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### JASMINE; OR, THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER XVII.

"The Land of the Green and the Palm."  
"The pure, open, prosperous love,  
That pledged below and sealed above—  
Grows in the world's approving eye,  
In friendship's smile, and home's caress,  
Collecting all the heart's sweet ties,  
Into one knot of happiness." MOORE.

"Fame was thy gift from others; but for her  
To whom the wide world held that only spot,  
She loved thee!" MRS. HEMANS.  
My Tropic home!—my mountain-guarded sanctuary,  
close by the ever-hymning sea! Chained was the life  
I led there—the monotonously blissful life of three  
years. There I forgot my sorrows, and steeped my  
heart in the sweet honey-dew of household love. For-  
getting all, even the chilling prophesy of Boston, or  
remembering only with a dreamy regret all save my  
father's happy death, I breathed in the inspiring  
ocean air, and reposed securely in that dream-life  
whose realization so far exceeded my most aspiring  
hopes.

Rare vistas of the heaven-life are awarded to earth's  
patiently awaiting ones; inspirations, fraught with  
the glorious revelations of the immortal worlds. The  
fully wedded hearts, whose spirit-union was now ac-  
knowledged to the world, enjoyed those glimpses of  
harmonious life attained to only by the "pure in  
heart."

And those linked hands led me gently and lovingly  
up the spiritual heights of aspiration, along the se-  
questered valleys of holy contemplation to the shrines  
of Thought, to the beacon faces of interior illumina-  
tion. Almost all of what is now termed the spiritual  
philosophy was known and accepted by my mother  
and Clarence May.

In those charmed days not a lingering shadow of  
sadness obscured the blissful light-heartedness of  
youth, except when, dwelling on the sorrows and  
manifold forms of suffering in the world without, I  
wept for the homeless, the outcast and the oppressed,  
seeking from afar to relieve them, inasmuch as the  
power was allotted me.

There is a magical, recuperative power in love and  
happiness. My mother's delicate, sylph-like form  
rounded out into a beautiful symmetry; gleams of  
mirthfulness sped from her lustrous eyes; her lip  
curved with perpetual smiles; her cheeks glowed fresh-  
ly fair as those of a young girl; sunshine irradiated her  
face; she seemed an incarnate Muse, a spirit of poetry  
and music; the inspired priestess of a nobler era of the  
world. And I, looking upon her with an admiration  
of affection that was intense worship, deemed this  
happiness lasting. It was, for them; but for me,  
alas!

It was a special and beautiful training my spirit re-  
ceived beneath her ministrations of beauty and soli-  
tude. Each day I learnt more and more to reverence  
the soul-attributes of him my heart and lips named  
"father." In Clarence May the childlike simplicity  
of heart was united to the unostentatious grandeur of  
a cultivated intellect; the clear, steady light of philo-  
sophy beamed from the fardelate altar of a pure reli-  
gion. Love to him was the attendant guide of Wis-  
dom, their ministry was one; benevolence, world-wide  
patronage. Christ-like charity dwelt in his soul. And  
when to the fruition of his heart-hopes was added the  
laurel branch of Fame, he accepted the world's meed  
humbly, yet with that innate dignity that received its  
due. Content, in the retirement of home, to write, la-  
bor, and live for the elevation of his fellow-men.

That home of Eden like repose I how indelibly are  
its varying features of beauty impressed upon my  
mind and heart! Let me linger awhile amid its heav-  
enly calm, for soon I must go hence, amid the storm-  
waves of life! I am dreaming sweetly, in pity dis-  
turb me not.

I have seen homes like ours in the rare glimpses al-  
lotted me of spirit-life and happiness. There, too, the  
most blessed earth rejoices in a multifarious bloom, that is  
never blighted by the wintry winds. As a faint re-  
flection of the untranslatable glories of the upper  
worlds, my Tropic home stood forth, an imperishable  
memory, replete with brilliant hues of beauty, with  
paradise odors, and music-breathings of the ocean  
and the forest world. Like crimson stars the pome-  
granate flowers illumined the leafy shrines of medita-  
tion; the orange-blossoms drooped above the singing  
stream, and reflected in its placid bosom their pure,  
white sweetness and their golden fruit. The pendant  
bananas swayed from beneath protecting fan-like  
leaves of emerald glossiness; the kindly cocoa waved  
its tufted crest; the royally benignant palm returned  
the gracious salutation of the passing winds; in close  
and lavish companionship the fragrant magnoliae  
threw to the breeze its alluring invitation; mingled  
epiphytals from interior forest depths blended  
with the briny and welcome southwest wind. The  
coffee trees bent lowly beneath their wealthy burden  
of snowy flowers and crimson berries; the rose-golden  
guava hung temptingly within reach; the yellow man-  
go dropped over-ripe to the gorgeously enamelled  
ground; the cooling tamarind formed bowers of ver-  
dure; white salubrious lilies, with their foreign eler-  
hood in robes of scarlet, blue, and spangled magni-  
ficence, decked the river banks; and unnamed floral  
treasures spread like dotted gems before the sight.  
The mysterious mountain heights were crowned with  
purple, veiled in indolent glory-hats of alvered,  
dumple azure, in sunlight that seemed abowering rays  
of diamonds upon the sapphire-bowed sea, whose  
song was forever a lullaby of peace and liberty. All  
life and sensation was spiritualized into a sense of  
serenity, calm, musical, and filled with suggestive  
thought. It was no Tropic dream-life I led; for in

those days I gathered invaluable stores of knowledge.  
I lived upon the shores of intuition, and received the  
messenger-birds of spirit-land, freighted with love-  
tokens from the beyond. I grew out of the narrow  
boundaries of self; I gained individualization, free-  
dom, expansion, peace!

Within doors abode the choicest harmonies. There  
beauty and use walked hand in hand, garlanded by the  
idealizing touch of poetry; there genial coloring, blend-  
ed with music's entrancing spell of worship, grace,  
art, simplicity, smiled on the beholder. The beautifier  
love, ordained every fold of drapery, presided over  
the arrangement of each household detail; religion  
upreared its temple; benevolence had there its conse-  
crated fane.

And I learnt much of the interior laws of being, of  
sacred marriage affinities, indissoluble as the out-  
spoken thoughts of God, made visible in law. And  
there came to me with renewed assurance of a blissful  
certainty, a thought, a dream, a fancy, a cherished  
belief that had been mine from girlhood's dawn,  
namely, that somewhere in the earthly universe, or in  
the limitless spheres of spirit-life, there lived and  
breathed for me my own soul's counterpart, whose in-  
ner being and visible expression was manifested to me  
in glimpses—whom one day I should inevitably meet,  
and meeting recognize. And in that love ordained of  
heaven's immutable law, there would be no coldness  
and no wavering of purposes, no doubt, no fear, for  
each would recognize in the other the heart's half-  
awakened ideal. Instantaneous and gloriously respon-  
sive would be the full flowering of that spirit-love that  
there was no taint of earthliness. This was my theory,  
but I went not into the world for its fulfilment. I  
never sought for its realization. I felt that it would  
come to me unsought, unasked—sent by that Providen-  
tial hand that labors ever for humanity. And so I  
rested, calmly, happily, hopeful of the future, scarcely  
desiring the fruition of a heavenly love upon this  
earth.

And Ralph Fairland?—I smiled in contemptuous  
self-pity for that early mistake. The beautiful growth  
of heart and intellect had long since banished all the  
pains of memory.

And so we lived, we three united hearts; and our  
faithful Anastasia was delighted with the lavish abun-  
dant of Nature in that summer-land. At times in her  
own garrulous way, she declaimed loudly against the  
"uncleanly hot weather, the plaguey mosquitoes, the  
ten thousand creeping things with their innumera-  
ble legs and wings." She had a great horror of bats,  
and always called them "flying nightmares!"

Oh, how gladly would I linger yet awhile in my  
Eden home! But the voice of necessity called me, and  
I must go forth. Ask not of me, indulgent readers of  
this life-history, for an author's due attention to elabo-  
rate details. Quickly as I can must I hasten over the  
details, and portray in the language of a stricken  
heart the renewal of bitterness, grief and trial. I can-  
not conform to established rules of art; I cannot guide  
this pen, impelled of soul-sorrow, to move in measured  
cadence to the utterances of a woe profound. I can  
speak to you only, oh once-tried, crushed hearts! as  
Nature and remembrance bid.

As the summer departed, leaving still every sign of  
its continuous reign upon the ever-verdant landscape,  
a hectic flush, that was not her natural bloom, each  
evening played upon my mother's cheek, and I saw  
that her step was feebler, that a brightness, such as  
dazzled me dwell in her Madonna-eyes. She saw and  
held converse with the angels, and she said they called  
her upward and homeward. She described with a for-  
mid and glowing eloquence the supernal beauties of  
the unseen world.

For awhile I was blinded, bewildered, thinking of  
no possible end to this charmed life of security. Then  
one day fierce, sudden, startling as a fiat of doom, I  
heard a voice within my soul that bade me at once  
"Prepare!"

I knew for what, and the whole future darkened to  
my sight, as half fainting I fell forward in the vine-  
arbor of my silent meditations. The cool leaves  
touched my brow caressingly, the sweet lilies wafted  
to my sense their consoling fragrance; light illumined  
my spirit, I felt God in that supreme hour high upon  
me, his suffering one, and I knew that death implied  
no separation of kindred souls. I wept and prayed,  
and I grew calm, resigned!

At the door leading to her chamber, I met Anasta-  
sia, her honest face clouded with the grief that lay  
heavily upon her heart. She looked at me intently,  
her lips working, and large tear-drops in the sym-  
pathetic eyes. I took her rough hand, and said, in un-  
faltering tones:

"I know all; I know that we shall lose her, but it  
is God's will!"

"Thanks and praise to the Lord of Hosts from ever-  
lasting to everlasting, amen," sobbed the good wo-  
man, pressing me fondly to her heart. "He alone  
can give fortitude and break the waves of trouble.  
You're upheld by the blessed angels, as she is, the  
holy saint!"

And together we ministered unto her cheerfully as  
of yore, manifesting no sorrow in her presence, watch-  
ing the gradual and painless process of a spirit's en-  
franchisement from the clay, with feelings akin to rever-  
ential worship.

And Clarence May? His face was pale, but his eye  
shone, with the, to me, strange lustre of undiminished  
hope and faith. Was he blinded to her condition, or  
did he feel assured of speedy reunion with the idolized  
wife beyond? A new terror overcame me; was I to  
be left desolate, utterly alone upon the earth? One  
day I ventured to speak to him of her departure, of  
my fears, my dread of the future. He answered as  
only could the inspired of God; soothed me, magni-  
fied me into calm, and left me in the hands of the All-  
overruling Providence.

The weeks sped on, and feebler grew the lovely form  
embracing the immortal soul; with supernatural beau-  
ty glowed the virgin face, with the melody of love,  
with the wisdom of the angels, she counselled me,  
prepared me for the inevitable; exhorted me to faith  
and patience; predicted the coming trials; and prophe-  
sied the ultimately gained peace and rest.

She left me one October night, when the moon was  
showering its full golden beams upon the frozen-  
breathing world. The midnight orisons of Nature as-  
cended to the Father, Heart, and with them mingled

the ascended worship of a spirit, freed and glorious!  
Her last words of affection were for me; her last look  
of love for Clarence. A stillness, as that within a  
temple, reigned supreme. It was broken by the sobs  
of the true-hearted Anastasia, by the rapturous voice  
of the bereaved husband, exclaiming, as his eye dilated  
and his extended arms welcomed the glorious vision:

"All hail, my beloved, my arisen one! Blessed  
angels guide her! My Mary, love, send soon the sum-  
mons! I wait and pray!"

The supplication that arose from that chamber of  
death, from those inspired lips, has never been sur-  
passed by mortal eloquence. I heard and understood  
it all, even amid my anguish of loss. I knelt before  
the prophet-lover, the kingly man, and humbly and  
reverently invoked his blessing.

Then he who had prayed so fervently for the redemp-  
tion of the human world from ignorance and sin—he  
who had called upon the ministering beneficent beings  
of other, better realms—who had interceded with a  
gracious, loving Father for the fallen and outcast of  
humanity—he turned to me, the orphaned and the  
sorely-tried, and gave to me a benediction, that, falling  
on my heart like benignant dews of a divine love, has  
blest me even to this day!

We robed her afresh in white, and crowned her  
placid brow with lilies; then, at his paternal com-  
mand, I sought my chamber. He kissed me fondly  
thrice, and said:

"Come as early in the morning as you please, Jas-  
mine; but now leave me here awhile."

I obeyed, and Anastasia followed me, awe-struck and  
silent. We shed no tears that night. Without un-  
dressing, I cast myself upon the bed, she occupying a  
cane-lounge near me. I heard her quick, troubled  
breathing from time to time. With hands folded over  
her breast, the faithful woman slept, while now and  
then her eyelids quivered, and her lips compressed by  
sorrow gave forth a mournful sound, half sigh, half  
moan.

I, too, slept, a strangely interrupted slumber, for I  
stepped forth from the guarded shelter of my dear  
home out into the open sea, and I walked its storm-  
lashed waves with fearless tread, and breasted the sar-  
ge billows, white with their crested foam. I looked  
unshrinkingly into the tempestuous sky. The blind-  
ing lightning flashed over the wide expanse of waters,  
revealing drifting wrecks and wild, triumphant sea-  
birds, that uttered loud, discordant cries. The rolling,  
dashing thunder reverberated from the break moun-  
tains' side, their inaccessible heights, looming from  
afar. The way was long, but at last my feet trod land,  
a verdant, flowery plain, far from my Tropic home-  
stead. There, strange voices welcomed me, and a  
dawning intuition possessed my soul. I saw the white  
dove, symbolized realization of my earliest dreams. It  
nestled to my bosom. I held the myrtle twig of love,  
the olive of peace-victory. Then suddenly my spirit-  
bird plumed restlessly its flight, the myrtle and the  
olive vanished. Before me lay a tollsome ascent,  
steep, thorny, wearisome. I trod the rugged cliffs  
alone. I passed over bridging chasms unaided. I  
slept, weeping, toward the beckoning summit. With  
torn garments, bleeding feet, and heart that pined so  
longingly for rest, I wandered on, and there, in the  
glowering sunshine, lay the pilgrim's goal, the moun-  
tain's top! Azure, rose and golden clouds veiled  
lovingly the home-shelter. From a mistily seen porch  
of flowers emerged the messenger-dove of heaven.  
Unseen the form, the voice of love said, "Welcome,"  
and I knelt in prayer of deliverance and thankfulness,  
and then again I slept.

For a short space of time, I was again within my  
own room, looking upon the angelic sleep of the kind  
attendant. I was in my mother's chamber, watching  
the seraphic smile upon her lips. I was the consoler  
to the sorrow-bowed heart of Clarence May. Then I  
was in England, and stood beside my father's grave  
awhile; then dancing, thronging, jostling shapes and  
mocking eyes, passed in a hurried show before me. I  
saw Catherine Strong performing weird incantations  
before a seething cauldron; Agatha, dressed in bridal  
robes, with ornaments of jet; Mark Callisto's demon  
eyes, and Avulian's glance of malignant triumph.  
Then I was borne invisibly aloft, and the portals of an  
unknown kingdom opened. I saw—But language  
fails me. I was in one of the many thousand cities  
of the angel-dwellers of our God. There was no mate-  
rial pomp or splendor there, but there was an un-  
equalled spiritual prodigality of heart and soul wealth,  
manifested in external forms of beauty. And amid  
the crowned and the bejeweled, the mighty humble and  
the truly great, I saw, resplendent with eternal youth,  
summoned with the spirit's beauty, my own dear moth-  
er, clad in the royal vestments of a consecrated angel-  
hood!

"Miss Jasmine, oh Miss Jasmine, for the dear Lord's  
sake, do wake up! Are you alive, or in a faint?  
For pity—mercy's sake, get up!"

I heard the familiar voice ringing distinctly through  
the veil of slumber. I aroused as from a deep sleep,  
and sprang bewildered to my feet. The trembling  
arms of Anastasia clasped me around. There was a  
white alarm, a frozen terror, on her face.

"What has occurred? what new calamity?" I cried,  
and my first thought was of him, my father, by the  
supreme ties of heart affluence.

"Oh, my child, it's the terrible earth-  
quake!" she cried. "Providence, Holy Saviour, an-  
gels, be with us!"

I knew it then—that fearful visitation of the Trop-  
ics, unfelt for years in that sheltered spot. From afar  
came the hollow, subterranean rumbling, muffled as  
the distant thunder; then the floor swayed beneath  
our feet, and the night-lamp rocked upon the table.  
Loud shrieks issued from the servant's room, and trem-  
bling, desperate voices called wildly piercing on my  
name, on Clarence May, on the dear departed. "Help  
my room burst two frightened negroes, crying,  
"Hiccup! hiccup! hiccup!" (Have mercy,  
Lord! the earthquake!)

I had but one thought, one sense remaining: It was  
to gain my mother's room, to feel the living presence  
of my dear and only protector. Shock succeeded upon  
shock; I heard the crash of falling rafters; I saw wide  
fissures opened in the walls; my head was dizzy, and  
my sight was dim, but, holding steadily the lamp,  
with Anastasia clinging to me, deaf to the extraneous

that brought me to seek for safety in the open air. I  
passed through hall and corridor, until I reached my  
mother's chamber. With shrieks and wild gestures  
and frantic ejaculations the servants fled from the  
house. I entered to find the room shrouded in dark-  
ness, the furniture thrown around in disorder; but I  
stopped not to examine; I bent over my mother's  
couch. There was the same blissful sweetness of re-  
pose upon the unchanged face; the place was filled  
with the holy perfume of lilies; not a fold of drapery  
around the still form was displaced. A smothered cry  
from Anastasia called me from the contemplation of  
the serene peace before me. I turned and looked.  
Before me lay the lifeless figure of Clarence May, with  
folded arms. A heavy beam, fallen from the ceiling,  
had stilled the noble heart-beats, had set the yearning  
spirit free!

Without a word I knelt down and raised his head.  
Very calm and beautiful was the placid face, with the  
eyes closed as in gentlest, sweetest slumber; there  
was a response to my mother's smile upon his lips.  
My faithful attendant wrung her hands and wailed  
aloud, but I could neither weep nor speak. Together  
we removed the weight that had crushed out his life.  
I made no effort to restore him. I knew he had re-  
signed his loved one in the land of souls, that he there  
reigned with her, joint monarch of a heart-realm.  
I sat and watched there till the dawn, unbending  
the repeated earthquake shocks, the cries of alarm  
from without. My faithful, brave Anastasia braved  
death for me.

With the morning light the terrible visitation de-  
parted, having fulfilled its errand of destruction in the  
overthrow of many buildings. In the loss of some val-  
ued lives. Yet had the earthquake's coming been dis-  
vested of much of its former terror, and prayers of  
thankfulness were offered in the churches that day,  
and the image of the protecting Virgin carried in  
stately procession around the town. The excitable  
populace, vehement in their display of joy as of sor-  
row, followed in numbers. My home remained to me.  
In it I sat clothed in desolation, an orphan, by the  
darkened hearth.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### The Hand of Providence.

"My childhood's terror! once again the gleam  
Of those remembered eyes—the nightmare dream  
That haunted me throughout the changing years,  
Thrills deep my heart with dim foreboding fears."

"Bladder meets no regard from noble minds;  
Only the base believe what the base only utter."

There is more a teaching than a healing ministry,  
oh Time! With the concentration of an intense nar-  
row, I never was violently demonstrative of either  
grief or joy. In that land of extremes I passed for one  
cold and heartless, because I gave way to no vehement  
display of sorrow, even when my best beloved ones  
were carried forever from my sight. The curious stran-  
gers that officiously surrounded me knew not of the  
religion that sustained me, the philosophy that  
strengthened. They looked in pitying and contemptu-  
ous wonder on the "heretic girl," little knowing  
that I had so long belonged to their own creed-forms  
I shocked their conventional sense in many ways, and  
added to their religious horror. My mother's earth-  
form, and that of Clarence, her husband, was laid to  
rest in the spot she had chosen for herself—a roman-  
tic, flower-enamelled glen, between the nearest tower-  
ing hills. A plain white stone, with names and date,  
was all that marked the place. No symbol of the re-  
ceived religions of the earth adorned it. Catholics  
and Protestants were alike scandalized that I made no  
effort to have the bodies rest in consecrated ground.  
Just as if there could be one inch of earth unblest of  
God's ministry of life and bloom! Wherever the grass  
grows and the modest wild flowers peep, wherever the  
life of the mineral develops into beauty in its rocky  
bed, there is the consecration of Almighty love; it  
needs no priestly mutterings, no man-made formula,  
to hallow our Father's earth.

Because I lived retired, world-apart within my  
own realm of thought and feeling, they dubbed me  
cold and proud. They deemed me careless of friend-  
ship, because I would not accept its honeyed semblance  
for the brave reality, because I waved back the suit-  
ors, who, my intuitions whispered, sought me only for  
my youth and few physical attractions, or for the sup-  
posed wealth I inherited. These cavaliers deemed me  
insensible to love. Blind moles! they could not see  
that I was soul-wedded to my kindred and aspiring  
spirit, that, abetted by that sovereign affection, I  
shrank from the valled offerings of passion, prefer-  
ring life-long solitude to uncongenial companionship.  
Then, as ever, vowed unto principles, I lost thereby  
the world's meed of popular favor.

