

made. Go now, and leave me. No more parting. I would be alone."

I felt him with his whitened features and changed appearance, feeling, I knew not why, a sort of pity for his apparent wretchedness. Perhaps—oh, fearful doubt! oh, stifling sorrow! perhaps who had been guilty, and he, proud man, was wronged! But no, the letter—it bore no traces of a wandering mind. Such beautiful and noble thoughts never could have been penned by a faithless, sin-stained hand; and then my own unconquerable abhorrence of the man who fathered his friend—my terror of the soul! Was all this fancy?

I felt that trouble was before me; that I was encompassed by difficulties, but amid all above brightly from the azure sky of promise, the star of unchanged love. I had faith in Ralph, and in the future; and I hoped that he would prove the releasing angel of my life, to lead me forth to affection's recompense. I sought to reach my chamber, there to submerge my heart in prayer, to commune with self, and take counsel of my thoughts. Oh how I longed for the dear presence of the wise and loving Lillian.

I was waylaid in the long passage by Mrs. Strong. Perhaps she had been listening. Her fury had expended itself. A malignant triumph-mien replaced it. She did not shake me rudely, but she said:

"Did you succeed in gaining papa, hey? I expect not. It is somewhat too late in the day for that. You've got to bend your stiff neck now, Miss Highflyer. You've got something to think of now, besides birds and flowers, and poetry and jinnicks. You'll have to get ready for your wedding soon, not with your chosen Adams of the woods, but with another gentleman not half so much admired. Your own aimable temper will find more than a match in his; you can't enjoy your tantrums with him. He was furious as a Turk this afternoon when he found you cowering in Oak Grove with somebody. He looked as pale as a ghost, and his eyes glared like red hot coals! I congratulate you, my dear."

"This was harder to bear than all. I would rather she had beaten me. I retorted with all the suppressed anger again bursting forth:

"Oh, Deborah, what are my affairs to you? Is it not enough you have succeeded in prejudicing my father against me? What would you more? You would kill me if you dared—I know you would! Nothing deters you but the fear of hanging! I will yet conquer you all. You shall not place your feet upon my neck. I will yet outlive you all!"

"No doubt of it, my dear, if you get the chance. But your rule is over; henceforward you have to submit. Isn't that delightful to such a proud spirit as yours?"

"You witch of evil!—you malicious courtesan!" I shouted. "What do you torment me for? Why do you pursue me with your devil's hate and viper's tongue?"

"Because, you angel, I hated you from the first, and it's quite safe to tell you now, because, tallow face! you've been in my way; and where Agatha's children were, I didn't want you to lord it. I can shake a shame-mark in your face any day, that will turn all your blood into ice-balls! Remember that! and look to your behaviour toward me when company is here, and you are admitted. I can crush your pride with three words, no, beware, my young miss, or some day I'll blazon from one end of the kingdom to the other, who and what you are!"

No, she did not speak the name of the departed. I was a tiger, a young lioness then! I sprang upon her, and with my small hands, stopped her utterance. I did not bear the opening of the library-door, nor see the approach of my father. I only knew that I held in my power and grasp the subtle foe who would asperse my dear mother's fame. I felt inspired with supernatural strength, with a courage that defied the universe!

"Jasmine, in the name of heaven, what is this? Mother, what does this mean?" she ejaculated. And he tore her from my iron hold.

"I will not bear this! I will not!" I shrieked. "Oh, my son, my very life is in danger, as you see!" gasped the hypocrite. "I was only admonishing her upon the sin of so fearful a temper, and she rushed upon me like a ratamout! Oh, Herbert, how have I deserved such treatment?" and she sobbed like an innocent and injured child.

"You shall be subjected to it no more. The miserable girl shall not annoy you much longer; she shall keep entirely to her own part of the house. Come, mother, lean on me. To your room, unworthy creature!" he thundered.

I fled with a maddened brain, a burning heart; and reaching my own door found there Lillian, her arms folded on her breast, her mild eyes filled with apprehension. She extended both arms, I fell upon her breast and wept.

"My poor child!—my poor child! What have they been doing to you? Oh Lillian, oh Lillian—how long will the wicked triumph! Let me stroke your poor tired head, and try and soothe your poor little aching heart! The madman, which cat—oh Lord, forgive me. I forget some times—but I can't help it; let Lillian make you better, darling!"

