

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. X.

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NO. 7.

Literary Department.

"A DOLLAR OR TWO;"

—OR—

MR. SILVERBURY'S EXPERIENCE.

BY LIZZIE DOTEN.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER III.

MR. SILVERBURY FALLS IN LOVE AND OUT AGAIN.

It was late next morning when Mr. Silverbury awoke from his dreams and returned to his consciousness of outward things. As the events of the preceding night slowly returned, and he took them into serious consideration, he found himself obliged to make a very important decision, which was this—that, in consideration of his present limited means, (five coppers, and the expected proceeds of his lecture,) he should be wholly unable to maintain Miss Nelly Goldthwaite in her present style of living, and therefore should not avail himself of the preference which she had so openly manifested for him. Feeling very much exalted by this heroic piece of self-denial, he arose and dressed himself, made a scanty breakfast, and then prepared for a morning walk.

As he came down the stairs, he found Frank Willoughby, Mrs. Bluthorpe's nephew from the country, waiting at the door, with the horse and wagon with which he usually brought milk and vegetables to the city. At present, however, it was cleared of its usual contents, and two nicely cushioned seats fitted in. Eva stood on the steps in her little, neat, white sun-bonnet, with her shawl on her arm, while Mrs. Bluthorpe was looking the door of her room.

"Good morning," Mr. Silverbury said. "This is one of the Lord's own days, and we intend to improve it to the utmost, for we are going to spend it in the country. But mercy me! you poor, dear man! What a forlorn, lackadaisical look you have this morning! Pray, what is the matter with you?"

"Oh, nothing in particular," replied Silverbury. "I was up rather late last night, which, together with excitement and over-eating, have affected my whole system."

"Well, then," said Mrs. Bluthorpe, "just jump into the wagon and take a ride with us, and see how that will affect your system. Now do not say no, just for politeness' sake, but come right along;" and seizing him by the arm with friendly force, she drew him after her.

"Oh, yes, Silverbury," called out Frank, as soon as he saw him; "you will make a fine addition to our party. Strange I had not thought of you myself; nevertheless, you are just as welcome."

No further words were necessary, for Mr. Silverbury was right glad of the invitation; and, after helping Mrs. Bluthorpe and Eva into the wagon, he took his seat with great satisfaction beside the worthy young farmer, whose cheerful countenance, radiant with health and happiness, did one good to look upon.

As they rode along, Mr. Silverbury turned back to speak with the ladies, and for the first time, observed Mrs. Bluthorpe's bonnet. It was a mixed straw, trimmed with a profusion of white satin bows, and was so very large and old-fashioned that it formed a most amusing contrast to the mode of the present day. Indeed, Mr. Silverbury's sense of the ridiculous was so keen, that he found it impossible to look into that broad tassel of straw, from which the good lady's face beamed forth so radiantly, without smiling in a very ambiguous manner. Therefore, to avoid seeming rudeness, he kept his eyes fixed on Eva, who, with her sweet face, and smiling blue eyes, peeping out from under her white sun-bonnet, seemed to him the very embodiment of feminine delicacy and loveliness.

Cloverdale farm, the possession of the Willoughbys, was a most delightful place. The house, with its numerous gables and cozy piazzas, just exactly suited Mr. Silverbury's idea of the picturesque and beautiful, and as they drove up to the door under the great overshadowing elms, he thought how happy he should be to spend his life in such a place with Eva for a companion. His heart grew very tender toward her, and he resolved that so soon as he held the proceeds of his lecture in his hands, he would make her a formal proposition.

Everything in and about the house was indicative of prosperity. It seemed the central point of a rich and varied landscape, for all around, and stretching far away in the background, were meadows, and cornfields, and orchards, woodlands and pasture grounds, one green swell rising beyond another, until at last a broad blue arm of the sea, stretching lovingly into the land, gave the last finishing touch to the beautiful picture.

At first, Mr. Silverbury, with Eva by his side, flew to the cornfields to help the men gather in the golden harvest. From thence they turned aside into the orchard, where the ripened fruit lay in crimson and golden heaps upon the ground. Here, at noon-time, the whole party, including all the laborers upon the farm, sat down to a rustic feast under a fine old apple tree; after which Silverbury prayed for Eva's company once more, as Frank and Mrs. Bluthorpe were busy about the farm. They wandered away together over the hills and through the woods until they came to the sea-shore, where the children were gathering shells and moss upon the hard, white sand, and playing catcher with the waves, which came rolling in as if meaning to swallow them all up at

once. Here, in a little sheltered nook in the rocks, they sat down together. Eva was twining a wreath of oak leaves for Mr. Silverbury's hat, and he, in return, was arranging a bouquet of wild-flowers which he had gathered on the way for her.

He was very happy, and, as he sat there, in his mind he compared himself to the old heathen deity Sylvanus, and Eva to his attendant wood nymph. He looked down at the sea, however, and the thought occurred to him that it would be better to compare himself to Neptune, and Eva to a water spirit, a Lorely, or an Undine, or some other such fabulous being. But then he remembered that from his childhood he always had an especial dread of the silperry, dripping inhabitants of the watery deep, and therefore he dismissed this idea also. It was a settled point, however, that he felt very much like some of the old heathen deities, but which, he could not exactly tell.

As he watched Eva's fingers twining the green leaves so gracefully, and saw how the changing color came and went in her cheeks as she pursued the pleasant task, wholly unconscious that his eye was upon her, he felt his heart drawn toward her most irresistibly, and he would have declared his passion on the spot, but every time he attempted to say anything to that effect, he was seized with a violent fit of coughing, until at last the rush of contending emotions became so painful that he sighed heavily, and complaining that the sea air was not good for him, proposed returning to the house.

It was near sundown when they arrived, and the chickens were all gathered about the door waiting to be fed. Eva was delighted to perform this service, and as she stood scattering the corn among them, Mr. Silverbury could not help thinking how much like a picture she looked, such as he had seen or read of in books. He was seized with a great desire to have some fowls of his own, to keep in Mrs. Bluthorpe's back yard, so that he could see Eva feed them every night, if she was willing to do so. He spoke of it very privately to Mrs. Bluthorpe, who seemed to approve the plan, and therefore he decided at once upon a purchase. He took out his portmanteau with much confidence, when the click of those five miserable coppers immediately disconcerted him. He thought then that perhaps Frank would trust him till he should be able to pay, but, upon applying to him, he found that the fowls belonged to a man who went on shares with him on the farm.

"Never mind, though," said Frank, "if you want the fowls, I am perfectly willing to lend you the money."

"Just a dollar or two," said Silverbury, and without hesitation it was passed over.

Mr. Lyman was called, and the bargain concluded at once, leaving to Mr. Silverbury the privilege of a choice. He immediately selected two speckled hens, and a Cochon China rooster, who seemed to be king of the flock, and then proceeded to catch them; but the frightened creatures started away over the open field at the top of their speed, and Silverbury after them. The rooster in particular, spread out his wings, stretched his neck, and with discordant screams fled like a young ostrich, using his long legs to wonderful advantage. His female companions, though far in the rear, did not fail to keep beyond Silverbury's reach. Over the stone fence they went, through a blackberry patch, and then directly into a thicket of tangled grape-vines and ivy.

Panting with fatigue, Silverbury seated himself upon a stump and reflected seriously on the uncertainty of worldly possessions. In a few moments Eva came up, laughing merrily, with a basin of corn in her hand.

"Oh, you foolish man!" said she, "do not you know that such creatures are very much like the ladies—to be caught by fair means and not by foul? Just step behind the tree there, for they will not show their heads as long as they see you, and perhaps I can get them in a few moments."

Mr. Silverbury stepped behind the tree, and Eva, took her seat on the stump. She shook the corn gently, clucking and calling softly at the same time. Presently, the rooster made his appearance, and then the hens, stepping cautiously, and looking to the right and left. Mr. Silverbury did not wonder that they obeyed her call, for her voice was so irresistible, that he could scarce help coming himself. In one moment more, they were eating from the basin. Eva quickly threw her shawl over them, and Mr. Silverbury springing forward, took possession of his property in triumph.

As there was a clear, bright moon that night, they did not set out for the city until after midnight, and then were accompanied by Mr. Lyman, instead of Frank. As they arrived at their own door, Mrs. Bluthorpe concluded to go further with Mr. Lyman into the city, to make some purchases to send back to the farm, leaving Eva in the care of Mr. Silverbury. He helped her out of the wagon, and as he stepped upon the sidewalk, with his arm around her waist, and the bunch of fowls in his other hand, he encountered Miss Nelly Goldthwaite, leaning upon the arm of Mr. Ridley.

It was evident that she saw him, for the street light shone full in his face, and moreover she turned and glanced over her shoulder at him. Mr. Silverbury, however, was indifferent, for he felt that he had an angel by his side, who was far more to him; and when a few moments after he found himself seated near Eva in Mrs. Bluthorpe's cozy parlor, he dropped upon his knee before her, and gave utterance to his overflowing heart in a most eloquent and poetical manner. Eva listened quietly until he had exhausted his stock of words, and paused for a

reply; then she said in the sweetest tone imaginable—

"I am very sorry, Mr. Silverbury, to disappoint you, but then I am engaged to Frank Willoughby, and we are to be married next week."

"Oh!" said Mr. Silverbury, as he rose from his knees and dusted his pants, "so I thought. Excuse me, I meant no harm."

He did not exactly know what he was saying, but he felt himself under the most pressing necessity of saying something. After several ineffectual attempts at conversation, interspersed with awkward silences, Mr. Silverbury complained of fatigue, and withdrew. His room, however, seemed so lonely, so dark and cheerless, that he could not stay there, and therefore went up to see the Fairies. Genie was alone, sitting away upon her shoes as busily as ever.

"Genie," said Silverbury, after a short, preliminary conversation, "did you know that Eva Leslie is to be married next week?"

"Yes," replied Genie.

"Well, then," said Silverbury, somewhat testily, "why did not you tell me?"

"Because," she replied, with a pause, when she seized her needle with her teeth to draw it through a hard place in the leather, "I thought you would soon find it out yourself by the way you were going on."

"That I have to my sorrow," returned Silverbury, with a sigh.

"Why, you did not propose, did you?" said Genie, mischievously.

"Yes, I did though, and a little timely friendship on your part, might have saved me from my present mortification."

"Well," she replied, "I suppose I should have spoken if I had had the least idea that a man without a dollar in the world, without business, and with nothing in expectation, could have thought of offering himself to any sensible girl."

"What!" exclaimed Silverbury, springing to his feet, and assuming an oratorical attitude, "must a value in dollars and cents be set upon the holy sentiment of love itself?"

"Not love," said Genie, "for that costs nothing; but it is matrimony, I mean. People do not seem to think when they marry, that so much of their happiness depends upon a certain degree of calculation and foresight. A woman's hands soon get tied with family cares, and then a man has double duty to perform. Then, besides, two or three hungry mouths may be calling for bread, and a man ought to consider whether he is able, by money or labor, to meet such responsibilities."

"Miss Fairies!" exclaimed Silverbury, as he looked at her in astonishment, "if any other lady had spoken such words, I should have termed them unpardonable familiarity."

"It is the truth, any how," returned Genie, coolly. "Very well," continued Silverbury, "since you are so ready to speak, what particular employment would you suggest to me, under my present circumstances?"

Once more she pulled her needle through with her teeth, and then replied after some reflection: "Well, what I said before. Go into the country and help some farmer, or take a book agency, or get a place as clerk in some store."

"A clerk in a store!" repeated Mr. Silverbury, with a look of inexpressible contempt, as he strode to the door, and opened it. "When I am clerk in a store, I will come and offer myself to you, Miss Fairies."

"Well," she replied, with perfect composure, "I hope you will. Now do not forget. Goodnight, Mr. Silverbury!"

CHAPTER IV.

MR. SILVERBURY'S LECTURE AND THE RESULTS.

Mr. Silverbury's lecture was at length completed. As with a hasty pen he traced the last word, he uttered a shout of triumph, and danced about the room in such an excess of joy, that the poor little German woman looked her door in all possible haste, thinking he had suddenly gone crazy. The next thing was to bring it before the public. Both Woodruff and Goldthwaite lent their influence, and nearly every Lyceum and Literary Association had engaged lecturers, and as Mr. Silverbury was an individual as yet unknown to fame, all hesitated about accepting his services.

At length it was decided that he had best engage one of the most popular halls in the city, give out public notice of his lecture, and have tickets of admission. Accordingly the bills were printed at Woodruff's expense, and due notice given to the public. It will be as well to mention here, that before the completion of the lecture, Eva Leslie's marriage had taken place, and Mrs. Bluthorpe had gone with her into the country, upon which the Fairies' had removed from the third to the first floor. Mr. Silverbury sent them all complimentary tickets, however, for it was a thought over which he rejoiced greatly in secret, that now he should have an opportunity of showing Mrs. Eva Willoughby what she had lost by not taking him, instead of that great, round faced farmer boy.

A length the eventful night arrived, and Mr. Silverbury prepared himself with the greatest care for his appearance before the public. The little German woman who knew what was about to take place, and wishing to testify her good will, just before his departure, brought him a glass of her lager beer, which she always kept on hand in remembrance of her "father-land." Mr. Silverbury was not at all accustomed to this beverage, but having heard that it would not intoxicate, and also that it was highly

recommended by some physicians for its strengthening qualities, he took it without hesitation.

It was not long, however, before he felt greatly exalted in his feelings. He had half a mind to leave his written lecture at home, for he felt he could give a much better one on the inspiration of the moment. Nevertheless, to be on the safe side, he thrust the manuscript into his pocket, and set out. He felt so strangely that he began to fear very much indeed, that the beer was having an injurious effect upon him. To prove the matter, he walked along the narrow curb-stone of the sidewalk, to see if he could keep his balance. He found that he could, without difficulty, and therefore proceeded directly to the hall.

It was a novel situation for Mr. Silverbury, when he found himself seated behind the desk, looking out upon his small, but highly respectable audience. It wanted a few moments of the appointed time. Stopping down, he arranged the bow of his neck tie, smoothed his hair, and, as many lecturers do, put a lozenge in his mouth. Unfortunately, however, he had paid no attention to the quality, and it happened to be flavored with cayenne. He coughed, he swallowed, he wiped his eyes and nose again and again, and drank with eager haste from the glass of water upon his desk. In the end it was a decided benefit, however, for it restored him to himself. After a few moments he arose and commenced with perfect composure.

For some time he progressed finely, and was becoming quite animated with his subject, when his eye chanced to fall upon a wonderful bonnet, ornamented with white bows, rising very prominently above the heads of his audience; and therein, was Mrs. Bluthorpe's round, good-natured countenance, looking out upon him through her spectacles, and with open mouth, listening in breathless attention.

It was too much for him. He was so constituted that he could not restrain his risibilities, and even at this critical moment he smiled. He entirely forgot what he was saying, and, on glancing back to his manuscript, he had lost his place. He cleared his voice, took a swallow of water and attempted it again, but it was of no use, the place could not be found. In perfect desperation, he began to extemporize, but he felt as if on the brink of a precipice, down which he expected to plunge every moment.

At length his eye chanced to fall on the commencement of a paragraph, and he eagerly caught at it, not knowing whether the thread of the discourse was fully joined or not. With a great effort at self-control, he proceeded. Not even Miss Nelly Goldthwaite's beautiful face, to which a white rigolotte, mingling its tassel fringe with her dark tresses, added a new charm, could disturb him now. He went on without further accident, or interruption to the end, and yet he sat down entirely disatisfied, for he felt that he had not done himself or his subject justice.

His audience had indeed made some faint manifestation in the way of applause at the last, but it was very ambiguous, and Mr. Silverbury was inclined to think it was less from appreciation of what he said, than from joy at the conclusion. He did not believe there was one present who felt the force of what he had labored so ardently to prove, that this constant longing, and labor, and strife, for the sake of a paltry dollar or two, was the greatest curse that had ever fallen upon mankind. In fact, when he considered how very small the proceeds of his lecture would be, he could not but modify his belief to himself, and say that the real cause lay not so much in the labor, as in not obtaining.

He turned gravely away from the congratulations of his friends, and with the two dollars in his pocket, which remained to him over and above the expenses, returned to his home, a deeply disappointed man. For a full half hour he sat alone in his room, but in the deepest meditation, and then, feeling the need of human sympathy more, perhaps, than ever before in his life, he went below to spend a few moments with the Fairies. The old gentleman and his wife had retired, but Genie sat there as usual, stitching away upon her shoes with all her might.

"Genie," he said, after being seated a few moments, "you were at the lecture, to-night; tell me, honestly, how did I succeed?"

"Well," she replied, "you made out much better than I expected, but—" and then she hesitated.

"But what?" said Mr. Silverbury, anxiously.

Genie laid down her work, and moving her chair close beside him, laid her hand in his, and looked him quietly in the face.

"Mr. Silverbury," she said, "will you allow me to speak to you, as a sensible woman and a sister?"

"Certainly," he replied.

"Well, then," she continued, "every question has two sides, and you have only looked at this from one point of view. The ever grasping, never-to-be-satisfied spirit of avarice, that heeds up its thousands and still covets more, is indeed, a curse but God has so arranged the order of human affairs, that earnest, honest labor shall produce the means whereby one can enjoy the comforts and blessings of life with a clear conscience. The covetous man and the miser wrongs the world and his own soul; but he who cheerfully earns a dollar or two, and with it makes himself and those around him happy, stands approved in the sight of God and all good men. Therefore, Mr. Silverbury, I believe that, if instead of going up among the clouds to prove theories which none can easily practice, you had come down among the sober realities of life, and pursued some humble but useful employment, you would have been a much happier and wiser man than you are now. Do not you think so yourself?"

Mr. Silverbury still held her hand in his, and a beat and gazed into her great, earnest eyes, a deep conviction of the truth of that which she had spoken entered into his soul.

"Yes," he replied, "I do; for you yourself prove it to me. All my knowledge from books has failed to teach me that which you have learned so well from your daily experience. I am heart sick, and entirely disappointed, but you have spoken the right words at the right time. And now, God helping me, I will become a wiser and more useful man."

He arose from his seat with much emotion, and then—perhaps we should not tell—but gently stroking her soft brown hair, he pressed his lips one moment to her fair forehead, and turned away with the feeling of one, who, after struggling long against his adverse fate, and stumbling in the darkness, looks up and sees the clear star of hope shining calmly down upon him.

CHAPTER V.

MR. SILVERBURY TURNS OVER A NEW LEAF, AND ENDS WITH A CONFESSION.