Blessed in the sight of judging angels is that reform-  
er, thinker, self-guided one, who wears nobly the man-  
tle of misconception often thrown over sacerdotal  
garments by the unthinking multitude. Better in our  
day is the martyr circle than the crown of worldly fi-  
nestal. You may astonish by strange theories, bewil-  
der by brilliant sophistries, attract by artfully veiled  
appeals to favorite weaknesses and concealment of be-  
setting sins, and thereby win the orator's and the  
writer's meed of ungrudging fame, and its attendant  
golden compensations. But oh, teacher, commissioned  
of sorrow and experience, inspired of uncompromising  
truth, prepare for the evened dart of calumny, the  
storm of opposition, the howlings not alone of outside  
bigotry, but of thine own household, who will cry  
loudest, "Crucify!" when you preach trust, or act  
the best.

I learnt this lesson early; that individualization of  
character and independence of action were spiritual  
aid to holiness, but that in striving for them we must  
sacrifice all, save the approval of our God and our  
conscience. These sweetest consolations remain to us,  
yet how few are strong enough to live with impugned  
motives, branded of the world, yet inviolately pure in  
heaven's dear light!

It is difficult, I grant you, to steer our life-bark safe-  
ly amid the turbulent sea of clerical and conventional  
opposition, to avoid, on the one hand, the shoals and  
quicksands of sophistry, the boundless, seemingly in-  
viting further ocean of perfect freedom, that is but in  
the present a howling waste of conflicting waters, un-  
blest by one haven of true repose. On the other side,  
conservatism looms upon us with its thousand year

old garments and obsolete laws. Pointing to the Mo-  
saic records, it demands "murder for murder"; it en-  
joins the continued slavery of woman; it demands the  
everlasting bondage of the African; it sanctions legal-  
ized adulteries; it smiles upon the tortures of half-bred  
maids, on the unpardonable sin of a degrading mat-  
rality—all in the name of honor, law and custom!

"This Jasmine talks phantasm!" say my readers.  
Ay, and strongly, even so I feel. Let no false shame  
deter any honest, true-hearted woman, in this age,  
from using speech and pen in behalf of the oppressed.  
Let us lend our influence, one and all, to speed the  
"good time coming," when the dawning aeternity of  
sensationalism shall be crushed beneath the virgin foot  
of conquering woman.

I would have you never an out-looker. I would have  
you, oh my sisters, live so truly, purely and so reli-  
giously that unpurged Nature should be your guide.  
Then would you love wisely, mate yourselves under-  
standingly, and become, as you are destined to be, the  
mothers of angels. But while men are attracted so-  
ley by the allurement of the physical, while soul is  
subservient to sense, while young girls seek for love by  
vain parading of their external charms, inducing pas-  
sion, not pure and enduring affection, let no one hope  
for the Millennium! While modest worth and humbly  
telling genius are disregarded in the chase for igno-  
rantly great names, while liberties are welcomed at the mas-  
tron's hearthstone, and the maiden shrinks not from  
the hand-clasp of the sensualist, hope not for a regen-  
erated earth! While, as in Circassia or Georgia, white  
slaves are sold into a marriage bondage, boast not of  
your superior civilization, oh Europe and America!  
While stringent and cruelly unjust laws bind won-  
dering souls in an enforced relation from which the spirit  
shrinks in horror, talk not, I beseech you, of the wild  
away of Christianity! You have made have you deem  
irrevocable; yet the growth of the soul in the knowl-  
edge of its divine, inalienable rights makes pull and  
void your parchment! You say, "What God hath  
put together let no man sunder." Unnecessary waste  
of words! Whatever by immutable law has been ce-  
mented, alone to stone, in the immasurable fields of  
formation, love to love, heart to heart, spirit to its  
eternal counterpart, not all the revolutions of the  
universe can sever. But what man has joined unto  
himself in ignorance of soul needs, in inexplicable  
of physiological and spiritual law, in the blindness of a  
passion-heated fancy, is under the ban of change.  
As the indwelling majesty and power of the Divine,  
most manifest in love, never presided at the conjugal  
benediction, it is annulled—the mere outer form—and  
liberty, the choicest gift of redemption, is the right of  
all.

But you fear the spread of immorality. If such free-  
dom from restraint were allowed, if divorces were  
made easy, how few would remain together. Is it  
even so? Then better for the world that these un-  
usually mortal ones be set at liberty. The eternally  
wedded will not, cannot, avail themselves of your laws.  
They need them not; their rest is found; they would  
not seek it elsewhere if the kingdoms of the earth lay  
at their feet. But to behold the miserable indelicacy,  
the daily discords, the undeveloped offspring of such  
unions, in too fearful a sight! Methinks from the  
angels veil their pure eyes in trembling horror, and  
their divine hearts overflow with immortal pity for the  
wretches of earth.

Am I wandering from my story? Yes, but to some  
purpose, friends.

After the death of my loved ones, I sank into no  
apathetic, idle sorrow. I felt the stirrings of the wo-  
man-nature, inspired by my two guardian immortals,  
impelling me forward into a course of action tending  
to develop my own reasoning powers, and, in a feeble  
measure, lending some aid to the cause of human pro-  
gress.

I went among those of all classes for over a year, and  
almost everywhere I found the monster of discord be-  
side the domestic hearth. I saw that false religious  
views, false training of the female mind, conventional  
morality and obedience to custom, had dwarfed the in-  
tellects and warped the hearts alike of men and  
women.

Among the Catholics forbidden the divorce, what  
tragedies of crime were enacted. Among Protestants,  
what dread of the world's opinion—not of God's jus-  
tice—held supreme sway. I have seen young daugh-  
ters broken-hearted, despairing, pallid, wait from the  
marriage altar with a bated spouse, while in their  
souls dwelt incessantly the image of another, loved and  
lost! And the mammoth whipping parties exulted  
over the decorations of a life with a ghost-like joy.

Then, thoughtless, inexperienced boys, all un-  
taught in spirit, uneducated by sight of discipline,  
have rushed into marriage with a handsome face,  
a sparkling pair of eyes, a spissid mountaineer, and a  
charming voice. A few years of close companionship  
sufficed for entire disenchantment; the chains, once  
of roses, were turned to galling iron. Both yearned  
for freedom, but the voices of public opinion said  
harshly: "No! You have chosen for life; abide by it!"  
as if the poor babes knew aught of life, of real affec-  
tion, then. So, for fear of the world, that most imma-  
culate worth, forsooth, they mutually gnawed their  
fingers, until the seal of degradation was set upon the  
young wife's brow; or the brand of dishonor upon the  
husband's name. She fled with one she loved, or be-  
came to regain his freedom lawfully, in desperation  
took it, and sought home and affection in another  
clime. Adultery, bigamy, elopements—all grew out  
of unjust restrictions; society is accountable for the  
manifold crimes it upholds.

Broken hearts and broken homes, who can number  
them? Victims of lust and Mammon! Desecrated  
homes, where the bridal chamber is not the spiritual  
temple of a chaste and reverent love, but the lazar-  
house framed by legal solemnity for direct torments!  
Dances with the marks of sin, and animalistic un-  
dignities on your faces, with the grasp of all diseases on  
your delicate frames, how pitiful a sight you are in the  
eyes of philanthropic angels! Men, wanting your God-giv-  
ing energies, your brilliant powers, your force of in-  
tellect and charms of will upon the frivolous, sensual  
pursuits, misused pleasures. Women, who draw  
back in horror from contact with the outcast Mag-  
dalen, yet draw and speak in direct appeal to the  
mortal in men. How long, oh how long, will you remain  
thus blinded to your highest interests?

I thought much of this then in my Tropic home; for

I had been taught these things by my angel mother and my wise teacher, Clarence May. Neither of them was by nature thoughtful, given to investigation of the things around me; endowed with quick intuitions; finding no comfort in the customary society, in the stiff etiquette, or meaningless chatter of the fashionable. The usual love-making was my subject; its stereotyped phrases fell unmeaningly on my ear. On the lips, and religiously, or conventionally, cloaked sensualists, I looked with undisturbed contempt. Do you wonder I was called "queer," and "exclusive," "odd" and "strong minded," even then?

Then I did so unconsciously break through those Fashionable omnipotent taboos. I was just what I pleased, said what I thought, and broke through the sluggish calm of conventional life so often. My blessed mother had exalted me the promise that I would not wear mourning; therefore no sable folds of leg-breeches would fall around me. I continued wearing my own simple muslin dresses of softest blue and palest rose; of becoming buff, and snowy white. That horrified the neighbors. "Such an unattractive child! What a sad time the dear lady must have had with her!" Some natural tears I shed, but I persevered in my chosen course.

Yet the dear saint I claimed by the holy name of mother, had been universally respected and beloved. And so was Clarence May. Not yet fully disciplined, not having attained to their heights, I failed in my power of influence. But for interior communion with my loved ones, I was alone indeed.

I discharged some of the servants, contenting myself with a smaller household. That movement brought down on me loud cries of "parsimony," "peevishness," "neatness!" Thus judges the world.

"Miss Jessie, my dearest, best child," said Anastasia, one day. "You would be offended at an old woman's speaking her mind right out, now, will you? I know you're as good as an angel about the right sort of religion, and the best philosophy; and if we lived in the blessed spirit land, I'd give you leave to govern a principality. You've got the right spirit, dear! But we're on earth, a place where meat and potatoes, and corn and vegetables has to be eaten, and first paid for. Now honey, as that dear yellow mulletress used to say, I do n't want to hurt your feelings; we all have our gifts. The good Lord has given you a fine mind, and a good, loving heart, and insight into holy things; but my dear mistress's child, you are ignorant as a baby of sublimity matters and things in general and particular. You don't know honey from treacle, nor cream from skim milk, till you taste it, nor a bu-hel from a pint, dear; nor hops from beans, nor tomatoes from pine apples, while they're growing—"

"Oh, oh, Anastasia, you do exaggerate!" I exclaimed.

"Well, may be I do. In the particular enumeration; but I'm right on essentials, Miss Jessie. You ought to learn about all those things; life is a changing all the time, and I may be called away some time, and as you don't seem inclined to change your condition, why I'll best to know a little of everything. Its unceasingly hot in this cook-stove of a climate! But for all that, you'd better learn to make bread and puddings, both a kettle, and know a potato from a turnip. Miss Jessie!"

I promised a smiling assent, and the dear old woman continued.

"And while I have n't a word to say against your books, do n't get to living so much in them as to forget the every day concerns of life. The best thing I ever knew you to do, Miss Jessie, after compiling the dear master's poems and sketches, was to take the pen yourself. You may be a famous authoress, yet. Won't that be grand! But it is no diminution of a lady's dignity to know when water boils, and when an egg is done. Of course, I would n't let you do drug-ery, but I'm proud of you, my darling, and I want to see you a complete woman, useful in every way. They shan't call you a blue stocking in my hearing. But one word, Miss Jessie, to your old servant and best friend. Are you ever going to marry?"

I was free from the conventional trammels imposed upon my sex, speech and actions. I answered without hesitation:

"I hope I shall, but not until I met my own, my kindred spirit." The eyes of the old woman glistened tenderly. She kissed me and said:

"That's right, and God bless you, dear!"

There was an intuitive tact and delicacy about her, totally wanting in most of my fashionable acquaintances.

So I went through an apprenticeship of domestic training, acquitting myself pretty well; causing at first many a laugh at my awkwardness and queer mistakes to the good, true-hearted woman.

I sometimes thought of selling my home, and going to the United States, whether an irresistible attraction impelled me. But the sight of the place, followed by my mother's presence, by her departure, by my spirit-father's counsel, was too hallowed; and dear to admit of the thought. It remained for circumstances to change the tenor of life, and forcibly eject me thence.

I was in moderately wealthy circumstances, thanks to my departed friend. From the sale of his narrative and poem, he had derived a comfortable income. Fortune smiled upon him since our departure from our native shores.

"Miss Jasmine," said my good companion, one day, a year and a half after the visible departure of my true parents from earth. "I've got a grand piece of news from the old Major-Domo, of the big house opposite. I gabble my Spanish just as it is to him, and he rewards me for attempting his mother tongue, by telling me every piece of scandal within twenty miles of this. But what I have to tell you is n't gossip, but news—bona fide news, my dear. The big house is taken by a family from abroad; mother, daughter, and retinue—big boys, as they say in some places in America. And there is to be a wedding. The lady, daughter, is to marry some aristocrat fellow with a long sounding name; I can't fix the life of me remember their Dona Donna; seems to me they have as many long stringed names as the fools of the royal family everywhere. But, what me, what is the matter? I thought to deliver you, and here you are glum as a snout on duty. Are you getting sorrowful, again, Miss Jessie?"

"Oh, no, dear Anastasia," I replied; "but some how, I did not like your mention of those strangers. I have felt a cold chill run over me, and cannot get aside a disagreeable feeling connected with the idea of their coming."

Most unaccountably I had shuddered, and felt my heart beat violently. Anastasia looked at me with concern.

"You know, dear, I believe in impressions and premonitions as much as any body," she continued; "but I can't see what the new folks coming over there have to do with a chill down your back. They are strangers to you and every body else in town. I do hope you are not getting superstitious or nervous, Miss Jasmine. It's a dreadful thing for ladies, especially young ones, to get nervous. They are a perpetual worry and a torment to themselves and everybody else. I'm afraid you have too much in the east so much salt pickling can't be good for anything but on cambers. Had n't you better leave off sea-bathing for a week or two?"

I laughed, shook my head, and promised to think no more of the coming strangers.

But when they had arrived, and I saw their figures sitting behind the curtains, or occasionally walking in the garden, half concealed by the flowering bushes, the same feeling of oppression returned, and an insatiable curiosity possessed me to look upon their faces. At last, I had seen no male inmate; but soon there

was a host of preparation about the house, and Anastasia told me the wedding was to take place in a week.

I had lived in a sort of peaceful dream-like place the calling home of my loved parents; for besides the interior communion with them, the place had been hallowed by their earthly presence; and there were days and weeks when I could not realize their absence; when methought I sat at the feet of Clarence May, learning wisdom, and felt the touch of his hand, laid in fatherly blessing upon my head. I seemed to feel my mother's arms around me, to hear clear and distinct, her mellow voice.

Then at times, my spirit, calmed and strengthened, rose above the human sorrow and the unavailing regret; and uplifted to the life of realization I saw in transient glimpses of bewildering beauty, the Summer land of Eternity; beheld the mansions "not made with hands," wherein abode my blessed ones. These visions, always well remembered, served as my greatest consolation. It is so great a boon to know and feel our immortality.

"I am so anxious to see the ladies over the way," I said. "I am not usually in the habit of being so interested in strangers, but I absolutely long to know these, and yet I shrink from meeting them face to face."

"Nonsense, Miss Jessie; you know it is the custom of the country for residents to call on strangers. Put on your hat and bonnet; or, let me fix your veil over your head, n'ts *Croco*, and go and call on the ladies, like a nice, good little housekeeper. You live too mewed up, any how. A change will do you good."

I demurred and resisted her pleadings and my own desires for several days. At last, I yielded; and at the usual hour for morning calls, bent my footsteps toward the imposing mansion opposite.

I traversed a spacious garden, and walked through a shady avenue of limes. I went in the hospitably open door, and in the entry, met a smiling, French waiting-woman, who, in her own language, and with many compliments, ushered me into a sumptuously furnished room.

A lavish taste presided there; tables inlaid with marble and pearl; pictures in elaborately gilded frames, veiled by soft folds of gauze; curiously carved and silken covered chairs and ottomans; vases of rare porcelain filled with flowers that exhaled the most pungent odors. Contrary to the custom of the country which admits of no curtains to the wicker work of the windows, folds of white muslin fell from the ceiling to the floor, which was covered with softest matting; the open doors leading to interior apartments were screened by a sea-green drapery of finest lustrous silk. I looked upon the magnificent display in pity for the disappointments awaiting its owners; for the destructive ants of that region, would, I knew, all too soon, destroy those handsome frames, and eat their way through the valuable paintings. I seemed to behold the beautiful mirror, falling from their fastenings, undermined by the silent advances of these insidious foes. I admired all I gazed upon; as I ever did the attractive, the gorgeous even; but there was an unwelcome agitation in my heart. My face, I felt, was pale, and my very lips trembled.

"Do you wish to see the Madame mother, or the young lady Sophia?" asked the French woman in her native tongue. I replied in the same language, to her great joy, telling her that I was a neighbor; that I would see either of the ladies, or both, if they were disengaged.

She launched into a history of her trials with the native ladies who had called upon her mistresses, who could not understand a word of French, though they were so well dressed and *distingue* in appearance. She was so rejoiced to have met with a young lady, who, by her superior polish of manners, and gracious affability, reminded her of her own dear country. With many renewed salutations, seasoned with the sweetest smiles, she asked what name she should take to her ladies.

I went by the name my mother had taken on her marriage. To all intents and purposes, I was the daughter of Clarence May. I gave to all my name, as simple Jasmine May.

"Mademoiselle May," she repeated, and smiling and outgreeting, she left the room.

I waited long, my heart throbbing impatiently. At last, I took up a book and became absorbed in its pages; occasionally I glanced at my watch. An hour elapsed; probably the lady was making a complete toilet. I mentally set her down for a piece of fashionable ineptitude and ill-breeding. I turned again to my book, and was not aware of the presence of any one, until a voice that sent the blood in a surging torrent to my face, said low, and drawlingly, in French:

"Mademoiselle will have the goodness to pardon my long delay. I was occupied with —"

She passed, as I arose and turned toward her. One glance—I saw before me, smiling, appareled with extreme elegance, the tormentor of my childhood—the widow of Herbert Northrup. I stood face to face with Agatha Strong!

She threw back her arms with a piercing shriek. Surprise and indignation held me speechless. As she felt fainting upon a chair, in stalked her grenadier-mother, followed by all the servants of the house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

## SUFFER ON.

FROM A SPIRIT-FATHER TO HIS CHILD.

BY LOUISE T. WHITTIER.

Suffer on, thou poor, tired soul, suffer on;  
Each throb of anguish brings thee nearer rest,  
That calm and quiet rest that speaks of growth,  
And says thou hast not lived in vain.  
Think not that life's no joys for thee,  
For joy is born of sorrow, and thou must feel  
The agony of woe before thou reapest  
The golden grain of joy.  
Long days and nights must intervene  
Between the seed-time and the harvest;  
But the wise husbandman doubts not,  
For well he knows the time will come  
In which to garner up the golden grain  
Shall be his greatest joy.

'Tis no with suffering mortals—those who pray  
To reap that happiness which alone can come  
From suffering.  
Be not weary of days of darkness, and ere as the  
Angel Justice lives, then shalt not suffer  
All these tedious hours of agony in vain.  
O'er all, my suffering child—night does not  
Always last—the morn shall surely come,  
And thy tired soul shall soon find rest.  
Yes, daughter, I am still thy father,  
And from the summer-land  
Will watch thy every thought and wish.  
The cold, dark world has never known thee,  
Nor ever will; 't was vain to ask it;  
Yes, worse than vain; but seek to know thyself,  
And no relate thy every act to those around thee,  
As to make the most of life, and I will ever be  
Thy own true guardian father.

Whittier, Wm., 1893.

Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or vainly twist it in the soil, and a scathed and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come. How forcibly does this beautiful figure teach the lesson of giving right instead of wrong tendencies to the mind.

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KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORVILLE.

BY DEAN RUEL.

The night winds sigh amid the pine  
That o'er Fort Miller wave,  
And answering voices from their shrines  
Sing round a warrior's grave—  
A grave that "neath their friendly shade  
By loving hands was lately made  
For one who gave  
His life to save

The liberty he worshiped more  
Than wealth or fame or lofty love.

The wild waves sob along the beach,  
And sing a sad farewell  
To one who knew their mellow speech,  
And loved its mellow well.

He slumbers by the river's side,  
Where Hudson's waters softly glide,  
And wind and wave  
Weave o'er his grave  
A requiem meet for those who die  
A hero's death for Liberty!

The night dew falls—the evening star  
Bends down its brightening ray,  
And where he sleeps no signs of war  
Greet the dear eyes of day;

But Nature, that he loved so well,  
Weaves round him there her mild, sweet spell;  
And o'er his tomb  
The wild-flowers bloom,  
Bright emblems of the hero's deeds,  
That live in hearts, as flowers in seeds.

Friends linger there with pensive tread,  
And low, that lives through years,  
Of stays to count beside his bed  
Her rosary of tears;  
There friendship's sigh, and love's deep moan,  
To fond hearts now familiar grow.

In mournful speech  
The world might teach  
What sacrifices they make who die  
For God's dear gift of Liberty!

The song-birds know his place of rest,  
And oft with sweeping wing  
They come to build their cunning nest  
Above his grave, and sing,  
And echo voices lingering there  
Send back their anthems on the air.

Till every wire  
Of Nature's lyre  
Trembles quick with strains that seem to bear  
In every note the Hero's Prayer.

The hero's prayer!—the hero's prayer!  
Oh! who his depths can reach?  
What fount of thought or thought or air  
Give his deep meaning speech?

It is a voice on field and flood,  
'T is written there in fire and blood—  
Its words are deeds  
That spring like oaks  
From the heart's soil, with strength to brave  
The threatening terrors of the grave.

