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Literary Department.

MY HUSBAND'S SECRET.

BY A. E. PORTER.

CHAPTER XII.

"For this blessed voyage I with joy prepare."
There is no time when the mind is so clear, and our conceptions of the past so vivid, as in early morning, when we first awake. The next morning after the reception of Frank's letter I awoke early, and my eyes were so soberly conscious of the dawning light above yonder sea, when the names mentioned in Frank's letter and those referred to by Mr. Evans occurred to me—"Ashly," "Nehah," "Cocoonchee." "I have it," I exclaimed to myself. "Marguerite," "Flora." Yes, yes. Now I see it all. Marguerite is Frank's mother, and the two were dear friends. And Nehah is—yes, she must be—the woman with the dark eyes—my post-office acquaintance, whose stern, angry looks annoyed me so much. Here, then, is a clue to unravel the mystery, and some sad story must be connected therewith.

I was sure that I could get from Mr. Evans all which he knew, and I resolved to question him; but the next day my father was seriously ill with another attack, which seemed to paralyze the whole of the right side. I forgot everything else in my anxiety for him. He had appeared brighter than usual the day before, and he and his friend had talked until a late hour; and Mr. Evans remarked that he never heard my father talk with more fluency and animation. But now it was painful to mark the effort which he made to speak, and sadder still to see the tears which fell silently from his cheeks when, after repeated efforts, he found himself unable to articulate distinctly.

The strong man had become a child in bodily weakness, but the mind retained in a great measure its keenness of perception, and thus the tears. He tried to write with his left hand, but his fingers were too weak to hold the pen. He had been accustomed to use it in this way, he failed. Then there was a struggle; we could see it in his face, but he conquered, and then came the same sweet serenity that always marked his deportment. He lay on his bed, helpless but resigned, receiving his food from my hands, passive as an infant, and with that heroic calmness which says, "Not my will, but *Thy*, be done."

Just at this time Mr. Evans was summoned home. It was a sad parting—the two old and long-tried friends who had begun life together, now parting to meet no more here. One was in the first decade of old age, but still vigorous and strong to battle with life. I was not with them when they parted, but after leaving my father's room Mr. Evans came to me and said:

"Mary, if you ever need a friend, come to me. There may come a time when my humble services may be of use to you; do not hesitate to avail yourself of them."

The kindness of his manner, and his fatherly words, made a deep impression on me, and I promised if I needed help to apply to him. In the excitement of the moment, and in anxiety for my father, I forgot to ask him for more information about Florida; but I regretted this soon after his departure, and the more so as I was unable to talk with my father.

The next morning when I entered his room he spoke with almost his usual distinctness.

"My child," said he, "I had a strange dream last night. I saw an eagle in the air, but its face was not the face of that bird, it had the features of your brother Maurice; he swooped to earth and bore off in his talons a dove; and as I looked, the dove turned toward me, and it was your face, looking, oh! so sad and piteous, that I rushed forward to rescue you, but my limbs refused to move, and I woke, exclaiming, 'Oh, Mr. Evans, take care of Mary!' Now was not that a strange dream? I am inclined to believe, with Bridget, that 'drames go by contraries,' for you say you have no kinder friend than your brother."

"No, father; he is generous and good. I can trust him entirely."

"I am glad, my child. I can die easier. Perhaps my night visions were colored by some remarks of Mr. Evans, who was in Florida with Maurice Perry, and they were on opposite sides as lawyers. Of course they would not agree, and even good men's views are often colored by circumstances. Now, my daughter, a strange change has come over me, whether for better or worse I cannot tell; but my sight is clearer, my hearing keener, and you see how much better I can converse."

Alas! I knew too well—I had learned what are some of the pre-ludes of death. I was prepared for what followed. Prepared! Whoever was prepared for death? We may watch for his coming, we may sit waiting with beating hearts and tearful eyes, but even then, when he comes we are startled, we shrink back, we thought he had delayed his coming. It is ever thus—we are never prepared for his coming, often so silently, and in so humble a way, that with all our preparation we are taken by surprise.

My father was so fearless of death, and he died so calmly, that it was like watching a bird struggling to free itself from some netting, and longing to mount upward into purer air and brighter skies. I could not but be struck by his courage, and I felt that I was not alone in my anxiety.

"Do not mourn for me, my daughter," he said. "My work on earth is done; death is but a change, not destruction, just one step higher. In the life of the spirit, and I feel most of the time, only an intense longing—if it were not irreverent to use the word, I would add, a *avid* curiosity to experience that change. I had formerly many doubts upon immortality, but I have none now. The nearer I approach another life the stronger is my faith, in a world beyond this. I shall retain my consciousness, and the scenes of this life will not pass away from memory, but be more vivid than ever, when this frail body shall have decayed. The avenues of knowledge here are our senses; they are well adapted to our present wants, but they are imperfect, they often deceive us, and then disease comes with its paralyzing hand. The eyes distort the image which the light would faithfully present upon its picture chamber; the obduracy of the ear vibrates not to the soft touch of air, and the nerves refuse to yield pleasure to the insatiable demands of the tireless spirit. But the knowledge which these senses have given, still remains, the spirit retains it, and its facilities for gaining knowledge will be vastly increased. Yes, yes, Mary, I am going into a higher class in school now, and shall progress. I am longing to be there, free from pain, free from sin, unfettered by this now useless body, which has done its work here, and which I long to lay aside."

His eyes sparkled, and I fancied that the poor, helpless hand moved as it had not done before for weeks. Fanny was sure he was getting well, that the paralysis had yielded to medical skill, and we should see him walking soon. Alas! my eyes, more practised than hers, saw no hope. I was right; gently as an infant passing to his sleep so did he pass away, while I sat reading to him those words of Paul—"For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying, 'Death shall be swallowed up in victory.'"

Oh, death! death! There must be a life beyond the tomb, for a wise and good Father would not so suddenly leave his children without a preparation for the future.

Again was I left to mourn, but there was something in my father's death, that seemed like gathering the ripened fruit of autumn—like the sunset of a long, bright day. He had lived his appointed time, had done his work, and went to receive his reward. But Sidney—why could he not have lived thus, and not have been taken in the very flush of manhood?

"Hush!" said a still, small voice. "What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter." At my father's death the old home was left desolate. No one but myself remained now of all the merry group that played in these rooms. I dared not to stay after the last sad rites were performed, and hastened my departure. I could not remember the time when my father was not there at morn and even, and it was intolerable without his presence. With a kind forethought he had arranged everything, so that I had no care.

He had been a 'sarried' man, with an expensive family. Naturally noble and generous in disposition, he had shared his purse with his children, but still just to a fraction, he owed no man, and died respected and beloved by all, but leaving no inheritance behind him. I should add that his name was a richer inheritance than a fortune.

Back again to Burnside, widowed and an orphan. But I clasped my child to my bosom, and blessed God I was a mother.

We found a bright, cheerful house. Brother Maurice had ordered the house opened, and everything provided for our comfort, and he came in to welcome me. He forbade me to pay any attention to business at present. "The old maxim, 'delay is dangerous,' will not apply in this place," he said. "My mind," he added, "had already too great a burden. I must relax now, and find some rest for the body, and amusement for the mind."

He sent me books and papers, he ordered his garden to be brought flowers and fruit, and, often in the bright summer mornings he took us to ride, a recreation which always afforded me much delight, for the scenery around Burnside is unsurpassed for beauty. There was the river, with its woods and flowery hill-sides, and its gently sloping, grassy banks—the road around the Ox Bow, that leads, over the rustic bridge, giving us the pleasure of riding on one side of the river, and returning the other—then there was the long, slow ride up Mount Prospect from the top of which we could see all Burnside, and far beyond, over the Connecticut and the pretty village with its cluster of houses and antique little church that rested so quietly on its banks—then there was the road to "Mill Hollow," where we found the prettiest farm-houses, and best cultivated farms in the State, and best of all, I used to think, the quiet, shady road that ran by the side of the Connecticut to Greenville, sixteen miles of varied scenery, now shut in by hills, on whose sides were pictured rocks, retaining still the marks of Indian taste, and skill, and then opening on broad, sunny fields, smooth and skillfully cultivated, as the farms of England, and adorned with mansions which wealth and taste united to adorn.

Maurice knew the history of the old settlers, and gave us many a tragic tale of border life in the early settlement of Vermont, when the York Tories threatened to take their lands from the emigrants. Maurice had been Ethan Allen, and often, while in the house, where the old hero, wood and iron, his wife

Old Starke, too, in his old age, had called upon Maurice's father, and fought his battles over again. But best of all, he had seen Washington, and could describe the dress he wore when he visited Mr. Perry, who resided at that time in Massachusetts. The blue silk coat, the long lemon-colored waistcoat, the breeches, silk hose, so neatly fitting, the gold knee-buckles, and the powdered hair, were all remembered. "But I cannot tell you," said Maurice, "how that majestic presence awed me. I firmly thought then that Washington was more than mortal, nor could I believe he would die like other men, till the sad event filled all hearts with sorrow."

It was in this way that brother Maurice willed me from my sorrow, and as Fanny and the baby were our companions, we were quite a happy little circle. I had thought I should never smile again, but as my boy grew older, and began to shout and frolic, and assert his boy-power, I learned cheerfulness, and at times almost forgot the shadows of my life. The baby was very fond of his uncle Maurice, and aunt Hannah said, that no child ever before was petted by the Judge.

