deserved compliment to Prof. Butler, in the editorial columns of the Lowell Daily Citizen and News, of the thirteenth inst: "Prof. Clarence Butler, late of Texas, spoke twice yesterday in Welles Hall; in the afternoon on the religious wants of the age, and in the evening on the national crisis, with our duties and responsibilities."

The professor is small in stature, of a nervo-bilious temperament, with a very energetic and rapid delivery, and commanding the use of language in a most remarkable degree. His discourse in the afternoon, both oratorically and rhetorically considered, could hardly be surpassed. He has gifts for lecturing which few can equal.

We trust to record yet other proofs of the growing liberality of the press in regard to our speakers; as well as other evidences of the constantly increasing popularity and esteem in which the gentleman to whom the above paragraph alludes, is held.

Many of our readers will recollect the passage in Tristram Shandy, in which occurs a timely and valuable reflection on the subject of Hinges—showing that, even in the case of a door, everything depends on their working altogether as they should and when they should. The point applies to everyday affairs, just as well as to house doors.

We cannot forbear saying a few words about the music which has been so judiciously and acceptably introduced at the Free Meetings at Lyceum Hall. In addition to the voices of the choir, and the music of the organ, a Band of wind and stringed instruments, under the direction of Prof. A. Bond, have performed for the last two Sabbaths, and we understand their services will be continued through the season.

New Publications.

THE SUTHERLANDS. By the author of "Rutledge," New York: Rudd & Carleton. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co.

The first thing that strikes the eye who takes this book in hand, is the peculiarity of its binding. It is a new shade of muslin, and we think it very neat and taking. Those who read "Rutledge," though ignorant till this day of its authorship, will be sure to read "The Sutherlands." And yet they are totally dissimilar books. Both are eminently American, and will receive the hearty praise of American readers. Whoever the authoress (?) is, she has great powers folded away, which will some day reach a wonderful result in the world of literature. Though these are dreadful war times, the community of readers will not fail to pursue a handsome volume which has so rich and profound a source of enjoyment for them.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR FEBRUARY, 1862.—One of the good things in this number where all are good, is the continuation of Professor Lowell's Biglow Papers. This series of papers, which commenced in the January number, is continued in the present number by a humorous discussion of the Trent affair, under the title of "Mason and Slidell: a Yankee Idyll." The "Biglow Papers," the publishers inform us, will be continued in each number of the Atlantic, during the present volume. From the reception which those of the series already published have met, there can be no doubt that their popularity will be as great as that of the original series, which was published during the Mexican war, and whose appearance marked an era in American humorous literature.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

A. P. BOWMAN, RICHMOND, IOWA.—Your splay letter has been duly considered. Your remarks are just. We have long held the opinion you entertain; but when correspondents insist on knowing why their compositions fall to appear—no matter how illegibly written, or how ungrammatically constructed their sentences may be—we are obliged to give our reasons, otherwise we are rudely censured. It is absolutely impossible to publish all the matter we receive, however much we may desire to do so. Please receive our thanks for past favors, and rest assured, dear brother, that it is our earnest endeavor to perform our arduous duties in a manner acceptable to all our patrons.

H. BETTS, BURR OAK, MICH.—Rest-assured our paper is conducted on liberal principles—truth for its basis. We treated the subject you allude to pro and con, more than our space would properly allow, for a long time, to the exclusion of other interesting matter. There is a time and place for all things; hence we brought the discussion to a close when in our judgment we deemed it best to do so.

SUZAN RIVERS.—Your articles have been received and filed for publication. We have made a note of your request.

Gammon.

Gammon is as bad as Mammon—perhaps a sight worse. What were the ladies, who now knit mittens and stockings for our soldiers, doing when some of those same soldiers were out of work, and would have given almost anything for a little timely help for their families? How much would some persons do toward suppressing their passions, who are now making such notorious sacrifices on behalf of the passions that are raised to fever heat? How many men will go secretly and send a ton of coal to a poor washerwoman, letting neither herself nor anybody else know about it, who do take great pains to let people see what sized coin they drop into the contribution box on Sunday? How many persons have the courage to hold their tongues simply, when they declare they have the courage to carry out what they say? How many are willing to make personal and private sacrifices, while they are all the time telling of the great amount of sacrifice which they are ready to make for the public good? Who can tell what is the length and breadth of Gammon?—of its properties, its shapes, its shamelessness, and its entire fatality?

Notice to the Public.

Mr. Mansfield has now ceased answering letters directed to us and enclosing two dollars for the Banner; and if our readers desire his services hereafter, they must enclose him the letter to be answered, with his usual fee—one dollar. The reason for this change is, that Mr. M. has too much business of his own to attend to, and as the offer was in the first place voluntary on his part, we cannot find any fault at its withdrawal.

MEETINGS IN INDIANA.—Dr. James Cooper, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, will deliver a funeral discourse on the departure of M. P. Patty, at Windsor, Randolph Co., Indiana, on Sunday, Feb. 24; will speak at Muncie, on the evenings of the 4th and 5th; at Anderson, the 6th and 7th, and at Chesterfield the 8th and 9th. Subscriptions taken for the BANNER OF LIGHT, and he will have Spiritualistic and Reform Books for sale.

"A ten years' Investigator" says he will have nothing more to do with the Spirit, unless they will present themselves visibly to him, that he may know positively who he is talking with. Perhaps our brother's spiritual vision will in time be opened, and the light beam in upon his soul.

A TRUE EXPOSITION OF SPIRITUALISM, a lecture delivered at Dodworth's Hall, New York, by Cora L. V. Hatch, was received too late for publication in this issue.

DAVIS'S "HARBINGER OF HEALTH" sells rapidly—a sure criterion of its intrinsic merits. We have "a few more left of the same sort." See advertisement.

For abstract report of a lecture by Warren Chase, at Lyceum Hall, Boston, Sunday evening, Jan. fifth, see second page.

H. B. STORER will speak at Willimantic, the two first Sundays of February; at Stafford, the two first, and Somerville, the two last Sundays of March.

Mrs Emma Harding has just finished a course of very able and interesting scientific lectures at Clinton Hall, New York city.

Do not fail to read the interesting story commenced on our first page. It is from the pen of one of the first scholars in the country.

There are many graceless preachers on grace, many uncharitable ones on charity.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

A SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATION TWENTY-ONE YEARS AGO.—The editor of the Boston Herald has been shown a copy of the Christian Freeman, dated May 28, 1841, which contains the Report of a Lecture on Shakerism, delivered by one William H. Carter, a seceder from the Shaker Society at Enfield, Conn., containing the narration of several "visions" among the Shakers. One of the visions narrated—that of a little girl—is of so singular a nature, when taken in connection with the present unholy rebellion, says the Herald, that we copy it for the perusal of our readers. It is as follows:

"A girl, fourteen years of age, went into a trance and remained three days, and to all appearance was insensible of feeling, for the lance and electricity had no effect upon her. On coming to, she related what she had seen in the world of spirits. Among other things which she saw, there was a person who took her by the hand and told her many things. She saw all the Presidents who have died, and also Bonaparte—thousands of spiritual things, and birds of paradise. Her guide informed her that ere long five Nations would unite for the destruction of North America, and that God was angry with the people, especially the Southern portion of them, and that the South would be entirely destroyed, and that the shore of the ocean will be a little south of Pleasant Hill, Ky., and of North Carolina.

There has been another great flood in California. Sacramento was submerged, the water rising eleven feet in some parts of the city, destroying a vast amount of property.

AMUSEMENTS.—The "Cataract of the Ganges," and the astonishing feats of Mr. William Hanlon, the Zampillarist, attract crowds to the Academy of Music.

Matilda Heron is playing with great success at the Museum.

ECLECTIC DRUGGIST.—We take pleasure in calling the attention of the public, especially the citizens of the South End, to the wholesale and retail druggist establishment of OCTAVIUS KING, No. 604 Washington street. Mr. King has long been noted for keeping the best selected stock of roots and herbs to be found in our city, of which he has every variety. They are selected, pressed, and put up by himself, with great care, and warranted fresh and pure. Mr. K. gives advice gratis, and has for many years been favorably known as a gentleman in whom the public have the utmost confidence, and who has won a reputation for liberality and kindness of heart which has made him hosts of friends.