Thus prayed the warrior, slumbering now  
Beneath the pine-tree's shade,  
And thus where blood-stained rivers flow  
This sacrifice was made.

In youth, the wayward, winsome art  
Of Freedom won his wealth of heart—  
And where her ray  
Himself he won  
He followed till she crossed the strand  
They call the "German's Father Land."

He saw the towers of Vilnius fade,  
He left the Rhine's green shore,  
And tracked her still, yet still she stayed  
O'er ocean's pearly floor:

Till in our land, our lovely land,  
He saw her smiling vision stand—  
Then peace and rest  
At her behest

Regaled the fears that filled his breast,  
And love, sweet love, became his guest!

He reared for her a sunny rest,  
She cheered his heart the while,  
And while by her his heart was blest,  
Her smile was his smile;

Then, winged with joy, the years went by,  
Till Freedom waked her battle-cry,  
When o'er our land—  
Our lovely land—

War's dread and awful whirlwind broke!  
Then from his rest the hero woke.

Forth to the tented field he went,  
With hope and purpose high,  
Eager to fight, and yet content  
In Freedom's cause to die;

All arts he loved, all lofty lore,  
Yet Liberty he loved still more,  
And when her foes  
Defiant rose,

He followed where her glorious star  
Shone o'er the blood-stained fields of war.

"Stand firm!" "stand firm!" his watchword here,  
In each dread conflict hour,  
Rang with a voice of hope and cheer,  
Through ranks that felt his power.

Thrilled with the words the hero spoke,  
His comrades hailed the battle smoke;  
They stamped the flood  
Of fire and blood.

Nor feared to rush where perils lay,  
While one so dauntless led the way.

Aid the thickest of the fight  
He fell, with face to foes,  
While gleaming on his falling sight  
Our starry banner rose.

He died, died bravely, nobly died  
For Liberty, his youth's bright guide,  
Whom winsome art  
Still in his heart

Waked hopes and dreams of more command  
Than friends, or home, or native land.

He died! he died! and "dust to dust,"  
In grief and tears we say,  
Till life's pale flowers of hope and trust  
Spring from the mouldering clay.

Then upward, where an angel waits  
His coming at the crystal gates,  
We track his light  
His spirit's flight.

To where the heavenly vistas open,  
And Hope and Faith have wider scope.

The priestly rites, the gilded shrine,  
The lights that gleam before,  
Though symbols of the life divine,  
His spirit needs no more.

On earth our faith, though o'er so bright,  
Beams but a taper in the night;

But there, up there,  
In heaven's pure air,  
It burns and glows, till in its light  
The freed soul sings, "There is no night."

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And wind and wave  
Weave o'er his grave  
A requiem meet for those who die  
A hero's death for Liberty!

The night dew falls—the evening star  
Bends down its brightening ray,  
And where he sleeps no signs of war  
Greet the dear eyes of day;

But Nature, that he loved so well,  
Weaves round him there her mild, sweet spell;  
And o'er his tomb  
The wild-flowers bloom,  
Bright emblems of the hero's deeds,  
That live in hearts, as flowers in seeds.

Friends linger there with pensive tread,  
And low, that lives through years,  
Of stays to count beside his bed  
Her rosary of tears;  
There friendship's sigh, and love's deep moan,  
To fond hearts now familiar grow.

In mournful speech  
The world might teach  
What sacrifices they make who die  
For God's dear gift of Liberty!

The song-birds know his place of rest,  
And oft with sweeping wing  
They come to build their cunning nest  
Above his grave, and sing,  
And echo voices lingering there  
Send back their anthems on the air.

Till every wire  
Of Nature's lyre  
Trembles quick with strains that seem to bear  
In every note the Hero's Prayer.

The hero's prayer!—the hero's prayer!  
Oh! who his depths can reach?  
What fount of thought or thought or air  
Give his deep meaning speech?

It is a voice on field and flood,  
'T is written there in fire and blood—  
Its words are deeds  
That spring like oaks  
From the heart's soil, with strength to brave  
The threatening terrors of the grave.

Thus prayed the warrior, slumbering now  
Beneath the pine-tree's shade,  
And thus where blood-stained rivers flow  
This sacrifice was made.

In youth, the wayward, winsome art  
Of Freedom won his wealth of heart—  
And where her ray  
Himself he won  
He followed till she crossed the strand  
They call the "German's Father Land."

He saw the towers of Vilnius fade,  
He left the Rhine's green shore,  
And tracked her still, yet still she stayed  
O'er ocean's pearly floor:

Till in our land, our lovely land,  
He saw her smiling vision stand—  
Then peace and rest  
At her behest

Regaled the fears that filled his breast,  
And love, sweet love, became his guest!

He reared for her a sunny rest,  
She cheered his heart the while,  
And while by her his heart was blest,  
Her smile was his smile;

Then, winged with joy, the years went by,  
Till Freedom waked her battle-cry,  
When o'er our land—  
Our lovely land—

War's dread and awful whirlwind broke!  
Then from his rest the hero woke.

Forth to the tented field he went,  
With hope and purpose high,  
Eager to fight, and yet content  
In Freedom's cause to die;

All arts he loved, all lofty lore,  
Yet Liberty he loved still more,  
And when her foes  
Defiant rose,

He followed where her glorious star  
Shone o'er the blood-stained fields of war.

"Stand firm!" "stand firm!" his watchword here,  
In each dread conflict hour,  
Rang with a voice of hope and cheer,  
Through ranks that felt his power

suppose, then, that mind can ever be without means for manifestation? May there not be other and yet more refined forms of matter, besides those which are here manifest to our senses, and may not the former exist to the mind as plainly as the latter? Is there not a mental atmosphere, separate and independent of the material? Are your thoughts, and the mind itself, sustained by the same force which causes the blood to flow in our veins? Is it clothed with the same garment? Does it require protection from hunger, cold, thirst and fire?

No! Thought feeds upon all other thought. It arrays itself in robes like unto itself—the garment of its high and holy aspirations! You cannot doubt this, and yet you question whether the mind can continue to manifest itself after the death of the body. Most assuredly it can! And all mind, all spirit, all power, is the result of their constant manifestations. You derive life and activity from the invisible world around you. Deprive human life of that—tear away from the perception of mortals that which the spirit alone understands—the consciousness of communion with superior power and purpose, and you deprive humanity of its spiritual food, you bar the entrance of the spiritual temple, and the mind shrinks into nothingness. Mental sustenance is as necessary to human existence as bodily aliment. Doubt this, if you will, but deprive yourselves in imagination of these resources, and then ask, where would be the mind? If you admit it, then you admit the mind is dependent upon other minds for its natural nourishment, strength and vitalizing atmosphere. And now do you doubt that mind can communicate with mind? The atmosphere of mind is like that of the earth, which is invisible, impalpable, except when in violent motion. How then can you expect mind to have cognizance of mind, except when some palpable thought, some powerful purpose, from that spiritual sphere sweeps across your soul, meets some kindred thought already there, and nerves it to the accomplishment of some holy or heroic purpose? Is there, then, any doubt of your communion with some source of intelligence outside of your self? And yet the skeptic, glorying in the consciousness of material knowledge, heaping science on science, theory on theory, persists in looking into the world of matter for what does not exist there. He complains he cannot find mind here nor there. Why, man! do you expect to see mind, to touch mind, to find it in what is external, visible? Do you suppose that mind can come in contact with mind, except through the intervention of mind?

The materialist tries to find the soul in its sepulchre—to identify the spirit with its mere temporary garments. Man, in his view, is man only because of his outward organizations and lineaments. As well might he say that the clothes you put on and off are your selves. Thus do men erect fantasies, and call them theories, which may be blown down by the next breeze from the ocean of thought and mind. As we have said, the world at large is not skeptical—there is in fact no such thing as infidelity—no really believing that there is no immortality, no absolute thought. Men may argue as they please, present this and that form of *negative proof*, as if it were a refutation of the idea, yet still in the inmost consciousness there is something which says, in tones which cannot be silenced, "I am not dependent upon matter for my existence; I live and move in it, for a time, but I am not of it." The immortal soul possesses a garment of thought and a vehicle of action, which is immortal and absolute, like itself, and thus it possesses the power of manifesting; but where, when and under what circumstances that power is actually exercised, remains for you to judge. Where, pray, would you have the mind exist which could not manifest itself? Are there not any quantity of souls around you always, and are not their voices constantly transmitted to you through the atmosphere of spiritual sense? Do you not, over and anon, listen with intense longing to the vibrations of those heavenly tones, and have you not felt the gentle, guiding touch of a hand which was not mortal? Have you not felt another mind than yours, averting your steps from a wrong direction? Are you not conscious, every day and every hour, of being actuated by some thought not yours, to a course corresponding to no definite purpose of your own, but which has terminated in a palpable act—an expression of some unseen, absolute force of intelligence walking beside you, guiding your footsteps through the very midst of daily life?

The voice of Nature herself is but the utterance of this invisible spiritual agency, which, speeding from land to land, from shore to shore, culminates at last in some grand achievement. What but this unseen power moves the hand of the hero, quickens the brain of the statesman, and informs the imagination of the poet, teaming with a thousand images thus revealed to the unconscious mind? Is not all this evidence of unseen existence? And, deeper still, is not this material life of ours, in its highest significance, but the expression of impalpable mind? Yes. Form is but the grave which encloses the spirit for awhile; it is but an external mold through which we sojourn trace the feebly portrayed lineaments of the immortal tenant. "The natural man," it has been well said, "can not understand the things which belong to the spirit;" but, as sometimes a gleam of sunshine visits a man confined in a dungeon, so bursts in the light of eternity through the crevices of our earthly prison-house. What wonder that the dazzled eyes of reason scarcely comprehend its meaning, or that, in many cases, the transient glimpse is perverted and overshadowed? Were our whole pathway always thus lighted from above, we should soon cease to appreciate, or even to observe the radiance; just as if it were always unclouded daylight, we should never think or speak of day at all.

Remember, then, spirit lives wherever it manifests itself to you, and it manifests itself in every form of life, of thought, of aspiration, which you know the spirit capable of. In what you fail to comprehend, it is only your senses, not the capacities of the spirit, which are at fault; it is only your eye which cannot see, not that immortal radiance which is overcast; it is only your physical brain which is obtuse and sluggish; it is only your earth-bound faculties which are unconscious of the world of thought. You shut out the light, you grope about in the darkness of your dungeon, and you complain that there is no sunshine, because you see it not.

At the conclusion of the discourse, the audience were invited by the speaker to propound miscellaneous questions. Among the answers elicited were the following, several of which, by their aptness and readiness, called forth loud applause:

Ques.—Why is infidelity so prevalent in Germany, the land of great thinkers?

Ans.—Perhaps it is so—perhaps the gentleman is not aware how much or how little infidelity really exists there; and, perhaps, sometimes, the land of great thinkers is not the land of great thought. The greatest master of thought, perhaps, remains unknown. The German school of philosophy is the subtlest, but we doubt very much if it is the greatest.

Q.—Does the longing for immortality prove the fact of immortality, any more than the longing for happiness proves that we are all happy?

A.—Immortality is a truth antecedent to, and independent of man's efforts—happiness a condition which every one would attain to, if he had his own way.

A.—Are war and bloodshed designed by Providence?

A.—The workings of the material universe are evi-

dences of design, because of the harmony observable in all its parts. Humanity possesses in some degree the same advantage. Yet even Nature seems to be at war in all its parts—one portion lives by consuming another, and yet we see, above all that conflict, a great pervading harmony of purpose. War immediately results from the stupidity and ignorance of mankind, and its ultimate issues are only known to the great arbiter of all destinies, physical and mental.

Q.—Do spirits communicate with each other by means of language?

A.—Mortal language is a mere physical, arbitrary condition of material form—but a necessity of external organization. It often fails to express thought. The language of spirit is different. Mind can comprehend mind without the interposition of material organization.

The existence of mind is not proved by the existence of matter, but by its organization, and there is nothing in the latter to prove that man has not always existed. Matter must always have existed.

Q.—What is the sin against the Holy Ghost?

A.—The gentleman has branched from metaphysics to theology. As viewed by theology, our opinion is, that the sin in question consists in nothing; it is purely imaginary; but as the Holy Ghost may be taken to mean the influence of the consciousness of any holy presence upon the individual, the sin against the Holy Spirit must be a sin against man's highest perceptions of what is holy and true, and it can never be forgiven, because the sinner must reap all its consequences.

Q.—What is intuition?

A.—Intuition is another name for reason; but instead of the ordinary process, it is the gift of reasoning rapidly and consequentially without conscious effort; of approaching what is not reached through the senses; of relying upon experience, which, perhaps, reason does not possess, but which is brought to him by the invisible agency of mind.

Q.—Is the soul preexistent?

A.—That which has no beginning has no end; that which has no end has no beginning.

Q.—What is hell?

A.—Hell-fire was used to signify a mode of punishment among the Jews, burning in a certain place outside of Jerusalem. Hence it was applied also to the darkness of mind; the state of moral isolation—which is the consequence of persistent sin.

The spirits being cognizant of a fact, and your physical organization being cognizant of it, are two different things. The spirit may be aware, in fact, it absolutely is, of many things which cannot be transmitted to or through the external organization. Why? Because that organization was not with the spirit when it so existed. This organization will be laid aside, and then the spirit, in its absolute consciousness, will remember all things. It is only because the spirit is encumbered with the material form, that it fails to be cognizant of its preexistence.

A gentleman in the audience objected that all our knowledge came to us only through the senses.

How do you know that? Can you prove it to be so? You might take all the component parts of the human organism, and combine them in exact proportions, and yet you could not make the man of your creation think. Now, it is the same independent intelligence that makes you a thinking being, which makes you capable, through the senses, not of possessing knowledge, but of receiving impressions which the intelligence converts into knowledge. If you really know nothing except through your senses, then you cannot know anything except what has come within the sphere of your actual observation, which you have personally experienced. You do not know that the planets revolve, or that there is such a city as London, unless you have been there. Now upon the same ground that philosophers know absolutely that the matter of the earth must have existed before the earth was made, so do you know that the substance of which thought is composed, must have existed before thought, and this implies the preexistence of the soul.

## Correspondence.

### Places and Persons.—No. 9.

I learned, when a school-boy, that New York was a busy, bustling little town, built upon Manhattan Island. If I remember correctly, it was the home of the red man, and regarded by him as a poor hunting-ground. The Dutch saw in the surrounding waters capital fishing-grounds, so they stole the island and went into the fishing and for business. Subsequently a few wealthy Dutchmen purchased the whole island for twenty-four dollars! They, no doubt, would have made a fine speculation in the trade, had not King James seen fit to annex the island to his kingdom.

At length Young America came along, and after counting loss and profit, concluded there was money to be made out of this fourteen thousand acres of sand and clay, so turning out the British, he went into business on a grand scale. He has built seven miles of wharves and docks, and now has the satisfaction of seeing ships of all nations gathering there. He has, very wisely, left a few vacant lots for parks. Central Park contains eight hundred acres. The primitive beauty, the untrodden grandeur of these grounds render the place a fitting temple—a shrine of beauty—where the lovers of Nature may come and worship. To me the ground seemed holy, because it was free for the poor as for the rich. Here those who have no church, no gardens, no homes, no priests of creeds, may congregate to breathe the fresh air, and read sermons in stones, and

"Your voiceless lips, oh flowers, are living preachers. Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book. Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers. From loneliest nook."

Young America has pulled down the slave market and erected upon its ruins a banking house. Better sell rag notes than human bones and breaking hearts. He has built school houses, churches, theatres, jails, gambling-houses; he has paved the way to heaven by his libraries, asylums and hospitals; he has built fine palaces, paupers' dens, steamboats, war-ships, theological seminaries, and strown Blackwell Island with prisons. He has sent from these schools of crime and Christianity murderers, missionaries, clowns and kings; Vice in satiny robes, and Virtue in rags; Dives doling out scanty charities, and Lazarus waiting for the crumbs the dogs may not eat. But while the prince and peasant, the demon and angel walk the world side by side, it is safe to conclude the Father cares alike for all.

I passed but little time in New York, and saw but few of our people. Sunday morning I went to Dodworth's Hall to hear Mr. Davis speak. His subject, "War of Blood, Brain and Spirit," was listened to with an appreciative audience. Mr. Davis is a fine speaker, and a good orator, yet makes no attempt at oratory. He does not stray away into the bewildering mountains of the sun, leaving his hearers gazing and wondering at the import of his strange words; but he talks to the people as friend to friend. They comprehend him, carry his sermons home, and put them to service.

In the afternoon, Mr. Davis called together the children of the Progressive Lyceum. I have seldom seen so many sweet, happy faces together; never heard so many glad voices overflowing with music and song. Mr. W. B. Barton, the musical director of the Lyceum, deserves great credit for his efforts to develop the musical talent of these sweet children.

I sometimes give God thanks; but for this Lyceum—the gathering together of these precious souls—for the love-teachings—I gave to the "guardians" hearty thanks.

The few friends I met in New York were at Dodworth's Hall. Mrs. Mary F. Davis, not only the "Angel of the House," but the presiding spirit at Dodworth's Hall. She opens the meetings by reading, and in the ministering spirit in the Children's Lyceum. Mrs. Davis is a medium sized woman. She has a compact figure, brown hair, eyes of a blueberry blue. A stranger would say, "In that face there is frankness, honesty, unpretending generosity, and good will to all the world." As a speaker, Mrs. Davis has none of the rhetorical element—none of the "spread-eagleism." She does not imitate; her style is *here*, the thoughts *here*; her words are fitly chosen. Her voice is clear and melodious; her enunciation and pronunciation good.

I met F. L. Wadsworth at the Hall—every one knows him as one of the early pioneers in reform—he has a clear head, a strong heart and willing hands. His long illness has given him a shadowy look, but in spirit he is still strong and hopeful.

"O. M. P." one of the attaches of the Herald of Peace, is a young man of fine culture and good literary attainments. He was educated in an Orthodox school, probably with the hope that the pulpit would be his destination; but somehow he has managed to break theological bonds, and to establish a self-thinking institution. He may have kept inviolate the statute code—may have been ever mindful of the "Sermon on the Mount"—he may have dealt justly by children, women and angels—but with all these human virtues he has done some strange things. He has torn to fragments the creed of Calvin, and demolished the gods of Moses. He has unmasked souls whose hideous deformity sought the covering of fig leaves. It is not safe to pray in his presence, or to have a good or theodolite prayer put into type. He is sure to give the petitions a new rendering—to give them a few extra touches, and so present them that the original proprietors will find the abominable things back in their brains. Cleveland, O. H. F. M. Brown.

### A Voice from among the Mountains.

On the 18th day of Oct., I found myself surrounded by many noble souls, in that little romantic spot called Eden. Though our house of worship was un-furnished, yet the inspiration came to us in just as lofty strains as in the most costly edifice. A brave band to bear the Banner of Truth will hereafter be found in Eden, and with their heroic Captain Scott, and the many lieutenants, with all the privates, form a regiment that will defy the attacks of the enemies of our race: Ignorance and Superstition.

The 23th of October I met with another regiment of brave, patriotic spirits in Troy, but there were rather more enemies in their camp. But I found that some of the noblest and most influential minds there have enlisted in this our glorious cause. They have not much to fear from the weak, undeveloped ones. From thence I went to Hyde Park. Here curiosity called forth some, while a few earnest souls, with our Ed in hand, filled our hall nearly full. Bro. Crane, with his deep, searching mind, has beautifully laid before the people of Hyde Park this harmonical Philosophy; and though they have not listened to public lectures, yet are better prepared to receive the truth when it comes. What an influence one well developed individual may exert upon a community! God bless Bro. Crane for his efforts. Mrs. C. P. Wones.

FROM OSKALOOSA, IOWA.—I discover that my subscription expires with the next number of the BANNER, and I hasten to renew it. I cannot do without the BANNER. Its perusal is one of my great sources of enjoyment. Skeptical from a child upon many of the absurd dogmas of the Orthodox religion, I was amongst the first to grasp at the earliest spiritual phenomena in our country, and most earnestly and anxiously have I watched its advancement up to the present time. I have been a subscriber to the BANNER for several years, and while noting the progress of the beautiful truths it disseminates, and the increase of lecturers all over the country, and especially in many parts of the West, I have waited and hoped that ere this we should be visited here in Iowa. We feel too weak in this place to send for lecturers, but were they to visit us, I feel sure that a good work might be done amongst us. Very many bereaved ones, whose hearts and homes have been made desolate by the ravages of war, would gladly hail the messengers who would assure them that their loved ones not only still live, but can yet communicate with them.

My BANNERS serve a threefold purpose. When read, I send them to my husband in the army, who in turn distributes them amongst the soldiers, thus scattering all the light he can. How I wish I could give pecuniary aid to your excellent paper by sending you a list of new subscribers; but the people here want their interest excited, and some of them are prejudiced, by listening to a good spiritual lecture before they are ready to subscribe for the BANNER. Yours for Truth, P. A. Jones.

Written for the Banner of Light.

TO S. S.

BY A. A. KINGSBURY.

Well, may we love them, the beautiful flowers, Scattered through wildwood and blooming in bowers; Flitting their fragrance from window and tree, Gently they whisper of Heaven to thee. In the still night, and in the morn's clear light, Sweetly they whisper of Heaven to thee.

