



## Literary Department.

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

BY CORA WILBURN. CHAPTER XXIV. The Test Applied.

"To err is human; to forgive, divine." Poets and romancers have exhausted themselves in praises and eulogiums of the honeymoon. All the blessedness of anticipated domestic happiness has by them been narrowed down within the limits of a short, swiftly-decaying month. After that, life becomes hum-drum and prosaic; the delicate attentions cease; olden habits are restored on either side; the gloss of the novel situation has worn off; husband and wife are no longer lovers; the days of courtship are over; matter-of-fact takes the place of poetry; reality succeeds illusion; the misty glamour is withdrawn; blinding eyes begin to see clearly, and the assumed meekness and courteous depart, to give room for widely different manifestations. Sometimes a reprieve is granted of a few additional moons, and the charm lingers awhile. But at the close of the year, oh, there is a woful change! Not a vestige often of the impassioned suitor, and the ardent, gentle bride.

But all this grows out of our great inheritance of misery, ignorance. There is no need for these abrupt or gradual changes. The love that is founded upon the indestructible basis of moral esteem, cannot waver, flicker, and die out, as do the lesser, minor lights of life. It is a holy flame, ever renewed from the vestal shrines of purity, guarded by a sacred delicacy, dedicated to interior chastity, and therefore all the winds of adversity assail it in vain. It speeds ever heavenwards, a worthy offering unto the mighty source of love. Not dependent upon external attraction, not fed by sensual indulgence, not nurtured in indolence of spirit—such love is the benign conqueror of time and change. Enthroned above the reach of worldliness, grown out of self, it is as fervent, pure, and steadfast after the lapse of fifty years, as on the first day of its avowal. As there is progress in all things, so there is growth in love. No coldness or indifference succeed to its first raptures, but as those mating spirits blend more closely, there is for them, as the years speed on, a joy of communion, a power of correspondence unknown before. Only passion and infatuation, blinded weakness, awaken as from a dream. A true union binds in every passing experience a sign and token of its eternal duration. The true politeness that is the benevolent expression of a loving heart, will never be laid aside in the familiarity of home-intercourse. The courteous attentions, needed of the sensitive spirit, will be the spontaneous bestowal of its kindred soul. With intellectual appreciation and reverence for immortal attributes, will blend the strong and deep affections; respect will ever bow before the sanctuary. The sweet amenities and household graces will ever attend upon the steps of love.

The sunshine of such a home shall gladden the saddest hearts; its indwelling spirit of abiding youth and hopefulness shall impress every beholder; its atmosphere of song and music shall revive the fainting and life weary ones. It shall be as a Mecca, to which many pilgrim feet shall turn, from whose gates none shall depart empty-handed. The influences of prayer shall nestle in its every nook, and the answering voices of the consoling angels shall be heard. Thrice blessed home of love! Would that all human hearts would labor for the possession of thy beauty and rest! Thou alone art the true haven of repose on earth or in the limitless worlds above.

I found in the great, calm soul of my chosen one, infinite depths of tenderness, for which the imperfect language of our earth can have no name. I discovered paths so beautifully diversified with the gained treasure stores of the spirit, that I shrank in bewildered sight from the enchanting view that led up to such mountain peaks of glorious achievement! I found still lakes that mirrored the starry heavens and reflected the majestic growth of mystic forest shades. I heard the musical stinging of rivers, speeding on toward the seas of life, the poet-melodies of heart-birds, the chime of vesper bells, the clarion tones of Truth's awakening. All this in symbolic figure represented to my understanding, I received with loudly throbbing heart of joy; and my efforts, all my aspirations, were to become truly worthy of my happiness.

Together we roamed over the wide, fertile fields of philosophy, gleaming here a gem, and there a flower. Hand in hand we kept before the same fane of purest worship in union of heart we threaded the tangled paths of this wretched world. Our impulses of benevolence, our intentions of feeling, were the same; our unspoken thoughts were comprehended. We stood on the same platform and journeyed over the same angel-guarded road toward the eternal kingdom.

In due course of time my former relations with the world were restored; but my friends thronged around me; I quietly gave them their assigned place. Carrying into the practice of life the divine injunction of forgiveness of injuries, I harbored no feelings of resentment, and sought earnestly to look with the eye of charity upon the shortcomings of human kind. As an honored wife, I was respected with the dignity of my own home; I was never repented by the world, and invitations were showered upon me to parties and festive gatherings by the very ones who, in my days of adverse fortune, had neglected me. Sometimes I accepted these marks of external deference, at other times I declined them with a firm but gently administered rebuke. As I never sought for enrichment as one of the world's popular idols, I shrank not from the fulfillment of any duty, however painful. Yet I ever sought to reproduce with mildness, to assert my own dignity and vindicate my own rights without bitterness. It is my belief that we are tried by the touchstone

of test in every department of our nature. It is the educational process instituted of divinely natural law, of whose application to our souls' need the blessed angels have the charge. Whenever a lingering weakness obstructs the individual progress, the trial best adapted to its removal is sent. Whenever clouds of skepticism or selfishness dim the moral or the mental vision, the purifying tempest of sorrow disperses them, and the sun of wisdom shines from the blue skies of promise. Whenever we have failed in a duty, mistaken the straight road, turned to ease and pleasure, in preference to wandering over rugged paths of discipline—that needed discipline which, weak and fearful, we sought to evade—will meet us disguised in a hundred forms, wearing the aspect of calamity and trouble. But when we have learned to accept all that life brings to us as divinely commissioned of God, as beautifully inspiring, as grandly suggestive of our human possibilities, then shall we know sorrow by her angel name.

Neither let us grasp for the things we have not rightfully earned; we may think ourselves deserving of a better fate, a sunnier destiny, a happier lot. Let us not repine, for whatever is denied to us is not our own by spiritual law. The innocent and ignorant child orles for the moon; so do we, "children of a larger growth," for the impossible. Love, home, happiness, the peace within, must all be tolled for ere possession can be given in the true interior sense. The apprenticeship must be served, harmony of thought and feeling, of intent and action established, ere the mortal can be trusted with the treasures of eternity. Wisdom must guide in safety the tender feet of Love; the laud marks of experience must serve as guiding posts to the future; the flowers of humility must blossom from the soil of buried pride; on the graves of the former indolence must arise the spirits of endeavor. It is a life's labor, truly, to harmonize our faculties, to bring music out of the lonesome discord; but by the light of the one true and olden religion, now revealed as the new, it can be done with patience, hope, and prayerful effort. Let us do the best we can; our Father demands nothing that is beyond our strength. Let us do our duty; "angels can no more."

One day, about six months after our marriage, my husband entered my study with a cloud upon his brow, an expression of deep compassion on his compressed lip and in his moistened eye. I went up to him, as is my custom, and said, reading well that tell-tale face, that noble heart ever unveiled to my loving scrutiny: "What is it, Victor? Who is sick or suffering? Can I not give some help?" He enfolded me in his arms, looked down and searchingly into my eyes in silence.

"I will do what is required of me, even if it demand a sacrifice. I am willing to obey my Father's mandates," I replied to the mute question. "In all things, Jasmine?" he asked me, tenderly. "Yes, in all things. What my duty and my husband demand of me must be right! Tell me, Victor."

"Can you forgive your enemies?" "I humbly strive to do so day by day." "Can you give a full and free pardon to one who has wronged you most? Can you forget the sorrows and terrors of the past, the assault upon your own life, the destruction of that one life near and dear to you?"

I shuddered. "You have heard from Mark Callife?" "Can you forgive him, Jasmine? Will you soothe for him the transition hour that is full of remnant horrors to his guilty soul? Will you speak to him of the infinite mercy, proving its existence by the exercise of human charity?"

I hesitated, but only for a moment. I met the clear, soul-reading gaze of my beloved; there was in it a shadow of reproach. Oh, blessed human love when it inspires to righteous deeds! With a trembling voice and tears that I could not repress, I answered then: "I will forgive him; I will speak to him words of comfort, as I hope for the mercy of the Holiest, the compassion of the angel world." "And you will do this because it is right and just, not because of the desire of my heart, the influence of my will? The solemn duties of life must be fulfilled for duty's sake alone." And again he looked deep into my eyes, down into my heart's recesses. I passed and thought, and answered: "I will do the right for its own sake, but then dost admonish me of the way. Tell me now of Mark Callife." And I felt my soul grow strong. Victor kissed my brow and lips. "My blessed wife, there is a great work for you to do," he said; and he told me how my life-long, implacable enemy had met with a fearful fate, destined to end his career of recklessness and crimes. Maimed and disfigured, and mortally wounded, he had been taken from amid the ruins of a train of cars, beneath which over a hundred had lost their lives. The only being, save one, that he had ever loved—his son—was found clasped in his arms, and dead!

"No, no, it is impossible; though he said she would come. I hated and pursued her as a devil all my life; she would never come to see the dying dog—her enemy!"

Then Victor spoke to him in brotherly accents, imbued with that eloquence of inspiration peculiarly his own, and the stricken, wretched man listened as one enraptured by the language of another world, forgetting momentarily his pain in the eager attention with which he heeded those consoling words.

Taking my hand in his, my Victor took the nerveless one of the shrinking and bewildered Mark, saying with a gentle authority: "Jasmine Northrup, my beloved wife, it here to ratify my promise, to award to you a mortal's full forgiveness," and my willing hand was left in the trembling, shivering grasp of the fingers once uplifted against my life.

"As I hope for forgiveness, so I do accord it to you," I said; and I bore, without faltering in my purpose, the glare of the widely questioning eyes. I interpreted the voluble murmur of the lips, and repeated my words, and smiled into his haggard face.

"Do you know all—that caused my burning hatred—my insatiable desire for vengeance—the provocation?" "I know it all; I pity you. At this moment cherish no baneful thoughts. Redeemed from all taint of evil, the gross misconceptions of this life atoned for, we all shall meet beyond."

"Oh, Austin, Austin!" he wailed heart-brokenly: "all to me is heaven or hell, if I but meet my son! Dead! dead! Who says there is a future life—an awakening from the sleep of death?"

Again he tossed and moaned, racked with bodily anguish and the dread uncertainty of his mind. I passed my hand over his death-damp brow. "It is a blast, a healing touch," he murmured. "If you can forgive me, Jasmine, there must be a hereafter and a God!"

"There is, my friend, and the good we find in human hearts is a guarantee of the infinite existence. Was there not a time of your life when you believed in and trusted the benignant Father?" "Many, many years ago," replied the sufferer, looking with dim eyes into my husband's calm and compassionate countenance; "that was before I thought all men were devils, all women false and weak."

"Yet men are good and noble, and our sisters are nigh unto the angels. In your last hours you are soothed by the ministrations of truest friends; does not that revive your faith in humanity?" His pale lips quivered assent.

"And through the good in humanity can you not behold the boundless mercy and divine pity?" earnestly questioned my Victor. "Almost; but I am blinded in sight—dead, dead at heart—callous in soul. I have been an unbeliever too long. Oh, Austin! could I but once again behold you!—my son, for whom I periled all! Speak to me, Jasmine. Repeat your words of pardon; let them be the last sounds I hear!"

I bent over him as if he were my brother. I wiped the oozing moisture from his brow; I soothed the anguish of his shattered frame with cool, magnetic touches; I spoke words of heavenly consolation as I felt inspired, and the low, musical airs of the Eden-world, wherein my mother dwells, swept around me, and on my bowed head rested the touch of angel-hands; within, a sense of duty well fulfilled, and on me bent the eyes whose loving triumph was my dearest recompense on earth.

It was our joint mission to rescue from its ultimate despair that struggling soul, battling with its mortal darkness. It was an enterprise fraught with difficulties, for that soul had grown hardened in an evil course; it was, world-encrusted by selfishness, blunted in its finer sensibilities, storm-tossed so long it could not behold the near heaven of repose. But we succeeded in restoring some degree of peace, in bringing to his dying vision some passing gleams of the awaiting light of heaven.

For three days I scarcely stirred from beside his bed. Victor shared in the watches of the night. On the third eve he died—not calmly, not with believing trust and holy resignation—for the strong man's love of life resisted long the spirit's flight—but the intense anguish of his mind was in a measure removed, some glimmerings of hope dawned on his consciousness. My hand was clasped in his, my voice was the last human utterance that fell upon his closing ear.

No one ever knew of our strange relations. The world deemed him some well known friend of my child hood; we entered into no explanations. He was buried beside his son, in a city cemetery. I go there sometimes, in a pensive or a remiss mood; he left in our hands a sum of money, as he said, to make restitution to me. I could not use it for myself, nor had I need for it; it seemed to me that the stain of wrong, nay, of blood, clove to every good piece. I counseled with my wisdom, as I often termed my husband, who named me his love, and we concluded to appropriate it to a form more needed—on a humble scale to the moral elevation and intellectual culture of the criminals in our midst.

My life, restored to its usual channel, flowed on in undisturbed serenity, until, alas! the trumpet-tone of war aroused the spirit of our youth, and throbbled in new life-tides of patriotism in the veins of the aged. Two years of such happiness as is surely a foretaste of the celestial state, and the last trial was sent, finding me weak and helpless as a babe, leaving me strong and resigned to that Will which I felt assured would not consign me to a wretched widowhood. I knew he had not gone forth because he loved the pagantry of arms, because he loved the fame of martial deeds. The aspect of human suffering was terrible to my tender-hearted heart. He did not accept the world's popular ideas of glory; his patriotism was world-wide; he deprecated violence, and shrank from the shedding of human blood. And yet he went forth amid the perils and horrors of a protracted campaign, leaving home and love and avocation at the call of uncompromising duty—for he was needed, to give the endorsement of principle, to give a moral tone of excellence to the army, to introduce into its ranks the consoling and ennobling faith of

Spiritualism, to prove that the champions of Liberty could be men of religious minds and pure hearts, with hands unstained by felonious intent of self-aggrandizement. The company he led were all allied to him in spirit.

I need not recapitulate any of the incidents of this protracted conflict, still raging fiercely, though the first signal tokens of beginning victory are ours. Unharnessed through many battles, untouched through manifold dangers, my loved one has passed the trying ordeal of many a national defeat, ever looking forward to the morn of Universal Freedom that is to bless the world. He has been home, and I have been to him. Sad as are our partings, we are sustained by the un-failing promise that soon we shall be reunited, never again to be severed by any decree of fate.

### CHAPTER XXV. The Teachings of Every Day.

"It is worse than weak—it is wrong, 'tis shame, This mean prostration before Fame; This casting down, beneath the car Of idols, whoso'er they are. Life's purest, holiest deceptions, To be careered o'er as they please. No; give triumphant genius all For which his loftiest wish can call; If he be worshipped, let it be For attributes, his noblest, first; Not with that base idolatry Which sanctifies his last and worst." Moore.

Do you think that great emergencies are needed for the development of character?—that startling events alone bestow the meed of greatness on the soul?—that the monotonous routine of every day is devoid of opportunities for culture? This is a sad mistake. You can grow into the likeness of the angels, ascend the towering plateaus of spiritual attainment, develop into kingliness and womanly majesty within the narrow precincts of the humblest home, amid the lowliest avocations of our time. All the seeming hindrances that environ you, all the clashing discords that oppose you, all the petty miseries, the gnawing cares, the rankling antagonisms, are so many aids to your spiritual advancement, for by and through them you learn self-reliance, courage, invincible strength is gained, and philosophic calm is wooed and won. All heroism is not of the battle field or the stake; it is evinced in the daily fulfillment of painful, irksome duties. All patience is not demonstrable to the prying eyes of others; it is exercised in a multitude of ways, in speech and tone and spirit, amid the minor and trying vexations of life. All industry is not placed on exhibition; it is often a ceaseless web, taken up and added to, day by day. Hope and peace, fortitude and endurance, charity and goodness, are not always manifest in received forms; they assume varying shapes and hues, break forth in a song of cheerfulness amid the surroundings of poverty, in words of divine comforting amid the desolations of bereavement, in gentle, unseen deeds of good will, in unuttered prayers and unrelated silent conversations of the thrilled heart from a course of wrong unto a course of upward aspiration. But the dear world that ever calls for excitement and change, for melo drama and acted romance, would call such lives tame, and taking no heed of the angel signet on the brow, pass on to some loud-tumpled performer on life's stage, accepting the mimic roses for the true bloom of life, the tiara crown for the truly regal diadem, the tawdry wrappings for the imperial ermine. Thou art easily hoodwinked, oh credulous world! And in all ranks of business or knowledge, appearances pass current, and skeletons are decked with the semblance of youth and beauty. It is one of the missions of complete reform to tear away these filmy coverings that conceal the base idols decked out to represent the angels.

There is an insensate worship of intellect, not a true, respectful homage, rendered unto moral worth. The witty statesman, the brilliant orator, the keen, witty, sarcastic writer, the acknowledged star—no matter whence its beams are derived—are the objects of the people's admiration. Whether the eloquence of the statesman is in defence of right and liberty; whether the writer's pen is dipped in the sweet honey of kindness or in the gall of bitterness; whether the discourse of the lecturer is replete with the best warmth of brotherhood, or coldly glittering with the ice gems of abstract theories, the public generally does not stop to inquire. If what is said or written is enchanting, (often because unintelligible) if it is bewilderingly beautiful with exalted or exaggerated forms of speech, how many stay their verdict to inquire, "How much of truth does it contain?" As yet, mankind prefer to be amused, rather than instructed. Is it not so with us of "the household of faith"?

Do we not cling with astonishing pertinacity to external manifestations, to the neglect of interior culture? How many of us seek for the light within? Do we strive to learn from each day and hour, from every passing event, however trivial, of the law of progress and the uses of discipline? Do we fully understand what is meant by development of character, and aim, and life?

Permit me to introduce you to a few of my friends and acquaintances, to show you how, in my quiet home-life, I can glean a lesson of use from every occurrence, and gain knowledge, and exercise my self-control, by the aid of every one I meet.