A few days after the unsuccessful issue of the lecture, Mr. Silverbury went out in search of employment, resolved to do or die. He was not obliged to seek long, however, for through the influence of his friend Woodruff, he obtained an excellent situation as head clerk in the extensive dry goods establishment of Messrs. Farrell & Varnum. His predecessor had suddenly departed, without taking leave of his employers, to parts unknown, leaving the accounts in a very disorderly condition. Mr. Silverbury set himself to work with his whole soul, to restore things to the regularity and exactness which business so imperatively demands, and succeeded, to the satisfaction of himself and employers. For the first few weeks his resolution sustained him, and then his occupation seemed a dull, intolerable drudgery. But, still, with many a sigh and hard-fought battle in his own soul, he persevered, until he became accustomed to the dull routine, and really began to feel quite at peace with himself and the world. He had no time now to keep bachelor's hall; therefor he had given up his room and gone to board with the Fairies. They were a happy family, take them all together; for the old lady, though sick, was cheerful, and Genie, with her quiet good sense, and never-tiring industry, made everything move on in the most harmonious order.

Thus the winter wore away, and once more the spring opened. Then Mr. Silverbury observed that the Fairies often held secret consultations together, which were ended abruptly so soon as he made his appearance. He knew that some plan was under consideration, which was carefully concealed from him, though for what reason, he could not tell, and it troubled him greatly. Finally, however, he returned home late from the store one night, and found Genie sitting up for him, which she was not accustomed to do.

"Mr. Silverbury," she said, in her usual quiet manner, "I have something to tell you."

"Indeed!" he exclaimed, in a joking way, as he seized a chair and seated himself jocosely before her. "Pray, what is it?"

Genie smiled, and then grew quite serious. "It is this," she continued. "In the course of two or three weeks, we shall all move into the country. Father and I have saved enough from our earnings to stock a small farm, and we think it will be better and more profitable for us all than our present employment."

"And what is to become of me, then?" said Silverbury, growing serious in his turn.

"That is what has troubled us most, and why we have not felt willing to speak to you of this before. We have all known you so long, and become so much attached to you, that we shall find it hard parting now."

Mr. Silverbury arose and walked the room thoughtfully.

"I was not expecting this," he said. "I had just begun to feel that I had a quiet home, and that life had much happiness in store for me; but now, all at once, it changes, and I am sent forth to battle with my fate once more. Well, I suppose that so it must be, and I must learn to bear it."

He stepped before Genie, and looked her earnestly in the face. She did not raise her eyes, but he saw that the tears were stealing silently, gently down her cheeks.

"Genie! Genie!" he exclaimed, as he seized both her hands in his; "whatever else I lose in this world, I cannot part with you. Never till this moment did I know how great an influence you have over me; but gently and quietly, as is your very nature, have you stolen into my heart, and now I cannot live without you. I told you once, scornfully, that if ever I were a clerk in a store, I would come and offer myself to you; and now, all unworthy as I am, here do I stand to perform my promise in serious earnest. You have been my counsellor and helper, my friend and sister. Oh, Genie! Genie! be still more to me!"

"Why, Mr. Silverbury!" she said, with seeming composure.

"For heaven's sake, Genie!" he exclaimed, "throw aside that quiet reserve for one moment, and speak out like a true, warm-hearted woman."

The poor girl burst into a flood of tears.

"I will," she said, "for I can keep quiet no longer. I do love you, Mr. Silverbury; but I am a poor, homely, simple-hearted girl, and therefore know I cannot make you happy."

"Away with beauty, wealth and fashion!" said Silverbury, indignantly. "Give me honest labor and

a true heart, and it is enough. Gentle, your lot and mine in life shall henceforth be one."

A few weeks after this, and the Fairies, according to their intention, had removed into the country, but Mr. Silverbury, as the husband of Genie, accompanied them. He still continued his business in the city, but so arranged it that he could return early, at the close of each day, and labor some time on the farm.

It so happened, one September afternoon, as he was engaged in raking up the last cuttings from the green sward before his door, that his friend Woodruff came riding along on horseback, and stopped for a few moments' conversation.

"By the way, Silverbury," he said, at last, with a roguish look in his eye, "do you intend to lecture again this winter? The one you wrote last season had a short run. Suppose you try it again."

Silverbury made a threatening movement toward him with the rake.

"Lorenzo Woodruff," said he, "as you love me, do not mention that again, for now I am looking at the world from an entirely different point of view. We must all labor if we would be happy, and the honest reward of industry is one of the greatest blessings of Divine Providence. I have no need to counsel thee, O Lorenzo," he added, with mock gravity, "to secure in time thy share of 'filthy lucre,' for that thou wilt by no means fail to do. As for myself, I can truly say that, since I have had some one to love and to labor for, there is not a man in the world who can more fully appreciate the true worth of 'A Dollar or Two,' than this self-same Solomon Silverbury."—*The Lily of the Valley.*

Written for the Banner of Light.

SEE'S ONLY SPREAD HER ANGEL WINGS.

Lines addressed to Elijah Cane.

BY MRS. C. M. STOWE.

She's only spread her angel wings,
To try the ether blue;
Can ye not hear her as she sings?
Peer through the telescope that brings
Your little one to view?

Her angel wings are only spread
To cross the river death;
Too fair for earth, she is not dead;
She's only raised her fair young head
To catch a holier breath.

She's only spread her angel wings—
She is not, is not dead;
Joy to your home she'll ever bring,
And still your heart's wild flatterer,
As by the angels led.

An angel child is born to you;
You've gained a richer prize;
For she who treads the ether blue
Has only passed from outer view,
To lure you to the skies.

Sharon, Medina, Co., Ohio, Sept. 6, 1861.

HOME.

BY CORA WILBURN.

How many poet-lips have sung its praises; how many thrilled, sorrowful, or exultant hearts ever respond to its holy name! Its blessings oft depreciated, its worth and trust abused, its sanctuaries rest maligned by scoffers; it ever retains for the true and reminiscent heart the everlasting attractions of the Beautiful. For such a one the memories that cluster around its hearthstone are imbued with the imperishable love-light of the soul, and consecrated with a divine significance by the teaching hand of Time. Over the dimly pathway of past toils and griefs so wearily trodden in the days long since, the gleaming sunshine from above has fallen; and the rugged landscape glows beneath the smile of the benignant heavens. The graves of long-cherished hopes, as well as the actual resting-places of our beloved ones, are overgrown with amaranthine blooms, with nameless flowers, whose perfume stills the unquiet heart into a deep repose. We retrace the landmarks in our life, and find that in the densest gloom-deeps we found the treasured resignation; that in the cypress-shaded valley we learnt the lesson of abiding patience; and on the lofty mountain summit we drank in the invigorating air of Freedom, and gained the soul-strength we had longed for.

The wakening away of fondly-nurtured life-plans made place for the divine foundations of a better trust; a more world-wide and unselfish aim. The Mammon-altar leveled to the earth was supplanted by the shrine of a far nobler worship; and the deserting world left the soul to its own communion; and it then turned homeward, Godward, in its helplessness.

Then to its vision came the smiling, long-forgotten household angels, bearing the tokens of their constant faith; then, again, the mother's eyes beamed welcome, and the sister's loving arms were outstretched to the world-weary man. Then, once more, a father's white head bent in prayer above the erring or returning one; and friends and lowly brothers met 'neath the old familiar roof. Again the summer birds sang from the shading elm, and flitted 'mid the maple's wealth of leaves; or hied, a loving minstrel company, across the silver stream, on whose sloping banks the sweet-breathed violets glanced timorously at the sun. Then to the senses was wafted, as in a trance of blessedness, the very odor of the jasmine bower, beneath whose sheltered canopy our heart's ideal rested in the June days of our earliest love. Through the dim woods a message from the tropic lands is borne; a tender missive all enwrapped in spicy sweetness and garlanded with the gorgeous splendors of the sun-land's bloom. Pomegranate offerings, and leaves of the remembered palm; lilies, such as bloom beside the forest lakes, and roses bright with the reflections of the sunset skies. A sound of waves, low, musical and wind-blest; and a vision of the sea-side home of youth arises; the fisherman's song is heard again; and the bells of evening chime their thanksgiving hymn, as in the years gone by, long shrouded by the misty veil.

The palace-home—the proud ancestral hall, with its storied honors and traditional greatness—fondly, homely, purely the world-tried heart reposes in the soul-pictured memory. The "lowly thatched cottage," with its bare floor and unadorned walls, is dear unto the thought of him who now, perchance, reposes upon silks and down; and the loud music of the public welcome, and the voice of adulation, is not half as sweet as the mother's song beneath the vine-shaded porch. The coronet upon the haughty brow of the titled dame sits not as lightly as the holly wreath once placed there by a rustic lover's hand. The gold and the glitter weary the spirit

that for its power has sold its divine birthright of peace; oft, sickened and despairing, it turns to the guarded memories of the past, to the humble life at whose flower gates the grasping demon of ambition never entered.

Have we not all some beloved home-nook in the past, where holy thoughts sentinelled; and where aspiration fingers, and the poetry of life and love is felt? Do not we flee to its sanctuary, when the butterfly-friends of prosperity wing away at the first blighting touch of change? Do we not long to pass swiftly from the mocking eyes of the world into that precious realm, ever guarded by the twin angels of our Father, Memory and Hope? For, while sweet Memory, oft attired in mourning robes, points sadly to the past, ever radiant Hope points upward and beyond. And deep into the listening and submissive soul fall the Divine promises of the Hereafter; intuition tells of compensations far out-lying in richness all that a monarch's hoarded spoils could give. And we know, then, that not for earth alone is the joy of home; but, that in the "many mansions" of the future, we shall recognize our beloved, and find the eternal homes of love and peace.

Original Essays.

LIFE.

God—the universal Spirit that breathes throughout immensity—the backbone of the universe—an invisible element Omnipresent—the inmost of the inner, and the outermost of the outer. "Life let us cherish" in as natural a manner as possible, for it came from the "God of Nature," who breathed, and everything lived. Life, in all its multifarious manifestations, is God permeating everything; is that in eternal vital principle which is the soul of all that is, in man 'tis the divinity within him, the spark of life from the whole, which makes him a unit in the mass of worlds and things, and yet but as a grain of sand upon the sea shore. There is nothing but what lives and obeys the soul of life within it, in conjunction with the general mass. Literally, there is no such thing as death, for we can say of nothing that it does not live—relatively, there is death or change. Strictly speaking, however, when a thing dies, as we say, it but changes, and in that change does not at any moment cease to possess life; but, in changing, lives in another form, is born again, to fulfill different and higher purposes. I have said that life is God in nature. God is life, as well as love. We can conceive of life only as emanating from Divinity, therefore we can conceive of nothing which has not Divinity in it, and, consequently, no place where God, or life, is not. We see life manifested in everything about us; not a mineral so in organic, as the chemist would say, but what life is there; in the grain of sand upon the sea-shore, or the mountain vast whose summit lies piled up heavenward, life alike from the Almighty lends it form and durability, keeping its atomic particles together; God breathes there; in the tiny flower that smiles at our feet, or the majestic oak that stretches its broad arms to the life-giving breezes; in the meanness of animalcules, or man's diviner nature, life speaks its control, and God is there; in the moaning hurricane that sweeps with desolating fury broadcast over the land, or the gentle zephyr that at eventide cools the parched lips and fevered brow of suffering humanity, life speaks with its thunder tones, or lullaby whisper, for God, too, is there.

Life in man, as distinct from other forms of life, is but a higher development of the vital force which pervades all matter—the Divinity principle personified; a higher individualization of it, though not more distinct. Life is perfect in all its developments, whether in its lowest or highest form; whether seen in the animal, vegetable or mineral kingdoms, and as much divine in the one as in the other, because made and sustained by Deity—the God in nature. In the rock we call it attraction of cohesion and repulsion; in vegetable and animal, capillary attraction.

Man, we say, is a free agent, capable of exercising a control over his own existence; but this is only comparatively so. In the sense in which we write, he is not at all free, for does he not without the operation of the divine will, or laws, which govern him, as silently, through the medium of his finer nervous organization, as does the mineral and vegetable? From whence comes thought? Is it independent of God's laws? Can we exercise our faculty of our being, the will even, without bringing into requisition divine aid? Is there life in us independent of the general, vital principle which pulsates throughout immensity? I think not; but that a will and universal breath of life pervades the universe, to which man is not an exception, out of which he cannot go. We are too apt to view life, as though, by some chance of escape, we were standing outside of all created things, viewing the machinery in motion, entirely separate from it ourselves. We forget that we are in the midst of nature, and that we ourselves are a part of that universal sea of life, which comprehends all of Deity that the mind can conceive.

Many a divine has labored a whole hour picturing to his audience heaven somewhere, just where, if possible, it is not, and hell just the opposite.

Life looms up on every hand, runs its course through human veins and arteries, laughs in the "babbling brook," sighs in every wind, is inhaled by every breath we draw; now speaks its silent thoughts through my quill, and by their impress upon paper awakes, perhaps, life to a new glow in the minds of some others.

The first great lesson for man to learn is, to know himself, to understand the laws which control him, and learn to harmonize all the forces and faculties of his being, to subject himself fully to the control of the divinity that rules his organism, and thus places himself in harmony with the world. It is only when we are not harmonious with ourselves, that the world seems wrong; it is a bright and beautiful world when we can view it from a peaceful heaven within us. But it is experience, and oftentimes very sad, that teaches us these things.

The world could have no sunny side, unless there was a dark; there could be no calm, unless there was a storm; so there could be no real, pure soul-enjoyments, without sorrows, trials and cares, to discipline our natures, until they become receptive. Troubles and disappointments are the crucibles which melt and refine our beings, by separating the dross from the gold, and bring us out gems of pure worth, valued for having stood the test which life imposes upon the children of earth.

Life is composed of constantly-varying circumstances, filled with desires and needs which follow us to the grave. True happiness consists in know-

ing, and being harmonious with oneself, taking circumstances by the foretop, and enjoying, in a useful manner, time as it flies. Many persons go through life mechanically, not intellectually. Such know little what it is to live really and truly, feeling noble aspirations go forth from their inner beings for high and eternal truths; never seek to climb the "bill of science" at nature's shrine, and understand the laws of their existence, but are content to drift down the stream of life with the rubbish of public opinion, and flood-wood of centuries, rather than contend with the current of old fogies, and make slow, but sure, headway against its wonted course, until they stand, at last, where the waters of life gush free and pure from the fountain-head. Intelligent man stands at the climax of all created things, with woman at his side, the loveliest and fairest specimens of purity and sweetness to which, in the grand universe of every condition of life, God gives expression. On every hand is life, displaying to the philosophic mind its many conditions and beautiful analogies, affording theme for metaphysical thought and study.

The plans of creation, with its laws of control, as observed throughout the various manifestations of nature, are most wonderful and instructive. We see in it all dualities of life, external and internal, physical and spiritual, and, tracing effects to causes, are able to comprehend something of Divinity, as manifest in the life-breath of every form and condition of the physical world. The world of matter and the world of spirit are each essential and inseparable from the other, the finer spirit acting upon and controlling the physical. Eternal progression is the law of life, as manifested by the continual change which nature is everywhere undergoing, from lower to higher. We progress continually from one condition of life to another, with the certainty of divine laws, and with just that rapidity with which we comprehend these laws. The vastness of creation, the universe, the physical and spiritual, God and nature, in the fullest sense which the mind of man can grasp, is comprehended by few. Mankind are apt to have too limited views of life, and let their minds become centered upon too small objects and ideas as the central stars of knowledge from which to radiate, and, consequently, prevent that soul-growth, that gives us high and lofty conceptions of nature's grand designs and mighty trusts. Man's naturally aspiring tendency of mind becomes too limited, by false and erroneous customs, creeds, dogmas and doctrines of the external world, to see the true and good that lies beneath the surface. By dint of thought thus we grow, and, to be spiritual, our thoughts must turn to the life within, and reflect upon spiritual things and philosophies.

Life, to us, is what we know, see and feel; we may fancy a life in heaven, somewhere without the bounds of worlds, many millions and billions of miles beyond; but the only real heavenly life that we can know is where we live; there, life, rightly understood and lived, is heaven—vice versa, hell.

Life is a thing of the present, and can only be lived in the present. Yesterday we lived, to-day we live, and to-morrow we will live. The world is too full of trouble-seekers, making themselves miserable over life long before it gets to them, instead of being philosophers, well using what they have. Such trouble-seekers not only know but very little what real happiness is, but render others miserable, by forcing upon them their inharmonious society.

If there really was a heaven, aside from what we know, 'twould soon become a poor one, if such characters were allowed to enter. Let man learn to know himself, and to engineer his own craft through the sea of human progress by the powers of life and action which are at his command; let him understand that he is a perfect machine from the Great Architect who fashioned worlds, and that, if he rightly applies the steam power which is in his own vitality—the invisible life principle within him—he may be sure the machine will fulfill the designs of its creation; he may be sure to attain speed and progress in life's journey, and never founder upon the shoals of public opinion and old fogies. Let him learn to be a simple "child of nature," if he would be her "favored child;" let him seek the science and philosophy of life in her vast arena, and he will have wherewith to employ all his time usefully and pleasantly. Let him stand upon the broad face of nature, and cast his eyes east, west, north and south, until lost in contemplative thought; let him turn his eyes to the earth at his feet, and contemplate strata after strata, until he imagines himself in the midst of its burning, molten centre; and, when he feels himself warmed by the fires which there his fancy sees, let him turn his gaze to the star-gemmed sky overhead, and view the millions and billions of orbs that there roll in space, during one revolution of earth, and then tell us where life is not.

Surely, life is something more than the external world, with its fashion-seekers, creeds and forms.

O. S. WOODRUFF, M. D.

Troy, N. Y.

SPIRITUALISM.

BY DR. GRISWOLD.

Spiritualism! What is it? Are the evidences of a thing its substance? Is all of man embraced in the external signs of his being? Is all of mind comprehended in human intelligence? By the shadow we know that substance intervenes between it and the sun. By the tree we know that fruit is to come in time. Wherever intelligence is exhibited, there we know work is yet to be done. Intelligence worketh out the ways of wisdom.

Philosophy works out the problems of Nature, material and intellectual. Spiritualism brings to light the spirit. Physical nature and human nature are exhibited all about us; but the spirit is known only through the communion of spirit with spirit.

It matters little about a name, so that it conveys to all minds a right meaning. Spiritualism, as I understand it, means something more than the evidences that spirit exists, or that the spirit of man is immortal. Spirit is the ultimate of man—Spiritualism, therefore, pertains strictly to the development of the spirit of man over the material man. When man shall cease to develop toward his ultimate condition, then Spiritualism will have died out—not before. The seed put in the ground may cease to sprout and grow for a time, because the earth, the moisture, or the sunshine, may not be sufficient for it; and hence it gives no signs of promise. So may the signs of the spirit cease to be manifest, if "the earth of man's being" supplies not the conditions necessary.