Tremble their leaves with a deeper delight, As the song-birds soar in the azure bright, And in rich melodies, liquid and free, Carol of Heaven, dear Heaven, to thee. In quivering notes from a thousand throats, Softly they carol of Heaven to thee.

But sweeter than whisper of beautiful flowers, Voices of angels fill all the glad hours. Richer than carol of bright bird can be, Loved ones are talking of Heaven to thee. Thy being they fill with a rapturous thrill, These spirits that whisper of Heaven to thee. Philadelphia, Pa., 1869.

### Passed to Spirit Life.

From Milton, Vt., Oct. 23th, Mr. John Huey, aged 40 years.

He leaves a devoted companion and three lovely children. He was ardently attached to his home and friends, yet when the summons came from beyond the river, saying, "You must go over," he bowed his head in sweet submission (though suffering from that dreaded disease, diphtheria) no grown escaped his lips, for he was upheld by his strong faith in Spiritualism, which robe death of the living, and gave martyr-like endurance to the spirit—and so he passed on without a struggle, and was permitted to see the bright angel hosts that were to lead him heavenward. He will be missed in the neighborhood circle as a healing medium, a good friend, and a honest man.

Will here relate an incident illustrative of his remarkable healing power. While his little son was sick and suffering, he left him for a moment to attend to other cares, and while thus engaged, a power came over him, impressing him that his son would be healed. At the same moment the child sprang upon his feet, saying, "I am well—I am well. See the angels, father! I see they have cured me." The mother of the boy thought her child insane, and went in search of her husband, who met her in the way, saying, "Our boy is well; the power of Christ after the living proof we have to day? Some might say of such an incident, 'Physician, heal thyself!' but why did not Christ say, 'I will be delivered from the hands of mine enemies?' Oh, Constantine! precious jewel, find a place in the soul of humanity." Nov. 9.

Get your enemies to read your works in order to mend them; for your friend is much like yourself that he will judge very much as you do.

### Yearly Meeting of Friends of Progress, AT RICHMOND, INDIANA.

SPROUCHES BY MRS. LAURA CUPPY, GEORGE KATES, DR. JAMES COOPER AND OTHERS.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

Tuesday morning, Oct. 23d, a delegation, respectable in members, left Dayton, Ohio, for the Richmond Convention. A more happy and harmonious company seldom travel together; and as we sped over the track, and left behind us the crowd-bound City of Steeple, we were presented with a free ticket to the magnificent panorama that greeted our view on either side. Mother Nature, ever indulgent and fond of change, had dressed the grand old forests with artistic skill for a fancy ball; while the glad, joyous foliage danced to the merry music of the autumn breeze. But her wayward son, Jack Frost, always bent on mischief, had dipped the rippling corn and crowned it with grey old age. While the wheat fields lay calmly in the distance, clad in tender green, like a "how of promise," inspiring us with confidence and trust, and as an earnest that the seed we were going forth to sow would spring up, and in due time yield an abundant harvest. The rugged rocks, with high arched bays and keen perspectives, looked gravely on, as if trying to divine the cause of all this *frank and free*; but the modest brooklet, teeming with Truth's pure element, murmured a kind approval, and sang the anxious elements into peaceful slumber.

At the Richmond depot we met with responsive hearts and sunny faces from Cincinnati, whose memory will bless us through the long night of our earthly pilgrimages. Thence we were conducted to the pleasant home of Mr. Edwards, where a cheerful fire and an atmosphere of welcome awaited us.

At 3 o'clock P. M., the Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends convened in "Star Hall," and organized by the appointment of Mr. Hill, of Knightstown, President, and Louisa M. Patterson, of Dayton, Ohio, Secretary. The speakers present were Laura Cuppy, Mary Thomas, Dr. Cooper and George Kates.

The President stated in brief the objects and aims of the meeting.

Mr. Samuel Maxwell, of Richmond, moved the appointment of business committees, which suggestion was carried into effect. Mr. Maxwell then read a beautiful extract of a letter from Henry C. Wright.

After a short conference the meeting adjourned.

Friday evening, 7 o'clock, the session opened with music by Harris and Park. Dr. Cooper read a poem, entitled "Old Opinions."

Our minister, Laura Cuppy, then took the rostrum—we regret that we cannot give her admirable lecture in full—and after stating her subject, "The Truths that Spiritualists Believe, but do not teach," she proceeded as follows: As the Spiritual Philosophy comprehends all reforms, rejecting nothing as insignificant, or devoid of interest, that can by any possibility benefit the human race, we desire in this, the opening address, to express upon the subject of human composition, the necessary action with regard to many human wrongs that wait to be redressed. At these Conventions, the laborers in many fields of reform meet together, to impart and receive strength. Your mission is to comfort the afflicted, sustain the weak, strengthen the wavering, lift up the erring, and inspire with fresh courage your co-laborers in the great work of spiritualizing the world. Let this meeting be characterized by the utterance of thoughts so noble, exhortation to lives so sublime, catholic, and comprehensive of all that your divinest aspirations reach out after, that every great soul throughout the world will involuntarily respond to their published expression. But there are truths that Spiritualists believe, and fear to teach, lest their advocacy should bring them into disrepute. They have taken one great step, in throwing off their bondage to old Theology. But, alas! appear to deem this all sufficient. Reformers have ever been too ready to rest satisfied after taking one step in advance, waiting, as it were, for the popular current to glide in their direction, and then follow in its tide, instead of still advancing their motto, "Onward and Upward!" their watchword, "Excelsior!" And this is too much the case with Spiritualists to day. Their beautiful Philosophy, or rather Philosophy, has ceased to call down persecution upon its advocates, to any great extent, and they dread taking other steps in the march of progress, lest the newly-gained tolerance of the world should "take to itself wings and fly away." And as they receive, through their intuitions, new light, and begin to perceive the necessity of reforming many legalized evils, that are eating, like great sores, into the very heart of the social body politic, they either smother these newly-born convictions, or confine their discussion to a *safe* arena, who, like themselves, find a panacea for their awakened conscience, in the assurance that the world is not ready for these things, or the more wretched and somewhat assertion that the Cause would suffer by the promulgation of these unpopular ideas. If the Cause can be injured by the propagation or the utterance of a divine idea, let it be injured, let it fall, and God speed its decay. But, oh! men and women—Reformers, so-called—of the nineteenth century, it is not the Cause, but your own standing in public esteem for which you tremble. And with regard to the flimsy argument that the world is not ready for these things, we ask you, Has the world ever been ready for any great reform? Was the world ready for Calvin, Luther, and the reforms they introduced? Was the American people ready for the abolition of Slavery, when its advocates first agitated the great question? Has the world ever had anything save biases, contempt, and persecution for the world's savior, from Jesus to Theodore Parker? If you wait for the world to be ready for your truth, you will wait till you have passed through the lower schools of earth, and graduated from the universities of the higher life. If you would live out your noblest conceptions of truth, right and justice, you must be willing to continue in the road the martyrs trod; you must wrestle in the Gethsemane of Misapprehension, and be nailed to the cross of Censure and Criticism while you remain on earth. Like Alexander, you must not rest satisfied with a laurel wreath, but push onward in search of new conquests, brave soldiers in the great progressive army, recognizing no such word as *fail*, knowing no desire for rest, while there remains one wrong uncrushed, one evil to destroy.

We need not particularize the truths you believe, but fear to teach; you know only too well what we mean. Fanatics (for these are found clinging to every organization in the world) misrepresent you every day; they do not possess your cowardice, and are destitute of your wisdom and discretion. They seize, therefore, your reformatory ideas, as they are imperfectly expressed by yourselves, and expose what is really good religion to be well spoken of through their blundering rendition of the same. Dare to be true to yourselves, to live out purely and bravely the truth as you perceive it, and leave the issue to Eternal Justice, remembering that the agitation and discussion of great questions must ever precede all reformatory action and the dawn of wisdom.

After being favored with some of Messrs. Harris and Park's finest music, Mr. Kates, by invitation, proceeded to say: I feel a delicacy in presenting a subject before this Convention, against which the *prejudice* of the world has hitherto been paramount to remount a subject that has heretofore been considered contraband. With me it is an axiomatic truth that those who would labor efficiently for the emancipation of mankind, must first elevate themselves to the sublime estate of free men and free women—free to accept of any and every truth that comes to them well attested by their highest reason, and free to live out their highest conceptions of truth and right. "Free Love" has come to be a stench in the nostrils of this hypocritically sanctimonious world, and this for want of a proper understanding of its true significance. Were I to stand here and declare myself a "Free Lover," you would most likely have me from this platform; but when I tell you that I am free to love every man and every woman that has heretofore been received the impression of Deity, you acquiesce. When I tell you that I am free to exercise all the loves that have been implanted in my nature, to the extent of their several capacities, you will agree with me; and when I further say to you that I am free to bestow upon every individual, man or woman, all the love which he or she may be able to call out, you will accord to me the right to do so. But were I to avow myself an advocate of "free love," I should justify your disapprobation. Nature condemns it, therefore I condemn it. It is an attempt to consult the experiences of mankind in laying down rules for human conduct. That experience, if duly considered, will abundantly prove that promiscuous intercourse of the sexes corrupts the body, pollutes the soul and darkens the spirit.

Personal purity is one of the first essential conditions of human progress. But does the present system of marriage favor personal purity? The world has had a large and painful experience in this direction. "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder," say the churches. But I hold that neither legal enactments, nor priestly pronouncements can sanctify which Nature has declared to be unholy. What God has joined together, no man can put asunder, say I. For I hold that true marriage is indivisible, for the reason that perfect satisfaction accrues to each of the parties. Consequently there is no void seeking to be filled from other sources. More than approximate personal purity is impossible to men and women who live in wrong relations to each other. The purest and divinest relationship known to mortals is true marriage. True marriage is consummated when all the loves, senses and forces respectively meet and lovingly blend. The benefits accruing therefrom are commercial in their character, and mutually advantageous in their results. Reciprocity being the governing principle. Those who would enjoy the divinest relationship possible to mortals, must learn to distinguish between the clamors of the blood and the wants of the spirit. The most degrading slavery to which humanity is subject, is slavery to the passions. All marriages which are not true are temporary. Marriages which are divided into three general classes, viz: the true, the approximate, and the false. The benefits accruing from approximate marriages are more or less mutual, but never entirely so, perfect reciprocity being wanting to constitute the marriage a true one. The misery arising from false marriages condemns them as wrong, and therefore they ought to cease. Offspring have even though in rendering obedience thereto, great personal sacrifices should be involved. When the good of offspring demands that parents should continue to reside together, it is righteous for them to do so, assuming the only relationship that Nature has established between them, viz: that of brother and sister. By abandoning the conjugal relation when Nature does not sanction it, much discord will be driven from the household. The meeting then adjourned.

Saturday morning, 9 o'clock.—Conference.—Dr. Cooper read a poem, after which a Resolution on the marriage question was offered, which was discussed by Mr. Kates, Mrs. Cook, Dr. Hill, and others, and laid on the table.

Mrs. Rosa Ward, of Cincinnati, gave a beautiful exhortation to kindness and charity, and urged us to extend a helping hand to the erring. Mrs. Knight, of Dayton, said she considered that the Orthodox hell and the marriage law both grew out of the Bible, and stand side by side, and as Spiritualists have disposed of the one, they will in due time dispose of the other. In other words, it will right itself. Mary Thomas also spoke on this question. Messrs. Harris and Park then gave us the sublime piece of music, "Friends meet with lost ones above." Adjourned to meet at 2 o'clock P. M.

We regret not being able to report in full Dr. Cooper's excellent lecture on the wrongs and false position of the sexes, and the effects that inharmonious marriages and forced maternity have upon offspring. He said: How many hearts cry in agony to day, "If the pursuit of happiness is the main object of life, we must seek to find out what is the cause of unhappiness. The miser with his pence, glowering over it, finds happiness. The child finds its happiness in the direction that suits its turn of mind, as does every individual that is free to act. The Christian Church has a Saviour; but I say that the world will never be redeemed until redeemed by woman. She must arise in her majesty and might, and free herself from the bondage and bondage under which she is now groaning. The slave in the South is free beside her. My profession has brought me to the bedside of the suffering, and my heartfelt sympathy has been for a man, whom I shall always love and respect. The Doctor then brought up in vivid contrast the purity and consideration of the so-called barbarous ages. The women of Sparta were free, and loved their children, because maternity was never forced upon them. What is to be done? Must we see a pauper, insignificant race come into the world, and be silent? Not I, though I be the only man in the world to raise my voice against such gross injustice. Woman has no chance as to the choice of a partner; she must marry for a home, for a position. A true woman, compelled to endure the embrace of a man she loathes, suffers the torments of the damned. Mothers are cured with children, in whose breasts is implanted the germ of love, and who reach out their tiny arms for affection and tenderness, only to find themselves repulsed, and have no real mothers, because forced upon them, while the wretched mothers cannot respond to their demands. The memory of their wrongs, the bitter waters of life, come welling up and poison their domestic peace. And mayhap the periods of gestation have been with the women of toll, misery and want.

Equality would benefit both sexes, and women. The latter are more susceptible and inspirational in their nature, and consequently need more tenderness and love. Let man try the hot kitchen, the wash-tub and the drudgery that the performs, and see how he likes it. We want agitation on this subject to go on until we make it effective. I grant that there are those who are willing to allow each other the rights they claim, of exercising their individuality. During the period of gestation, the mother should be surrounded with flowers and beauty; and love; she should be required to do nothing, but should follow her own inclinations, in order that she may bear the world with happy, harmonious and beautiful children. Public opinion is down upon those that are divorced, but to make the marriage knot as easily untied as it is tied, will do much good in this day, though Spiritualists are not in favor of dissolving the marriage tie on trivial occasions. In my own marriage experience, I have been most happy, as no unkind word or act has ever sullied the waters of my ocean of life. He then read a poem entitled "Happy Love."

Adjourned to 7 o'clock. Saturday evening, 7 o'clock.—After the opening of the session. Laura Cuppy gave a beautiful invocation, and then addressed the meeting on the subject of "Spirit-Inter-course, or the condition of the spirit beyond the grave." She compared the Orthodox views of a future state, with those of the Spiritualistic teachings, and drew a very happy contrast in favor of the latter. The Convention then adjourned until 10 o'clock, Sunday morning.

Morning Conference opened with music—"There's no such thing as Death." Mr. Von Vleck was introduced to the audience, and defined his position in regard to Spiritualism. Said he did not deny its truth, but had detected fraud in some mediums, and mentioned H. Melville Fay, as an instance. Several persons present gave their testimony in reference to that individual, and said that they knew he possessed excellent mediunic qualities, but had detected fraud in him; for what purpose he practiced it they were unable to discover.

Mary Thomas then proceeded to bring forward evidence of the truth of Spiritualism, and also of the benefits arising therefrom.

Sunday afternoon, 2 o'clock.—After reading a poem, Dr. Cooper, by appointment, spoke to a very large audience on "Spiritualism, Ancient and Modern," arguing that so far back as we have any history, we find Spiritualism. That it has existed in all ages of the world. The Brahmins, instead of worshipping hundreds of gods, are worshipping the spirits of great and good men and women, who have lived in different ages of the world, whom they believe at certain times of the moon are permitted to return to earth. They believe there is one God and none other. Their system of religion is founded on that of the Hebrews and Persians. The Hindus believed that the spirits of all men and women come from God, and that when a person dies prematurely, the spirit passes into some flower, and has a chance to enter into some child being born, or live out its life and mission. There is also a class of people called Ascetics, who live in the open air, and in time become clairvoyant and clairaudient, and talk with spirits, and hear music in the flowers. The Egyptians also believe in Spiritualism. Persians believe that a class of spirits that they call genii, control the destinies of the human race. The Hebrew religion is based on Spiritualism. Jews first got the idea of the immortality of the soul from the Hebrews. Jesus was an inspirational, sympathetic, healing, speaking, and clairvoyant medium. Conditions were necessary then, as well as now. Though there is not a word, or line, in the Old Testament that teaches or demonstrates the immortality of their soul, though the stories recorded therein, however unreasonable, are readily accepted as truth by its votaries to-day. While the phenomena of table and chair demonstrations are denounced as the works of the Devil—though Spiritualism has done more for the Bible than all the preachers of the day, Mediators means simply medium. Spiritualists alone can lay down on the bed of death without a fear. Death is in the greatest boon that can be conferred upon the human family. To us it is only change. The question is often asked, What has Spiritualism done? It has convinced thousands of the immortality of the soul, amongst whom are Robert Owen and Dr. Hare men of the finest literary and scientific minds. Through the mediumship and instrumentality of Home the Czar of Russia liberated the serfs. It almost universally makes people happier in this world, and prepares them better for the higher

life. It takes the sting from death, and robs the grave of its victory. Spiritualists have no organization. When they numbered fifty, they had no capital; when they numbered thousands, they had no capital; when they were brigades, they had no brigadiers; and now, when they are in regiments, they have no general.

Music—"Over the River."

Adjourned to Sunday evening, 7 o'clock.

Mrs. Cuppy spoke to a crowded and attentive audience, of "The Condition of the Spirit in the other life."

Mrs. Thomas followed, and met some objections, or rather answered a question asked by a minister. If Spiritualists discard the Bible, how are they able to arrive at any definite conclusion in regard to the future?

The Secretary reported the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of the Convention be tendered to the citizens of Richmond, who have so hospitably entertained the strangers in attendance.

Miss Jordan, of Monroe, attended the meeting, and gave several very satisfactory discourses.

Mrs. Dicks, of Cincinnati, gave many private communications, which secured for her the good wishes and kind remembrance of newly made friends.

As musicians, Messrs. Harris and Park have few superiors; and the Convention is greatly indebted to them, as well as to the energy and perseverance of Mr. Samuel Maxwell, of Richmond, for its decided success.

Thus closed a very interesting annual meeting, which as it swept rapidly by, as "the wings of the morning," left its impress upon the records of time, and its blessing upon the many friends that met there. Like ships at sea, "that land and anchor and are gone," it left its impress upon the hearts of those who were there, and it will be wiser and happier that we have lived and occupied a place on the stage of existence, and acted a part in the Drama of Life.

LOUISA M. PATTERSON.

**New Publications.**

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for December is out with the following list of contents:—The Man without a Country; The Birds of Killingworth; Literary Life in Paris; The Great Air Engine; A Loyal Woman's No; Eugene Delacroix; Sympathetic Lying; Something about Bridges; Internal Structure and Progression of the Glacier; In an Attic; Longfellow; Letter to a Peace Democrat; Reviews and Literary Notices;—Kirk's History of Charles the Bold; Fuller's Good Thoughts in Bad Times; Wendell Phillips's Speeches, Lectures, and Letters; Cullum's Systems of Military Bridges, etc.

The next number of this popular monthly will commence a new volume, which the publishers say will be in no wise inferior to the previous one, for their aim is to advance the high standard already established for it.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for December has the following list of contents: Saint Christopher, with an illustration; Twilight on Sumner, with an illustration; Scenes in the War of 1812, with illustrations; Pictures of the Japanese, with illustrations; Cup-and-Bells—A Novel in ten chapters; William H. Prescott; The Telling Treasure; Light Through Darkness; An Experiment; Overland from St. Paul to Lake Superior; The Small house at Allington; The Gulf; What's in a Name? My Friend Crackthorpe Again; The Ethics of Love; The Rev. Mr. Albany; Job Warner's Christmas; A Woman's Complaint; Monthly Record of Current Events; Editor's Easy Chair; Editor's Drawer; Fashions for December, with illustrations.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY FOR DECEMBER.—Our readers will find the following table of contents of sufficient interest to merit their attention: The Nation; Buckle, Draper, and a Science of History; Diary of Frances Krasinski; The Sleeping Soldier; My Mission; Letter Writing; The Year; The Great American Crisis; Was He Successful? Dead; Reconstruction; Virginia; She Defines her Position; Whiffs from My Meccas; Literary Notices; Editor's Table. Next month this favorite and ably conducted magazine will enter upon its fifth volume. As it is devoted to literature and national policy, it seems almost indispensable to the political, as well as the literary reading world.

THE RUSSIAN BALL; or, The Adventures of Miss Clementina Shoddy, a humorous description in verse, by a New York editor, is a capital satire on Shoddyism. Just issued by Carleton, New York.

**The Organization of the Freedmen.**

So large has become the collection of freed slaves in what was but recently the military department of Gen. Grant, and so pressing are their needs to-day, meetings being held in our large cities for their relief, it has been proposed to organize them for the purposes of labor, thereby offering them what they never enjoyed as a class before, a chance to earn their own living by working for regular wages. On the banks of the Mississippi there are thousands and thousands of black women and children, scattered about in rough camps, under nobody's care or authority, suffering from sickness, exposure, and hunger, and dying in numbers to make one who reads about them start in surprise. Something must yet be done with them, and for them. The nation itself, too, is held responsible for their life and care. Everything has hitherto devolved on the War Department; but they are now becoming so numerous as to make it impracticable for the Department to do anything more. Various plans are proposed respecting these unfortunates, but nothing is yet determined on. The subject is engrossing many of the advanced minds of the nation, and will be an interesting one for some time in the future for us all.

**Correspondence in Brief.**

A correspondent at the West says:

"All appreciate the noble course of the BANNER. You have ever been on the side of right and justice."