Let me make you acquainted with Marion Ellworth, a woman of noble, cultivated intellect, of superior attainments, frank, outspoken, a hater of shams and hypocrites, yet alas! wedded to a false ambition, thirsting with the vague desire for fame, young in years, yet cynical, despising her own sex for the follies and weaknesses apparent in so many. She is half a misanthrope, an unbeliever as regards the coming of a Millennial era, hopeless of reform, yet capable of lofty thoughts and daring, noble deeds.

"Oh, this miserable war!" she sighs. "Look at the corruption rampant in our midst! Almost all are office-seekers, money-getters! I'm sick of the mockery of patriotism! There's no such thing in our army. What is to be the result? An impoverished country, depopulated cities, widows and orphans, a divided land, and a night-black future, all on account of the wretched negro!"

My friend is politically a Democrat, consequently in favor of the cherished institution of slavery. I answer:

"You take only a surface view, my friend. The hidden corruption has been made visible by circumstances. It is well that we should know where to look for it. Yet there is a principle of liberty abroad, knocking loudly for admittance to the people's hearts. It is beginning to be recognized, through the very miseries we deplore. The carnage and the sorrow, the loss of material prosperity and security, is bringing about the aim for which all true and loyal hearts have prayed so long, hoping, indeed, it could be accomplished without this fearful sacrifice of war. The widows and the orphans' souls are led by bereavement to seek for a better religion, a fuller demonstration of immortality. The spirits of those arisen from the battle fields form the cutting, flake between our earth and the worlds beyond—"

"That's all transcendentalism! You know I cannot swallow your camel of Spiritualism," interrupts my visitor with provoking coolness.

I whisper "Patience" to myself, and continue placidly: "You say the war is all on account of the wretched negro. True, my dear Marion, if he were happy, we should not be fighting to make him so. It is because God's retributive justice has decreed that slavery shall no longer be endured by his black children, that we, who have been the guilty participators and abettors of that foulest wrong against humanity, should now be called upon to expiate it by the sacrifice of blood. The results of all the present commotion are glorious!—so grand and compensative in their ultimate beneficence that they exalt the soul in joy, even at this remote contemplation. Why, Marion, this will be a land of liberty—not nominally so as heretofore, but in good faith. We shall have no more slave pens and auction-blocks for the sale of human beings, no more inquisition-tortures for the use of the black chattel man. And in the North, much of the arrogance and anti-tocratic assumption will be swept aside, and the equality of citizenship will be acknowledged; and perhaps not far in the future, woman will take her equal place by the divinely appointed side of man."

"That's always your dream, Jasmine. I wish you could live to see it realized; but I am not as sanguine as you are. I have not your faith in humanity. I always see all of the demon; you manage to see a bit of an angel everywhere. Where is your balance of justice? Go into society; don't you see the meanest little flirt, with pink cheeks and sky-blue eyes, is sure to turn the heads of all the intellectual men we look up to in reverence, while the high principled and intellectual woman, if she has the misfortune to be plain looking, sits in a corner and has to draw on the resources of her own mind for entertainment. As for the negro question, we won't contend. You see in them equal and immortal beings; I behold them as on a level with the brute."

"That is because, after the fashion of even some great minds, you reason on the surface, and from appearances, and will not allow your woman's heart to plead. You pride yourself on the possession of a stoical philosophy, that is composed mainly of pure lack of sympathy. Dear Marion, your brain would not throbb so wearily, nor your heart ache so sadly, were you to cultivate more the charitable feelings that lie dormant in your soul. No one can be totally unhappy who ministers unto the wants of others. Believe me; I have tried it. That heart will never break which feels that it is needed to bind up the wounds of suffering humanity. That soul that seeks to give strength to the falling, will always have power imparted to it. To grow out of self, and live for others, is the grand secret of success in a contented life."

"Dear me!" says Marion, moving about uneasily, as if I had touched upon an unwelcome topic. "I have not your disposition, nor your temperament, nor your opportunities for doing so." "I seek and make my opportunities. You have a woman's hands and heart. You are free and untrammelled, talented, and able to cope with any amount of difficulties. The obstacles are in yourself, not in the world without."

"I cannot act the Lady Bountiful," she replies, with a slight toss of her fine head. "I have not the patience to go among a parcel of dirty, ragged wretches; and I have so little faith in the reformation of drunkards and criminals, that I should be a sorry guide and mentor for them. What would you have me do?"

"Overcome that repugnance in view of the great good to be achieved; lay aside your fine lady fastidiousness, and familiarize yourself with the conditions of the poor; take into their miserable homes your sympathetic influence, your knowledge of physiological law; teach them the gospel of cleanliness; instruct them in the science of true and righteous living; open their benighted eyes to the sin of an enforced maternity; tell them of the fearful responsibility of giving birth to immortal spirits; reason with them gently, lovingly; lead them upward with a sister's hand out of the vale of ignorance to the happy summit of knowledge."

"You are so enthusiastic on these subjects," she responds, with a wave of the hand. "But I should not have the courage to enter their hovels and talk to them of things beyond their comprehension."

"Level your speech to their plane; tell them in the plainest, simplest language. You, who would dare to mount the fleetest, wildest horse; you, whom I have heard say desired nothing more than to be at the head of a cavalry regiment, you talk of a lack of courage? Flie, de, Marion! You, who would be a heroine of the barricades or the battle-field, you cannot be lacking in moral daring. As I told you before, it is from a want of inspiring sympathy for your kind that you feel thus."

"Perhaps so; but I am so thoroughly disgusted with show-men and puppet women, I can scarcely control my indignation." "Leave them, and search for princely men and queenly sisters; seek them by cherishing like attributes in yourself. The men you call great who prefer the slipper flirt to the woman of genius, are those in whom cold intellect predominates, who know no true heart-warmth of love, who have never cultivated the spiritual nature. Alas only to impressions of the senses, they are attracted by physical charms, and most willingly and knowingly do they mate with inferiors in mind, thereby securing one admirer for all the rest of their lives, one unreasoning worshiper of their greatness. Why should you and I be distinguished



they said, The Lord is God—the Lord is in God, His other proof being needed that the Lord is God, it was shown by sending Baal's prophets by express over the Jordan.

The Lode-Stone was a God Stone, or a Devil Stone, according to circumstances. Probably that was the lapis infernalis, or infernal stone, which the priesthood had not anointed, or consecrated. So near of kin, however, is the Devil to the Lord, or magic to Orthodoxy, in the mode of the theurgical manifestation, that the rejected stone often becomes the head of the corner. Pausanias relates that the Magi, or wise men of the East, "placed some wood upon the altar, and invoked I know not what God, by orisons taken from a book written in a barbarous language, unknown to the Greeks; the wood soon ignited of itself without fire, and the flame of it was very brilliant;" thus leaving it to be inferred that the burning bush of Moses was thus made up of this strange fire, from the Lord Aaron's sons. It may be, were scorched to the longing of their lives in similar strange fire. On similar wise, too, was Hercules roasted in the saturated shirt of Nessus—harmless in the dark, but kindling when exposed to the rays of the Lord, or the Sun. Dejanira, the wife of Hercules, explains somewhat this "Blood of Nessus," which is transformed into a consuming fire. "Nessus," says she, "advised me to keep this liquid in a dark place, until the moment when I wished to make use of it. This is what I have done. To-day, in the dark, with a flock of wood dipped in the liquid, I lay dried the tunic, which I have sent, after having put it in a box, without its having been exposed to the light. The flock of wood exposed to the sun upon a stone, was spontaneously consumed, without having been touched by any one. It was reduced to ashes, into powder, resembling that which the saw causes to fall from wood. I have observed that above the Stone on which I had placed it, froth bubbles appeared, like those which in autumn are produced from wine poured from a height."

This appears to have been a chemical manifestation of the spirit, which, in the past, would have been of the Lord or of sorcery. The jealous waters of Moors, if distilled from "eye of newt or toe of frog," were not more potent than the love philtre bequeathed by the dying Nessus to Dejanira, nor less consuming than the strange fire from the Lord, making burnt offerings of Aaron's sons, than was the saturated tunic in the Hecatean consumption.

Not less potent was the anointing oil of Miss Medea. Pliny, in fact, says "that Medea, having robbed the crown of her rival, whom she wished to destroy with asphix, it caught fire at the instant when the unfortunate individual approached the altar to offer a sacrifice."

Thus in tracing the Lord and the Devil along the boundaries of the two worlds, we must take heed of the fire, whether it be of the Orthodox Devilism of our churches, the same as the strange fire from the Lord, or "the Lord's fire in Zion, whose furnace is in Jerusalem."

MUTATIONS OF THE SEASONS--No. 2.

BY O. N. CONGAR.

As I before stated, the atmosphere of the earth is known to have an established system of circulation, and to the laws of which it is ever obedient. Hence, locating in the tropical regions the earth's great dynamical centre, it is properly from there that its established and definite channels of circulation are traced out. And this we attempt to do, first by observing the phenomena of storms, the peculiar movements of clouds, and the wet and dry seasons. From which, it has been ascertained beyond a doubt, that immediately under the equator, and about the thirty-parallel latitude north and south of it, there appears what are termed calm-zones or doldrums; where currents of air meet, cross each other, rise and fall, and continue in their course, either toward the equator or polar regions. And at those lines of crossing remarkable phenomena are known to occur—such as single atmospheric currents assuming the binary character as they leave the calms of Cancer and Capricorn, giving rise to variable winds in extra temperate latitudes, (while the true variable winds are the result of the equatorial calm-zone), and other peculiarities characteristic of those and adjacent latitudes during their transformation; after which their polar course is resumed as surface and extra surface currents, until finally within the semi-polar latitudes, where a partial subdivision again takes place; the upper portion of the surface current sweeping around over variable areas, in the form of a circle, often materially influenced by local causes, until absorbed by the trade-winds, whose definite course is toward the equator, while the more elevated or extra surface current continues its spiral course toward the pole zone of calms, where another crossing occurs with the electro-return current to the equator. These local conditions, however, no more arrest the general course of atmospheric currents, than boulders, or islands in the bed of a river arrests its course.

The polar current, at first, is but little elevated above the earth's surface; but as it approaches the magnetic latitudes, it gradually rises into the upper channels of definite circulation, and pursues its course thereafter uninterrupted, until meeting the opposing equatorial magnetic current polewards, where the calm belts of Cancer and Capricorn are the result.

Here the exchanging positions of these opposing currents are continuous, neither varying its natural course, however changed its properties; the poleward current bisected, while that toward the equatorial calm-zone is a trade-wind, and quite highly electrical in its superior portion, especially on the approach, and far into the magnetic series.

This view—aside from the support it receives from observation, to those who have carefully watched the movement of clouds, become familiar with their many changing forms, observing closely the transformation of the Stratus into the Cumulus, Nimbus, Cirro-Cumulus and Cirrus; all the phenomena of change, from one form to the other, their varying altitudes and different directions of motion, as they rise from one sphere or current of air to another, many times making use of them as tags placed upon the wind to more definitely determine the different channels of circulation—will most readily be accepted, in principle at least.

Then what special relationship have they to these magnetic and electrical perturbations? We assume that they are the direct medium, and have an oscillating motion obedient to these influences. And that as the protate or magnetic zone, extending to certain latitudes either side of the equator, seems to move along in its orbit, it will be observed, that all that portion of the earth outside a perfect magnetic circle would be under the electrical influence, as that portion of the ellipse was withdrawn; or, as this magnetic zone became an oblate spheroid, as related to the earth.

Hence, such a change would necessarily involve a marked annual depression of temperature. Prevailing cold northerly winds would sweep down far into the temperate latitudes as surface currents, especially after storms, and various other manifest indications that the series of cold seasons were approaching.

In order to make this a little clearer, by way of illustration, we will suppose an ellipse to be drawn, and a circle so struck as to fall within the lines of its greatest lateral or minor axis; all that portion then without the circle is that which falls out poleward during the magnetic period, which, up or driving back the electrical currents that otherwise continue their course unobstructed toward the equator, impart to the semi-tropical latitudes as surface currents, as before re-

marked. Whereas, in the magnetic seasons, these electro-polar currents are, perhaps, in part, by the law of convection, raised up and pass over in the upper channels many degrees of latitude further polewards, their direct influence being seldom felt.

Now, as these electro-polar currents approach the opposite magnetic equatorial currents, the same effect is apparent as when two streams of water meet from opposite directions. A banking up and greater condensation of their atoms is the result, to which also the permanent elevation of temperature within these calm belts, above that which obtains either side of them, is due.

And should there be but one outlet to these meeting currents from beneath, then eddies or whirlwinds, tornadoes, &c., would occur. But if there be two outflowing streams at the inferior surface, corresponding in size to the superior inflowing currents, then an equable circulation would constantly be maintained. But local causes often so greatly interfere, that frightful and destructive storms are thereby produced.

It is this meeting and banking up of the atmospheric currents, together with the excessive precipitation of the electrical currents in those latitudes, that has been the principal cause of the unusual low temperature and cold storms there the past few years, and to which also may be attributed the chilling southerly blasts during the same period, that have swept over the temperate latitudes.

In further support of this view, and the circular course of atmospheric currents within the temperate zone, at least, it is only necessary to have observed the circular motion of the storm clouds during this given period. Their general course has been, and is now, from the southwest, west and northwest, within the parallels of thirty-five to forty-five of north latitude to northwest, east and south of east; while at the same time surface currents may blow from opposite directions. And let it be observed also, that this phenomenon is more characteristic of the magnetic than electrical period. For during the latter, general observation has shown, that within these latitudes the storm-clouds make up from all points of the compass between the southwest and southeast, except, perhaps, in midsummer, when the northwestern horizon may be overspread with angry looking Cumulo-Nimbus clouds; and not unfrequently storms of a most terrific nature will suddenly burst upon the unsuspecting from them. And as these clouds fully pass over, it is almost invariably followed by a lower temperature. Whereas, in the magnetic period, which we are now in, after storms, and, indeed, when northerly winds prevail, the temperature often rises than falls under a clear sky.

That the calms of Cancer and Capricorn occupy positions somewhat nearer the equator during the prevalence of the electrical influence, than when under the opposite or magnetic, is quite significant, as has already been remarked, that the magnetic arm is much more axially drawn into a bulging zone; or, in other words, is paramagnetic. Hence it covers a less longitudinal area than when diamagnetic; from which it may be seen how the elements of the atmosphere become electrically or magnetically charged, so to speak, by a depression or elevation of its temperature. This may also account for the frequent and brilliant display of the Aurora Borealis during what is here termed the magnetic period, for it has been shown by Professor Loomie and others that the appearance of greatest activity and brilliancy of the auroras is periodical; and from the data at hand, these periods seem to very nearly coincide with the recurrence of these periods of magnetic control.

It may now be well, in concluding this article, to remark that this series of magnetic seasons commenced properly in 1850-1, although they are almost the coldest seasons on record. But the reason for this, in brief, that the maximum of cold will be at the closing out of this period, and, perhaps, trench upon the magnetic; which may account for the sudden transition in the change of temperature; but the converse of which is not the case in the magnetic, for that is the dominant force, and hence more equable in its manifestation. If this calculation is correct, we have then passed through quite half of the thirteen years of which this secular period is composed, but only about eleven of which, however, are usually recognized.

The maximum of heat, or rising temperature, in this period, will be reached in the following year; after which a gradual decline will be observed. Hence, contrary to the popular opinion, the coming winter is to be a comparatively open or mild one. It will please be borne in mind that I have not attempted a complete solution of this difficult problem in this communication, but shall pursue it more analytically in a future article.

Whitewater, Wis., Nov. 23rd 1868.

The Lecture Room.

PATRIOTISM AND RELIGION.

A Discourse delivered by Mrs. Oena L. V. Hatch in Clinton Hall, New York, Sunday, Nov. 7th and 8th, 1868.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

INVOCATION

Our Father, who art the Infinite source of Life—Being above all beings—whose power and wondrous love flow forth unbounded and unceasing, we bow before thee in adoration and praise. Thy influence, like a divine emanation, hovers ever near and around us. We would fain learn more of thee and of thine existence. Earth and heaven, redolent of light and gladness, testify through all their myriad forms and changes, that thou art everlasting, and thy power supreme. Oh Spirit of all Life, we would draw near to lay the offerings of our devotion on the altar of Infinite Love, which pours like a glad tide of radiance over the universe. We meet in joy before thee, not in humiliation of spirit, but in deep consciousness of thy power and strength and matchless wisdom. As Earth performs her journey around the central sun, and all the solar system revolves in perfect harmony with thy life, so would we ever draw nearer and nearer to thee, rejoicing in thy life and in the harmony of thy undying presence. Oh Spirit, we praise thee for this universe, fraught with beauty and blessings; for this earth, teeming with radiance and life; the voices of the mountains praise thee, and the wide ocean blends with them the thunderous diapason of its never ceasing symphony. We, poor dwellers amid the rocks and quietness of Time, would swell the chorus of all Nature's praises. All praise thee, the highest and the lowest, the joyous and the sad, as Father of Creation and Butler of all things. The nation, proud in the glad consciousness of excellence, yet humble themselves before thy footstool. All lift their voices and praise thee, oh God, for everything. Thou art near our thanks, our sorrows, our rejoicings. Oh, gather us all into the treasure-house of thine infinite favor, and grant us the untold blessings of thy love and to thy name shall be all praise and thanksgiving through endless ages. Amen.

Our subject, this morning, is "Patriotism and Religion."

The two ideas implied in these terms are in widest opposition, and their opposite meanings are to be carefully examined and compared. It is certainly no new theme, and yet in this connection we may be able to expose some very prevalent perversions and mistakes.