Away down in the very centre of the interior recesses of human nature there is a little spark of something that reveals to us God. Sometimes it would seem as though it were like one of the worlds

of which we read, so distant that their light has not reached us; again, it seems to break out upon the surface of human nature like moonlight from behind a cloud; then, like the stars in the firmament, it seems only to twinkle, giving forth only a feeble ray, to be seen only in the hours of darkness. To bring this star of man's destiny forth, that its light may lighten his path in the ways of goodness, is the true mission of Spiritualism.

In proportion only to the light within him does man see. Aided only by material vision, he sees and conceives only of material conditions, and seeks the evidence of the spiritual in the material. He seeks to reduce the spiritual to the material, for his mind can comprehend by its feeble light nothing more attenuated or refined than gross substance—nought but what may be seen with material organs of sight. He fails to comprehend the fact that the atmosphere which he cannot see is intensely real, and indispensable to all life, and yet almost identical with the earth on which he treads—that as the earth is the plane of man in the material condition, the atmosphere is the world of man in the spiritual, and equally real. He does not realize that all this is not as mysterious as the varied tints of the simplest flower he treads beneath his feet, for the reason that he has not sought to comprehend the mystery of the latter phenomena.

Spiritualism is that which develops Spirituality. Man can be spiritual only in part, for he is in part material. Were he altogether spiritual, he could have no love for the material, and would comprehend fully the law: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Then he could realize fully the exalted conception and wisdom of Jesus, in the injunction: "Have no thought of the morrow, of what ye shall eat, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed," for such admonition comes from the unselfish conception of pure spirituality. I do not say that man may not be thus spiritualized; but such as are thus, must be martyrs, for the material would soon set the spiritual free.

Spiritualism falls upon the world like the sun's rays upon an iceberg. Glowing with the fervor of angelic love, it is more reflected back than taken in to warm into spiritual life the human soul. Man is wandering in a wilderness of materiality and doubt so dense, that only here and there does a ray of the divine light come shimmering down into his soul. The breathings of the spiritually sensitive mind gather in an icy frosting upon the hearts of the worldly minded, and again and again he falls back, chilled from the contact. Eternal realities are unreal to those who have not basked in the sunlight—those who have not passed out from under the shadows of doubt.

Man loves the good, only as he feels it—the beautiful, only as he sees it. The exalted conception of the purity and goodness of Jesus, entertained by the true Christian, speaks well for his spirituality, however so much error he may embrace with it. There is something sublimely beautiful in the ideal conception of God walking the earth in the form of an almighty man; yet it is more creditable to the spiritual nature than to the intellectual. There is hope for humanity in this tendency to deify the good; yet were Jesus, or one like him, to appear upon the world now, he could not get an appointment to preach in a modern Christ-worshipping church. That time casts a halo of glory over that which is good, should cause us to rejoice. It will be so with Spiritualism in ages to come.

Cultivate thy interior self, O man, for it is more to thee than all the world beside. All things conceivable of external life will have passed away ere the morning of thy being shall decline into noon. Burst the shell of materiality that obscures thy vision, and step forth the representative of God on earth, and claim thy right to goodness and glory in being in all thy ways a true child of the Father. As ye rise above the world, its magnitude diminisheth—as ye become spiritual, it fades away. The time is coming when thy brother man will be all that thou knowest of earth; do good unto him, and thy reward will be eternal, for he will be eternally with thee. Man's heir of immortality! what is the world to thee, that it should engross thy life more than needful for the simple wants of the journey which will soon close upon it forever?

Cleveland, O.

Bible Teachings.

DEAR BANNER—I see in your issue of Sept. 14th a letter from a "Seeker after Truth," which I am much pleased with. I find a great many Spiritualists are inclined to oppose whatever is recorded in the Bible, and make it a point to find fault with all church organizations and church members. Now I think that is wrong, and a great hindrance to the spread of truth and reform. If we are to show them the truth of the principles of Spiritualism, we must first show them that it is taught in the Bible; and go with them and show them what we understand to be the difference between the spirit of the Bible and the forms and creeds of the Church.

There is no stronger proof needed of the fact of Spirit Communion than we find in the Bible; and, as Paul said, we must be "all things to all men," that we may save some.

If we want to convince a person that our faith is better than his, we must give all the credit to his judgment that we can, consistently with our principles.

When we come in the true spirit of Christ, and take them by the hand, and practically say, "Come with us, and we will do thee good," then shall we have a hold upon them that can never be broken.

It seems by the history of the world, that supernatural force or influence has controlled people from the earliest ages to the present time, and that the persons so controlled have had a great variety of gifts, and different ages have attributed the power to different agencies. One says, "The Lord spake unto Moses, saying," &c.; another speaks of "Ministering Angels;" another denounces them as "Witches;" and others admit that it may be the spirits of the departed, but say they are only evil spirits.

Now, the candid minds will be willing to investigate and see what can be learned from the manifestations of the present day. Let us all have that Christian charity which Paul spoke of as one of the greatest of spiritual gifts, and see what we can each one do to instruct our fellow-man and prepare him for a future existence.

Hoping these thoughts may call out some one better able to do justice to the subject, is the desire of a friend of truth and progress.

Hartford, Ct., Oct. 1861.

Camels, angry cats, and cross wives always have their backs up.

Correction.

EDMOND BANNER—Mr. Conoley's reference to my lecture, at the three days festival meeting at St. Charles, Illinois, in his report of the proceedings of that meeting, as published in your paper of Oct. 19th, does not give a correct idea or indication of what my lecture was. Instead of Mr. Leland's asking me "If I intended to argue that if the human spirit was living in identity of the sheep, and the sheep transgressed by getting over the fence into the cornfield, the spirit must return back to the hog plane of identity?" and my answering in the affirmative, and then adding, "That spirits were ready to take on bodies whenever the earth is prepared for them,"—it was this: Mr. Leland, on my referring to the Doctrine of Transmigration, made a statement that he understood such to be the belief or doctrine of the Buddhists in that particular, and then asked me if it was not true that such was the Buddhists' belief, (not that I was making any such argument.) I answered to the effect that such might be the belief of some of the Buddhists.

The statement "That spirits were ready to take on bodies whenever the earth was prepared for them," was made, as I was endeavoring to show the law by which new earths and planets were first peopled with human inhabitants. I said in substance, "There was a time in the history of every earth which had unfolded the proper conditions to receive human inhabitants; when by the law of such unfolding, such earth or planet, in its elemental condition, became negative to spirit-influence. Therefore, spirits from the spirit spheres of older earths, were attracted to such conditions for the purpose of again taking upon themselves mortal bodies, and becoming the progenitors of the human race upon such earth or planet; that there were always a class of spirits ready, and having a desire to take upon themselves bodies whenever an earth was prepared to receive them; that such law ceased as the new earth became considerably peopled, so as to continue human life by the laws of generation; that the law by which spirits could collect the elements, so as to form the appearance of a human hand, was a partial or fragmentary expression of the same law, by which, in the early history of our planet, the spirits were enabled to come upon this earth and incarnate themselves."

I only give here the substance, in brief of this argument; the scope and philosophy of the discourse gave force and effect to this part of it.

The discourse was entitled "Inspiration of God and Eternity," and the manuscript portion of it had been carefully prepared with the intention of publishing it at some future time.

I referred once to the doctrine of "Transmigration of Souls," as I was endeavoring to prove that no one event or expression of the universe was any more miraculous than another. And I said that the doctrine of "Transmigration of Souls," wherein it was supposed that the spirit of a person was sent into an animal as a punishment for sins, was no more strange or wonderful, (admitting it to be true, was the idea of the argument,) than that some persons here, with their spirits and souls in their natural bodies, should degrade themselves to the level of beasts.

This explanation takes up more room than I intended, yet it seems to be all necessary to make the matter right.

Yours for the truth,
WILLIAM A. BOARDMAN.

Waukegan, Ill., Oct. 21, 1861.

After the "Lost Sheep."

P. WYMAN WRIGHT, in a letter to us from Chicago, Ill., says:—

Evidently there is need of a "revival" in this great mad mart. As an "Evangelist" of the "New Testament," I propose to look after the "lost sheep," and to "feed them" with the "sincere milk of the word;" whether of the Damascus school or any other, is immaterial, so that it be pure, and not drawn from "stilt fed" and diseased sources. The parables of the high priests of orthodoxy, nor "the parchments of Paul, can contain all the word whose entrance giveth light and understanding;" in my judgment, so that I will seek it from every gushing fountain, ancient or modern—and if we can effect a nucleus here, it must be of great importance to the cause in the West and Northwest. There is an immense field for the elimination of truth in this region. It is and must be an important mart for that merchandise whose gains are better than fine gold; and the time is near when many living voices must be employed to echo from the spirit hosts those tones of melody which "harps immortal utter."

O how my spirit leaps for joy, when I think of the change that has "come over the spirit of my dream," since my spirit burst the rusted fetters of orthodox mythology, and "entered into the rest," that knows no weariness of hope and joy and "peace in believing."

The iron bedstead of procrustean form is in great use here. The masses of the people, from education, superstition and selfishness, are literally in prison. To dare to hear the truth even, is a high point of moral courage, with some, while those who are bold enough to utter it, are prodigies.

I shall spend the winter in lecturing, and hold myself in readiness to answer invitations in any direction.

Mrs. Fanny Wheelock. Medical Clairvoyant.

I perceive that the Banner of Light has given no late notice of the whereabouts of the well-tested and successful medical clairvoyant, Mrs. Fanny Wheelock. Her local business for the last six months has been all that she has desired, and therefore she has sought no public notice. But I am authorized to say to the readers of the Banner, that her address is no longer at Madison or Edgerton; but those who may wish to consult her this fall or winter, can do so by addressing her at Waukegan, Waukegan county, Wisconsin. Her usual fee for clairvoyant examination and prescription, is \$1; but any person afflicted, can obtain further information as to her spiritual gifts and healing art, by addressing Dr. E. B. Wheelock, enclosing stamp for return letter. If her health and time will permit, she will send a description of the disease before receiving the fee, by knowing the name, age and residence of the patient. Two or three stamps should be sent to pay expense of return letter.

Waukegan, Wis. Sept. 24, 1861.

A rough fellow, whose knowledge of classical language was not quite complete, had been sick, and, on recovering, was told by his doctor he might take a little animal food. "No, sir!" said he, "I took your great easy enough, but hang me if I can go your hay and oats!"

BY EDWARD LAWTON, M. D.

Many people begin the education of their children with an extension of toys, marvelous tales, silly romances, and wind up with circus and theatre. The degrading influence and sorrowful consequences of this mode of education will be best illustrated by stating a few facts that are before me. One of our oldest boys, 35 years of age, his memory goes, about thirty boys, educated in this way, all in contempt of all useful knowledge and occupation, spent their time reading novels, the lives and confessions of pirate and murderers, and their nights in the streets, dramshops, gambling saloons, of circus and theatre—at the age of forty-five, one had been hung for murder, one for robbing the mail, and three as pirates; five died in the penitentiary, and seven lived and did as useless vagabonds as the first; and the other three were useful mechanics, and the fate of the remainder is unknown.

Of about forty educated with me by a really moral and sensible teacher, under the old foggy Puritanic system of restraint, as now called by young America, at the age of fifty-five one was a member of Congress, one judge of the Supreme Court, two judges of the State Court, three physicians, five lawyers, and the remainder were all useful mechanics, and so far as known, none of them ever was called before the bar of his country on a criminal charge, and they all had comfortable homes, except two or three and every one was passably respectable.

Now, if any man fifty or sixty years old doubts the propriety of visiting and amending our lives in this particular, and of guarding and directing the minds of our youth to proper channels and subjects of thought let him go back to the days of his boyhood, and call to mind his mind's select and useful reading; his careful and anxious study of the scriptures; his diligent attendance at school, college, and his mother's prayers; and others who supervised his early education, and reflect, that "ju-tu ta twig is bent the tree is inclined," and that individual and national prosperity is the result of our education of acting upon the plans and platforms which our parents and teachers laid out for us thirty years ago, and that the condition of our country thirty years hence will be just so surely be the result of our manners, principles, and modes of acting as those we now give to our children. When I see them sitting in their schools, surrounded by books, children, they have shops, stores, erection scenes, the crime scene, court docket, the character of the public functionaries of those times, and then compare them in his own mind with the same busy scenes, men and officers of the present day, and see if he does

All this begins generally with the boy. He is first allowed to spise the authority of his parents. Secondly, the rules and discipline of the schoolmaster are set at defiance; and thirdly, whatever is said or done by the father, the mother, the teacher, or the pastor, within his reach, he then begins his depredations on the pupil at large. True, there are many excellent schools and able teachers in this and other cities, nobly striving to break this Lethaan sleep; sensuality, this leaden torpor of barbarism, to whom these remarks do not apply, these noble and true seminaries of the country. But in the most noble and the most important part of the population, deeply and firmly in the heart of the child a belief in the existence of goodness and providence of the Deity, and the love of virtue, and determination to live in the world by honest industry, and to shun above his fellow men by the performance of useful and noble acts, is almost entirely wanting in every class, and never to direct the hands with a mean act. Any boy educated in this way will be bound to his race.

Marblehead, Mass, Oct. 25, 1861. WARREN CH

NOTES OF A LECTURER.

The sun that only burns the brows of other men, turns the work of the farmer's hands to glory and gold. The rains that bring discomfort to others, are beating the reveille of life and plenty to him.

Book Notices.

AMERICA AND HER DESTINY. Inspirational Discourse, given extemporaneously at Davenport Hall, New York, on Sunday evening, Aug. 26, 1861, through Emma Hardinge, by the Spirit. New York: R. M. De Witt, Publisher.

The entire first edition of this discourse, to which we merely alluded last week, has already been exhausted, and another is published. Miss Hardinge's eloquent and impressive discourses are always in great demand by the people, and this last one is fully equal, in its characteristics, to any previous one. In treating our editorial topic in the present number of the BANNER, the reader will observe that we had occasion to extract very liberally from this eloquent and powerful production.

Those who read Miss Hardinge, know too well what a wide sweep and force there is even to her statements, containing arguments and systems of themselves. Her pages appeal to the highest conception and the profoundest thought. No one could be more grandly serious than she, nor present current events more clearly in their wide relations to the past and the future. All would know that the spirits say of the destiny of their native land, which they love so well; they will find in this pamphlet all their most anxious inquiries answered.

For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, at \$3 per thousand, or 5 cents per single copy.

A TRUE EXPERIENCE IN SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA, by M. L. SHERMAN, Westfield, Chautauque Co., New York, 1861.

This pamphlet contains thirty-six pages, and is truly a remarkable production. It is a report of nine visions seen in a trance state, which the writer claims are real soul-experiences. These visions were given the writer between the years 1852 and 1860; the longest continuing eight weeks. If all are to experience what the author of this book has experienced, we have many hills to pass through. But he says that "all suffering is for the ultimate good of the sufferer." The author in his visions went through most horrible experiences, each one of which, opened a new avenue to some more exquisite beauty of the heavenly world. He says "we go through many changes to inhabit higher spheres, reached only by deeper experience in the predestined course of progress to the best state of a perfect man." The soul through all these racking experiences, was unimpeded and unharmed. Whether the experiences related in this little book be real, or unreal, they are as interesting to the reader as a thrilling novel.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS. By Charles Dickens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. For sale in Boston, by A. K. Loring.

The sterling quality of the Atlantic Monthly asserts that Dickens has even outdone himself in this story, it being his very best. The characters are already familiar to all readers of fiction, and we need not be at the pains to recapitulate either their names or history. Peterson paid Dickens (he says) a thousand pounds for advance sheets of this noble work, and has put it forth in various styles. The one before us is the cheapest, the price of the entire story being but twenty-five cents. In the midst of civil war the tired mind seeks refreshment and rest, and no way offers so handily as the perusal of works of healthy fiction, informed with humane and noble purposes. Of such are the novels of Dickens, who has a personal and permanent friend in every one who has read his productions. For the time, "Great Expectations" is having large and ready sales.

THE RELATIONS OF RELIGION TO THE WAR. A Sermon delivered on First Day, Sept. 26, 1861. By Rev. Hugh Smith Carpenter, Pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, S. Brooklyn, N. Y. New York: W. A. Townsend. For sale in Boston, by Brown & Taggard.

The above title furnishes the reader with the contents of a very handsomely printed pamphlet. It is a most eloquent and learned production, teaching that the events of war are above the disposal of any man, and cannot be predicted; but that the Almighty rules over and under, and through all, forever.

Prof. S. B. Brittan.

At the Hotel of the Invalides, No. 407 Fourth street, New York, applies Vital and Galvanic Electricity and Human Magnetism in the treatment of disease, and to mental, vital, organic and functional development. Mr. Brittan has made the whole subject of the relations of Electricity and Magnetism to the vital functions, and the application of these agents in the treatment of disease, a profound study for many years; as his Essays on MAN—which were some time since published in the BANNER—clearly demonstrate. As an expounder of the laws of vital harmony or health, he has attracted the attention of many of the most influential journals in the country, as will appear from the following extracts:

Mr. Brittan's theory is, that the human will has a direct power over electrical agencies, by which means physiological effects can be produced. He illustrates this view by a large variety of illustrations drawn from the accredited records of science, as well as by his own private experiments.—*New York Evening Post.*

Prof. Brittan has evidently studied man much more thoroughly than many physicians and chemists of highest pretensions.—*Home Journal.*

Prof. Brittan's discoveries have attracted the notice of many medical men, who regard them as contributions of great importance to the healing art.—*Jersey City (N. J.) Telegraph.*

Professor Brittan continues to excite great interest by his remarkable physiological demonstrations. The relief administered by him in severe cases, is a very curious fact. To us outsiders it is as great a mystery as the milk in the cocoa nut.—*New York Daily Tribune.*

The Good of Affliction.

No doubt at all that we needed this sore trial of war to discipline us. We have been growing rich too fast, become too riotous and bold, fallen into swagger and rant too much, and needed to learn much that we never should have learned but by the bitterness of a fearful experience. We are passing through it now. Alton, the historian, says of Germany and her state after the wars of Napoleon—"It is sometimes well for nations as well as individuals, to be in affliction. Compare the selfishness and egotism, the courtly corruption and popular indifference, the aristocratic pride and general subservience of the first part of this period, with the generous sacrifices and heroic struggles of the war of liberation, the intellectual activity, the social amelioration, and vast stride in national energy, and in the development of the elements of future freedom which have succeeded it, and the immense impulse given to the German mind by the war of the French Revolution, will at once appear. Periods of suffering are seldom in the end lost to the cause of humanity, or the moral discipline of nations; it is the sunshine of prosperity that spreads the fatal corruption."

Personal.