JOHAN POND'S TRIP TO PARIS.—This is an amusing game for the little ones, published by A. Williams & Co., No. 100 Washington street. It is an interesting account of the adventures that befell our traveling friend—adventures eccentric in the extreme; but the point of it is, that every time the narrative is read, the game can be so transposed, as to make an entirely new narrative. It admits of twenty-five thousand transformations, and can be played by any number of persons from two to fifty. Price 50 cents.

MANUSCRIPT STORY LOST.—We are requested to notice the fact that some time last Spring, Mr. Randolph lent, lost, or mislaid a manuscript story called "Retribution," or something to that effect. It was written on, he thinks, over one hundred pages of foolscap paper, and the author has no idea what became of it. Any person having said MS., will confer a favor by sending it to this office, where it will be taken care of till the author's return from the Orient.

Calm and strong soul, much may be done by a human being with a pure will and amid a quiet life. But with certain deeper changes in that inner life, and for many a stormy soul, an outward change is almost a necessary means of an inward renovation.

We are no radicals, but we dearly love a revolution—like that of the stars. No two nights are the heavens the same: all the luminaries are revolving to the music of their own spheres. Look on that new risen star. He is elected by universal suffrage a glorious representative of a million lesser lights; and on dissolution of that congress—how silent, but how eloquent!—he is sure of his return.

If a man can not do his duty in the situation he is in, he can not do it anywhere.

Railroad trains are protected from accident as houses are from lightning—by good conductors.

The pride of emptiness is an abomination; and to talk much is the foolishness of folly; nevertheless it is the part of wisdom to bear the impertinence of fools, to hear their absurdities with patience, and pity their weakness.

A GREAT TRUTH.—I believe that many who have never written a line for the press, have suggested volumes for others to write. If all could look the well of truth to the bottom, the credit of authorship would be wonderfully paroled.—GEORGE STEARNS.

NEVER PUT OFF.

When'er a duty waits for thee, With sober judgment view it, And never idly wish it done; Begin at once, and do it.

We are under obligations to Hon. Charles Sumner, for valuable public documents.

Nothing so wins upon strangers as true politeness. A little attention shown in a stage, or in the care, or at a public table, costs us very little. But what an effect it has upon the person to whom the attention is shown! The pleased look, the gratified smile, show us we have gained a friend.

F. L. WADSWORTH is one of our most efficient lecturers in the field. We are pleased to learn that his health is completely restored. He writes from Battle Creek, Mich., that he is getting along finely, lecturing in the country round about, averaging four lectures per week.

A man who has no bills against him, belongs to the order of no billity in more than one sense.

The United States agricultural society has adopted a series of resolutions, advertising to agricultural education, and prepared a premium list for a series of experiments on the cultivation of cotton in the Middle and Northern States; and also of hemp and flax.

AN HONEST LIFE.—The poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for. What matter is it if your neighbor lies in a splendid tomb? Sleep you with innocence! Look behind you through the track of time! A vast desert lies open in retrospect; wearied with years and sorrow, they sink from the walks of man. You must leave them where they fall; and you are to go a little further and you will find eternal rest. Whenever you may have to encounter between the cradle and the grave, every moment is big with events, which come not in succession, but bursting forcibly from a revolving and unknown cause, fly over this orb with diversified influence.

Do you wish to be miserable? Think about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what

respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth, or in heaven either.

An old Yorkshireman being informed by a betting acquaintance that "his friend the captain" would obligingly hold the stakes, the canny Northerner replied, "Ay, ay, that's all very well, but who's 't'hauld 't'captain?"

Berryer, the distinguished French lawyer, has been honored by a banquet given him by the members of the Paris Bar, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the profession. Jules Favre presided. M. Berryer had been overpowered during the whole time of dinner. He rose and attempted to address the company, but tears prevented him from being audible. At length he remarked that some one had recommended him to write out his speech; but, said he, "of what use would that have been, for I could not see to read it?" Having expressed his gratitude in broken sentences, he sat down, overpowered by the applause which followed his last words.

"There is no sex in souls," somebody says. Wrong, superficial, and absurd—the radical mistake which causes a great deal of blundering and bewilderment. Woman is woman in every fibre and tendril of her spiritual nature. Man is man in intellect, affection, imagination and will. They are as much two halves of a whole humanity, as the two lobes of the heart are the halves of one complete vital organ; and if so, marriage in its higher and spiritual relationships cannot be abolished by the stroke of death.

Rev. H. W. Beecher in a late sermon, speaking of material wants, says:

"It is right to seek enough; but who knows what enough means. That is a word that no dictionary could ever define, and that no hydrographer, no mariner, though he had line and plummet, could ever sound. You can find the bottom of the ocean, but you cannot find the bottom of that word. It takes the wings of the morning, and dwells in the uttermost parts of the sea. It ascends into heaven, and descends into hell. There are no metres and bounds that the human mind can put to it. It varies in dimensions in different men's thoughts, as much as stars do in size. And in the same man its meaning is ever shifting. For that which is enough when he sets out in life, is but a beginning when he becomes advanced in age, and is but the foundation on which he means to build an ample enough. And he never reaches enough. And yet, out of this very strife for infinite aggrandizement in secular things, come most of the troubles that men bring to God in prayer, and ask him to overrule. They receive no answer to their prayers, because they do not pray anything fit to be answered. And that is the reason why many doubt whether God answers prayer."

Communion of Souls in Physical Bodies.

Dr. CHILD: Dear Sir—Can an interchange of thought between distant individuals be effected otherwise than by angel ministrations? Please give us a chapter upon this subject through the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and oblige a friend to the cause of truth. E. H. P. Jay, Maine, Jan. 17, 1862

In answer to the above interesting question, I can only give the impressions that make my own conviction. Others may have different impressions and different convictions. There is no outside standard in external things for interior things; so what each one thinks is right to each, so far as each has had experience. I cannot question the claim, that angels may be messengers for the interchange of thought between mortals, and I cannot do less than claim that every human soul has in the physical body has the capacity developed, or undeveloped, to commune with absent friends, and exchange thoughts without respect to distance or place, and without any external means of conveyance. To the soul there is no such thing as distance. Distance with the soul is one eternal here, and time with the soul is the same as distance, one eternal now. Distance and time, the same as high and low, are attributes of matter, not of soul.

The soul-world is much better than the physical world, for we need not to go up and down, for there is no up and down; we have no need to go away and travel to see friends, for they are ever with us. The world of thought and internal feeling is the spiritual world—we think of a friend, and our soul is with the soul of the friend we think of, no matter how far asunder the physical bodies are. The soul wanders at the pleasure of thought, or rather the soul makes our thoughts by its own wanderings. When I think of my departed mother, my soul actually communes with her. When we think of dear friends, away from our own home, our souls actually hold intercourse with them. This communion, from the yet undeveloped condition and exercise of the soul's faculties, renders us unable to form this communion into tangible expressions of thought externally. Exercise and development of the soul will in time enable us to ultimate this communion in the tangible, external interchange of thought in words and sentences, no matter how far our friends may be removed from us by earthly measurement. It is for the want of an exercise, of a schooling, or rather of a development which is ever spontaneous, of the soul's faculties, that at present prevents us from the recognition of this real soul communion, which is mostly indicated now by only the thoughts and vivid remembrances of departed ones.

Many times have I seen the spirits of friends who still inhabit the physical body, come into my presence, when at the same time their bodies were miles away. As soul meets soul, we met and held communion; communion that I cannot tell in words, for words are too faint and feeble. Sentences cannot express the unutterable realities of actual soul communion.

Dead folks, so called, I have held communion with, which communion is the same as communion with living folks. The manner of this communion I cannot describe; it is not in words and sentences; it seems a great deal more real. The thoughts and feelings of those spirits, in silence, were tangible to my soul's senses. A new world and a new life were opened, and my soul's perception, with the quickness of thought, swept the whole limits of its own unfoldings, at its own pleasure. I feel and know that this power and capacity of soul communion is inherent in me; and if it is in me, I know that it is in every other mortal that lives on earth. And as the little child that has only yet learned a part of the alphabet that will reveal a world of literature and intelligence to his maturer development, so this foretaste of soul communion is to me but the a b c of an infinite world of spiritual beauties, that a maturer soul development will unfold to the wondering, longing gaze of a God-blessed humanity. A. B. C.