The word Patriotism is derived from the Latin, and

is somewhat ambiguous in its definition. It may be said, generally, to have reference to the love or duty one owes to one's country, and is connected with the idea of patriarchy. Hence it probably originated during the Patriarchal stage of society, when the chief of the state stood in the relation of a father to his household, and exercised a care, which was really parental, over all his dependents. It has come, however, to be applied to every form and system of government, under every possible species of control. The aspirations of corrupt politicians, and even the selfish ambition which is hidden under the garb of religion, are dignified by the name of Patriotism. Indeed, so many are the phases of imposture presented to the mind under this imposing title, so many plausible appeals are designedly made to the feelings it represents; in a word, so many and so mischievous are the vices it is used to cover, that it behooves us to understand its genuine meaning, that we may be able to recognize it where it really exists, and not be led to regard it as a mere illusion—a cant watchword of faction, owing all its power to the flattery of prejudices, which it invests with the garb of disinterested virtue, and which will finally drag down the temple of our liberties to the dust.

The love which a human being bears to his native land, like the love of a child for his mother, in all climates and circumstances whatsoever, wherever his dwelling-place, whatever the principles of the government under which he is reared, becomes a feeling which, wherever he goes, remains fixed and rooted—a conviction that his own country is the best on earth. In the years of manhood, amid the conflicts of avarice and ambition, his mind still wanders back to that spot of earth which contains his early home, by whose spirit he gambled beneath his mother's gentle smile, and where his native expanded under the sunshine of paternal love. Whatever rewards he may reap in the battle of life, still no place seems so dear to him as his childhood's home—no friend so congenial as the loved ones it sheltered. With these emotions is intimately allied the feeling of patriotism, and it is equally entwined with the most sacred and deeply cherished of all our hopes and remembrances. The religious philanthropist, however, tells us that there is a higher affection than this—that all these native impulses ought to yield to the grand cosmopolitan idea of universal fraternity—that the world should be our home, and all mankind our brethren. As well might he tell you that there is for you a voice sweeter, more divine than that of your mother—that you should have no brother, no sister—that the worship of the family altar is an idolatry, and your remembrances of home a weak illusion, as that your devotion to the very magnet of existence is false and vain. The world, he will tell you, is all equally the work of Divine Perfection, and the nations that inhabit it should form one vast and common people; the idea of patriotism is but maintained and flattered by cunning political leaders for their own benefit; and finally the whole world will become a realm of equality, and subject to one universal law. It is not so. The idea can be proved false, from the very nature of existence, from the very foundation of human feeling. There is no such thing, in fact, as a common brotherhood, an equality of nations; there can be no such thing as blotting out the spirit of patriotism, and substituting the notion that the world is one home, and all mankind our brethren. In vain do we strive to tear up the foundations of our moral being—the instincts of Nature are too strong for our utmost efforts to avail against their pure, spontaneous promptings.

Christians may condemn a class of emotions which has proved in all ages at once the root and the product of true, heroic greatness; but mankind, to this extent, must be selfish, and are rightly so. All feel and acknowledge the magic spell that hovers around the thought of home, and in this influence to be condemned? No; and neither is the equally inborn love of one's native land to be superseded by a vague general love. And even could all national boundaries be obliterated, and the loved countries of Frenchman, Spaniard, Englishman, and the rest, be confounded in one heterogeneous mass of population—not even then would the resulting advantages compensate for the loss of the holiest feelings of the mind. Yes, Patriotism, whether good or bad, in its aims and tendency, is an absolute, uncontrollable, unerasable force in all the departments of life, although every feature of race, every possible form of corruption, every shape of hypocrisy may take shelter beneath its sacred name. And true it is that, under a republican form of government, especially every fraud practiced against the masses by designing demagogues, is committed in the name of patriotism. These spawn of civil property, these mushroom growth of political corruption—of these we shall have more to say by-and-by.

Very different from this is the principle inculcated by religious teachers—very different its application, and yet, by some strange comparison of ideas, clerical politicians, even at the present day, often attempt to show that Religion and Patriotism are one and the same—that Christ's mission on earth was that of a patriot. Not so. Such teaching is a desecration of religion, which involves the mind in uncertainty, and drags the awful theme down to a level with the vilest of earthly interests.

The object and purpose of religion is to act as a guide to justice and rectitude of conduct, and to regulate the manifestation of certain lofty emotions—strictly this, and nothing more. It was not meant to apply to man's duty to his country. It is not a sense of religious duty which makes a man love his wife, his child, or his home, nor does it prompt him to the love of his country. It is religion which makes him love and trust in God. Religion bids us regard mankind as our brothers—patriotism tells us that our countrymen should stand nearest to our affections. Religion commands us to love our enemies—patriotism, to fight them. Religion enjoins upon us to forgive those who ill-treat us—patriotism, to slay them without scruple. Christ teaches that our love is due to all the world—patriotism, that, in certain conjunctures, the land of our nativity and our home should have the first claim. There is no want of distinctness in the contrast here, and there would seem no possibility of confounding such opposite obligations. The precepts of Christ and the demands of patriotic duty cannot, it is evident, be brought into consistency with each other. The followers of the meek and lowly Nazarene cannot, surely, imitate the ruthless disciples of Mahomet, and traverse the earth with the sword in one hand and the New Testament in the other; nor has he who said, "My kingdom is not of this world," sanctioned a sentiment of narrow nationality so nearly akin to selfishness. Yet we shall soon try to discover whether the Divine Economy has not somewhere provided a bridge of union and compatibility between patriotism and religion.

Ministers of the Gospel blunderingly undertake to adjust these conflicting claims of jurisdiction, instead of enforcing the unsoftened doctrines of their so-called Master. We are daily forced to witness the degrading and exasperating spectacle of divines enacting the part of politicians and demagogues, and inflaming the secret passions of their hearers, as if the robe of the ecclesiastic was but intended to hide the equipments of the bravo. The exhortations of these members of the Church Militant might lead a heathen auditor to suppose that Christ had been animated, in all his appeals to the courage and fortitude of his disciples, by the ferocious fanaticism of an Eleazer, or a Peter the Hermit, and that the highest display of Christian virtue was made by him who went, forth, as the Jews were sent, against the Canaanites, to smite the fabled, bip and thigh. Of this class are those revered preachers who are constantly assuring us that the Supreme Being is on the side of those principles—

may, even of that party and of that partisan ticket— which they happen to have espoused; as though they, forthwith, were the sole authorized exponents of the Divine Economy. Need we assure you that this is a most pernicious misapplication of clerical influence? If men are to measure their duties in this respect by a strictly religious standard, let them at once adopt, to their fullest extent, the emphatic and repeated commandments of the Saviour. But if, on the other hand, it is right to defend their country and all that they hold dear, by the arm of flesh, for the sake of common sense and common consistency let them not be adjured to do this in the name of religion.

Yet so it is, that, in these times, the various theories of government and the duties they impose, are so confounded with the leading topics of religious instruction that the two together enter, as almost inseparable ingredients, into every discourse from the pulpit and the rostrum. Rival engineers of Gospel artillery batter at each other with their ponderous engines of controversy, charged with "sulphur and strange fire;" and not a few will even condescend to snatch a more vulgar weapon from the grimy hands of their comrades of the porter-house and the stump. Yet nothing is clearer than that our American Constitution is a purely political instrument; and the American citizen, as such, pledged long ago from the physical thralldom of bigotry, uncontrolled personally by any of the thousand forms of doctrine and worship which have free play around him, and whose adoption, or by, the civil authorities as allies, has wrought such cruel mischief everywhere else under the sun—the American citizen, we say, is bound, above all other men, to keep the lines of demarcation between his religious and his political duties clear and distinct, as they were long ago laid down for him. He is obliged to defend his country—legally to aid her cause, by purse and sword, whenever legally called upon to do so. This duty is absolute, and cannot be set aside on the ground of any religious scruples. If, on whatever account, he does not think proper to perform it, he has no alternative but to leave his country, and to seek some other whose civil requirements are more suited to his tastes. Remaining, he must be content to hold his person and his property at the disposal of the government, in certain understood contingencies. When summoned to the field by the voice of constitutional authority, he cannot refuse to fight, however much at variance may be the occupation of a warrior with his habits and his principles. At all times, he is bound to see to it that, as far as his influence may avail, the best administration is placed in power. In order to do this, he must faithfully perform his duty at the polls. No man who habitually neglects to exercise his right of suffrage, deserves to be called a good citizen. By voting in accordance with sound and unbiased judgment, he defends his constitution and protects his country, by the most harmless, most potent, weapon which a freeman can employ. If he is bound by no party organization, then let him vote for the best man, on whatever side put forward. But always let him be careful to aid in securing the faithful execution of every law of the land. With regard to the great questions of the day, silence—neutrality—a cold indifference—is impossible to him; and all who endeavor to maintain such a position should be at once scouted and suppressed, as neglectful of their country's honor and defrauders of her lawful dues.

Now it is probable that of the whole number of voters among us, one half seldom or never deposit a ballot. They may plead that they are disgusted and disheartened at the prevalence of political corruption—that their single efforts can be of no avail in stemming the tide of faction; and that their private affairs absorb their whole time and attention. Such excuses, however, will not exonerate them while they continue to nestle comfortably in their homes, under the protecting wing of the government and institutions which they refuse in their turn to lift a finger or to spend an hour in serving. Are such men patriots? Is any man entitled to plume himself on his private and domestic virtues, while he sits an idle spectator of conflicts involving such vast issues, both in the present and the future? Are those interests to be thus sacrificed to the selfish scruples, the timidity, or the contracted views of individuals? What would become of our commercial prosperity, the accumulations of your industry and thrift, your private ease and elegant enjoyments, if the government to which you owe the secure possession of them all, were at length to fall under the unheeded assault of traitors? What were then the hopes of your posterity? Where would be the liberty of speech and worship which, by long use, has become to you a natural necessity that you regard as little as you do the common air and sunshine? If, in some unhappy hour, the shelter and support of the Government were to be withdrawn, how vainly and how bitterly would you then wish for the opportunity you now despise of making an effort for its defence!

Not your duties as citizens are too clearly defined for any evasion. You are bound to sustain your country, and in doing so you must submit to such sacrifices as are demanded by the general welfare, bearing in mind, constantly, that it is the Government which you need as a defence, far more than the Government has need of you. Act, then, as if your existence and prosperity as a citizen of this glorious Republic depended solely upon your individual exertions, and let no creed, no dogma of sect or party, no crude and hasty theories, impede them for a single hour.

Yet we would not have you suppose that you cannot be at once intensely religious and intensely patriotic; that you cannot at the same time love Christ and your country. Incompatible as the two may have hitherto seemed to you, we assert that a bridge may be thrown over the chasm which divides them. You know that there is absolutely no such thing as the possibility of loving your enemy, of entirely eradicating all vindictive feelings—nor does Christianity, rightly interpreted, inculcate any such system of unattainable perfection. It is indeed a perfect religion—but it is perfect by virtue of its exact adaptation to human nature as it is, not to some supernatural substitute. All it requires is, that the passions and propensities should be wholly subordinated to the guidance and control of the moral and religious nature, to which, when thus subordinated, they are most effective and indispensable auxiliaries. The efforts of a Christian minister should be directed, not to blowing up the fires of wrath and vengeance, but to maintaining the clear and steady flame of righteous indignation, by appeals against the sin, and not the person of the sinner. It is not his part to incite to the dreadful work of bloodshed and devastation, in any cause, however holy in his eyes. He who uses the pulpit as a secure vantage-ground from whence to breathe out threatenings and slaughter against all who refuse to accept his views and those of his party—what is he but a faithless shepherd, who holds forth in one hand the all-forgiving promises of immortal love, while with the other he opens wide the gateway to everlasting perdition.

Yet there is in reality a perfect and entire harmony and agreement between the dictates of patriotic duty and the requirements of pure and undefiled religion; their respective utterances are blended into a voice of ineffable consolation, which can reassure the soul, even in the darkest hour of national calamity—can open the spirit of the dying hero on the stricken field, and convert the groans of expiring martyrs into a joyful motto to the ear of faith. No effort of the most sublimated piety can eradicate this united influence; no pseudo-religious zeal can blot out the record of mankind, by the stigma of insanity, or can prove that the power of evil have outgeneraled those of good, in the order of mortal affairs. We cannot believe that humanity is to be held forever subject to

enactments utterly opposed to the requirements of their nature. We hold that the true patriot, the earnest Christian, is devoted to his country first, and through that, indirectly, to all the world—and to all the while as true a Christian as he is to-day, who would fain persuade him that his profession and his practice are irreconcilable; or as those moaning, howling oracles, who assume the guidance of the nation's conscience, and ask it to bow down before the shrine of their presumptuous vanity.

These it is who have brought your country to the verge of ruin, and have undermined the very foundation of her greatness. Such as these are the so-called statesmen who have brought on this bloody and protracted war. Such are many of the mushroom heroes, who, after every battle, hurry up to the seat of Government, to press their claims for swift promotion, earned by the blood of better and braver men, whose names are never heard of. Such are those who modestly ask no higher recompense for their pitiless devotion, than the privilege of serving their country in the safer posts of legislators, or Chief Executive. Such as these, and lowest, if not most dangerous of all—are those who "steal the library of Heaven to serve the Devil in;" whose object is simply and merely personal emolument; and who, while filling their pockets from the public store by every knavish art, are loud in wringing for themselves and their subservient party cliques, all the virtues and public spirit of the age. Such as these are they who follow, rejoicing in the track of ruin which a great army leaves along its path, and snuff the taint of carnage with a wolfish joy. Such are they who have set up the great image of Moloch, for you to fall down and worship; and who, after heaping up precautions and indignities, during years of weary strife, now glory in the thought that they have at length succeeded in sending under the bonnet of National Unity. Heaven only knows whether they are destined ever to be renewed!

This, then, is Patriotism, *par excellence*. This is the spirit and the end of all the turmoil and confusion of many preceding years; of the pompous blarneyings of your favorites and heroes of the hour, and the faithful endeavors and prophetic warnings of the honest and anxious among your servants; too often condemned to obloquy and silence. The hearts of the people are almost dead within them; and their only hope is in the workings of sorrow and bereavement, which may call them to repentance and renewed endeavor in the spirit of Faith and Charity, after a true National Life. If these be not effectual, then indeed is the voice of Patriotism silent forever, and your ruin will be swift and irremediable. But let us hope that your present calamities may work thus much of good.

Meanwhile, remember, that between your practical obligations as citizens, and your accidental, individual theories of religion, there is a great gulf fixed. You may indulge whatever visions may arise—you may cherish the most transcendental ideas of human relations in the abstract, provided you do not allow them to influence you in the performance of your duties to the State, as clearly expounded to you by her lawful authorities. Fulfill those duties, and you have earned the meed of true patriotism. Neglect them, and the prudent assumption of moral superiority are but solemn mockeries and hypocritical pretence.

There was a time when the American citizen's character was modeled after the standard we have shown you—before his grave and sturdy manhood had been exposed to the corrupting influences of avarice and ambition, or the golden prizes won in his glorious race for empire had been sifted from him by the vile hands of political adventurers. Then was the age of true, sterling devotion to his country—to his home—which made the individual forgotten in reliance upon the integrity of the whole. Until this regard is restored, the sound of rejoicing will never more be heard among you; until this spirit prevails again, there is no consolation for the mourner in your midst.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS.

We desire to keep this list perfectly reliable, and to do this it is necessary that lecturers notify us promptly of their appointments to lecturers. Lecturer 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. OENA L. V. HATCH will speak in Lyceum Hall, Boston, during December, when she receives calls to lecture work evenings in the vicinity of Boston during that month. Present address, Boston, care of Rev. Mr. Jones.

Mrs. MARY A. STURGEON of New York, speaks in Quincy Dec. 20 and 27. Is at liberty to engage elsewhere, at convenient distances, after the above. Address immediately at the Banner of Light office.

Mrs. ANNA M. BRIDGEMAN will lecture in Charleston Dec. 20 and 27. Address, New York City.

Mrs. FANNY A. HAZARD will speak in Chicago during Jan. in Worcester, Feb. 7 and 10; in Lowell during March Address Brandon, Vt.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND's address for the present is Bridgewater, Vt.

Mrs. WANDA HENNING will lecture in Taunton, Mass, and Gloucester, Ct. during Dec. in this city, Jan. 3 and 10; in Worcester, Mass., Jan. 17, 24 and 31; in Bangor, Me., Feb. 7 to 10. Address as above, or East Braintree, Mass.

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

Mrs. LAURA DEPAZOS GONZALEZ will speak in Bangor, Me., during December; in Old Town and Bradley, during January and February. Address as above, or at Providence, R. I., care of Dr. C. H. Gordon.

Mrs. MARY L. BROWN, trance speaker, will lecture in Lowell during Dec. in Springfield, Mass., during January; in Bradford, Ct. during Feb. Address as New Bedford, care of George Beechwith. Reference, H. B. Buror, Boston.

J. M. FRENCH will speak in Rockford, N. Y., the first two Sundays of each month. Address as above.

Mrs. A. B. WATSON will make a tour through the Eastern States next autumn and summer, speaking at Providence, R. I., the Sundays of April. Those desiring her services should address him at once at Andover, Mich.

Mrs. HELEN of Lockport, N. Y., will speak in Lowell, Mich., the first Sunday in each month; in Otisville, the second; in Lapeer, Mich., the 3rd; in Allyn, Mich., the 10th.

Mrs. FANNY A. HAZARD will speak in Bridgport, Conn. in Dec. in Worcester, Mass., Jan. 3 and 10; in Bridgport, in March. Address as above, or Charleston, N. Y.

Mrs. ANNA M. BRIDGEMAN, Box 652, Bridgport, Conn., will lecture in Buffalo, N. Y., in Dec. in Bridgport, Conn., Jan. and Feb. Intends visiting Vermont in March, and will receive proposals to lecture in that State during the month.