What a world of practical romance—joy as well as woe—is to be found among the advertisements of our large metropolitan sheets, under the head of "Personal!" All wants are displayed in that column. There one can see poverty imploring help from those who have aid to bestow, and wealth in lamentations over the loss of dear ones whom it begs will come back again. Persons agreeing to meet other persons, at certain places and hours, and persons chiding others because they were neglectful of late appointments. Intrigues and sorrows—hope and despair—rich and poor—coziness and over-trust—all these and many more elements are mixed in this column-jumble of the enterprising newspaper, laying open to light the secrets and sores of hearts that take this last mode—both convenient and desperate,—of getting relief. The literature of this advertising column, too, is very varied; as much so as the characters by whose impulses it is begotten. It has become quite a feature in our larger papers, especially in New York, although it has for years been followed as a newspaper practice in London.

What Tact Does.

A man may be a great man, doing truly great deeds, and still fail to be recognized as such, simply because he lacks the adventitious aids that are requisite to setting him forth before the world in a true light. It is not all action—much of it is owing to dress and description. Ulysses and Hector would be little without Homer to set them off and bring them before the world. Says Addison, in one of his genial papers in the Spectator, "A good poet will give the reader a more lively idea of an army or a battle in a description, than if he actually saw them drawn up in squadrons and battalions, or engaged in the confusion of a fight. Our minds should be opened to great conceptions, and influenced with glorious sentiments by what the actor speaks, more than by what he appears. Can all the trappings of equipage of a king or hero, give Brutus half that pomp and majesty which he receives from a few lines in Shakespeare?" It is just as well that the actor and the recorder be mutually acquainted with their dependence. The pen is mightier than the sword, and without it, all the sword could achieve would speedily pass into oblivion.

Returning Spirits.

It has always been a favorite belief, the world over, that spirits out of the body do return to those in the form. We meet its expression in all writers, ancient or modern, showing that it is no new thing; it is only the multiplied modern proofs of it that are combatted, and they, too, by the very ones who admit their belief in the theory. In Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas" occurs the following passage, to this point: "That the dead are seen no more," said Imlio, "I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent and universal testimony of all ages, and of all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which, perhaps, prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those that never heard of one another, would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers, can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues, confess it with their fears."

A Generous Offer.

Mr. J. V. MANSFIELD, the well known medium for answering sealed letters, has generously offered—for the space of three months—to answer gratuitously a sealed letter for every subscriber who remits us two dollars for the BANNER one year. Three 3-cent postage stamps must accompany each letter to prepay return letters. Mr. M. makes this offer solely to aid us in extending the circulation of our paper, which is the best way to benefit the cause.

Those sending letters to be answered, should be careful to write the address of their Spirit friends in full, in their sealed letters—not on the envelopes—in order to prevent mistakes, as there are many spirits who answer to the same name, which is the cause of a majority of the mistakes that occur. The controlling spirit of the medium cannot possibly know every spirit who is ready to respond to the call of his or her friends, any more than can those in the earth-life, hence, we repeat, correspondents should be particular in this respect.

All letters must be addressed, "BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.," to insure a prompt response.

Personal.

We are pleased to learn that Gov. Andrew has appointed Major Wm. Brown, as assistant Adjutant General, with the rank of Colonel. He does this "in just recognition of the fidelity and value of his services as chief clerk in the office of the Adjutant General," and with the purpose of adding to the convenience and expedition of business in cases where the Adjutant General may be absent from headquarters. Adjutant Gen. Schouler, in a note transmitting the order for his appointment to Col. Brown, expresses his satisfaction at this honorable recognition of his services. The Major has performed a greater share of the duties of the office for a number of years, and has taught at least one Adjutant General his duty. When the happy time comes when men are selected for their merit, instead of political favoritism, we may expect more honest public servants, like Major Brown, to receive the honors their merits justify.

Rev. John Pierpont has resigned the Chaplaincy of the 22d Massachusetts Regiment, and accepted a clerkship in the Treasury Department at Washington.

The Spiritualist Brigade.

This corps, we feel confident in saying, is yet to be a power elsewhere than on paper. The plan is in efficient hands in Boston, and we will try and keep our readers posted on the result. The ladies tell us they are willing to respond heartily to the call for their encouragement, and many of the best men in the ranks of Spiritualism in Boston and Massachusetts are ready to give this enterprise their aid.

Provided a whole regiment is recruited in Massachusetts, a great objection will be overcome, which is in the way of those who are not willing to enlist in a New York regiment. We will, as we say, keep our readers posted, and have more to say next week.

The Sunday Lectures.

There will no longer be services held at Alston Hall by the Spiritualists of Boston. On Sunday, Nov. 17th, lectures will commence at Lyceum Hall, (formerly Cothuitate Hall) off Tremont street. Miss Doten will occupy the desk. On the Thursday evening following, the Hall will be dedicated to the Spiritual cause, and several speakers, including Miss Hardinge, Miss Doten and Mrs. Conant, will be present, and address the gathering, and excellent music will be furnished. The dedicatory exercises will be free to the public.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Dr. L. L. Farnsworth.—We cheerfully refer our readers to the advertisement of Dr. Farnsworth, in another column of this paper. Doubtless many of our readers remember specimens of his remarkable powers, which we have published in the BANNER from time to time. By the numerous letters which we have received from different parts of the country, speaking highly in praise of his ability as a psychometrist and physician, and from our own acquaintance with him, we can with confidence recommend him to the public, and trust his many friends here will heartily welcome his return to this city.

CONFERENCE, 14 BROMFIELD STREET.—The question before this Conference, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 6th, is, *Whatever is, is wrong.* Our readers shall have the report of this "wrong" affirmation.

Our readers will see by her announcement that Mrs. Hyde, the test medium, has again changed her residence. She is now ready to receive her friends at her new home, No. 44 Harvard street, where she hopes to be permanently located.

We are in receipt of numerous letters for the "Harbinger of Health." But as we cannot make a satisfactory contract with the publisher for the sale of this work, it is impossible for us to fill orders.

We have very favorable reports of the mediumship of Mr. George McLaren, No. 7 Dix Place. He purports to be controlled by a band of spirits who direct his attention chiefly to clairvoyant readings in matters of business.

"SPIRITS AS CULTIVATORS AND WORKERS WITH MANKIND"—article seven—will be published in our forthcoming issue.

The U. S. Sanitary Commission have issued a circular to the women of the country, calling for blankets, quilts, woolen socks, flannel bed gowns, wrappers, under-shirts and drawers, small hair and feather pillows, and cushions for wounded limbs, slippers, &c. Also, delicacies for the sick, such as farina, arrow-root, corn-starch, condensed milk and nicely dried fruit, can be advantageously distributed by the Commission. Address care of Dr. S. G. Howe, 20 Bromfield street, Boston.

Away with the "Shetland" that busied our hands last year, when the autumn forests were dyed! Away with the "zephyrus" too bright and too soft! For our brave-hearted boys to the battle-field flying!

The knitting of grandmothers teaches us to do. With fingers as patient as ours were yesterday. The coarse, homely work, long neglected, ignored, Now rallies our efforts, and finds us all ready! All ready! "All forward!" Come swell the fair ranks; Dear girls, we are knitting the Union together! There's enough of stanch timber about the old ship; We have made up our minds the storm to outweather.—*N. Y. Independent.*

A Southern correspondent of the Tribune says, that a large rebel army of at least 100,000 men, are gathered at Nashville, Tenn., and that the State Prison convicts are daily drilled to prepare for the field.

The great squadron has at length got to sea. We "shall see what we shall see," shortly; and undoubtedly the secessionists will see what they do not want to see—a kind of sea shell, they have not been in the habit of seeing.

EPIGRAM ON A BOASTING CAPTAIN.

Tread softly, mortals, o'er the bones Of the world's wonder, Captain Jones, Who told his glorious deeds to many, But never was believed by any. Posterity, let this suffice: He swore all's true, and here he lies.

BLUNDERS OF THE B's.—The battle at Big Bethel, brought about by the belligerent bravery of Ben. Butler; the bloody battle at Bull Run; and latterly the butchery of Baker's brave Brigade at Ball's Bluffs by the bad botching of Banks's Brigadier, were all blunders, bungling and blamable.

"SOON NAMES MINGLED."—The names of the churchwardens of St. Luke's church, Bristol, are Duok and Drake, the bell-ringer's name is Chick, and the two sextons bear the appellations of Pain and Fear.—*Wills Standard.*

We think we know of a parallel case. In Montezuma Lodge of Odd Fellows, in Boston, of which Dr. A. B. Child is a Past Grand, not long since Bro. Lyon was the outside and Bro. Lamb the inside sentinel "The Lion and the Lamb shall lie down together, and the little Child shall lead them."

Energy of mind is necessary in order to do good in the world, because it is to be expected that wise and benevolent designs will be opposed with energy. The greatest and best purposes have been the most vigorously opposed.

Bro. J. Covert, in an article in the Herald of Progress, truthfully says: "It is to be regretted that there is to be found in the theory of Spiritualism any evidence tending to weaken or destroy the well-founded hope and knowledge of a continued life after death. If I fully understand its principles, one of its main objects is to make certain to the spirit that which has been heretofore considered doubtful to many. This has been and is done successfully, to the satisfaction of all who take the pains to investigate its claims truthfully."

An odd sort of genius, having stepped into a mill, was looking with apparent astonishment at the movement of the machinery, when the miller, thinking to quiz him, asked him if he had heard the news. "Not 'I know on'" said he, "what is it?" "Why," replied the miller, "they say the devil is dead." "By jings," says Jonathan, "is he? Who tends the mill, then?"

Governor Berry, of New Hampshire, has appointed Thursday, Nov. 28th, to be observed as a day of Thanksgiving throughout the State.

A Washington telegram of Oct. 28th, says: "The state of affairs at New Grenada with regard to the United States, is in a delicate and interesting condition."

Baron Smith spent two whole days in considering an answer to the conundrum:—"Why is an egg underdone like an egg overdone?" He would suffer no one to tell him, and at last hit upon the solution:—"Because both are hardly done."

Those Alps we see in the west, the evening clouds, were made to day; made of such trifles as the breaths of singing birds and singing flowers, the melted jewelry of the morning dews, the silver night-dress of the rivers, and the voice of prayer. It is the heaped-up utterance of yesterday. Dim, blue, beautiful, it is an enchanted mountain, though men have named it "cloud."

If you fall into misfortune, disengage yourself as well as you can. Creep through the bushes that have the fewest briars.

The Spiritualists of Oskosh, Wis., have engaged Mr. Bent, a young inspirational speaker, for every fourth Sunday, the next six months.

In the English army in India, the proportion of deaths is almost exactly as one for teetotallers, two for temperate, and four for intemperate; so that while one in 90 of the teetotallers dies annually, one in 45 1-2 dies among the temperate, and one in 22 1-2 among the intemperate. The punishments of teetotallers were 33 per cent, of the temperate 68, and of the intemperate 170 per cent.

A satire on everything is a satire on nothing; it is mere absurdity. All contempt, all disrespect, implies something respected, as a standard to which it is referred, just as every valley implies a hill.

The best way to teach a man how much his feet are worth to him, is to cut off his hands. Make a man dumb, and his face will begin to talk eloquently for him, and do tongue's work. Deprive him of the divine gift of hearing, and his eyes at once take lessons in listening. What a gifted creature would he be who should have the ears of the blind, the eyes of the deaf, and the face and fingers of the dumb.

An Illinois editor, in an appeal to his patrons, says, "We want grain, pork, tallow, candles, whiskey, linen, beeswax, wool, and anything else we can eat." Voracious.

What is the difference between Charlotte Ann and Ann Eliza? One is a quack and the other a chemist. How so? Why, the former is a *charlatan*, and the latter an *analysier*.

On a recent occasion, as the marriage ceremony was about to be performed in a church in a neighboring town, when the clergyman desired the parties wishing to be married to rise up, a large number of ladies immediately arose.

A minister observing a man who had just lost his wife very much oppressed with grief, told him he must have patience; whereupon the mourner replied, "I have been trying her, sir, but she will not consent to have me."

A poor man gives his mite to the cause of benevolence, which is scarcely noticed, and a rich man out of his abundance gives hundreds of dollars, and the contribution is paraded in the public journals as evidence of his wonderful liberality. And yet there may be more merit in the limited gift of the one than in the large donation of the other.

The Adventists will have it that this globe is soon to come to an end. They probably think it has "traveled round" long enough.

A man's greatest riches consist in his ability to live upon little with a contented mind.—*Ex.*

We have always been obliged to live upon little, and yet part of that little has been used by destitute borrowers too lazy to labor. Our sympathy has always governed our pocket. But "it do n't pay." Never mind. When we go to the other country we shall probably ascertain that it was "all right." Can't see it exactly so here, though.

To Correspondents.

Wm. D. ROBERTSON, KALAMAZOO, MICH.—We desire good Spiritual poetry. We are often obliged to correct authors' errors. But poetry should never be sent to an editor for publication in a crude state. We are obliged to reject many pieces from this cause alone. We should be pleased to receive a pencil portrait, and will do as you suggest.

H. C. H., BOSTON.—Please receive our thanks for your well written and interesting story. You will be ever welcome.

E. J. B., PAWLET, VT.—The obituary was printed in our last number. We will print the lines when our space permits.

P. D. M., NEWARK, N. J.—We have the MSS. safe, and shall publish the notice and accompanying lines in our next.

A. E. K., PHILADELPHIA.—"Breezes from Land" received. Much obliged. Will print soon.

J. COVERT.—Your essays have been received. Will give them to the public in due time.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at 10 1-2 A. M. Conference meetings at 3 and 7 1-2 P. M. P. Clark, Chairman. The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening at 7 1-2 o'clock. (The proceedings are reported for the BANNER.) The subject for next Wednesday evening is:—"Whatever is, is wrong."

A meeting is held every Thursday evening, at 7 1-2 o'clock for the development of the religious nature, or the soul growth of Spiritualists.

POKESNO.—Meetings first, third and fifth Sundays of each month, in the Town Hall, at 7 1-2 and 9 1-2 P. M. Speakers engaged:—Prof. Clarence Butler will speak Nov. 17; Miss Lizzie Doten, Dec. 15.

NEW YORK.—At Lamartine Hall, corner 8th Avenue and 20th street, meetings are held every Sunday at 10 1-2 A. M. 3 P. M. 7 1-2 P. M. Dr. H. Dresser is Chairman of the Association.

At Davenport Hall, 806 Broadway, Mrs. Cora L. V. Hall will lecture every Sunday, morning and evening.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wall's Hall. Speakers engaged:—H. B. Scurry, three first Sundays in Nov. N. Greenleaf, the last Tuesday in Nov.; Miss Emma Hardinge, the first Sunday in Dec.; Warren Chase, second Sunday in Dec.; Miss Augusta A. Currier, two last Sundays in Dec.

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Conference Meetings held Sunday mornings, and speaking by mediums, Afternoon and Evening. The following speakers are engaged:—Miss Belle Scougal, Dec. 1st, 8th, 15th, and 22nd.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Lancaster Hall. Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Miss Susan M. Johnson, the last Sunday in November; Miss Emma Hardinge, two last Sundays in Dec.; G. B. Stebbins, during January; Belle Scougal, during Feb.

PROVIDENCE.—Speakers engaged:—Belle Scougal in Nov.; Lou Miller in Dec.; Mrs. A. M. Spence, in Jan.; Mrs. M. M. Macomber in Feb.; Frank L. Wadsworth in May.

AMUSEMENTS IN BOSTON.

BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Washington street. Evening, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Prices—50, 25, and 15 cents.

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 5 o'clock.

HOWARD ATHENAEUM.—Howard street, near Court street. Lecture and Manager, E. L. DAVENPORT. Private Boxes \$3; Dress Box Chairs, Orchestra Chairs, 1st Circle Boxes and Parquet, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25c; Gallery, 15c. Doors open at 7; curtain rises at 7 1-2 o'clock.

AQUARIAL AND ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—Central Court, Living Whales, Animals, Reptiles, &c. Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Admission 25 cents; Children under 10 years, 15 cents.

MORRIS BROTHERS, FELL AND TROWBRIDGE'S OPERA HOUSE.—Nearly opposite the Old South Church. Tickets, 25 cents.

BOSTON ATHENAEUM.—Beacon street, near State House. Thirty-seventh Exhibition of Palatins and Statuary. Admission, 25 cents.

BOOKSELLERS' AND NEWS-DEALERS' AGENCY.

ROSS & TOUSEY, 121 Nassau Street, New York, General Agents for the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Would respectfully invite the attention of Booksellers, Dealers in Cheap Publications, and Periodicals, to their unequalled facilities for packing and forwarding everything in their line to all parts of the Union, with the utmost promptitude and dispatch. Orders solicited.

ORGAN FOR SALE.

SUITSABLE for a small church, vestry, hall or parlor, to good order, and will be sold low. Inquire at Plymouth's 244 Washington street, where it can be seen. 17 July 27.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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.

DR. MAIN'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE, NO. 7 DAVIS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

ESTABLISHED FOR THE TREATMENT OF EVERY KNOWN DISEASE.

DR. MAIN'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE is open at all times for the reception of patients. Parties who have suffered at the hands of unskillful practitioners, or whose cases have been pronounced incurable by the most skillful, will find it to their advantage to consult a physician who combines

Science, Philosophy, Reason,

and common sense, in the treatment of disease. Do not be discouraged. Call on Dr. Main and test the power that enables him to discover the origin and cause of your difficulty without a word being uttered by the patient. Truly a new era has dawned in the history of medical science; the most intricate and complicated diseases not only being alleviated, but

THOROUGHLY AND PERMANENTLY CURED,

by the Doctor's improved methods of treatment.

CANCERS, ULCERS, TUMORS,

and every affection of the blood, successfully treated and their causes eradicated from the system. Diseases of Females, caused by exhaustion or excesses of any kind, receive speedy and permanent relief. Surgical operations are performed with the utmost skill when absolutely necessary.

Persons suffering from the use of poisonous drugs, or from diseases of the most delicate character, are assured that nothing but the best and most effective treatment will be given them, such as will lead to a restoration of decayed or exhausted powers.

Dr. Main has prepared a few medicines with reference to special diseases, which are of so invaluable a character in his general practice as to induce him to present them to the notice of the public at large.

THE TONIC STRUP.—A most reliable Dyspeptic Remedy.

THE BLOOD PURIFIER.—Unrivalled for the removal of Pimples and blotches from the face; also for the eradication of Cancerous Humors, Scrofula and Erysipelas.

THE FEMALE RESTORATIVE.—An effective remedy in pro-lapsus uteri, leucorrhoea, and all other diseases of the pelvic region.

THE DIURETIC STRUP.—For affections of the Kidneys. An excellent medicine.

THE UNIVERSAL TONIC.—For strengthening the blood and imparting tone and energy to the whole system.

Those who desire examinations will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address plainly written, and state sex and age.

25¢ Medicines car fully packed and sent by Express.

