

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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JASMINE;

THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER VIII.

An Oasis in the Desert of Life.

"From her lone path she never turned aside,
Through passionate worship before her fall,
Like some pure planet in her lonely pride,
Blue seems to soar and beam above them all."
—MRS. WALBY.

"How slow the time
To the warm soul, that, in the very instant
It forms, would exclaim, 'a great design!'"
—THOMSON'S COROLANUS.

On the day that was to witness my journey to E—
I had been in a state of uncontrollable excitement all
the morning. In my impatient and irritable mood it
was dreadful for me to sit in Mrs. Strong's room and
assist her in the arrangement of her endless folds of
lace and rolls of ribbon. I believe she called on me
to perform those trifling offices, so that she could have
a better opportunity of tormenting me. I had been
listening in indignant silence to her tirades against
Miss Vane, to Agatha's silly remarks upon her plain
style of dress, and so forth; but when the old dame
ventured upon the remark that Lillian only talked for
the sake of attracting attention, that her philosophy
of life and benevolence of character "was all gam-
mon," as she elegantly expressed it, all my patience
and forbearance fled, and I retorted with all the
aroused and fiery impulse of my nature:

"That people who had no good in themselves never
believed in the truth of others."

"Do you apply that to me, you minx?" angrily de-
manded the provoking assailant.

"If you speak disrespectfully of Miss Vane, I do.
You are always carping and picking flaws, and stick-
ing pins into people behind their backs. Why don't
you have the courage to tell her so to her face? There
would be some show of bravery in that; but cowards
are always backbiters!"

You see I was not choicer of my terms of retort.
Mrs. Strong crimsoned so violently the thick vein on
her forehead swelled almost to bursting:

"You impudent, good-for-nothing, long-tongued
hussy you! how dare you speak to me in that style?
You low-lived, yellow-faced, gipsyish Hottentot!
—you spindle shanks!—you miserable bean-pole!—you
awkward gawk!—you Saint Domingo Blackamoor!"

The last epithet was bestowed upon me on account
of my somewhat full under lip. I was accustomed to
these outbursts, to which, I am sorry to confess, I re-
sponded in a like manner only too often. The scenes
between us grew more violent as time sped on his
flight.

"I don't care for your calling of names," I re-
plied, in almost as loud a key as her own. "You tor-
ment me enough, but you shan't slander my friends!
I should think you'd been used to living with negroes;
you make such a good slave-driver! You'd be one of
those we read about, who sit in a great arm-chair and
nip their lemonade, while poor Sambo is being dragged
to death before their eyes!"

Something in this allusion touched the old lady to
the quick. I never saw a countenance so convulsed
with the white glow of anger; she almost shrieked
forth:

"If you say that again I'll throttle you!—you witch-
bat!—You spirit of all-possessed evil!—You incar-
nate demon! I wish you had gasped your last breath
before I ever entered the house! I hoped the Devil
would have had his own long before this!"

"And I wish you had drowned when you came over
from your delightful Tropics!" I cried, mimicking her
manner of speech. "Your tropical paradise ought to
have kept you to represent the serpent!"

"What is the matter? Dear me! I cannot you and
that girl be together without quarrelling?" said
Agatha, rising from her topor and laying aside her
endless embroidery.

Of late years she had grown so apathetic toward her
mother's outbursts of passion, that she scarcely heed-
ed them.

"Jasmine," she continued, "why will you be
such a plague and house-thorn?—why can't you be re-
spectful and obedient to your superiors?"

"My superiors!" I laughed, in scornful bitterness.
"I will when I see them, ma'am." I never called her
mother.

"Oh, that bad, bad child!" she wailed; "shall I
never have peace, mother? Are things to go on so al-
ways?"

"No, by our Lady of the seven sorrows, not much
longer, I tell you, as my name is Catharine Strong. It
would have been put an end to before this, if I could
have had my way, and but for your foolish, babyish
scruples. Take my word for it, Agatha, you shall not
be tormented by that imp of depravity another year."

"You dare not turn me out of my father's home,
and I'll take care you neither have me kidnapped nor
murdered, as they do with any one who is in the way
to your balmy West Indies!" I triumphantly ex-
claimed.

Agatha clasped her hands, as if terrified at my
words. Her mother said to her, as she turned her face
away from me:

"Did I not tell you from the first, that girl would
be the bane of your life? She is as full of wicked
thoughts as a nut is of meat? I'm almost afraid of
her; she is linked to the Evil One, from whom the
holy saints defend us! I should not wonder if some
day she burnt the house over our heads, or did us some
deadly mischief; but I'll see to it that her plans are
frustrated!"

"Please, mother, send her away. I cannot bear the
sight of her glaring eyes, and her face is like a fury's!"
pleaded Agatha, with a mean like that of a helpless in-
fant.

"Get out of our sight, you termagant owl!—and
do n't come within my reach this fortnight, or I'll
teach you a lesson! You're ugly enough to scare a
horde of savages, and wicked enough to bring down a
divine judgment upon us all. Jasmine, indeed! You
ought to have been christened *Titanic-horn* and *Shin-
ing-adle!* Be off, you panther-souled monster! and
may your food turn to wormwood, and your drink to
gall, as ours does when you are near!"

The pious woman often indulged in most Hebrew
curse. I called her again a "Jezebel" and a "grand-
mother" to the traditional Satan. Then I ran to my
chamber, fully expecting that the permission awarded
me of visiting my idolized friend would be withdrawn.
To my great surprise and delight it was not, and with-
out feeling my tormentors again, I received the cold
farewell of my father with a message for Miss Vane,
and in solitary state, not even accompanied by my
governess, was sent to E—, some fifteen miles from
Oakfast Hall.

A delicious sense of freedom pervaded my being; I
felt privileged indeed; sweet dreams of future happi-
ness glided about my consciousness. I threw off the
gloom and the hateful feelings; I hummed snatches of
gay songs, and felt the glad upsurings of a child-spirit
united to the awakening emotions of my maiden heart.

That afternoon I dreamed of love, as the young and
untried conjure up its fairy visions and illusive gleams
of blessedness. An ideal of the heart and fancy, a
hero-form, molded in Nature's perfect cast of manliness
stood before me. Should I ever realize the presence,
behold the embodiment of that creation of my dream-
ing heart?

I arrived at the neat cottage rented by my friend.
She welcomed me on the porch, led me into the cosy
sitting-room, removed my shawl and bonnet, kissed
me repeatedly, pressed me closely to her bosom, and
bade me feel at home.

And here let me rest awhile, as the weary mariner
loves to linger in the sheltered haven, as the traveler,
foot sore and heart burdened, loves to repose amid the
troubled scenes of Nature in some way-side hamlet
and world apart home. I did not miss the splendors
of my father's ancestral Hall; I did not feel the lack of
the many quaint and costly things that were familiar
to my sight. In the plainly-furnished rooms, and amid
the simple surroundings of Woodbine Cottage I lived
a week of almost fabled happiness. I was beloved,
appreciated, encouraged, taught and uplifted by friend-
ship; gently reproved as by a loving mother, a tender
elder sister. In after life the lessons there learned,
bore fruits of grateful acceptance. We read and walked,
and held long conversations, such as would have puzzled
my step-mother and Mrs. Strong to comprehend.
I found in Lillian Vane a mind and heart like unto
that of my mother: the same ideas of God, of truth,
of love, of the future. Many times I was on the
point of reading to her the letter I always carried with
me. But my sensitiveness was so acute, I would not
let even this beloved stranger know, that one living
being had doubted that mother's faith. But I told her
of my unhappy life at home; of my father's indiffer-
ence, my lonely condition; and she, weeping with me,
tenderly consoling me, bade me trust in the Father
above, and prophesied of future happy days.

Mrs. Apthorp, a woman of keen perceptions, well cul-
tured mind, frank and blunt directness of speech,
amused me much; as also did the children, Alfred and
Gertie. The boy was full of the wild spirit of frolicsome
mischief, yet at a word or look from the lady he re-
vered, he would subside into immediate quiet. Gertie,
who was not his sister, but who called him brother, and
loved him as such, was a bright-eyed little question-
er, precocious in mind, but well-developed in body.
The tenant of the cottage lived in some of the upper
rooms, having given up the rest to Miss Vane and her
companions. She prepared their meals, and attended
to the wants of the strangers, with the aid of her ser-
vant, Martha.

Those meals were simple, as were all their habits.
Lillian was training the children to lives of strictest
temperance, frugality, and frequent self-denial. Mrs.
Apthorp was loud in her praises of what she termed a
"sensible way of living;" and rather loud, too, in
her good-natured denunciations of fashionable follies
and worldly extravagances.

I think I see her now, with her tall, erect figure clad
in the half mourning colors she loved best, her close
cap, smoothly-folded hair of dark brown, tinged with
silver; her bright, benevolent, penetrating, grey eye.
I hear again the pleasant voice with its cheerful ca-
dence, and occasional undercurrent of sadness. I copy
from my journal a conversation we three engaged in,
on the vine-enveloped porch of Woodbine Cottage.

"Civilization has been a benefit to the world," ob-
served Lillian; "only its extremes have been hurtful.
True, inventions for use and comfort have blessed human-
ity, but ridiculous and unnatural fashions and customs
have done a lasting injury."

"Just so, Miss Lillian; and I think the wild Ca-
manchees are better off, by far, in common sense and rea-
son to our city folks, all the world over. Have n't we
traveled nearly over the world together? And how
many sensible people did we find, pray? In Europe
the women lace themselves to death; in Africa they
fatten children's heads; in the East they wear rings in
their noses, and dye their knuckles and their naked
feet a bright orange color. Well, that is called a bar-
barian taste. Here they wear rings in their ears only,
and instead of orange paint, use rose and white-
where is the difference? The Egyptian dance-girls
wear gold bands on their ankles; our young ladies wear
them on their arms. Precious little difference! The
East Indian and Arabian women paint their eyelids
black with *kohl*; we dye our hair. They chew betel
and smoke; our dowagers take snuff; and the fastid-
ious Spanish ladies indulge in a *cigarrito*. The Chinese
pinch their feet out of all shape; the wise and enlight-
ened women of Christendom crush in their ribs, and
torure their waists until they gain the proportions of
a wasp, and languish in consumption for the rest of
their miserable lives! Is that the good of civiliza-
tion?"

The good woman waxed warm and wrathful in her re-
formatory zeal.

"That is all true, my dear friend," replied the
serene Lillian; "but all that is not civilization; that is
custom and what is termed fashion. But look at

our advancement in arts and sciences, in the improve-
ments of machinery, and the facilities for education."

"Yes, yes, Miss Lillian, I do n't deny all that; but
I tell you the world is topsy-turvy for all that, and it's
my private belief all the troubles and ills of the
mad-house by any means. I know you live right, and
I'm trying to, and so do many; but it's n't the eating
and drinking, sleeping and working, resting and think-
ing even of some folks, all wrong! Have n't we trav-
eled in company, and by ourselves? Have n't we ob-
served human nature on every side? Have n't we been
to America, the freest land on the globe, as people un-
derstand freedom? And was n't we disappointed there,
too? Do n't they drive ahead after business
and money, as if they had no souls to care for? Do
n't they bolt their food, as if their stomachs were of
no account? Do n't they swallow almost boiling
drinks, and fill themselves with poison-wines and
blasting beer? Do n't they keep their houses heated
to a tropical degree, and expel every breath of air,
as they would a deadly vapor? Do n't they copy
French fashions and French dances, and make distinc-
tions between the rich and poor? Dear me! they
wangle and gangle as much about religion as they
do everywhere else; and they look down on labor,
with all their boasting, even in the Free States. As
for slavery, that is a slo— a crying shame—a stain and
a disgrace to an enlightened people, for which, some
day, the just God will call them to a fearful retribu-
tion!"

"Do not excite yourself, dear Nancy; it has been
foretold that the blood-waves of war shall sweep away
that iniquity from the face of the earth. America is
yet to be the model Republic of the world; its people
need the purification of a national sorrow; they are
growing proud and arrogant in their untroubled pros-
perity; they need humiliation and teaching discipline.
Yet there is much to admire in that country. Great
principles are being evolved out of contending fac-
tions, and the growth of freedom there is rapid. In
God's own time the world will emerge from ignorance
and its attendant evils, and good will shall take the
place of animosities and conflicts. I entertain great
hopes of that millennial time."

I listened as to the utterances of an oracle, when
Lillian spoke.

"Oh, how I wish I could see that beautiful new
world!" I exclaimed.

"You will, my child," she said; and I looked at
her intently, started at her calm and positive declar-
ation. Was she possessed of the gift of prophecy? She
smiled, and repeated the words.

"There's so much nonsense in the world, it some-
times does put one out of patience with the people in
it," said Mrs. Apthorp, continuing her favorite train
of thought. "There is scarcely a thing in existence
that is naturally good. We talk about the brutes, and
the immense superiority of men and women. I'd
like to know where it is. Who ever saw a beast in-
toxicated? Do animals ever turn aside from Nature?
Do n't they know enough to turn up their noses at un-
healthy menses and hot drinks? They keep to season-
able hours, too; and it's only when a poor cat, or
dog, or canary becomes domesticated that it shares in
the ailments of human beings; wild beasts never get
sick; only your pampered, coddled up house-pets
take of your own miserable conditions; even cats and
lap-dogs have nerves in our day! I never could see
how sloth can be agreeable; how or why work is to
be despised. It seems to me the Great Creator is la-
boring always in the advancement of all things, and
not least, in our own souls."