Mrs. MARY J. TOWNSEND will speak in Chicago, Mass. during Dec. in Lowell, during January; in New Bedford, during February; in Worcester, Mass., March 4 and 11.

Prof. JAMES M. and Mrs. O. F. BARNES ARDEN will speak in East Bridgewater, Mass. during Dec. Permanent address, East Bridgewater, Mass.

WANDA HENNING is lecturing in Southern and Central N. H. and Missouri. Her address will be at South Pass, N. H., till January 1st. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

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

Mrs. F. GREENBANK will speak in Portland, Me., Dec. 20 and 27. Will speak in Mass.—Worcester and New Hampshire the month of January, in Dec. in Bridgport, N. Y., in March. Address, Exeter Mills or East Bridgewater, Mass.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1863. OFFICE, 136 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS. LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

The Issue.

"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..."

The Increase of Spiritualists.

Occasional passages in the new and powerful novel, "Peculiar," from the pen of Mr. Epes Sargent, recall our thoughts to a great many facts of a cumulative character in respect to Spiritualism; and among others, it is as well that we be put in mind again of the great and impressive fact, that Spiritualism, as such peculiarly, are increasing everywhere over the country and throughout the world.

People will believe, because they are fully prepared to believe and cannot help believing, that disembodied spirits do communicate with those in the form. And those who have been trained to an exclusive faith in the creeds are the more ready to believe it, in many cases, than those whose faith has had no training or discipline at all.

We can see it plainly enough in the current literature: in the writings of men who are habitually regarded as the leading thinkers and writers. Even though the preachers pretend to revolt at open affiliation, they unconsciously lend their power to the advancement of the spiritual ideas, and they do it because by doing something else they would detach themselves from all sympathy from those around them.

This fine aroma of Spiritualism pervades the very atmosphere in which we all live. It is something that we breathe, and we do not know it. It crops out in man's expressions, and they do not seem to know it. They are impelled by its silent influences, and they cannot tell by what power they are made to act.

The New Statue of Freedom. This crowning ornament to the new dome of the extended national Capitol has been duly raised to its place, the head taking its position last. The entire work is spoken of as being two feet and seven inches taller than President Lincoln is, in his stockings, and is made very largely of copper.

Blossoms of Our Spring. This charming volume, by Hudson and Emma Tompkins, will be published on the 15th of the present month. It is a beautiful little volume, and is one of the best of the kind. Price (in cloth) \$1.00; postage 20 cents. Address BARNES & LOVELL, Boston, Mass.

Opening of Congress--Important Documents.

The Thirty-Eighth Congress of the United States opens under peculiar circumstances. It will probably be called on to put in the process of final settlement the most momentous questions ever raised in our history. It is therefore to be hoped that its members will address themselves to their task with all possible seriousness.

The House was duly organized by the election of Mr. Colfax, of Indiana, as speaker, by a majority of twenty-one votes, thus showing a working majority on the side of the Administration.

The President delivered his Message to both houses of Congress on Wednesday, Dec. 8th. After briefly alluding to our foreign relations, and some other matters, he speaks encouragingly of our financial affairs. He says the receipts during the year from all sources, and the balance in the Treasury at its commencement, were \$901,125,674 68, and the aggregate disbursements \$385,796,630 63.

Whereas, the Congressional declaration for limited and conditional pardon accords with well established judicial exposition of the pardoning power, and whereas, with reference to said rebellion, the President of the United States has issued several proclamations with provisions in regard to the liberation of slaves, and whereas it is now desired by some persons heretofore engaged in said rebellion to re-assume their allegiance to the United States, and to re-assume their loyalty to the Government within and for their respective States;

Therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do proclaim, declare and make known to all persons who have directly or by implication participated in the existing rebellion, except as hereinafter excepted, that a full pardon is granted to them and each of them, with restoration of all rights of property, except as to slaves and in property cases where rights of third parties have intervened, and upon the condition that every such person shall take and subscribe an oath, and thereupon keep and maintain said oath inviolable, and which oath shall be registered for permanent preservation.

The persons excepted from the benefits of the foregoing provisions are all who are or shall have been civil or diplomatic officers, or agents of the so-called Confederate Government; all who have left judicial stations under the United States, to aid rebellion; all who are or shall have been military or naval officers of so-called Confederate Government above the rank of Colonel in the Army, of Lieutenant in the Navy, and all who left seats in the United States Congress to aid the rebellion.

All who resigned commissions in the Army or Navy of the United States and afterwards aided the rebellion, and all who have engaged in any way in mistreating colored persons or white persons in charge of such persons, or who have been found in the United States service as soldiers, seamen, or in other capacity; and I do further proclaim, declare and make known, that whenever, in any of the States of Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, South Carolina and North Carolina, a number of persons not less than one-tenth in number of the votes cast in such States at the Presidential election of the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty, having taken the oath aforesaid, and not having since violated it, and being a qualified voter of the election law of the State existing immediately before the so-called act of secession, and excluding all others, shall re-establish a State Government which shall be Republican, and in no wise contravening said oath.

Napoleon's Proposition.

A Paris letter to a New York journal says of the French Emperor's proposition for a European Congress--"I need not tell you that everybody in France, every political fact, favors the scheme, and that if the affair goes no further, Napoleon will at least have gained an increased popularity for himself and his dynasty at home--which is a consideration not at all to be despised. But what will Europe decide about it? All we know certainly at present is, that certain powers which are sure to gain by such a congress, as for example Italy and Spain, have already accepted or will accept the invitation, while as regards the more important powers, England, Austria and Prussia are now negotiating in order to decide what questions they shall ask Napoleon before agreeing to come into the scheme. The meeting of the congress, if it ever takes place, is therefore a long way off, and we shall have plenty of time to pass in review the movements that take place in regard to it. For the present the congress is deemed by most people an impossibility; nevertheless the imperialist papers try to make it appear that there are, on the contrary, great chances of its success."

The Skating Pleasure.

The winter is here with its pinchings and its enjoyments. From outside appearances, the skating ice is to be as wild as ever before. Irons are already well up in the market, and the spruce young fellows are considering of fixing up their old ones, or of purchasing new, or of presenting a pair to some buxom lassie skater who was known as the nonpareil on ice, the last winter. The windows of all the stores where such things are to be found for sale, now hang as thickly with them as trees do with fruit in their season. The sight is rather inspiring, even to one who cannot conceal the fact that he carries about with him a "frosty paw." As a New York paper has it, there is many an one to-day, who, seeing these sights and feeling the influences of the time, are longing to be where Hamlet's father was when he smote the sladdled Polack--"on the ice."

The Second Edition of the Plain Guide to Spiritualism.

This work, by Uriah Clark, is a useful addition to the spiritual literature of the day. As a book of reference it is invaluable, and we are pleased to know that it is meeting with general acceptance everywhere. For its contents in brief, see advertisement.

The President's Message and Amnesty.

Our exchanges are discussing these important documents, and, as a general thing, side with the President's views--as every sensible person ought. We make a few extracts:

The Boston Post says: "The position taken with regard to the return of the Southern people to their allegiance, is liberal to every interest but to slavery; and, instead of letting this alone, it presents the Proclamation as on a par with the Constitution. Slavery may be left to the mercy of events. The great difficulty begins as it passes away, and in the questions arising out of race. The message rather announces conclusions than discusses principles. The territorial theory is rejected, and the ground taken that when the requisite number of legal voters under existing State Constitutions, take the oath, they shall be the State. The specification is, the qualified voters according to the election law of the State existing immediately before the so-called act of secession, and excluding all others. Any number of persons, not less than one-tenth in number of the votes cast in 1860, on taking the prescribed oath, may be the State. Thus while the President recommends a condition as to slavery, on the return of States, he proposes to put the political power of the returned States in the hands of the white race."

While the Journal endorses both the message and proclamation, the Advertiser fears that the President would sustain the State suicide policy; but rejoices in the course adopted by the executive. It says, "the offer now made to the rebellious, is made at a moment which sufficiently proves the magnanimous spirit by which the proposition was dictated. With wise statesmanship our success is turned at this critical instant to such use as may tend to divide the enemy, to separate the misled from the treacherous leaders, and to make the interests of the many our powerful ally in defeating the purposes and punishing the crimes of the selfish. It holds out the prospect of a reference to the Supreme Court, as the sanction for insisting upon the great social revolution accomplished by the military power and for military purposes alone. And it prepares the way for that restoration of the Union, which holds the dearest place in the hopes of every patriot. A calm and wise judgment, a penetrating insight into the conditions of the problem, and a heart strengthened by courageous patriotism, have brought this great measure before the nation. We pray that a united people may support the efforts of their Chief Magistrate for the settlement of this unparalleled question, and that the rebellious may be brought to realize their condition, and to accept the hand now extended to them. The hour is full of high promise, when statesmanship joins its efforts so wisely with those of our heroic and triumphant armies. With firm courage and united purpose, it shall not be long before we reach the goal toward which we have so long wearily toiled."

The Traveller says of the Message, that "it is a most satisfactory document, and will please all but those persons who are determined to flout with everything that proceeds from the administration; and those conservatives are bitterly disappointed who predicted that Mr. Lincoln had abandoned his 'radical' views, and was about to fall back upon, and fall down before, those exploded notions to which they cling after all men of sense have given them up. On the subject of slavery and emancipation, the President is as clear and as emphatic as it is possible for man to be, his opinions having undergone no change, and his determination to uphold the rights of all men in the country being without abatement."

In reference to the Amnesty Proclamation, this journal remarks: "The question of the acceptance of the offered olive branch by the people of the South, opens a wide field for discussion, with some difference of opinion; but whether accepted or not, it demonstrates to the world the desire of the Government and of the people of the North to deal gently with their erring fellow countrymen, as far as is compatible with their duties to the nation, humanity, liberty and posterity." The Worcester Spy says: "The President accompanies his message with a proclamation, contemplating the return of certain States to the Union, and defining the conditions on which they will be recognized. The chief interest of this most important step consists in the fact that the acceptance of the proclamation of Jan. 1, 1863, and of the various acts of Congress relating to the emancipation of slaves, is made a condition precedent to the return of any hitherto disloyal State to the Union. No one has ever doubted, certainly no man of intelligent faith, that all the revolted States would ultimately, and in some manner, return and become part of the united American Republic. That they will not return as slave States--that they will never again introduce that element of mischief, discussion, and unmitigated wrong into the councils of the Government, is pretty thoroughly assured. The President recognizes the full scope of the results attained by his proclamation of emancipation, and the country would have trusted him to stand by it without the assurance that to abandon it now would be to abandon a lever of great power, and be also a cruel and astounding breach of faith." By the proclamation published this morning he makes assurance doubly sure, and gives a bond to fate itself.

The New York Times, after pointing out the efficacy of the several parts of the President's plan to secure the end in view, says it believes "that the closer it is examined, the more it will be discovered to be completely adapted to the great end desired." The Tribune says that "Tennessee, Louisiana and Arkansas may be reorganized and restored to the Union on this basis at an early day, and that the residue will gradually follow," and it thinks that the favorable effect of the proclamation abroad will be equally marked and decisive.

The French in Mexico, etc.

The most recent news from Havana, Mexico, and St. Domingo, is of great interest, especially that which refers to what the French are doing in Mexico. If we may put faith in their stories, Juarez is now ready to take his flight from San Luis Potosi, having packed up his archives and treasures, ready for the expected migratory movement. The French forces were gradually pushing into the interior, and the star of empire seemed to be ascending to the zenith. The advice from St. Domingo are not very exciting. The struggle between the Spaniards and the people still continued; but, as the former were rapidly pouring fresh troops and supplies into the island, while the resources of the natives were being rapidly exhausted, there is scarcely a doubt where the final triumph will be.

Rebel Bloodhounds.

The rebels have recently been trying an experiment with some of their bloodhounds on a detachment of black troops, doubtless thinking that the soldiers would run from them just as they did when they had nothing like guns in their hands. But they awoke to their mistake. Not only did the colored fellows turn and kill their gang of dogs, but they pitched in and killed a goodly share of the men who operated them! It was a poor experiment, considered in any light. One of the slaughtered dogs was to be skinned, and his hide to be forwarded to New York, where skillful taxidermists would stuff and properly mount it for public exhibition. The rebels said they could replace the men they lost, without a great deal of trouble; but they could not think of making the hounds good again. The creatures were valued at several hundred dollars each.

Newspapers are "mosaics of the land," according to Henry Ward Beecher.

Miss Doten's New Volume of Poems.

Our readers everywhere will hail with delight this volume of choice gems from the "Inner Life." Miss Lizzie Doten is widely known in this country as one of the most remarkable mediums of the age, and the poetic organization of her brain is well adapted to receive that peculiar inspiration from the spirit-world. Under this influence she has given utterance to some of the finest poems in the English language, many of them having already undergone the criticism of the secular press, and received their highest encomiums. We speak strongly in regard to these poems, for we feel sure the verdict of the public will fully sustain us in so doing, especially in reference to those from Poe, Burns, Miss Sargent, and others.

Much of the contents of the volume has never before appeared in print. We particularly allude to the inspirational address on "The Mysteries of Godliness," delivered by Miss Doten in New York in the early part of November last, and also the poem by Poe given at the same time, in which he bids "Farewell to Earth." Both of these productions are said by those who heard them to possess more than ordinary merit.

In an interesting preface to the work, in which Miss D. gives a minute account of her meditative powers, she says: "I have given to this work the title of 'Poems from the Inner Life'; for, aside from the external phenomena of Modern Spiritualism--which, compared to the great principles underlying them, are but mere froth and foam on the ocean of Truth--I have realized that in the mysterious depths of the Inner Life, all souls can hold communion with those invisible beings, who are our companions both in Time and Eternity."

Speaking of Poe's poems, she further remarks: "Ofentimes, and particularly under the influence of Poe, I would awake in the night from a deep slumber, and detached fragments of those poems would be floating through my mind, though in a few moments after they would vanish like a dream. I have sometimes awakened myself by repeating them aloud. I have been informed, also, by these influences, that all their poems are as complete and finished in spirit-life as they are in this, and the only reason why they cannot be repeated again and again is because of the difficulty of bringing a human organism always into the same state of exaltation--a state in which mediums readily receive inspiration--and render the poems with the least interference of their own intellect."

The book will be ready for delivery on Monday next. It will be bound in elegant style. All Spiritualists will feel proud of this volume, and very naturally desire to possess a copy of it.

Mrs. Hatch in Boston.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch commenced a course of lectures in Lyceum Hall, in this city, the first Sunday of this month, to continue for four weeks. Mrs. Hatch's popularity, and the general interest felt in Spiritualism, do not appear to have diminished, for she was greeted with crowded audiences, who listened to her eloquent discourses with close attention. Previous to her lecture in the afternoon, as usual, she gave utterance to an invocation which carried the souls of many of her listeners out toward the great Father of Life, with an earnest desire to know more of him. She then announced her subject as "God and Man--the Creator and the Created." After quoting from Scripture the text, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God," &c., she proceeded to give a portrait of the God we were commanded to love, as he was represented in the Bible. She then dwelt upon the emotion of love, defining its true nature, and showed how, absolutely impossible it was to love a being whose leading traits were jealousy, hate, revenge, &c., as the Hebrew God was made to appear from the records of "Holy Writ." We could only love him through fear. She then gave a warm and glowing description of the Infinite, Absolute, All-loving Father, whom finite man cannot comprehend, but who is everywhere where the soul recognizes him, and whom we instinctively love from a sense of his goodness, and his ever-loving and watchful care over us. We should love him from the depths of our soul, and with that earnestness and love which a fond mother bestows upon her darling child. He is a God of infinite love. We should love him in his good deeds of charity; we should love him in all his works; in the song of the birds; and for his attributes which dwell in the human soul. And in the presence of death we should love him, for he gives us death, that we may enjoy life eternal.

The above is but a faint idea of the tenor of the discourses. In the evening a committee from the audience selected this subject: "The Destiny of the Earth." She said the earth had no destiny--it is and will ever continue. She then spoke of the planetary systems and of the immutable laws of the Creator, which governed and regulated all their movements, and of the utter impossibility of disturbing or annihilating one of these planets without throwing the whole system into a chaotic mass. It can never change its place in the solar system.

At the close of the lecture, the audience availed themselves very generally of the privilege of asking questions bearing on the subject, occupying about three quarters of an hour. Some very nice points and metaphysical questions were discussed by the lecturer with an ability, freedom and fluency which astonished many of the audience.

Another Gem from "Birdie."

We invite the attention of our readers to a sweet little poem, that will be found on our sixth page, under the "Message Department," which was composed in spirit-life and given through the organism of Mrs. J. E. Conant, on Monday afternoon, Nov. 9th, by Anna Cora, daughter of Mr. L. B. Wilson. It is from the same spirit who gave that gem of a poem through the organism of Miss Lizzie Doten, which we published last April, entitled "Birdie's Spring Song," and was very generally copied by the secular press. The following two stanzas are from that poem, as many of our readers will remember:

With rosebuds in my hand, Fresh from the summer-land, Father, I come and stand Close by your side. You cannot see me here, Or feel my presence near, And yet your "Birdie" dear, Never has died.

Mother I could not stay; In a sweet dream I lay, Wafted to heaven away. Far from the light; Then with a glad surprise Did I unclose my eyes Under those cloudless skies, Smiling with light.

This lovely child--who passed to the spirit-world five years since, after having lived nearly thirteen years in earth life to bless and comfort her devoted parents--was remarkable for her amiable, happy and angel-like disposition; at once winning the admiration and love of all who came within her sphere; and she appears to be a like favorite in the summer-land, judging from the many spirit messages her parents have received, descriptive of the "angelic loveliness of their hearts' idol."

Psychometry.

Mrs. A. B. Governor, the psychometrist of Whitewater, Wis., desires us to announce to those who have written for psychometric definitions, that she has more orders on hand than she can fill at present; but each shall be attended to as rapidly as possible.