The summer was passing in this quiet, pleasant way, and Fanny and I were so thoughtless as to fancy that it might all continue, but we were rather suddenly wakened from our pleasant dream. It was near the close of summer, Fanny had been at the Stone House examining her wardrobe, for the purpose of bringing over such as she needed for colder weather. I had been alone with Sidney, but not lonely, for his merry ways and roguish tricks, gave me plenty of business and amusement, and the day was none too long; but when the shadows crept so slowly and quietly into the nursery, and the little one dropped with sleep, like flowers that shut at night, and I had given him his bath, and laid him (little white-robed angel, that he seemed) into his crib, and watched him gently sleep, when from me—then, for the first time, I felt a sense of loneliness that I had not known for weeks. I became suddenly restless, and my heart was very heavy within me. I lost the sense of my husband's presence, as I had had it for months after his death, and all the time at my father's house. He was now dead, and I was alone, in the great crowd of congenial souls that filled heaven. Why should he come for me now, poor, weak, imperfect little me, when the spirits of men made perfect were his companions now? What was my gloom and desolation to him now, who had escaped from all the sorrows and perplexities of earth? What was stranger still, I could not recall Sidney as he generally looked, but very vividly before me was that sad, half-reproachful expression which he wore when I used to tease him about having any secrets from me. I looked at his portrait, it was still the same—so sad, sorrow, not anger. And even then he was not near me, but standing afar off, so that I could not speak to him, not even to recall the words which had made him sad. I sat in the dark, with my head bowed over the baby's crib, and wishing I could sleep my last, long sleep with him at my side, when the door was opened, and Fanny came in.

"Auntie, are you here—here in the dark?" "Yes, love, come to me." She came and sat down on the carpet at my feet, and laying her head in my lap, burst into tears. "What is it, Fanny, are you, too, sad to-night?" "Yes, Auntie. Why do you know it? Has father told you?" "Told me what? No trouble, I hope?" "Had you forgotten that I was to go to school this fall, and not return for one year?" "Oh, Fanny! I exclaimed, 'It must not be; how can I give you up? I had hoped your father was forgetful!'"

"Not he, and he is vigilant, too; only think! he asked me if I had heard from Frank—(I guess aunt Hannah put the idea into his head)—well, I never told a lie in my life, and I answered frankly, 'Yes.' He asked to see it, and I took it from my pocket at once, for I thought perhaps it would soften him, and seeing how Frank was promoted, he might consent to our correspondence. But I can't tell you, auntie, how angry my father looked as he read, and when he had finished it, he put it into the fire—you know he has a little fire evenings in his room. I was so angry that I could not control my feelings, and forgot that he was my father. I tried to snatch the letter from the coals, but he was too quick for me, and pushed it in with the tongs, till it was one thin, black mass."

"Oh, you wicked, cruel man!" I exclaimed, "I never will love you more, and if you think to make me obedient in this way, you are much mistaken. I love Frank all the more for your persecution." "Now, auntie, don't speak yet; I know what you will say, and if you are hard upon me now, it will just break my heart—let me tell you more. I was frightened myself at my own audacity, and expected father would drive me out of the house. But I might have known better—that is not his way. He smiled—oh, auntie! those smiles of his are worse than any threats. I grew more angry, and was flinging myself out of the room, when he bade me stop. His voice was low and calm, and I dared not disobey."

"It is not lady-like to behave in that way; sit down till you are more calm. I should be sorry to have you go to your aunt Mary in that state of mind; her attachment to you would be injured considerably." (Oh, aunt Mary, just as if one look at your dear, sweet face would not calm me at once!) "I do not think, aunt Mary, would ever give me so badly," I muttered. "I am sure of one thing," he said, "the more you are disobedient to your father, the more you are disobedient to your father."

I was still angry you must remember, and I retorted: "We read the Bible at 'The Elms,' I said, 'and even this morning Aunt Mary read, 'Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath.''" Another smile.

Your quick memory," he said, "reminds me that you ought to be improving it still more. You may be prepared to return to school next week." If he had struck me, I could have borne it; if he had forbidden me the house, I could have found another home; but this was too bad; it was a command I could not disobey, and yet, how can I leave you and Sidney! I made no reply to him, but burst into tears.

"That is not very grateful," he said, "toward a father who is willing to incur any expense in fitting you for the future." "I can learn all I wish of Aunt Mary." "It does not follow that Aunt Mary may wish to teach you. She has cares enough now, and I wish to relieve her."

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But all I could say, was of no avail, and next week I return to school; where I must remain one year—one long year without seeing you, auntie. And what is worse, I can have no letters from Frank, unless—unless you will consent to receive and copy them."

I shook my head.

"It is hard, Fanny, but I am sure your father has good reasons for his conduct; there is something we do not understand, he told me so, and I have no reason to doubt his word, but if you could only stay with me, we could bear the trouble better. As it is, I cannot consent to be a party in disobeying your father."

Poor Fanny, my words seemed cruel to her, and her reproachful looks cut me to the heart.

"Auntie," said she, her face all aglow with excitement, "it is of no use. I know that it would be wrong for me to renounce Frank. He has no one else to love, or care for him; you may laugh at me, but I feel as if his very life depended upon this friendship, and something tells me that father is wrong—don't tell you what woman's instinct, I suppose. Now I am going to write to Frank at once, and tell him that I will never break the solemn promise I have made—that I will go to school, and if we cannot correspond, we will wait in patience till the war is over, and I am of age, and then I'll share his fate. A soldier's wife should have courage and endurance. And if—oh auntie—if he should die as so many brave men are dying in these cruel battles, or in those more deadly swamps, then he will wait for me till I shall wear a shroud for my bridal robe."

She turned and left the room, and I remained amid the heavy shadows of the nursery, bending my head again over the crib, with still deeper shadows on my heart. "It was hard to part with Fanny; she had been the light of my home, but I was selfish; it was right that she should be at school, and her father consulted only her best good. I must uphold him. I was more convinced of this the next day when he came in and consulted with me about her studies, and said that he was only seeking her best happiness."

"But you," he said, "do not think for a moment, that I have forgotten your happiness; it was my first thought. Allow me to be to you in all things an elder brother. My business will call me away from home very much this winter, and my wish is to persuade you to make your home at the Stone House, where my housekeeper will study your comfort, and where you will not be quite so lonely. It is not well for you to remain here, with your mind dwelling continually upon your trouble."

How kind he was, and how considerate. Surely, Maurice Perry is not the man to be so stern with his daughter without good cause. No, no, there is some mystery which I do not understand, but which will be made plain in the future. I resolved not to uphold Fanny in her disobedience—better renounce Frank forever, than marry without a father's blessing. But as to living with Aunt Hannah. That was another matter. No doubt Maurice intended my happiness, but two women so uncongenial, could not well live together. I could not say yes, to the proposal, nor did I wish to refuse, but said that I would wait until Fanny left.

Fanny was very reserved and quiet during the time she remained with me; the expression of her face was sad, but full of firmness. She talked no more about Frank, and she evidently felt that her father had won me over to his side. I could not endure this separation between us, nor did I dare say one word to encourage her in this determined spirit of opposition to her father. Whenever he was present, she was respectful, but never familiar; she received the money which he gave her liberally with a quiet, cold, "Thank you, sir," and then used it freely.

I was once remonstrating with her on this want of economy, as not quite consistent with the independence which she meant to assume by and by, adding that a soldier's pay would not admit much extravagance.

"Auntie," said she; "this is not my father's money that I am using, it belonged to my mother. I did not know it till Aunt Poley told me, and then I asked my father, and he said 'Yes, but it was at his disposal, until I am of age.'"

to be entrusted with so precious a charge, as 'our Fanny,' then he will give them his blessing and Fanny's fortune."

The idea pleased me; it was like Maurice, I thought, who was naturally cautious and reserved. The more I dwelt upon it, in my own mind, the more sure I was that I now had the key to his conduct in this matter. Now I would encourage Fanny to obey her father, to hold no correspondence with Frank, and yield a cheerful acquiescence to all her father's plans. I did not give Fanny my reasons, for the idea of Frank ever being other than noble and ambitious, would seem very absurd to her. Poor child, I said to myself, we may yet see your father's wisdom, and live to thank him for his sternness.

But though this relieved my mind of any suspicion toward Maurice, it did not lessen the pain of Fanny's departure, and when the day came, I found myself weeping with her—I, who should have been the comforter. She was to leave in the evening stage, her father accompanying her. That day, Mr. Harmon called. As I have said before, "his visits were rare, but always welcome, and Fanny loved him," I was going to add, as a father. I might go further, and say that she always manifested more affection for him than for her own father.