The dear, kind-hearted woman lifted up her eyes,
and reverentially folded her hands. I asked a ques-
tion that had long since troubled my mind concerning
her and Lillian.

"I am not a Catholic, in your sense of the term,
Miss Jasmine," she replied, "nor is Miss Lillian, either.
But we accept all that is true in that as in all other
beliefs. We belong to no church, conform to no creed,
subscribe to no one form of faith."

I looked in astonishment to Lillian. She answered
with a reassuring smile.

"I think that some day you, too, my child, will ar-
rive at the same conclusion, though now you may think
it impossible. We cling to outer observances
until we comprehend interior truths. We accept ex-
ternals until the inner life is illumined fully by the
light of intuition and reason. We revere a personal
and local God until we are sufficiently advanced to
behold him in all things, to feel that we are no base
offshoots from the creative source, but a part of his
own divine, immortal being. We believe in a material
heaven, the counterpart of our ambitious, selfish
and exclusive dream of earth, until we are led by
teaching wisdom to know of that kingdom of the beau-
tiful, the true and the everlasting, whose revelations
are within the soul, whose reign of peace and glory
commences on earth, in the heart and spirit of every
human child of God that strives for the fulfillment of
his law of love. We dread the never-ending tortures
of a lake of fire, the insatiable enmity of the arch-fiend
of mankind only so long as we are bound by ignorance,
fettered by authority, and enslaved by fear of punish-
ment. The liberated soul of the thinker has no such
unbecoming terrors. The heart that is united to its
loving Father knows no fear. It rests in absolute,
most perfect love. No crime has been learned by the
enforcement of the death penalty, no sin avoided be-
cause of the threatened terrible hereafter. But to
teach the world that *within themselves* men and women
bear the darkest hell and most exalted heavens, is to
render them truly accountable, to make them worthy
of their mission to each other. The priesthood of all
times have not made manifest the true character of the
great, wise, all-beneficent God. Here and there some
noble Reformer has given a more just conception of
the benignant Deity; but such brave speakers and
writers have been stigmatized as infidels, as opposers
of all true religion. My child, the time will come when
these men and women will be honored as they de-
serve."

I listened with strange feelings responding to her
impressive words. I was young in years, but my poor
destitute heart had often questioned of the charm of
day, of the silence of the midnight skies, concerning
the momentous truths of the unknown. I longed to
know more of the meaning of religion, of death, of
the promised immortality. At home I followed the

mechanical routine of prescribed observances. I had
been confirmed according to the rules of the Church,
and had taken my first communion with most elevated
sensations of awe; I had been thrilled with the mys-
tery therein conveyed; I had confessed almost regularly
my petty sins, and the burning hatred of my step-
mother and Mrs. Strong; I had implicitly fulfilled the
alight penances imposed by good Father Lane. While
my Nurse Anselme lived, I gave utterance to no doubt;
I would not have wrung with pain her innocently be-
lieving soul. But for two years, doubts, vague fears
that blended with gracious hopes, had alternately
awakened my being; I began to feel the stirrings of a
restless spirit that demanded expansion, progress, a
new, and a better revelation.

My father—I knew not what he believed. He seldom
went to church, and I have seen his fine lip curve with
a sneer as he listened to Mrs. Strong's vehemently
pious exhortations, to Agatha's commonplace remarks
upon religious subjects; but he never said aught
against their views, and I felt so truly that Mrs. Strong
was a hypocrite and her daughter a mere copyist of the
mother, that I could not look to them for example or
advice. Only my Nurse Anselme's faith and Resita's
devotion I knew to be sincere; therefore with a true
humility of heart, a fervent zeal, I knelt before the
martyred Redeemer, and prayed for the interceding
favor of his most blessed Virgin Mother. Something
of these, my feelings and perplexities, I told to Lil-
lian; and she, seeming to read my very thoughts, said
she knew it all, and that I was in a transition state,
from which, when strength and knowledge was gained,
I would pass on to peace of mind and the possession
of that inner enlightenment that comes to all who seek
it. Lillian gave me a roll of papers, which she told
me to read and think over in my own chamber at home.
She gave me much loving counsel; but words of grave
and sorrowful import escaped her lips, as if great sor-
rows were in store for me.

Many such conversations we had, and the week of
fairy life sped by, all too quickly for me. I had known
what happiness is in Woodbine Cottage. Never could
I forget the beauties of that home retreat—the sylvan
charm, the peculiar glory of the apple trees of wan-
log summer. The very odors of the flowers were wafted
to my spirit's senses as I recall those days of soul com-
munion with that pure and gifted one. I see the vine-
encircled balcony, the clustering roses and fragrant,
lingering summer offerings, showered there so lavishly
by Nature's generous hand. I am again in that dust-
faced sitting-room, amid its treasures of simplicity
and genius; its heaven colors of blue and white, em-
blematic of the spirit's faith, love and purity, enfold-
me with their cloud-like folds of softness. Sweet,
cherub faces, smiling landscapes, ocean vastnesses,
look on me from their carved and gilded frames. Ev-
erywhere, from Parian vases and baskets of quaint
fruit, peep forth the lovely flower gifts.

I was summoned home, and I obeyed my father's
mandate with a heavy heart. I wept on parting with
Lillian and good Mrs. Apthorp. I embraced the chil-
dren with tears, wishing, oh so fervently, that I could,
like them, live always with Lillian Vane.

I arrived at Oakfast Hall to find it filled with com-
pany. I saw my father a moment, and he said to me,
coldly as usual:

"I wish you to come down to the front draw-
ing-room to-night."

I hastened to my room, fell on my knees and wept in
all the abandonment of a grief I could not name. It
was not for loneliness and want of affection, not for
the contrast of my own lonely home with the flower-
nook of Lillian, that I sorrowed thus. The shadow
of a fearful premonition lay heavy on my soul. The
night-black curtain of desolation dropped betwixt me
and the future I had pictured in my dreams.

CHAPTER IX.

The Serpent and the Fox.

"Alas! we make
A ladder of our thoughts, where angels step,
But sleep ourselves at the foot." —L. E. L.

"The strange, inborn sense of coming ill,
That sometimes whispers to the haunted breast,
In a low, sighing tone, which naught can still,
Mid fancies and melodies a secret guest."
—MRS. HEMANS.

I descended to the drawing-room in my dress of black
silk, to which, by my father's express order, had been
added a pearl set. Very beautiful was the delicate
pin, the linked bracelet, the pendant ear-drops—a
costly gift, had affection hallowed its bestowal; as it
was, remembering the old superstition that "pearls
brought tears," I wept over them with a foreboding
brought. Miss Dean had brought me the gift, saying
only:

"Your papa desires you to wear these to-night, Miss
Jasnie. It is his express command that you wear
them."

"But I do n't like ear-rings, Miss Dean. It seems
such a savage taste to hang jewels in one's ears," I
pleaded.

"Nonsense. That's only one of your odd ideas.
All ladies wear ear-rings; so please do n't be ridi-
culous. Besides, Miss Jasnie, you know you must obey
your father."

I assented with a sigh, and Miss Dean having spon-
sored herself in green watered silk, and decked
her thin, lanky neck with a cameo necklace, her ears
with drops of the same, while two gold bracelets
clasped the lace at her wrists, and her shapely fingers
glittered with rings, she declared herself in readiness
"to go down."

My ungenial governess was of an ancient but de-
cayed family, so Mrs. Strong said, who alone knew all
about her antecedents; therefore she was often admitted
to the privilege of the dinner-table and drawing-room,
while I, the daughter of the house, was excluded from
both. I had never eaten a meal at the same table with
my own father!

I could not fathom what this unwelcome condescen-
sion meant. It did not please me. I read in it no
sign of favor. I was agitated. My cheeks burned,
while my hands were icy cold. My eyes, still smoldering
from the tears I had shed, were downcast, my manner
was embarrassed and shy.

"Do for gracious sake look up, Miss Jasnie, and
do n't act so silly. Do throw your head and shoulders

back, and pray do n't cross your arms in that countri-
fied style!"

I obeyed mechanically. I saw the spacious drawing
room in a blaze of light; flowers blooming and exhal-
ing their perfume from every available place; large
baskets filled with the choicest stood on brackets
around the sides of the lofty saloon; the mirrors,
draped not in snowy whiteness as was dear Lillian's
taste, but in rosy folds of gold-spangled gauze, were
twined around with the rarest blossoms of the conser-
vatory and the garden. The pungent odor of some of the
flowers was repugnant to me, much as I love and prize
these heavenly gifts from the father-heart of the beau-
tiful. But it seems to me that some flowers exhale so
sensual an influence with their powerful fragrance,
that they are fitted only for the interior of the barem
or the boudoir of that beauty devoted to the allure-
ments of the world. I love thee best, oh white rose
of purity—thou, humble-hearted violet—thou, sweet
wild-brier—forget-me-not, of heaven's own azure tint!
But I was describing the gala night at Oakfast Hall.
Rose-colored, gold flowered curtains draped the win-
dows, and the seats were newly covered with a like
material. Tables of curious marble, valued in many
hues, were disposed around. Valuable paintings by
the old masters looked down from elaborately gilded
frames, that were festooned by carelessly-drooping
folds of roseate lace and lightest texture. My step-
mother had a keen appreciation of the picturesque;
her exquisite taste was tinged with a tropical luxu-
riousness.

Her own blonde beauty was enrobed in azure silk,
with an over-dress of softest, most transparent lace,
that was silver-woven in its wavy-like meshwork. This
wonderful lace shaded the white neck and rounded
arms. A necklace of opal, pendants of the same, and
one diamond bracelet, flashed their prismatic life on
the beholder at every motion of her graceful form.
The braid at the back of her head was twined around
with a turban-like fold of silver lace that was studded
with stars of brilliant, and that hung in tinged ends
upon her shoulders. Around her face her yellow ringlets
drooped in massive clusters, (she had of late years
adopted curls as more becoming to her matronly ap-
pearance,) and over her brow a diamond circlet was
placed like a coronet. She looked like a fairy queen.
But I sighed as I beheld her in all this magnificence;
I thought of my own injured, humbly-born mother!

She made a motion of the white, jeweled hand
toward me. "You look like a fright!" she whispered.
The assembled guests supposed she was saying some-
thing sweetly maternal, her false smile was so bewitch-
ing all the time.

Mrs. Strong was sitting bolt upright, with vermilion
cheeks and flashing eyes, in a sort of chair of state,
which she filled with her expansive, rustling, stiff purple
brocade. She wore her favorite yellow laces, those
belongings she prized herself upon. Her cap was
adorned with purple ribbons, and studded here and
there with pins of pearl and topaz. It was a very
stylish affair, and of more youthful fashion than I had
ever seen her wear before, and beneath it her almost
undivided hair shone smooth and bright. Her dress
was buttoned from the waist to the throat with pearl
and topaz stars of value; her large, buoyant fingers were
covered with rings. The massive chain she wore
around her neck was a wonder of ancient handicraft.
From it was suspended a diamond cross, with a blood-
red ruby in the centre. The old lady loved gaudy and
the parade of dress. She arose from her seat as a con-
descending Empress might step from a throne, and
said in a low voice to me:

"I am to present you to-night; so now try and be
as awkward and as clumsy as you can! Do you hear,
pet?"

I heard, but I made no reply. Dear Lillian's in-
junctions were fresh in my mind. I would make no
retort; besides, I was too sorrowful at heart. She led
me through the brilliant assembly, naming this one
and that—aristocratic names, and those of high repute.
I scarcely noticed them, though curious glances were
bent upon me, and some kind words were said.
I knew that Jasmine Northrup, with her simple dress
and abstracted manner, did not make a favorable im-
pression upon that fashionable company.

At last the ordeal was over, and I was conveyed to a
remote corner, where my father stood engaged in con-
versation with two gentlemen. He surveyed me from
head to foot, until I crimsoned painfully and almost
burst into tears.

"My friend, Mr. Catliffe," he said, taking my hand
and leading me toward the stranger thus designated.
"Friend Mark, my daughter Jasmine."

Mark! Had he really called that name? I looked
up quickly, and met the questioning, half-scornful
glance fixed on my face. I remembered dimly—as in
a nightmare dream: this was my mother's enemy!
—I must have revealed some of the horror that beat
my soul, for my father, with a sharpness of anger in
his tone, called out loudly:

"Jasmine, can you not welcome your father's friend?"

Mrs. Strong nodded pleasantly and marched off, leav-
ing me standing there, a prey to such contending emo-
tions I pray my very worst foe may never experi-
ence.

"The young lady and I have met before," said the
harshly ringing, metallic voice that pierced through
me like a sword. "She, I see, has forgotten me.
She was a little girl then, but I will remember her
eyes and hair."

He took my hand, held it, though I shuddered in his
grasp like a struggling bird, and motioning his com-
panion to approach, said to him:

"You must continue your acquaintance with Miss
Jasmine, Anstin."

He, too, was there! and while both paid me their
unheeded compliments on "the improvement of my
looks," "the simple charm of my *tailor*," with other
such frivolous discourse, I looked from one to the oth-
er with a shudder of disgust, mentally comparing
them, and striving to evolve, out of the chaos of my
thoughts, some reason for their coming together there
and then.

"Anstin, you take charge of Jasmine and entertain
her, while I talk awhile with your father."

I was compelled to take his arm, and he led me
around the room, conversing on the merits of the
pictures, praising the embellishments around. I was
sick at heart—my brain was in a whirl of confusion.

Letter from Dr. H. T. Child.

The following letter was received by us some weeks since, but got mislaid, which will account for its not appearing at the time:

GETTYSBURG, Pa., Sept. 7, 1863.