A Western friend, on renewing his subscription, says:

"The good time is coming; the Spiritual Philosophy is being eagerly sought for in Wisconsin."

Miss Lottis Small, of Portland, Me., writes that she will enter the Government service as nurse, provided her services are needed and she can go with ladies (volunteers) who are about to start on such a mission of mercy.

Charles A. Hayden, of Maine, in a postscript, says:

"The cause is flourishing in this State; the interest felt in regard to the Spiritual Philosophy was never better than at the present time. Meetings are being held in new places, and speakers have all they can do to answer the calls made upon them for lectures. I am speaking from three to five evenings every week, besides Sundays, and could do more if I were able to."

Phoenician.—I have seen, Mr. Editor, at various times in the Banner and Herald, since this rebellion commenced, prophecies given through mediums from the spirit world, concerning this rebellion. Some were given long before the rebellion commenced, and of this class will transmit you an extract from a prophecy given through the medium powers of Joseph Smith, of the Mormon notoriety, which was published in a little pamphlet called "Pearl of Great Price," by a publisher in Liverpool, England, in 1851. The publisher's name is F. D. Richards, 18 Wilton street. The prophecy was given through Smith in December 25th, 1832. The following is the extract:

"Concerning the wars that will shortly come to pass, beginning at the rebellion of South Carolina, which will eventually terminate in the death and misery of many souls. The days will come that war will be poured upon all nations, beginning at that place; for behold, the Southern States shall be divided against the Northern States, and the Southern States will call on other nations, even the nation of Great Britain, as it is called, and they shall also call upon other nations, in order to defend themselves. And it shall come to pass, after many days, that there shall rise up against their masters, and shall be marshaled and disciplined for war."

Yours, N. B. BURMAN, M. D.  
Lo Hays, Herald Co., N. Y., Nov. 11, 1863.

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the week ending at date.

# Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1863.  
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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

**The South.**

"I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the sun will sink into endless night to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to—

"Wade through slaughter to a throne  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind";

but I have a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I still cherish it. I see one vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north to one unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific; and I see one people and one law, and one language, and one faith, and over all that vast Continent, the home of freedom and refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime."—Extract from John Bright's Speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.

## The Threshold of our Future.

We have many times said that a new order of things is to be established in this country, and that, too, at no distant day: that the State, the Church, and the body of Society was to be thoroughly renovated, and the machinery set going again upon higher and better principles, and by the hands of a purer class of public men than we have had in the past. Much of this has, no doubt, looked dreamy and indistinct to many who would really like to believe it, while others have pooped at the very announcement of such a change, as if it were altogether impossible. Yet they do somehow feel that we have come to the threshold of different and better things in this country, which are to extend until the new influence is spread abroad over the world.

Now, on the least reflection, it is obvious enough to almost any intelligent and penetrating mind, that all this movement and progress is to be produced after the most natural methods, and in a perfectly clear order of events. In the first place, a new class of topics—of larger, broader and profounder import to humanity—is to be brought forward for public discussion; and, in the second place, nothing is plainer than that the introduction of such discussion is to call for a class of minds such as have not hitherto taken any part in public questions. Here is the whole matter in a nutshell. The exigencies of the time naturally push up to the surface a class of questions which could not be reached before, and the very need of meeting and treating them will press so strongly that only men competent to the task will duly make their appearance.

Who supposes, however his wits may happen to be bemuddled with old-fashioned partisanship just now, that we are to be overruled with the same style of party leaders for the next twenty years with those from whom we have suffered for the last two decades of our history? Who professes such a perfect lack of faith in all progress, even under the stimulus of the strongest motives and the most urgent circumstances, that he thinks the Old is never to be born into the New, that there is no result from experience, that years bring no wisdom, and that life is but an empty repetition of customs and habits, generation after generation? It is our belief that very few of the people of this nation would be found willing to prosecute the war for the Union, even for another day, if they thought that the same men, or like minded men, who have fashioned its politics and governed its movements for the greater portion of the last generation, were to be invited to share in either the deliberative or the executive departments of the Government. And why? What is clearly to be inferred from this? Nothing, of course, but the one fact at which we are aiming, and to which we would direct the attention of our readers—that the people have an instinctive faith that these present troubles are but the herald of better things.

We are not destructives. In any sense in which it can be rationally charged; but we are advocates of growth, and believe that it is secured sometimes by violence—because short-sighted and ignorant men combine to resist the operations of growth—and sometimes by more slow, patient, silent and natural processes. However it comes, we are on the watch-towers to welcome its coming. The confusion and temporary chaos has nothing to do with growth itself, nor with progress; that is the result alone of the violent resistance of men, whose passions take them off their feet at times, and render them blind to the proper methods of personal and national advancement.

One by one the new class of public men are making their appearance. The President is a great deal more accessible to higher influences than Presidents have been in these modern days. He is not at the head of a noisy party organization merely, clamorous for spoils alone; but he confesses to the people his dependence upon the Power which rules above his head, and thus inspires the country with a profounder faith both in himself and the source of all his wisdom. When, until now, was a mind like that of Robert Dale Owen at all influential in our politics?—a man who is not afraid to give forth his belief to the world, content to do the good which it is allotted him to perform, in his own way? And we could name a score more of progressive, liberal, and always receptive minds, that are as certainly to mold the future of this nation, and establish for it a new name with posterity, as they are permitted to live. Some are writers, some are talkers, some are men of thought and silence chiefly; but all are wanted, and all will be felt in the future which is opening at our door.

Why will we not, every one, prepare himself to perform his part in the great work that stretches before us, without delay or the farther urging of circum-stances? He who can do even a little is of as great consequence in the night of heaven as he who does the most, if he performs willingly, and with the unabated force of his faculties. It is no work for men to be petty and jealous about. The more heart and soul there is put into it, the better it will speed. The day has dawned already: let us be up and doing.

## Children's Department.

With pleasure we announce to our thousands of readers that we have completed arrangements with Mrs. LOVE M. WILLIS—whose stories for children we published several years ago were so well appreciated—to edit a CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT. She will enter on her duties in this department next week, with an introductory to the children who read the BANNER OF LIGHT; to be followed by a beautiful story entitled, "MARTY AMES; or, The Broken Promise."

## "Peculiar."

Epes Sargent's new novel, which we fully noticed last week, was unexpectedly delayed in the hands of binders, so that dealers were unable to obtain their supply as soon as was expected. It will undoubtedly be on sale by Monday, 29th inst., when we hope to be able to supply all our friends who may desire this exceedingly interesting work. Price, (cloth bound,) \$1.50. Copies sent by mail free on receipt of price. Read in your orders.

## The Sewing Girls.

A leading New York journal comments on the contrast between the scene to be witnessed at the mansion of Secretary Chase, in Washington, on the evening of his daughter's marriage with Gov. Sprague, and another scene in New York, on the same evening, in a public hall where several hundred sewing girls were met to discuss their forlorn condition and petition for an increase of wages. It was a very striking, if not startling contrast, to say no more; and raises reflections of a painful character in every mind. The poor girls who expend the best energies of their lives in sewing at a rate of not more than two dollars a week, need to have justice done them before all others. They are patient under their heavy burdens, generally carrying burdens, too, of which few of our readers have any idea. They are deserving not merely of the pity of the community, but of their aid. That they should be crowded down to starvation prices, when all around looks so plentiful and promising, is a grim satire on our system of social life, which should incite every living man to strive to correct it as soon as possible.

It is said that the sewing girls in this city are talking about holding a mass meeting soon to discuss the matter of asking from their employers an increase of wages. There is certainly need of this, but we hope that employers—at least those who have one spark of humanity and benevolence—will themselves forestall any action of the kind by increasing the wages paid to their overworked and meanly remunerated female employees.

## Gen. Grant's Campaign.

When Gen. Grant took Donelson, it opened the way for him to Southern Tennessee. When he fought and won the bloody battle of Shiloh, he won his way practically to Vicksburg. By the taking of Vicksburg, he opened the entire Mississippi valley to the Federal arms, and put an end to the war in the whole of that vast region. He did as much as one man to cut off the rebellion in the rear, and by hemming in the rebels into the Atlantic States, to compress them into an area where they must fight, without the power of escape. At the head of the large armies he has now in hand in Tennessee, North Alabama, and Northern Georgia, he is preparing now for one more grand movement, without doubt the grandest of all the combinations of the war, which will terminate the fighting virtually on both sides. He probably has it in design to take either Montgomery and Mobile, in connection with our navy, or Augusta. If he does the former, he completely coops up the rebellion by taking possession of the entire Alabama river, allowing nothing to escape; if the former, he has command of the entire Savannah river, together with Savannah, while getting in the rear of Charleston at the same time. This will drive the rebellion from the coast, from the Gulf, from the mountains, and leave nothing but its brains to be beaten out with a single blow at Richmond.

## Cause and Effect.

If the visit of the Russian fleet in our waters has worked no other good effect, it has let an idea into the head of Napoleon which he perhaps did not entertain before. He can now see how easy it is for Russia, by the aid of our ports and shipbuilders and naval constructors, to put upon the ocean with very little delay a first class fleet, in case she should go to war with the Western powers of Europe. Hence he would not affront us, when he sees how very efficient we might become in helping his greatest enemy. On account of this wholesome fear he has ordered the six masts building for the rebels in French waters to be stopped, and given prompt assurance that we should suffer annoyance from nothing of the sort. It was a lucky thing for us that we had so convenient an ally, at just the right time. We played off Russia against France and England to excellent advantage, and made them pull in their horns just when it was of the utmost importance that the rebellion should receive no further word of sympathy or encouragement from outside parties. Diplomacy is powerful, and has proved particularly so in the present case. We cannot be too grateful to the Northern Bear for coming to the rescue at so opportune a time.

## Exchange of Prisoners.

The papers have been publishing the several letters which have passed between the agents of exchange for the United States and the rebels. In the matter of the thirteen thousand unfortunate Union prisoners at present confined in Richmond. It does not appear that any sound and substantial reason exists why our Government should not yield a point to the rebels, rather than permit the poor fellows who belong to their country, to starve and die at Richmond. Grant that the rebels have cheated us in putting paroled prisoners (captured by us) in the field before they were fairly exchanged, according to the terms of the parole, we can only resolve to suffer ourselves to be cheated this once, and be sure and not let them do it again. Had Grant sent North the prisoners captured at Vicksburg, instead of paroling them, by which means the greater part of them were very soon afterwards put into the rebel army again, all this delay and suffering would have been avoided. There has been talk of retaliating for the sufferings of our prisoners in Richmond, by starving as many of their prisoners in our hands; but we hope no such measure will ever be set on foot. It will disgrace us forever in our own sight, and in the eyes of the civilized world.

## The Canada Plot.

From the revelations which we have of the Canada Plot, and especially by the open admissions of the Montreal Advertiser, a Journal in the open interest of Secessionists and refugees, it was the rebel intention, and it had been set on foot by the rebel government in Richmond, to set at liberty the two thousand rebel prisoners now held on Johnson's Island, and escape with them to Canadian territory, and thence to Halifax and home. Doubtless they would have carried out still other intentions; had opportunity offered in the line of burnings and laying waste; it having been reported that they were going to lay Buffalo and Ogdensburg in ashes, besides destroying all the shipping belonging to Americans that they could get hold of. Their pretty plan was fortunately nipped in the bud, thanks to the timely intervention of the Governor-General of Canada, and Lord Lyons at Washington. All these things seem providential. Indeed, we have full faith that they are ordered by the higher powers, and are all working to the end of permanent peace and the healing of the wounds of the nation. At the critical times in the history of this war, we have not failed to observe that the benign powers all worked together on the side of our country.

"THE BANNER is not 'unfaithful to true Spirituality,'" friend Davis, and you do us great wrong when you intimate that it is. What do you mean by publishing 'lengthy tirades' etc. Have you forgotten the confidential conversation we had together previous to the Clark Davis controversy? If you have not, then do deal justly by us. When you even hint that we endorse free-lovelism, you do us great injustice. We have always, on all occasions, repudiated it as *is*, as our columns abundantly testify. Do us justice, friend Davis. This is all we ask. We seek no quarrel. If Spiritualists cannot live in harmony together, with the light and wisdom and truth they have, who possibly can?

In God's name we ask Spiritualists everywhere to work shoulder to shoulder for the advancement of the holy cause in which they are engaged.

## Mr. Beecher's Return.

Mr. Beecher arrived in Boston, from England, on Saturday night, Nov. 14th, and took the cars for New York on Sunday night, arriving home before morning of the next day. He received a public welcome at the hands of his congregation on the Tuesday and Wednesday evenings following. All turned out to greet him. His church, Sabbath school room, lecture room and church parlors were all thrown open, and people admitted by tickets in order to avoid a rush and crowd. The Stereopticon was exhibited in the body of the church, and a fine band discoursed welcome music. The delights consisted in conversation, refreshment, flowers and music. Green letters were secured to the walls, as well as green wreaths and hanging baskets of flowers, with singing birds interspersed. The stranger had a pleasant greeting for every one, and was offered in return expressions of the warmest feeling. This affair caused a good deal of comment at the time in New York. It being the most remarkable and characteristic one that had occurred there in years. Mr. Beecher comes home with a much broader reputation than he took away with him, even if he has not added strength and robustness to his faculties and actual riches to his fame.

## Gen. Banks's Movement.

Our promising Eastern General is doing all that could be expected of him in Eastern Texas, carving his way with the sword as fast as the fates permit. He has threatened Brownsville, on the Rio Grande, so that a conflict of a bloody character took place in the streets of the town upon the approach of his troops, part of the citizens being in favor of burning the place, and part of them being opposed to it. It is probably the lot of Gen. Banks to march across and take military control of Texas, rallying around the old flag the vast numbers of still resolute Union men of that State who are ready even to die for their country, when resistance promises results of a decisive character. We shall watch Banks's career in that far-off section of the country with much interest. He has an excellent element to operate upon and coöperate with, whenever he can reach it; and we look to see the same qualities of character displayed even more conspicuously on this broader field than he had an opportunity to do at home. If he trusts himself to the higher powers, as we have reason to believe he does ever, we look to see him leading the great movements of our national future in the appropriate field to which his capacities will surely assign him.

## Church of England Patronage.

If we would know something of the value of the Church patronage which is at the disposal, or control, of Lord Palmerston, an English paper will inform us that it is a great deal beyond what the most of us ever dreamed of. Lord Palmerston has been Prime Minister during the terms of two ministries, for the space of seven years and a half in all. In this time twenty bishops and archbishops have been promoted at his hands to the rich livings they enjoy. The incomes of these twenty-seven bishops and prelates amount to more than one hundred and fifty thousand pounds; and Lord Palmerston has had the disposal of at least seventy thousand pounds worth of it. The primacy of England and Ireland have both been at his disposal, and on two occasions he has filled the archbishopric of York. His Irish patronage, yearly, has amounted to nearly thirty thousand pounds. It is stated, however, that Palmerston does not enjoy the fat perquisites which were enjoyed by Peel. To recount a list of the incomes, with their sizes and value, which Peel, and Russell, and Aberdeen, and Derby, and Melbourne, and Liverpool, and Wellington, is enough to appal a reader accustomed to read even of the gold miracles yearly performed on the soil of California.

## Rebel Correspondence.

The capture of the rebel steamer R. E. Lee, off Wilmington by Union vessels, has brought to light a mass of correspondence of more than ordinary interest. The packages of correspondence found on board come from influential residents abroad, and addressed to the leading men of the Confederacy, from Davis down, let in more light upon the present condition of their affairs than anything we could ask for from any other quarter. One man, named De Leon, discloses what he styles his "most thoughts" to the rebel President. He tells him just what he thinks about matters and things. He doesn't believe Napoleon is going to do much for them. "God grant," says he, "I may be unduly suspicious and distrustful; and that we may get more substantial aid and comfort from Napoleon than I either hope or expect." Again he says: "I am not a prophet, and may be deceived; but as far as I know and can see, there has been, and is to day, as little real intention of speedy recognition by France as by England." "We are all groping," he adds, "in the dark, at this moment." This is important news to us just now, and should help encourage us to additional effort to bring this matter to an end. It will end, is known to all.

## The Poor Prisoners.

The cry of complaint still goes up from the press, that twelve or thirteen thousand Union prisoners are suffering and dying in the loathsome prisons in and around Richmond, for no other reason—if indeed any can be actually stated—than that a point of etiquette, or veracity, or something of about the same importance, is at issue between the Commissioners of Exchange. It is shameful beyond expression, if it be indeed so. Our Government will never stand excused before the civilized world, nor excused to the popular conscience, if it will tolerate such barbarity as even the possibility of starvation for several thousand unfortunate men, for the fancied advantage it is to gain in the field. There can be no gain by such a practice. Let the Government waive—not yield—the point at issue for a time, and go forward and exchange men for men just so far as they have of our men to exchange for theirs. We are certain that the advantage of numbers is on our side very decidedly. Then let such as remain be argued over, after exchange has been effected, just so far as they will agree to it. We see no reasonable objection to some such course as this, nor have we heard one raised by any journal or individual competent to the giving of reasons at all.

## France and Mexico.

A party is now springing up in French governmental circles—so says a Paris writer—which openly favors the annexation of Mexico to France. The party probably originates with the fact, now being rapidly discovered, that Mexico is not conquered, after all, and that there is no way but to annex, because they cannot conquer. Some of the Paris papers are giving publicity to a correspondence from Mexico, in the course of which it is stated that the truth about the French occupation has been suppressed, for that the whole thing was odious to the great body of the people, who were ready to throw off the yoke when they deemed the opportunity a proper one. It is confidently affirmed that the Emperor sees and feels the difficulty of the Mexican situation. Now that Russia defies him with her diplomatic thunder, and by her friendship with us makes it hazardous for him to come to an open rupture for the sake of befriending the rebels, he hardly knows how to dispose of his Mexican elephant, and stands wishing some one would come along and take it off his hands. Napoleon is hardly "master of the situation."

We call attention to Miss Belle Bond's "The Year" in another column.

## Mrs. Cuppy's Closing Lecture.

On Sunday, Nov. 14th, Mrs. Laura Cuppy gave the closing lecture of her course, at Lyceum Hall, in this city, and considering the dreaching rain storm which prevailed all day and evening, she had large attendance, and all listened with marked attention to her interesting discourses, no doubt feeling themselves fully rewarded for their attendance on so instructive a day. Mrs. C. evidently grew in favor with our people, long her short stop with us, for the more they heard her speak the better they liked and appreciated her. We hope ere long she will pay us another visit, for there are many other places out of Boston where she was expected and would have been warmly welcomed.

"The Ideal and the Real" was the theme of her remarks in the afternoon. She gave some fine reasoning in support of her assertion, that the ideal world was in fact the real world; maintaining that everything in the real world, as it is called, is perishable, while in the ideal world everything is eternal and has an imperishable existence. Among her many illustrations she took the human form, what is generally conceded to be the real; but this was not so, for the form, which only enshrouded the ideal or spirit, was perishable, while the soul—which we could not see, and consequently was ideal—was imperishable, immortal—the real. In her allusions to the works of the great masters of the past and the present, showing how widely different was the ideal pictures formed of them, from reading or examining their works, to that formed after a personal acquaintance with them, she made a very happy point in reference to Charlotte Bronte, who, she said, had lived in obscurity for thirty years, attracting the attention of no one—for her real self was not seen—until she had idealized the world by the brilliant productions of her pen. What glorious ideals were created in the minds of the million. How they yearned to behold the real woman. And yet how great was their disappointment when they saw the plain-looking, unassuming and unassuming Charlotte, modestly shrinking from the world's gaze. And why? Because they only saw the woman-form and not the real woman, for she could only be seen in her writings. They had not the key to open her inner soul. Every thing we behold, in one sense, she said, is immortal—every thing of beauty and design lives forever, for it is an expression of what the designer intended, though not to its fullest extent. It is the inventor's ideal which lives in the future, while the material passes away. What we see in daily life is but a faint idea of the reality within. Thus many pass through life misunderstood because they cannot give expression to the feelings of their souls. Oh mortals, do not be too hasty in passing harsh judgments, but bless your neighbor for what he is, and not condemn him for what he seems, for you see not the real.

This brief review hardly gives the reader an idea of the happy manner in which she handled the subject. In the evening she announced her subject thus: "Prosperity regarded as a barrier to political, social, spiritual and individual progress." After some preliminary remarks, she proceeded to show that man's first and greatest object in life was to obtain property, but after that was accomplished, then came the evil results which generally follow, from the effects of idleness and relaxed energy. After dwelling upon this for awhile, she took up, as a further illustration of her subject, the ancient nations of the Old World, beginning with glorious old Rome, which, she said, prospered all too well; for in her abundant prosperity she forgot her duty to herself and humanity. Now her works of art are but mournful monuments of her departed greatness, and poor, starving mendicants throng her streets.

She proceeded for awhile to hold up to view other contemporary nations who are in a like decaying condition with Rome, only a little more so, and came down to France of the present day, which, with all her apparent greatness, could only keep the Emperor on his throne at the point of the bayonet. She is now retreating, and will ere long be remembered among the great nations that were.

Then, in a voice of earnest import, she exclaimed, England! What is she? An aristocracy, treading like the dust the poor and the weak! Her Queen a mere puppet in the hands of the ministry. She left England by quoting this significant sentence: "A proud spirit exalteth before a fall."