Dr. Main's Office hours are from 9 A. M. to 12 M., and from 2 to 5 P. M.

Patients will be attended at their homes when it is desired. DR. CHARLES MAIN, No. 7 Davis street, Boston, Mass. Nov. 9.

DR. L. L. FARNSWORTH,

PSYCHOMETRIST AND PHYSICIAN, is permanently located at No. 62 HUDSON STREET, Boston. Persons sending autograph and \$1, will receive a full delineation of character. Dr. F. also examines diseases and prescribes by a lock of hair; terms \$1. References can be given from persons of high standing, in Boston and vicinity, who have received great benefit by means of his magnetic powers. Medical consultation free. Office hours from 10 A. M. to 9 P. M. Nov. 9.

MRS. E. SMITH,

CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN—Residence No. 6 PAVONA Place, Jersey City, New Jersey—attends to calls from 10 to 12 o'clock A. M., from 12 to 1 P. M., and from 7 to 10 evening, every day in the week, Saturdays and Sundays excepted. She will hold circles Tuesday and Friday evenings, for spiritual manifestations and communications. Admittance 5 cents.

For examination of diseases on prescriptions, \$1. patient's fee; if a sent. or by lock of hair, \$2. Can see and describe friends, in the trance state. 3m Nov. 9.

HISTORY OF THE COUNCIL OF NICE.

A WORLD'S CHRISTIAN CONVENTION, A. D. 325, by Dean Dudley, Attorney at Law and Member of various learned societies. This valuable book, bound in cloth, is for sale at this office. Price, seven cents. When ordered by mail, fifteen cents must be added to prepay postage. Nov. 9.

MRS. L. F. HYDE, Writing and Trance Medium, may be found at her home, No. 44 Harvard street, leading room Washington street, Boston. 17 Sept. 14.

New Books.

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the *Banner* we claim as spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through the medium of the spirit who is in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spirit communion to those friends who are cognate to them.

We have to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond, and to show with the erroneous ideas that they are more than *spirit* beings. We believe the public should know of the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

Tuesday, Sept. 21.—Invocation: "How is the spirit improved by being brought in contact with earth?" Patrick McGinnis, Washington Village; Adeline Wilson, Augusta, Maine.

Monday, Sept. 20.—Invocation: "Are any of the planets of our solar system inhabited by human beings, and if so, what is their condition?" Geo. A. Redman, New York City; Aunt Milly, (a slave), Charleston, Miss.; Mike Eagle, Battery-march street, Boston; Eunice P. Pierce, South Duxbury, Mass.

Tuesday, Oct. 1.—Invocation: "Memory and the laws in a Spiritual state?" Jessie Cook, Troy, N. Y.; and Harriet Page, East Cambridge, Mass.; Jack Collins, N. Y.; Zouaves; Chas. Walker.

Thursday, Oct. 3.—Invocation: "Are the accounts in the Scriptures of Translation true—or did ever any one depart this life by any other process than the death of the body?" Simon Comar, Belfast, Me.; Nancy Buford, Chelsea, N. H.; Maria Thompson, San Francisco, Cal.; Augusta Walton.

Monday, Oct. 7.—Invocation: "Marriage Affinity; Obstacles of unbelief; Isaac Herrick, Cincinnati; Emily Sherry, Kenebunkport, Me.; Little Miss Carter, Canton, Mass."

Tuesday, Oct. 8.—Invocation: "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Thomas Holly, East Boston; Ann Maguire, Boston; Marietta Barrett, New Haven, Conn.; Edward Hobbins.

Thursday, Oct. 10.—Invocation: "Variety in Soul Principles." Rev. Moses Hallock, Plainfield, N. H.; Robert Collins, to his brother Richard, Cleveland, Ohio; Wallace Perkins, Morristown, N. J.; Abby Shute; Betsey Woodward, to John Woodward.

Monday, Oct. 14.—Invocation: "The Philosophy of Macmillan." Robert Arlington, Blackwell's Island, N. Y.; Willie Roberts, Sandwich, Mass.; Hannah Pillsbury, Manchester, N. H.; Eliza Bickner.

Tuesday, Oct. 15.—Invocation: "The existence of the human soul previous to birth in material form." Daniel Dougherty, Lowell, Mass.; Josephine Lyman, Sacramento, Calif.; Lemuel Goss, New Orleans.

Thursday, Oct. 17.—Invocation: "The sexual functions in Spirit Life." Hiram Burgess, Hartford, Conn.; Lily Washburn to her mother, Fall River, Mass.; William Wheeler, (published in No. 6).

Monday, Oct. 21.—Invocation: "Hope." John Francis Whorley, London, Eng.; Frank Sumner, New York City; Edw. W. Locke, Boston; Patience Lilly, Yarmouth, Me.

Tuesday, Oct. 22.—Invocation: "Jesus the Saviour of the World." Bill Saunders, stage driver, Burlington, Vt.; Mary Bonville Laurence, St. Mary's Institute, Mobile; Wm. H. Cook, Boston, Mass.; Charles Sherburne; Harvey Burtell.

Thursday, Oct. 24.—Invocation: "There is no Death." Alice L. Brewster, Lexington, Mass.; Richard Parker, to Stephen Knead, San Jose, Cal.; Julia O'Brien, Lucas st., Boston; Charles Todd, Boston; Josephine Adams.

Invocation.

Thou King of kings and Lord of lords, our Father and our Mother, thou by whose power we live and move, and by whose mercy we are redeemed, we come to thee through the powers of the mortal body, desiring to offer up our praises unto thee—for, oh Father, we feel that all things are holy and all are thine. Each atom is thine, each thought—each thing that was, is, or ever will be, is thine, and each atom found alike in the shadow and the sunbeam. We know thou hast created all things, and formed all things in wisdom. Oh, our Father, though the nation mourns for her children, and weeps, bitter tears never her lost ones, we will not ask thee to wipe away the cup of sorrow; we will not ask thee to wipe away the cloud of darkness, for, oh our Father, we know lessons of wisdom will be imparted to us through these pangs of pain and suffering, and the events we do pore to-day are our teachers and friends to-morrow, and make us more fully to comprehend the smile of peace. Oh God, we feel thou dost all things well; and whatever is, or is to be, is pregnant with blessings for the future; and unto thee, in behalf of all the nations of the earth, all kindreds, peoples and tongues, do we offer up our praise. Sept. 12.

Questions and Answers.

We are now ready to receive whatever questions may be propounded to us:

What is Sin?

A lesser degree of righteousness. Spiritually and divinely considered, there is no sin. Full well we know the tools you call the Bible teach of sin. Full well we know the whole Christian world recognizes such a condition, but, to us, there is no sin. What seems to be such is only a lesser degree of good.

"Whatever is, is right." Is this doctrine correct?

All will agree with us—at least, all who believe in the existence of that superior and divine being which men call God—that that God is good; and they will also agree with us when we say he hath made all things. Now, if that God is infinite in goodness, could he be the creator of anything not entirely good? We are told that when he had finished the work of creation, he looked around upon all he had formed, and pronounced all very good. Now, if the wise, good and almighty Creator has pronounced all good, should man, the subject the creature, stand up and proclaim anything as bad or evil? Not if man is well acquainted with his God, certainly. It is because man has an imperfect knowledge of God—because he is in his childhood respecting the knowledge of those things which govern the world, or the laws of its creation—because his puny knowledge cannot comprehend the wisdom of God.

God hath been continually giving man a knowledge of the external, as the coat or shroud which contains the internal; but man has been gaining an artificial knowledge, rather than properly making use of the lessons of the Deity. The artificial knowledge he has gained has nothing valuable about it. There is nothing we recognize as being valuable in all the religions of earth, so far as they claim to be exponents of the truth of God. But when we turn unto the internal kingdoms, there we find a natural religion—a religion adapted to the wants of each and every child of earth.

You need not go out into the external world to learn what religion is. You have only to turn within and consult your own God, and he will at all times answer your desires, if you allow him to, and you need wander no more in darkness.

Whatever is, is right; when divinely considered, but when considered from a material or artificial standpoint, there is indeed much of wrong. But the time is fast coming upon you, when all the sons and daughters of earth shall perceive the dark shades of life called evil are only a lesser degree of goodness. The same God that sails upon the sunlight, sails also upon the midnight cloud. The flowers have need of the showers, even as they have need of the sun; and you of earth have need of the dark shades of life, as you have of the glory that cometh according to your conception of God and right. Infinite in wisdom and power is our Father, and he is everywhere as all-powerful; and his voice is everywhere heard declaring all things good. Can you conceive of a place where God is not? Can you conceive of a condition in life where God is not? Can you find upon earth the smallest atom that God did not originate? Oh, no. Then we are indeed forced to conclude that whatever God hath spoken into existence, and doeth, is good—very good. Sept. 12.

Joseph Forbush.

My name is Joe Forbush, sir. I used to live in Wells, Maine. I'd like to go round there, and talk a little, if I could, but I don't want everybody to know what I have to say. I'm drowned. It's most eleven years since. I don't know what to say. I've got a good many private things I'd like to say, but this ain't any place to say them. I guess I'm out fishing, and got upset. I'm sixteen years old—in my seventeenth year.

My parents used to live there, sir, but they're dead, I'd like to say. I've got a brother Sam, and a brother Bill. Nobody was drowned when I was—

nobody went with me, that I know of. It was a pretty hard storm, and I was kinder washed overboard. The vessel was the schooner Eliza, I think—pretty sure it was.

Say, I'd like to know how this is, that we all have a body like this given to us to talk through? If I'm a girl, I'd like this as well as anything, but I ain't. I don't like these fixings so much—I don't feel right in these clothes. I know I'm myself, but if I should look in a glass, I should n't know myself. I wish they'd pick us out a medium like you more like us. Well, I'll have to put up with what I've got, then, I s'pose.

Did I know Captain Hill? Guess I did. I guess his name is Oliver—ain't certain, though.

There's an old woman here that used to live down in Wells, that's in a terrible taking to come back. Her name is Russell. She tries hard, but can't get a chance. Now how shall I get a chance to talk up home? It's no use to go there, that I can see. Will you tell them to go to a medium? I like that. They'll go to a medium, and I'll come when they call me. I've been told about coming here and about this. It's rather close quarters, though. Have you got anything to eat? I'm pretty hungry when I went away, so when I come back I feel just as bad. If this was my own body, I suppose I should care; but I suppose I shall have to put up with nothing to eat, at present.

I knew Capt. Langdon, and Capt. Seward and Judge Seward, but don't suppose they knew me. My father's name is the same as mine. He used to go mackereling, in the season, and then took care of his place the rest of the time, and cobbled shoes, some, too. Don't know you can call it a farm, but he had a little place. He was kinder poor, that's the amount of it—kinder poor. I lived in the east part of the town, perhaps a mile and a half from the water.

I've been all around, but could n't find out anything about coming back to my friends till I came here.

I don't care much about going, but suppose I must. I'll come again, when I get fixed up. Sept. 12.

Alfred Rundlett.

How do you do, sir? I'm not very well, according to this new way of transacting business. I know what I am here for, but don't know as I know what are your rules and regulations. I presume you have such.

I may be a simple request to make, and that is, that I may be able to commune with a brother of mine, living on earth. There are many reasons why I wish to commune with him. One is, I want to warn him against traveling in the same road I traveled over. It's a bad way, and I would n't advise him to come over it.

My name was Rundlett—Alfred Rundlett. My brother I desire to come to, is named James. I rather wish I was back here on earth, in some respects I had habits which were very much against me when I entered the spirit-world, and I suffered much in consequence of intoxication. I suffered so much, and am so impeded by that habit, that I wish to warn others against doing as I did. My brother is doing not exactly right, or what will not be considered so in the higher life. I neglected my business, and got pretty well run down; and he'll come as low as I am, if he do n't leave off.

There is much that might be said concerning this condition of life, and particularly the condition of those who enter it as I did; but I do not care to say much. I am not used to controlling a body so very different from my own. I want to talk to my brother James, who lives at Portsmouth, N. H., and if he will afford me an opportunity, I shall be very much gratified, even if he is not.

Susan Brown.

Oh, dear, dear! Tell my mother I came here, but I'm so tired I can't talk much. Oh, dear! I can't talk what I want to. I can't stay. Oh, dear! My name is Susan. Oh, dear! My head aches—it aches terribly when I went away, and it aches terribly now.

I'm eleven years old. My name's Susan Brown, and I used to live in Lowell. I had a disease of the brain. Oh, if I could go home and talk! Oh, my head—my head! Good by. I can't stay. Sept. 12.

Caleb French.

The little girl makes bad work, so I can't speak but can write. I used to be known as Caleb French; died in 1858, in San Diego, Cal.; have a wife in Sanborn—N. H.—or, at least, had one there.

Benediction.

May the blessing of our Father rest upon each and all of you; and when again the kind Providence shall permit us to return to you, may we find fresh flowers blooming within the gardens of your souls. Fare you well. Go in peace. Sept. 12.

Invocation.

Spirit of Infinite Wisdom, once more through mortality, do we lift our souls to thee. Once more we draw nigh unto thee, because we know, our Father and our Mother, that thou art the divine source of all things, of goodness, and evil, of light and of darkness. To thee we come with songs of thanksgiving and praise. We ask thee not to stand aside from thy great law to please us, nor to bestow any gift upon us, for we know thou art constantly lavishing upon us all that is our due, and all we need, and we know thou wilt lead us unto higher conditions and newer unfoldings, as fast as our nature is ready to receive them. Onward and upward is our watchword, forever and forever; and so we bow to thee in thanksgiving and praise, for all thou hast bestowed upon us, or wilt bestow in time to come, feeling that they are from thee, and that in thy Infinite wisdom we can rest secure, and no longer need stand trembling with fear in thy great vestibule of nature. And for all things, oh God, we thank thee, as all degrees of life are necessary for thy children; and as the parent of all life, we thank thee, forever and forever. Amen. Sept. 23.

Questions and Answers.

Have our friends any questions they desire to propound to us? If so, we are ready to hear them.

"Is it a sin to slaughter animals for food, or to eat them when slain?" The Bible (Gen. ix, 3-4) contradicts itself.

Christianity and the world have their own peculiar perception of this doctrine in the Bible. We may say, every individual has his own conception of the doctrine therein contained. We, in common with all others, have our opinion in the matter. Now, we believe it to be right to slay all beneath you, in the animal kingdom, that may be required for your sustenance. Nature, or God, has endowed you with superior thought, strength, intellect and power, and hath given you to know that you are superior to the animal kingdom, and that the beast of the forest hath been placed under your power, to assist you in progress toward the celestial spheres. If you conceive that you require animal food, it is right you minister to your physical nature. It matters not what the animal life may be; the question is only as to its fitness for the human being to assimilate. We say it is right for you to slay the beast, that you may live thereby.

All things that are have life. The noble ox is no more a part of God's creation than the blade of grass; and if it is right for the ox to eat the blade of grass, to sustain its existence, it is no less right for you to slay the ox to sustain your physical nature thereby.

Are there more questions to ask? If there are none, we will answer one that we have spiritually before us. Very peculiar views are no doubt entertained by him who hath proposed this question to us.

"Will the righteous dead return, answering our questions? How, then, do the righteous dead propose to dis-

pose of that portion of Scripture which reads in this way: 'The wicked shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal?'"

You will perceive that our friend calls upon the righteous dead to return and answer his query. Now it is not for us to declare ourselves righteous; not for us to return declaring ourselves free from all darkness—all that which pertains to earth and earthly things; not for us to return declaring unto our brother that we are all the word righteous implies. No; but we return, declaring ourselves to be children of the living God, and children dear to that God—quite as dear as any who have passed from earth and material conditions—for he loves all his creatures alike.

According to our idea of progressive life, all men and women are equally righteous, because all are good. No matter where we find them, or under whatever condition they exist, they are good. And why? Because they belong to God, and God never created anything not good. So, then, we return, simply declaring ourselves to be children of the living God, parts and portions of Divinity, and, as such, we claim to come, purged with truth and immortality.

Now do we, then, propose to dispose of the question before us? Our brother asks. We have many times answered the same question, and perhaps we shall be called upon to answer it again for the benefit of some inquiring mind in the future; but we shall ever be most happy to answer any question pertaining to the spirit life, that we can; and we are always willing to receive that which comes to us, if so it comes answering some desire to know the truth—to enable some soul to go from darkness into the light—to cast off the old and put on the new. The human soul burns with the desire of truth, at some time, and so sure as the individual desires it, so sure must the great God answer that desire.

But to our question. We will here say in the beginning, that we do believe in the eternal damnation of the wicked; which is to say, we believe the evil doors are to be eternally tortured, and will suffer eternally. This we believe—yes, we know it; but we do not believe that he or she whom the world calls wicked and evil, will remain so eternally. That which is clothed with darkness this hour, may be clothed with glory in the future hour. Who can say it will not be so? No one. So long as that condition of life which we call evil exists, so long will a hell exist also—a condition of suffering which is identical with sin. Now, we believe the condition of lesser good will always exist; we do not believe it will ever cease to have its proper place, in the grand economy of nature.

Now, then, we have answered the question. All the wicked, or evil, or all tainted with that condition which seems wicked or evil to mankind, will suffer eternally; but the individual soul particles of the Great Divine law are not to suffer eternally. And why? Because you all are children of the great law of progress. What is progress? The condition of rising out of the low and entering the high; casting off all low conditions, and putting on the higher. And when the individual has once risen above material things, then the condition that formed the hell will melt away, and the condition of heaven will come in its place. Oh, if you believe your dearly loved ones on earth are to suffer the hell which they endure at present, through an unprogressing infinitude of time, then you have no confidence or faith in God, and he is but an outgrowth of your own individual and material condition. He is a God only of earth, and never so much as looketh into the future.

Oh, our brother, when you stand upon the path that leadeth forward into the future, fail not to look around you and beneath you also, feeling ready to acknowledge all things as the handiwork of the Great Eternal—that he hath formed all things, and formed all right; remembering, also, that nature is the great eternal law of being, and all things natural must be governed by it; that each and every child of its Father must certainly return and outgrow all the lesser conditions of good, and go onward into newly unfolding kingdoms of holiness and purity.

But yet we say we do believe in eternal suffering; for we believe, as the condition of evil has an existence, so also must the condition of hell exist as its only purifier and redeemer. The great law of God acting through nature, God's medium, compels it. But remember, also, oh our brother, that each and every dweller in this undeveloped condition belongs to God forever attracted toward him, and is every moment drawing nearer and nearer unto his presence. Progression is one of God's grandest laws, and all his laws are perfect, outworking most beautiful and glorious conditions through each and every department of life. God is not less in hell than in heaven, for he is everywhere; but in hell he is obscured from mortal vision, and in heaven he stands forth clothed in eternal radiance. And, mortal, as you grow beyond the artificial conditions that envelop your primary existence, you will be able to receive more wisdom that your fathers taught, and you will begin to perceive that we have told you something of truth. Sept. 23.