Having been sick most of the time since my visit here in July, I felt like testing the old adage, "that the bark of a dog would cure his bite," so I came out here. I find a great change in the appearance of things since my former visit. The hospitals around the country have all been closed, and the patients removed to the General Hospital, established about a mile to the east of this town. All the wounded men from the battle around this place, the churches, court house, schools, college and seminary, have been taken to Camp Letterman. These buildings were occupied by rebels, and Union prisoners whom they captured during the battle. They were mostly under the care of our surgeons, though there were a few rebel surgeons who remained here in charge of their wounded officers and men.

The General Hospital occupies a most beautiful site on the slope of a hill, in the side of a woods. It is neatly laid out, and is a beautiful place. Doctor Jones, the Medical Director, and Doctor Chamberlain, the surgeon in charge, have taken great pains to have this hospital well arranged and in excellent order. There was some complaint among the soldiers of want of food, which no doubt will be remedied. There are now about eleven hundred wounded men here, many of them doing well.

I visited the battle field. It still presents many grim and terrible sights. Everywhere, for miles around, the fields are marked by the unobtrusive graves of the brave men who have fallen there, most of them with their simple head boards, with the name and position held by the occupant, many from whom the bodies have been removed, others sunken, and in some instances portions of the bodies exposed to view.

Relics are still to be found—old bayonets, shells, in some cases unexploded, and balls of various kinds, though most of these have been carried away by the thousands of visitors who have been here. If this nation is to be saved by suffering and blood, Gettysburg will rank high among the Calvaries to which pilgrims will make their journeys in future.

Among the objects of my visit at this time, was to bring home Miss Hancock, one of the nurses who has rendered faithful and efficient services there since the 6th of July; and to visit my friend, Colonel Colville, of the 1st Minnesota. I found him much emaciated, having lost nearly one hundred pounds. He is a true soldier, and it did me good to see his eyes flash when I proposed moving him to Harrisburg, on his way home. Being unable to sit up, we carried him on a bed to the cars, and having suspended the bed with ropes across a baggage car, we started for the Capital. We arrived at Harrisburg in the evening. The Colonel was in good spirits and rather improved by his ride. He will remain at the "Sick Soldiers' Rest" till morning, when we are to take him to the hospital here, and I shall return home, prepared to resume my duties there.

Yours,
HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

What Next?

The great battle with slavery has been fought and won. The noble leaders are about to be crowned with a triumphal march under the great arch of freedom for all races of men. The barbarous practice of selling men for a lifetime for no crime, is about over; the closing sale will soon take place, and a shout of joy will begin on earth and reach to heaven, in which the black man's voice will be loudest and longest. A few of the champions in this great work will be satisfied with their laurels, and retire from the field of active contest and controversy, but a larger number will find another equally great work of emancipation before them, and to many much nearer home, and touching more direct and immediate interests.

The next great work is the emancipation of women, and her elevation to equal rights with man in all departments of life, duty and responsibility. The "individual sovereignty" of married women, in which the law shall protect them against the husband the same as against any other man, and allow him no more control of them after than before marriage, and no more than they have over husbands, making each equal in the civil contract of marriage, and both sexes equal out of it. As in the other great controversy, the owners of slaves and the speculators in human flesh will be arrayed on one side, with the conservative worshippers of old moral institutions—petty tyrants, who set themselves up as guardians of virtue because they have each a victim whose life they are torturing, will be greatly alarmed at the encroachments on virtue, and narrow souls, who expect to go only in pairs to heaven, will be astonished to see single women walking in freedom there, and those who have pulled away their garments lest the hem should touch one they called polluted, will be surprised to find publicans and harlots entering heaven before them, and those who have prated of virtue because the law, or public opinion, has restrained them from open acts of violence, will be surprised to find Jesus's law and doctrine of adultery true, in fact, a reality, and the law by which all are to be tried at last and finally.

It is to be hoped the next mission of liberty and emancipation may be accomplished without that terrible, bloody termination which is given to the end of negro slavery in the horrible conflict now closing its eyes in death, in spite of the gasping in Missouri, Kentucky and Maryland. But if the next is without a war, it will not be without its hundreds of martyrs and thousands of victims, for no form of slavery can be washed out except in blood. Tyranny never unlooses its grasp till its throat is seized by a stronger hand, and then at first tightens, if it can, to the death of its victim, unless forced to loose its hold to defend itself, as the rebel government now seems to be by its talk of freeing and arming its slaves. A pretty sight to see slaves fighting for slavery, and looking to the freemen of Europe to aid them in chaining their children! Mockery!

But there is still another class of opponents to be met in the next great forward movement in the march of civilization—a large and noisy class. It is those of both sexes who cry out that woman has all the rights she wants—all she needs—all she is capable of using to profit. This class corresponds to those slaves who were contented with slavery, and their advocates, who contended that slavery was the best and proper condition for them. "I have all the rights I want," is an expression often heard from wives, who, if they dared tell the truth, would own they were little better situated than the negro slave on the cotton farms of Georgia. Others, no doubt, have all the rights they want, for there are good men who have wives and are not tyrants—but, like good masters in slavery, they are the exceptions.

Would you have women go to war? say some. No; let women have an equal share in legislation, and there will be no wars for men to go to. Would you have women in court and on the jury? Certainly. Would you have her appointed sheriff to hang a criminal? Certainly. Who would not rather be hung by a woman than a man? But hanging will cease when woman has her share in making laws. Would you have women for prison and jail keepers? Certainly. They are the proper ones to reform criminals. If they cannot, no man can do it. Would you let a man's wife vote? As soon as I would her son, or husband, and no more than I would his lackey in the property qualification through him as his representative. But we shall see what next.

WARREN CHASE.

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Banner of Light.

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LOTHAR 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

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

The Blow to Slavery.

It is often the case, even if it is not always so, that what is evil in this world works its own cure. There are generally willing hands enough to undertake the overthrow of a gigantic wrong, that is, if it happen to lie entirely outside of their own interests; but it does not always consist with the plans of the superior powers that human progress should be made in a straight line, and directly—a higher purpose being served by a course of indirection.

Slavery has ever been a blot on the face of our body politic, and occasioned more mischief in our public affairs than any other element. This came at length to be admitted, even by men who, for policy, thought it best to stand up in its defence, and in advocacy of the rights of those chiefly interested in it as a local institution. Yet they were at a loss to know how to proceed, in order to remedy the evil. They had no possible clue to any effective method of getting rid of the evil altogether. It was left to them, as it was to the rest of us, to lament what they did not see the way to remedy. And there the matter stood, and would have been likely to stand, but for the interposition of the slaveholders themselves.

It has clearly been ordered that they should do what outsiders neither had the courage to do, nor the sagacity to know how to set about. The Southern leaders themselves began the work which is to result in the final overthrow of the institution about which they are so sensitive. Who would have thought less than three years ago, that they would thus have risked all for the sake of giving free reign to their prejudice and passions? Who would have believed that, in the face of such solemn warnings as were offered them by Mr. Alexander Stephens, of Georgia, and other men of his sagacity, they would still have rushed blindly upon fate as they did, and defy the very reform which such a course was most certain to provoke?

The result of their conduct is not in any doubt today. Slavery, according to the testimony of their own men, stands in a peril it never did before. All by their own act, too; which certainly gives it the appearance of a profounder propriety. We hear, from good authority, that the Southern leaders are prepared to give up their slaves entirely, to make troops of them, and offer them their liberty, rather than abandon the schemes and dreams of independence with which they set out in this war. If they do that, they will only do what anti-slavery men the world over have been vainly trying to do for them, this long while. From the threats freely thrown out by the organs of Southern rebel sentiment in Europe, we may infer that there never was the need of the clamorous fears, of which we have all heard so much, lest slavery should be deprived of some of its rights. On the contrary, they openly declare that the institution is of but secondary importance, by the side of the grand object which it is their purpose to compass. Slavery and all that belongs to it shall fall, rather than they will give up one iota of their present revolutionary purpose. It seems a stroke of divine favor, that these men should themselves be willing, and even eager, to do the work which all true men have desired so long to see accomplished.

In London is published a rebel organ, called the Index; it is the mouth-piece and champion of the rebel commissioners to foreign courts. A late number of this publication contains an article on the subject of arming the negroes of the South, and at once lays us into the sentiments and policy of the rebel leaders on a topic which has excited so much query and comment. The language of the Index is, that "if the alternative is presented between independence and the maintenance of slavery, the Southern people would not hesitate an instant to sacrifice the latter;" and that "the Southern mind on both sides of the ocean is ripe for the step; and that, if not already taken, it is prepared to take it." It adds to this, that at "the call of patriotism, the Southerners would sacrifice without hesitation, and without vain regrets, that repugnance which has heretofore stood in the way of their 'allowing a servile race to bear arms.'"

We might give more extracts, but these are quite enough for the purpose. It looks indeed as if the sensitiveness of many of our Northern people on the subject of slavery, was likely to be removed by the action of the Southern people themselves. They are about to set us the lessons from which so much good is to result to the country. There will be no bitterness left afterwards, since the work will have been only their own. And it will be thorough, too. A thousand times better that it should be wrought thus, with all its satisfactory results, than that it be left a bone of contention forever between the two sections, to be really adjusted by neither. Events do certainly carry us all along on their current.

Maximilian and Mexico.

The very latest European advices bring us the answer of the Austrian Archduke to the proposition of the Mexico body, who offered him the throne of the new Empire. There had been a good many stories, this way and that, about his acceptance of the crown which Napoleon had been forging for him, and it began to be more and more plain that they were all in the interest of foreign rebels, or, at least, stories directly set on foot by them. On carrying their proposals to the Archduke, however, he answered them "in no many words, that he would be happy to accept the offer, provided it was the spontaneous expression of the body of the people, and also provided that he could be guaranteed a permanent Empire by the powers chiefly interested in its establishment. This is but an equivalent for a declaration of the whole thing. These conditions would appear to shut out the prospects of his taking hold in Mexico altogether. Now, then, Louis Napoleon must begin all over again. His nose is now decidedly out of joint. He thought it within the compass of his powers to manage the affairs of Europe and America together; he will now find that the bottom is coming out of his tub, and his hopes and schemes will be spilled on the ground together. Providence rules over the heads of mortals, and we rejoice in the knowledge of the fact.

Napoleon and the Clergy.

Report says that the Emperor of France has got into trouble with the bishops and priests of his realm, and that the trouble promises to be a serious one, not readily adjusted. He is simply determined that they shall not have a voice in politics, unless they use it on the Government side; when they are bold enough to discuss his measures, and even to protest against them, they must subside. A little while previous to the recent French elections, a Circular was issued, signed by eight or ten archbishops and bishops, strongly recommending the duty to go to the polls and exercise the right of suffrage. The hierarchy declared it was not their wish to go further than this, not choosing to indicate whether the citizen should vote for a Government, or an opposition candidate. Their address was in all respects a temperate one, and in no true sense implying disloyalty to the present dynasty.

But the trouble with this manifesto was, it made its appearance when a cloud rested on French affairs in Mexico, and the ministry was losing popular confidence. It of course increased the opposition vote, embarrassing the Government to just that extent. The Roman Catholic part of the community would of course listen to it, and be influenced by it, if only because of Napoleon's duplicity toward the Pope. They have long entertained a grudge toward him on this very ground. They have all the while felt that he was willing to sacrifice His Holiness to the semi-heretical cause of the new monarchy of Victor Emmanuel. Here was where the shoe pinched.

But the Emperor never meant to let such a matter sleep. He waited until his luck turned in Mexico, and then he made his point. A decree has finally made its appearance, condemning the election circular of the bishops, and declaring the issue of such documents hereafter to be an abuse of ecclesiastical authority. Neither archbishops nor bishops are hereafter to be permitted to deliberate together, or to pass resolutions as a body, without permission from the Government. If they transgress, then what? Will be consign them to dungeons, and make martyrs in the very body of the Church, imperiling his throne and his hopes thereby? At all events, a war between the two Powers has been inaugurated, which will grow more and more interesting.

True Hospitality.

As in many other things, false views are entertained of the duties of hospitality. A great display of welcome, in abundantly varied dishes, gleaming silver and ostentatious parade generally, is deemed necessary in the manifestation of this simple virtue. If comfort alone were studied, how much less labor and excitement would entail upon ourselves, and how far more at ease would be our friends. Hours of unprofitable toil are spent in rich, unwholesome cookery, whereby to afflict the stomachs of the invited. We seek to impress our guests with the idea of our own worldly greatness. We deal in externals only, and the heart is left untouched, the soul unwarmed by a genuine ray of friendship. How much better it were to simplify our lives, and deal benevolently, in place of hypocritically, with our fellow! A cordial handshake, an impromptu invitation, frankly extended, to share in our own daily comforts, with such circumstances deal out to ourselves, would, by every generous and thinking soul, be far more appreciated than the conventional insincerities in vogue that are acted out in the name of politeness, and in borrowing the name of hospitality. Less fuss, and more heart-warmth, less formality, and more straight-forward truthfulness, more obedience to the benevolent impulses, and less attention paid to etiquette, would form a better world. It is not necessary to go beyond our means to incur expense and labor for the sake of entertaining friends or acquaintances. No true soul will accuse us of penuriousness if we do not load our table with all the delicacies of the season, if, for the presentation of one feast, we do not deprive ourselves of necessities for weeks to come. Let us show to the world and our friends our true selves, not an artificial distortion. Simply, cheerfully, let us perform the sacred rites of hospitality, rendering all due respect to our associates, all loving kindness toward strangers, exalting no man or woman unduly, avoiding all flattery, and giving unto all the encouraging smile and the word of fraternal sympathy.