The Spiritual Press.

It seems strange, that, with all our liberal growth, and the wide spread interest in Spiritual development, the progressive Press should be so meagerly supported. Is it from mercenary selfishness, or indifference to the needs of the age, that men look their pockets and starve their own natures of the allment they most require! The pitying angels look down upon such narrowness, and wonder that men are so blind. Progression is sure to redeem the world, but the gospel aids of soul-communion and moral psychology through the Press and the lecture room, are quite essential to hasten the desideratum. Hence, whoever feels for humanity, and would hasten the hour of its redemption, ought to labor for the means employed. The Spiritual Press have done much to inaugurate the reign of freedom and enlarge the scope of the human mind; but, shame to their gratitude! men have neglected the hand that fed them, and refused fuel to the light that guided them out of slavery! What follows? They have flickered, faded and disappeared, while the cloud-lamps of superstition brightened to lead men astray! But the day brightens, and the blaze of immortality wraps the earth in burning. While the many lights are swallowed up in the few, the colors that float from eternity may all dazzle upon the Banner, and spread from pole to pole. The Herald breathes Philosophy and Progress, the Banner multiplies Light and spreads the gospel of the spheres. We need them both, and there is ample means to sustain them. The cause they advocate is growing fast and sure, and coming ages will bless their efforts.

Fraternally yours, LYMAN C. HOWE. New Albion, N. Y., Jan. 2, 1862.

You perhaps are not aware that the "Bearing Tide," a Spiritual Reformer, and several other papers devoted to Spiritualism, are live institutions; although you speak "with the tongue of a prophet" when you say that the Spiritual press is not so fully supported by the advocates of Spiritualism as it should be.—Ed.

The Banner of Light. Bound Volumes of the BANNER for the year 1860—Vols. 5 and 6—can be procured at this office. Price \$3 each.

The Arcana of Nature. This volume, by Hudson Tuttle, Esq., is one of the best scientific books of the present age. Did the reading public understand this fact fully, they would have the work without delay. By reference to the seventh page of this paper, last column, the reader will find an enumeration of its contents. This work has found its way into Germany, been translated into the German language by a gentleman well known to the scientific world, and has been extensively sold in that country. We will send the book by mail to any part of the United States, on the receipt of \$1.00.

American Steel Pens. We have been using these pens for some time, and find they are not only better, but cheaper than foreign manufacture. We also, learn that since a Pen has been adopted by the Board of Education of the City of New York. All persons who want good pens at low prices, will consult their own interest by addressing a line to J. P. Sizer, Hartford, Conn., or 335 Broadway, New York, and getting terms, prices, &c. By enclosing \$1. you will get one hundred and forty-four samples by return of mail.

ADVERTISEMENTS. As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are moderate.

TO THE PUBLIC. EVERY one knows the importance of procuring fresh, genuine and unadulterated Medicines for the sick. After studying medicine for nearly twenty years, and dispensing and prescribing it for ten years, the subscriber may, without egotism, that his Medicines, of which he has every variety used in the Home and Eclectic systems of practice, may be relied on as the very best to be procured in the country. His extensive experience and practice have enabled him to compound remedies for Scrofula, Humor, Lung, Liver, Kidney, Urinary, and other diseases incident to the climate which are unsurpassed. OCTAVIUS KING Feb. 1.

MR. COLCHESTER, OF NEW YORK, Test, Business and Prophetic Medium, can be consulted for a short time longer at his rooms, 75 Beach street, opposite Edinboro's at. Has the marvelous Phenomena of Spirit Writing on the body. Also, in connection, Dr. C. Conklin, the well known Healing Medium, of New York. Jan. 18.

W. H. JOHNSON AND H. W. PRAY, DENTISTS. HAVE taken rooms at 175 Court Street, Boston, where they are prepared to perform all operations in SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTISTRY. Dr. J. makes the Surgical branch of Dentistry a specialty, in which he has had an experience of eighteen years. Being endowed with strong magnetic and healing powers, he is enabled to extract teeth, in many cases without pain, and also makes use of his healing powers in the treatment of Nervous Disease in all its forms. Jan. 25.

WANTED—BY MRS. J. H. CONANT—one or a suit of Rooms, near this office. The charges must be moderate, and the may will be promptly paid. For full particulars inquire at this office, or of Mr. J. H. Conant, at White Brothers, 86 Tremont street. Jan. 5.

THE FUGITIVE WIFE. A NEW AND INTERESTING BOOK, by WARREN CHASE. It contains a full and complete history of an interesting work, written by Warren Chase, author of "Life Line of the Loto One," the title of which is "The Fugitive Wife"; being a Review, Criticism, and Commentary on Marriage, Adultery, Divorce, Polygamy, Menstruation, Gynecology, and Free Love, Shakerism, Communism, and Socialism. Interpersed with Poems and Sketches of Actual Life, as seen by the author during many years' travel, with proposed legal remedies for domestic troubles. Price, in paper binding, 25 cents; in cloth, 40 cents—sent by mail. Published and for sale by BELLA MARSH, 14 Broad St., Boston, and by the author. Jan. 18.

HAMMONTON SETTLEMENT. LANDS FOR SALE IN THIS BEAUTIFUL AND THRIVING SETTLEMENT.

THE soil is a fine, sandy loam, adapted to the growth of Wheat, Oats, Corn, Peaches, Grapes, &c. It is the best fruit soil in the Union. The climate is mild, healthy and agreeable; the markets are the best, and all facilities are now at hand. This Settlement was started three years ago, and the land sold to none but actual settlers, and the result has been five hundred houses, two mills, five stores, and four public schools have been erected, and a population of three thousand industrious, liberal, enterprising and moral settlers, from New England and the western States, making a very desirable and thrifty community.

A large number of acres have been planted with Grapes and fine fruit. This settlement offers a rare opportunity for those wanting homes and protection against hard times. The farm lands are offered at the low price of from \$15 to \$20 per acre. Those who cannot pay all cash can pay one quarter cash and the balance in one, two, and three years, with interest. Also, town lots and cottage lots, of from one acre to five acres, from \$80 to \$300 each.

Also, Improved Places—Two beautiful, improved places, for sale, on a fine lake of pure spring water, with vineyard, fruits, &c.—desirable for a Water Cure. Grounds well laid out.

To visit Hammonton—leave Vine street wharf, Philadelphia at 7 1/2 A. M. and 3 1/2 P. M., direct for Hammonton. Inquire of R. J. BYRNES, Hammonton Land office, near the station. Letters, inclosing a stamp, will be answered. R. J. BYRNES. Hammonton, Atlantic Co., N. J., Jan. 1862. 5th Jan. 4.

PRINTING. NEATLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

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

AMUSEMENTS IN BOSTON.

BOSTON MUSEUM—Tremont, between Court & School streets. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra and Reserved seats, 50 cents. Performances commence in the evening at 7 1/2 o'clock, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3 o'clock. BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC—Washington street. Goodwin & Winter, Managers. Concerts of the Ganges. Performances every evening, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Prices—20, 25, and 15 cents. AQUARIUM AND ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS—Central Court. Irving White, Animals, Reptiles, &c. Open from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M. Admission 25 cents; Children under 10 years, 10 cents. MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL AND TROWBRIDGE'S OPERA HOUSE—Nearly opposite the Old South Church. Tickets, 25 cents.

New Books.

A B C OF LIFE. BY A. B. CHILD, M. D. AUTHOR OF "WHATSOEVER IS, IS RIGHT," &c.

IS NOW READY, and will be sent, post-paid, to every part of the country for 25 cents. This book, of three hundred Aphorisms, on thirty-six printed pages, contains more valuable matter than is ordinarily found in hundreds of printed pages of popular reading matter. The work is a rich treat to all thinking minds. For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, 158 Washington street, Boston. Dec. 31.

NOW READY: THE GREAT CONFLICT! OR, Cause and Cure of Secession.