Harriet Page.

Well, mister, what have you got to say to me? I don't know as I've got anything in particular to say; but I suppose I had to come for something, or I should n't be here.

My name is Harriet Page. I was twenty-two years old. I was born in New York City. Died here in Boston. I do n't think it's a year ago. I lived here three years or more. I don't know as I want to send word to anybody in the city. I have a mother in New York. I suppose she's a nurse in the Marine Hospital. I've a brother in New York, too. He's a bookkeeper. He was at one time at Peterson's carpet store, on Broadway. Since he's here I have n't seen him, or known much about him. I have one sister, younger than myself. She's somewhere in New York State. I can't tell where. My father died when we were all quite young, and my mother was obliged to leave us, in order to support herself and us. After that, we did pretty much as we pleased, and formed such associations as we had a mind to. She had to work so hard that she could n't take care of us, and we were left to do almost as we pleased, and we did—or at least I did. I do n't care to speak for the rest. My brother is a fine young man, I suppose the world would say. No matter if he did n't want to own me when I saw him last, I'll not speak ill of him now.

I'd like to tell them now, first of all, I'm dead. They don't know that, yet. Then I'd like to have them know I can come back. They do n't know that I'd like to have them know I'm as well off, and far better off than some who were better off on earth than I was. There seemed always to be something lying in my way to make me do wrong, and I suffer hell enough for it; and I've been told, since I come here, that I won't suffer any more, so I know folks don't suffer eternally. That idea is all a humbug. Now, it's right I suffer, and it's right I should come back and tell my mother she's to blame for it all; and it's right for me to tell my brother he's to blame for not owning me. I do n't care for that now, though. There are many who do n't look any better than I do when they get on this side. The darkness you go through is not all on the outside shell; but what you lose in body you lose in spirit, too. I've found that out since I've been here. When I first got here, I thought I never should be happy, and that the devil would come along pretty quick, to claim me. But I waited so long I got tired expecting him, and then folks told me I'd never be any worse off than I was. There are some here who've been here thirty years, who are worse off than I am, and that's the reason I took courage.

Do you know Mrs. Kelly, in Ann street? I lived with her the last place I'm in. Well, I died on the island. She did n't keep a saloon—it was kind of a private place. I think her husband's name is James, but I never saw much of him. I think she'd be a good woman, if she'd any one to encourage her. I'd like to talk with her. It would n't hurt you much to hunt her up. Doing good never hurts anybody. That was down pretty low. I didn't always live in such a place as that, I want you to understand. When I was a child I used to live in as good a place as any of you, do, but after my father died, things

changed considerably. Nor should I have come down as I did, if folks had been honest with my mother after my father died. They took all she had, and left us without a cent. Wonder who they're accountable to? I guess they'll find hell enough, they won't have to hunt God up. I had hell enough on their account.

Some of the time I was on Cooper street, near the Catholic church, and on Endicott street. I do n't care to tell who I lived with. She's an old devil, any way, and I do n't want to talk with her. I could n't do her any good if I tried.

There's plenty of mediums in New York, and I want my mother to go to one, and I'll come to her. She need n't be afraid to come, and if she do n't want me to call her mother, I'll call her anything else she wishes; if my brother wants to talk, I'll speak to him; but my sister has been so prejudiced against me, I do n't believe she'd speak to me, dead or living.

I did n't have time to repent, when I's here. I took to drinking hard, and had a tender constitution, and soon broke down. If folks ever want to go to hell, let them try the way I did, and they'll get all the suffering they want.

To tell you the truth, I do n't know as I ever went in or out of the house sober, and I do n't know as I ever knew the number. If I tried to tell you the number I'd probably tell you a lie, and I said when I came here I'd tell nothing but the truth, or only what I know. I remember one girl who lived in the house. She was a mulatto—at least they said she was, but she said she was n't. They used to call her Kitty. My mother's Christian name is Nancy. Well, sir, I'm going. Sept. 23.

J. Madison Page.

Truly, the ways of Providence are wonderful. Sixteen years ago I left that spirit who has just communicated with you, a little child—as pure a child as God ever gave to an earthly parent, I believe. She was easily persuaded. I used to hear her mother often say, "It's very easy to guide Hattie. I have no trouble with her; she's always yielding. It's not so easy to control the other two. Oh, I wish they were like her." But that very element that made her so beautiful in the eyes of her parents, only served to draw her down into hell. Oh, how great and wonderful are the ways of Providence! The very nature she possessed, and which so endeared her to our hearts, when I was taken away, and her mother had to struggle hard to avoid destitution, and she was obliged to provide for herself, plunged her down into sin and darkness. Her poor mother was deserted by friends and kindred, and as far as I know, met with no assistance, but had to labor hard for the maintenance of herself and children, when my hands were paralyzed in death. Oh, God, I pity them when they shall land upon the shores of the spirit-world, unclad of their garments of flesh. I pity them, God knows I do! It is doubtless right, as all things are, we are told. It was doubtless right for them to plunder my wife, after my death, and it will be right for them to suffer terribly in consequence.

My poor wife is a good woman, and did the best she could for the little ones, and so I have no blame for her. She was unused to battling with the world for dollars and cents, but rejoiced to do it, as a Christian mother should, for the good of her little ones; but in providing for their bodily wants she neglected their spiritual culture. Oh, it was very hard to be conditioned as she was! God do n't blame her, and indeed, I do not. I pity those who made her so, and who have plunged my poor child into a hell of torment, but from which she will be redeemed, thanks be to God, and become nobler than she would have been but for her suffering.

My name was J. Madison Page. When I was first permitted to behold the true condition of my child, I earnestly sought to be appointed her guardian spirit, and through natural law I believed I was as such to her, although she did not recognize my control over her, even when she came to this new sphere of action. I perceived she might remain in a condition of unhappiness for many years, if she remained upon earth, for I saw that the world and her kindred would reject her—that she could never be again respected in the eye of the world, and her life would be at most but prolonged misery and pain; so I conceived it to be no more than right for me to do what I might to set her free from earth, and I did all in my power to aid her spirit in breaking the bonds that held her to mortality, through creating an appetite for strong drink, and stimulating that desire. But, poor girl, she came to the spirit sphere in no condition to recognize me here, but is yet encumbered with the things of earth. Thus you behold her condition as she comes to you this afternoon. She comes back to earth upon the material plane of life, and is slow in comprehending that the darkness or sin of earth is only a lesser degree of good, that we must pass through to the better life. When I leave here to-day, we meet as father and child, for the first time in the spirit sphere, and together I hope we shall pass out beyond the clouds of sorrow to the degree of life where sorrow is not known, and all things are beholden in their true light, and where we shall both be better able to aid those on earth we love.

I much desire to communicate with my wife and remaining children. If any of my good friends chance to see my poor letter, I ask them to aid me in returning to my wife and children.

I said I sided my daughter's departure from earth. I saw it was no use for her to reform, for the world would still repudiate her. Then I did all I was able to break her hold upon earth. Through the aid of other spirits, I cultivated in her nature a desire for strong drink, and we did all in our power to quench the ever-rising monitor that we call conscience. She had no taste for it, but we compelled her to drink, in order to remove her to our side, where her misery would sooner end. I firmly believe it was right for me to assist in cutting the bonds that held her to earth. I believe I did not do wrong. I have yet to learn that I did. Sept. 28.

Written for the Banner of Light.

TELL US OF SPIRIT LIFE.

By N. OSOOND.

Spirit, that goest forth
To life immortal,
Grant me a few brief words
At the eternal portal!
Give to my anxious ear
Thy truthful story!
What visions meet thy gaze
Of future grief or glory?
What limits now are thine,
Of space, or motion?
Say, canst thou seek the stars,
Or, thought-quick, span the ocean?
And canst thou pierce the void
Untraced pinion,
To the great centre, whence
Spring motion and dominion?
Or, if such powers to thee
Are still forbidden,
Tell me if from thy view
The forms of earth are hidden?
Dost thou still linger near
These forms material,
Eager to greet the birth
Of friends to life ethereal?
In vain let me not ask
Of thee thy mission,
Nor cheerless let me wait
Till death unveils my vision.
O heed my hopeful prayer:
Trusting 'tis given,
Earth loses power to charm—
Tell me of truth and heaven!

ADDRESS TO THE SPIRITUAL AND REFORM HEADERS OF THIS PAPER.

MR. FRIENDS—It is known to most of you that, some eighteen months since, I put forth a pamphlet embodying a plan I had formed to found an institution for Outcast Females, certain points of novelty in which I deemed might exhibit to the world a much greater capacity in this unfortunate class to reform than had hitherto been accorded them; and, by creating a more favorable opinion of these most universally neglected persons, stimulate wider efforts in their behalf. To carry out my plan (namely, to found an horticultural and industrial home) I deemed it absolutely essential to collect the sum of fifty thousand dollars to start with.

Being in my own person widely identified with a proscribed and unpopular faith, and unwilling to fasten upon a work of general and unsectarian interest, my own proscription, I steadily resolved, for one or two years, at least, to give the world the chance of sheltering my work from the ban of Spiritualism, by appealing for aid outside, and not within, the ranks of its adherents. With this purpose in view, I never have before appealed to you, my spiritual friends, as a body, but rather put myself to special pains to present my appeals in the most world-wide and unsectarian form. Whilst these have, during the last two years, been received with warm demonstrations of sympathy from those who would listen to them, I have in every instance (except in the city of Boston) failed to attract half the number of auditors on this subject that have attended my lectures on Spiritualism, and the generality even of those audiences being Spiritualists, I must regard my efforts to enlist the world's sympathy, outside the ranks of Spiritualism, as a total failure. In some instances, indeed, obstacles have been rudely thrown in the way of my work, and insulting denunciations of my faith, answered my appeals for aid from the ministers of Christian Gospels.

Last Spring, after nearly thirteen months effort amongst the different cities of the States, I found I had presented my cause in the general manner first determined on in every city where I had lectured, except New York and Boston. In April last I made my usual appeal in Tremont Temple, Boston, to the largest audience that had ever met me on such occasions—exceeding in number three thousand persons. One fortnight after the date of this lecture, I repeated it in the same place at the special public invitation of a large number of the wealthiest and most influential inhabitants of Boston and its vicinity. Following upon this meeting were several others of a more private nature, in which these influential persons discussed and approved my plan, and pledged themselves, with many kind assurances, to assist me in its immediate application. Committees were formed, and a plan of operations for collecting the necessary finances just detailed, as the great national calamity that now afflicts the country broke out. I cannot better sum up the instant close of operations on the part of the above named Committee, than to state that they dispersed at once, and at the one meeting that followed the opening of hostilities at Fort Sumter but few persons were in attendance, and the most hasty termination was resolved on of present proceedings.

As this Committee, however, voted to meet again this October, and the extraordinary enthusiasm that had been manifested in my work in Boston, had not, with the general public, at least, subsided, by the advice of a few earnest friends in this vicinity, whose counsel was backed by promises of material aid, I resolved to hire a small estate near Boston, and, with what funds I could collect in hand, commence on a small scale, and trust to interest awakened in the working of my movement for increasing support. I was sustained in this view by the advice of a great many wise, practical reformers, no less than a calculation of being able to command in funds collected and promises, nearly four thousand dollars.

As I had placed these funds in the hands of different gentlemen, who had kindly taken charge of them, in different cities, I soon obtained the honorable return of every cent that had been actually received, but with it, the failure of every promise that had been made. My Boston friends, and myself, therefore, were somewhat displeased to find ourselves possessed of sixteen hundred, instead of four thousand dollars. With this, and the aid of what more I could rely on from friends in this vicinity, I still determined, last summer, to try what could be done with a small industrial home. Those believers in the ministry of wiser beings than mortals, who have traced my own wonderfully sustained career, may discover something more than the world's coldness and inhumanity in the determined repulse which my most strenuous efforts to hire a house in the neighborhood of Boston, was met with. For six weeks I wasted time, strength and money, in this search, fruitlessly; no one would rent me a place where the Magdalene could be reformed. Many to whom I applied had hired houses where Magdalenes had been manufactured. But none seemed willing to give them a shelter, in which to reform. The history of these failures was published last summer in the leading Boston papers, and copied, I believe, in yours.

The time for renewing the deliberations of the "Boston Committee" has now come, my friends, and at the meetings thus summoned publicly and privately, I find two, and two only, of the number, and these are the two gentlemen who hold with me the little fund I have actually collected, and the opinion that Spiritualism is a glory and an honor, rather than a disgrace.

While I cannot in the present pressure of national interests on individual minds, presume to charge lack of faith or lack of philanthropy on the part of persons, who, of their own accord, sought me, and adopted my plan, last spring, with such cordial approval, I close my notice of their movement, with pointing to two only of their number who now stand by me and are ready to render service and money for the advancement of this cause. And so my spiritual friends, after a patient, enduring and most harassing trial of the world's pity for its most forlorn and most deeply wronged victims, the hour is come when I feel I am no more called upon to respect its prejudices, or hesitate to found this work on the rock of Spiritualism. As believers with me, that

down trodden of all God's children? Do not shelter yourselves behind the plea that you do not believe in Institutions." One hundred thousand outcast children of misery, crowd these States of America; a number that swells annually, and defies the power of private philanthropy to touch them.

A model is wanted of what they can be and may be, no matter how small be the specimen; once show the outcast women useful, happy, industrious, able to stand forth in the sphere of honest effort, earning their bread in untiring ways, beneath the protection of the few who boldly stand between them and the world, and you benefit their whole class, create a revolution in their favor, and open up new and untold means of occupation to all females, and this, in itself, strikes at one of the chief causes of prostitution. One half of the women on the town are there for bread; bread which they cannot earn at their needle, and are unfit to earn in domestic service.

I ask for an industrial home, where other and more healthful occupations can be offered them, and where in process of time many new branches of industry can be opened up to females. Spiritualists, your numbers are very great, though your means may be small; but if each one would contribute their mite, and the most active and willing amongst you would aid me in soliciting and collecting those mites, how soon might we show the world one of the noblest monuments human pity and kindness has ever yet appeared!

I shall urge no further plea, my friends, since your hearts, not my appeals, should be the prompters. I must conclude, first, by saying, that those who will join with me to give real work in the collection of funds for this purpose, will of course constitute the future founders and directors of the Institution. That the "Trustees" I have hitherto had, although most kind in lending me the sanction of their respected names, and contributing of their own means in the collections, were not, are not, the workers now needed. Persons are wanted who will actively and energetically canvass spiritual meetings, circles and friends for the contribution of at least a quarter of a dollar apiece toward this work; and to facilitate such a canvass I have had printed, at my own expense, some thousands of little pamphlets, that give an outline of the general plan, and represent one quarter dollar each. Those who will join with me, in such a canvass, can be supplied with the pamphlets upon their pledge to return them or the sums equivalent.

A house and few acres of land are wanted near a large city, furniture and a few thousand dollars. Cannot some millions of Spiritualists raise this; and in the first united effort they have ever made stand in the place of the Good Master; the only body of people on this earth who reject not, condemn not the Magdalene; who not only bide her "go and sin no more," but provides her with the means to make this command a possibility?

All who require a pledge from me of my share in the work, may hereby learn that with very hard and unceasing toil I have hitherto been able to earn a decent support for myself and mother, and contribute a large share of the actual sum collected. In consequence of the very great diminution of my present receipts, scarcely equaling my current expenses, I have at present no more money to contribute, but lectures, time, service and work at *libitum*.

It is only a question for me, then, whether I shall work alone, or for and with the Spiritualists. Let all who would determine this, apply to me personally in the stations where I lecture, or to the care of Bela Marsh, Publisher, 14 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.

EMMA HARDINGE,
18 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Oct. 31, 1861.

IN PRISON.

BY A. D. N.

O, wildly through the iron bars
That shut the outer world from me,
In vain my vision seeks the stars
That never more may shine for me.
Within my narrow cell I turn:
A thousand fancies crowd my brain,
While memory makes my heart to burn
And throb with old-time scenes again.
My thoughts fly back to other years—
They lift the mist that lies between—
I see the past—its clouds, its tears—
I feel now what I might have been.
Life's panorama all unrolled—
The day of peace, the darkening hour,
Youth's pathway paved with pearls and gold,
Then iron-shod by passion's power.
No light shines in the shadowy cell,
And yet I see, I hear, I know
A voice is whispering "All is well!"
I feel the angels come and go!
I breathe the sweetly scented air—
I clasp one form more dear than all—
O God! I may not this loved one's care
My sorrowing soul from sin recall?
I still shall feel that Thou art just,
If this bright being yet may come
To help my wavering soul to trust.
To reach at last the better home.
A thousand tongues my faults may tell—
My heart of joy's long dream be given—
Still will she light my darkness cell,
Still in my soul an angel dwell,
Still bid me hope for her and heaven.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. We hope they will use every exertion possible in our behalf at this particular time. Lecturers are informed that we make no charges for their notices; but if any one feels it a duty to pay, he or she may remit whatever amount they please. This statement is made in answer to many inquiries upon the subject. Lecturers named below are requested to give notice of any change of their arrangements, in order that the list may be as correct as possible.

Mrs. BRUCE SCOTT will lecture in Providence, R. I., the four Sundays of Nov.; New Bedford, Mass., the four first Sundays of Dec.; in Troy, N. Y., the last Sunday of Dec. and the first Sunday of Jan. 1862; in Cambridgeport, Mass., the three last Sundays of Jan.; Portland, Me., the four Sundays of Feb.; Lowell, Mass., the four first Sundays in March; Philadelphia, the last Sunday of March and the two first of April. Will receive applications to lecture in the Eastern States during March of 1862. Address as above, or Rockford, Ill.

Mrs. MARY M. MACDONALD will lecture two first Sundays of November in Burlington, R. I., and the two last in New Bedford, Mass.; Stafford, Conn., two first Sundays in Dec.; Marlborough, the last Sunday of Dec. and the first Sunday of Jan.; not engaged for the three last Sundays in Jan.; Feb. in Providence, R. I.; June at Portland, Me. Address, West Kingston, Conn.

Mrs. EMMA HARDINGE will lecture in Taunton, Milford and Portland, during the month of November and December, and form engagements for other habits and week evenings this winter in the east. Address, care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.

P. L. WADSWORTH will lecture every Sunday in Battle Creek, Michigan, until further notice; at Providence, R. I., four Sundays of May; at Taunton, Mass., first two Sundays of June; at Marlborough last three Sundays of June. Address accordingly. He will answer calls to lecture in New England during the Summer of 1862.

Mrs. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK will spend the month of November in Boston, and requests that all friends in the immediate vicinity of the city, desiring her services, will apply as lecturers for the BANNER in that month, will apply as soon as possible at Box 422, Bridgeport, Conn.