On my expressing great regret at losing Fanny, and dread of a lonely winter, Mr. Harmon was very silent for a moment, and I thought perhaps he felt but little sympathy for me, being so fond of solitude himself. But after a little hesitation, he said:

"I have been wishing to find a home for the winter for an orphan girl who has no protector; her name is Emma Vinal, or rather that is the name by which she is now called, having been changed by her adopted parents. She is a gentle, quiet girl—too much so for one so young, but capable and affectionate. Her parents left her a small property, enough for all her simple wants, and as her benefactor has not drawn upon this for many years, it will be found to have increased, and she will in time be amply provided for, and able to compensate those who will keep her for the present. She has no near relatives, and the friends who have so kindly cared for her are dead, and the estate, to which she is entitled is at this time involved in some difficulties; however, her protector placed the business in the hands of a skillful lawyer, who will no doubt secure her rights. I should be glad if she could be under your care for awhile."

I did not hesitate to take her, for I knew that Mr. Harmon would not recommend her to me unless sure that she would prove a pleasant companion. I was relieved in having so good an excuse to give Maurice for not accepting his invitation, and I requested Mr. Harmon to come that very day with Emma—Emma Vinal—that was the name, and it pleased me.

"Oh, yes, do bring her to-day; please, Mr. Harmon," said Fanny, "for I wish to see her before I go, so that when I think of 'The Elms,' I can see all the family in my mind's eye."

He promised to do so. When he had gone, Fanny remarked that "It must be the same sad looking girl that had been living at the Parsonage; but no wonder that she is sad, for Mrs. Harmon is so gloomy, that I always involuntarily say to myself—"

"Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound,"

whenever she essays to speak. As for my own sociability, I never dare to say anything in her presence, lest it should not be so solemn enough. Once, when I was a wee little thing, she came to see us, and asked if I could repeat any little hymns, and I thought a moment, running over in my own mind—

"How doth the little busy bee,"

and

"There was an old woman lived under the hill,"

and all the little ditties which pleased me so much, but I thought they would not please her because they were too lively, but suddenly recollecting my primer, I curtsied and said, with the most solemn face I could assume:

"Xerxes, the Great, did die,

And so must you and I."

"That is very well," said she. "Always remember in the morning when you rise that you may die that day, and at night, when you go to bed, that you may die before morning."

"I can't tell you how those words troubled me. I wept when I was laid in my little crib that night, for fear I should never see my mother's face again, and I wept when she rode out the next morning, lest she would never return. I saw the skeleton in the primer everywhere I went, and even to this day, I never see Mrs. Harmon but I think of Xerxes and the skeleton."

"Perhaps she has had some trouble," I said; "I have never seen her excepting at church, and once or twice at her own house, when I thought she appeared like a woman who knew sorrow."

"Why, auntie, what is religion good for if it does not make us cheerful in tribulation? I hate gloom, stay-at-home Christians. I know our Saviour was not gloomy, because he was on the hills and in the fields so much; he loved birds and flowers. Now, these long-faced Christians don't take kindly to these."

"Well, darling, see that you set us an example, (she had been weeping all the morning). Show us true Christian cheerfulness."

"Auntie," I do not profess to be good. I'm not a Christian. I wish I was just such a Christian, as Mr. Harmon. How cheerfully, and with what Christian patience he bears trials. He is my ideal of a man of God."

"We need a support in trouble, above this world," I said. "Our Saviour was comforted by angels, who came to minister to him, and do you know, Fanny, I think that we, too, may have ministering spirits?"

Journal of Management Studies, 37(6), 809–824.

over. By what principle of justice the North can be taxed to buy worthless property in Kentucky, is not clear; and most surely, if it is not property, it is not a purchase. That many lazy and noisy philistines, who do nothing and earn nothing, should advocate it, is not surprising; but, how those who study the interest of the whole country can, is beyond my comprehension."

And then, he adds, a little further on:—
"The true policy is, to extinguish the rebellion, and extend the principles of the North over the Slave States by every constitutional and legal means, and let the slave States, free labor, and free schools, and let them remove slavery by their influence on the State—then they would soon do, if left to the whole people of the several States. This peaceable manner is far better for all parties than a hasty and revolutionary one, or a purchase-and-pay one. As slavery was not the cause of the rebellion, so it should not be made the issue. But it will no doubt fall with the rebellion, even in the loyal States, or, at least, it will lose force, and its power over the national government, and even its respectability and influence in the Slave States will be gone forever, for it cannot subsist under the contempt of the whole world. It has flourished mainly by its control of our national affairs."

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR DECEMBER contains papers by Higginson, Holmes, Hawthorne, Mrs. Howe, Longfellow, Major Winthrop, and others; a brilliant collection of contributors. Dr. Holmes's article, entitled "My Hunt after 'The Captain,'" is in his very best conception and style. He could not improve on it—it strikes us—if he tried ever so hard. The gist of it is simply his quest of his wounded boy, "the Captain," after one of the bloody battles in Maryland, last September. This single article comprises more of the real daguerotype picturing of the present war and its many bloody and woeful scenes, than many another volume could expect to. It is rapid, witty, pungent, pathetic, philosophic, scornful, scholarly, common; a large pepper of an article, stuffed in with all sorts of spicy things, and put in a strong pickle. Nobody but Holmes could do it—and yet we wish we could say as much of any writer's productions, without appearing to doubt him up to with personal flattery. Longfellow's little poem, on the sinking of the gallant Cumberland in Hampton Roads, is genuinely sweet and good; he has married his power and pathos, in these few verses, excellently well—as he possesses the art of doing. Hawthorne contributes another of his inimitable memorial papers on England—"About Warwick!" It is like Hawthorne, and that is enough to say of it. The Atlantic commences a new volume (the eleventh) with the January number, under the most flattering auspices. Its roll of writers takes in the best pens and minds of the land, with a respectable sprinkling of foreign assistance.

THE CONTINENTAL FOR December contains choice papers from first rate pens. Hon. Robert J. Walker and Hon. F. P. Stanton, are its political editors, and contribute valuable articles on the crisis of the time, for the present number. Mr. Charles G. Leland attends to the purely literary department of the magazine. His editor's mélange is sprightly, varied, witty, and full of choicest morsels of all conceivable sorts. The Continental is wide awake, up with the day, and putting out all its undeposited powers for establishing a strong influence on the reading community. It is published by John F. Trow, of New York.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY for December, is a charming number. "Waiting for the Children—a Poem for Thanksgiving," with illustrations, is alone worth the price of the book. The process of gas making will be read with interest by everybody. The descriptive engravings are well executed. It is unnecessary for us to particularize the literary matter contained in this Magazine. It is enough to say that the very best talent in the country is manifest in its pages. For sale by A. Williams, 100 Washington street, Boston.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE begins a new volume with its December number. It has fine engravings and illustrations, and presents a handsome and tempting list of original contributions in both prose and verse. Peterson has long ago established itself among the popular Magazines, and each successive number seems to increase the breadth of its reputation. For sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, Boston.

THE HESPERIAN, a Ladies' Monthly Magazine, published in San Francisco, Cal., comes to us—the November number—much improved in many respects. It contains sixteen more pages of reading matter than formerly, both of prose and poetry, with the names of several new contributors attached. It is under the editorial control of Mrs. E. T. Bohlen and Rev. J. D. Strong. The terms of subscription are \$3.00 per annum, in advance. If our lady friends desire one of the best magazines in the country, they should at once subscribe for this excellent periodical.

WALKER, WISE & CO., of this city, publishers, announce a new and important work, entitled, "The Results of Emancipation." The author is a Frenchman, M. Coubin, and his work has been translated by Miss Mary L. Booth, who likewise performed the translating service for Count Gasparini's works on America and American Affairs. This book gives, at a comprehensive glance, the social, statistical, moral, and economic results of the work of Emancipation where it has been set on foot by foreign powers; and, in this sense, will be of the first interest in helping us to form some estimate of how a similar measure, such as has been proposed by President Lincoln, will work in this country. Being based on official reports, the statements made in the pages of this book, comprehending every form in which the great question can be put, will be found perfectly reliable. The editor of the Christian Examiner says of it that it is "as sagacious as De Tocqueville's work on America, and as ardent as Victor Hugo's 'Legend of the Ages.'" It is now running through the press of the above house, and will be ready in about a week or two.

There appears to be no lack of spirit or industry on the part of authors and publishers, in spite of the depressing influences of the time. The approach of Christmas is, as usual, hailed with the promise of new and entertaining books. Carleton, of New York, announces several very striking ones, among which may be mentioned:—*Alfred's Poems*, in "blue and gold," with a fine steel portrait engraved from a medallion by Launt Thompson, the sculptor; a new poem by Stoddard, *The King's Ship*, an exquisite medieval legend; *Marian Grey*, a charming domestic story by the popular author of "Lena Rivers," *Shakespeare and Character*, an admirable volume by Hackett, the comedian; a very amusing biography (with numerous illustrations) entitled *Drifting About*, from the pen of Stephen Mumler, the illustrations "Scenes from Pippin's" and "The Remarkable Day of Pippin," by R. B. R. and the author of "Doctor Antonio," "Lavinia," etc., etc.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The price of the Boston daily papers (Journal, Herald, Traveller and Transcript) has been raised one cent on each copy at retail.

We are unable to furnish Nos. 7, 8 and 9, of the present volume of the BANNER.

The Eighth Massachusetts Battery arrived at Washington from Falmouth, Nov. 28th. The men will be paid off, mustered out of service, and return to Massachusetts at once.