Orthodoxy versus Spiritualism.

The Boston Recorder, a weekly newspaper, published in the interest of what is claimed to be Orthodox and Evangelical Christianity, has a notice of Mr. Sargent's new novel of "Peculiar," in which, while generously admitting some of the great merits of that work--"its thoroughly home-bred" quality--its "wild vigor"--"its clear individuality of the characters"--"its conception and delineation of female human nature," &c.--it finds fault with the author's "attempted defence of spirit phenomena and manifestations," which it pronounces "a blemish and a bore." That was to be expected. And so a defence of monogamy would be regarded as "a blemish and a bore" by a Mormon saint. It is not to be supposed that one brought up to regard the restoration of the natural body as an essential of faith, should read with patience Mr. Sargent's concise and readable summing up of reasons for believing with St. Paul that there is a natural body and a spiritual body; the inference being that when the latter is eliminated from the former, it has no more occasion for it again than for the ecclesiastical manner which that body has parted with.

The beauty of Mr. Sargent's use of the spiritual facts in his novel is, that so far from being extraneous to the story, they are radically interwoven with it. The whole novel depends for its disentangling upon the verity of these phenomena; and yet this is so ingeniously brought about, that the general reader hardly detects it. So far from the Spiritualism being a "blemish," every unprejudiced reader will admit that the "very spirit of immortal life is breathed into the story by the full and hearty faith of the author and his apt employment of the phenomena which are so distasteful to modern theologians claiming to be "Orthodox" and "Evangelical."

How do these critics get over the fact that these "phenomena," at which they are so disturbed, were as fully credited by the founders of their sects as by Mr. Sargent himself? John Calvin and Martin Luther both believed in them. Mr. Sargent quotes in support of one of his instances the testimony of Cotton Mather, a Boston man, who was a shining light in the church to which the Recorder is supposed to be loyal. Richard Baxter, whose "Saint's Rest" the Recorder will not deny is revered among Presbyterians as few books are except the Bible, not only believed in these phenomena, but bases much of the weight of his argument for the immortality of the soul upon the fact of their occurrence! In this very "Saint's Rest," which the Recorder has probably endorsed and commended many a time, and without which no "evangelical" Sabbath School library would be regarded as complete, Baxter utters, in regard to phenomena precisely analogous to those which Mr. Sargent is rebuked for admitting, this remarkable declaration:

"I know many are very incredulous herein, and will hardly believe that there have been such apparitions. For my own part, though I am as suspicious as most men in such reports, and do believe that most of them are either deceits or delusions, yet having been very diligently inquisitive in all such cases, I have received undoubted testimony of the truth of such apparitions; some from the mouths of men of undoubted honesty and godliness, and some from the report of multitudes of persons who heard or saw. Were it fit here to name the persons, I could send you to them yet living, by whom you would be as fully satisfied as I: houses that have been so frequently haunted with such errors, that the inhabitants successively have been witnesses of them."

And then Baxter goes on to quote approvingly from "godly Zacharias" these words, which the Recorder will no doubt regard as "a blemish and a bore": "Many deny that the soul of man remaineth and liveth after death, because they see nothing go from him but his breath; and they come to that empty, that they laugh at all that is said of another life. But we see not the devil (spirit); and yet it is clearer than the sun that this air is full of devils; because, besides God's word, experience itself doth teach it."

Baxter further says: "The writings of Gregory, Ambrose, Austin, Chrysostom, Nicphorus, &c., make frequent mention of apparitions, and relate the several stories at large. You may read in Lavater de Spectris, several other relations of apparitions, out of Alexander ab Alexandro, Baptista Poissonius and others, Ludovico Vives, (lib. 1.) De Veritate Fidei, says that among the savages in America, nothing is more common than to hear and see spirits in such shapes both day and night. The like do other writers testify of those Indians; so with Olaus Magnus of the Islanders. Yes, godly, sober Melancthon affirms that he had seen some such sights or apparitions himself. Lavater also himself, who hath written a book wholly of apparitions, a learned, godly, Protestant divine, tells us that it was then an undeniable thing, confirmed by the testimonies of many honest and credible persons, both men and women, some alive and some dead, that sometimes by night, and sometimes by day, have both seen and heard such things; some, that going to bed had the clothes plucked off them, &c."

Who can give any natural cause of men's speaking Hebrew or Greek, which they never learned of man before; of their venturing; their telling persons that are present their secrets; discovering what is done at a distance which they neither see nor hear? So sure it were strange, if in an age of so much knowledge and conscience, there should so many scores of poor creatures be put to death as witches, if it were not clearly manifest that they were such."

All the above quotations are from that high priest of Orthodoxy, and that good and learned man, Richard Baxter, of whom Coleridge says, "I should as soon think of doubting the Scripture verity, as his veracity."

John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, died only twenty-two years ago. The spiritual phenomena were manifested for a succession of years, in his own house, and from him Mr. Sargent quotes this impressive remark: "With my latest breath will I bear testimony against giving up to infidels one great proof of the invisible world, that, namely, of witchcraft and apparitions, confirmed by the testimony of all ages."

Now will the Recorder and Journals of a similar stripe, which are assailing "Peculiar" because of its Spiritualism, please explain to us why it is that it was quite Orthodox and right for Richard Baxter to believe certain phenomena in 1691; but altogether heterodox and wrong, "a blemish and a bore," for Epes Sargent to narrate the occurrence of precisely the same things in 1863? Will Methodists explain why John Wesley was all right in believing these things, and the author of "Peculiar" all wrong?

We really do not understand these gross inconsistencies, this quiet ignoring of notorious facts, in the speculations of our Orthodox cotemporaries. The truth is, they are groping in the fog of that materialism which has been sweeping over the civilized world during the last century and a half, and they shut their eyes even to the teachings of the founders of their own sects, when those teachings come in conflict with their own preconceived notions on the subject of spiritual existence and agency. We can prove to the Recorder, by the affirmations of the great leaders and authorities of its own sect, that in regard to these phenomena it is Mr. Sargent, the novelist, who is orthodox and evangelical, and these modern revilers of Spiritualism--Doctors of Divinity though they be--who are anti-orthodox and anti-evangelical.

This assertion will surprise our friends of the Recorder, but it is literally true. It was deemed desirable to give the fathers and founders of the Recorder's sect to deny these very things that a novelist is now assailed by degenerate sectarians for affirming! Into such gross contradictions will theological sects sometimes precipitate worthy and well-meaning men, unconsciously biased by the materialism of the age in which they live.

Cora L. V. Scott.

We are informed that Mrs. Hatch has received the necessary documents from the Supreme Court of New York, divorcing her from Dr. F. F. Hatch, and that hereafter she will resume her former name of Scott.

New Publications.

DEEP WATERS. By Ann H. Drury, author of "Misrepresentations," "Friends and Enemies," etc. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham, 143 Washington street.

By the author of "Charles Anchester," "Counterspart," etc. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham, 143 Washington street.

ADVENTURES OF DICK ONLOW AMONG THE REDSKINS. A Book for Boys. With Illustrations. By William B. G. Kingston. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

THE FARMER BOY, AND HOW HE BECAME COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF. By Uncle Junie. Edited by William M. Thayer. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co., 245 Washington street.

SPECTACLES FOR YOUNG EYES. Moscow. By Sarah W. Lander. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co., 245 Washington street.

THE LADY'S FRIEND. A monthly magazine of Literature and Fashion. Edited by Mrs. Henry Peterson.

INDIVIDUALITY; or, Reason in Search of God. The light so long looked for is before you. God is Love, Light and Purity. A Revelation. Buffalo: J. Warren & Co., printers. Price 25 cents.

HISTORICAL WAR-MAP.—E. B. Russell, 515 Washington street, has issued a new edition of his popular title history of the war, which contains an accurate map of the Border and Southern States, with all the prominent places and scenes of conflict—all for the moderate sum of twenty-five cents.

New Music.

From Ditson's, 277 Washington street, we have received the following musical compositions: "When in my heart with friendship true," from Donizetti's opera of Robert Devereux; "Major General U. S. Grant's Grand March," composed by Josef Gangl; "The Swamp Angel," words and music by Frank Wilder; "Tony Pastor's Combination Song"—funny; a comic song by H. S. Thompson, entitled "Cousin Jedediah."

Dr. H. B. Lewis's Normal School.

This Institute was incorporated in 1860, and under the judicious management of Dr. Lewis, it has become very popular. We consider it one of the most useful institutions extant. Proper attention has never been paid to physical education in this country, and we are indeed gratified that Dr. Lewis has located such an establishment in Boston, where those so disposed may qualify themselves as teachers. In the department of Gymnastics, Dr. L. personally trains every candidate for the new profession. The sixth session of the Institute will open January 2, 1864. On application to Dr. L., a circular containing full particulars will be forwarded to any address.

Mrs. Chappell.

We had a pleasant call from Mrs. Sophia L. Chappell, of New York State, last week. This favorite lecturer has come on here to fulfill engagements to lecture in this and neighboring cities. She spoke in Charleston, last Sunday, and will probably speak in this city the first of January.

Grove Meetings.

A report of the proceedings of the Grove Meeting at Dexter, Me., Sept. 26th and 27th, which we regret to say did not come into our possession until recently, will appear in our next. Bro. D. H. Hamilton sent it promptly.

Warren Chase in Egypt.

We copy the following from the Cairo Daily News of Dec. 4th: "The meeting of the Union men last night, to listen to an address by the Hon. Warren Chase, was largely attended, a number of ladies filling the front seats. The house was densely packed—every inch of standing room was occupied. Mr. Chase was listened to with close attention, and his remarks elicited much applause. We regret our inability to give even a synopsis of his speech, but it was one of the soundest, most logical discourses we have ever listened to in this city."

Announcements.

Mrs. A. M. Spence speaks in Charlestown next Sunday, and Mrs. Chappell, of New York, in Quincy. Mrs. Clara A. Fields, of Newport, Me., will speak in Troy, in that State, on Sunday, Dec. 20th. She would like to make engagements to lecture in the vicinity of her home during the winter.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

A war democrat "recruiting officer" remarked to us the other day that in his opinion the only true patriots and honest men engaged in the war are the private soldiers, who have shouldered the musket and gone into the field for \$18 per month. No wonder the war is "dragging its slow length along," when men in the empty of the Government entertain such sentiments.

"Cousin Benja" made us a call recently, for which we thank him. We always feel better when such people visit us. We need not invoke the blessings of the Father on you, "Benja," for He is blessing you daily.

Go to the Fair at Music Hall, this week, in aid of the Sanitary Commission. See notice in another column.

The names of spirit friends daily appears on Mr. Foster's arm, in scarlet letters, at No. 8 Suffolk Place. Mr. F. courts the scrutiny of the scientific.

Friends of the Gospel of Charity will meet every Monday evening, at Fraternity Hall, Broadfield, corner of Province street, Boston. Spiritualists are invited. Admission free.

The new stained glass windows for King's Chapel, Boston, presented by John A. Lowell and made in Munich, have arrived, and will be uncovered to the public for the first time on Christmas day.

The Bank of the Metropolis, at Boston, has surrendered its charter and closed its business.

MINISTER DAYTON'S PORTION.—A Paris letter says: "You will not fail to observe the handsome and well-merited (as we know here) compliment paid to Mr. Dayton by M. Drouin de Lhuys in his despatch of the 18th of September. Such compliments from a Foreign Secretary are rare, and will create for the American Minister a high position in the Diplomatic Corps. I may say here that Mr. Dayton, although not an optimist in politics, is not at all fearful of a rupture between France and the United States, neither upon the question of the rebellion nor upon that of Mexico. His relations with this government are now such that he need not fear the machinations of Biddell, Mason & Co."

Digby says if he could find a good finding store, he don't know but he'd patronize it liberally. He has been shamed so much in purchasing his shirts, dickies, bosoms, etc., that he don't know where to buy without getting cheated. Poor Digby! Who will enlighten him?

"Peculiar, a Tale of the Great Transition," by Epes Sargent, is one of the most interesting novels we have read in many a day. The story is founded on facts brought to light by the present war. It is a tale of the times, and thrills one with the vigorous power, the intense sympathies of this passionate, pulsing present. —Boston True Flag.

The Philadelphia Bulletin says that coal is coming down in price. This will be grate fall news to the poor, just now.

Gen. Isaac F. Shepherd was presented by his friends in this city, last week, with an elegant sword, belt and sash, and horse equipments, and \$300 in cash to buy a horse when he returns to the battle-field; as a mark of their esteem for his patriotism and bravery in the cause of his country.

The receipts of the Great Fair at Chicago, in behalf of the Sanitary Commission, are stated at sixty thousand dollars.

The free colored schools in Washington are well attended, and are accomplishing great good.

PRICES IN ENGLAND.—The high prices ruling in the United States, contrast strongly with those that obtain in the London dealers. Good stout Brussels carpets are sold in London at 62 1/2 cents per yard, and velvet carpets at 75 cents per yard. A "Prince of Wales" couch costs \$17.50; a Prince's easy chair \$7.50; and full sized iron bedsteads, \$1.63 1/2.

An Irish paper has the following remark:—"The Americans and English educate their children in the fear of God and the love of money."

It is stated that a large number of cargoes of bituminous coal have been contracted for in the British Provinces and England, and will soon arrive at Boston. A lady in Richmond advertises in the Dispatch that she will sell a second-hand merino dress for two hundred and fifty dollars.

The Boston Investigator says:—"Perhaps some of our readers are not aware of the object to which the World's Crisis is devoted. It is a Second Advent publication, and its chief purpose seems to be to prove that Christ is soon to come and reign on the earth. Where he is to reside when he gets here, is not stated; but if he has no more to do with priests than he had when he was on earth before, they will not be very glad to see him."

A vein of ochre of immense breadth has been discovered recently in Amador county, Nev., by a miner named Capps. A field of sulphur, covering sixty acres, has also been discovered in Lassen Meadows, at the foot of Humboldt Canon. The stratum of sulphur is from one to three feet thick, and will furnish an inexhaustible supply of the raw material for the manufacture of sulphuric acid, now coming into great demand in the territory. Several manufactories have been started, which expect to furnish the acid from this bed of sulphur at one half the cost at which it can be imported from California. This discovery must be of immense value to Nevada.

Fine crops of cotton, it is said, can be grown in the Southern settlements of Utah Territory. An experiment has been tried, which establishes the fact beyond controversy, says the Farmer's Oracle. Next year a large crop is anticipated.

They have a "Honey Lake" in California. Digby thinks it must be a very sweet place.

The Freedmen of South Carolina are making large investments in the land of rebels about to be sold by order of the Government. A letter in the New York Post, says that "the negroes are marking out their twenty acre lots all over the department, and I have been informed by Mr. Ketchum, who receives the deposits, that on this island alone, over two thousand dollars have been paid in by the freedmen to secure their homes. The idea that they can become landholders fills them with delight, and there is no doubt but the soil will be well cultivated. The negroes who bought lands last year have done well."

Wednesday, Nov. 25th, completed eighty years since the British forces left New York, a proceeding that closed what is especially called the American Revolution. The great federal victory won on that day, in 1863, will render it doubly memorable.

Gen. Butler has issued a lengthy order relative to colored troops, the effect of which is to call upon male negroes to fight for the freedom of their race, and to instruct every officer and soldier in his command to aid the coming of all colored persons into our lines. Negro soldiers are to be paid a bounty of \$10, and \$10 per month, while their families are to be furnished subsistence.

Special dispatches say that the rumor of the death of John C. Breckinridge, from wounds received in battle, is confirmed. The recent great fire among the shipping at New York, destroyed property to the amount of not less than \$800,000.

NEW ENGLAND SANITARY COMMISSION FAIR!

THE Great Fair for the Benefit of the Sanitary Commission, will open at the BOSTON MUSIC HALL, ON MONDAY, December 14, at 6 P. M. The first evening will be devoted to a GRAND ORGAN CONCERT, and Exhibition of the Articles on the Table. No articles will be sold on this evening. By this novel feature in Fair, an opportunity will be offered to all to see the rare and beautiful articles, before any of them have been removed.

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Jeff Davis issued his annual message to the rebel Congress on Monday. It is mournful in its tone.

Mr. J. M. Peabody, one of our best lecturers on Spiritualism, has accepted a clerkship in the Commissary Department of Gen. Grant's army, from which, it is hoped, he will return improved in health, and rich with the experience he will there necessarily encounter.

Rev. H. W. Beecher's speech at the New York Academy of Music occupies over a page of the Independent.

Natural Remedies—Dr. Bryant.

We copy the following remarks respecting Dr. Bryant, from the Rochester, N. Y., Daily Express, Dec. 2, 1863:

"Discoveries in medical science are no longer interdicted by the faculty. Improvement in the methods of treatment, and preparation and administration of remedies, are not regarded as necessarily partaking of charlatanism—although new ideas in respect of ministering to human life are apt to run into quackery. Experience has exploded some of the modern cures, and out of it some good things have come, which common sense has divested of the objectionable wrappings and trappings designed to 'humbug' the patient who expects 'some great thing,' instead of the simple prescription of washing seven times in Jordan. The magnetic principle has 'something in it,' however, pretensions have distorted and perverted it to base uses. The intelligent physician who is now practicing it here, has shown by many successes that poor humanity often perishes from mere neglect of the simplest and most natural means of cure. He makes the same talk; and that is enough for one man's ambition. We saw in his room a collection of crutches and canes, sufficient to build a pyre for 'Old Galen' or more ancient Hippocrates, which those disabled by hip disease, contracted muscles, rheumatism, or paralysis occasioned by drugs, have left behind them, trophies to the doctor, who taught them how to walk without such aids. We chanced to witness an operation upon a lad who had been confined to a rocking chair, helpless and suffering greatly, for a long time from inflammatory rheumatism, who in half a dozen operations had been invested with new life, and enabled to walk a mile to visit the doctor. This is one of many veritable cases treated successfully without a particle of medicine, instruments or machinery whatever. Dr. Bryant is a young man of very intelligent and pleasant appearance, his face resembling the portraits of the late Dr. Elisha Kane, the Arctic Adventurer. He has practiced his method of cure with success everywhere. To his rooms at the Waverly House, scores of people go, daily, to be treated, and we think he is accomplishing much good."