Mrs. FRANCES LORR BOND intends to pass the Fall and Winter in the State of Wisconsin, and those wishing her services as a lecturer for the BANNER in that State, will apply to her at Madison, Wis., Wisconsin, care of T. N. JONES.

WARRICK BROWN lectures in Quincy, Mass., four Sundays of Nov.; Lowell, Mass., Dec. 8th and 15th; Taunton, last two Sundays of Dec. He will receive subscriptions for the BANNER of Light.

H. B. BROWN, Inspirational speaker, will lecture at Lowell, first three Sundays of November; Uxbridge, the 4th Sunday of November. Applications for lectures elsewhere, should be addressed to him at New Haven, Conn.

F. PHILIPS LELAND, Friends desiring lectures on Geology or General Reform, during the Fall and Winter, will please write soon. Address, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. EMMA HARRISON will lecture during the month of December in Charleston, Mass. She may be addressed for the present, at Manchester, N. H., or East Stoughton, Mass.

Mrs. H. O. MONTAGUE, care of P. Clark, 14 Bromfield street, Boston, will lecture on the 14th and 15th of December, Sunday mornings, Nov. 10, 11 and 12, at 10:15 o'clock.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in the vicinity of Stoughton through November. Address as above, or Livermore Falls, Me.

LEO MILLER will speak in Stamford, Conn., Nov. 10th; Somerville, Conn., Nov. 17th and 24th; Providence, R. I., two Sundays in Dec. Address, Hartford, Ct., or as above.

Mrs. FANNIE BURKARD FAY will lecture in Marlborough, Mass., Nov. 10; in Boston, Dec. 1st; in Putnam, Ct., Dec. 8. Address 25 Kneeland street, Boston.

Mrs. and Mrs. H. M. MILLER may be addressed at Putnam, Yates Co., N. Y., for the present, or Connecticut, Ohio, care of A. A. HICKS, permanently.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CUNNINGHAM will lecture in Chillicothe, Mass., Nov. 10 and 17. Address Box 816, Lowell, Mass.

PROFESSOR BUTLER's address is care of Dr. Child, 15 Tremont street, Boston.

H. L. BOWEN will give ticket lectures, or otherwise, on Mental and Physical Anatomy. Address, Natick, Mass.

Rev. E. CARR, Jr., Florida, Middle Co., Mich., or care of Mrs. James Lawrence, Cleveland, Ohio.

Dr. E. L. LYON, may be addressed care of Wm. Crowell, Geneva, Ashtabula Co., Ohio.

Mrs. L. E. A. DUFFORD's address until further notice will be Vincennes, Ind., care of Wilcox More.

Mrs. C. M. BROWN may be addressed until further notice, at Sturgis, Mich.

Wm. J. WHITMAN, trance speaker and healing medium, Athol, Mass.

Dr. H. P. GARDNER, 46 Essex street, Boston, Mass.

Dr. O. H. WELLINGTON, No. 104 W. Springfield st., Boston.

Mrs. A. H. SWAN, care of P. Clark, 14 Bromfield st., Boston.

Dr. J. D. PARKER, Boston, care of Dr. March.

Rev. BRUCE L. LORR, 14 Bromfield st., Boston.

Dr. C. O. YORK, Boston, Mass.

J. H. CURRIER, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Mrs. SARAH A. DYKES, 30 Winter st., E. Cambridge, Mass.

Rev. H. C. CORLISS, 140 W. 1st street, N. Y.

Wm. E. RICE, Roxbury, Mass.

CHAS. T. IRISH, Taunton, Mass., care of Staples & Phillips.

Mrs. B. ANNA RYDER, Plymouth, Mass.

Mrs. J. J. DORRIS, Dorchester, Mass.

E. B. YOUNG, Box 85, Quincy, Mass.

Mrs. JENNIE S. RUDY, Taunton, Mass.

Rev. STEPHEN FELLOWS, Fall River, Mass.

A. O. ROBINSON, Fall River, Mass.

Dr. J. C. GARDNER, 46 Essex street, Boston, Mass.

Mediums in Boston.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM,

Physician to Body, Mind and Spirit.
CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS. Advice, Communications, Delinquencies of Character, Descriptions of Spiritual Burdenings, Developments, Latent Powers, &c.
Also, Most cases from friends and friends on the Spirit Life. Visitors will receive more or less in each of the above departments. Terms \$1.00.

"THE HEALING POWER."

Mrs. Latham is naturally endowed with great will, or magnetic force; and is also highly receptive of the "HEALING POWER," the value of which, as a remedial agent, can hardly be estimated. It is deserving a more general attention, as under its influence an improvement or recovery of health is sure. Those who have never felt this delightful and potent force, become highly conscious of its effects, under her manipulations. When all other means have failed, try this force. Mrs. Latham also, employs, and has constantly on hand, an assortment of Vegetable Medicines, prepared with reference to all diseases of the Heart, Lungs, Stomach, Liver, Spleen, Bowels, Kidneys, Blood, &c. Her Medicines are all prepared under powerful magnetic processes, and are charged with a fluid which gives them great power in neutralizing and removing diseases. Her invaluable remedy for Colds, Coughs, and Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, should be in the possession of all who are afflicted with any of these ailments. Those at a distance, who desire an examination and a remedy, will send \$3, a lock of hair, and state age and sex.

OFFICE, No. 292 WASHINGTON ST.,
Corner of Bedford Street, Boston, (over Joseph T. Brown's Apothecary store.) Nov. 2.

DR. CHAS. H. CROWELL,

Medical Medium,
125 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
(Banner of Light Office, Room No. 3.)

Mr. C. is controlled by a circle of reliable Spirit Physicians, who will examine patients, give diagnoses of all diseases, and prescribe for the same. Those who reside at a distance, and cannot conveniently visit him, may have their cases attended to just as well by transmitting a lock of hair by mail, by which method the physician will come into magnetic rapport with them.

He will furnish with Medicines when required, prepared by Spirit direction, having superior facilities for so doing.

Terms.—Examinations and Prescriptions, at office, \$1.00; family visits \$2.00; by letter, \$1.00 and two three-cent postage stamps.

Family practice respectfully solicited. The best of references given. June 22.

A CARD.

ANY person sending me a lock of their hair and \$1. I will return them a correct medical examination of their diseases, with advice as to treatment, &c. Any person sending \$2 more, and enclosing with their hair, a recent photograph, and desiring, can have an examination free, if they will judiciously distribute twenty-five copies of my cards. Verbal examinations are given daily at the office, 7 Davis street, Boston, from 9 to 12 o'clock. Verbal examinations are also given at the residence, 7 Davis street, Boston, from 9 to 12 o'clock. Verbal examinations are also given at the residence, 7 Davis street, Boston, from 9 to 12 o'clock.

MRS. J. S. FORREST.

PRACTICAL, MAGNETIC AND CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.
No. 12 BRADLEY PLACE, BOSTON.

WHERE she is prepared to treat Diseases of a Chronic nature, by the laying on of hands. All those afflicted in body, or mind, will do well to test her mode of treatment, as she has never been known to fail in giving relief. If not a permanent cure, which can be testified to by many in Boston and vicinity.

CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.

MRS. E. H. CHANDLER, clairvoyant, has taken Rooms at 26 Harvard street, and is prepared to examine and prescribe for the sick. Medicines on hand. Mrs. D. will give advice on business while in a trance state. Terms reasonable.

A Circle at the house every Friday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. Dr. L. has been in practice eight years.

PROF. GEO. M. LARSEN, Proprietor and Business Medium, will receive visitors at his residence, 101 West 1st street, Boston, from 9 to 12 o'clock. Those who require prompt and definite answers will please include one dollar.

STURGES—Ladies, 50 cents; gentlemen, from 50 cents to \$1, according to the time of the day, and the nature of the case. No. 7 Dix Place, opposite 558 Washington st., Boston. Aug. 10.

SAMUEL GROVER, Trance, Speaking and Healing Medium, at Rooms No. 17 Bennett street, corner of Jefferson Place, (near Washington street) Boston. Hours from 9 to 12, and from 1 to 3 o'clock. Clairvoyant, and all business affairs in life. Those who require prompt and definite answers will please include one dollar.

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New York Advertisements.

The Early Physical Degeneracy of AMERICAN PEOPLE.

JUST PUBLISHED BY DR. STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, on the Causes of Early Physical Degeneracy of American People; the Cause of Nervous Debility, Consumption and Marasmus. This work is one of high moral tone, written in elegant, yet thrilling language, and appeals directly to the moral conscience of ALL PATIENTS AND GUARDIANS especially, as telling scientific and reliable advice and treatment for cure. It will be sent by mail on receipt of two 3 cent stamps. Parents and Guardians, fail not to send and obtain this book. Young Men! fail not to send and get this book. Ladies! you too, should at once secure a copy of this book.

A Word of Solemn, Conscientious Advice to those who will reflect!

A class of malady prevalent to a fearful extent in community, dooming 100,000 youth of both sexes, annually to an early grave. These diseases are very imperfectly understood. Their external manifestations or symptoms, are Nervous Debility, Exhaustion and Exhaustion, Marasmus or a wasting and consumption of the tissues of the whole body; shortness of breathing, or hurried breathing on ascending a hill or a flight of stairs, great palpitation of the heart; asthma, bronchitis and sore throat; shaking of the hands and limbs, aversion to society and to business or study; distances of eye sight; loss of memory; dizziness of the head, neuralgic pains in various parts of the body; pains in the back or limbs; lumbar, dyspepsia or indigestion; irregularity of bowels; deranged menstruation; and other disorders of the body, as leucorrhoea or their abuse, &c. Likewise, epilepsy, hysteria and nervous spasms.

Now, in ninety-nine cases out of every one hundred all the above named disorders, and a host of others not named, as Consumption of the Lungs, and that most insidious and wily form of Consumption of the Spinal Nerve, known as *Tubercular Disease*, and *Tubercular meningitis*, have their seat and origin in diseases of the *Troy Lung*. Hence the want of success on the part of old school practices in treating symptoms only.

Dr. Andrew Stone, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, is now engaged in treating this class of modern diseases with the most reliable and safe of all remedies, as adopted by the Institution is now; it is based upon scientific principles, with new discovered remedies, without minerals or poisons. The facilities of cure are such that patients can be cured at the home of their friends, and the world, from accurate descriptions of their cases, by letter, and have the medicines sent them by mail or express. Printed interrogatories will be forwarded on application.

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Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time
Sparkle forever."

INDIAN SUMMER.

Light as love's smiles, the silvery mist at morn
Floats in loose flakes along the limpid river;
The blue-bird's notes upon the soft breeze borne,
As high in air he carols, faintly quiver:
The weeping birch, like banners idly waving,
Bends to the stream, its spiky branchesaving;
Banded with dew, the witch-elm's tassels shiver;
The timid rabbit from the furze is peeping,
And from the springy spray the squirrel's gaily leaping.

I love thee, Autumn, for thy scenery, ere
The blasts of winter chase the varied dyes
That richly deck the slow declining year;
I love the splendor of thy sunset skies,
The gorgeous hues that tinge each falling leaf,
Lovely as beauty's cheek, as woman's love, too brief;
I love the note of each wild bird that flies,
As on the wind he pours his parting lay,
And wings his loitering flight to summer climes away.

Oh, Nature! still I fondly turn to thee,
With feelings fresh as e'er my childhood's were;
Though wild and passion tossed my youth may be,
Toward thee I still the same devotion bear;
To thee—to thee—though health and hope no more
Life's wasted verdure may to me restore—
I still can, childlike, come as when in prayer
I bowed my head upon a mother's knee,
And deemed the world, like her, all truth and purity.

[Charles Fenne Hoffman.]

The first of all virtues is innocence; the second is
modesty; and neither departs without being quickly
followed by the other.

OCTOBER.

How beautiful the mild October days,
Ere yet the leaves have lost their vivid green,
Or wintry winds have scattered them! The scenes
Soft glimmering through a shroud of silvery haze,
O'er which the breath of summer still delays,
Brings to the pensive mind a mood serene,
And wish, no less than summer's fiery sheen,
To waste the calm hours in the woodland ways.
So will I fare beneath the tempered blue
Of cloudless reach, to some far off retreat,
And look farewell to the pale flowerset few,
In nature's coronal yet blooming sweet;
And, as I move, how swift all fair things fleet,
Forget old loves, and meditate on new.—[Home Jour.]

Fashion is the race of the rich to get away from the
poor, who follow as fast as they can.

There is a region above
Free from sin and temptation,
And a mansion of love
For each child of creation;
Then dismiss all thy fears,
Weary pilgrim of sorrow,
Though thy sun sets in tears,
"Twill rise brighter to-morrow.

A pure character is like polished steel: if stained by
a breath, it almost instantly recovers its brightness.

THE CHURCH AND THE LYCEUM.

A Discourse Delivered by Miss Emma Hardinge
at Allston Hall, Sunday Evening, Oct. 20, 1861.

Miss Hardinge resumed her remarks this evening
in continuation of the theme of the afternoon, which
discourse we published last week.

Knowledge is come, she said; the power that
would make the school, the college, the place where
the world's knowledge is given—the Lyceum. It is
the world's true church, if it is only true to its
purpose. It was called, from Apollo's temple, *Lyceum*,
the light bringer, and Aristotle was in after time
given a place there, where he taught, first, physics,
and afterward metaphysics; where he showed the
world the frame-work of existence, and then traced
it to the life-bringer, the giver of light and life
to humanity. Life is indeed power. The true church
can only be the Lyceum, and the two words must be
synonymous. What you know, you must ap-
propriate by the senses of your being. This knowl-
edge requires that all things must be understood to
be accepted. Art, then, is the application of knowl-
edge; Creation is the expression of the living God,
and it must be founded upon God. Man may, intel-
lectually, assent to certain propositions, but they
must be realities, to be appreciated. You must re-
solve all things into the crucible of your senses.

The great end and aim of all religions is conser-
vation; to preserve that which has been established;
to perpetuate the landmarks that have been planted
—not remove, but add to them. True knowledge can
never be unlearned, but the scholar spends all his
life-time in extending it. The purpose of the Ly-
ceum is to extend knowledge; that of the Church, to
preserve opinions. There can be no lost arts. You
find this demonstrated by the fact that the first sci-
ences the world studied were agriculture and astronomy.
How little progress has the world made from
what it first knew of these! Eclipses were calculated
by the ancients; the distances between the stars,
and their influence upon the world, they understood;
the faculties of the soil, and, better than all, the art
of preserving health. We have made no great strides
in advance of these, for all knowledge is permanent,
and these are their fundamental principles. In the
array of glittering discoveries piled up in the
great Lyceum of life, we find the art of building
dwellings for human habitation. The beautiful ru-
ins of Palmyra and Baalbek, and in the hidden caves
of India, show their perfection in those branches of
art. The draperies the sovereigns wore—the Py-
rian purple and scarlet of China—defy all art to tell
the secret of their color. The power that piled up
some of these mighty blocks of granite that gem the
plains of the Orient, modern times cannot emulate.

Next, we find the system of warfare on the same
principles that have governed the world ever since;
and governments are founded on the same principles
that the starry orbs group around their satellites,
the grades of people representing the heart, nerves, limbs
and brain. So warfare is but a trial of strength,
and not of justice, and is the mode of arbitration
which must give way to that of reason, which will
annihilate all war. In all things the fundamental
systems are the same.

At length there comes a little magician into the
Lyceum, who waves his wand, and turns the secrets
of the monastery out into the whole wide world.
This little magician is the printing press. Hitherto,
brains had to search for knowledge; now, knowledge
flies over the land in search of the brains to receive it.
The invention of machinery performs works of
magic. A new discovery now outworks itself in the
brain of man—that the earth does not swing in

space, and that there is no vacuum, though this con-
flicts with the philosophy of Newton, who says there
must be a vacuum for the earth to swing in; yet the
truth is more than the philosopher, and Science
waits for no man's leave. A vast impetus is now
given to civilization by machinery and motive power.
What a magic is this! A clanking mass of ma-
chinery does the work of a thousand hands. Go in-
to one of these great factories, and you imagine
yourself in the cave of the Cyclops, weaving their
monster web by the agencies of splashing water,
hissing steam, and turning wheels.

We may take up one of these powers and call it
electricity; but we hardly know what to say of it,
we are so apt to cut it up and use it for purposes the
peripatetics of the Lyceum know nothing of. It is
doomed to lie among those glittering generalities
which are not yet allowed to lay upon the shelf of
the Lyceum. Thank God for it. Let it stay off till it
encircles earth with a belt of light.

Have we not, in all these discoveries, found our
God manifest? Have we not got a better understanding
of what the Almighty has done for us? We hear the low, sweet whispers of inspiration from
the other side, telling us love is wisdom, and God is
love. When we have penetrated into the dark moun-
tain, and extracted the living coal and blazing gem,
penetrated into the systems of the rocks, to learn the
history of composition and decomposition, the lesson
is not only that God is wisdom and love, but is power.
There is no element upon which we can gaze,
fire, air or water, but points to the invisible world
within the brain. But man's perceptions do not re-
alize the truth of these things. It is as man per-
ceives the light, he realizes it as a gospel written
for him by the Creator.

Do you recognize the Lyceum as the true Church?
We do, because she is the conservator of truth; and
though she denies the newer unfoldings of old
sciences, as electricity, for example, or allows them
but a partial and insignificant place in her cata-
logue, it is only because the Lyceum has limited her
perception of God and his works, to the things that
the world can realize; and the Church, in turn, says
Science is profane.

We are now standing by the open gates of Creation.
That which we believe is electricity, we vaguely term
life. Within the last few years, savans have busied
themselves in studying its effects. Attraction it was
called, by Mesmer; next, Biology; now it is of force.
We are constrained to ask the Lyceum to solve this
question; but it would vainly deny the existence of
any force that is able to give health to the diseased
body, without the instrumentality of drugs and medi-
cine, or that enables the sensitive vision to perceive
objects which have no reality. Since this is as far
as the Lyceum extends its power, we close the door,
for in the Lyceum of man there is no place for this
new science, because too acute for man to grasp in
all its magnitude. Nevertheless, the power exists,
and we are compelled to learn of it, and must search
out God's Lyceum, which has no limits, and learn of
it there.

One of the most awful things for the Lyceum to
comprehend, is the fact that so many human beings
have been healed of infirmity by this unseen, but
potent agency. We do not need deny the miracles
of the Bible, for we find here a key to unlock the
mystery, and we know the same result has been per-
formed by the same power, at different periods of
the earth's history, and at different points. We
know the result, and know it must have its ad-
equate cause.