A FAILURE.—The great English iron-clad war steamer, Warrior, from all accounts appears to be a failure. An exchange stily says, that it is melancholy for one whose mission was to seize ships, to be found able to do nothing but shipwreck. The same paper says, she "ships seas, leaks, founders, and otherwise misbehaves herself disgracefully."

We have received a copy of the Newbern, (N. C.) Daily and Weekly Progress, edited by Geo. Mills Joy, Esq., well known in this State as a publisher and editor.

From official sources, it is ascertained that 108,000 men were sent down to the Peninsula with General McClellan prior to the seven days' fight; that on his leaving Harrison's Landing, he had but 84,000, 20,000 having been killed in battle, died from disease, or made prisoners by the enemy, (there being a large number of the latter,) and 44,000 being in the hospitals and on furlough.

A short man became attached to a tall woman, and somebody said that he had fallen in love with her. "Do you call it fallen in love?" said the suitor. "It's more like climbing up to it."

"How do you do this morning, James?" "Very much better, I thank you. I did think, a while ago, I was not as well; but I know I am better now, for I just met old Mr. Stubbs, the undertaker, and he looked cross at me."

We are under obligations to L. M. Brigham, Perry, N. Y., for a copy of No. 2, Vol. XII, of the BANNER.

LIBERAL PUBLICATIONS.—The publishers of Orthodox books have done almost nothing during the past year, and even the trade in church music books has been at the lowest possible ebb. On the other hand, Walker, Wise & Co., of Boston, who issue nearly all the Unitarian and others of the class called "Liberal" books, say they never did so good a year's business before.

Toothing people, who desire an artificial set, so perfect as to be thought by every observer natural, had better visit Dr. A. B. Child's establishment, 15 Tremont Row. It is truly astonishing to what perfection his ingenuity has brought the dental art. We ache, sometimes, to have a new set; but it isn't hardly time, yet.

NIXON'S WASHINGTON THEATRE.—We are gratified to learn that our old friend, A. W. Fenno, formerly of Boston, has been appointed Stage Manager of this theatre. He has, we understand, just localized John Brougham's "Columbus," and it takes well, drawing crowded houses nightly.

An officer of the Maine 25th, observing a soldier belonging to a regiment encamped near by industriously scratching himself, interrogated thus: "What's the matter, my man—fleas?" "Fleas!" said he, in a tone of unutterable scorn, "do you think I'm a dog or no, sir, them is fleas."

HIGH PRICE OF COTTON.—A quantity of cotton, the cargo of the schooner Louise, was sold at auction in this city, last week, by order of U. S. Marshal Keyes. Thirteen bales of Sea Island Cotton sold at \$121.12 per pound. Middling Upland sold at 68 1/2 cents, and damaged Middling Upland at 67 1/2.

The French force which Gen. Forey is to command in Mexico is 200,000, in addition to 8,000 or 10,000 now on the ground.

A young lady being asked by a female acquaintance whether she had any original poetry in her album, replied: "No; but some of my friends have favored me with original spelling."

A Kentuckian being asked how much corn he raised, answered: "About ten barrels of whiskey, besides what we waste for bread."

The Boston Transcript quotes from the Harvard Magazine a statement in regard to the last class graduated at Harvard College, to the effect that of the number composing the class—fifty-one smoke, sixty-five drink, fifty-seven do both, and twenty neither."

Massachusetts has 87,000 more females than males, while California has 67,000 more males than females, and Illinois 92,000 more males than females. One person in 1,385 of our population is insane, one in 2,470 blind, one in 1,935 deaf and dumb, one in 1,700 idiot. Ohio is the greatest wool growing State, New York and Pennsylvania next; Michigan ranking fourth. New Jersey raises more potatoes than any other State by two to one.

President Lincoln, although specially exempted by law from having his salary taxed under the revenue act, has ordered the same deduction to be made as if a tax were imposed. By this voluntary act the President pays a tax of \$1,220 per year out of his salary.

Last year about 480,000 brooms were manufactured in California, valued at over \$150,000, driving the imported article entirely out of the market.

A female correspondent "divulges the fact," that "to have loved, is to have looked into the door of heaven."

Identified Spirit.

In the BANNER of April 5, 1862, there is a letter from Lewis Flynn, who says he was killed by a kick from a horse last fall, in Sacramento. Soon after I received my paper, and read the letter from Flynn, I obeyed to meet Mr. Morehead, and he hailed him as he was driving a beautiful young horse. I asked him if he was acquainted with Lewis Flynn. He said:

"Yes, this horse killed him last October, by kicking him, so that he died in a short time. Why?"

I promised to call on him soon and explain. In the evening I explained all, and read Flynn's letter to him. He confirmed the letter in every particular, and said that Flynn was the best man he ever had in his stable; also that he had six dollars in his possession belonging to Flynn, after paying all funeral expenses.

L. ARMSTRONG.

Sacramento, Cal., Oct. 26, 1862.

Answering Sealed Letters.

For the reason that mediums for answering sealed letters are continually changing their residences, thus subjecting those who desire in this way to communicate with their spirit friends to much trouble and uncertainty, we have made arrangements with a COMPETENT MEDIUM to answer letters of this class. The terms are one dollar for each letter so answered, including three red postage stamps. Whenever the conditions are such that a spirit addressed cannot respond, the money and letter sent to us will be returned within two weeks after its receipt. We cannot guarantee that every letter will be answered entirely satisfactory, as sometimes spirits addressed hold imperfect control of the medium, and do as well as they can under the circumstances. Address: BANNER OF LIGHT, 168 Washington street, Boston.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE.

THURSDAY EVENING, NOV. 28, 1862.

SUBJECT.—"Spirit Photography."

Reported for the Banner of Light.

Dr. GARDNER.—I am not competent to say much on this subject as yet. I have an engagement with Mr. Mumler for a sitting, when he has promised me the privilege of any and every chance of investigation that is in his power to grant me. After this investigation I shall be better able to speak on the subject. I have had one sitting with Mr. Mumler, at which I had one picture with four spirit-forms upon it. I cannot speak positively about the recognition of these spirits, though. I think there is a striking family resemblance in one of them, which may be the picture of a deceased son. This subject is exciting great interest, and also great opposition and ridicule. Thus far in this new spiritual manifestation, faith holds a prominent place. There is hardly any manifestation that has ever come forth from the spirit-world, that does not require some faith. But it behooves us, as Spiritualists, to carefully investigate and candidly inquire what cause there is for faith in this thing, and also what cause there is for so much doubt and opposition. To me there is no cause for doubt. To me this new manifestation is not more wonderful than many that I have previously witnessed. I know that I have held a spirit-hand in my own. If spirits can produce spirit-hands that are tangible to physical touch, I cannot doubt that they can produce an impression upon a glass plate made sensitive to the action of light. A great number of mediums have foretold this phenomenon. Five or six years ago this was foretold in the very room where they are now made. The pictures themselves furnish evidence, for their gauze-like appearance has not yet been imitated. Careful examination will find the counterfeits to be essentially different in some points. In consequence of the crowd of people that visit Mr. Mumler's rooms, there is necessarily a great deal of confusion created in the magnetic condition which is necessary to the production of these pictures. This is not favorable to his operations. I do not doubt that Mr. Mumler is a peculiar medium, and has an organization and magnetism well adapted to the production of spirit photographs. I am of the opinion that the pictures he makes and calls spiritual, are genuine. In regard to Mr. Mumler's prices, I do not think that five dollars for six photographs is too much, but I am sorry that he has raised his price to seven dollars and a half for the same. There is another artist, through whom spirit-photographs are made, but he feels conscientious scruples about making them. He is a member of the Baptist Church, and thinks that spirit-intercourse is wicked. He does not wish to make them, and wishes to have his name in no way mentioned with them. I persuaded him to grant Hon. Robert Dale Owen and myself a sitting last Thursday week. Mr. Owen had a very distinct spirit picture; mine was not so good. I believe that his medium powers are very strong in this direction.

Rev. Mr. THAYER.—I do not, like some folks, jump at conclusions. Those who do, may have to jump from them. I do not, like young robins, hold my mouth open to swallow everything. I think it is better to try the spirits, and see whether they be of God. Mr. Thayer told about a lady, who, he said, was unconsciously treated by Mrs. Stuart, and was refused an opportunity of seeing and investigating. He thought this was pretty conclusive evidence that there was deception in the phenomenon. He thought, if true, it should be treated openly and fairly, and all people should be treated courteously and decently.

Mr. BARNES.—I visited Mr. Mumler's rooms to-day, and had a picture of a spirit made with my own. Just like a young robin, I hold my mouth open to the heavenly world for its truths to fall in and feed my soul. I swallowed Spiritualism, but not before I opened my mouth, in faith, to receive it. I first had faith to believe it—now I know it true. The minute I came in contact with Mr. Mumler, I was convinced that this new phase of Spiritualism was true. Mr. Mumler, a stranger to me, said: "You, brother, can have a good picture." He sat me down, and I did have a good picture. I told Mr. Mumler, that if he abused the gift of his remarkable power, it would be taken from him; to see well that he made a good, wise and generous use of this valuable gift. Greater gifts than this will be soon given to the earth.

Back Numbers Wanted.

We are in want of a single copy of No. 1 of the first Vol. of the BANNER; also No. 6 of the same volume. For which copies we will pay 25 cents per copy.

Mr. Anderson's Address.