Then bringing her observations nearer home, she descended upon America, asking the pertinent question, "What has prosperity worked out for her?" She then proceeded to give a word-picture of her rapid growth to greatness, prosperity and power, asserting that she had forgotten the simplicity of her early days—the simplicity and truth of her Washington and her supporters—that prosperity had led her to adopt many of the follies and mistakes of the older and decaying nations of the Old World, till she almost lost sight of the simplicity of a Republican government.

She then proceeded in a happy vein, spiced with occasional sarcasm, to show why prosperity was a barrier to religious and individual progress. But we will not attempt to follow her in detail. Her points were clear and well made, showing that in all ages men have been unable to bear too much prosperity, that it was detrimental to their personal good, and stunted their religious growth and spiritual aspirations.

At the close of each lecture, the listeners availed themselves of the opportunity to ask questions, which the speaker answered with great promptness and politeness.

## Adulterated Coffee.

People who buy ground mixtures for coffee, and think they are getting the real article, are worthy of notice. We venture to say that diseases of various kinds are engendered by the use of the stuff sold in our grocery stores as "pure ground coffee." Read the following, coffee drinkers, and you will see at once that what we say has some foundation in truth. The Legislature ought to take this matter in hand, and "salt" it to the bottom. The health of the people should not be tampered with in this way:

"A London Professor lectured recently on adulterations of food. He handed round coffee which was pronounced excellent, then told the audience that it had been regaled with a mixture of bullock's-gall, chaffery, sheep's liver dried, and old coffee-gum. He gave them capital port, too, made of spirit and wine, gum arabic, and burnt sugar."

## Promotion of Col. Shepard.

Our townsman, Col. Isaac F. Shepard, of the Third Maine Regiment, recently stationed in Eastern Louisiana, has received the appointment of Brigadier General of Volunteers. His appointment was strongly recommended by Brig. Gen. T. Kilby Smith, Major General Grant, Steele, Sherman and others; for meritorious military and other distinguished services in the Southwest. Gen. Shepard, after a campaign of over two years' laborious service in the field, obtained a short furlough, and paid Boston a visit last week. His family still reside here, we believe.

## Aid the Government.

Great efforts are being made in all directions to enroll our armies now in the field, and with success. The people are waking up to a sense of their duty, and are moving in earnest. This is right. Aid the Government in every possible way.

## Give us Music.

If the city authorities would employ a few hundred of Music to occasionally play at the different regiments for patriots, we are of the opinion that it would be more good in stirring up the patriotism of the people than anything eastern could say on the subject.

U. Clark in Maine.

U. Clark lectures in Bangor, Sunday, Nov. 20th, and lectures with his magnetic, electrical and spiritual experiments in Bangor, Monday evening, the 20th; Bangor, the 21st; Bangor, Wednesday evening, Dec. 1st; Bangor, Thursday evening, the 2d; Bangor, Friday evening, the 3d; Bangor, Saturday, the 4th; returning to Boston on the 5th.

Miss Lizette Doten

Speaks again in Lyceum Hall, in this city, next Sunday afternoon and evening. Our friends will observe that the time for commencing the meetings is changed an hour earlier. The time now is at 2 1/2 and 7 o'clock precisely.

Missouri Senators.

The Missouri Legislature, last week, elected to the U. S. Senate two radical emancipationists, viz.: B. Gratz Brown, Esq., and Hon. John B. Henderson. Missouri is determined to be a free State.

The Lyceum Societies.

These Societies are becoming very popular, if we may judge by the great numbers who attend them. There was a full attendance on Tuesday evening last, notwithstanding the storm. Another of the series takes place on the 24th inst.

Announcements.

Mrs. E. A. Bliss is to address our Charlestown neighborhood next Sunday.  
Mrs. M. S. Townsend speaks in Milford next Sunday.  
Mrs. C. P. Works is lecturing on the Spiritual Philosophy in Troy, Vt., and vicinity, for the present.  
Dr. L. K. Cooney speaks in Utica, N. Y., Nov. 29th and Dec. 5th.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We are under obligations to Mrs. Louise M. Patterson, of Dayton, Ohio, for the excellent report of the Richmond, Indiana, Convention of Progressive Spiritualists, printed on our third page. The remarks by Mrs. Laura C. Cooper and others, will be read with interest.

Read Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch's lecture on "Existence after death," which will be found on our second page. Also, a lecture by Dr. Child, of Philadelphia, on our eighth page.

"The Spirit's Consciousness in the Spirit-world," is the subject of the remarks of an invisible, made at our public circle. A report will be found on our sixth page.

The prediction that we should have an early and very cold winter, don't seem to be verified heretofore, as we had last week copious rain, followed by extremely mild weather for the time of year.

Typhoid fever is prevalent in New Haven, Ct., among the returned soldiers there. The N. Y. Evening Post says that the disease was generated in the marshy lands above New Orleans, and is aggravated by a change to a northern climate. To which the editor of the N. Y. Herald of Health replies, that the reason given by the Post is "nonsensical," and adds: "If the authorities will consent, we will send a physician of the Hygienic School to New Haven, whose practice will diminish the mortality from five per day to none at all."

The Emperor Napoleon's speech on the opening of the French Chambers, according to the English papers, means war. Russia understands what Nap. is up to, and is fully prepared for any emergency. "The Ball will open" in Europe by-and-by. God help the poor creatures who are to be sacrificed in consequence.

The Liberator reprints a scurrilous pro-slavery article from the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, headed "The Freed Negroes." Introducing it in the following sharp (but just) language. It is evident from the tone of the Journal of Commerce's remarks that the "Democracy" are dying hard:  
"There is an amount of malice, dissimulation, mendacity, and other features of heartless scoundrelism in the following article, sufficient to stock a penitentiary with felons."

Delicious.—We acknowledge the receipt of a fine lot of fresh smelts, sent us by Mr. George Babcock, of Chelsea.

A man to be eloquent, must be in earnest in what he says.

One of the greatest sins the covetous man practices is to starve his stomach to fill his purse.

By the recent capture of Wilmington, N. C., of the blockade runner Connaught, owned by James A. Seddon, rebel Secretary of War, our Government came in possession of valuable documents; among other papers was one which stated that ex-Mayor Wood, of New York, is going into a joint stock company with a firm, under the name of "Tremaine & Co.," to furnish vessels to run the blockade, and supply the rebels with materials of war.

In families well ordered there is always one firm and sweet temper, which controls without seeming to dictate. The essence of all fine breeding is in the gift of conciliation.

Wrote expressed the belief that a certain miser would take the beam out of his own eye if he knew where he could sell the timber.

Connecticut is celebrated for its bass-wood bams, but New York is rather ahead on spruce wood, for a deputy sheriff in one of its towns posted up the following notice: "Taken on execution, and will be sold at auction on the 24th, one express wagon, one individual full of a lot of spruce logs estimated to make forty-five feet of boards and two calves."

What is everybody doing at the same time? Growing older.

The officials connected with the conscription department of the Government, have finally conceded that conscripts in the late draft who have paid \$300 for exemption, will be exempted from any other draft for three years. The former decision that they would be held liable to the next draft, has been abandoned.

A Genuin Truth.—Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not. [We give this, hoping it may benefit several croakers of our acquaintance.]

Dr. Cummings has selected the year 1867 as the close of the present economy. He believes that the last desperate battle before the end of the world will take place near Jerusalem, between Franco, England and Russia.

John Brough, the Governor elect of Ohio, was educated in a printing office, and was for many years a leading editor in Ohio.

Paraphrase.—William M. Stone, lately elected Governor of Iowa, when studying law, twelve years ago, worked eight hours a day for the purpose of earning money to pay his board and tuition.

Southern.—Seclusion from sunlight is one of the misfortunes of our civilized life. The same cause which makes potato vines white and sickly, when grown in dark cellars, operates to produce the pale, sickly girls that are reared in our parlors. Expose either to the direct rays of the sun, and they begin to show color, health, and strength.

PRE-ADAMITE EVIDENCES.—The editors of the Scientific American have received from California a piece of wood from a tree thirty feet in diameter, the annual rings upon which indicate the age of the tree to be 8,300 years! This leaves the saplings of our ancient friends, Nebuchadnezzar and Socrates, standing out in the cold, and carries our mind back to a period long before Eve ate the stolen fruit from an apple tree, and Adam initiated the tailor's trade by stitching fig leaves into aprons for "self and spouse."—A remarkable petrification of an entire tree was lately discovered in the Baltimore mine, at Wilkesbarre, Penn., by the miners, while blasting for coal. The piece of the trunk taken out weighs five thousand pounds, and still there remain the roots and the top of the tree embedded in the coal. There are also to be found in the same mine, petrifications of the cactus, and other plants, peculiar to a tropical climate.—On Desolation Island, southeast of the Cape of Good Hope, fossil shell fish and whales have been discovered on a mountain two thousand feet above the level of the sea.

If Congress will step in and rectify the abominable blunders of the War Department, two hundred and fifty thousand troops can be raised this winter. There should be a cash bounty of \$500, and the wages of the soldier should be carried to \$20 per month, the same as the Massachusetts Legislature has authorized to be paid to her recruits. Let those who will not go to the War be taxed heavily to pay those who will. It is just and honest to pay the men who fight generously. It is not right to compel poor men to enter the army without bounty, or good pay, while men of wealth lag behind.

The true theory of woman's rights is to educate the girls thoroughly, and then let the women do as they have a mind to.

The Five Points, New York, which has baffled all the attempts of humanity and religion for its purification, is now being occupied with elegant marble stores. Trade will soon accomplish what preaching has failed to do.

There died the other day, at Metz, France, "a gentleman known by the press," who deserves a word of respectful memory. His name was Collignon, printer, in that town, and son of a printer in that town, who was the son of another printing Collignon of the same ilk, who was ditto to ditto, and so on up to the unbroken honorable and ancient family line to a primary Pierre Collignon, printer at Metz in the year 1640.

Portugal is only 345 miles in length, and the young prince who was born there the other day, has a name so long that it reaches over into Spain.

Look not mournfully into the past—it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present—it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.

Solomon Storgie, the wealthiest man in Chicago, having made a million of dollars the first year of the war, passed through Springfield on Thursday last, on his way to the Hartford Asylum—he being a raving maniac. The responsibility of so much money made so easily in such a short space of time seems to have been too much for him.

The Mobile Register says: "The negro is no longer an object of small talk in the South. The people of the South have a place for them, and that is in the army. There should be no distinction in color when a man is willing to fight for his home and master."

The excitement occasioned by the question of an exchange of prisoners is increasing. Every one laments the obstacle to the release of our suffering soldiers, who are starving to death in rebel prisons. The President is in favor of adopting some measure which will bring about this desirable result, but the Secretary of War opposes on grounds of policy.

The suit for crim. con. was brought against Lord Palmerston, on his eighteenth birthday. The "frail fair one" is said to be a parson's daughter. We are a little skeptical as to the truth of the allegations against the distinguished individual in question. We believe it to be a plot, gotten up expressly for the purpose of extorting money from him. It seems the parson of fered to "settle" for a certain sum, which was refused, of course; a "public exposure" resulted, and the divorce suit was instituted in consequence. We predict that Palmerston will weather the storm in safety, and brand with infamy his traducers.

An old lady in New Haven, whose hen lately quit laying, named her Modest, so that she would "lay on."

More than \$100,000 of the new fractional currency has been issued. The largest daily issue is \$10,000.

Answering Sealed Letters.

We have made arrangements with a competent medium to answer Sealed Letters. 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 receive the money and letter sent to us will be returned within two or three 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. To prevent misapprehension—as some suppose Mrs. Conant to be the medium for answering the sealed letters sent to us for that purpose—it is proper to state that another lady medium answers them. Address "Banner of Light," 168 Washington street, Boston.

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This is one of the most desirable localities in Boston. Application should be made immediately.

Volunteers for the Army should not leave the city until supplied with BAYNARD'S BLOOD AND OIL. For Bore, Scurvy, Wounds, Small Pox, Fever and Bowel Complaints, these medicines are the best in the world. Every French soldier uses them. Only 25 cents per box.

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BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS! BY MRS. H. F. BROWN. SKETCHES FROM THE ARMY, for my Juvenile Friends. Price, in plain cloth binding, 50 cents; half gilt, 50 cents; gilt, 60 cents; postage, 5 cents.  
For sale by Mrs. E. R. Nozette, 303 Superior street, Cleveland, Ohio.

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N. B.—Examination Fee \$1.00, or transient patients accommodated with board and treatment at this Institute.  
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Rheumatism, Pains in the Back, Bells, Neuralgia, Pains in the Side, Dropsy, Gout, Gravel, Ringworm, Warts, Corns, Sprains, Bruises, Eruptions, Itch, Herpes, Chilblains, Bore Eyes, Dizziness, Catarrhs, Sore Throat, Mumps, Contracted Shins, Stiff Neck, Diptheria Morbus, Scalds, Burns, Ague, Cholera, Typhoid, Sore Joints, Coughs, and Croup, Nervous Headache, Burns, &c., &c.

Retail price, 25 cents and \$1 per bottle.  
Any person suffering with Inflammatory or Chronic Rheumatism, susceptible of cure, by sending me \$1.00 shall receive twelve \$1 bottles, with a promissory note to return the money if it fails to cure.

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SINCE my residence in Syracuse, commencing July 17, 1863, I have registered 9000 operations, and for the satisfaction of invalids, I will give the names of a few who have been cured by me within that time:

Mrs. Eliza Plam, 38 Standish street, Utica, N. Y.—Suppressed Menstruation, eight years' standing, perfectly cured by two operations.  
Dr. M. W. Millington, Stanwix, Onondaga Co., N. Y.—Amaurosis. Blind twenty years. Had not seen his wife or children during that time. After one operation recognized them. His eye at the sudden restoration (the eye) is irremediably lost.

Mrs. Martha Cook, 4 Pine street, Utica, N. Y.—Chronic Hemiplegia, or Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia; perfectly cured with one operation.  
Mr. George Miles, Manassas, Jefferson Co., N. Y.—Great Nervous Irritation, and General Body Illness, three years' standing. Had been given up by the physicians as incurable, and advised to resort to a foreign climate as the only means of comfort. Can be referred to.

Mrs. J. J. Squire, of Cooperstown, Oswego Co., N. Y.—Symptomatic case of Rheumatism, jointed body, and general irritation of the liver, seven years' standing. Can now see as well as anyone, and free from pain. Any inquiries made of her will be promptly answered.

Mrs. Catherine Flint, Litchfield, Cortland Co., N. Y.—Symptomatic case of Rheumatism, jointed body, and general irritation of the liver, seven years' standing. Can now see as well as anyone, and free from pain. Any inquiries made of her will be promptly answered.

Mrs. A. H. Telford, Pierpont Manor, Jefferson Co., N. Y.—Bad case of Bronchitis and Bleeding of the Lungs—a good case to refer to. Inquiries made of her will be promptly answered.

Mrs. Robert Postman, of Geddes, Onondaga Co., N. Y.—Terrible case of Asthma. Perfectly cured, and can be referred to.

Mr. Charles Gorham, Elbridge, N. Y.—Fractured Leg, four months unable to walk, except on crutches. Made to walk as well as anyone, and free from pain. He is now able to walk as well as anyone. Can be referred to.

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Mr. Joel Bliman, Willowville, Onondaga Co., N. Y.—Went twenty-five years' standing, perfectly restored with one operation of five minutes.

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UNION SOCIABLES!

THE third course of the Union Sociables at Lyceum Hall, will commence on Tuesday evening, Oct. 30th, 1863, and continue every Tuesday evening through the season. Must be followed by Holloway and Edmunds' Quadrille Band. 5th Nov. 10

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PRINTING all the Gospels, Epistles, and other pieces now in use, authorized by the first four councils, and not included in the New Testament by its compilers. Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage. Price, 15 cents; postage, 10 cents. Address, Banner of Light, Boston, Mass. Oct. 24.

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The Early Physical Degeneracy

AMERICAN PEOPLE,

## Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was written by the Spirit who gave it, and is given, through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. M. Bennett.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with no names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported authentic.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the consciousness of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the etheric sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We have no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

THESE CIRCLES ARE FREE TO THE PUBLIC. The BANNER is subject to considerable expense in consequence. Therefore those who feel disposed to aid us from time to time, by donations, to dispense the bread of life thus freely to the hungry multitude, will please address "BANNER OF LIGHT," Boston, Mass. Funds so received promptly acknowledged.

The BANNER is held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 108 Washington Street, Room No. 3, (up stairs), on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday AFTERNOON. The doors are closed at precisely three o'clock, and no person admitted after that time.

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, Oct. 30—Invocation: "What do you understand by Clairvoyance?" Questions and Answers: Mr. Briggs, to his friends in Boston; Annie T. Wallace, to her parents, in Quebec; Thomas P. Rogers, to his wife, in Utica, N. Y.

Monday, Nov. 5—Invocation: "The Law of Necessity." Questions and Answers: Allen M. Brainerd, of Troy, N. Y.; John D. Jones, to his friends, in New York; Philip Thompson, to his friends, in Springfield, Mass.; Tim Brooks, to his family, in Springfield, Mass.

Sunday, Nov. 12—Invocation: "The Natural Goodness of Nature." Questions and Answers: John D. Jones, to his friends, in New York; John D. Jones, to his friends, in New York; John D. Jones, to his friends, in New York.

Tuesday, Nov. 19—Invocation: "Fatality, Responsibility and Accountability." Questions and Answers: John D. Jones, to his friends, in New York; John D. Jones, to his friends, in New York; John D. Jones, to his friends, in New York.

Monday, Nov. 26—Invocation: "The Condition of those who leave the earth-life in infancy." Questions and Answers: John D. Jones, to his friends, in New York; John D. Jones, to his friends, in New York; John D. Jones, to his friends, in New York.

Sunday, Nov. 26—Invocation: "The Condition of those who leave the earth-life in infancy." Questions and Answers: John D. Jones, to his friends, in New York; John D. Jones, to his friends, in New York; John D. Jones, to his friends, in New York.

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test, of the power to stand in conscious manhood, or womanhood. In the spirit-world.

Human beings have ever felt a dread of physical pain, hence they have devised various means to rid themselves of it. But all these agents employed by you for that purpose, bring you, as it were, silence for the moment; but they will only bring upon you greater suffering in the end. You had better stoop for a day, than to suffer for years to come; for rest assured Nature asks for compound interest at last.

This one great cause may be called the parent of all other causes, leading to loss of consciousness after death. If the spirit passes out of the physical form under proper conditions, it can remain unconscious but a short time; so short that you scarce realize that you have lost the power of consciousness even for a moment.

We have known many a spirit to bid farewell to their friends on earth, and at the same moment to be revelling in a welcome on the other side. And again we know of thousands who remain locked up in an almost eternal sleep. It would seem, its length is so great. Now there must be a cause for this difference of condition after the change called death, upon the part of different individuals. We believe if the passage were natural, there could be no long absence, no great sleep upon the part of the disembodied spirit after death. You dissolve the connection between spirit and body, because you shrink from physical suffering, and because you do this you impose upon the spirit a long term of unconsciousness. Oct. 16.

### Questions and Answers.

Ques.—What changes does the spirit undergo that sleeps a thousand years?

Ans.—We believe the spirit will wake up and take hold of the conditions of eternity, precisely where time left them. We cannot realize that it passes through any change during that slumbering condition.

Q.—Is it conscious of the lapse of time?

A.—No, certainly not; for unconsciousness can never be made consciousness.

Q.—Do not all spirits wake up eventually in the spirit-world?

A.—Certainly they do; for total unconsciousness, or eternal slumber, would be equivalent to annihilation. The power of the human spirit may be temporarily arrested, but never annihilated. There must be a condition of waking up, as there was a condition of passing into unconsciousness.

Q.—Why is it necessary to have a fixed time for waking up to consciousness?

A.—The necessity depends upon surrounding conditions, upon conditions that attended the spirit at the time of its resurrection—what you call death. When once it is surrounded by the right element, death becomes life. During the hours of sleep you live in another element from what you do when awake. In reality you are not the same spiritual being during sleep, that you are during your waking hours. You may seem to be a strange creature, nevertheless you will find it to be a very correct one.

Q.—Will not spirits who enjoy sound health here wake up earlier in the spirit-world?

A.—Generally they do, but there are exceptions.

Q.—Is not purity of life upon the part of individuals here necessary to their early awakening in the spirit-world?

A.—No, we do not think it is. All life is pure.

Q.—Is not the life they have lived here a condition of their waking to consciousness in the spirit-world?

A.—No, we do not think that consciousness depends upon that.

Q.—All other things being equal.

A.—All other conditions being equal. You may judge something concerning the condition of a spirit who has slumbered for thousands of years, by asking your medium, on his return to a normal condition, how long she has been away from her body. She will doubtless answer, Why, a moment or so. Yet we might have held her in control for hours. The unconscious spirit knows nothing of the lapse of time. It is to all intents and purposes a resident of eternity, and therefore takes no cognizance of the things of time. Oct. 16.

### Edward Dyer.

I suppose you can't do anything to prevent our feeling pretty much as we did just before we died, can you? [We don't know that we can. Were you killed in battle?] Yes, sir, on the 16th day of March, at Chancellorsville.