Dr. B. will practice at the Waverly House, Rochester, N. Y., until March 1864, after which he will visit Buffalo, N. Y.

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A NEW AMERICAN NOVEL.

BY EPES SARGENT.

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"I wish," writes another, "every woman in the land could read 'Peculiar' for it is a work that goes home to the feminine heart, and eloquently interprets much that has never before been so well expressed. The book has all the elements of a large and striking success."

"Peculiar" strikes its name from one of the characters, who has been named, by his whimsical master, Peculiar Institution."

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"We have rarely read a novel so startlingly bold, and yet so gentle; so truthful, and yet so tender; so glowing with unflagging interest as a story, and at the same time so vivid and overflowing with ideas. The scene lies half in New York and half in New Orleans."

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THE CELEBRATED SPIRIT-MEDIUM, ENTITLED, INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE,

With an Introduction by JUDGE EDMONDS, OF NEW YORK.

ONE ELEGANTLY PRINTED AND CLOTH-BOUND 12MO. PRICE, \$1.25.

CONTENTS: Chapter 1.—Early Life; I become a Medium. Chapter 2.—Before the World. Chapter 3.—Further Manifestations in America. Chapter 4.—In England. Chapter 5.—At Florence, Naples, Rome, and Paris. Chapter 6.—In America. The Freezing Chamber. Chapter 7.—1852—France, Italy, and Russia—Marriage. Chapter 8.—Russia, Paris, and England. Chapter 9.—The "Cornhill" and other Narratives. Chapter 10.—Miraculous Preservation, France and England. Chapter 11.—A Diary and Letter. Chapter 12.—In Memoriam.

The extraordinary Life and History of Daniel Home, (or Home, as he is sometimes called,) the Spirit-Medium, from his humble birth through a series of associations with personages distinguished in scientific and literary circles throughout Europe, to even a familiarity with crowned heads, has surrounded him with an interest of the most powerful character. As a spirit-medium his superiority is supreme, and the publication of these memoirs will probably excite as much comment in this country as they have in Europe, and will be eagerly hailed by every one interested in Spiritualism.

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THIS interesting little work is designated especially for the young of both sexes. Every Spiritualist should introduce it into his family, to aid in the proper cultivation of the just and true mind around him.

The Book is handsomely gotten up, on fine, dated paper, substantially bound, and contains fifty-four pages. Price—Single copies 25 cents, or five copies for \$1. The usual discount to the trade. For sale at this office. Price 10 cents.

BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS! BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE, for my Juvenile Friends. 50 pages, plain cloth binding, 25 cents; half gilt, 50 cents; full gilt, 75 cents; postage, 10 cents.

For sale by Mrs. R. E. Hazen, 233 Superior Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE: OR, HOW TO MARRY TO OURSelves SATISFACTION. BY GEORGE BRYAN. This is the name of what the Boston Investigator calls "a very handsome little work," and of which the Boston Cultivator says, "a more unique, ready and practical essay has not often been written." Its leading topics are:— 1. The Pathos of Love's 2. The Pathos of Love's 3. Conflicting Notions of Love 4. Perils of Courtship. 5. Characteristics of Mankind. When and Whom to Marry. 6. Nationality of True Love. 7. Guide to Ourselves Satisfaction. 8. Nationality of True Love. 9. Wedding Without Weeping. Price, 25 cents; postage, 5 cents. For sale at this office.

THE MISTAKE OF OBSTINACY: OR, JERUSALEM AND HIS OFFICE BEFORE PAUL, AND OBSTINACY. BY GEORGE BRYAN. "The Truth about you, Free." Price, 15¢; postage, 5 cents. For sale at this office. Dec. 15.

DYSPEPSIA AND FITS. A SURE CURE. For these distressing complaints is now made known in a Treatise on the Nervous System, and the Diseases of the Stomach, published by DR. PIERCE BROWN. The prescription, furnished him by a young clergyman who has taken in a state of prostration, has cured everybody who has taken it, never having failed in a single case. It is equally sure in cases of Fits as of Dyspepsia; and the ingredients may be found in any drug store. Send for it on receipt of

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the Banner we claim to be the instrumentality of the Spirit...

These Messages are sent to the Public. The Banner Establishment is subjected to no extraordinary expense in consequence...

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, Nov. 17.—Invocation: "Can a man control his own destiny?" Questions and Answers: Knapp, Drown, to his friends in Cleveland, Ohio...

INVOCATION.

Father, Spirit of Life, we are conscious of ever dwelling in thy presence; conscious of being surrounded by thee, conscious of being sustained by thee...

Allow us to remark, in all kindness and love, that we regret to see any impatience manifested upon the part of those who seat the audience here...

The Condition of Infants in the Spirit-World.

BRUCE.—"The condition of those who pass from earthly life in infancy." The condition of those who pass from earthly life in infancy is the subject offered for consideration...

We say, did you understand the law of life, you would never make such remarks as these; for we have said, and again repeat, that it is better, far better to gain your earthly experiences while in the form...

It is to be supposed that if the human spirit is endowed with a body, by means of which to gain its earthly experiences; that that body was given for outworking a certain mission, or unfolding such faculties as God had bestowed upon it...

those little ones that have left your sphere, for it will do no good. They, to a certain extent, very great extent, are happy; and as their spirits have been separated from their mortal bodies, you cannot reanimate them in the physical temple again...

Mourning is always an obstacle to the returning child spirit, for it looks upon the clouds of mourning with distrust and fear. It dreads the darkness by which you are surrounded. It fears to come in rapport with you, mourning ones, because, perchance, it may partake of your sorrow and unhappiness...

The condition of those little ones after death is in no way unlike what it was when on the earth, except in the loss of the physical form. Aside from that physical form it is very much the same. They must have teachers to unfold their struggling intellects by thought...

Do you have books? queries one. Certainly we do. They are not records of earth-life, but records of soul-experiences, quite as tangible and real as any of your earthly volumes. It has been said by some of the mediums of earth who have visited the spirit-world while in a clairvoyant state, that they saw volumes of vast records of human experiences, that have the semblance of books used by those dwelling in earth-life...

When a little one has left its parents in earth-life, it must, of necessity, return to them in order to gain for itself a spiritual sustenance. The material they have been deprived of—the spiritual they must have; and, as we have said before, they must gain a certain amount of earth's experiences, and we know of no better way by which to aid them spiritually, than by calling upon them to return to earth again.

Therefore, oh ye mothers and ye fathers, who have little ones in the spirit-sphere, know that they are still with you, still being sustained by your spirit; and as that spirit acts, so they gain their experiences of earth-life. Do not suppose that by such an arrangement Nature has robbed you of your proper portion. This cannot be, for Nature never makes a mistake, but is very exact in all her plans...

According to announcement made last week, one who came to us in childhood a few years since, will improve a brief poem, that I am told is dedicated to the fond parents left on earth.

POEM BY ANNA CORA WILSON.

In the bowers of love supernal There your Birdie's built her nest, For the Father's hand eternal Led her from the earth's unrest. Hear ye not my song of gladness, Swelling o'er Life's troubled sea? Surely then it were but madness, E'er to mourn my loss to thee. I have gained a deathless morning— All my mortal woes are o'er, And the angels now are crowning Me with gems from Heaven's store. Cease your mourning, dearest mother, Let tears no more for Birdie fall; God is Love—there is no other— And His mercy's over all. When the shades of Death are falling, And your mortal day is o'er, And you hear the angels calling You from earth to our bright shore— Then your Birdie's song of welcome All your fears shall chase away, And the bitter buds of morning Blossom into endless day. Nov. 9.

Enoch Aldridge.

I wish, I wish you would keep your cold out. Shut your doors and windows, or I shall shiver to death. I come here, if I could, to get the privilege of sending, if I could, a few words to my, my folks, my family. [You can] I was Enoch Aldridge here. I don't know what I am now. I died in camp. I shook with the chills four or five hours, and could not stand it, so concluded to die. I don't know how I look now, but I suppose in the swamps. We lay there almost an eternity, and most of the boys had something of this sort. I belonged to the 11th Maine, and I should like if I could to send some word to Thomason, and to Agostia, too. I want the folks to know I can come back and talk to them; that I'm very well off in the spirit-world; but I should be a great deal better off than I am now if I could talk to them. I ought to tell them about that they ought to know about, and nobody else can tell 'em. I was thirty-eight years old, and used to say I was thirty-four. But I was thirty-eight. That's according to the old Bible record, and I suppose you want things as exact as you can when we come back this way. It's no matter whether I said thirty-four or thirty-eight a little while ago; but now you must only say just what the record can back you up in at all. [Truth is what is needed.] Yes, sir, and if you'll help me to get word to my folks in Maine, I'll be under great obligations to you, great obligations to you, sir; and will do as much for you, if not a great deal more, when you come to the spirit-world. Now every one, every drop in this great spiritual sea, must be the means of doing somebody or other good. I don't come here for nothing. You may think that what I've said here do not amount to much; but then you know it may to my folks. Well, Colonel, I suppose I'll have to bid you good-day, seeing as the folks I want to speak to are so far off. I should have a good deal more to say if they were here, but it's pretty dull here, you know, to talk to those who are strangers to you. So I'll hope for a chance to say more than I do here to my folks, at some future time. Do you shake out here, or bow? [Only with yourself away.] Your superintendent here wishes me to say that if you'll close your window here, and open your other contrivance there, you'd save the lady a good deal of after-trouble. Good-day. Nov. 9.

Adrienne Haggood.

My mother do not come here, so I can't talk to her. Won't you please send a letter from me to my mother? [Certainly.] She lives in Montpelier, in Vermont. I was six years old, and had been in the spirit-world two years. I had a fever, and died on the 17th day of January, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon. My father was away. My mother was with me, Aunt Charlotte, and some other folks. But they do not know I can come, so I asked the gentleman that takes care of things here if he would let me come and send word to them. He said, "Oh, yes, you can." Then I was put under tuition to learn how to speak this way; so I'm here to-day. I knew I could learn to do what anybody else could.

My name was Haggood—Adrienne Haggood; Addie—I was called Addie. I haven't any brothers or sisters; never did have any. My father's in the army. My mother's in Montpelier. I wish you'd ask her to let me come home and talk at home; get somebody I can learn to speak through, and let me come. I was buried—no I wasn't, but my body was buried—in my blue dress; and my mother cut off a piece off of the sash, and keeps it to cry over. I wish she would not. It makes me sick—no, not sick, but sad, to see her cry so. It makes me not sick like as I was here, but sad. My father's name was Amos. He's in the army, and I can't send any letters to him, because I don't know where he is. Good-by. I died just like that other little girl did who recited the poem—with a long fever. Good-by. Nov. 9.

Tom Sullivan.

Halloo! halloo! halloo! how's the war? [Progressing.] Well, I don't know about that. Maybe it's one thing you call progress, and another thing that I call it. It's backward, or forward? Faith, I suppose it's all progressing anyway, whether it's standing still, or it's other way. [The war don't seem to be going backwards.] I can't see much that looks like going forward about it. I'm Tom Sullivan, or used to be when I was here. Faith, I wish I could go down Charlestown street, just for a short time, to talk with my friends. Faith, if I go with this sort of a rig, I know they'd not believe it's myself at all. Well, how am I going to get where I want to go, anyway? [By giving such facts as will enable your friends to recognize you.] Fact is, I'm dead, sir; that's one. Well, I am Tom Sullivan; that's two. Ah, I was twenty-seven years old; that's another. I belonged to the Ninth Massachusetts; that's another. Now about that getting shot business, and going out that way. I suppose my friends would like to hear about it. I was shot in three places—the left shoulder, and through the hand. The last shot I got, I suppose it was through the head. I take it it was there, from the way I felt when I was going out. Well, you see I had left here, in Boston, my wife—I have no children—two brothers, three sisters, plenty of cousins, and the like. I was married only a short time before I went away. Now you see I got much like to say to my friends about this spiritual business. Ah, I know all about the Church coming up to take sides against us in this thing, but I know its place is not to interfere with us after we go away from the body. I know they think it follows us to the other side, but you won't find a Catholic Church, nor any one, in the spirit-world. There's neither Catholic, Orthodox, or Methodist, to be seen there, not even to the one kind to what you go to, I don't know exactly what you'd call it. Well, sir, I hear much said about how many of the boys go out with no chance to say good-by to their friends, and leaving things at loose ends, undone like, you know, on the earth. The most of us want to sweep up a little, that's it, and I suppose it's right enough we should do so. [Have your children here?] I left none at all, sir. Did not I tell you I was married only a short time before I went to war? [We believe you did.] I was recommended to come back here by our good Colonel, Tom Case. [Were you?] Yes, he recommended all the boys to come back this way. He says it puts shoes on their feet, and uniforms on their backs. Faith, when we get back here, we have a queer kind of a uniform. What part of the city is this? [Washington street, near the Old South Church.] Faith, it's in Charlestown street my folks live. Well, it's again the rule to take this body away from here, I suppose. [Yes.] Well, ask my folks to let me come in this way, so that I can talk with them. [You can write, can't you?] Write? Oh yes, sir. I could write. Well, sir, good-morning to you. If there's anything to pay, look to me when you come on this side. Nov. 9.

Margaret Hopkinson.

On the 20th of last March I was obliged to be separated from my children. They were left orphans in the world. Since that time I have tried every possible way to get back, but I've never been able to till to day. I lived on Centre street, in New York. They tell me this is in the East—Boston. [It is.] I left three children, the oldest but six years of age. I was told by some of your kind superintendents in the spirit-world, if I would come here and ask one Mr. Doyle, I don't know him or where he is—but I've been told that he knows something about my children, that he knows something about them, and believes in this thing. I want to ask him to get me, if he can, the privilege of talking with the matron of the institution where my children are. Oh, I would give the world to talk just a few minutes there. My name was Margaret Hopkinson. I was born in New York, and died there. I lived in poverty all my life. I can't pay you, sir. I've nothing to pay with. I hope that gentleman will give me what I ask for. They say he can. Nov. 9.

Invocation.

Oh thou who art all goodness and all of what men call evil—for we cannot divide thy power—once more through human lips we essay to adore thee; once more through crude mortality we lift our aspirations unto thee, and ask that thou wilt shower down into our midst those wondrous thoughts that have their birth in the spheres of perfect wisdom. Oh, Infinite Spirit of all Time, we do not adore thee because thou demandest that we should adore thee, but because we are formed to worship thee. The human soul must lift itself unto something above and beyond it. It must worship, for that is a part of its interior life. So we praise thee, Infinite Spirit, because there is a wondrous bar in our interior being, that is ever, ever attuned to thy praise. Oh, our Father and our Mother, as we stand upon the surface of this beautiful earth, we see discord and death reigning everywhere. But in the midst of all this desolation and human woe still we are able to perceive thy smiling countenance, to know that this darkness is but unborn light, this sorrow joy, this human woe, that like a great river of fire is sweeping away the nation's sins, is not a curse, but a blessing. Oh, our Father, may we be able to impress the minds of thy children with thy nearness to their interior being, that they shall no longer seek to learn of thee outside the boundaries of Nature, but turn within their own soul, and there, in that holy temple, hold sacred communion with thee. Oh, our Father, may they search no record to learn of thee and thy mighty law, but may they cast aside all superstitions that belong to the past, and learn to live wholly in the present; then will the darkness see away; then, oh Father, will the morning of the Millennium come to thy children. For all blessings of the past we

praise thee. For all the blessings of the present we praise thee. For all blessings of the future we praise thee, Infinite Father. Nov. 10.

The Premature Birth of Children.

BRUCE.—"What subject will the friends offer for discussion this afternoon?" BRUCE.—"What is the condition of children prematurely born? who have had no earthly existence?" We believe that the human becomes individualized about the seventh month of gestation. At or after that time its condition is precisely similar to that of the child who has received birth into the physical world. Previous to that time, there is no individuality. Nature herself proves this to us. Suppose it were cut off from the parent stem; would it live? No; because the spirit not being individualized to hold control of an immature body, would at once retire, that it might be born again and trained in the physical world, precisely as those who are born into physical life.

Qua.—Why have such mediums as Emma Harding stated that children in the third or second months, perhaps, after gestation, have an individualized existence? Ans.—We must beg leave to differ from our good sister on this point, for we know positively that of which we speak. There can be no individualized life of the human prior to that time. We care not what other minds may say to the contrary on this subject, for you and all mankind will learn the truth of our assertion sooner or later. Look abroad in Nature, study her outer works, and learn from your own physical bodies the truth of this assertion. See if we have not given you truth. Consult Nature in her outer life, and if she tells you that the spirit receives individualized life prior to the seventh month of gestation, then we have no more to say. We stand corrected.

Qua.—Physicians have asserted that children have lived an earthly life at the sixth or fifth month after gestation. Ans.—We think that must be a mistake. But, believe us, if such a statement was ever made by physicians, they were mistaken. Nature is extremely exact, and we are always able to judge from her records with a very fair degree of certainty. At least you are all aware—if you are not you should be—that the Medical Faculty are by no means perfect in their knowledge of the human body. They have studied in the past, and in the present they have been delving into the order elements of life, and have never thought they should deal with the spiritual as much as the physical. If they would understand the human form.