Letters addressed to W. P. Anderson, Artist Medium, care of BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, will reach their destination at once.

Our Circles.

Notice.—As these circles, which are free to the public, subject us to much expense, those of our friends who take an interest in them, and desire to have them continued, are solicited to aid us in a pecuniary point of view, or we fear we shall be obliged to suspend them altogether. Any sum, however small, that the friends of the cause may feel inclined to remit, will be gratefully acknowledged.

We are fully aware that much good to the cause has been accomplished by these free circles, as many persons who first attended them as skeptics, now believe in the Spiritual Phenomena, and are made happy in mind thereby. Hence we hope to be sustained in our efforts to promulgate the great truths which are pouring in upon us from the spirit-world for the benefit of humanity.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

This paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are 10 cents per line for the first and 8 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

THE REFERENCE OF THE COMING OF CHRIST, AND THE WINDING UP SCENE OF ALL THINGS, AND THE FUTURE OF AMERICA, WHEN ALL OTHER NATIONS ARE AT WAR. BY DR. A. S. DAVISON. This is a very interesting and instructive work on the Bible, and should be in the hands of every one professing to be a Christian. It will be given past, present and future prophecies of times here on earth. It is a book for every Spiritualist; none knows the value of the information in this work, until they have perused it. It is printed on the paper, and gotten up in neat style, from stereotype plates, and will be sent to any part of the United States, on receipt of 50 cents. Address: Dr. A. S. DAVISON, Madison, Ind. Dec. 6.

UNION SOCIABLES

AT LYCUM HALL.

THE SECOND COURSE OF UNION SOCIABLES will commence at Lycum Hall, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, November 13th, and continue every Wednesday evening through the season. Package of six tickets, 50 cents; single tickets, 10 cents. Music by the Quintette Band. Dancing to commence at 7 1/2 o'clock. Nov. 13.

MR. M. L. VAN HARTHOUT, 64 Great Jones street, New York, City, and Medical Examiner, by letter, written by the patient (when it can be), and by a hair, or personal examination \$1. Dec. 13.

MR. J. H. CONANT hereby notifies the public that she will continue to attend to the business of the BANNER OF LIGHT, in Boston and vicinity. She has been induced to make this public announcement at the earnest solicitation of many friends. Address: Nov. 22. W. WHITE & CO., 168 Washington street.

JUST PUBLISHED.

SPIRIT SONG.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY S. B. K.; arranged by O. M. ROGERS. Price 25 cents, including postage. Usual discount to the Trade. For sale by W. WHITE & CO., 168 Washington street, Boston. Nov. 15.

MRS. CAROLINE A. BATHOLDER.

INDIAN HEALING MEDIUM.

BEING POSSESSED OF EXTRAORDINARY MAGNETIC POWERS to tranquilize the excitement of the system, and restore the unbalanced mind to its normal state, offering her services to the friends of this unfortunate class, and, if need be, will visit them at their homes.

POSITIVE RELIEF also given to all nervous diseases, and Rheumatism and Headache cured. Fevers assuaged, and minor ailments to be cured by the use of the Blood.

TERMS.—Travelling expenses by railroad or otherwise, out and home, must accompany each application for a visit out of town; beyond this, such remuneration only as the party feels able and willing to bestow.

Address, MRS. C. A. BATHOLDER, Danvers, Mass. Nov. 8.

O. L. GILLET.

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38 NORTH MARKET STREET, BOSTON.

(OF STRAITS). All orders promptly attended to. 12th Sept. 62.

WONDERFUL CURES!

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For further particulars, terms, &c., send for circular. Nov. 29.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS!

PERSONS residing at any distance from Boston, desirous to obtain Photographs of their departed friends, by Mr. W. H. Mumler, will please send for Circular, which gives all particulars. Address: Mrs. STUART, No. 228 Washington street, Boston. Nov. 29.

A. E. CHILD, M.D., DENTIST!

NO. 18 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

A BOOK FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

LEGALIZED PROSTITUTION;

OR,

Marriage as it is, and Marriage as it Should be,

PHILOSOPHICALLY CONSIDERED.

PRICE, 75 CENTS.

BY CHARLES S. WOODRUFF, M.D.

IN THIS NEW VOLUME the people have a want met which has already wrought untold misery. Sin and unhappiness are the fruit of Ignorance; one need no longer be ignorant, if he will take this little book and make its facts his or her own.

All wrong notions and delusions about Marriage are here explained away and exploded. The matter—so momentous to every person living—is made clear and plain; stripped of its mockeries and glosses; presented just as it lies in every human soul; familiarized in its profound principles to every one's comprehension; and rationally forced into the reader's belief.

The author rests his statements and conclusions wholly on Nature, unwilling either to thrust her plans or neglect her suggestions. He shows that marriage makes more people actually wretched than happy, because it is not sought with an understanding of the right principles. He proves the utter selfishness and unworthiness of too many marriages, and charges them with woe untold. And he demonstrates very conclusively that, if society would redeem itself and become fresh and new, it must apply itself to this most important of all topics first of all. Marriage, in his opinion, is something more than a co-partnership, or simply an agreement between two persons to try to live together without quarrelling. It must be wholly of Love, or it is a failure.

Everybody will receive benefit from the bright pages of this book.

For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT Office, Boston, Mass., Nov. 29.

CHEAP FARMS NEAR HOME!

40,000 Acres of Land!

FOR SALE IN THE EMPIRE STATE.

THE undersigned is authorized to negotiate the sale and transfer of nearly forty thousand Acres of Land, chiefly Hamilton, Warren, Catskill, Genesee, Erie, Essex, Franklin, Lewis, Oneida, Ontario, Saratoga, Stuben, and Sullivan Counties. These lands will be sold in quantities to suit the purchaser, at the low price of

From 25 Cents to Ten Dollars per Acre!

For cash or approved securities. They are heavily timbered, and well watered. More than 30,000 acres are located near the centre of Hamilton County, about fifty miles from Amsterdam, on the line of the New York Central Railroad. The soil is good; the forests furnish deer and other game in abundance, while the lakes and numerous mill-streams which water and beautify this region, are well supplied with trout and other choice varieties of fish.

The splendid lands here offered for sale, are only some 75 miles from the Capital of the State, and the heavy growth of Sugar Maple, Beech, Spruce, and other timber, to say nothing of the uses of said lands for grazing and agriculture, must soon render them exceedingly valuable. The Hudson River and Lake Ontario Railroad, chartered and partially graded some time since, is within twelve miles of these lands, while a branch, already surveyed, runs through the same. When these lines are completed, that whole region will be within seven hours of New York City; and the constantly increasing prices of lumber and fuel must render the resources of incalculable value.

We are not only to over-estimate the prospective value of such lands, so near the great Commercial Centre of the Western Continent, and sensible men will scarcely go a thousand miles toward sunset for cheap farms, when they can find them at hand.

Send for a Circular, and address at 407 Fourth street, New York.

N. B. Also a number of City and Village Lots in Rochester, Lockport, Mount Vernon, &c. and places, at prices unheard of before.

JUST PUBLISHED.

AN EXTRAORDINARY AND THRILLING WORK

DEALINGS WITH THE DEAD!

THE HUMAN SOUL: ITS MIGRATIONS AND ITS TRANSFORMATIONS!

BY P. B. RANDOLPH.

The above work may be had at the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT, 168 Washington street, by wholesale and retail. Single copies 75 cents. The usual discount will be made to the trade. Mailed to any part of the United States on receipt of the price named above. March 8.

SUPERSTITION DISSECTED.

AN A SERIES OF INVESTIGATING LETTERS, between a Freethinker and his Deacon Brother-in-Law, comprising a variety of subjects. Entertaining, instructive, and a number of the most prominent. Texts and incidents of Holy Writ, designed to invite scrutiny and remove indifference, and to insure greater Depth of Thought and Research into the value and reliability of Scriptural Evidence.

CONTENTS.—Nativity of Jesus Christ; The Genealogy; The Temptation; Angels; The Lord's Prayer; Casting Out Devils; Feeding the Multitudes; Lazarus Raised from the Dead; Death and Hell; Catholic Encroachments and Corruptions; The Puritan; Tom Paine; The Sabbath; and a large variety of other subjects of a deeply interesting character, for the consideration of people of reflective minds.

The work is printed on fine paper, large 12mo., library size, handsomely and durably bound in embossed covers, and contains 463 pages. Price, \$1.00, which includes postage. Sold by S. E. LENT, AOKST, 142 Grand street, New York. Orders from a distance should mention the town, county, and State.

New York, Nov. 10, 1862. Sw Nov. 29.

WILL ATTEND FUNERALS.

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A. E. CHILD, M.D., DENTIST!