BY LEO MILLER, ESQ., delivered at Pratt's Hall, Providence, R. I., on the evening of Sunday, Dec. 8, 1861, and repeated by universal request, at the same place, on Tuesday evening of the following week. Single copies 12 cents; ten copies \$1, mailed free; one hundred copies \$8. All orders addressed to BELLA MARSH, 14 Broad-st., Boston, BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, or ROSS & TOUCHET, 121 Nassau street, New York, will be promptly supplied. Dec. 28.

English Works on Spiritualism. THE NIGHT-SIDE OF NATURE; OR, GHOSTS AND GHOST-SERIES. By Catherine Crowe. For sale at the Banner of Light Office. Price 80 cents.

LIGHT IN THE VALLEY. MY EXPERIENCES IN SPIRITUALISM. By Mrs. Newton Crowland. Illustrated with about twenty plain and colored engravings. For sale at the Banner of Light Office. Price \$1.00. Dec. 21.

EVERY ONE'S BOOK. JUST WHAT IS NEEDED IN THESE TIMES: A New Book by Andrew Jackson Davis: THE HARBINGER OF HEALTH!

CONTAINING MEDICAL PRESCRIPTIONS FOR THE Human Body and Mind. BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

How to repel disease, regain health, live as one ought, treat disease of every conceivable kind, regenerate the energies, recruit the worn and exhausted system, go through the world with the least wear and tear and in the truest condition of harmony—this is what is distinctly taught in this volume, both by prescriptions and principles. There are to be found more than 300 Prescriptions for more than 100 forms of Diseases. Such a mass of information, coming through such a source makes this book one of Indispensable Value for Family Reference, and it ought to be found in every household in the land.

There are no cases of disease which its directions and rules do not reach. All climates, and all states of the climate come equally within its range.

Those who have known the former volumes of the author, will be rejoiced to know that in this latest one Mr. Davis reaches the very heart of the matter, and is freely lending himself to a work of the largest value to the human family. "It should be in the hands of every Man and Woman, for all are as much interested in its success as they are in their own health and happiness. Here is the PLAIN ROAD TO HEALTH! A handsome volume of 432 pages. Price only \$1. Single copies mailed free on receipt of price. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, Mass. Nov. 23.

JUST PUBLISHED. "AMERICA AND HER DESTINY," A SPIRITUAL DISCOURSE, given extemporaneously, at Dedworth's Hall, New York, on Sunday Evening, Dec. 23, 1861, through EMMA HARDING, by THE SPIRITS. Price, \$3 per hundred, or 5 cents single copy; when sent by mail, one cent additional.

Just published and for sale wholesale and retail at the Banner of Light Office, 158 Washington street. 17 Nov. 2.

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This book will cause a greater excitement than anything of the kind ever printed in the English language. When the "Eye Opener" first appeared, its critics were so unparagonably clerical and astounding that the Clergy, in consultation, prepared by the copyright and first edition for the purpose of suppressing this extraordinary production. The work was finally submitted to the Rev. Mr. West, for his opinion, who returned for answer, that the book submitted for its examination, threatened, it was true, the demolition of all creeds, nevertheless, in his opinion, nothing would be gained by its suppression. Said he, let truth and error struggle.

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DR. I. C. FARNSWORTH, PNEUMONICIST AND PHYSICIAN, is permanently located at No. 68 HUDSON STREET, Boston. Persons sending autographs and \$1, will receive a full delineation of character. Dr. F. also examines disease and prescribes by a look of the face; sends \$1—in each case two 8 cent postage stamps must be enclosed. References can be given from persons of high standing in Boston and vicinity, who have received great benefit by means of his magnetic power. Medical consultation free. Office hours from 2 to 6 P. M. Nov. 2.

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears. We have no doubt that the spirits who have been speaking through the BANNER are those who have been speaking through the BANNER...

Our Clerical.—The clerical at which these communications are given, are held at the BARRACKS or LIGHT OFFICE, No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3 (opposite to the CITY MOUNTAIN, FRIDAY and THURSDAY afternoon and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course:

- Tuesday, Dec. 3.—Invocation: "Is the Progress of the Spirit Immediate, or is it by distinct degrees?" With Electricity ever used in the movement of large Material Bodies. Heben Price, Johnson City; Patrick Smith, New York; Charles Foster Anderson, Georgetown, D. C.; Maria, Jo Louie Moore.
Thursday, Dec. 5.—Invocation: "What is a Miracle?" Herr Schrautal, New Orleans; Elizabeth Boston, her father; Herbert Langdon, Chesapeake City, N. J.; Lizzy Porter.
Monday, Dec. 9.—Invocation: "Was there ever a Universal Being?" James Rafferty, Boston street, Boston; John Biglow, to her mother, Frances Hyder; John M. Whitmore, Cambridge; Isaac T. Hopper (published in No. 13).
Thursday, Dec. 10.—Invocation: "What is Life?" His Conscience an Unerring Guide. Samuel T. Jacobs, Decatur, Mich.; Hannah Connelly, New York; Patrick O'Brien, Dublin, Ireland; James Morgan, to Margaret Ellwood; Wm. Stone, to his wife.
Thursday, Dec. 10.—Invocation: "The purpose of the message from England." Theodore Jackson; C. Thorne Perkins; Joseph Willits; Nelly Gleason.
Thursday, Dec. 10.—Invocation: "The Celebration of Christmas." Henry Bullman; Rhoda Wilkins; George Moore; Caloville, Indiana (printed in No. 13); Alice Maria Buckley.
Thursday, Dec. 20.—Invocation: "Do the Spirits come at the call of mortal hands?" Letitia Chase; Ricardo Hernandez; Peter Sears; Mary Ann Powers; Harriet Seely; Capt. Ira Hall.
Monday, Dec. 30.—Invocation: "Is the Soul's Progression Easy?" William Watson; Elizabeth Perkins; Freddy Davis; Josiah Copeland.
Tuesday, Dec. 31.—Dr. Wm. Clark, Boston (printed in No. 13); Catharine Boyer, Princeton, N. J.; Charles P. Young, San Francisco, Cal.; Thomas Budd, Orleans, Mass.
Thursday, Jan. 2.—Invocation: "When will man become infinitely happy?" Wm. T. Fernald, St. Louis; Rebecca Hopkin, Philadelphia; Margaret Connelly, Manchester, N. H.
Monday, Jan. 6.—Invocation: "Shall man ever become law unto himself—and if so, when?" Why are the communications given at this time more for strangers than for believers in Spiritual Manifestation? Willie Jones, High street, Boston; Florence S. Child; S. C. Johnson, S. C.; Joseph Billings, Jeweller, Montgomery, Ala.; to his son Henry; Patrick Murphy, Dover, N. H.
Thursday, Jan. 7.—Invocation: "Miscellaneous questions." Maria Hutchins, Belfast, Me.; Hiram Kenney, to his wife in Boston; Polly James, Bx, N. H.
Thursday, Jan. 9.—Invocation: "The Chief End of Man." "What is to be the end of the human race?" Nancy Howard (printed in No. 17); Benjamin Batterson, New York; Lizzy Dalton, New York; Charles Freeman, to his son; Sally Brown, to her children; To Clarence Williams.
Monday, Jan. 13.—Invocation: "Perfection." Richard S. Devenish, Manchester, England; E. Lenia Sampson, New York City.
Thursday, Jan. 14.—Invocation: "Will the Spirit of man ever retain its original purity?" Nancy Howard, Worcester, Mass.; Charles Kimball, Boston; Philip T. Monty, New Orleans.
Monday, Jan. 20.—Invocation: "Miscellaneous Questions." Thomas Hooker, to his Michigan Regiment; Mary Lee, to Major Robert Lee, Nashville, Tenn.; Solomon T. Ruge, Keene, N. H.; Thomas Knox, Pembroke, N. H.; to Abby Knox, Prattsville, Ala.
Friday, Jan. 21.—Invocation: "Miscellaneous Questions." Light; Antonio Murrell, sailor, Bx, St. John, N. Y.; Lucy M. Pendleton, Albany, N. Y.; Samuel T. Johnson, St. Louis, Mo.; Olive Dought, Brooklyn, N. Y.; to Philip Sprague.

Invocation.