But the time is coming when the Medical Faculty will perceive that they have thus far lived in error and openly confess their supreme ignorance pertaining to the human body and the spiritual body. They cannot have a perfect understanding of one without the other; and we know as a class that they have little or no knowledge of the tendencies to which the spirit is heir. Paul has told them of a spiritual body, but they have looked upon it with distrust, and never thought it had anything to do with the physical body; never thought they could relieve the diseases of the human body through the spiritual. It has been asserted with a great degree of truth, if not entire, that all diseases of the physical body is heir to, come by and through the spirit forces first, or in harmony in the forces projected through the spiritual body into the physical body. When the Medical Faculty shall learn this truth, oh what a great difference then. Instead of looking entirely to the demands of the physical, they will attend somewhat to the demands of the spiritual. Nov. 10.

Thomas Merton.

If you will allow me, I will tell you my story as briefly as I can. Then I want you to tell me whether or not you can help me. [We will.] My name was Thomas Merton, of Hollingsworth, England. I was pretty high eighty-five—little short of eighty-five when I died. Forty-five years before death I was married. Less than two years after that time I lost my wife and child. I was very melancholy for awhile, and paid no attention to my business. I was a linen draper. The consequence was I lost everything, and became a beggar. After living in that way awhile, I commenced by picking up old odds and ends about the streets and selling them. I kept in that business, together with asking alms occasionally, until I died three years since; and I made it, and left, as high as I am able to judge, the sum of between four and five thousand dollars. Nobody knew I had anything until I died. Now it has gone to the Crown; all of it has gone to the Crown. I did not bequeath the money to the Crown, but it is gone, I having no relations to claim it. I had no relations to claim it, you see. Now what I want to know is this: Can you help me to reach a man at Hollingsworth, England, whose name is Trenton—James Trenton. [We will publish your message in our paper, and direct a copy to him.] I have found out this much since I died, that I have a distant relative, who might by the proper process on his part, possess himself of that property. Now I'd rather he'd have it than to give it to dress Court ladies—I had. I feel indignant about all the things I see transacted there, and I do not want the Crown to have my property. I have seen wherein I did wrong, since I died, and I think it may not be too late to repent. [You'd better give the date of your death.] I will. You shall tell me what year it is now. [November, 1863.] 1863! Then I have been dead two years and a little over. 1863, you say? Send to James Trenton. He's my lawyer, my confidential man. [Ah!] Yes, that's it. If you can help me, I shall do what I can for you. Good day. Nov. 10.

Colonel Alfred M. Weldon.

I see from observation you are disposed to help the subjects of foreign powers. Are you disposed to help me? [We are.] I'm from South Carolina, sir. Allow me to ask what is your usual mode of procedure. [To identify yourself to your friends, by giving such facts as will enable them to recognize you.] It is said your papers cross the lines. [The paper containing your message may not reach your friends at once, but it may fall into the hands of some person who will forward it to them.] I have a father, two brothers, a wife and two children in Charleston. Do you suppose there's any possibility of my sending word to them? [We think there is, for our papers frequently cross the lines into Richmond.] Well, sir, please say that Colonel Alfred M. Weldon, of the 10th South Carolina, visited you to-day, and was anxious to meet his friends at home. I'm not conversant with your spiritual theology. I know nothing of the manner of your receiving messages from this side, which I suppose I must call my side now. [It is necessary that you state some facts in order to identify yourself.] Well, my name and age, I suppose? [Yes.] I was thirty-seven years, four months, eight days old. I think are you very particular about the exact time? [Not the exact time, although you should come as near to it as possible.] Well, facts, I suppose are necessary to identify one. [They are.] Very well, I can think of no better one than this. When the what you term the rebellion, broke out, I was in Chicago; and, in my haste to get home, lost my baggage, which by some strange mistake upon the part of some one—strange fortune I will say—I received near five months afterwards, under very pecu-

lar circumstances. I speak of this to identify myself to my friends. I suppose you have accounts of the battle of Gettysburg? [Yes.] It was there I lost my life. If I were better conversant with this matter, then I would urge my friends to meet me, but I can only assure them that I am here, and ask them to give me the privilege of identifying myself to them personally. Then I will do what I can for their happiness. I am under great obligations to you, sir, and to all these friends for their kindness. Good-day. Nov. 10.

John Welsh.

So a rebel officer and a Union private can wear the same uniform. [So it seems.] Well, here I am; what are you going to do for me? [Whatever we can.] I have got folks, but they're not here at all, and I like if I could, to get some chance to send some thoughts from this place to them. [We'll try to send them for you.] Well, sir, my folks do not know that I can come back, and if you were to go in and ask them where I was, they'd tell you that I was killed dead; and I come here to-day for the purpose of telling my folks that I'm just as much alive as I ever was, bearing my body; that I ain't got now. I do not know as I can much. Well, sir, I suppose from what I heard this in Boston. [It is.] My folks live in Troy, and I like, if I could, to send some word to them. You'll say that John Welsh, of the 157th New York Company, I came back, and asked for a chance to talk with his friends in Troy, New York State. Now I ain't got no chance to say to my friends as that rebel chap had. He's in a devil of a way about speaking with his folks about what they're got. Now what I want to talk about is about what some other persons have got; that is something, perhaps, of as much importance as his. Good God, women and children can't be expected to live on nothing in your world. It's all very well to say there's a pension coming. But good God, they might die and go away before they get it. [You must not forget that Government has a great deal of business to attend to.] I suppose so, but I think if some of the Government officers who are taking their ease over a glass of champagne and Havana, would sit about doing their duty, there would not be half the suffering there. Now I was always doing very well. I have my work to fight for my adopted country, because I always got a good living here. So I went, and I lose my life; so you see I'm out of business here. I was a tailor, and I could make you as nice a coat or small job, as any one. It's no use to look for me in this country, because there's no need of it, but that was the kind of business I followed when I was here on the earth. Well, sir, whatever you do for me in this way, God, wherever he is, will pay you for some time. I don't know as I can. [We only ask that you'll do the best you can.] Faith, I'll always do that. You know, sometimes, when one thinks they're doing right, another thinks they're doing wrong. [You are to be your own judge on that point.] Faith, I think so too. It's myself that's to be the judge in that matter. My wife's name was Mary. One of the children was Harry, the other John. [Can you give their ages?] Faith, I think I will make a mistake. Well, sir, I want to ask, can I come again, supposing I fall this time? [We thank you, sir.] Good-day to you, or night, whatever it is. Nov. 10.

Allice Emery.

My mother lives in Brooklyn, and my father is away. I have two brothers and a sister. I was Allice Emery. I lived here two years, and died in September, 1863. I had a fever and sore throat. My father is on his way to Texas with General Banks, and he's seen in your paper that folks could come back, and be visited if spirits could come to earth, and tell what he would know us by; then he should believe, and should be so happy. When he was here in June, the last of June, he gave me a present of a picture Photograph Album, and I was to have it for favorite military men to put their photographs in. And he said, I must fill it before he got home again. It is not filled; there's only six in it, and my mother has it. She will tell him it has only six in it. He may write to her and see. I could not fill it, because—because I went away—died. If there is anybody like this where my father is, if he wishes, I will come to him this way, if he will let me; if he will go to see somebody like this, [referring to the medium who was speaking through], whose I can. Can I go? [Yes.] My mother did not ask me to come, so I won't go home. She did not ask me to come. Nov. 10.

A FABLE FROM THE ITALIAN.

TRANSLATED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT. The zephyr played in Ida's bowers With the golden rays of the sunbeams' cheer, And danced o'er many a flower-fair, That flourished under Ida's care. While gently, in a sheltered nook, With water from the purring brook, She freshened with its daily shower Her choicest, loveliest, favorite flower, That late had open'd upon her sight Its petals of the palest white, And shed around its perfume rare, More subtle, sweeter than any there; And ever as she loitered near, Did Ida, to its luteous ear, With gentle tone and light organ, Her fondness for the flower express; Telling, with many a loving word, How much she had its charms preferred. While bending low, the flower replied, It owned no other love beside. Now when the evening hours drew on, The moon in bright radiance shone, Armed in lace and silver gear, What doth the gay Amantia here? What new adornment can enhance Her beauty for the evening dance? Shall it be Ida's favorite flower? That reigns the queen of all the bowers? Her eye had caught the moon's gleam, More lustrous in its snowy soft beam. And much she waded; yet loth to take The floral gem, for Ida's sake. But here the flower impatiently spoke, Soft on her ear its accents broke: "What beauty dwains upon my sight, With all this rich and silver light? Than Ida, how much fairer art! Alas! that cruel destiny Should link me with a peasant's fate! Am I not beautiful and great—More worthy to belong to her, Whose beauty is as much preferred? What happier fortune than to rest With silvery spray upon her breast? Amantia, won by fattery's power, Pleased on her breast the charmed flower, Triumphant now, a few hours more A withered thing upon the floor. Amantia heed not its disgrace, A Rose, fresh gathered, fills its place. Decayed by Sicke Fortune's glare, Or speckled Friendship's lurking snare, How many true affection slight, To meet but peridy and slight!



Children's Department.

EDITED BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

"We think not that we daily see About our hearts, angels that seem to be, Or may be if they will, and we prepare Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."

LETTER NO. 1.

I presume, dear children, you know what it is to feel sad sometimes. Every one has trials and sorrows. There are trials of sickness and pain, the trials of bad temper and unkindness, the trials of poverty and of selfishness, the trials of separation from those beloved; these, and many more, most of us have to meet, and oftentimes they seem very hard to bear, and our spirits are so clouded by them that we cannot feel the beautiful, glad sunshine of love that ever surrounds us, any more than we can see the sun-gleams on a cloudy day.

If any of you have no trials you cannot understand what I am going to say; but if you have, you will like to listen to a short description of a spiritually cloudy day. Thanksgiving day is a day of joy; it is appointed for gladness, for the brightening of all sweet and tender memories, and all the hopes that the heart loves to cherish, just as you would brighten a chain of golden beads if they had become tarnished. I hope you all know such a thanksgiving day, one full of the joy of kindness and love.

There was on my heart that day a shadow of sorrow, and my spiritual sky was clouded, and as I looked up to the blue heavens and saw them bending over with their embrace of love, I could not rejoice, but only looked at it with dim eyes. The soft air blew, but I could not feel its touch of life; the water gleamed in the sunshine, but I looked at its shadows; and although everything was outwardly beautiful, it did not enter my heart to make it thankful. I chanced to pass an unfinished dwelling: it was rough with timbers and brick and mortar, and was not beautiful in any way, but on the gable end of the roof there was placed a branch of evergreen. Some one had put it there as an ensign of beauty. It lifted its green head toward the blue sky, and seemed as if speaking its thanksgiving and praise.

I wondered who placed it there: was it some workman that was toiling for his beloved ones, and felt the gladness of his work? And as I wondered, I tried to fancy how the man looked who could spend his time and thought in that act. I began to feel the inspiration of his gladness; that is, I began to feel as if I thought he must have felt when he put that branch up there over the rough timbers. It seemed to me as if it had been lifted to bear the heart above the muddy street, toward the higher and more beautiful. Somebody had said, "I will show my gladness by a beautiful act, and others can see that there is one heart thankful this sunny, bright thanksgiving day."

I looked up again at the blue sky. It had not changed, for it was cloudless before; but now it seemed to hold many beautiful things for me—tender eyes of loving angels, and the brightness of loving thoughts—it seemed like the arch of heaven. The world changed, too. The water seemed rippling in gladness, the air seemed like a touch of kindness, and the voices of children at play expressed this gladness of Nature. My heart grew glad, spite of its trials, and felt thankful. Perhaps you will think it strange that so slight a thing as that should have had such an effect; but it is often so, and a very little thing may sometimes have great power, and it is this that I wished to show you. Children often feel that they cannot do much good, particularly to older people. Now could you not have done as simple a thing as that? Can you not every day make some unlovely thing more beautiful? A little bunch of flowers, a violet, a green leaf, given in love, often cheers and blesses wise men and women.

I think it is strange that we do not all of us, old as well as young, understand how easy it is to do good and to bless others. We should think it a great thing if we could make the clouds break away on a stormy day, and the sun shine forth in splendor, but how much greater is it to make a cloud of sorrow or of trial break away from the sky of the heart, and leave all gladness and sunshine there. Will you try and remember this, and lift your branch of hope by some kind act or word, so that the world may be better, and a happier place to dwell in? Your friend, L. M. W.

ELSIE:

THE BENEFIT OF TRIALS.

What a strange woman Mrs. Moody was! No one loved her, and no one could tell why. She lived in a large house with large windows, and she had a fine yard with a great many trees in it; but if you went into the house, you would find every blind closed, and every curtain down, so that not a ray of sunshine could send its gladness through the large rooms; and if you walked in the garden, you would see stiff rows of plants and of hollyhocks that looked very unsocial. If you ventured into the kitchen, you would behold rows of shining dishes, but you would never dream that they could be made for use, so regular and stationary they looked. If you went up stairs, there was not a wrinkle to be found in the smooth, white counterpane, or a particle of dust to be seen on bureau or stand. There was nowhere in the house a thing out of place, or a blemish to be seen.

Into this house came little Elsie, who was Mrs. Moody's niece. Her father and mother both went to heaven, and so she had no one to care for her in the place where she had been so tenderly loved, and every one said it would be an excellent place for the little orphan who needed a home, with Mrs. Moody, who lived in a fine house, and had no children. Elsie had a glad, happy heart, and felt so, too; for she thought that it would be a fine thing to live with her aunt, whose house had such large windows and such very green blinds, and in which there were so many fine things. She thought to herself, "If I cannot live with my dear mother in the old cottage, I think I would be glad to go to Aunt Moody's, she has such fine carpets, and such red curtains, and such golden books."

Elsie was very quiet the first day, for she was wondering what made her aunt so very busy, and what she could be doing in all her rooms, that looked so very clean and neat to her. She was very glad to hear the doors open and shut, and amused herself by counting the number of times her aunt drew her brush over a chair before she put it in its place and called it dusted. But after a day or two, when Elsie became better acquainted and began to feel like herself, she did not wish to sit still, and she was not amused in watching her aunt, but she wished to sing, and jump, and run. So she went into the garden, and ran down the long walk, looking up at the tall hollyhocks, and wondering if she should ever grow as high, and she stretched up on tip-toe, to see how far she could reach.

"Elsie, Elsie," called her aunt, "come into the house directly. I do n't allow little girls to run in my garden—it marks the sanded walks; or to reach after plants—the plants are put there to look well from the street."

So Elsie went in again and sat down. But she soon grew tired of sitting still, and lifted the curtain a little, to see if she could look out and catch a gleam of sunshine. "Put the curtains down quick," said Mrs. Moody,

"I do n't allow little girls to touch the curtains, and I do n't want any sunshine in my room—it draws the flies."

Elsie put down the curtain and tried to sit still again, but she soon felt uneasy, and reached out to take a book.

"Put that down quick, Elsie," said her aunt. "I do n't allow little girls to touch my books."

Elsie thought she would not displease her aunt again, and she fixed herself very carefully on her chair, and looked at the bright leaves and flowers on the carpet, and wondered how they happened to grow without stems and out of patches of blue, that she thought represented sky, and she was just beginning to wonder if they were not like the flowers the fairies lived in, when she chanced to see a fly buzzing about. It seemed very pleasant to see even that, and she began to coax it to alight on her finger, by holding out her hand.

"What are you doing Elsie? Kill that fly quick, drive it out; I do n't allow any flies in my house."

Elsie began to run around the room, delighted that she could jump and skip, and be of some use to her aunt.

"Stop, stop, Elsie, I do n't allow little girls to run on my carpets, it makes dust, and wears out the carpets; sit down quick."

Thus several days passed with Elsie, till she grew very homesick, and thought constantly of her own dear home, and of her mother, who had no carpets, but had sunshine and love. These were Elsie's trials, and they were more than she knew how to bear. She had not wisdom enough to know how to overcome them, and she did not understand the law of love, so it is no wonder that she began to feel unkindness in her heart. She had many wrong thoughts about her aunt, and said:

"I will not live with her; I do not love her; I'll run away."

She could do nothing to please Mrs. Moody, but to set still, and she found nothing harder. When she went to bed she was not tired from romping, and therefore she could not go to sleep, and laid awake long hours, thinking how she loved her dear mother, and how she hated her aunt; and she wished the house would get on fire and burn up, or that her aunt would have to be tied in a chair and sit still all day, or that a great wind would blow and open the windows, and break the blinds.

One day, as she sat in the kitchen, there came a little black and white kitten creeping softly in. Mrs. Moody happened to be in the other room, or she would have said, "Put her out quick. I do n't allow little girls to play with kittens;" and Elsie knew that she would say so if she saw it, therefore she caught the kitten, and covering it with her apron, she ran up stairs with it. She went into her closet and sat down on the floor and held the little creature close in her arms. Oh how good it seemed to have something to love. She remained up stairs as long as she dared, and then she shut the kitten up in the closet, and went down. By and by she stole up again, and gave it a little piece of her bread saved from dinner, and shut it up again.

But Elsie was no better contented in being shut up, than Elsie was in keeping still, so she cried and scratched, and Mrs. Moody going through the passage, heard her, and found her place of concealment.

"You naughty, naughty girl," said she to Elsie, "I shall punish you for this; I shall shut you up in the closet where you put the kitten."

When Elsie found herself alone in the darkness, she grew very angry, all her better thoughts and good wishes seemed to leave her. She said to herself, "I hate Aunt Moody, I'll not live with her, I'll run away!" and her heart grew cold every moment.

She thought of her mother, and the thought calmed her, but she would not allow good thoughts or wishes to influence her, but kept repeating to herself, "I hate her, I'll run away." She tried the door, but it was fastened, and she thought, "Well, I shall have to wait, but I'll go when I get out."

When Mrs. Moody opened the door, it was only to put Elsie in bed. She lay very still until her aunt had gone around the bed, and then she said, "Now I will go. I hate Aunt Moody, I'll run away from her."