Nov. 4. Christopher Hollis.
 Hey, Mr. Bob! Please say not for me, but for
 somebody else; that General Thorne, of the Second
 Michigan Regiment, is not dead, but is at present a
 prisoner in Richmond, Virginia. I am Christopher
 Hollis, one of his friends. Sometime when I can
 control the medium better, I'll send a letter to some
 of my friends in England. "Nov. 4"

IMPERFECTIONS OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

A Lecture by Miss Lizzie Doten, before the Lyceum Church, in Lyceum Hall, Boston, Sunday Evening, November 23d, 1862.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

Miss Doten took for her subject in the afternoon the "Imperfections of Modern Spiritualism." She said it was related in this book (Bible) that Jesus, in one of his discourses to his disciples, said, "Father, glorify thy name. Then there came a voice from heaven, saying, I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again. The people, therefore, that stood by and heard it, said that it thundered: others said, An angel spake to them." This is the position of the world at the present day in regard to Spiritualism: they cannot tell whether it is the muttering thunder, or whether it is indeed the angels that speak. It is like a little child reaching out for something it wants, but which eludes its grasp, because it is beyond its reach, and not knowing how else to obtain it, looses it.

The world waits for a solution of the mystery. Is it the voice of thunder or of God? We answer, Modern Spiritualism is a manifestation of the Divine Will, intended for the elevation and regeneration of the human family.

She said there were many imperfections in Spiritualism, which its believers ought to know and correct, as far as it was in their power; the most important of which was ignorance of themselves.

Science is making slow progress. It has not found the depths of Mesmerism and Clairvoyance, which, if they were understood, could reveal to us many of the mighty secrets now hidden. By their aid we could penetrate through the vast regions of the yet unexplored Universe, and bring to light some of the grandest conceptions of Deity.

Spiritualism comes to tell us of the vast and grand knowledge which lies hidden in the depths of the soul, and of the unsearched depths and resources yet to be made by Clairvoyance and Mesmerism. He who goes in search of his own being—to find out himself—will learn what modern Spiritualism can do for him. By laying hold of those spiritual truths which are at his command, and using them to the fullest extent of the abilities the Creator has given him, he can go forth and commune with the angels, and learn what are the powers of his being.

But there is one mighty fact to learn: not to lift up our voices to God for the wants of our being, but to put forth our hands and work for ourselves—for everything we need is ready for our use. Oh, men and women! where is your God? If you seek him in your own souls, there shall you find him, and that knowledge will be more valuable to you than gold.

Another imperfection or abuse in Spiritualism is, the practice of some persons seeking the aid of mediums upon purely worldly and selfish matters. In their eagerness and folly they assure the medium that they are in a passive condition, and are willing to accept anything which may come to them. The medium thus consulted, partaking of the same delusion, will tell the selfish inquirer that he is a Franklin, a Washington, and even a Christ; and that these great minds will influence and control him in his actions; that he will attain to some enviable position in society; that riches will pour in upon him to his heart's content. All these flattering assurances are to take place in the course of time as it passes along in the vista of ages. Surely the Scripture injunction is fulfilled—"The fool is answered according to his folly." Oh, man or woman, use the common sense which God has given you.

Many who thus seek the aid of mediums are totally unfit for the positions they seek: they are mere puppets in society, too indolent to get a living by their own exertions, and burdened with an uncultivated intellect and a clouded soul; poor miserable worms of the dust, who are not able to save themselves from their own folly. Such persons, getting deceived by high promises which can never be realized, often lose their faith in God.

Before consulting with mediums, fit yourselves to receive whatever information may be given you from the spirit-world. Develop your own souls, learn more of the God within you, seek to understand the nature and beauties of Spiritualism, so that you can receive and appreciate the divine influx from the spirit world, and then you will have imparted to you the wisdom of the spheres as fast as you are able to receive it, or your needs require. Then will your souls expand under the genial influence of spirit teachings, and you will be strengthened and sustained in your efforts to improve and elevate your own condition, as well as that of suffering humanity. Then you will be able, uncontaminated, to reach forth your hand and help up the most degraded of the human race, and place them safely on board the car of redemption. This will be acting out the higher and nobler Spiritualism which elevates and purifies the soul. Do not wait to have your powers of soul developed, but strive to live in spirituality in your everyday life as you move along in this world, and your harvest will surely ripen in abundance.

Accept no revelation when it comes to you as a challenge, unless it is proved. When you hunger and thirst for more, it will be given you as fast as you wish, as it comes to you, can be disposed of in accordance with its importance. But the one who says "Come, I will take all," fills himself with the husks of the swine. Examine all things; investigate all communications, and accept none unless you feel an inward conviction that it is true. If Solomon should come to you and ask, "What is the use of Spiritualism?" listen to him; or if Satan comes and wishes to argue the question with you; listen to him. Oh, Satan! there is something of God in you! Spiritualists are too sensitive about the opinion and say-so of the world, the scandal of the self-righteous, and therefore abstain from doing many noble deeds for fallen and degraded souls, which their consciences dictate. How was it with Jesus? Did he abstain from doing good on that account? It is recorded of him that a woman came and kissed him—kissed his feet. What would you modern Spiritualists of to-day have said of this? Keep your garments clean, and then no taint will attach to you. It is your duty to go into the lowest streets and hells and bring forth the degraded wretches who inhabit them, and help them to lead better lives.

Modern Spiritualism looks faith in its highest and holiest teachings. It looks faith in the purity of its principles. If you are Spiritualists indeed, you should speak out what you believe, fearing nothing, and let the world know that you are ready and willing to aid the poor and degraded.

Andrew Jackson Davis speaks of having once re-

provingly asked a spirit whom he saw and who almost constantly traveled with him, but whom he had lost sight of for a few days, why it was that he had vanished from his sight. The spirit replied, "The reason is not that I vanish, but that you lose your perception." So it is with modern Spiritualists, who appear to be losing their powers of perception. Those who aspire to the revelations from the higher life should cultivate their powers of perception, so that it will conduct them through their earthly journey, and enable them to glide smoothly down to that green vale of life.

In modern Spiritualism you are called upon to devote a part of your time in seeking out those great truths which tend to elevate the whole human family. You must stand up as men and women, and do your whole duty to society, for a moral responsibility rests upon you. You will learn from the moral philosophy of this that there is an inward teacher that will give you the needed instructions you are desirous to know.

Devote but one half hour of each day to meditation on your own past acts, and you will not only gain wisdom, strength and energy, but will learn more of the God within your own soul. Where is God's temple, if it is not in the immortal soul?

Spiritualism is the new wine of the kingdom. Man has got a long road to travel before he comes to the perception of the highest and holiest truths. Faint not, nor be disheartened. There is a God in heaven who doeth all things well. All eyes are turned upon us; the nations of the earth are looking to us for a development of our knowledge, and the world shall yet be blessed by the benefits of our revelations.

Spiritualism stands upon a firm basis. Although it has no organization or form, its church is founded upon a rock, and cannot be washed away; therefore do not fear for every little wave that sweeps over it, for it will abide, sure and steadfast.

We have given but a meagre sketch of a very able discourse, which was listened to with the profoundest attention.

EXYENING LECTURE.

In the evening Miss Doten's subject was, "The Life of the Soul," giving another most eloquent lecture, in her usual terse and forcible manner, to the great gratification of a packed audience.

At the conclusion of the lecture the following beautiful Poem, composed in spirit-life, was given through the organism of Miss Doten:

God of the Granite and the Rose!
Soul of the Sparrow and the Bee!
The mighty tide of being flows
Through countless channels, Lord, from Thee.
It leaps to life in grass and flowers,
Through every grade of being runs,
Till from creation's radiant towers
Its glory flames in stars and suns.

Oh, ye who sit and gaze on life
With folded hands and fettered will,
Who only see, amid the strife,
The dark supremacy of ill,
Know, that like birds, and streams, and flowers,
The life that moves you is divine!
Nor time, nor space, nor human powers,
Your Godlike spirit can confine.

Once in a form of human mold,
Upon this earthly plane I trod;
My faith was weak, my heart was cold,
I had no hope, I knew not God.
Deep from my being's cup I quaffed,
With Life's Elixir brimming o'er,
And madly sought to drain the draught
That I might die, to live no more!

There came an angel to my side—
Not from the bowers of Paradise—
She was mine own, mine earthly bride,
With heaven's pure sunshine in her eyes.
She wept and prayed, she knew not why—
Her Faith, not Reason, soared above:
She talked of God and Heaven—and I—
Well—I was happy in her love.

Love was my all, my guiding star,
And like a wanderer in the night,
I bailed its radiance from afar.
Because it shone with certain light;
But all those visions bright and high,
Which the pure-hearted only see,
Of God and immortality,
Could not reveal their light to me.

At length my precious one, my wife,
Held on her bosom's sacred shrine
A tender form, an infant life,
The union of her soul and mine.
O God! above that precious child
First did I breathe Thy holy name,
While strong emotions, deep and wild,
Shook like a reed my manly frame.

I prayed for heaven's eternal years—
I prayed for light, that I might see—
And even with stern manhood's tears,
I prayed for faith, O God! in Thee.
O, this poor world seemed far too small
To hold the measure of my love!
They were my God, my heaven, my all—
My precious wife, my nestling dove.

Aye, then there came a fearful day,
A day of sorrow and of pain,
When, like a helpless child I lay,
And fever burned in every vein.
Weeks came and went, they went and came,
Till Faith was Fear, and Hope had died,
And I could only breathe the name
Of the lone-watcher at my side.

With patient love that could not fail,
And anxious care that knew no rest,
She sat, like a Madonna, pale,
With her sweet infant on her breast.
For them I beat Life's stormy wave,
And struggled face to face with death;
For them I tarried from the grave,
And firmly held my mortal breath.