I belonged to the First Rhode Island Cavalry, Col. Farrington, and received a sabre cut, first through the face, and afterwards through the neck. [You went up from Alexandria through Centerville, didn't you?] Yes, [Did part of the regiment have to retreat shortly after?] Well, I'm not surprised to hear of their retreating, for you knew we were outnumbered. The odds were fearful against us, as we soon found out. Was you there? [Mr. Crowell, I was at Centerville. Our battery was ordered up, and the order was afterwards countermanded.]

Well, I received a sabre cut, and shortly afterwards I received a second. The two proved to be too much for me. I suppose I died from loss of blood; I don't know. Well, it's a very strange that we feel as we did before death in coming here. I expected we should get badly cut up; I felt we should. I seemed to think that some evil was near that I was to meet with, some cloud, I could not tell what it was.

I hear you publish letters from folks on our side? [Yes, we do.] Well, I've thought a good deal about coming here and sending some word to my folks, but heard it was hard work, a good deal harder to take prejudice away from folks than it would be to take Richmond. If you had the right kind of a leader to take it with. So I've stayed away, rather waiting to be invited by the folks; but they don't seem to. The folks think of me a good deal, but have not any idea that I'm alive and can come in this way, so I thought I'd break the ice and see what I could do. [You're come at the right time.] Very likely; I hope so.

I've another brother, two years—two years and a half, older than I am. I should like to send word to [Can you tell where he is?] Well, no, I can't. The last track I got on him, he was at Port Hudson; but I can't tell his whereabouts now for my life. William E. Dyer is his name. My name is Edward. I was twenty-one—most twenty-two.

The friends, seems to me, can't show their appreciation of us in any better way than to respond to our letters from across the river. [No doubt they will if they want them.] Well, they may, I hope they'll say, "We want them to go among strangers next time you come home."

I've a father here on this side with me. He has been here on this side some eighteen years. He says he's never dared to come, although he's always heard the way was open; still he had the Church in view all the time, and has always thought that he'd move here to topple the steeple over. I did not stop to take a view of the Church. I rather supposed, from all I'd heard, I should have pretty stiff prejudice to overcome; but the Church did not enter in, anyway, because I did not stop to think about it.

My mother, I suppose, would be fearful of offending God and some of the good folks here, if she listened to these things; but she'd better not think too much about the Up that would descend to be offended at such things, for such is not worthy of worship. It seems to me that she'd better turn round and worship the God that will let you look at all sides of life,

whether they're dark or light. The God that puts up a high wall all around you is not worthy of worship, nor the one that puts a tree of forbidden fruit in the garden of Eden—that is the most attractive tree there—and then says, "If you eat of the fruit you shall be eternally damned." [Then you would be sure to eat it, wouldn't you?] Yes, it's human nature to do so all the world over. It always wants to reach the fruit that is highest, you know. It seems to me that if God knew anything about human nature, he would not do any such thing.

But I guess the old God that took care of the Garden of Eden, was not much of a God, after all. If we'd only let our common sense rule us, we'd do much better. I've had a little time for reflection since I've got across, so I thought I'd improve it. Now I've reflected a good deal upon some parts of the Bible, for I had read it pretty thoroughly, and have a good memory; so when I see what perfect folly it is, folks to believe all that's written there. I could not dwell upon the ignorance of nearly all the people who dwell upon the face of the earth. They've all got their Bibles, and their particular Gods, and must worship them in some way or other. We are told in the spirit-world that all that kind of worship is nothing but idolatry, and I'm inclined to think it is.

[What is your idea of God?] I think I'm just as much of a God as any one. [What is your opinion of him?] Well, man's opinion of himself is generally pretty good. [What idea have you of God now?] It's the power of life. You may call it the spirit, or soul, or whatever you please. I believe you'll never know any other God than the one that manifests within yourself. That's my idea of God; that's what I've learned since I've been here.

Well, I should like to have my dear old mother know something of these things before she comes across the river. If she don't feel it will cut up her religion too much, I'd like to have her talk with me. She would have given the world to have spoken a word with me before death in my own body. Then why not now? I'm only a little better. I'm much obliged, sir. Good-day. Oct. 15.

### Edward L. Cleveland.

It seems a long time since I spoke through human lips, with a very dear child in the midst of human life, with whom I should be most happy to talk. He knows little, if anything, concerning this new light; but he has often asked in mind, "If the freed soul can return and give intelligence from the shadowy hereafter, why cannot some of my friends return?" I would be glad to believe, but I still ask for positive proof. I shall not be easily satisfied.

I will call Troy, New York, my earthly home, for I called it home at the time of death. I was blessed there with a fair companion and one child. It became my duty to leave them, to go away from the place I called home; and while crossing the water a storm arose and our ship was lost, and I had no privilege of saying farewell to those dear ones.

My companion has joined me, but our child remains, and he speaks to the people concerning Gospel truths. He thinks he knows something of God, but, like thousands of others, he knows very little of him. He seeks him in gilded temples, and courts his presence with crowns of earth, but fails to recognize him in the simple walks of life.

Oh, my son, my son! I thought years have passed since I folded you to my bosom and prayed that God might care for you until my return—he has cared for you, he has blessed you, he has blessed me with the privilege of returning and speaking through foreign human lips, to speak to you of the glad tidings of the Kingdom, to ask you to be to me not as an enemy, but as a father and a friend.

I was Edward L. Cleveland here. My body was lost in the Albaton, in 1822, but my spirit lives—lives to proclaim glad tidings to my son, if he so chooses—lives to ask him to stretch out his hand and shake hands with me across the River of Death.

Oh, my son, hear my voice, test me as much as you will; let your reason be thrown into the scales, and then you shall weigh me well. Farewell. Oct. 15.

### Rachel Hastings.

Oh, he kind enough to send a letter to my brother and to my father, too, from Mother and me. We were burned in the Richmond theatre. My mother's name was Mary Hastings; my name was Rachel Hastings; my father's name is Thomas, and my brother's Charles. I lived in Richmond. My mother and myself were burned in the theatre. My brother was with us in the theatre, but he escaped, and we were burned. My brother is in the Confederate Army. He was taken prisoner by your forces once, but escaped.

Ask my father to go to that lady—her name?—Follows; yes, her name is Fallowa. She is in Richmond, and some of the folks call her "the Sleeping Prophetess." Ask my father to go to her, and mother and myself will come to him.

I wish I could go myself there, now I've got a body. I wish I could. I was nine years old. Can't you let me go? [We should be glad to let you, but you would not be able to take the medium so far.] Would I die? [Yes, and the medium, too; so far, you would lose control, as you did of your own body that was burned. You'd have to give up control of this one.] Would this one be burned? [No; but the medium's spirit would be unable to reclaim it, under the circumstances.]

Will you send my letter? [Certainly, as soon as possible. The mails are obstructed now, on account of the war.] Oh, folks do get letters. [We'll do all we can—by way of a gentleman here says, "Send him to Nassau—by way of Nassau, unsealed." Ask him if a newspaper will go in a common wrapper?] No, sir; no sir; cut out the letter, send it in an envelope unsealed, and it will go. [We'll do so. Who shall we direct it to?] My father, at Richmond, Virginia. Oct. 15.

### Invocation.

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Oh Jesus, our brother, what means these words? Is there indeed a blessing underlying the mourner's mantle? Is there indeed a joy slumbering beneath the external of sorrow? Oh, it would seem thus; and if this be so, surely the earth must be full of joy; surely this nation must be indeed blessed. The mourners may be counted by thousands, and tens of thousands of green graves greet our vision everywhere. There is scarce a family circle that is not desolated, scarce a household that is unbroken, and the voice of lamentation, ay, it is heard amid the crash of arms, amid the booming of cannon; far, far above the wild tumult of war, the voice of lamentation is heard. Oh Spirit of Eternity, who speak through Jesus, our elder brother, wilt thou not speak anew to the children of this age? wilt thou not teach their untired souls to look up to thee? wilt thou not comfort their mourners of earth? Oh, wilt thou not send ministering angels to tell them that their loved ones still live, and can return and speak to them? Oh, we hear thy reply; we know thou hast not forsaken thy people. We know that we are creatures of thy hand, and therefore will be cared for by thee. Oh, we feel the truth of Jesus's words, "Blessed indeed are they that mourn, for truly they shall be comforted." They listen, striving to catch some faint echo from the shadowy land of their loved ones, and through religion, the religion of external life, make it a bright light of gloom; yet the human soul has hope, a hope large in the ascendency, and hopes to meet its loved ones in another world. If this be so, will not the echo come? will not the loved ones respond to the loving call of their friends on

earth? Oh, verily we tell you they are awake and alive, and are ready to answer the call of loved ones here. Oh God of the present hour, may the shadow of superstition be swept away, and the bright light of the New Dispensation illumine the pathway of this earth's children. Then shall they be indeed assured of the existence of their loved ones; then will this veil be rent in twain; then will the kingdom of the hereafter be made manifest to their senses, even while on the earth. Oh, we return thee, thanks, our Father, for this consciousness. Oh, we return thee thanks for the past, for the present, with its countless joys and sorrows, and for the future, which shall give us still more and more of light. Oct. 19.

### The Chastisement of Sorrow.

SPIRIT.—We are now ready to consider any question the friends may see fit to propose.

Ques.—Why is the chastisement of sorrow greater and purer than constant joy?

Can you tell us why war is sometimes much better than the opposite condition? Do you fully realize that sorrow is the handmaid of joy? In other words, it is the life of joy. You would not comprehend peace were not the existence of the opposite condition. One cannot exist without the other. As life would not be life without death, so joy would not be joy without sorrow. Oct. 19.

### Questions and Answers.

Ques.—Has religion done anything toward the elevation of humanity?

Ans.—It is very apparent what it has done, and also very apparent what it has not done. We need not rehearse its beauties and deformities to humanity. If it will look at the subject with the calm light of reason shining upon it, humanity will then see how much it has done for its elevation, and how much it has not done.

Q.—What was the ephod David consulted, spoken of in the First Book of Samuel, thirtieth chapter, seventh verse, when he went to war with the Amalekites? Was it an instrument? If so, how made? He inquired of the Lord by it whether he should be successful? The Lord told him he would.

A.—The chord preceding said following the one containing these passages will explain it, perhaps, much better than we could. Read the three, and you will have a definition of the subject.

Q.—Are not the opportunities to progress in the spirit-world much greater than on the earth?

A.—No, they are not. We are aware it is generally considered, yet it is not so. You have many facilities in your condition of life we have not, by means of which you may progress. And again, we have many that you have not. We believe that progression is progression everywhere and anywhere. We have certain conditions by which we progress rapidly in spirit-life, and you have a physical body with which to lose work certain conditions of earth life. When you lose that physical body, then so much of your power is gone. To be sure, another degree of power is added, but the human spirit must learn the conditions of spirit life ere it can use its powers to any great extent. You are children for a time here in earth life, and then you go to the spirit-land. Upon entering spirit life, we cannot help looking with wonder at our surroundings, and know not what to lay hold of first to improve ourselves. But as we walk along through life, and become familiarized with our surroundings, then we begin to progress rapidly. It is even so with you.

Q.—Is it a law that spirits who have passed through earth in darkness should return, before they can progress?

A.—We believe it is, inasmuch as all are exceedingly anxious to retrace their steps. If there was not an order current propelling them to come here—we may call it a law—why the great desire to come here? It is universal.

Q.—Are there not institutions of learning in the spirit-world? or do spirits have to depend upon what they get here?

A.—There are institutions of learning in the spirit-world, grand and beautiful beyond human conception. Oct. 19.

### Jerry Dean.

I hear you Yankees are down on our folks. How is it? [Yes, we are in a state of war.] I've come here, if I can, to send something home, but I don't want you to add to, or take from, because you don't like us. [You are just as welcome as the biggest Yankee in the land.] Well, I shall take your word for it, feeling as I can't get anything better. I should not blame you for doubting my word, and you ought not to blame me for I don't know you, and you don't know me. [I can know you come here to be benefited.] Yes, I did, if I could be. [We'll do as much for you as any one.] That looks very fair.

Well, I'm from Clarksville, Louisiana—that is to say, I called that place my home. But when the war broke out, I went further South, into Virginia, and settled my folks there, and went into the army myself, and come out second best, as you see.

Now my folks are thinking about going back to Louisiana, and I don't want them to go, for there's nothing there to go for. [Have you made a slight mistake?] No, sir; do not think I have. [We hardly think you meant to say that you went further South into Virginia.] Well, I guess you're right, stranger. I meant right enough, only got a little confused. I should have said I shifted round, and went into Virginia. You're right; you're right; you're right! I'm much obliged for your helping me out. I did not mean to say anything that was a bit true.

Well, as I said before, my folks are thinking about going back to Louisiana, and I'm here to tell them that I don't want them to go, because there's nothing there to go for; everything is lost or scattered, and it's all gone except the land, and that's of very little use, seeing that there's no one there to work it. Now they've got the idea that they'll find things just as they left them, and when they get there, they'll find that everything's gone to ruin, and they'll see nothing but starvation staring 'em in the face. So there's no use at all in their going back to Louisiana.

Then there's another thing I should like to have my folks do, and that is, to let my niggers go free. It's all nonsense to keep them, thinking they will sell well by-and-by. That day has gone by, and for my part, I'm glad on it, and should have been glad to have had slavery done away with when I was here, because it's a sort of a curse, any way, and the sooner you get rid of it the better it will be for the slaves and their masters.

So I say, let 'em go; what's the use of my folks biding somebody to look after them, just for the sake of keeping them prisoners. There's no use in their feeding them, because they're eating them up now, just as fast as they can, and I want them to take my advice, and let them go. We thank our niggers are as free enough, because they do not dare to run away; but they watch for an opportunity, then they try their legs the first we know. So it won't pay—won't pay you see, and they'd better give them their freedom at once.

My name was Jerry Dean—commonly called I was old Jerry. I had a black man, a pretty, intelligent fellow. I called him Sam, and I said to him, "Sam, I want you to take good care of things while I'm gone to war, and when I come back I'll give you my freedom, and some money besides; enough to get you up in some kind of business."

Now if there's anything left after my affairs are settled, I want Sam to have it. I want him to have as much as I ever shall, and I want him to have his freedom, and some money, if there's anything left. I

don't mean to let him, and I don't mean to let him have as much as I ever shall.

Now a word about that gal that's from the North, who was there to educate my two slaves. There's plenty of chances to send her home, and I want them to do it. Her folks here are troubled to death to know what's become of her, because they can't get any letters from her. If they'll only



## THE FALLING STARS.

[From the German.—For the Boston Post.]

Know'st thou, my love, what it may mean,  
When from the blue sky's glittering wall  
A star to quit its place is seen,  
And dart to earth in rapid fall?

The stars so brightly shining there,  
With purest rays of light serene,  
Are but the wreaths that angels wear,  
When watching o'er our sphere terreno.

Each star is a faithful sentinel,  
Placed in the sky with flag unfurled,  
That to the powers above may tell  
What happens in the lower world.

When, here upon this earthly ball,  
An honest man that's sore oppressed  
With ill, on heaven for health doth call,  
Against injustice makes protest.

And to his heavenly Father wends  
For aid in his sad misery;  
To him his heavenly Father sends  
An angel from that host on high.

The angel to his chamber hies,  
With healing balm on his wings,  
The sufferer's tears he quickly dries,  
And him to gentle slumber sings.

And that is what it all doth mean,  
When from the blue sky's glittering wall  
A star to quit its place is seen,  
And dart to earth in rapid fall.

## ANOTHER THEORY.

[From the French.]

Know'st thou the cause, my gentle queen,  
Why all those stars on high,  
Uncertain, pale, and dimly seen,  
Make us with sadness sigh?

It is because they mark the flight  
Of lost ones we deplore;  
Each star is sent to guide and light  
A heart that beats no more.

It is because each shining pearl  
With some soul here communes;  
One is thy lover, oh young girl,  
And thus he importunes.

Forget not one now lost to thee,  
Whose days on earth are o'er;  
Let thy true heart still beat for me,  
Whose heart shall beat no more.

See'st thou yon solitary star,  
Fast fading in its flight?  
A soul it seeks to hide afar  
In everlasting night.

Because its sister soul revolts  
From vows it made before;  
Because the beating heart is false  
To one that beats no more.

A trembling star, when I am dead,  
My spirit will appear—  
And, hovering fondly o'er thy head,  
Demand of thee a tear.

When'er thou see'st me floating there,  
Think then of moments o'er;  
With kindness greet my gentle star,  
When this heart beats no more?

BOBACAWN.

## COMPENSATION.

A Lecture by Henry T. Child, M. D., delivered at the Phoenix Street Church, Philadelphia, Nov. 8th, 1893.

[Photographed Reported for the BANNER OF LIGHT, by JOHN E. NOBACAWN.]

I am to speak to you, as has been announced, on the subject of Compensation. It may be that in the turmoil of these busy, struggling times, when mankind are so earnestly engaged in the acquisition of wealth, you may conclude that this term has reference only to pecuniary exchange. It is not so. It has a broad cosmopolitan meaning, synonymous with justice itself. The term means equivalent for equivalent, weight for weight, something given for something received.

The human soul in its search after the Infinite, has two great volumes. In which it finds evidence of the existence and attributes of the Deity. The first volume is itself. Every human soul feels within itself, welling up from the inmost depths of its nature, as a result of that nature, a feeling, a thought, that there is, there must be a God. The Infinite nature of the soul proves to it that there must be an Infinite Being, and that that Being has the attributes of Love, of Wisdom, and, above all, of Justice, which is Compensation.

In this volume of the human soul, every being, however low in the scale of humanity, feels and knows these great truths, and however much external surroundings may have clouded the vision and darkened the horizon of that soul, still when these truths are presented to it, it rises up in its own native dignity and majesty, and declares that they are realities; and though it may for a time lay aside these lessons, still they are there, and will ever remain, for they are part and portion of its nature, implanted by God himself. This volume man must ever carry with him, because it is himself—the centre around which humanity ever clusters.

The other volume is the broad universe, and all the magnificent works of creation. It has been said that "an undevout astronomer is mad." I say an undevout student of Nature is incapable of seeing more than a mere fragment of the truths which she reveals everywhere. Such an individual is entirely unqualified to read or appreciate the true philosophy of this volume. Vast and extended as this is, it is for man to seek to know all that he can of it and of its author through it. Upon every page of this volume, as of the former, there is written in unmistakable terms the evidence of the existence of an All-wise, Intelligent and Just Being. Everywhere in the field of Nature is this law, Compensation, to be seen. If we go down to the granite rock itself, and turn over the pages of the geological record, we shall find written upon that most enduring substance the word decomposition, and as we trace it in the mouldering decay of ages, crumbling into dust, forming the virgin soil, the superficial observer might say the rock itself, had it voice, would declare that it was unjust that it should thus moulder away; but when we perceive that out of that soil that is born of the crumbling rock comes the plant—a new and higher order of creation—we see that there is compensation to the granite rock, for it is the parent of the vegetable, a higher form of life, a child of which it may be proud, and it is so throughout the entire kingdom of the vegetable. Each plant fulfills its mission, grows to maturity, lives, dies, and makes room and conditions for a better posterity—a higher form of life; and though each one of these might say that it was not just that it should pass away thus and be lost, still there is compensation, and the law of progression follows in this line. Every plant that dies has lifted some form of matter in its organism to a higher condition, and thus prepared it to sustain that which is higher and better than itself. Whenever the condition of a plant or animal becomes such that its death will aid the progression of matter more than its life, compensation requires that it should die. If, on the contrary, the conditions within and around it are such that it can still render more aid in the development of matter than when dissolution has taken place, it lives on and labors; and as the laborer is always worthy of his hire, it receives compensation.

When we look at the animal kingdom, we see the same law of compensation. All animals, from the simple cell or monad up to the highest and most perfect human organization, the growing work of God on this plane, are workers in the busy hive of Nature, laborers in the work of lifting up and developing matter to higher and higher conditions. Each plays its part in the great drama of life, and for a longer or

shorter period, according to the law of its being, labors and receives compensation. Each one works not alone for itself, but John the Baptist like, they are crying in the wilderness. "Prepare ye the way. Make straight the path; for behold there cometh after me one that is higher than I."

I have said the laborer is worthy of his hire, and he has everywhere just compensation. If the conditions be such that his labor amounts to but little, his reward is sure. Thus in the far off Arctic regions, you may find a few plants struggling amid all the difficulties of that uncongenial climate. There the oak, the willow, and the pine trees come to maturity in miniature forms of a few inches in height, perfect and complete representatives of these beautiful and majestic trees, which in more genial climes spread forth their gigantic arms and awaken emotions of admiration and devotion. Each and all of these are working together according to their conditions and powers.

A similar variety of conditions exist on the plane of animated Nature. As an illustration of the effect of conditions, let us look at a few instances. The ostrich, that most wonderful bird, a native of Africa, which is sometimes called the camel-bird, from its huge size, being more than six feet in height, has been said to be devoid of that highest and purest feeling of the physical nature—maternal love—and that she deposits her eggs in the sand, and leaves them entirely unprotected, but this is not so. There are three sections of that wonderful and almost unknown country in which these birds are found. In one of these, the burning rays of the tropical sun pouring down their fervid heat upon the sand, not only raise it to a temperature high enough to carry on the incubation of the eggs, but also deprives the atmosphere of its moisture, so that no refreshing dew falls during the night. Here, then, to sit upon the eggs would be entirely a work of supererogation on the part of the bird, and Nature never encourages such works. The country, too, is so devoid of the necessary food, that it requires much time for the bird to collect that which is needed for its support. They do not entirely forsake their eggs, but return frequently to the spot and watch them.