Bull and his Yarns.

John Bull loves to be fooled, or he never would take it so kindly every time it is done. He is just at present gulping down a strong dose from Richmond, one of his children writing from that point to the London Times. The correspondent in question undertakes to furnish England with a view of the movements and prospects of the rebel armies, the blockade, and the general condition of the rebellion; and he does it in such a ridiculous way that it really furnishes a solid fund of amusement. Such an enormous bump of credulity as Bull must have, quite passes anything we ever heard of in the line of measurements and distances. The writer in question informs the readers of the Times that never, since the beginning of this war, "were the spirit and temper of Southern resistance more keen and exasperated than at this moment." This will do very well, seeing that it was written directly under the eyes of the Richmond Junta. He says nothing of the peace meetings in North Carolina, Arkansas, Mississippi and Northern Alabama, nor of the fact that in many of the Southern States the work of recruiting is pursued by the aid of bloodhounds. Again he tells the English that, for the first half year or more of the conflict, "there was not enough gunpowder at any of the Southern ports to have supplied the demands of a single battery for three hours." This whopper is in the face of the thefts perpetrated from the magazines of the United States at Norfolk, Fort Mifflin, Fort Sumter, Fort Polak, and sundry other forts stretching all the way from Virginia to Texas. Other stories of this Richmond writer match these, and no doubt the devours of them in England feel duly grateful for the information which he is so ready to impart.

Distress at the South.

There can be little question that the people of the South will be more troubled to obtain food and necessities of life this winter, than ever before. By their own admissions, they are in a terribly bad condition, and it is a question, if without some kind of aid, they can all of them survive the rigors of the season. Cold weather takes hold of destitute people worse than of any other. Says the Richmond Dispatch on this subject—"We cannot see how unemployed persons, and those who live on incomes and salaries, are to get along, especially at the inclement season of the year now rapidly approaching. How are they to buy shoes and clothing at present rates? Nay, how long are these rates to prevail? A great auction may, in a day or two, run them all up fifty per cent. An auction thus has become to be regarded by the people with as much dread as a battle! A defeat on the battlefield could hardly bring more suffering upon them." This is indeed a sorry, very sorry confession to make, although we would be the last to rejoice over the suffering to comparatively innocent people which it implies. It only shows that it will not do to go into such a reckless experiment as that of overthrowing a benign government without duly counting the cost.

From whence the Indians?

The above is the title of a very interesting essay, by Bro. J. M. Peabody, which will be found on our third page. Read it.

Our National Future.

Those who reflect are forever speculating on our future, and especially our immediate future, as a nation. The inevitable let us into much of the secret, yet leave us all to be operated on by such motives and interests as will soonest enable us to find out the way. We cannot but subscribe to what a writer in the New York Times has to say on so momentous a subject. He declares—subscribing himself "A Veteran Observer"—that our future will be tempered by the experiences of the past. If we have learned that we are not invulnerable when the shafts of Omnipotence are hurled against us, we shall also learn to avoid the evil and fear retribution. We shall learn wisdom by calamity. But he continues—"has any one thought of what the future of this nation is to be physically, politically, morally, if peace and union shall return? It is almost incalculable. No vision can stretch into the future of growth, and grandeur in physical proportions; and why not in intelligence and virtue? In spite of all the wastage of the war, the census of 1870 will give the country more than forty millions of people. And will its industry cease to accumulate arts and wealth? Not at all. It will rise the rocks for gold, and till the earth for its fruits. In the midst of this, shall we still behold these dark spots on our glory, where vice and poverty and ignorance prevail? Is there no way to turn back the tide of intemperance and extravagance and folly, by which countless thousands are hurried to ruin? When Washington, in his Farewell Address, had depicted the prosperity of a great Republic, he asks—'Alas! have our vices made it impossible?' This is a piercing, vital question. If you have Statesmen, Philanthropists, Christians, let them think of this."

And it gladdens our hearts to know that this is being thought of by the better men of the land. It has come to that, that there is no safety left us, unless we turn around and set about the work of salvation for ourselves. We cannot any longer ignore the stern facts of our national situation. If we would make progress, we must have reform. There is no other condition, and there is no escape from this one. The nation contains all the elements of greatness, but it is essential that they be combined in a way that will secure it. We need the best men in public life, and the purest motives of public action. Less than this is corruption and speedy death. We must go back again to the simple and sturdy virtues, or we are lost.

The Mexican Business.

At every step of this business the French Emperor finds trouble. He would, no doubt, be glad enough to get out of his dilemma at no further cost than he has already incurred. An intelligent Paris correspondent says that the Emperor feels that trouble is breeding in the future, unless this matter is very delicately managed. Were the Southern Confederacy an established fact, and a barrier thus thrown between Mexico and the United States—a barrier crowded with armed men hostile to the United States—the Archduke would have his guarantees immediately. But the Emperor must see that the rebellion is fading out, and that he can have but little hope in that quarter. He sees that the Confederacy has not even life enough and prospect of success to warrant him in lending it a helping hand, as creditors sometimes do their debtors. The Mexican business will not be settled for some time to come, and when the rebellion is ended and the Confederacy vanished into air, Napoleon will be very cautious how he does anything which may offend our Government. He will offer to withdraw his troops and abandon Mexico, after the people there have been freely permitted to decide upon their own form of government and to choose their own ruler. This he hopes he will be able to persuade the Government of the United States into assenting to. At all events, the support and guarantee which the Emperor is disposed to give to the scheme of the Mexican monarchy depend upon the chances of success of the rebellion.

The British in Georgia.

There is trouble between the British Consul at Savannah and Gov. Brown, of Georgia. The former protested against certain British subjects being impressed into the rebel service; whereas the latter undertakes to let the complaint of the Consul down as easy as he can, by representing that it is done only for temporary purposes, and merely to protect the women and negroes of the State from Yankee raiders. But this does not at all together satisfy the Consul. He peremptorily demands that the subjects of her Majesty be released, at any rate and risk. Upon this, Gov. Brown gets his back up as high as a tom-cat, and says that he will not give up the men demanded, and tells the Consul to help himself. The Consul thereupon falls back on his own government, and suggests that the demand of Great Britain will probably secure a little more attention from the rebel governor. In all this we see a speck of war, which may result in the exact discipline for the rebel leaders which will do them the most good. Now that Great Britain has seen fit to take the back-track in reference to this country, it will be likely to go in pretty strong for breaking down the remainder of the rebel power as quick as possible.

Sillidell's Influence.

There is no doubt that Davis was as shrewd as he could be in sending such a representative of the Confederacy to the court of France as Mr. Sillidell. He is an accomplished person, speaking French with fluency and elegance, and experienced in all those arts which make up the wary professional diplomat. He has frequent audiences with the Emperor, as well as with the Foreign Minister. In fact, it is asserted that he enjoys a greater personal intimacy with the Emperor than Mr. Dayton, our own Minister. Of late, however, the rebels residents in Paris have uttered complaint that he is more secret and mysterious in his conduct than formerly—implying, perhaps, that he carried a heavier responsibility on his brain than he once did. They are all in such a hot-water state, however, it would seem as if they could not bear delay, much less to be crossed. They must see their opportunity now, right off, or they do not put faith in any existence of such things. Sillidell may do great things for them, in time; but we incline to doubt it. His head and the Emperor Napoleon's together never can change the destiny of the people of this great continent.

The Banner in the Army Hospitals.

We have received numerous letters of late from wounded soldiers in our Army Hospitals, who inform us that it is a great solace to them to receive the BANNER—that sometimes they only get one copy at a hospital, and this is passed from one to the other to peruse, until it is literally worn out. A nurse, writing from Morris Island, S. C., says: "I could not possibly get along without the BANNER or LIGHT down here in this Scotch land. I have had it sent to me for two years, or since I left home. Now I want a copy sent to the family at home. I am a nurse; our surgeon is a Spiritualist. I read the beautiful teachings in the BANNER to those of the sick who are unable to look the paper themselves. I would add, that it is the religion of the soul and of Nature; the religion to pass out of the form under, and for the eternal future. It costs nothing, and it takes no priests to keep it up; for it is self-existing. How unlike Old Theology? I see many dying daily, all in doubt and fear as to their future state, leaning on the creeds, yet not being satisfied."

F. L. H. Willis lectured at Dedworth's Hall last Sunday morning and evening, and of course his hearers had an intellectual feast.

From the Herald of Progress.

"The Original Twelve."
In the BANNER of LIGHT of October 24, we saw the following:

"Herald has gone through fiery ordeals, yet promising well for future labors. Our Rev. Brother E. F. Ambler is a man of intelligence, earnest, and preaches to a handful of intelligent hearers, made up of new and old-line members of the 'faith which was once delivered unto the saints.' But Brother Ambler, the minister, is not like the saint, once the inspirational speaker. His sermons must now be prepared as with his supporters, and must be kept free of all that attracts of out-and-out Spiritualism. Only how are the twelve apostles selected by A. J. Davis for the regeneration of this generation. Like most of the other members of the apostolic twelve, he started out with large expectations of some matches mission, made up of new and old-line apostles and powers," and the glorified apostles and triumph of the new-hatched heroes of modern evangelism. Not many months elapsed before Brother Ambler, and others of the apostolic twelve, began to find that the world was not so easily subdued and converted, and that I do not know that a single one of all the original twelve is found actively and sincerely engaged in the field of Spiritual progress."

REMARKS.—We believe the editor of the BANNER permitted the foregoing falsehood to be published on the supposition that the "Itinerant," although a preacher, is now, being a Spiritualist, disposed to state things as he knows or honestly supposes them to be. But we have been informed by Brother Colby, that there is not a word of truth in the statement that Brother Ambler was originally one of the twelve apostles selected by A. J. Davis. Neither is there a word of truth in the positive assertion that there was an "original twelve" set apart by Mr. Davis, for any purpose or work whatever.

Our Brother editor of the BANNER will hereafter please take more critical thought as to statements made by the aforesaid "Itinerant," so that the good work in which we are both cordially engaged may not be hindered by the designed misrepresentations of its pretended advocates. Mr. Ambler is the man to refute the present silly falsehood, and he would do it ungrudgingly, we know, as will every other person whom the "Itinerant" has the assurance or hardihood to designate as "one of the original twelve." Only an enemy to the cause would manufacture and circulate a story so utterly at variance with the purely reasonable ideas of reform common among intelligent Spiritualists. Will the "Itinerant" give the name of another member of the "original twelve"? Let the word of Truth swing freely among us; only traitors will dodge its sweeping.

We should be the last person in the world, Bro. Davis, to admit a falsehood into our paper, knowing it to be such. Had we stricken out that portion of Mr. Clark's remarks quoted above, he would undoubtedly have blamed us, as other writers have done, when we conceived their expressions to be too harsh against individuals. The editor of the Liberator takes us to task for not printing just such matter as you, Bro. Davis, complain of us for publishing! What shall we do in such a dilemma? We think, upon calm reflection, that we had better be governed by "Colby's" own views, instead of the opinions of others, don't you?

We shall endeavor to pursue a straightforward course, while managing the BANNER, without fear or favor from any quarter. We shall strive to do no injustice to any one, black or white; on the contrary, we desire to help all.

If Mr. Clark has made any false statements in regard to Mr. Ambler, or the editor of the Herald, we of course do not consider ourselves responsible for them, however much we may regret that they crept into our columns. We do not hold to the idea that everything we print must first pass through the editorial tunnel. But Mr. Clark, we suppose, will set the matter right. We hope so, at least.

Russia Defiant.

Since Russia sent her last note to France, telling her to mind her own business, and daring her to meddle with the internal affairs of the Czar at her peril, the London, Paris, and Vienna press have joined in raising a hubbub of indignation, such as the world in cities rarely listened to before. The London Post, which is the Government organ, speaks of the proffered advice of the Western Powers to Russia, having been summarily rejected, which is never the case save when one party has made up its mind to take the risks of breaking up the Conference, not caring whether they be great or little. The Post charges all the trouble in the case, and especially the humiliating attitude in which England finds herself to the vacillation of Earl Russell, who gratuitously informed Europe that his Government would proceed no further than to words, even if Russia continued incorrigible. Of course such a statement as that tended to encourage Russia in her haughty obstinacy; and of course her reply to France was in a temper not at all to the taste of the French or English press. In fact, the Post says outright, that "Russia now stands forth as proudly defiant as if no coalition of the Great Powers in behalf of Poland had ever been formed."

The Bishop of Vermont.

Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, has written a sharp reply to a protest of the Bishop of Pennsylvania and sundry of his clergy, the said protest being a decided set-off against a previous Letter of the Vermont Bishop on the subject of slavery. In his rejoinder, which a certain class of journals are publishing far and wide for him, the Vermont prelate not only comes down on anti-slavery sentiments and the holders of them, but upon everybody who dares to question the soundness and sufficiency of the Thirty-Nine Articles of the old Mother Church. The Bishop would sweep everybody overboard, who even ventured to doubt the Mosaic allegory as a literal record of Creation, or the equality of Christ with God, or the divine character of miracles, or to follow out that natural spirit of inquiry which is in the make-up of every man. It appears to be the venerable Bishop's opinion that about all there is worth finding out concerning truth has been found out already; and he threatens about him, right and left, with a notion that he will frighten sincere truth-seekers from pursuing the prize they would secure. It is pitiful to see age so puerile and so dogmatic.

A Passing Thought.