She jumped up and dressed herself quickly. She did not know what it was to be away, far off alone in the damp air of night, but her heart had lost all its joy, and she felt afraid of nothing. She stole down the back stairs, ran out through the garden, and jumped over the fence. Her little feet sped through the cornfields to the corner of the woods. How good it seemed to run, how bright the gay leaves of Autumn looked in the light of the setting sun. "Oh," said she to herself, "how glad I am I ran away. I'll never go back."

But where could she go to? It was growing chill, and darkness was creeping on; she could not sleep in the woods, and soon she could not see. What should she do? Now Elsie had not thought of this when she resolved to leave her aunt. A great lesson of wisdom was being taught her, and she was learning that she must always think carefully before she acted, or else she might do very foolish things.

The darkness came on very fast, and Elsie did not love the darkness; and oh how cold the air felt; and the wind began to whistle in the trees. She remembered then for the first time what her mother had told her about God and his angels, but she remembered also that her mother had taught her that while her heart was cherishing wrong feelings, she could not hear the sweet voices from heaven. She knew that there was a great load of wrong feeling in her breast, for she did not want to be good. She did not wish to love her aunt, or to have her aunt love her.

She wandered about until she grew very tired, and began to be a little anxious. She could just see the chimney of her aunt's house above the trees against the clear sky, but she could see no other dwelling, only the great pines and oaks, and soon, perhaps, she could not see even them. The dried leaves of corn rustled, and the pines moaned, and she thought them very sad tones. She was not much afraid, but she thought it would be dreadful to be out all night in the cold.

The stars one after another gleamed forth—oh how bright they looked!—and far over the hill the light of the moon began to brighten the sky. It seemed like an old friend to Elsie. She remembered how it had shown into the door of the dear cottage home only a few months ago, and her mother had told her that the love of her heart was like the moonlight, and could make any place bright, and that God's love was like the sunlight.

Elsie had often watched the stars from her mother's cottage, and every time she had seen them since her mother died, she had fancied she was watching her, and that the brightest one was her loving eye. But to night she would not long think of anything pleasant or good, but kept repeating, "Oh, how I hate Aunt Moody."

She fancied she grew warmer after this, and she called it being brave. It grew cold every moment, and although the moon shed her soft light about her, the shadows were dark and solemn. Finally she sat down to think. She felt no more love for Mrs. Moody than before, but she longed more for her mother, and for her gentle care. Her little heart began repeating a sweet hymn her mother had taught her:

"Gentle, tender Shepherd hear me, Bless thy little lamb to-night; Through the darkness be thou near me, Watch me till the morning light."

her the hymn, so she began to ask for more of this love and care.

"Find me a nice bed, and somebody to kiss me, and some sweet milk, and some bread, and let the moon shine bright and the stars not go away, oh gentle Shepherd."

This was Elsie's prayer, and it seemed as if the gentle Shepherd did indeed hear, for as she turned her head, she saw a light gleaming through the trees. She did not stop to wonder where it came from, but ran as fast as her little feet would carry her toward it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DEAR BANNER—I have read you from No. 1, Vol. 1, to date. I cannot do without you if I would, and would not if I could. I venture to answer your Enigma.

Yours, Cosmo.

Lynn, Dec. 9, 1863.

Answer to the Enigma in our Last.

With the ice below and the wind above, There's nothing handier than a glove. If the sluggard fears that he shall want, Let him learn wisdom of the ant. A useful mineral may be had, For the iron horse, or the iron clad, When a schoolboy, I remember well In spelling I did much excel, But that was some fifty years ago; How I'd make out now, I do not know. Of all the Patriarchs, there was one I spelt, with great A, like a, you. If you cannot well become a Hero, Then pray do try to be a she-ro. If I lived South I would not fight, But I 'spose whatever is, is right. With love I would all others bless, And thus enjoy true happiness. With all things else I fain would part, But I must keep A LOVING HEART.

Letters Received.

H. N. B. COMBOD, N. H.—Many thanks for your letter; it made me very happy, for it had the true spirit of progress in it. Do not forget to send me the picture, and remember that everything that you learn to do, that is useful, will benefit you and your dear loved brother in the spirit-world.

THE BAD AND GOOD OF SPIRITUALISM—NO. 2.

BY H. S. CHAPMAN AND A. B. CHILD.

A. B. C.—Spiritualism is the last sect of the material world. It is the a b c of spirit-life. It is the infant school of spirit culture. It is real truth falling into the shadows of matter. It is a dim recognition of the chart of a stream that is to bear us on forever.

H. S. C.—It is enough for me to say of the above, that it asserts, but proves nothing.

A. B. C.—Spiritual things only assert; they do not ask for or need any proof. It is philosophy that asks for and needs proof. Philosophy is for matter only.

H. S. C.—What is a thing intellectually got together without proof? To accept a thing without evidence is not philosophy.

A. B. C.—True, Spiritualism is too big for the arms of philosophy to hold, or for court-house evidence to prove or disprove.

H. S. C.—The coolness of my friend compensates for his bad logic, and we have to make concessions to him sometimes against the truth. That's true, he says he is no philosopher, and he has no knowledge of what a thing could be intellectually got together without proof.

A. B. C.—The outward senses of men see nothing beyond the philosophy of matter, and these senses well exercised, consequently must claim that the spiritual world does not exist. Philosophy is only seen and felt by the outward senses. I do not say that there is nothing beyond this surface-world of surface philosophy. Philosophy alone would affirm the non-immortality of the soul.

H. S. C.—Well, then, let us start fair. What is philosophy? A. B. C.—Philosophy is the exercise of man's uncertain reason on what he calls the causes and effects of his surface, incipient existence. The soul, when out of matter and its love, does not need philosophy any more than a man needs the bandages of babyhood. Philosophy is useful in matter.

H. S. C.—Philosophy is the conclusion of reason—religion the conclusion of faith. It is well to have philosophy. It is better to have religion. But we sat out with Spiritualism, and not philosophy; and I therefore propose to accept your definition of the subject to be, that Spiritualism is a school for spirit-culture—and so in accordance with this, proceed to consider the teachers and the doctrines of this school of "spirit culture."

A. B. C.—Your definition of philosophy is good, and so it is of what the world calls religion. They are both good and useful in this world. Who are the teachers in Spiritualism?

H. S. C.—It may be thought curious when I say that I claim a supernatural origin for the real teachers of Spiritualism; that organized bands of spirits assemble daily to deliver to the world, through their mediums, much that it would have been better that never had been heard of. I shall therefore claim a spiritual origin for those teachers and their doctrines—holding mediums not to be quotable as authors, or mentors; but as proclaimers of what is told them—bearers of a message, if you please, not the maker.

A. B. C.—No man or woman, whether medium or otherwise, that writes, or speaks, or acts, is a teacher for any other man or woman in spiritual things. Whatever may be given, by spirits or otherwise, through the lips, writing or acts of others, is no part or parcel of the teachings of another soul in the schoolhouse of Spiritualism. All outside teachings to the soul are only blanks to the soul to which they are offered.

H. S. C.—When you say, "No man or woman who speaks or acts is a teacher for another in spiritual things"—if you mean by this simply to assert individuality, that is well enough in the abstract; but if you mean to state a fact; touching spiritualistic communications, then you have said what is obviously not so.

A. B. C.—What has spiritualistic communications received from others to do with the culture of the soul of man?

H. S. C.—What business has the soul with the external senses? A. B. C.—The soul has produced the external senses of man, and the soul will drop them. They are not the soul's educators or directors.

H. S. C.—My friend here ventures upon a new and strange philosophy. No man has ever touched bottom either as to what the soul is in itself, or what it is in its relations to the body. Plato explored this region, and his disciples after him, and they have told us a great deal about these things of which they knew nothing, and we are just as wise. But the central thought of our discourse must not be forgotten. Let me ask this, Whether Spiritualism, in its philosophy, takes its origin from a supposed spiritual world?

A. B. C.—Spiritualism does not take philosophy with it, or go after it, but leaves it to perish with the grains of sand it deposits with. We may not presume that man will ever touch bottom, or top, either, in the spiritual world. Spiritualism does not take philosophy along with it as an accompaniment to it, but the animus of Spiritualism is the thing itself—it is life

that is self-sustaining, that needs no carrying, nor outside-foe to keep it burning.

H. S. C.—Precisely. My friend was quite willing a moment ago to be understood to know the top and bottom of this deep philosophy, for he told us with all confidence that the soul created the outward senses, implying, of course, that he knew the philosophy. Now he tells us with comfortable assurance, that he, or rather perhaps Spiritualism, neither knows nor cares anything about this philosophy.

A. B. C.—My friend sticks to philosophy, and philosophy sticks to matter. I supposed he would. If he quotes a little erroneous, it only gives spice. I did not say that I knew the top or bottom of Spiritualism, or that the soul created the body. I only said that the body was produced by the soul. There is a difference between *create* and *produce*. I must again reassure my friend that Spiritualism, as I understand it, is not a philosophy, and needs nothing to do with it. It is something better. Philosophy cannot touch bottom or top in this world; and even where it goes, it is uncertain; it is most inappropriate, clumsy and useless to handle anything with in the spirit-world.

H. S. C.—You say Spiritualism has no philosophy. What do you call the great body of writings delivered through mediums by spirits?

A. B. C.—I call them, as you do, a great body of writings.

H. S. C.—What is the general character of this body of writings in respect to religion—that is, is it on the side of doubt or faith? Does it distrust everything, or believe everything?

A. B. C.—I have never read the whole of this vast volume, but presume the character is mostly consistent with the different mediums through whom they were written, in respect to religion and faith. In this volume there is doubtless a great variety of opinions expressed; distrust and belief, too, in almost everything. But these writings are only effects of Spiritualism; they do not tell what it is. All writings will go to the grave. These writings of mediums are so tinged with the previous opinions of mediums and spirits, that they are very uncertain indicators of the character of Spiritualism.

H. S. C.—If my friend were to answer me without premeditation in respect to these writings, he would say *truth*—but this would not make for the purpose of his discourse. However, I do not desire to consider these writings under the head of *trash*, or *absurdity*, for they are more than that, else they are worth no man's notice; but I shall show that they are in their general drift, *badly* opposed to Christianity.

A. B. C.—All the writings in this great volume are true, and true only to the causes that have produced them. In Spiritualism, we first learn that no outside standard can be set up for the guidance of the soul.

Vermont Quarterly Convention.

The friends of Progress and Reform in Vermont will hold a Quarterly Convention at Bridgewater, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 1st, 2d, and 3d days of Jan. 1867. They earnestly invite all seekers of truth to be present. Mediums and normal speakers are especially invited. Bro. Simmons, Mrs. Townsend, Mrs. Wiley, Mrs. Works and Mrs. Woolcott are expected to be present.

Mrs. Matthews will take rooms at Dr. Wiley's, and give tests as much as may desire. Arrangements have been made at the hotel for all who cannot be otherwise accommodated. At the moderate price of 75 cents a day; fifty cents a day for horse keeping, with grain.

CHARLES WALKER, NATHAN LAMB, DR. WILEY, DR. HOLY, B. F. SOUTHWATE, M. E. KENNEDY, E. B. WOODS, AUSTIN E. SIMMONS, THOMAS HIDDLETON, GEO. G. RAYMOND, JOE. E. WILLIS, CHARLES BARBOCK, Bridgewater, Vt., Dec. 1, 1863.

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 respond, 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. Constant 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.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

BOSTON.—SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, LYONS HALL, TOWN-SQUARE, (opposite head of school street.)—Meetings are held every Sunday, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Admission ten cents. Lecturers engaged.—Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch through December; Mrs. M. E. Townsend, March 20 and 27.

CONVENTION HALL, No. 16 BROADFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—The Boston Conference meets every Thursday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock. CHALMERS.—The Spiritualists of Charleston 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. A. M. Sponco, Dec. 30 and 31; Charles A. Hayden, Jan. 17 and Feb. 9 and 23.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Leo Street Church the following lecturers are engaged to speak forenoon and afternoon.—Miss Martha L. Beck with December; Miss Nellie J. Temple during Jan.; Austin E. Simmons, first two Sundays in Feb.; Mrs. C. P. Works, last two Sundays in Feb.; Charles A. Hayden, March 6 and 13.

Worcester.—Free meetings are held at Horticultural Hall every Sabbath afternoon and evening. Lecturers engaged.—Mrs. E. A. Bliss, Dec. 30 and 27; Miss Sarah A. Nutt, Jan. 3 and 10; Emma Houston, Jan. 17, 24 and 31; Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, Feb. 7 and 14; Mrs. Mary W. Wood, Feb. 21 and 28; Charles A. Hayden, March 6 and 13.

QUINCY.—Meetings every Sunday, at Johnson's Hall, Sessions in the afternoon at 2 1/2 and in the evening at 6 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged.—Mrs. S. L. Oppell, Dec. 30 and 27.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Meetings will be held Sundays, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged.—Miss Nellie J. Temple, during the month of December; Mrs. Sarah A. Horton during January; Mrs. M. E. Townsend during February.

BOSTON.—Meetings held in the Town Hall. Speakers engaged.—Miss Lettie Doten, Dec. 30 and 27; H. B. Storor, Jan. 10; Charles A. Hayden, Feb. 14.

MILFORD.—Meetings are held every Sunday afternoon, in Irving Hall. Speakers engaged.—Mrs. Fanny Davis Smith, second Sunday of every month; Rev. Adin Ballou, third Sunday.

FAYETTE, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Mechanics' Hall, and free Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged.—Isaac P. Greenleaf, Dec. 30 and 27.

BARNES, ME.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, and a Conference every Thursday evening, in Pioneer Chapel, a house owned or chiefly by them, and capable of seating six hundred persons. Speaker engaged.—Mrs. Laura DeForre Gordon, during December.

NEW YORK.—Dorworth's Hall. Meetings every Sunday morning and evening, at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. The meetings are free. At 105 Broadway, J. L. H. Willis speaks each Sunday in December.

ADDRESSES OF LECTURERS AND MEDIUMS. [Under this heading we 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 an 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."] DR. F. GARDNER, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, will answer calls to lecture. ap11-1 Mrs. LIZZIE DOTEN's address, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass. dec-1 Mrs. EMMA HORTON, 5th St. N. Y. City. ap11-1 JAMES LONN's address for the present is Warren, Hancock Co., Ill., care Prof. A. H. Worton. ap11-1 Mrs. E. A. SIMMONS will make arrangements for the coming Fall and Winter. Address, Central, N. Y. ap11-1

Mrs. EMMA M. JOHNSON will answer calls to lecture. Address, Chippewa, Mass. ap11-1 Mrs. M. C. TUCKER will answer calls to lecture. Address, Liberty Hill, Conn. ap11-1 Mrs. H. OVERTON speaks upon questions of government, Address, Hartford, Conn. ap11-1 Mrs. FRANK BROWN, trance speaker, Brookfield, Vt. ap11-1 Mrs. R. ANNE BYRNE, trance speaker, Address, 28 Chicago street, Boston. ap11-1 W. W. BRIDGEL, magnetic healing medium, Rutland, Vt., will answer calls to lecture. ap11-1 JOHN T. ANGE, magnetic physician and progressive lecturer, 2 Pearl street, Rochester, N. Y. P. O. box 201. ap11-1 FANNIS BOWMAN PALTON, South Malden, Mass. ap11-1 C. AUGUSTA FRICK, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture and also give funerals through the West. Address, P. O. drawer 6503, Chicago, Ill. ap11-1 Miss LIZZIE M. A. CARLEY, inspirational speaker, care of James Lawrence, Cleveland, O. Will speak week evenings and attend funerals. ap11-1 Mrs. H. T. BRIDGEMAN lectured at Jamaica, N. H., during the Sabbath for the winter. P. O. address, Jamaica, N. H. ap11-1 Mrs. O. M. BROWN, lecturer and medical clairvoyant, will answer calls to lecture, or visit the sick. Examination by letter, on receipt of autograph, \$1. Address, Jamaica, N. H. ap11-1 W. WYRILLA, Mattawan, Van Buren Co., Mich. ap11-1 Mrs. JESSIE L. BROWN, trance speaker, will make arrangements for the coming fall and winter in the West. Address, Prophetstown Illinois. Will answer calls to attend for trials, ap11-1 Mrs. MARYA HANSON, trance speaker, Address, J. C. Howard, Milwaukee, Wis. ap11-1 Mrs. L. T. WYRILLA will answer calls to lecture on Health and Disease before, in Wisconsin and Illinois. Address, Whitewater, Walworth Co., Wis. ap11-1 Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNE, formerly Miss Sarah A. Maynes, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address, 20 Spring street, Cambridge, Mass. ap11-1 D. H. HAMILTON, Lewiston, Me. (twenty years a practical phrenologist) lectures now on the science of "Matriology," or the laws of compatibility. ap11-1 Mrs. and Mrs. H. M. MILLER, Elmira, N. Y., care of Wm. B. Hatch. ap11-1 H. B. STOROR, inspirational speaker No. 4 Warren street, Boston, or for the present, Foxboro', Mass. ap11-1 HENSON TUCKER will receive calls to lecture, after the 1st of December. Address, Berlin Heights, Ohio. ap11-1 Dr. JAMES COOPER, Bellefontaine, O. ap11-1 BENJAMIN TOWN, Jamestown, Wis., care of A. C. Stone. ap11-1 J. S. LOWMEAD, will answer calls to lecture. Address, for the present, Williamstown, Conn. ap11-1 LEO MILLER, Worcester, Mass. ap11-1 Rev. ADIR BALLOU, lecturer, Hopdale, Mass. ap11-1 L. JUDY PEARSON's address is Cincinnati, Ohio. ap11-1 W. F. JAMISON, trance speaker, Paw Paw, Mich. ap11-1 A. B. WHITTE, trance speaker, Albion, Mich. ap11-1 Miss MARY A. TOWNES, Cincinnati, Ohio. ap11-1

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