Infinite Wisdom has taught us to pray, and therefore we do pray. The great Author of life, hath implanted prayer in mortality, and therefore it springs forth in obedience to his call. Our Father and our Mother—thou who art the source of life, and to whom all life is tending, we once more come to thee through mortal temples, in prayer. We ask thee, oh Father, for no special blessing. We ask thee not to turn aside from thy foreordained law, but ask thee, oh, our Father, to give unto thy children in mortal a comprehension of thee, that they may know that thy blessings are ever with them, and thy presence attends all they do. Throughout all the laws of nature, we find thy presence. Wherever we may chance to go, whether to hell or heaven, we will find thee there, oh, our Father, and may thy children in mortal know, as well as believe, that thou art every where; and though darkness is around them, thou art in the darkness, and when the midday sun shall shine, its rays shall be thy benediction. Then, when they shall walk through the dark night of sorrow, their souls will ascend on the wings of prayer, and nestle within thy arms. Oh, may thy ministering angels cluster around and lend their aid to the children of humanity, and may they perceive thee in the light and in the darkness, and realize, if they are in hell, it is because thou art there, and if in heaven, it is because thou art there, also. May we all feel thy hand in everything, we ask of thee, in behalf of the human family. Nov. 26.

Development.

Have the friends a question to propose to us? If there are none, we will speak briefly upon one already before us. A friend asks if man did not attain his present state of development through the brute creation. Did he not come up to humanity through all the lower orders of animal life? This question has been asked many times, and as many times has it been answered, in each time according to the variety of knowledge or degree of unfolding of the one who answered it. Now we may offer our interpretation from all those who have spoken before us; but, if true to ourselves, we must speak according to our own condition of thought, and must take that standard which is our own best guide, if we would answer the question. He who believes a thing because some one else does so, has no belief at all; but he who believes because he has that within him which causes him to believe, such a one has a belief indeed which amounts unto knowledge. We cannot for a moment suppose that the human race sprang from a lower order of animal life. We must believe that man was ever human; from the hour of his first being called into individual existence, we believe him to have been human. Now we also believe that we possess all the attributes found in the lower order of animal life, and that each life and form of earth, is manifested in some degree in his nature. That which perceives, grows, and ever is found ascending the ladder of progression, never descends.

The lower animals can never go beyond a certain point in intelligence, but receive their sentence from the great ruling power of the Universe. To man's reach, nothing is unattainable, and he is most influenced by the spirit of unrest and dissatisfaction, when he can clearest see the distance between himself and Deity, which path he must journey over step after step. When you ask if man came up through the lower order of animals, we unhesitatingly answer you, no. You are as distinct a part and portion of God's work, as is the lion and the lamb, the ox and the ass, or any ones of the vast variety of animal life before you. That you are bound to all things upon the face of earth by material ties, we know; but we also know you are born from a different point in the eternal scheme, and to which the life below you can never attain. We know that man's life is one of aspiration and longing, while that of the animal is dull and satisfied. We know also that the animal rests from his troubles after death, but man is only put afresh upon a new journey. That there are animals in the spirit-world, we know; but there are no more progressed than they are with you. They are as high as you can be, and progression with them has ceased. It is as if you were dead. The animal has just enough instinct to sat-

isfy the demands of his form—no more; and he never gets any more. Oh, thou child of the Infinite, it is not so with you. You may ask to day and receive; ask to-morrow and receive; and though your desires are answered again and again, you are never satisfied. Nov. 24.

Thomas P. Hopewell.

I'm hardly used to this way of doing business. I've been used to a different sort of a body from this, and it comes unhandy to use one you ain't acquainted with; and I do n't know anything, or did n't, before I came here, about speaking after you've lost your body, so I can't do very well. I belonged in Ohio, and they say this is Massachusetts. I've been here before, but I fall from Ohio, now—Dentonville, Ohio. I died of cancer in my face and throat. I was sick some time, and desperate that I got away from earth. I was thirty-six years of age, and my name was Thomas P. Hopewell. I do n't care about coming to strangers, but I've got friends of my own I'd like to come to. I've got a brother in Massachusetts that I ought seen for most eight years, and I thought I'd try and come down this way and see if I could n't get a chance to talk with him. I want him, or should like to have him, go out to Missouri—he knows where—and sell my place, and take pay for his trouble, and pay the rest where it ought to go. This is one thing I want to say, but there are a good many other things. I had money, to be sure. I suffered a good deal, and my friends that took care of me, I suppose, took it. But it's all over now, and I'm all right. That's enough, I suppose. My brother's name is David, and if I'm sure of getting a letter to him, I'll be on the road to do something else, I think. I rather expect he's in Lowell—a little ways from here, I take it. He thinks I'm a kind of avaricious, and one of that sort he did n't exactly like, and we wa'n't very friendly for awhile. But I suppose he'll forget all that, and will do about as I ask him to; and it'll be all square. He won't lose anything by going—that's sure. I left things so he can settle them easy enough—some of them any time within three years after my death. Write to him at Lowell, Mass. He'll get it. I don't know whether it's day or night here, stranger, but I'll say all day to you, and be off. Nov. 26.

William T. Sands.

Wall, bub, what's the news. It's a bad place for news, where I live, I tell you. My name was William T. Sands. I'm from New York, sir; forty-one years of age; died in consequence of the rupture of a blood vessel somewhere in the region of the stomach, two years ago. About this war. How is it going to turn? Do n't know? Well, you keep a poor news shop, don't you? Well, there's a man around these parts I am anxious to get hold of. Will you help me to do it? Well, how'll you do it? Put it in a paper, eh?—What, the Police Gazette? Well, his name is Owen Brady. He is Irish, by birth or parentage. I don't know which. He's a friend of mine, and I have business with him, and some of it is unsettled. In the first place I want to talk with him—to let him know I am here, and then ask him to come and talk with me. In the first place, tell him I'm here. The last time I saw him, I told Owen you come to my place such a day—naming the day—at ten o'clock, and we'll settle up that affair. Then you can make it all right with me, and I will with you. Well, he never came. I do n't know why. Now I have got to find some other way, and invite him to come to me. I have no place of my own now, as I used to have, so I shall have to borrow one while I talk with him. Now about these mediums. You have them all up and down the country. Can you talk through them all? Well, then, I'll invite him to come to me at any time he sets, and I'll be there, if I can—and if I am, he'll know it, be sure; and if not, I'll know it. I rather think he's in New York now. He's a sort of a traveling planet—a little while in one place and then in another. I was one of that class who believe all we see around us is the result of chance, so I'll trust a little to chance in the future. Well, now, I've got a wife and one child. I do n't know about asking for an interview. What do you think about that? I'd like it; but if I'd make more trouble than I would do good, I'd better stay away. It will throw over all their old ideas, and they won't know what to do about it. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll tell them I'm dead and alive, and I'll give my affectionate regards to my wife, Maria Louise, and if she wants to know more about me, I'll be very glad to talk with her about herself and the child. I do n't know but this will strike her strangely, but I see no other way. My wife is in a family where all are opposed to anything of this kind, and I do n't know as my words will have any effect; but I'll throw them out and trust to luck. Good-day. Nov. 26.

Mary Jane Lovejoy.

Tell my mother, living in Concord, N. H., I have been away for seven years. I was eight years old when I left. My name was Mary Jane Lovejoy. I died of scarlet fever, and my grandmother Lovejoy was the first to receive me when I went to the spirit-world. My mother has many times wished I would come, if the angels can come to earth. I'm not an angel, tell my mother—only her child. My mother has always felt that I might have been saved, if she had been careful of me, because I was getting well, and took cold and got worse again, and died. If you please tell my mother if God had wanted me to live, he would have kept me on earth. She must n't blame herself, nor anybody, because she took good care of me and did the best she could. My mother would n't have some of her friends know she believes I can return, because she's afraid they'd think less of her. But I have heard her wish that the spirits would return, and it was just as loud to me as if she had said it. I want to ask her if she remembers one night about two years and a half ago when she was in her chamber reading a spiritual book called Davis's Great Harmony. She kept the book locked up in a trunk, for fear somebody would see her reading it. She was thinking about me, and she thought I was with her, and she has thought a great deal about it since. Oh, I was with her, and I want you to tell her I was, and I want to talk to her. May I go? Did I talk loud enough? Did you hear all I said? Nov. 26.