When we reflect that the people of this nation are engaged in practically solving a problem such as no people ever had presented directly to them before, it makes one sadly nervous to see so many who thoughtlessly give way to the trivialities of party feeling and the absorbing demands of party passion. This is a question of personal safety for every one of us. We are trying our institutions, to see if they are worth preserving for this generation and for posterity. We are not making Presidents merely, nor filling offices, nor building up parties; we are, whether we know it or not, reestablishing and confirming great principles, on which a nation is to rest, if it stands at all. So long as we bear this in mind, we shall inevitably show those exhibitions of petty, personal spirit which so disfigure all great movements and obstruct all true progress.

Recent Elections.

Elections for Governors and other State Officers have just taken place in several of the largest States—Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, &c., and the Union Republican candidates have been elected by large majorities.

Ohio, where the notorious Vallandigham was a candidate for Governor, and which went democratic last year, has elected the Union candidate for Governor, and the returns now indicate, by at least fifty thousand majority.

These elections will prove a severe blow to the rebellion, and a stern rebuke to the sympathizers with it who infect the Free States.

Victor Hugo has become a Spiritualist.

Lectures by Hon. Joseph B. Hall.

On Sunday, Oct. 11th, Joseph B. Hall, of Maine, well known in that State from his long connection with the editorial fraternity, and now holding the important post of Secretary of State, delivered two addresses before the Society of Spiritualists, in Lyceum Hall, in this city, to the universal satisfaction of large audiences.

Mr. Hall is not regularly in the lecturing field, that not being his forte, as he stated to the audience, but he had been induced, at the solicitation of friends, to give them some of his thoughts and conclusions—basically put together—after a thorough and impartial examination of the subjects upon which he should speak. He then proceeded, philosophically and reasonably, to show the errors of popular theology and its failure to meet the demands of humanity. His argument was very convincing and conclusive.

In the evening he dwelt upon the internal relations existing between the material and spiritual worlds, and the necessity to man of constantly receiving new revelations of truth. This was a very interesting theme, to which the speaker did full justice.

We hope to be able to print these discourses in the BANNER at some future time.

A New Style of Warfare.

Since losing control of the Mississippi, the rebels have determined on a new line of conduct, and such conduct as would better become barbarians than men professing to belong even to the outer limits of civilization. Within the past two months, they have burned, through hired incendiaries, as many as fifteen Mississippi river steamers at the wharves, destroying nearly thirty lives, and endangering other craft that lay packed in with those they fired. The object is simply to prevent the navigation of the river, by the Government, of which it has possessed itself. Having lost the stake for which they hazarded all, they now turn and resolutely resolve that our dearly-bought advantages shall avail us nothing. And to this end they recklessly apply the incendiaries' torch to the noble steamers that have so long floated on the western waters. It is a worthy mode of upholding a cause like theirs, and will so be judged by the civilized world. If they are driven to this vile resource to bolster up their wretched cause, we need no further proof of the criminality in which it was conceived, or of the wicked intent with which it is sought to be established.

The American Autumn.

This season is becoming appreciated as it deserves. It will, we think, soon begin to make its impression on our literature. For the effects of color produced at this season, at this very hour in their greatest splendor, we may well challenge comparison with any combination known to art. A letter writer in the New York Commercial Advertiser, sending his incubation from the country around Newburyport, in this State, truly says that "it is not until one has gone into the untrodden paths, over the swamps, and in the woods, that the pomp and splendor and beauty of Nature in Autumn, surprises the heart into delight. Then and there, all that we have read of the great Venetian school of color, is vividly illustrated; and time seems a magnificent loom, over which Nature spreads her threads, and the forces of life and death weave the many-colored garments in which the kingly year wraps itself; for Autumn is the coronation month of the year, in which Nature is invested with all the splendor of royalty, and the meaneast vine that creeps on the earth has its robe of scarlet to add to the general display. The American Autumn is the marvel of Europeans, and the delight of all who are in the country at that season."

Verified.

Mr. Foster has given some excellent tests the past week to various individuals. A gentleman from New Bedford went to Mr. F.'s rooms an entire stranger, when his spirit-friends announced themselves by name, calling him by name, etc., to the utter astonishment of the gentleman sifter and those present. A spirit told him he had met a friend in Boston the day before, a resident of New Orleans, called him by name, and referred to a conversation the gentleman had had with his friend when they met—all which, we have been assured, were strictly true.

Our object is to elicit truth in these matters; and we cannot repudiate the reliability of respectable witnesses in regard to the reliability of these manifestations. Mr. F. may deceive, for ought we know, but we have as yet failed to receive any evidence to this effect. Whenever we do, we shall not hesitate to make it known.

The Situation.

The armies in Virginia have been pretty active of late. The rebel army, in endeavoring to get between the Federal army and Washington, brought on a pretty severe engagement, which lasted nearly all day, on the 14th. The Washington Star of the 14th says: "No information indicating that the two armies had renewed the battle of yesterday has been received. The fight of yesterday, resulting in a complete Union success, was commenced by the enemy. By 11 A. M. they had taken their most advanced battery and a hundred prisoners. From the manner in which Lee withdrew his attacking forces, it was evident he did not anticipate the reception he received. His brilliant attempt to get between our army and Washington has been checked by a move even more brilliant."

Bromfield Street Conference.

The subject before this Conference last week was *Psychometry*. The remarks upon it drew forth fresh thought and were exceedingly interesting. The subject is somewhat new, and opens an immense field for thought and action. Prof. Denton's new book was frequently referred to, and was spoken of in high terms of appreciation. The same subject will be discussed at the next Conference, which meets on Thursday, instead of Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy.

This popular lecturer in the West is coming North, and is to speak in this city two weeks in November. Our friends who desire to engage her services, should make an early application, as her time is fast being taken up. She is already engaged in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and other places, for three months. For the unengaged time, see her notice in the Lecturers' column.

Hudson Tuttle.

This gentleman has signified his intention of appearing in public during the winter months as a lecturer on subjects pertaining to the "Arcana." He will therefore respond to calls sent in by Dec. 1st. We have no doubt that the lectures he may give will prove interesting and useful, judging from his publications. His address is Berlin Heights, Ohio.

Lyceum Hall Meetings.

Mrs. Fanny Davis Smith will address the Society of Spiritualists in this city, on Sunday next, afternoon and evening. Mrs. S. is a general favorite with Spirituists, who, of course, will be glad of the opportunity offered to hear her speak.

Mrs. M. E. Chester, the well-known clairvoyant, from Boston, is spending a few weeks in New York, and may be consulted at Dr. Hayden's, No. 44 West Twenty-Eighth street; says the Herald of Progress.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

One reason why we like our "material" friend, the editor of the Investigator, is, we know he is no deceiver; but H. Beaver—a plain spoken man, although not always on the right "plane." But what we wish to come at, is, that his talents have been "hid under a bushel" for a long time. Now we desire that he lay his garment of Modesty aside for a time, and come out as a public lecturer before our Lyceums. He is competent to deliver appreciative lectures on subjects which interest the community at large. Why, then, not call him out? Lecture committees would do well to engage him, provided our editorial friend has no objections. We hope Bro. Beaver will take no offense at the above remarks. We mean what we say, viz: that he is a good speaker, and can lecture on subjects that will suit, we have not the least doubt.

Our associate, Mr. White, recently attended the Children's Progressive Lyceum, in New York City, which is conducted by Mr. A. J. Davis, and was much edified by what he saw and heard. He is of the opinion that institutions of this description will be the means of accomplishing much good.

"The Spiritual Significance of Science," is the title of an able lecture by S. J. Finney, delivered at Dordrecht's Hall, New York, on Sunday morning, Sept. 27th. A report may be found in the Herald of Progress of Oct. 17th.

We have received a certificate signed by Wm. H. Fox, of Hamburg, Ct., and others, setting forth that Mrs. M. C. Tucker, of Liberty Hill, Ct., has been a trance lecturer for six years, has spoken to the satisfaction of many hearers, and wishes the fact known to the friends generally.

In another place we now publish a letter from Dr. Child, of Philadelphia, although behind date, for the reason that it contains some interesting information in reference to the Battle of Gettysburg, and also a continuation of the report of "A Week in a Camp Hospital." We shall publish in our next an article on Haunted Houses, from the pen of Dr. Child.

The Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association celebrated its triennial festival at Faneuil Hall on the evening of the 15th inst. Over five hundred ladies and gentlemen were present and participated in the exercises. Among those present were His Honor Mayor Lincoln, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, Hon. A. H. Rice, ex-Gov. Washburn, Prof. Rogers, and many citizens eminent in the fields of mechanical and commercial enterprises. The exercises were enlivened by music from Gilmore's Band. The hall was beautifully decorated.

A married woman named Clayton, has been passed to her home in Minnesota, having enlisted two years since in the same Minnesota regiment as her husband, and been considered a good soldier for a year before she was found out. At the battle of Stone River her husband was killed five paces in front of her, and she herself was wounded in a desperate bayonet charge immediately afterward.

A paint mine has lately been discovered in California, which yields eighty-four different tints, varying from vermilion to dove color. The supply is large enough to last as a hundred years.

The immigration to New York alone, for the year, up to October, is computed at 160,000, while that of 1862 was 76,000, or 82,000 less than have arrived during the last nine months.

After a trial of thirty-three years, says an English paper, Mormonism numbers some two hundred thousand followers.

"THE BANNER OF LIGHT"—the Spiritual Journal of Boston and the region roundabout—commenced last week its fourteenth volume; and as its type is new, and paper of an excellent quality, it makes an elegant appearance, (rather better, if anything, than the Investigator, owing probably to the fact that one is helped by "invisible power," and the other isn't.) But be this as it may, we have long noticed that spiritual printers, in spite of their vague, unsubstantial, dreamy doctrines, are very good judges of that earthly thing, handsome typography, which goes to prove, as the saying is, that "they builded better than they knew." The Banner is a beauty, speaking typographically, and as its Editor is liberally inclined and tries hard to do the best he can with his strange views, we have no objection to his being sustained until he emerges into more light.—*Investigator*.

Works on Spiritualism are accumulating in France.

Swords are madmen's tongues, and tongues are madmen's swords.

The learned Agassiz declares that facts will force us sooner or later to admit that the creation of man lies far beyond any period assigned to it, and that a succession of human races, as of animals, have followed one another upon the earth.

Character is like money; when you have a great deal you may risk some; for, if you lose it, folks will still believe you have plenty to spare.

Most men have some of the milk of human kindness in them, but there is a nation in the East consisting entirely of Kurds.

Slight of hand—refusing an offer of marriage.

A new crinoline idea has been started, which is not so bad, even if it is sensible. Queen Victoria will now have to take back her royal denunciation of hoops, if this substitute actually supplants them. For something approaching to a description of its merits, or peculiarities, the inventor says of it:

"So perfect are the wave-like bands that a lady may ascend a steep stair, lean against a table, throw herself into an arm-chair, pass to her stall at the opera, or occupy the fourth seat in a carriage, without provoking the rude remarks of observers." We shall all be glad of that.

The truth as to the rebel loss at Gettysburg is gradually coming out. A Richmond correspondent of the Mobile Register says their loss in killed and wounded was at least twenty-five thousand men, and gives statistics confirming this estimate. The authority for this statement is a gentleman with General Lee, and intimately associated with him.

Teach your children early to speak the truth on all occasions. If you allow them to shuffle and deceive in small matters, they will soon do it in greater, till all reverence for truth is lost.

Wanted, by an attorney, a clerk to engross other people's attention.

The trials of life are the tests which ascertain how much gold there is in us.

Mrs. Partington, when she heard the minister say there would be a nave in the new church, observed that "she knew very well who the party was."

A number of bachelors over thirty-five were drafted in Providence. Being laughed at for not being married, and thereby escaping the draft, they maliciously replied, "It is better to serve three years than for life."

It is a remarkable fact, that although common sheep delight in verdant fields, religious flocks are not now so anxious for green pastures.

A French paper relates that when Rothschild was asked whether he would not like to become a temporal king of the Jews in Palestine—"Oh, no!" said he; "I would rather be a Jew of the kings, than a king of the Jews."

A little boy was asked, the other day, if he was a copperhead. "No," said he, looking down at his feet, "I'm copper toes."

FRANCE (IRON-CASED SHIPS).—The Sentinelle of Toulon, states that several iron-cased ships on a new model are about to be constructed, which will far exceed in power of resistance any ships yet launched. They are to be called *Bulldozers*, and are intended especially for the defense of the coast of France. It is added that the plan on which these new ships are to be constructed is the result of the examination of twelve plans submitted to the Minister of Marine. All that was new and good was selected from each plan, and a very perfect iron-cased ship was the result.

Heaven sends us ten thousand truths, but because our doors and windows are shut to them, they sit and sing awhile upon the roof and then fly away.

Statistics show that 300,000 Frenchmen have committed suicide within the present century.

The love of truth is the root of all charities. The trees which grow from it may have thousands of distinct and diverging branches, but good, generous fruit will be on them all.

Six millions of dollars, almost, have been paid for exemption from the draft. This indicates that polio is more abundant than pluck.

A letter from Rome says that Cardinal Antonelli will shortly leave Rome for London, whence he will proceed to Mexico to regulate the religious affairs of the new empire.

Labor Lost.—An organ-grinder playing at the door of a deaf and dumb asylum.

Said a would-be agreeable, taking his seat between Madame de Stael and the reigning beauty of the day, "How happy I am to be thus seated between a wit and a beauty." "Yes," replied Madame de Stael, "and without possessing either."

New Books.