But faint and weak, at length I lay,
While darkness gathered over all—
I felt my pulses fluttering, play
Like autumn leaves about to fall.
My poor, tired heart, could do no more,
But yielded the unequal strife;
Aye, then I prayed, as ne'er before,
That I might have Eternal Life.

O God! my anointed mother's face
Gleamed through the deepening shades of death,
And from her lips these words of grace
Fell gently as the evening's breath:
"Child of my love, I gave to earth
Thy mortal form in grief and pain—
Lo! now, in this, thy second birth,
I lend my strength to thee again."

That angel-presence stood revealed,
To her who sat beside my bed;
Our quivering lips Love's compact sealed,
And one brief, parting word was said.

Then, leaning like a weary child
My head upon my mother's breast,
She bore me, changed and reconciled,
To the fair dwellings of the blest.
But oft at morn, or close of day,
I feel the love that toward me yearns,
And earthward, o'er the starry way,
My answering spirit gladly turns.

O, Death! O, Grave! before heaven's light
Thy gloomy phantoms quickly fly;
And man shall learn this truth aright—
That he must change, but shall not die;
Shall change, as doth the summer rose,
The evening light, the closing year;
Shall sink into a sweet repose,
To waken in a happier sphere;
Shall fall, as falls the harvest grain—
The ripened ears of golden corn—
Which yields its life, that yet again
Through ceaseless change it be re-born.

God of the Granite and the Rose!
Soul of the Sparrow and the Bee!
The mighty tide of being flows
Through all thy creatures back to Thee.
Thus round and round the circle runs—
A mighty sea without a shore—
While men and angels, stars and suns,
Unite to praise Thee evermore!

A Discussion between Prof. Grimes and J. L. Potter.

EDITOR BANNER.—As a discussion has recently taken place in Montpelier, between Prof. Grimes and J. L. Potter, upon the truthfulness of Spiritualism, a brief sketch of the same may be interesting to you. Prof. Grimes being at Montpelier for the purpose of lecturing on Phrenology and the Exposition of Spiritualism, many of the Spiritualists attended. Among the rest who were anxious to hear what could be said on such an occasion, was J. L. Potter, one of the ablest trance speakers in the field. The worthy Professor, learning that he was a medium, challenged him to a public discussion. Mr. Potter accepting the same. The first discussion took place the evening of the 14th. A large audience attended, who gave good attention, and were much interested, if we may judge by the interest they seemed to express, the Professor taking for his hobby the one that is always rode on such occasions, showing the deception which mediums practiced, all physical manifestations were frauds, none genuine but trance speaking, that being magnetism only. Said he was the father of magnetism. A. J. Davis, the first trance medium, being a subject for Spiritualism of his, therefore he was the father of the great delusion, Spiritualism. After rambling around and relating all he could that was ridiculous about mediums, he called by a snake that was crawling over the country, bringing destruction and demoralization with it. No sound philosophy, no reasonable argument, was brought forth to expose Spiritualism.

Mr. Potter replied to him, by bringing philosophical arguments that were perfectly reasonable; using strong argument, instead of mimicry; good philosophy, instead of ridicule and nonsense. He did not try to follow him in all his ramblings, but took up the points where there was any argument used, explaining them intelligently and satisfactorily, reminding him of his remark that he was the father of Spiritualism, and Spiritualism being a snake, he of course must be the head of the snake, as the father is acknowledged to be the head of the family. Prof. Grimes interrupted many times, but did not succeed in breaking down the influence. Mr. Potter carried his side of the question in a very intelligent manner. So ended the first discussion.

The Professor, not meeting with as good success as he wished in regard to his lectures, wanted to get up some excitement; so he challenged him again for discussion, Mr. Potter replying, that if he would have a time specified and no one allowed to interrupt, he was willing. A clairvoyant being engaged to give tests of a spiritual character, the night was concluded upon, arrangements were made to have a person to act as a Moderator, choosing a committee to question the truthfulness of the test medium, etc., an account of which I will give you, showing how thoroughly opposers will test mediums when an opportunity is offered.

Rev. Eli Ballou was appointed Chairman of the meeting, and on the evening of the 18th the second discussion came off. Half an hour was allotted to each speaker.—Mr. Potter commencing with an explanation of the Phenomenal and Philosophical part of Spiritualism; Prof. Grimes taking the same allying argument he used the previous evening. The discussion continued for about two hours, each carrying his argument as far as possible. The audience was large, and entire satisfaction seemed to prevail.

After the discussion was ended, the clairvoyant was called upon. Miss Fannie V. Kelton being the medium, controlled by the spirit of an Indian, gave an accurate description of half a dozen spirits. The committee chosen, consisted of an Orthodox, a Universalist, and a Spiritualist, when called upon to test the medium, they asked to be excused, therefore there was no committee to act, and individuals who had spirits described for them, did not see fit to question the influence, in order to prove their identity; fearful, we suppose, of proving them to be such. Among the spirits described, was a daughter of the Chairman, giving her name; but no welcome was given her by her father; no questions asked to prove that it was his daughter, and yet, the reverend gentleman saw fit to publish a very outlying account in his paper (the Christian Repository) of the discussion. He says, "We know not how it appeared to others, but to us it seemed that Mr. Potter undertook to beg the question by assuming it as a fact that the spirits of the departed have and do communicate with the living, and adapted his philosophy to suit this case. He certainly advanced no proof that spirits do communicate. Mr. Grimes had really nothing tangible to reply to, unless it was Mr. Potter's speculative philosophy. Miss Kelton, the medium, may have believed herself inspired, but we saw nothing in her to convince us of the truth of Spiritualism. It seemed an entire failure on the part of Mr. Potter, so far as proving the truth of Spiritualism is concerned, though he said many good and true things."

Now, if Brother Ballou feels justified in the course he has taken, we have nothing to say; but to us it is very unjust in him to assert that Mr. Potter begged the question. If a man is challenged to discuss any subject, and accepts the challenge, it does not prove him a beggar; and what Brother Ballou intended to convey by assuming it to be a speculative philosophy, we are also ignorant. Mr. Potter has a right to say that spirits can and do communicate with mortals. If truth is speculative, then the argument which he used is, and in no other light can it be made so.

In regard to the test medium, I know of no way that the Chairman could be convinced she was inspired, unless he made an effort for the same; but to remain silent, when your spirit friends are described, shows plainly that it is fear of the public, or fear that it is not sufficiently speculative, that causes many to remain silent. If there was a failure at all, it was on the part of the Chairman in not testing the spirit, and of the committee in being excused; and no small share of the blame falls upon the Spiritualists present. If the committee would not act, another committee should have been appointed.

If I have spoken plainly in this article, I feel justified in doing so. Spiritualism has received no injury, but good will be the result. Yours for justice, Mrs. A. W. TANNEN.

Montpelier, Vt., Nov. 25, 1862.

Obituary Notices.

HOME OF THE ANGELS.—HARRIS BROS., only daughter of JAMES H. and MARY L. FULMER, aged 8 years 8 months and 2 days, passed on to the Summer Land, from the residence of her parents in Cambridgeport, November 18, 1862.

It seems as though the purest and loveliest flowers of earth were covered by Heaven; for in the morning of their youth and purity, when they were just budding into promise—filling our hearts with hope—they are drawn away to the Home of the Angels, leaving our wounded hearts to be soothed by the heavenly aroma of their brief earth-existence—which, like the ascending prayers of angels, is ever blessing us.

Darling little HARRIS was one of those brilliant meteors that flash upon us with heavenly lustre, winning our deepest affection—both finding earth too cold and uncongenial for delicate and sensitive natures, fly back to the Summer Land, and make even Heaven pleasanter by their presence. Her expanding mind seemed to delight in obtaining all the light she could of the angel-world. For one of her age, she was far advanced in mental knowledge. She was always cheerful and happy. Her intuitive and perceptive faculties were developing rapidly. She was a beloved scholar and won the esteem of all her schoolmates by her kind and gentle disposition.

When her parents became alarmed and expressed fears that her disease would prove fatal, she replied to them with firmness and composure, "I am the most devout divine. 'Have faith in God.' He can cure me, but you can't." Blessed angel! we all mourn the departure of so rare a gem from our midst.

"Weep, oh sorrow-stricken mother!
Crush not back the tears that start;
Weep, and father! do not smother
Love's out-gushings: tears impart
Peace—gentler than all other,
Sweetest balm for Sorrow's smart."

Though your Hattie is in Heaven,
Still your tears are not amiss—
They are but sweet tributes given
To her worth and loveliness;
Let them fall like dew-drops
On Love's drooping flowers of bliss.
She is happy! Life is sweeter
To her now than e'er before.
Time speeds on, you soon shall meet her
On the fadeless spirit shore;
Hope and wait, you soon shall greet her
Where 'good by' is heard no more."

Doston, Nov. 24, 1862. L. B. W.

In Attleboro', on the 19th of November, ISAAC R. BURCHARD, aged 33 years, left the warm garments of mortality, and sought the heavenly shores, to enlist in that army where love instead of vengeance is the watchword. He was a soldier in the Massachusetts 7th Regiment, Company C; was sick, and suffered long, long weeks in a hospital at Fortress Monroe, but was finally allowed to come home just three weeks before his decease, so that a mother's prayers and a sister's tears could be mingled beside his dying bed. Two younger brothers in soldier-dress were present at the funeral, and followed the body to the grave. I can only say, God help them; and may angels be comforted; and may the mother and sisters be comforted with a knowledge of his spiritual presence with them, and encouraged with the fond hope of a safe return of the remaining sons and brothers.