Jonathan Ladd.

Written: My son, as I was in direct rapport with the subject, I cannot refrain from sending you a line to inform you of my presence, and of my approbation of your study of the great laws of life in the material and ethereal realms. Go on, and receive in the future a crown of wisdom. JONATHAN LADD. Nov. 26.

Invocation.

Infinite Spirit of the Universe! We would be at peace with thee! We would see all thy earthly family at peace with thee! And to be at peace is to be in harmony with thee! Therefore we ask to come unto a full comprehension of thee and of thy character. We ask that thou wilt whisper to the inmost recesses of our beings that peace which thou alone canst give. We ask thee further, that thy vast family over all the earth may know and be at peace with thee. And may thy mighty voice, though silent and noiseless, and the soft requiem of Nature be, peace, be still! And may thy higher church of man be at peace and obey thee. We ask these things not for ourselves, but in behalf of that great family that are continually crying unto thee for aid. Nov. 28.

For a few moments we will hold ourselves in readiness for any questions that may be propounded to us by articles present. If there are none, we will pass on, and give room for the next column. Nov. 28.

Joy H. Fairchild. I have been called here to-day by the curious request of one on earth who stands in the relation of enemy to me. Notwithstanding he declares himself to be an enemy only to acts and deeds of earth, when we consider that a man's acts are a part of him, we consider that a man's acts are as enemies then to us as to him, and we consider that one who styles himself my friend, but declares himself enemy to all my externals, has called upon me through himself. He says, "Come, and any secret of my soul you have heard, you may reveal." I read there an extreme of love and hate—something partly divine, and partly human, perfectly natural to an individual with an unformed desire for truth and light, which must continue for ages, because the deep crust of materiality in him will not be broken through for ages to come. He shall not know for many years, because the deep crust of materiality rests upon his spirit. He says, "Give me some familiar name—some name which has long slumbered in the tomb—some name of a mortal among my kindred which the world is not familiar with." I will give a name that I see written upon his affections. That name is Lydia Frances Mercer, who died near fifty years ago, and has many times sought to break the deep crust which surrounds him, and has many times failed. I believe honestly, no mortal living ever heard him lip that name. I believe also that her spirit holds sacred communion with this mortal individual. He asks that I may withhold his name. This very request implies a belief in the coming of the angels. He declares to you that God made all things, and if he did, all that flow from man, and as each thought was good before God, there is nothing that God does not own and will not claim. Oh, my friend, I entreat you to bathe your soul in the clear waters of truth, with which you have little to do, and when you shall have cast off the crust of materialism, first of all begin to practice that golden, beautiful, grand and sublime rule, given by Confucius, and demonstrated by Jesus Christ. Have charity, with all the glittering gifts that follow in its pathway. If not found there, you will not be satisfied with any crown which you may wear. If you pass to the spirit-world without them, you will be less happy. Gather these gifts before you pass hence. He despises my actions; he condemns me. I, too, condemn many acts that I have done; I could not see the mighty ocean of truth now before me. I thank God for each and every act of my material existence, though among them are very many that have plunged me into hell—for although they have so plunged me, they have brought me into greater knowledge and truth. Sorrow is consequence of what you call sin, are to be the means by which you are to be redeemed from sin. Therefore they who have walked through great tribulation, are nearest unto God. From Joy H. Fairchild to one who professes to be a friend, in Dedham, Mass. Nov. 23.

Matilda Mason. My father is an Atheist. My mother also has very little belief in an hereafter. I was brought up under the direct care of my aunt, who was a very pious lady. I have been what the people here call deaf since 1858. My disease was called a tumor of the chest, but I do n't think the friends were right in supposing it to be that disease. I was told by my spiritual attendants that it was an abnormal growth in the stomach, and not a tumor, by any means, and that it was caused by an injury I received when I was about seven years of age. I was twenty-one at the time of my death. My father and mother have, within the last year, had frequent communications with a friend who believes in the return of spirits, and he has requested me to come to some place, where I can communicate with him. If spirits can come, he adds, he wishes me to come where no mortal can have any agency in deceiving him. He asks for a test, that I may repeat the lines I speak when dying. When I was dying, I spoke as though I was in the water, and so expressed myself. I felt as though a storm was raging all around, and the waves were washing over me, and when I receded from the earth that I was sinking in the water; and felt that it was harder and harder for me to breathe as I was sinking. I am sure of my repeating the lines taught me by my aunt: "Jesus, lover of my soul, While the billows o'er me roll, And the tempest still is high, And so I passed out of earth, and entered the spirit-world. My first thought when coming to consciousness, was how shall I convince my father of the reality of existence beyond the earth. And while I asked aid of God, a kind spirit said to me, "There is a great highway opened by which you can do so; you have come from the earth, and will some time have strength enough to go back." I have never found that strength till to-day. I earnestly desire to speak to my father and mother. I shall not like to have them go to the spirit-world without some knowledge of that world, and no belief in that world; for I see all around me many such beings, who are as weak as infants and need nourishment as much, and who are not always able to get such sustenance as they require. Question.—Be so good as to state the appearance of that world? I seemed to be suddenly transported to some beautiful garden. In my earthly life I was exceedingly fond of flowers. The earliest life I saw, was the more beautiful it was to my eyes. I seemed to be in one of the wildest spots of the earth, so beautiful, and the air so soft, and the song of birds, with the trees, water, flowers and fruits, all seemed to be a part of the earth, and, while more beautiful, so like that it hardly seemed I had left the earth. I was born in Patterson, N. J., and died in Lancaster, Pa. I was generally called Matilda. Frater, which was my aunt's name—because I lived with her. But my right name was Mason; that was the name of my father and mother. Nov. 28.

James Flynn. What'll I say, Mister? what'll I say? [Say what you please.] My sister Margaret wants me to come back and tell what I stole. She does not think I will come. I was down where she lives, in Twenty-second street, New York, where there was a medium, and just for the fun, she said to me, "Jimmy, if you will go and tell what you stole the week before you died, I will believe you." I stole a gold pencil out of a vest pocket, and some money—I do n't know how much—and a pair of boots, not much good. I was at work at a store in Fulton street—I do n't remember the number. I stole the amount of the counting room, the week before I died. I was killed—not sick at all. A horse knocked me down, and the cars went over me, and took the side of me face off, and that's the way I come to be dead. Mr. Demeritt wanted me to come and tell what I stole, and if he believes that I have come, I want him to go down and see me mother, and give her something to keep her from freezing. He has got money enough, and only two girls not much better than I. I died in March, 1860. My mother do n't know I stole at all, and now she will know it. My mother's name is Flynn—Margaret Flynn. I am telling the truth, Mister, that's all. [That's right—that will please your friends.] My friends! I do n't know that I have got any friends. The man who told me about it, do n't believe I can come. May be, some one will call his son back, and ask him what he stole. What'll I do, Mister, if he do n't go to my mother? She lives in Liberty Lane. I do n't know as he knows where she lives, but he has seen her when she took me there. Will I go? Good morning. Nov. 28.

George M. Bidwell. The person who is called for in the enclosed note, will respond as soon as he has power, and thus redeem his promise. GEORGE M. BIDWELL. Nov. 28.

Archibald De Witt. Written: My son—my William—I am here, and would speak with you of Heaven, and tell you that all are blessed with sight in the home beyond the tomb. Nov. 28. ARCHIBALD DE WITT.

Invocation. Oh, thou mighty God of Creation—thou who art infinite and eternal, and canst call into existence myriads of new formed life—thou mighty Spirit of the past, whose steps are from everlasting, and whose power guides and governs all things, accept our gratitude to thee, as expressed not only through our reason, but in the song of thanksgiving as unto thee the spirit-voices proclaim that thou art God, and all in all. Without thee there is no life, without mourning, there is no joy, without darkness, there is no light. We would therefore thank thee for all these things, for mourning as well as for joy, for darkness as well as for light, for sorrow as well as for happiness. Again we beseech of thee to accept our thanks, as they come unto thee out of the deep well-springs of our being, because thine own hand has planted them in our existence. Dec. 2.