In press, and to be issued by Walker, Wise, & Co., Boston, about the first of November, the following works: "THE FARMER BOY, and how he became Commander-in-Chief," with an introduction by Wm. M. Thayer, author of the "Pioneer Boy," "Robin Boy," &c. 12mo., fully illustrated. This is a very interesting and instructive book for the young. The well-known name of Mr. Thayer on books of this character is sufficient to insure a very warm reception and a large sale.

Also, to be issued at the same time, Vol. IV. of the famous "Spectacle Series," entitled, "Moscow, with Thirty beautiful illustrations from Original Designs coming from Russia." The success of the first three volumes of this Series—of which twelve thousand volumes have been sold—is sufficient guaranty of their beauty and worth. Many of the Reviews have noticed them as even superior to Jacob Abbott's books for the young.

R. B. Russell, 515 Washington street, has just published in compact form, President Lincoln's letters to General McClellan, Horace Greeley, Fernando Wood, Governor Seymour, the Albany Committee, and the Springfield meeting. They are well worth preserving as indicating the present national policy.

The Sociables.

Lyceum Hall will be a lively place on Tuesday evening, (the 20th Oct.), without doubt, on the occasion of the first assembly of the present season. Good music—handsome ladies—gallant gentlemen—perfect order—have been some of the prominent features of these Sociables, and we may reasonably expect a continuation of the same.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

H. K., ALLEGAN, MICH.—She cannot communicate until she has the magnetic power to do so. That you must send out to her by the exercise of your will. When the telegraphic current is thus united between you—as it doubtless will be in due time—then you will unquestionably hear from her, as you desire.

"The Heart's Complaint and Reason's Reply," poetry by Mrs. Eliza M. Hickok, is on file for publication.

Mrs. M. E. P. J., LOWELL.—Say to the lady you refer to, to heed her intentions, and not be guided by outside influences. She can be developed as a medium much better at home than abroad.

H. F. M. B., CLEVELAND, OHIO.—\$1.00 received.

C. B., MORGON, MASS.—Have sent the number required.

A Paper Given Away!

The publisher of the Youth's Temperance Visitor, desiring to increase its circulation and usefulness, will send a copy of the paper, free, for a year, to one copy friend of temperance at each post-office in the United States. The Visitor has been approved and recommended by the highest bodies of the great temperance orders, circulates in every loyal State, and is everywhere pronounced the best children's temperance paper ever published. Monthly, 40 cents a year; to clubs of twenty, 80 cents. Send one stamp and address Z. P. P. V. P. P., Publisher, Rockland, Maine.

READERS OF THE BANNER will bear in mind that one dollar sent to J. P. Snow, 83 Cedar street, N. Y., will get by return mail more good *Standard* than you can get any other way. We have said them. — J. P. S.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are ten cents per line for the first and eighth cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in Advance.

The Apocryphal New Testament,

BEING all the Gospels, Epistles, and other pieces now extant, which are not in the Bible, but are supposed to be the work of the Apostles and their companions, and are not included in the New Testament by its compilers. Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage. Price, 75 cents; postage, 15 cents. Address, Banner of Light, Boston, Mass., Oct. 21.

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BOOKS of all kinds constantly on hand and for sale on most reasonable terms. A supply of new and popular works as soon as issued. Also, for sale, any of the works advertised in the "Banner of Light." — Oct. 17.

STAND FOR SALE.

BEING advanced in years, and the infirmities of age rendering it difficult for me to dispose of my stand for the sale of Spiritual Books, Papers and other Periodicals; and being desirous that a Spiritualist of good business habits should succeed me in business, I therefore, through the columns of the Banner, present this offer:—SAMUEL BARRY, R. W. corner of 4th and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, Oct. 17.

UNION SOCIABLES!

THE third course of the Union Sociables at Lyceum Hall, will commence on Tuesday evening, Oct. 20th, 1883, at 8 o'clock, and will continue every Tuesday evening through the month of November by Holloway and Richmond's Quadrille Band: 5m Oct. 10.

D. W. WOOD, Counsellor at Law, 27 Court Street, Boston, will attend to every description of Law business on reasonable terms. Refers by permission to Dr. A. B. O'Neil. — 5m

SPIRIT SONG,

WORDS AND MUSIC BY R. B. R. arranged by O. M. WOOD. Price 25 cents, including postage. Usual discount to the Trade. For sale by WILLIAM WHITE & CO., 125 Washington street, Boston, Nov. 15.

HOME'S NEW BOOK.

INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE.

Recently published from the advance English sheets, in meeting with rapid sales all over the country. It is an exceedingly interesting and startling work. It has been favorably commented on by the press generally. Spiritualists and all others will find something to interest them in.

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OF

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Chapter 4.—In England.
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Chapter 6.—In America. The Presaging Chapter 7.—1857-58—France, Italy, and Russia—Marriage.
Chapter 8.—Russia, Paris, and England.
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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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In order to meet the large demand for this remarkable work, we have made arrangements to supply it to its subscribers and readers, and will send it by mail, postage free, on receipt of price, \$1.25.

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Aug. 15. — BOSTON, MASS.

PROF. DENTON'S NEW WORK!

THE SOUL OF THINGS: OR, PSYCHOMETRIC RESEARCHES AND DISCOVERIES.

BY WILLIAM AND ELIZABETH M. F. DENTON.

"Enter into the soul of things."—Wordsworth.

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CHAPTER 2.—Pictures on Surrounding Objects. Dagonian Pictures: Pictures taken in the Dark: Pictures taken on all Bodies continually, and enduring as long as the Body: All past History thus Recorded.
CHAPTER 3.—Psychometry, Dr. Buchanan's Experiments: Effects of Medicines upon Persons when held in the Hand: Characters described from Unseen Letters.
CHAPTER 4.—Experiments. Experiments with Geological, Meteoric, Miscellaneous, Geographical, Astrological, and Medical Specimens.
CHAPTER 5.—Remarkable Phenomena Explained. Spectral Illusions, Apparitions: Visions.
CHAPTER 6.—Utility of Psychometry. Utility of Psychometry to the Geologist, the Paleontologist, the Miner, the Astrologer, the Physiologist, and the Anatomist: Its Employment in the cure of diseases: Its benefit to the Artist and the Historian: Distant Forces passing from Human Beings and Influencing others: Influence of People on the Country in which they live: Influence of a Country on the People: Women more susceptible to Psychometric Influence than Men: Psychometry as a Discoverer of Crime.
CHAPTER 7.—Mysteries Revealed. Fortune-Telling: Dreams: Beliefs and Anxieties: Hallucinations.
CHAPTER 8.—Concluding Remarks: reveals the Powers of the Soul: As the Body becomes weaker it becomes Stronger: Evidence of our Future Existence.
PART II.—Questions, Considerations, and Suggestions. How Objects are seen Psychometrically: Seen best in Darkness, and with closed eyes: Why called Sight: Memory: A figure not needed to induce the necessary Sensations: Where the gaze is directed: Why the Psychometer is unable to see some Objects: The Nature of the Light by which Objects are seen: How the Psychometer Travels, or appears to Travel: How account for the Hearing of Sounds: Going backward in Time: Continued Effects of Influence: Departed Spirits: Predominant Influences: Conclusion.
For sale at this office. Price, \$1.25; postage, 25 cents. — July 25.

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Demonstrated on Natural Principles!

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The work has many illustrations in it, which explain the nature and effects of disease on the system. Every one, whether sick or well, can find something in this book which will be of great value to them if read in season.

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Which was begun, carried on, and finally established by him in Arabia, and which has subjugated nearly as large a portion of the globe as the religion of Jesus has not at liberty.

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BY URIAH OLARK.

THIS Book is exactly what every Spiritualist and Reformer has long needed as a handbook for constant use, for conferring tables, conferences, circles, conventions, the arena of discussion and public testimony: a reform book to which to turn on all occasions of need: a text book for believers, students, neighbors, skeptics, inquirers, editors, ministers, authors; an aid to the weak in faith, the doubtful, the unfortunate, the fallen, the dependent, the afflicted; a complete compend for writers, speakers, seers; an indispensable companion to lecturers and mediums, and an advocate of their claims as well as of the claims of the people; a plain guide, embracing the pure and good; theoretical, practical, searching, frank, free, fearless; effective to none but the personally blind and infatuated, liberal and charitable to all; able to be put into the hands of all; chaste, eloquent and attractive style distinct in the presentation of principles and pointed in their application, and overwhelming with arguments and facts in proof of Spiritualism. The author has had a large experience in the ministry, and in the editorial and spiritual lecturing field, having been among the earliest pioneer champions, visiting all the Northern, Eastern, Middle and Border States; and this volume embodies the studies and labors of years. It is the first and only book going over the whole ground.

In Contents, in brief are—1. Author's Preface; 2. Table of Contents; 3. Celestial Footprints, walls from numerous ancient and modern authors in proof of spiritual intercourse; Chapter 1.—History, ancient and modern, true and progress, statistics and glorious triumphs of Spiritualism; value of the press and the pulpit. Chapter 2.—Variety of phenomena and mediums, and a condensed mass of startling manifestations. Chapter 3.—The various phases of Spiritualist belief; Bible statements with nearly two hundred texts. Chapter 4.—The popular objections, theories and claims answered: "Free Love," "Affinity," marriage, etc., calmly and thoroughly discussed. Chapter 5.—Kindly questions, with numerous Bible texts to religiousists and skeptics. Chapter 6.—The spiritual philosophy explained; mediums numbered and classified: how to form circles, develop mediumship, and enjoy celestial communion free to all. Chapter 7.—Questions from nearly a hundred spiritual writers authors and speakers. Chapter 8.—Organizations, ordinances, forms, etc.; how to advance the cause, from meetings, conferences, Sunday schools, etc.; lecturers and mediums: counsel, cautions, warnings, temptations. Chapter 9.—Address to Spiritualists: the great crisis: wars, revolutions, alarming yet hopeful signs: various practical hints and cautions; personal and general reform; touching incidents; hopes, encouragements, consolations, stirring appeals; startling lessons: message from the spirit-world. Index. Complete in one large octavo volume, superior type, paper and binding. Price \$1.00; postage, 10 cents extra. Pamphlet bound, 75 cents; postage, 15 cents. To Canada double postage. Liberal terms to the Trade. Sent to any part of the world by mail or express.

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The Early Physical Degeneracy

AMERICAN PEOPLE,

AND THE EARLY MELANCHOLY DECLINE OF CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

JUST PUBLISHED BY DR. STONE.

Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was written by a spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. B. Bennett.

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

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

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

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

The Sessions are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The doors are closed at precisely three o'clock, and no person admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Sept. 24.—Invocation: "The Origin of Species in Nature." Questions and Answers: James Fox, of the 54th Mass. Reg., to his mother, in Boston; Jeremiah Elliott, to Rev. Hiram Elliott, of Maine; Melissa Larchu, to her brother, Peter Larchu, New York City.

Monday, Sept. 25.—Invocation: "The spirit of the late Gen. Beauregard." Questions and Answers: Robert E. Edington, to his family in Baltimore, Md.; Dan Swenson, to his wife in Hamilton, O.; Maria Louisa Decker, to her husband, Thomas P. Decker, of the Federal Army.

Tuesday, Sept. 26.—Invocation: "What does the controlling spirit mean, by being again outwrought through mortality?" Questions and Answers: Colonel Tom Allen, (rebel), to Nathan Denton, in Georgia; John E. Graves, to his mother, Albiga Graves, of New Haven, Ct.; Agnes Somers, to her brother in New York; Philip Ropes, to Appleton Mason and Thomas Kennedy, of New Orleans, La.

Monday, Oct. 6.—Invocation: "Will not the recollection of our sins retard our progress in the spirit-world?" and if so, how shall it throw off that recollection?" Questions and Answers: Charlotte Ann Budley, to her relations in London, Eng.; Holston T. Gamage, to his family in Hamilton, C. E.; Charles A. Hedgecum, to his mother, in Cincinnati, O.

Tuesday, Oct. 6.—Invocation: "What is the cause of the present great excess of paralysis over any period of which we have any knowledge?" Questions and Answers: Win. J. Wolf, to his son, William, a prisoner in Federal hands; Charlie Outter, of the 54th Mass. Reg.; James McCann, to his brother, in New York; Violet Outlander, to her parents, in Memphis, Tenn.

Thursday, Oct. 8.—Invocation: On the truthfulness of spirit communications; Questions and Answers: Nathl. B. Shurtliff, of Boston, to his friends; Wm. Elliot, of Massachusetts; Me. Charlie Lann, of Lebanon, N. H.; Wm. Andrews, (colored), late of the 6th Mass. Reg.; Philip Giddens, to Mr. Wheeler, of this city.

Monday, Oct. 11.—Invocation: "Do I know of Mother's Love?" Questions and Answers: Ezekiel Temple, of Frankfort, Ky.; Alby Anthony, of New York; Alice Graves, only daughter of Dr. Allan O. Graves, of Lunenburg Square, Liverpool, Eng., to her parents; Charles V. Delton, to Harvey Delton, of Montgomery.

Tuesday, Oct. 13.—Invocation: An Explanation of the 10th verse in the 8th chapter of Ecclesiastes; Questions and Answers: Henry Atkins, to his wife; Malvina Richards, to her husband and brothers, at the South; Peter Doherty, to his wife, in New York.

INVOCATION.