In another section, the sun during mid-day, sends down sufficient heat to carry on the process of incubation, but the atmosphere is not so thoroughly dried that no dew can fall, and in the night the air and earth becomes so chilled as to arrest the process of incubation, unless it be aided by the warmth of the mother-bird. And here as nightfall approaches, she folds her huge limbs and sits upon her eggs until morning; and in her bosom there is a compensation in the stronger glow of the maternal feeling.

In another section the temperature is such as to require the continued presence and warmth of the mother, and for forty-five long and weary days she sits in faith and patience and hope, waiting for the coming of her young brood, and her compensation is the warm and full glow of the maternal feeling.

This maternal feeling is not only the highest emotion of the physical being, but one of the most wonderful. There is a little beetle, not as large round as your finger nail, which displays the most remarkable foresight in the deposit of her eggs. It is well known to fruit growers that many of the finest fruits are liable to be attacked and injured by worms—the larvae of certain beetles. Some years since it was observed that the fruit of a very fine plum tree was invariably injured by these insects; scarcely a plum escaped. A limb on one of the trees grew over a stream of water, upon that the fruit was entirely sound. Supposing that it was the moisture arising from the water that produced this desirable result, the experiment was tried of placing tanks of water under other limbs, and it was successful.

Now let us trace the history of that little bug. Having grown to a certain condition in the plum, which has furnished the proper food for it, it falls to the earth an unslightly worm; it penetrates the soil, and having laid in the grave which it had dug for itself, safely protected from the wintry blasts that bowl over, and the storms that fall upon the earth, and when the genial spring comes, it wakes up from its long sleep and emerges as a beetle, entirely unlike the crawling worm that went into the ground. Its mission now is to enjoy a brief existence, deposit its eggs, and die. It goes forth in search of a proper place. Guided by a Divine instinct it knows that the young and beautiful blossom is a promise of food for its child, and though it is never to see that child, its maternal feeling fills it with faith that all will be well with it. Having found the little plum just starting on its career, our bug pauses a moment, to look around on the blue vaulted arch above, and down upon the earth beneath, and if all appears right, the egg is deposited. But if the water be beneath the tree, it says I will not trust my egg here, for when my child has grown so that it must leave the tree, it will fall into the water and be drowned. I will seek another spot—and away she flies to find a more favorable position, and having deposited her egg, she dies, she makes room for posterity.

I might dwell longer on these illustrations, and it is delightful to listen to the mute eloquence of the dumb beings, as they are sometimes called, but I must pass on. I see before me now a vision: a magnificent temple rises up, grand and beautiful, in all its proportions. I see story upon story in this temple. Standing before me, down deep, implanted upon the old Granite rock, is the foundation and first story of this, which is the Temple of Life. Just above this is that story which is built by the plants of the lowest order; then comes story after story, built by vegetable and animal life, each worker carrying up the materials of his own particular story. And here, now, are the stories built by man—first as a mere animal, coarse and rude and almost like that below him, then as an intellectual being, this is splendid. All the inventions and improvements of all time are here, wrought into the very temple, and it is glorious to contemplate. Above this, and closely connected with it, too, is the story built by man, as a moral being. The most sublime that the human mind can conceive of in its proportions, and its exquisitely beautiful arrangement.

I see this temple, like the ancient tower of Babel, reaching from earth to heaven, and though there may be confusion because of man's ignorance and undevelopment, when he shall come to dwell in these upper stories all this confusion will pass away. I see the temple still rising far away in the spheres, and angel-choir after choir are adding to it, until it becomes lost to my vision in a sublimity of grandeur and beauty that no language of earth can ever describe, or human power comprehend.

Compensation is not confined to the lower orders of creation; man knows and feels within himself that sooner or later justice will be for him a reality. Oh, ye toiling, struggling ones of earth, there is compensation for you; though to-day you may be depleted and persecuted, know that the time will come when all this will be accounted unto you. You are workers in the temple; and every worker in that, holds an important position, whether we look at the lowest or the highest story—"All are but parts of one stupendous whole," and each is worthy of the position it occupies, and for all there is compensation. In that higher world toward which we are moving.

"The lame shall leap with gladness,  
The blind rejoice to see;  
The slave shall know no master,  
And the prisoner shall be free."

A lady who was present informed me that she had seen just such a temple as is described here by the Doctor, but could see no meaning in connection with it until the description was given.—[HARVARD.]

We are more or less lame and blind, we are exceedingly dumb. Where is the man who can listen to the voice of God as he speaks through all his creation? My friends, this is the lesson of humanity in its relation to the outward universe, to bear the language of our Father, as he speaks through beast and bird and reptile, and plant and flower, and rock and ocean and sky, and all things; and when we are humble enough to read these lessons as little children willing to be taught, eager for knowledge, our compensation will be to receive it.

Our past career has been marked by mistakes and blunders; but these have been stepping-stones to a higher and better condition. The little child in learning to walk falls and hurts itself; but every parent knows that this is the means by which it shall gain knowledge and power. So with us; but we may learn from the child, for after having fallen, it will seek support; it will be more careful, take only a few steps at a time. So should we while we are weak, and then all our mistakes will be blessings, and we shall grow wiser and better for all the blunders that have marked our course.

All of us have our ideals before us, and this is well. These have been compared to stars in the firmament, which the lone mariner, far away on the desert waste of waters, looks up to, and is thus enabled to guide his frail bark to its destined port. Yes, we have our ideals, like stars away off in the firmament, and though we may not put our fingers upon them, still they will point us to the right haven. We shall in some future time realize all the ideals that are thus lightening our pathway; but then there will be other stars still brighter shining in the firmament beyond, and ever and anon in our journey through time and through eternity, as we realize one by one of the beautiful ideals that are leading us upward and onward, we shall find that other stars, still brighter and more attractive, have come out over us and before us, and thus shall we ever be led up in our pathway toward the Infinite.

My friends, a few words by way of explanation and I am done. It was announced that I would lecture for you on the 1st of August last. At that time I was suffering for a violation of the physical laws, and the waves of disease rolled over me, and at times threatened to swallow me up. Still for all these hours of pain and suffering, I have my compensation. I know that the highest attribute of God—Justice—is and ever will be in and over all. And now, friends, we are all workers in that beautiful temple of life, and it depends upon ourselves whether we will hear sweet notes of music, or whether all the language shall be discord and confusion. If we would be able to hear the voices of harmony everywhere around us, we must have that condition within ourselves. Let every one do their part in the good work, and we shall realize the truth of that which has been said of spirits:

"They live, but oh! not idly,  
To fold their hands to rest;  
For they who love God truly  
Are they who serve Him best.  
Love lightens all their labors,  
And makes all duties sweet,  
Their hands are never weakened,  
Nor weary are their feet."

The Doctor remarked that a spirit who had recently gone to her home in the spirit-world stood beside him, and desired him to repeat some lines given him through T. L. Harris, as expressive of what she had realized in the spheres:

"I rose like a mist from the mountain,  
When day walks abroad on the hills;  
I rose, like a spray from the fountain,  
From life and its wearying ills.  
I have bathed in the heavenly river,  
I have chanted the seraphim's song,  
And I walk in my brightness forever,  
Amid the celestial throng.

I come like the south wind that bringeth  
The sweetness of spring in its breath—  
The south wind that tunelessly singeth  
When winter is born to its death."

## The Plain Guide.

The subjoined extract, we clip from a lengthy article by William Howitt, entitled "Spiritualism in France," which appears in the November number of the London Spiritual Magazine. Mr. Clark's book is fully appreciated across the water, and many of the people of the old world are waking up to the great truths spread out so clearly upon its pages:

"From that humble home in Hydeville," says Uriah Clark in his excellent "Plain Guide to Spiritualism," "I have just reached this country, and I have been born true, honest, and this UNBROKEN SINCERE TRUTH—as humble as Nazareth, the tidings spread with a joy and wonder akin to the angel tidings over Bethlehem." The news that the chambers of death were again rent open—that all which generations of Humes and Voltaires, of physical and metaphysical philosophies had done to lay the restless human spirit in the ice caves of materialism; to bar up the doors of heaven, and to persuade the living that they had no kindred gone into the infinite, no loving souls who were not merely awaiting them there, but seeking them here, was rendered vain; the news that the spirits of the departed not only lived, but loved; that they were sent down to confound deadly philosophies and more deadly theologues; this news flew not on the wings of the winds, but of spirit, and a joy and wonder burst forth unparalleled since the day when saluts were drunk with the news at Pentecost, and were thought to be drunk with wine. People ran wildly to and fro to assure themselves of the truth; they sat down here, there, everywhere, and called on their spirit-friends, their lost parents, wives, brothers, sisters, children, and they came joyous as themselves at the recovered intercourse. They rapped their gladness on walls, ceilings, floors, furniture. They lifted tables and chairs, and rang bells, and played on instruments in their heavenly delight. They wrote on paper, they spoke through alphabets, they spoke out often audibly, and with their old, beloved voices, and the great land and all its populous cities, was one rapturous, thrilling delirium of joyous affection, and reestablished assurance of immortality.

The article in question is in reply to those critics who are continually assailing Spiritualism, and it repels the sarcasms and abuse of this class of writers with great power and spirit. We shall transfer the entire article to our columns next week.

## To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

M. H. H. LOOKS MILLS, Mx.—Bide your time, brother; don't seek notoriety too soon, and you will be all the better for it by and by.

H. F. M. E.—In reply to your note we would say that we pay nothing to lecturers who act as agents for the BANNER, other than publishing their appointments and addresses free of cost to them, which we trust is satisfactory.

W. C.—Money received from Decatur, Illinois, \$7.50.

P. O. FAIR HAVEN, N. Y.—Letter received. Will return it when it comes from the medium.

Mrs. A. A. FISHPALE, Mass.—In reply to your request that we publish Mr. Anderson's address, we have to inform you that it is against his wish that we do so, as he has more applications for portraits than he can possibly attend to for some time to come.

O. H. C. WHITEWATER, Wis.—We have a vast amount of original matter on hand, on all sorts of subjects, much of which it is impossible to place before our readers for a long time to come; but your article on the "MUTATIONS OF THE SKY" shall appear soon. Understand?

C. P. NEWPORT.—Will answer your letter as soon as the proper party decide. The matter is still under consideration.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

BOSTON.—SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, LYONS HALL, TAD-MORE ST., (opposite head of Second street).—Meetings are held every Sunday, at 2 P. M. and 7 P. M. Lecturers engaged: Miss Lizzie Doten, Nov. 29; Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch engaged December; Mrs. M. R. Townsend, March 20 and 27.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown will hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening, during the season. Every arrangement has been made to have these meetings interesting and instructive. The public are invited. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. E. A. Wain, Nov. 29; Mrs. Sophia L. Chappell, Dec. 13; Mrs. A. M. Spence, Dec. 20 and 27; Charles A. Hayden, Jan. 17.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee Street Church. The following lecturers are engaged to speak for noon and afternoon:—Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, Nov. 29; Miss Martha L. Beckwith, December; Miss Nellie J. Temple, December; Mrs. A. M. Spence, January 2 and 9. Free Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 2 and 7 P. M. Speakers engaged:—S. J. French, month of Nov.; Mrs. A. M. Spence, Dec. 9 and 15; Isaac F. Greenleaf, Dec. 20 and 27.

QUINCY.—Meetings every Sunday, at Johnson's Hall, Services in the forenoon at 10 A. M. and in the afternoon at 2 P. M. Speaker engaged:—Mrs. S. L. Chappell, Dec. 30 and 37.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Mechanic Hall, corner of Congress and Commercial streets, Sunday school and free Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 2 and 7 P. M. Speakers engaged:—S. J. French, month of Nov.; Mrs. A. M. Spence, Dec. 9 and 15; Isaac F. Greenleaf, Dec. 20 and 27.

BARRE, MA.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, and a Conference every Tuesday and Friday. Free Conference in the forenoon, exclusively by them, and capable of seating six hundred persons. Speaker engaged:—Uriah Clark, Nov. 29; Mrs. Laura DeForest Gordon, during December.

NEW YORK.—Dodge's Hall. Meetings every Sunday morning and evening, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. The meetings are free. Mrs. Laura Cuddy, Nov. 29.

## LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS.

[We desire to keep this list perfectly reliable, and in order to do this it is necessary that speakers notify us promptly of their appointments to lecture. Lecture Committees will please inform us of any change in the regular appointments, as published. As we publish the appointments of Lecturers gratuitously, we hope they will reciprocate by calling the attention of their hearers to the BANNER OF LIGHT.]

Mrs. LIZZIE DOTEN will speak in Boston, Nov. 29. Address: 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. LAURA CURRY will speak in New York, Nov. 29. Address: P. O. Curry, Dayton, O.; while in New York, care Herald of Progress.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND will speak in Troy, N. Y., during December; Philadelphia, in Jan.; in Chicago, during Feb.; in Detroit, Mich., in March; in New York, in April; in Hartford, Conn., in May; in Worcester, Mass., in June; in Lowell, Mass., in July; in Bangor, Me., in August; in Portland, Me., in September; in New Brunswick, N. J., in October; in New Haven, Conn., in November; in New York, in December.

Mrs. CORNELIA L. CHAPPELL will speak in Charlestown, Nov. 29; in Quincy, Dec. 30 and 31. In Liberty to engage elsewhere, at convenient distances, after the above. Address immediately at the Banner of Light office.

Mrs. ANANDA M. SPENCE will lecture in Portland, Dec. 9 and 15; in Charlestown, Dec. 20 and 27. Address, New York City.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CORNING will speak in Buffalo, N. Y., November 29; in Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 1; in Troy, N. Y., Jan. 2; in Bangor, Me., Feb. 1; in Lowell, Mass., Feb. 2.

Mrs. FANNY DAVIS SMITH will lecture in Worcester, Nov. 29. Address, Milford, Mass.

URIAH CLARK lectures in Charlestown, Mass., Nov. 29; in Bangor, Me., Nov. 30. Address: Banner of Light office.

Mrs. SARAH A. HORTON will speak in Lowell, Mass., Nov. 29; in Charlestown, during Jan.; in Worcester, Feb. 7 and 14; in Lowell, during March. Address: Brandon, Vt.

Mrs. HENNA HORTON, will lecture in Williamstown, Conn., during Nov.; in Taunton, Mass., and Somerville, Mass., during Dec.; in New York, in Jan. 3 and 10; in Worcester, Mass., in Feb. 7 and 14; in Bangor, Me., from Feb. 7 to July 31. Address as above, or East Longfellow, Mass.

Mrs. MARY M. WOOD will speak in Somers, Ct., the third and fourth Sundays in January; in Stafford, the month of April. Address: West Killigly, Conn. She will make her fall and winter engagements immediately.

Mrs. CORA L. V. HATCH will speak in Clinton Hall, New York, during November; in Boston, at Lyceum Hall, during December. She will receive calls to lecture with care, and in the vicinity of Boston during that month. Present address: New York; in December, Boston, care Banner of Light.

Mrs. LAURA DEFOREST GORDON will speak in Taunton, Mass., Nov. 29; in Bangor, Me., during December; in Old Town and Bradley, during January and February. Address as above, or at Providence, R. I., care of Capt. O. H. Gordon.

Mrs. MARTHA L. BECKWITH, trance speaker, will lecture in Philadelphia, Pa., during Nov.; in Lowell, during Dec.; in Springfield, Mass., during January; in Stafford, Ct., during Feb. Address as New Haven, care of George Beckwith. Reference, H. B. Storor, Boston.

M. P. PARSONS will speak in Rockford, Ill., the first two Sundays of each month. Address as above.

Mrs. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK, Box 422, Bridgeport, Conn., will lecture in Buffalo, N. Y., in Dec. 1; in Bridgeport, Conn., Jan. and Feb. Intends visiting Worcester in March, and will receive proposals to lecture in that State during the month.

Mrs. NELLIE J. TEMPLE will speak in Charlestown, Nov. 29 and during December; in Lowell, during January; in Portland, Me., during February; in Worcester, Mass., March 6 and 13.

W. H. CHASE is lecturing in Southern and Central Illinois and Missouri. His address will be at South Pass, Mo., 101 January 1st. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

Dr. JAMES COOPER will speak in Charlestown, Ind., Nov. 28 and 29; in Anderson, Nov. 30; in Mechanicsburg, Dec. 1 and 2; in Oudis, Dec. 3 and 4; in Greensboro, Dec. 5 and 6; in New Madison, O., Dec. 8 and 9.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN's present address is Cleveland, O., where she is engaged to speak for the present.

M. E. GREENGLASS, trance speaker, Lowell, will speak in Worcester, Dec.

JOSEPH GREENGLASS will speak in Dover, Me., Nov. 29 and Dec. 6; in Portland, Dec. 20 and 27. Will speak in Massachusetts or New Hampshire the month of January, if desired. Address, Exeter Mills or Bangor, Me.

Mrs. M. C. TUCKER will lecture in East Lima, Conn., Nov. 29.

W. K. RIPLEY will speak in Stafford, Conn., Nov. 29; in Williamstown, Dec. 6 and 13; in Little River Village, Me., Jan. 8 and 10; in Stockport, N. Y., during February. Address as above, or Snow's Falls, Me.

Mrs. R. M. WOLCOTT will speak in Lester, Vt., Jan. 10; in East Middlebury, Jan. 24. Address as above, or Rochester, Vt.

Mrs. E. A. BAIRD, Springfield, Mass., will speak in Worcester, Dec. 13, 20 and 27.

F. L. H. WILLIS will speak in Troy, N. Y., through Nov. Address, New York, care Herald of Progress.

AVRAHAM K. SIMMONS will speak in East Bethel, Vt., on the second Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt.

Dr. L. E. COOMBS will speak in Upton, N. Y., Nov. 29 and Dec. 6; in Harrisburg, Pa., during January. Is agent for the Banner of Light, and also for the sale of late Spiritual and Reform publications. Intends visiting Worcester in March, and will receive proposals to lecture in that State during the month.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Bangor, Me., during November; in Oldtown, during December; in New York, during Jan. 17; in Foxboro, Feb. 14; in Worcester, the two first Sundays in March; in Lowell, the two first Sundays in April; in Dover, during June. Would like to make arrangements to speak in Massachusetts the two last Sundays in March.

Mrs. A. F. BROWN, (formerly Mrs. A. P. Thompson) speaks in Danville, Vt., half the time still further notice.

Geo. A. PARRON, trance medium, will lecture (if requested so to do) and attend funerals in the vicinity of Lowell and Auburn, Me., the coming winter and spring. Address Auburn, Me.

Wm. DARRON is desirous to deliver his Geological course of six lectures in any of the towns of New England, or neighboring States, and would engage with parties to that effect. He may be addressed to the care of this office.

ADDRESSES OF LECTURERS AND MEDIUMS.

[Under this heading we shall insert the names and places of residence of Lecturers and Mediums, at the low price of twenty-five cents per line for three months. As it takes eight words on average to complete a line, the advertiser can see in advance how much it will cost to advertise in this department, and remit accordingly. When a speaker has an appointment to lecture, the notice and address will be published gratuitously under head of "Lecturers' Appointments."]

Mrs. E. A. BARNES, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, will speak to lecture.

Mrs. HENNA HORTON, 6th Ave. N. Y. New York, will speak to lecture.

Jessie Lonsdale's address for the present is Weymouth, Mass., 111, care Prof. A. H. Worthington.

Mrs. S. KNOX AINS will answer calls to lecture in Northampton and Western Michigan for the coming year, at address Fremont Centre, Lake Co., Ill.

Mrs. E. A. KIRKENDALL will make engagements for the coming fall and winter. Address, Bangor, Me.

Mrs. M. C. TUCKER will answer calls to lecture. Address, Liberty Hill, Conn.

Isa. H. CURTIS speaks upon questions of spiritualism. Address, Hartford, Conn.

W. W. RUSSELL, magnetic healing, medium, Railroad Ave., will answer calls to lecture.

John T. Ames, magnetic physician and clairvoyant, will lecture, 5 South street, Rochester, N. Y., P. O. Box 200.

FANNY DUBUANT PAXTON, South Main St., New York, will answer calls to lecture.

Mrs. C. M. BROWN, lecturer and medical clairvoyant, will answer calls to lecture, 111 West 12th street, Rochester, N. Y., at the office of Dr. A. J. Adams.

Mrs. LIZZIE M. CANNON, inspirational speaker, care of James Lawrence, Cleveland, O. Will speak each Sabbath and attend funerals.

Mrs. JULIA L. BROWN, trance speaker, who shall engagements for the coming fall and winter in the West, at Prophetstown Illinois. Will answer calls to attend funerals.

Mrs. MARTHA RANSOM, trance speaker, Address: J. C. Howard, Milwaukee, Wis.

Mrs. L. T. WHITTIER will answer calls to lecture in South and West. Address: Wiscorin and Lowell, Address: Whitewater, Walworth Co., Wis.

Mrs. SARAH A. NORTON will answer calls to lecture in New York, N