God's Manifestation to Man. We have a question to consider briefly, and after the consideration of this, if any friend has a question to propose, we shall be ready to answer it. The question we have to consider is this: "What is the first manifestation of God that is apparent to man's physical senses?" We believe it to be motion. As motion is the absolute demonstration of life, and life the demonstration of God, so then we believe motion to be the first manifestation of God that is apparent to men. The religiousist goes forth into Nature, and sees the God, and declares he sees him all around him. But when in his home he does not see God there. There is no motion there—nothing apparent to the outward senses—nothing declares outwardly of the life inwardly. The religiousist perceives God through motion, and all persons are religiousists to some extent. You may disclaim a belief in God—you may deny a belief in future life, but the most skeptical are oftentimes the most religious. What is the sensation of a man as he goes forth into a beautiful garden? It is his religious nature that is called forth. The God in motion declares the handiwork to be beautiful and good. So our question gives, as its solution, that the first manifestation of Divine power is the power of motion. That is felt perceptibly and sensibly in natural good. But when taken out and placed in artificial life, it becomes in one sense devoid of motion. The motion which a man could see in the growing tree, he does not witness in the inanimate object at home. It is so far imperfect to his external senses. Now there is as much power of God in this table, as when the wood was growing fresh in the tree. When removed from the outward senses, men do not perceive that God takes care of it. We are now ready to answer any question which may be propounded by any friends present. There being none, we will pass on to the next column. Dec. 2.

George W. McFarland. Cap'n, I came here to get a passage home. What is the terms? Well, skipper, you do n't suppose I want to take possession of this little craft—it is not the craft I want. I do n't know exactly how to express myself—I want to send a letter home. Well, skipper, I have been in port long, and do n't know how to begin. I do n't want to crowd on too much sail, for this is a pretty heavy craft. The old fellow has stood a pretty heavy sea, and I believe I will find a safe passage. I will tell you who recommended me here. It was Captain Hatch. Well, I sailed with him a long while ago. I did n't know he had gone aloft, but when I got into these parts he undertook to help me along. I sailed with him two voyages from Boston, eight or nine, perhaps ten years ago. But you see, Cap'n, I just come into port—been here about ten days. Oh, yes, yes! First thing, my name, eh? My name is George W. McFarland. I hailed from Trenton, Maine. I was on a voyage from Turk's Island to Boston, went aloft on duty, and that's the last I know. I was twenty-eight years old. It was the brig Continental, Captain Jennings. Now Cap'n, this is after the 19th of November. Well, I've been in kind of sleepy way. I was told I missed hold and fell. I do n't know how. I come here and want a chance to say I'm all right. I've not been sent below yet, and do n't know as I shall be. I'd heard of some of your rips—what do you call 'em?—and I thought if there was any good in it, I'd like to know. Some other fellows, here, stay sick and have to turn in a good while, before going ashore. I've no family, but parents, I suppose, and they're gone aloft. I ain't particular who this is to go to, I only wanted to say that I'm well, as far as I can see. I shall stay here until I can get my traps together. Property? Did you ever know a man before the mast to get any property? They are generally robbed to their shipmates for a burial. I guess you are a sort of a land shark. As far as I know, I am all right; I had a fair wind, and got here pretty quick. When I went off, I was spoken to as a shipmate before I had any idea of being on the other side. The last sensation I had was a sort of turn over. Well, fair wind to you, skipper; when you come over, if you want a pilot, I will come after you. Dec. 2.

Henry Wright. William, how are you? You do n't know me, do you? My name is Henry Wright. I think I know you, too, (holding out a hand to the scribe). But never mind—keep on writing. I suppose you want to know what brings me here to-day. I have been down South, playing a few tricks—what I call tricks. What I am here for is to give tests, not to you, nor designed for your direct benefit. You see I was in Washington seven days ago. There was a party met there, two of whom only had any belief in Spiritualism; the others were pretty hard, but pretty thick-shells—will need a good many crushings before they will see the first real light. I happened to know one of them. I was out in Mexico with him, in the battle of Churubusco. I told him where I had seen him. He thought what I said of him came from his own mind, but do n't believe that mind can travel. He said if I would go to the place where they receive communications, and give his name and some circumstances connected with his history, he would be bound to believe me. His name was Richard Hobart—we used to call him Dick, because of his clear complexion. He might be out much in the sun, and yet not change his fair appearance. I give this merely to show that I know him well. It was all by accident I ran afoul of him. Well, I tell Dick I can't make a speech on the occasion, but should be glad to have him believe that spirits can come back and be happy. I told him I thought the present war would be a Yankee as there used to be. The war will sort of flatten out, and the one that considers itself as having the weakest side will cave in. Of course he did not think so. He asked me something about Davis, Jeff. Davis, and particularly whether he was held in high repute in the army (in Mexico). The answer I made him was this. It is not proper to say in the presence of ladies, but I give it, lest he should say I was not true in my statement: "I believe, as far as I remember, he was generally considered a d—d rascal." I hope the ladies will excuse it. We had some more small talk there, but not of much account. Now I'll say a word in conclusion. Dick, if you are honest, own up. I will call round in the course of a month or two, and see how things are. Remember me to all the friends. Good-by. Dec. 2.

Charlotte K. Tapley. Charlotte K. Tapley is my name. I was fourteen years old. I was born in Brookfield, N. Y. My father is at Blackwell's, convicted of murder in the second degree, and arson. I want to write to him. I go to him sometimes at night. He sees me and thinks I come to accuse him of his great sins. I go to tell him God is merciful—more so than man. I go to ask him to lay the foundation of a better life. He thinks he shall soon be free, and go out into the world again. I want to tell him he never will. He will die by accident. His term of imprisonment runs over three years longer. He will die before that is half expired. My mother sends her blessing, and prayer for his redemption. He thinks he hears her voice rebuking him, particularly sometimes at night. It is only when we are near him to produce good impressions, and the rebuke comes from his own conscience, and not from us. One of the wardens of the institution believes in our coming, and he will read the letter to him. Good day. Dec. 2.

Lily Knox. Written: Dear Grandpa and Mother, we are all here safe, and Aunt Ann will help us in all we do. Dec. 2. LILLY KNOX.

Written for the Banner of Light. TO LIDA A. GOVE. BY SARAH.

Oft as the moments swiftly fleeting Pass, unreturning by, And musing thoughts in strange repeating With winged prospecton fly, Sad fancy paints our parting hour, And I must leave the olden bower, Away to other scenes repair; And, oh, if then I might but share The genial presence of my Lida I True, sympathizing and trustworthy; If, when long thoughts employ my breast, Thou mightest be my companion blest!

Yes, though I far from thee should wander, Fond mem'ry will, I know, As oft upon the past I ponder. Recall thy smile's love-glow; Though mirrored then its friendship-ray, I know still round my lonely way, 'Twill sunshine 'mid the shadows fling, While thoughts of that unending Spring, Our future home, where naught can part us, Where Time's sad waves can no roll o'er us, No torturing pain afflict the breast, Shall whisper of our meeting blest!

Miami, Ind., 1862.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.