But setting these things aside in the past, and
presuming history to be a gigantic falsehood, we
come down to a later day, and find the truth of psy-
chology staring us in the face; find one mind acts
upon another, as reason affects the mind of the lis-
tener. You must define how the will passes from
your brain to that of the subject, and try if you
can detect the fine cords that run from brain to brain.
The facts of healing cannot be questioned. All are
objectives for the Lyceum to teach; and how do you
propose to account for the production of certain
phenomena on the hypothesis of doubt? How do
you expect nothing will touch these diseased beings
and heal them? Similar works were performed
thousands of years ago, and you cannot ignore them,
even if you have not witnessed them.

Perhaps some light can be thrown upon the sub-
ject by the studies of Baron Reichenbach, who claimed
there was a psychologic function that causes
some invisible things to be seen, felt and appreciated,
and styled it *oddy force*, that manifests itself in at-
traction and repulsion. He has come to the conclu-
sion that the same power permeates all substances in
nature. If this element exists in stones and in vege-
tation, and if it be the power endowing and exosmosis
of the body, and if it be the power that is to unlock
the sphynx-like mysteries of the soul and all the
secret things of nature, may it not be projected by
one person to another? Baron Reichenbach knows
not all of the science of electricity; but it is better to
arrive at a lame conclusion than at none at all.

We believe, then, this *oddy force* or power of
Mesmerism between the man and his subject, vaguely
termed life in the plant, the animal, is inherent
in the human being; and because the Lyceum has
closed its doors against it, we must search for
knowledge in the great Lyceum of the Alpha and
Omega of spiritual and material existence. We do not
claim spirit as anything else, than an instrument
through which light can come, for spirit and matter
are co-existent. We cannot but see the manifesta-
tion of a wise and beautiful purpose through it.
Mind is known by the shape it assumes, and it is
the real thing, the motive power, while matter it
acts upon as its instrument or tool.

Oh, children of humanity, study the truths of
Spiritual manifestations. You have done a great
wrong in your institutions of learning and science,
by ignoring the truth. Open all your spheres of
learning and exercise all your capacities, and see
what shall equal the power of the clairvoyant. See
how the clairvoyant subject transcends all animal
power, and how she penetrates the secrets of earth,
and brings up the mysteries of the deep.

You talk of the glittering generalities of Spiritu-
alism; but what has done so much to unfold science
and place the human soul on its true pedestal?
What power has science that can equal the vision of
the clairvoyant? Which of your now-dogged sciences
can tell you what it was that turned to a silvery
white the Auburn locks of Marie Antoinette, the
once happy queen of France, in a single night?

Ah, Spiritualism is indeed a religion of glittering
generalities; and it is the little glittering gems that
tell where the great nuggets are. It is the flapping
cloth that helps tell the science of navigation. The
dropping of Newton's apple discovered the sea of
swinging worlds. It is the amount of knowledge
that gives us the power to profit by our immortality.

You do not see the writing on the wall to day, but
the fingers are there, writing your sentence. It is
the same power that writes the doom of the church,
because she has been faithless to her trust; and
writes the doom upon the Lyceum door, because its
devotees seek not to understand the influence of the
soul upon the body. The Church is sending the soul
out onto the ocean of mystery, and because of her
impotence, she is weighed in the balance and found
wanting.

We read the fatal doom over the door of pride and
wealth, the dwellers in whose temples have hugged
their willing honors or their rusty dollars, closer to
their souls than they have the living truth of God,
and the true inspirations of mankind.

The principles of the new dispensation of Spiritu-
alism will never die; and till the Church can de-
monstrate them, and prove them in action true and
legitimate, will the work be taken from her hands,
and the world will find their way to God in a more
direct route than over her man-made path. Her
doom will read: "Thy kingdom is divided, and given
to the Gentiles."

Oh, Lyceum; thou, too, hast thy doom! What
dost thou know of the eye that can penetrate the
hidden future—of the subtle chemistry that can da-
geroototype thought upon the air?

Oh, Spiritualists, your home is in the kingdom
where you need seek not dead men's words, but may
enter the holy of holies, the eternal temple not made
by mortal hands—the Alpha and Omega of truth,
that which endureth forever and forever—the human
spirit.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE AT CLINTON
HALL, NEW YORK.

Tuesday Evening, October 29, 1861.

QUESTION.—What practical results are deducible from
the phenomena of Spiritualism, as relates to individual
and social life?

Rev. Mr. Fishbourn.—I think that the practical
results that may be deduced from the phenomena of
Spiritualism, as having a bearing on individual and
social life, are of the greatest conceivable importance,
and that the subject would afford matter sufficient
for a volume, and which would be of vast benefit to
mankind. And, in fact, we shall never really learn
the truths Spiritualism illustrates, until we set about
applying its lessons to practical life—until we have
a desire to make them contribute both to our own
improvement and that of the world at large. So
long as we pursue Spiritualism merely for the grati-
fication of curiosity, or even for the sake of convers-
ing with our spirit-friends, so long shall we continue,
as now, floundering on this low plane, on which, I
am sorry to acknowledge, Spiritualists seem disposed
to remain. For, I declare, that, after an absence
from the Conference of several years, I find its speak-
ers (saying nothing of the body of hearers, whom,
perhaps, they do not adequately represent)—I find
its prominent minds just where I left them—still
discussing on topics which ought to have been set-
tled ten years ago. The more important practical
results of Spiritualism have been gained, not through
the verbal announcements of spirits (which I consider
of less consequence, *per se*, than those of mortals,
because, in the former case, we do not know pre-
cisely who is working at the other end of the tele-
graphic wires), but by regarding the manifestations
from the same simply scientific point of view with
any ordinary physical phenomena, and judging, just
as the natural philosopher judges concerning the lat-
ter, of the nature of the forces involved, their rela-
tions and bearings on life. If I have learned any
thing from Spiritualism, it has been by considering it
solely in this light. Let us now, for example, con-
sider one of its phenomena. You have all noticed
how particular the spirits are in arranging individ-
uals around a table. It may not be till after many
changes of position among them that the circle is
pronounced so far harmonized. Then its members
are directed to recall wandering thoughts, and, per-
haps, to join in singing a hymn—and, when all the
poles of mind become, so to speak, fused into one,
manifestations take place, with, probably, very curi-
ous results. But if anything occurs to disturb this
harmony, as, for instance, the intrusion of an unau-
thorized person into the circle, they will cease, and
perhaps no others will take place at that sitting.

This is because the spheres of the individual mem-
bers must harmonize, coalesce and combine, to form
a unit, or else the action and reaction between op-
posing forces will prevent any manifestation. If
this be so in reference to spiritual circles, do not you
see it must necessarily obtain, to some extent, in
every social gathering? It is not, for instance, a
matter of indifference where each of you takes his
seat in this congregation, for I take for granted that
there is a oneness, by virtue of its sphere; and it fol-
lows, that each gathering of people, each circum-
scribed locality, whether in city or country, has its
specific polarity. This general proposition may be
illustrated by the familiar fact that at a Methodist
camp-meeting there is what may be called a charmed
circle of praying devotees, from which emanates a
mysterious influence, that changes a person brought
up to the "altar" in a moment, and seems to trans-
form his whole moral being. One practical deduc-
tion from this psychological fact, is that each indi-
vidual who is in the habit of attending stated public
meetings, should be particular to observe the influ-
ence he experiences in different portions of the room,
and to select and retain that position which is most
in harmony with the general sphere of the assembly.
The same rule may be extended to the fixing of our
places of abode, whether in city or country; and its
importance is shown in the phenomena of the disease
known in Medicine as *Nostalgia*, or homesickness,
which has proved absolutely fatal in not a few in-
stances. The hint of this Law of Spheres was taken
from the mere organization of the spiritual circle;
and it is a subject which every Spiritualist should
have begun to study, long ago. Again, we might
consider the suggestions offered by similar phenom-
ena, in relation to the question—"What is the Soul?"
Those who have been professionally engaged in the
work of training the soul, have known nothing of
the practical laws governing it—have been wholly
unable to estimate the subtle tentative influences
due to the spheres of surrounding society—no less
than to atmosphere, climate, and otherwise obvious
conditions. And yet they pretend to be physicians
of the soul!

Mr. L. Judd Pardee maintained, in opposition to
the preceding speaker, that Spiritualist teachers,
particularly of the itinerant class, had made prodi-
gious strides in advance during the last ten years.
The effects of Spiritualism on the individual, were—
1st, *Satisfaction*—2d, *Clarification*—3d, *Spiritual*,
Divine Individualization. As regards Society, its results
would be—1st, *Individualization*—2d, *Socialization*—3d,
Universalization. This dispensation must construct
for us a new State and new Church; for men will
find, as they now begin to find, that they cannot live
in false relations, and this implies a power some-
where, sufficiently authoritative to place men where
they belong.

Dr. R. T. HALLOCK.—The phenomena exhibited by
Spiritualism should not be taken for Spiritualism it-
self. Spiritualism is not the movements of ponder-
able bodies by unseen agency; these are merely the
external indications of what is deeper and more po-
tent. We should beware of judging this matter ac-
cording to our own low personal standpoint and
limited scope of observation. We see that, in all
other sciences, men make different applications of
their principles according to their needs and situa-
tions. For example, we must not look to one nation
or one branch of industry, in considering the value
of the great truths of astronomy, but when we sur-
vey its entire field of influence throughout the world
and the ages, we are able to appreciate the tremen-
dous part it has played in human progression. But
these grand results were not brought about in a day.

At first glance, Spiritualism may appear to obser-
vers, on the one hand, a system of unmeaning tri-
vialities in the shape of physical manifestations; on
the other, as made up of the wildest dreams of
metaphysical transcendentalism; the great truth
which it includes lies within all these. As a nation,
what is our situation to-day? We are wounded in
our patriotic pride, in our parental and fraternal re-
lations, and (keenest grief of all) in our pockets,
because we have not known the new astronomy—the
laws of the spiritual solar system. Can you say
that no practical result grows out of our knowledge,
or ignorance, of those laws? The whole world, in
its moral aspect, confessedly revolves around, not a
fixed centre of gravity, in obedience to coordinate
and balanced forces, which are eternally unchange-
able, but around a Book—it recognizes no fixed
method, but an arbitrary Will—a precept, not a law.
Do not all our departures from rectitude grow out of
the idea that we depend upon a will which we can
address, so as to change it into pliability toward us?
Resting upon this stupendous blunder of the
Church, we have its child, the State, as with us, to-
day, recognizing no great principle—rather scouting
the guidance of any such, as a question for fanatics
and sentimentalists—and regarding it as a mere
problem in political economy, whether men shall
continue to be worked up into cotton! For if we
make a mistake in such matters, can we not put up
a petition in proper form, and obtain God's receipt
in full, without much trouble? So destructive, so
deeply polluting, is this theological view, that this
government, founded on the broadest, most absolute
recognition of human rights, is now covering it up
as a glittering generality!

Spiritualism points directly to a reversal of all
that. Every manifestation is a stupendous lecture,
by most profound philosophers, showing us that Law
is everything. Can any man estimate the practical
value of the inauguration of that idea? We dare
not trifle with the forces of steam or electricity; but
we fancy we can compromise with those greater
forces, human rights, eternal justice and truth, be-
cause it is supposed, that, in the spiritual system,
the governing power is Will, not Law.

Mr. Fishbourn.—Define what you mean by law,
in the last analysis.

Dr. HALLOCK.—Law is fixed method. Certain un-
changeable phenomena invariably ensue from certain
causes, and the invariableness of this sequence we
call law. What I mean by will, is caprice, that
which may be changed.

Mr. Fishbourn.—Law, then, is invariable effect.
Now what is cause?

Dr. HALLOCK.—I do not know.

Mr. Fishbourn.—I think I do.

Dr. HALLOCK.—If you please, you may say that
laws are the expression of the Divine Will.

Mr. Fishbourn.—But will is caprice?

Dr. HALLOCK.—What we call law is the expression
of the Divine Will, not of caprice.

Mr. Fishbourn.—Then law is the invariable effect
of the Divine Will. You refer all the action of mat-
ter to pre-existent intention and volition? Then it is
a seeming corollary, that we may address ourselves
to that Intelligence which caused all phenomena, as
to a being capable of influencing them.

Dr. HALLOCK.—I think not. Our error is that we
look beyond law for a will that is independent and
regardless of law. What but this made Mr. Lincoln
tell us to stop work and not eat our dinners on a
particular day? Horrible superstition! The na-
tion must learn that it cannot compromise Truth.
If our Government knew what was the matter, this
war could be ended within sixty days.

Mr. Fishbourn.—I believe in the inflexibility of
Divine Law; but it may nevertheless be a law that
a will may be modified by being addressed; just as
my friend's will was acted on by mine, a little while
ago, when he attempted to answer my questions. I
believe my Heavenly Father to be just as kindly dis-
posed toward me as brother Hallock is, and certainly
He is nearer to me, and knows better what I want,
and I believe if I address Him, He will respond to me,
through a conjunction of our personalities, by an in-
flexible Divine Law. If every man, woman and
child in this nation were to come into the spirit of
prayer, and were to send up their petitions for a
cessation of our troubles, this war would not con-
tinue for another day. It would cease in accordance
with inflexible law. But some Spiritualists are
working to undermine all Religion, and establish
bold, downright Atheism, to all intents and purposes.
If there is no God who may be addressed and will
hear us, there is practically none at all—at least,
none that I can care about.

Mr. SMITH.—I am glad the discussion has taken
this turn, for I have lately received light on the sub-
ject involved. This Spiritual Dispensation is the
fourteenth religion which has appeared in the world,
and being the last, it is, of course, the highest. It
is the new, great religion of divine, everlasting Law.
God and Nature are the same, in different depart-
ments. Law is simply an invariable mode of action.
Were it possible for it to be varied, we could not de-
pend upon it for a single instant. There is no effect
without a cause; and the cause of this invariable
modus operandi, is the action of spirit upon matter.
Spirit, matter, and the mode of play and interplay
between these two, constitute the Deity. If we can
get the fundamental principle of all things, we un-
tie the Gordian knot of the Universe. There is really
but one law in the universe—and that law is *Pula-*
tion—the magnetic play between the positive and
negative poles of being, which are spirit and matter.
This, having given rise to man, develops him into

his second stage, *Life*; his third, *Sensation*; his
fourth, *Intelligence* and *Affection*, which culminates in
Love and Wisdom, or *Spirituality*, which prepares
him to pass into a still higher state of existence.
The action of spirit and matter is according to the
inherent forces of being; and is governed by blind
impulse, until it comes up to man. The foundation
of Spirituality is Morality, which we style Religion.
Mr. Fishbourn insists on the necessity of some Di-
vine Being whom he may address. Why cannot it
just as well be *Beings*, as a *Being*? When an en-
lightened man is nonplussed, he sits down and ap-
plies to those who lived years before for aid and com-
fort.

We know that those who have passed away are
able to assist us, and consequently we need have no
hesitation in addressing fellow-beings who departed
perhaps thousands of years ago. But I have no rever-
ence for any particular being, only as it embodies
the divine attributes—Justice, Love, Order. The
great principle of rapport is very little understood.
It runs through all creation, and when fully com-
prehended, it enables us to solve all the problems of
the Universe. God is all Spirit—including all shapes of
spirit-existence. When we know the manner in
which this Universal Spirit acts upon matter, we
have the key to all the mysteries of Creation. Is
not this resting on the bosom of the Eternal, and
shaking hands with Infinity? I am constantly
working behind this Omnipresent Power, and my su-
preme, exhaustless admiration of Him may be called
worship. If this be not Religion, I know not what
is. If it be not Love and Devotion, then I am inca-
pable of such emotions. It is our native attraction
toward this Perfection, that makes us hate each
other as imperfect, and cling to the Divine attributes.
I despise despots of any sort. [Applause.] If God
can be propitiated, then I throw off my allegiance to
Him, and petition that my name may be struck out
of the roll of Divine remembrance. We should pray
only to be taught what is Law, and that we may be
brought to obey it.

Memorial of the People to Congress.

"PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND, TO ALL
THE INHABITANTS THEREOF."

To the Congress of the United States—The under-
signed, citizens of — State of —, respect-
fully submit that, as the present formidable rebel-
lion against the general government manifestly finds
its root and nourishment in the system of chattel
slavery at the South; as the leading conspirators
are slaveholders, who constitute an oligarchy avowedly
hostile to all free institutions; and as, in the
nature of things, no solid peace can be maintained
while the cause of this treasonable revolt is per-
mitted to exist, your honorable body is urgently im-
plored to lose no time in enacting, under the war
power, the total abolition of slavery throughout the
country—liberating unconditionally the slaves of all
who are rebels, and, while not recognizing the right
of property in man, allowing for the emancipated
slaves of such as are loyal to the government a fair
pecuniary award, in order to facilitate an amiable
adjustment of difficulties, and thus to bring the war
to a speedy and beneficent termination, and indis-
solubly to unite all sections and all interests of the
country upon the enduring basis of universal free-
dom.

Printed copies of this petition, for gratuitous cir-
culation, may be obtained at the Anti Slavery offices
in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

A correspondent of a New York paper says he
popped in at Salem street church in Boston, one evening
recently, to hear a foreign revivalist preacher.
The latter, when he found the new comer was only a
New York slaver looking in upon the Boston saints,
said, taking him by the buttonhole, "Do me a favor;
you see what a glorious revival I've got up here;
now give me a little notice in the New York papers."
The scribbler granted the request by describing the
shepherd as "a blue light revival preacher from
Scotland."

When Charles V. imperiously required the Con-
fession of Augsburg to be abandoned, and gave the
Protestant leaders only six months more in which
to make up their minds finally, the cause of the Re-
formation was thought hopeless. But Luther ex-
claimed: "I saw a sign in the heavens, out of my
window at night; the stars, the hosts of heaven,
held up in a vault above me; and yet I could see no
pillars on which the Master had made it rest. But
I had no fear it would fall. Some men look above
for the pillars, and would faint touch them with their
hands, as if afraid the sky would fall. Poor souls! it
is not God always there?"—Dr. Gill.

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Obituary Notice.

Died, in Cambridge, Wis., Oct. 8, 1861, WEALTHY
Ford, wife of Nelson Ford, Jr., aged 49 years and 20
days.

For a number of years she had been a great sufferer,
her disease being that of cancer. She bore her suffer-
ings with patience, waiting the time to come when
they would be at an end, and her spirit be borne
away to meet her angel friends who had gone before.
Often did she receive words of consolation from her
spirit sister, telling her not to fear death; that it was
a pleasant change, and that she would soon be with
her in her bright home. She expressed no fear of
death. She whispered, "I am going." Death had
lost its sting. She had often received instruction from
the spirit-world through the mediumship of her own
children. The husband and some of her children feel
that she will watch over them as a wife and mother,
still.

The afflicted would say to Dr. Oliver Ford and fam-
ily, of Barnstable, Mass., and friends in Boston, that
it is a relative of theirs who is afflicted.

A RELATIVE.