Taunton, Nov. 24, 1862. M. S. TOWNSEND.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYCEUM CHURCH, LYCEUM HALL, TOWNSEND STREET, (opposite head of School street).—Meetings are held every Sunday by the Society of Spiritualists, at 2:45 and 7:15 P. M. Address: Lectures engaged—J. S. Loveland, Dec. 7 and 14; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Dec. 21 and 28.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROADFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—The Spiritual Conference meets every Tuesday evening, at 7:15 o'clock.

MARLBOROUGH.—Meetings are held in Barrett's new Hall, Speakers engaged—N. Frank White, Dec. 7 and 14; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Dec. 21 and 28.

TAUNTON.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall, every Sabbath afternoon and evening. The following speakers are engaged—Hon. Warren Chase, in Dec.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city have removed from West Hill where they have so long met to the city hall, corner of Central and Merrimack streets, where they will continue their Sunday services, afternoon and evening, at 2:45 and 7:15 P. M. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Dec. 7 and 14; Mrs. A. P. Thompson, Dec. 21 and 28; Mrs. Laura DeForest Jones, Jan. 4 and 11; Mrs. A. A. Currier, Jan. 18 and 25; Mrs. A. E. Simmons, Feb. 1 and 8; Mrs. E. Annie Kingsbury, Dec. 15 and 22; Miss Lizzie Doten, March 1 and 8.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Sons of Temperance Hall, on Congress, between Oak and Green streets. Conference in the forenoon, Lectures afternoon and evening, at 2:45 and 7:15 P. M. Speakers engaged—J. S. Loveland, Dec. 7 and 14; Mrs. A. P. Thompson, Dec. 21 and 28; Mrs. Laura DeForest Jones, Jan. 4 and 11; Mrs. A. A. Currier, Jan. 18 and 25; Mrs. A. E. Simmons, Feb. 1 and 8; Mrs. E. Annie Kingsbury, Dec. 15 and 22; Miss Lizzie Doten, March 1 and 8.

PAIDYVILLE.—Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. S. Townsend during Nov. Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury for Dec.; Warren Chase for January.

LIST OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are requested to call attention to the BANNER. Lecturers will be careful to give notice of any change of their arrangements, in order that our list may be kept as correct as possible.

J. S. LOVELAND, will speak in Boston, Dec. 7 and 14. Address, care of Mrs. F. Davis Smith, 14 Broadfield street, Boston.

MISS LIZZIE DOTEN will lecture in Philadelphia through Dec. Address, care of Banner of Light.

MISS EMMA HARDINGTON will lecture in Springfield, Mass., in January. Address, care of Mrs. Marsh, 14 Broadfield street, Boston.

H. B. STORRS, Inspirational speaker, may be secured for Sundays in this vicinity, by addressing him at 80 Pleasant street, Boston.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND will speak in Quincy, Mass., Dec. 7 and 14; in Marlborough, Dec. 21 and 28; in Randolph, Jan. 4 and 11; in Boston, Jan. 18 and 25; in Philadelphia, Pa., in May.

N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Marlborough, Dec. 7 and 14; in Quincy, Dec. 21 and 28; in Taunton, Jan. 4 and 11; Putnam, Conn., during Feb.; Philadelphia in March.

WARREN CHASE speaks in Taunton, four Sundays in January, in Providence, R. I., during January. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

Dr. JAMES COOPER, Bellefontaine, Ohio, will speak at Anderson, Dec. 1; Mechanicville, Dec. 2 and 3; Oakdale, and 5; Greenboro, 6 and 7. Subscriptions taken for the Banner, and books for sale.

A. H. DAVIS has returned from his lecturing tour to his home in Taunton, Mass., and will answer calls to lecture on the Sabbath, for a month or two, at any place within thirty or forty miles of Boston. Address as above.

MISS EMMA HARRINGTON will lecture three months in Bangor, Me., commencing Nov. 16, and continuing until Feb. 18, 1863. Those wishing to engage her services week evenings, or Sundays after that date, can address her there.

Mrs. S. A. HORTON will speak in South Reading Vt., Dec. 7; in Huntington, Dec. 14.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will speak in Portland, Me., Dec. 7 and 14; North Haverhill, N. H., Dec. 21 and 28. Address, box 815, Lowell, Mass.

Miss M. A. BAKER, trance speaker, will lecture in Somers, Conn., Dec. 21 and 28; in Stafford, Conn., Jan. 4 and 11. Will answer calls to lecture during the winter. Address at New Haven, care of George Beckwith, Reference, H. B. Storrs, Boston.

CHARLES H. HAYES will speak in Bradley, December 7 and 14; in Kankakee, December 31; in Bradford, Dec. 28; in Exeter, the first Sunday in January, 1863. Address as above or Livermore Falls, Me.

LEO MILLER will speak in Springfield, Mass., the four Sundays in Dec.; in Putnam, Conn., the two first Sundays in Jan.; in Taunton, Mass., the two first Sundays in Feb. Mr. Miller will make engagements in New England for the last of Jan., and the last of Feb., also through the month of March. Address as above, or Springfield, Mass.

Mrs. M. M. WOOD (formerly Mrs. Macomber), West Killing, Mass., will speak in Cambridge, N. H., Dec. 14.

Mrs. A. P. THOMPSON will speak in Cambridge, N. H., Dec. 14.

Mrs. S. A. KINGSBURY will speak in Providence, R. I., during Dec. 14, 21, 28, and 31. Address accordingly.

Mrs. LADY DUFFIELD Gordon will lecture in Portland, Me., during Nov. and Dec. Address, care of box 438, at Lowell, Mass., Jan. 4 and 11; at Providence, R. I., during Feb., address as above.

W. E. FLETCHER, trance speaker, will lecture in Clyde, O., Nov. 30; Cleveland, O., Dec. 7. Will speak week evenings in vicinity of Sunday appointments. Address accordingly. Mrs. S. A. O'Connell can be addressed at Newburyport, Mass., until further notice.

W. E. FLETCHER will speak in Camden, Me., the four Sabbath days of December. Address, Box 505, Bangor, Me.

J. M. ALLEN, N. W. Bridgewater, Mass., Inspirational Speaker, will answer calls to lecture in Plymouth and adjoining counties.

Mrs. SARAH HELEN MATTHEWS, of Lowell, Mass., will receive calls to lecture in the Western part of New Hampshire, or Southern and Central Vermont. Address East Westmoreland, N. H.

GEO. A. FAIRBANK, of Dover, Me., Trance Medium, will speak to the friends of Spiritualism, in towns in the vicinity of his home, occasionally, if the friends of the cause request, for two or three months, or till further notice.

Mrs. and Mrs. H. M. MILLER will answer calls to lecture on the Principles of General Reform, anywhere in Pennsylvania or New York. Also, attend funerals, if desired. Address, 314 N. 7th St., care of Wm. B. Hatch, or Allegheny, Bradford Co., Penn.

Mrs. S. E. WARRNER will answer calls to lecture abroad two Sundays in each month. Is engaged the remainder of the time in Berlin and Osnabr. Post office address, box 14, Berlin, Wisconsin.

Mrs. C. M. BROWN will be addressed till further notice, care of T. J. Freeman, Esq., Milwaukee, Wis.

ONAS T. LARSEN's address for a few weeks is Ledyard, Conn. He will receive calls to lecture in the neighboring towns.

M. A. HUNTER, M. D., will receive calls to lecture, Address, box 800, Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. FANNIE BURNHAM, Trance Medium, may be addressed at Worcester, Mass., care of James Dudley.

E. WHITFIELD is lecturing on Geology and General Reform. Address for the Fall and Winter, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Dr. H. F. GARDNER, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, will answer calls to lecture.

F. L. WADSWORTH, care of A. J. Davis & Co., 274 Canal street, N. Y.

Miss D. ANNA RYDER, 40 Hudson street, Boston.

L. JUDY PARKER, Boston, care of Bela Marsh.

Dr. E. L. LYON, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. MARY A. ROCKWELL, Chelsea, Mass.

Mrs. SARAH A. RYDER, 57 South St., Cambridge, Mass.

Rev. GEORGE F. RYDER, Fall River, Mass.

Mrs. J. B. RYDER, Taunton, Mass.

J. B. RYDER, Hopedale, Mass.

Wm. F. WHELAN, the trance speaker, Athol Depot, Mass.

Wm. F. GERRARD, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. N. S. GREENLEAF, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. J. FURZER, Hanson, Plymouth Co., Mass.

FREDERICK ROBINSON, Marlborough, Mass.

Mrs. E. A. BURNHAM, Boston, N. Y.

J. J. LOORE, Greenwood, Mass.

Mrs. M. S. KENNEDY, Lawrence, Mass.

F. T. LARSEN, Lawrence, Mass.

Mrs. E. A. BURNHAM, Boston, Mass.

Rev. M. TAYLOR, Stockton, Me.

Mrs. OLIVION HUTCHINGS, Milford, N. H.