DEAR BANNER.—Accompanying this you will receive an answer to a sealed letter, addressed to Seth Hinshaw, from Mr. J. V. Mansfield; also a communication from Hannah Hinshaw to her husband Seth, given through Dr. Cooper, of Bellefontaine, Ohio. In order to the full understanding of these, I think it good to enter into a short explanation. Seth Hinshaw, of Greensboro, has been for some time in correspondence with George E. Walcutt, of Columbus, Ohio, and from time to time has received likenesses of his deceased children, wife, etc. As one time he received the likeness of himself in his coffin. It is right to remark here that Seth Hinshaw and Mr. Walcutt have never met, and yet the likenesses of himself in the coffin, as well as in other places, is perfect. On the 17th of December, Seth wrote to J. V. Mansfield, inclosing a sealed letter addressed to his wife, Hannah Hinshaw, who died in the year 1832, and also to Jabez, their son, who died in 1844. The letter was inclosed in a double envelope, well sealed with gum, sealing wax over it, and directed outside, "For the Spirits." This was enclosed to Mr. Mansfield, with a written request to the spirits to answer it, and also that he would return the sealed letter to Mr. H., with the seal unbroken, along with the spirits' reply. This was done. Seth Hinshaw desires me to say the seal was unbroken. The contents of the sealed letter were simply these: "Dear Hannah Hinshaw, and our son Jabez, please write something to me by which I may know that it is you, if you can and will." In the answer a reference was made to twins, who were dead, born when the wife, Hannah, died; also to the portraits which Seth has received since the death of his wife. These facts were unknown to Mr. Mansfield; thus the letter was a complete test. The spirit home which is spoken of in the communication by Dr. Cooper, is represented in an oil painting received from Walcutt, in which may be seen a beautiful dwelling, surrounded by charming scenery; also a faint representation of a place at a distance, surrounded by a glorious spirit-halo. This is the home to which the spirits will eventually conduct the aged Seth. I am requested by Seth H. to make you acquainted with these particulars, in order that the communications may be understood. I am occasionally traveling and lecturing in the cause. Greensboro is my Indiana home. The friends meet in the new hall for periodical meetings. Myself and Dr. Cooper have received certificates from the organization here authorizing us to solemnize marriage in accordance with law. This looks like progress for us. Indeed, I know that where I am accustomed to travel the cause seems to be steadily progressing. I am yours in the faith of spirit, MARY THOMAS, of Cincinnati. Greensboro, Ind., Jan. 10, 1863.

Communication from the spirit world, to Seth Hinshaw, written through Dr. James Cooper, of Bellefontaine, Ind., Jan. 8, 1862: Dear Seth—I have long wanted to talk to thee of our spirit home, and would have done so through the Boston medium, Mansfield, but there were so many spirits waiting to communicate with their friends, through him, that I had to refrain. For that reason I impressed this medium that he was wanted here, but did not tell him what for. These will understand, dear husband, that the picture of thy spirit home, which was painted by the medium Walcutt, was executed by spirit artists at the request of our children and myself, and is a fair representation of the reality. Thy reception will be as there represented, but the painting falls far short of the beauty of that home, which is to be a home to thee for only a short time—so short that it might only be called a place of reception, for, in

Pearls.

And quoted Oles, and Jewels five words long, That on the stretched forehead of all time Sparkle forever.

FAITH.

There is a flower, a holy one, That blossoms on my path, No need of dew or daily sun, Or falling showers it hath;

That plant is Faith; its holy leaves Reviving odors shed, Upon the lowly place of grief, Or mansions of the dead.

Plant of my soul, be fading things By other hands caressed, But through life's weary wanderings, I'll bear thee in my breast;

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down, is weaving when the sun comes up to-morrow.

A CHILD'S SONG.

Keep it rolling—that's the way; Keep it rolling, rolling; Roll for work, or roll for play.

Keep it rolling; only see How it grows by moving! That's the way with you and me— Advancing is improving;

Keep it rolling; if at rest 'T will be hard to move it then; Then not growing it will waste, Melting into naught again.

Keep it rolling; by-and-by 'T will be more than you can do; While you can go forward—try, More is not required of you;

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LIZZIE DOTEN AT LYCEUM HALL, BOSTON.

Sunday afternoon, January 19, 1862. [Reported for the Banner of Light.]

THE TRINITY.

The subject of Miss Doten's discourse, at Lyceum Hall, last Sabbath afternoon, was "The Trinity," her text, the famous "Athanasian Creed."

The world groans under a bondage imposed upon it by the efforts of well-meaning men to reduce Deity to his lowest terms, that men may take Him in small doses; to make the incomprehensible comprehensible, to bring the Infinite within the capacity of the finite.

The Greeks gave many gods to mankind; they felt a divinity in all things; they seized upon the best conception then possessed by mortals, that the "most of Deity is manifested through man; and they recognized, as do we to-day, His informing presence throughout all nature.

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But the incarnation of Deity is so real and so great, that it comes with every true and good man. God is eternally living and dying for the race. He is manifest in sons and daughters at all times; but it is not the infinite comprehending Himself within the finite. Therefore, this mystery may be dismissed at once from the mind.

Now, why did Jesus, torn of our spiritual Father, in the sense that all his children are, receive a greater degree of the Divine wisdom, power, and love than other men? The true explanation will not be willingly accepted at first; but future revelations shall prove its verity.

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The Spiritual Reasoner. This work by E. W. Lewis, M. D., of Watkins, N. Y., is a record or journal of spirit-teachings, communications, and conversations, in the years 1851, 1852, and 1853, through N. S. Gardner, medium.

clairvoyant Physicians. Dr. E. W. Howard and Lady, the distinguished clairvoyant Physicians, have permanently located in the city of Indianapolis, Ind., and respectfully tender their services to the afflicted.

Obituary Notices. Another wife and mother among the angels! Mrs. NANCY E. wife of Andrew CAMPBELL, of Stafford, Conn., aged 42 years, left the worn out tenement of clay, which consumption had so emaciated, on the 15th of January, 1862, leaving her sorrowing husband with the care of five children.

The father held his little boy Close to his aching breast, And stepped to take a last fond look Of the cold, dead form at rest.

And as I saw the tear-drops fall, Like summer's gentle rain, Adown the father's sorrowing cheek, And heard his sigh of pain,

I looked upon the little boy there— A contrast strange to all that I had seen— In grief he had no share, In grief he had no share,

Oh! childhood innocence, I said, Perhaps his little eyes Behold his Spirit-another there, And she can soothe his cries.

God grant no evil e'er may hide That angel form from him— No darkened cloud of bigotry His soul-light ever dim.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS. LYCEUM HALL, THURSTON STREET, (opposite head of School street).—The regular course of lectures will continue through the winter, and services will commence at 2:45 and 7:15 o'clock, P. M. Admission Free. Lecturers engaged:—Henry S. Chapman, February 2; Prof. Clarence Butler, Feb. 9; Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, Feb. 16, 23, and March 2; Prof. Clarence Butler, March 9; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, March 23 and 30; Miss Emma Hardinge, in May.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROADFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at 10:15 A. M. Conference meetings at 8 and 10:15 P. M. Dr. Clark Chairman. The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening, at 7:15 o'clock. The subject for the next evening is:—"Medium."

CHARLESTOWN.—Sunday meetings are held at Central Hall, at 8 and 10 o'clock, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Clarence Butler, Feb. 2; Miss Emma Hardinge, 15 and 22. MARCH 8.—Meetings are held in Bennett's new Hall. Speakers engaged:—F. L. Wadsworth, last three Sundays in June.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall, Speakers engaged:—E. J. Finny, Esq., during February; Belle Scougal, during March.

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Conference Meetings held Sunday mornings, and speaking by mediums, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in House of Temperance Hall, on Congress, between Oak and Green streets. Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 2:15 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. H. Macomber, in Feb.; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, in April; Frank L. Wadsworth, in May; Mrs. M. S. Townsend in June.

NEW YORK.—At Lamartine Hall, corner 8th Avenue and 90th street, meetings are held every Sunday at 10:15 A. M., 8, 10, 7:15 P. M. Dr. H. Dresser is Chairman of the Association. At Dodworth's Hall, 800 Broadway, Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch will lecture every Sunday, morning and evening.

MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Lectures every Sunday at Bowman's Hall, Milwaukee street, commencing Feb. 2, at 7:15 A. M. Lecturers desiring engagements please address Albert Morton CLEVELAND, Ohio.—Speakers who wish to make appointments at Cleveland, are requested to address Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, who is authorized to confer with them.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Meetings are held in Mercantile Library Hall every Sunday at 10:15 o'clock A. M. and 7:15 P. M.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT, The oldest and largest Spiritualistic Journal in the World, IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT BOSTON, MASS.

Though the pressure of the times, which has proved so disastrous to many Newspapers and Establishments in our country, has made us feel its influence severely, we are yet proud to say we have surmounted all obstacles, and are now able to keep the BANNER on a foundation of solidity and respectability.

We have resolved to make every personal sacrifice and self-denial for the good of the cause, and only ask our readers to meet us in the same spirit; for they know, as well as we do, that the BANNER is well worth its subscription money, as more labor is expended on it, we venture to say, than on any other weekly paper in America, it being generally filled with entirely original matter, and often—anonously or otherwise—from some of the brightest minds in this and the spirit sphere.

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