Oh God, our Father and our Mother, we praise thee for the gift of this handsome day. And while Mother Nature gathers the sunbeams to her bosom, that she may bless the efforts of the husbandman, so we thank thee for those germs of truth that thou art sowing in the hearts of thy children, that they may there grow and bear fruit to thy honor and glory. We praise thee, oh our Father, for all the manifestations of life; we praise thee for war; we praise thee for peace. And although war with ruthless hand severs the heartstrings of the loved and true, yet we know that without war there could be no peace, and we know that there is an element with you in times of peace that is far more deadly than the sword or cannon. We praise thee for all the glad tidings of great joy with which thou art blessing thy children. We praise thee for the sunlight; we praise thee for the shadow, and more than this, for the gift of immortality; and still more, for the consciousness of that gift. Oh, we praise thee for the coming of the angels, for the still small voice that says we are not dead, we live and live to love and bless you still. We praise thee, oh Father and Mother, for those mighty manifestations, that are calling upon thy sons and daughters to come forth and assist in the building up of a better form of government. Oh our Father and Mother, inasmuch as this government is tottering to ruin and decay, may thy children feel the stern necessity of each one as individuals to take part in the work of building up a new government. Oh Spirit of All Time, our Jehovah, we bless thee for all the gifts of life; for those which this war has brought upon you, even for those we bless thee, for we know that without war there could be no peace, without sorrow there could be no joy; we know that without night there could be no morning. So for this night of darkness and desolation we thank thee, for we know that it betokens a more glorious morning, that shall usher in the coming of the Son of Peace, who shall bear in his right hand, not the law of mine and thine, but the higher one of perfect satisfaction. Oh, we thank thee for his coming, and for those glad songs that are heard, as his still small voice breaks through the midnight hour, and proclaiming to the sorrowing sons and daughters of humanity that thou art their God and hast not forsaken them. Sept. 21.

Arts and Sciences in the Spirit-World.

SPRIT.—What subject will the friends present for our brief review this afternoon?

QUESTION.—Are there specific appliances of the Arts and Sciences to external objects in the Spheres?

We believe that all conditions relating to mind, all the manifestations relating to mind, have their origin in the higher conditions of life. When a new idea is born with you, we believe that it has been born from the higher spheres; that you are only the receptacle for that idea; yet you are to be made the machine by which that idea or thought is to be communicated to humanity.

It is contended by many, that all thought, all that relates to mind, originates in the world of spirit, or with the disembodied multitude; that those thoughts or conditions of mind are showered down upon you who are dwelling in mortality, and outwrought by you for purposes of good and use. Now we believe, that there are certain minor conditions of mind that belong especially to your earth conditions of mortality. We believe that these conditions are to be outwrought through mortality in higher forms; that they are to be gathered from those higher forms into higher life, and from thence to be poured down upon mortality. Again, we believe there are certain thoughts or mental ideas that are born of the spirit, or the conditions of spirit, and are projected into your mundane world. Sept. 21.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—Do spirits depend upon the inhabitants of earth to outwrought their thoughts?

Ans.—So far as you are concerned they do; for of what avail could the great unfoldments of spirit-life be to you, unless they were brought down to your comprehension and outwrought through mortality?

Q.—Will you give a description of the society of the spheres?

Ans.—There can be no description given, as it is totally different from anything you have in earth-life, so far as its spirit is concerned. In form it may bear some resemblance to the society of earth, but in spirit or essence, it is entirely dissimilar. It would be impos-

sible to bring down the conditions of society in the spirit-land to the comprehension of mortality. We know that many essay to do this, but you have only a vague and indefinite conception of the conditions of spirit-life.

Q.—How do spirits regard war in general, and this war in particular?

Ans.—Each spirit has, and has a right to, its own opinions concerning war, as concerning all other subjects. We believe, however, that that class of minds who look always upon war, in general with an eye single to progress, regard war as a great, very great blessing; and this war of yours in particular, although it has been attended thus far with the pangs of sorrow, they regard as one of the greatest blessings that has ever been bestowed upon the United States of America; for while you were dwelling in peace and prosperity, many of you forgot your God. Now that war has come upon you, there are thousands of human souls in your land to whom the word of the New Dispensation, the glory of the present hour, had not been made manifest in times of peace, but who are now prepared to entertain the Saviour of the present hour. So war is a blessing, and an inestimable gift to you as a nation.

Q.—Is that doctrine in harmony with the teachings of Christ?

Ans.—Christ says, "I come not to bring you peace, but a sword; for we well know that only by the sword peace and love were to be attained. Humanity have not outgrown the conditions of warfare; when they shall have done so, then there will be perpetual peace, and war will be a curse. Yes, we believe that war is in accordance with the life and teachings of Jesus Christ.

Q.—Do you think it is in harmony with his last words to his disciples: "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you?"

Ans.—We believe that by those words he intended to convey a blessing. We do not believe that he had any reference to the condition of the Jews as a nation at that time.

Q.—Is it in harmony with the song sung at his birth: "Peace on earth, good will toward man?"

Ans.—We believe it is, inasmuch as peace is the child of war, and war the mother of peace.

Q.—Was there no peace in heaven before there was war there?

Ans.—I pray tell us where heaven is? If you have reference to a locality, a distinct place, we can only say that we know of no such place. Heaven is only a condition of harmony. It makes no difference whether that condition is felt here, on the battlefield, or in the spirit spheres. Wherever there is harmony there is heaven, wherever disharmony exists, there is hell. The terms Heaven and Hell only express opposite conditions of mentality or mind.

Q.—Was there not peace existing in the heaven which the Bible tells us of before there was war there?

Ans.—The Bible tells us of before there was war there? The Old Testament, with regard to war? In the heaven, of which you speak, we know very little about, as it is wholly a picture of fancy, and not reality.

Q.—Is it possible for spirits to perceive clearly the end of this war? Do you think the nation will be made better by this war?

Ans.—The disembodied spirit is able to trace certain causes to certain events. You have to-day war; in the future there will be peace. There is a life-line connecting the two together, for they are parent and child. Now through this life-line the clairvoyant eye of disembodied spirit is able to discern certain special effects that will be the result of this war. In that sense spirits are able to perceive the end and effects of your war. We believe, again we affirm, that this war will bring you a higher condition of government than you have ever before known. Inasmuch as you had the seeds of death and misery in the very foundation of it, it is right that it should fall, and the effects of this war will be to lead you one step higher—only one step—for Nature never makes any very long strides. You take one step higher in the scale of human progress; but that is enough to thank God for, that is enough to fight for, that is worth fighting for while you live on the earth. You are to-day fluctuating between darkness and light, fluctuating between freedom and slavery. You never can leave one old beaten high-way, and enter upon a new and better one, without more or less war. That is just as necessary and requisite as that you inhale the atmosphere for the sustenance of your physical life.

Q.—Can the true man or Christian consistently engage in it?

Ans.—Is the Christian any more the true man or woman for being the Christian? Are there not as true men and women among the Heathens even, as among those who write Christianity upon their forehead? Who shall judge them? Surely not you or I. An ancient man who was called good in his time, declared that mortality should ever contend for the best gifts. We believe that you are contending for a higher condition of rule. Outensibly you are fighting for the Union and Constitution, but that spiritually has no more to do with it than this bell hand of our subject has. Sept. 21.

Thomas Christian.

I am your guest to-day, because I am earnestly disposed to forward some thoughts to my family, if it be possible for me to do so. I suppose, or at least I have been told, that you, like God, are no respecter of persons. [None at all.] That a defender of the Confederate flag will be as welcome as one who defended your Stars and Stripes. You know, my friend, this is professedly, at least, a free country. All have a right to exercise their own opinions, and you ought not to say to me, you did very wrong to use your influence and life in fighting for the Confederates; and I have no right to say to you, that you do wrong to use your influence for the Federal party.

Since I have been here in this new degree of action, I have at least learned something. One thing I have learned is this, that whatever we do with an honest purpose in view, we shall never be sorry for doing; and though we may see in time a better way, yet we shall cease that it was through experience that we learned the wiser way, therefore we are in no wise the loser.

I have been a trying to gain permission and power to return ever since the battle fought at Antietam Creek, and to day is the first time I have been able to control your subject, or the subject you so kindly permit us to use here. I have been told by my worthy uncle, Major John C. Christian, of Alabama, who says he has communed at this place, that there was a very fair chance of my being able to meet my friends. I know there is no open communication as yet, but may I not hope that I shall be able to reach them in some way? [I think so.]

I was in my fortieth year; name, Thomas Christian; place called home, Montgomery, Alabama; business, dry-goods trader; that is, what you style, I believe, a certain class of merchants. I have a wife, two sons, and a daughter. They have never been able even to recover my body since death—a thing of very little consequence, you will say; at all events, perhaps it is still held in such high esteem by you spiritual folks, still my folks felt very bad because they were deprived of that they held so dear.

I would say it had a very good resting-place, and although it was deprived of the presence of friends, yet it rests well, and mother Nature's taking very good care of it, and there's no occasion for tears about it.

There are mediums, I suppose, at the South? I have been told there are. [Yes, sir.] I would ask my friends to provide me one, that I may be able to tell my wishes. What time, I trust, I shall be able to do better than I'm able to do to-day. Farewell. Sept. 21.

Moses Adams.

Has this is the way you do it? It's trying you here, I take it. Who's to write? Me? [No, unless you want to.] I don't want to. [Then I'll write for you.] Well, stranger, how do you begin it? Like a letter? [You must suit yourself about that. You should tell who you are, your age, occupation, and when you died, if you can.] What? [Give your name, age, place of death, and say whatever you please to your friends.] Oh yes, well. [That's fair, isn't it?] Yes. My name, to begin with, you want? Moses Adams. My age? Nineteen; not quite twenty. When I died—place—oh, where I lived? Remington, Ohio. Where died? Bull Run. [Were you killed at the first or second battle?] The last. What regiment? Eleventh Ohio. What company? C. I was wounded first through the ear, did not give up then—did not give up then, although I had to ground arms. But I used my revolver as long as I could, but that was a great while, for I soon got popped over.

I've got a mother I want to send to. Where? I date my letter from? [Boston.] Boston? Is that on the other side? [Spirit side? Not exactly.] Stranger, if I date it here, I reckon she'll think I was not killed. [We shall publish it in a paper.] Well, then, I haven't got to begin a letter from here? [No.] Well, she knows I'm dead, or expects I am. [Shall I say you suffered much?] Well, I did a little. First, I want—[To talk with her?] Well, I do; but the fact is, stranger, there's so much truck round there, I can't get near that's the trouble. If she knew I could come back, I think she'd be glad to talk with me.

Well, tell her I'm here, safe and sound, without a body—yes, I've got a body, but it's not like my old one—it's a first-rate one, bullet-proof—'tis, stranger. [I guess that's so.] That's so, stranger. I've been on the battle-field with it, and the balls whizzed right through it, and did not hurt me at all. [In our opinion it must have surprised you somewhat.] Well, it did. At first I was a little kind of afraid, for I didn't know but that I'd got to be killed over again. Oh, this life is a strange kind of machine, for at every time you turn the crank, you come out something new. [Then you think a fifteen-inch shell would not hurt you much now?] Fifteen-inch shell? No, sir.

Well, this is a nice body—first-rate body—would not ask for a better one. A lady, ain't it? [Referring to our medium.] All set all like this? [No, you happened to be fortunate enough to get a lady.] Have we always got to take on these bodies? Won't there ever be a time when we shan't have to borrow any bodies? [Oh, yes. When you understand the laws of control perfectly, you will then be able to impress your friends—that is, providing they are mediumistic.] What's that? [Susceptible to spirit influence.] I didn't see any like her round here.

Look here; you allow us to ask for the privilege of going home; do you lend us the body to go home in? [We could hardly do that.] Oh yes you could. [You would not want to take care of it?] Yes, I would. [You would have her spirit after you; do not you see it?] Well, I'm used to fighting. [You would not want to fight with a lady, would you?] No, I would not. Yes, that's it—I borrowed it. I didn't say for how long—nothing said about it. [A soldier is always honorable, or is supposed to be.] Ain't that honorable? If I borrow this body to come here, and nothing is said about how long I shall keep it, I ain't dishonorable to keep it a long while, is it? [You think it over, and see if it isn't.] She could not live long without it. Spirit life, could it? That's another thing. [Then the body would be useless to you, after her spirit had departed. Her spirit feeds the body, to a certain extent; yours does not.] Yes I do; I talk. [You don't give it food, do you?] Did not see any for most three days, only "hard tack," before I died.

[How did you get control of this medium?] How? Why, everybody knows how. [They don't here on the earth. Can't you tell us the way?] I got to show you? It's something that can't be told. I seemed to slip in. For a second or so I kind of lost myself, and when I came to, I did not know what to make of it, but I came to the conclusion that it must be right, for it came up to something like what I'd been told. You know we don't always realize what is told us—have to experience it.

Well, my mother—I'm here to say something to her. Poor old lady, she's feeling bad about my going off. There ain't no way by which I can borrow one of these bodies out in Ohio, is there? Any nearer there? Any such folks near there? [I presume there are many of them?] I want her to furnish me with one, provide one, buy one of 'em, beg one of 'em, steal one of 'em there for a little while. [There would be no harm in your mother's stealing a medium, for that is sometimes the only way you can get one.] That's like stealing forage.

Well, I've got to go out there, look round and see if I can find one of these bodies, and take it to her. [Or her to them?] Her to them? How am I going to take her to them? [She'll probably read your letter, and go to one herself.] Yes, that's what I want. I can't talk here as I would at home. [What name shall we direct to?] What's the letter? [Yes.] Olive is her Christian name, and she's in Remington, Ohio. By gracious! these things are too big for me to understand. Well, stranger, do you ticket us here again? [Certainly, if you desire to come.] Sept. 21.

Ada Delany.

Four years ago I left my body and dear friends in Poughkeepsie, New York. I suffered by sickness little over eighteen months. I was a firm believer in the doctrine of the resurrection, thought I should some day be called to inhabit my body again, and I used to pray earnestly that when called to do this, I might not take on with the body the disease with which I was afflicted. I rather feared to take it upon myself again, but thought I must be willing to do so, for it was one of God's decrees.

My dear grandmother brought me up in that faith. My mother died when I was too young to remember, but my grandmother instilled into my mind a system of religion that was, in every respect, false. But she did the best she could. She gave me all the light she had. I do not come back to blame her, only to tell her that I'm happy now, only to tell her that I shall never have the use of my feeble body again, to tell her that this beautiful spirit-land is all around us, that our Saviour lives in our souls and is outwrought in any or every form, according to the necessities of the children of earth.

I was twenty-two years of age. My disease was consumption. It was brought on by exposure and pride. Although I was a professing Christian, yet I possessed much of that vain pride that carries so many, so very many, to the spirit-world untimely. My dear friends—those who knew me in life—will understand perfectly why I knew this.

I would ask my dear grandmother to lay aside all Church prejudice, and come and talk with me. I'll tell her of a heaven, one more beautiful than she's ever been told of. I'll tell her of the condition of life I live in, and of all the dear friends who have passed from her earthly sight and by which I am surrounded. My name was Ada Delaney, daughter of Adeline and Francis Delaney. Sept. 21.

Invocation.

Our Father, Spirit of the morning and evening, God of time and eternity, we seem to stand in the great temple of Nature, waiting orders from thee; for through thee we have life—life with its complex powers, life with its untold manifestations—still we are unsatisfied, still

we wait in thy temple and ask for renewed orders from thee; for sometimes, as we journey through changing life, we seem to lose sight of thee, we are surrounded by mist and fog that for a time obscure thy face. And so we wait and call upon thee, and ask that we may bear a more familiar voice than the past has given us, and be sensible of thy presence as we have never been before. Oh, our Father, though we know that thou art within us, around us, above us and beneath us, though we know that thy presence is everywhere felt, still in our outer consciousness we sometimes lose sight of thee. Oh our Father and our Mother, while we thus stand benighted in the way of life, we ask that thou wilt pity our weakness, and remember our infirmities, that thou wilt hear and answer our prayer at this time, for thou hast taught us, in all thy volume of life, to ask of thee whatever favors we desire, and thou wilt grant them. Thine, oh Father, we come into thy temple to-day, asking that we may have more wisdom wherewith to read this mighty volume of life, wherewith to learn more of thy mighty law. Oh, our Father, every breath of the atmosphere is filled with glory, power, immensity of the wondrous being, and we would know it, understand it; we would become conversant with all the powers of heaven, earth and hell. Oh, our Father, is this asking too much of thee? We catch thine answer from Nature, and it is, "Nay, nay, human soul, for thy powers must ever wing thy highest uplift. Ask, and ye shall receive; seek for the highest gifts of the Kingdom; stretch forth thine hands; come up higher, still higher, soul of man." We feel it, we know it, we rejoice in it. Oh, our Father, may these, thy children, feel thy presence, may they rejoice in thy love, may they know that the windows of heaven are open, and that thy loving face is beaming upon them. Sept. 22.

The Theory of Finding Lost Property.

SPRIT.—What theme will the friends present for review upon this occasion?

QUESTION.—By what principle or theory do spirits tell where lost or stolen property may be found? It has been said, and with truth, that every form of life, animate or inanimate, is surrounded by an aura, or spirit light, that belongs to it, the object, for be it understood that life is everywhere, and death, as it is generally understood, is nowhere. So all forms of life that seem dead to you are not so to us, because of the existence of this atmosphere, or spiritual light, by which they are surrounded.

You have been told that it is exceedingly difficult for spirit to see the material form. This is true. It is not necessary to see the material form, for every form in earth life has its corresponding form in spirit life, and from that spirit form comes this spirit atmosphere, or light, by which the material form is surrounded. This light the disembodied spirit can as easily discern as it is easy for you with your physical sight to discern objects in this room.

Now suppose one of the number present this afternoon were to lose a certain object from their sight. It is gone, they know not where. In their desire to possess themselves of this object, they seek aid of some disembodied intelligence. Now if the disembodied one can assist them at all, it must be by and through natural law, for the disembodied spirit can no more act outside of natural law than you can. We declare you cannot. If you live, move and have being at all, you must do so by virtue of natural law. You may suppose it is possible for you to break that law; but if it were, it would be possible for you to bring annihilation upon yourself at any moment when you might desire to depart from consciousness and life.

But to return to our subject. We have said, if we aid in such a case at all, it must be through law. There is a law running through all material objects, as well as spiritual ones, surrounding and holding in place those objects, and at the same time connecting them with all else in the universe.

Now the object lost must be endowed, or impressed, if we may so speak, with a certain degree of life that has been abstracted from the person that has handled it. And in consequence of this impression, there must of necessity be an invisible cord binding it to the person who has lost it. In truth, there must be as many of those invisible cords as there are persons who have ever laid the finger of mighty magnetic power upon it. But the person who last handled the missing object will have the strongest claim upon it, for the greatest highway is open between the owner and the object. Now through this magnetic relation we are able to trace out the place to which the missing object has been conveyed.

To do this, we must first make ourselves acquainted with the owner—come into rapport with that owner; then we enter this highway and travel over all obstacles until we meet with the missing object. Oftentimes, however, we find it impossible to give the surroundings entire of the lost object to its owner in earth-life. Sometimes we find our clairvoyant powers are extremely good; at other times, by virtue of our, or your earthly conditions, we find them very poor. Therefore you are not to expect at all times what you may at certain times.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—Who are the angels?

Ans.—You have been schooled by theology to believe in a class of persons whom theology have styled angels. A group of intelligences who have been in existence long before this earth was spoken into life, before life was life with material things. But it should be understood, fully understood, that no such class of intelligences ever did exist according to the accepted sense of the term angels, or ever will exist.

Q.—What must be done to improve mankind?

Ans.—Whatever your highest sense of justice dictates.

Q.—What are we to understand by what theology teaches, "Angels, just men made perfect?"

Ans.—We do not know that theology claims that those persons, the angels, are but the spirits of just men made perfect. On the contrary, we do know that theology claims that those persons are a distinct class, who never had an earthly existence, or an existence on any other planet, but who were created in heaven, in a sphere entirely divine and harmonious. But should we define the term angels according to our own individual ideas, we should say that they are the spirits of those who have come up through great tribulation, who have washed their robes in the waters of human experience, who have passed beyond the confines of that human life, and entered upon a condition of harmony, which is heaven.

Q.—Then the character of those angels will vary according to the character of individuals existing in earth-life, will they not?

Ans.—Most certainly. Sept. 22.

Richard Stanwood.

There was a time when I talked very hard about Spiritualists and spirit-manifestations; but I find I am very glad since death to make my way to this place, that I may reach my friends whom I have left; for I wish to overcome their prejudice and their false notions.

I believe my voice was as loud as any other voice in proclaiming against that class of persons you call mediums, and I did all I was able to prohibit them giving spirit-manifestations in the State of Virginia. I used all the influence I had against the cause of Spiritualism, and really thought I was doing right; really thought I was doing my countrymen a great service in trying to put down the terrible delusion, as I called it.

But I'm here to-day to tell my friends that I was the deluded one, and not them—that I lived in an at-

mosphere of delusion all my life. I thought I knew the way, but when I got to the spirit-world, I inquired how far it was to heaven? One answered me, "Probably about as far as it is to earth." "What?" I said, "Is there an intermediate condition?" The reply was, "If you make it, there is." Then I said, "I will see God soon!" Some one called to me, and asked, "When God would like to see him?" I said, "I do not know." "Very well," they said, "I suppose dead will wait your time; when you're ready to receive him, he will manifest to you." I've never found one yet who was ever ready to see the God they believed in when here.

I have a family and many dear friends in Portsmouth, Virginia. I hope to reach them. It may be asked, Were you a Unionist or Confederate? I think I stood neutral; at all events, I said as little as I could concerning the war, and did as little as I could. I had no power to help the Unionists, and I did not wish to help the opposite party, but I was forced to give up all my worldly goods to feed the rebellion. Yes, I gave all I had; it was exacted of me, and I have left my family in want, destitution, in extreme sorrow. I myself, died of fever, brought on by over exertion and trouble of all kinds.

But I want care for that if I can only return to my friends; only tell them that I lived in a delusion all the days of my life; that I can come back; that I was more deluded than others were, that I thought were so deluded.

Some, I suppose, will be astonished to know that Richard Stanwood can come back and beg for assistance to go home. I acknowledge I was wrong when here, but I could not see it so before death. Now I see it, and I want my friends to get out of the wrong way and get into the right way. I believe we should seek first to know of things concerning the spirit, for we've got to live as a spirit through all eternity, they tell us here; so we'd better learn all we can about it, before we come to the spirit-world. Never mind the things of this life, the knowledge of them sink worth striving for. Oh, it seems to me if I was back again, I'd know something about this spirit life. At all hazards I'd make a strong effort to become acquainted with it while here.

I told my wife and son—my oldest son—when I knew I must die, "that I could go willingly, if I was sure of any reality hereafter." Now, I'd believed in a local heaven and hell all my life, but when I came to die, my God! all my faith left me, and I had nothing to lean upon in my dying hour. And it was because of my utter lack of faith, that I said I could go willingly, if I could feel sure of a reality hereafter. I know my wife and son must have thought it very strange that I spoke in this way, and doubtless felt that my mind was wandering, at the time. I speak of this circumstance as proof to them that I'm here; also to let them know that as I neared the real condition of life, all these fancies seemed to fade away, or became so false that I could not believe them.

I was sixty-seven years of age. I suppose I have a son in the rebel army. I learned at one time that he was taken prisoner, but I think he must have soon been exchanged, for I soon got track of him again on our side of the political line. I've only been here a short time. It seems a very short time to me, yet when I look at it in another way, it seems a long time.

I would wish, if it were possible, if there is ever any way open, by which you can send my wishes to my family, that you would do so. [We'll send your letter, if we can.] I wish you would, if you can. My wife—her name is Elizabeth Ann. My oldest son, who would be likely to receive my thoughts first, bears the name of Richard. I will hope, though I do not deserve to be able to meet my friends, I worked so hard against the cause when here. Sept. 22.

John Souley.

How do! [How do?] I'm a little unused to this kind of business; do not know much about it. Got my discharge from Jackson. Belonged to the 25th Massachusetts, Company A. My name was John Souley. Got a bullet through right temple; did not stay long after that.

You send letters to folks, do you? [Yes.] Well, 'sposin', what if your folks do not know that you can come this way? [You'll have to run the risk of their getting the paper if we send it.] Well, I know about your paper, sir. I got it fixed about their getting it. 'Sposin' after they get it, they do not know what to do about it? Well, what is the next first step to be taken? 'Sposin' we can't succeed in opening correspondence with them? [They must provide you with a medium.]

First place, I want them to know that I can come; that there's a line of communication open between dead folks and living ones. [Do you call yourself dead?] Why, yes. [If dead, how can you speak?] Borrowed a trumpet. I mean dead, according to the false notions of folks. I've lost my body; laid it down upon Jackson field. Did not take it up again, cause I could not. [You do not care for it, do you?] No, I do not. Stuck to it pretty tight for a few days. Was in hopes that some miracle would give it back to me again. When the other law they tell us about began to work, I began to say good-bye to it. Then I heard about our coming back, and I thought I would try it. I belonged to the Wightman Rifles. I want to do all I can to make myself known. Now I know of folks that may, if they're a mind to—and I rather think they will—send this to my folks. Some of their folks on our side tell us they will, but I do not exactly understand how that's to be fixed. That's to be learned, I suppose, ain't it? [If you will tell us where they are, we'll send it direct to them.] I'd rather not have it come from this place. I'd rather have it come in another way. I've got a reason for not doing so, no matter about my giving it to the world, is there? [No.] Well, all you've got to do is to

I'm glad to get back to old Boston again, though I'm not in as good trim to travel the streets of Boston, not in so good a trim to take a smoke, or a bit of whiskey with the boys of the old country, as I was then.

But I'm here to speak a few words to my friends, to tell them that all was done for me that was necessary to be done; that I received the consolation of the Church from the Sisters of Charity; but I suppose it's not worth much. I catch a few thoughts about it; about it's all being ceremony, on my way here. But I come straight to this body from my own death bed, and I stuck to her as tight as a tick to a sheet, until I got ready to talk.

I lived forty-eight years here, most. Ah, good-by to you. I want my cousin Tim to see my folks here by letter.

Sept. 22,

Joshua Leonard.

I was eight years old. I've got a father, mother, two sisters and a brother here. My name was Joshua Leonard. My father and mother live in Troy, N. Y. I've got a sister with me, too.

My father's a turpentine agent. He used to receive turpentine from the manufacturers of the South and sell it here. He's—my father's a Universalist, and my mother's an Episcopal. She's—she's, my mother's from England. She belongs in Rochester, England; was born in Rochester. She's got a father with me and a mother. I been in the spirit-land since over—over a year, and I just learned to come.

I got a sore throat and fever. It's what I die with. I—I want my mother and father to let me come home and talk there, and see the folks there. My father said he wished he could die when I did, because he felt so sorry I was gone. But I was n't gone, and I haven't been gone, and I want some clothes to talk through at home; these kind of clothes to talk through at home. I don't want to stay any longer. My father will pay you, I guess. [We ask nothing.]

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