I loved to hear her lisping accents then, her strange division of her words. I had almost outgrown my childish and superstitious fear of her. She led me into my chamber, placed me to my accustomed arm-chair; gently and tenderly dispelled the burning anguish of my brow, with soft, cool fingers, whose magnetic touches passed over me like calming musical waves. With a respectful kiss-log of my hands, with a fervent recommendation to pray to God in my trouble, she left me. And my thoughts, before so tumultuous and rebellious a threat, were composed to calm reflection. I felt a sweet security of peace at my heart; the occurrences of the day melted away into dream-like indistinctness. I thought of Lillian; what was she so often and? What was the mystery that dwelt in her home-aching longing, in her deep, unobtainable eyes? What ties of love or duty bound her to the capricious mistress she seemed devoted to, and yet despised at times? I pondered these questions, forgotten of my own encompassing difficulties, until darkness fell on me like a veil, and I sought my bed, and slept long and dreamily, until the lamps were lit.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A NATION OF PIGS.—In the Bay of Bengal, on the high road of commerce, is a group of islands thickly covered with impenetrable jungle, and swarming with leeches in the rainy, and ticks in the dry season. Except a species of pig, many recently unknown to science, there are no wild animals that offer any molestation to man; but to make up for this deficiency, the human inhabitants are amongst the most savage and hostile that rovers have ever encountered. They may truly be termed a nation of pigs, being on an average only four feet five inches high, and weighing from seventy to seventy-five pounds; but they are well proportioned, and display an agility and sinuosity truly wonderful. Their skin is dark, though not black as that of the negro, and their faces decidedly ugly. They go entirely naked, shave the hair off their head with pieces of bamboo, or broken bottle, and farther increase their ugliness appearance by daubing themselves all over with a mixture of red ochre and oil, or coloring their persons toward nightfall with a thick coating of soft mud, to serve as a protection against the mosquitoes, with which, in addition to the leeches and ticks, they seem to be tormented the whole year round. They are excellent swimmers, taking to the water almost before they can walk; and they upon the sea for the principal supply of their food—fish, oysters and snails.

THE HEART'S COMPLAINT, AND REASON'S REPLY.

BY MRS. ELIZA M. MICHOL.

Tempt me not with dreams of pleasure,
All my hopes of bliss are past,
I have not an earthly treasure,
Not a friend that long will last.
If it be the will of heaven
That dark hours of gloom are mine,
If my life of joy be given,
Why should I at this repine?

Yet 'tis hard, in life's fair morning,
When the hopes of youth were high,
Thus, instead of glory's dawning,
For the rest of death to sigh.
Tell me not 'tis vain fondness—
Not one single ray of light
Pierces through the dreary surroundings
Dark as hours of darkest night.

Clouds of sable hue appalling
O'er the joyous sunlight roll,
And glimmering darkness falling,
Shrouds my weary, waiting soul.
What hath wrought this work of sorrow?
Filled with sadness deep thy mind?
Why from hope canst thou not borrow?
Not one faithful friend canst find?

I am all alone and friendless—
Slander took my friends away;
I was wronged—it roused my anger—
Hated do I kneel all the way.
There has been a constant warfare
In this troubled, suffering breast,
Striving to subdue the anger
Roused by demon slander's dart.

I could bear that foe should hate me—
Little care I if they do;
But to turn my friends against me—
This is that grieves me so.
But the tortured heart is breaking,
With a mighty grief oppressed;
In the sleep that knows no making
It shall find its sweetest rest.

REASON'S REPLY.

Faintest heart, hast thou no courage,
Thus to meet the storms of life?
Does not opposition nerve thee?
With new ardor for the strife?
What! wilt thou in meek submission
To thy foes so kindly yield?
When the conflict rages fiercest,
Wilt thou tamely leave the field?

Wilt thou be a coward, driven,
Though that heart be faint with pain?
If the storm should now overwhelm thee,
Thou mayst never rise again.
Canst thou calmly speak of dying?
For the grave is sorrow's sigh?
Better live, and toil, and suffer,
'Tis more noble than to die.

Al! methinks thou must remember,
Ere thou wast so lone and sad,
How thy bright hopes of the future
All thy pathway made glad;
And thou canst not have forgotten,
In thy kinder, gentler mood,
How that heart, with better impulse,
Longed to work for others' good.

Shall the dark waves of oblivion
Bury in their depths thy name?
Wouldst thou be thus soon forgotten
By thy foes, and friends the same?
Oh, do not despair though darkness
Shroud in gloom the glorious day;
If thou mayst not view the sunrise,
Try to catch a glimmering ray.

Should thy pathway grow still darker,
Foes be countless, friends be none,
While thou hast a friend in heaven,
Never any thou 'rt all alone.
Now arm well for opposition;
Let thy foes attack in vain;
Stand erect, undaunted meet them;
Thus shalt thou the victory gain.

Written for the Banner of Light.

"HAPPY IS THE MAN THAT FINDS ETHI WISDOM."

BY JOHN M. SMITH.

He who would study Wisdom's way,
Must in the path of Knowledge tread;
And weary not to "seek and pray,"
That light may o'er his pathway shed.

Let not the heart grow faint, when along
Through mountains in thy journey roam;
Mark well the path, and press along,
For on some summit is the prize.

If thou shouldst stray from thy pathway stry,
And follow Error's cunning arm,
Remember Truth will guide the way,
And lead you where no troubles harm.

Tis true some meet with trials here,
The way seems dark, they see no light,
But Justice ever will be near,
To give us strength and judge us right.

Keep pace with Charity and Love,
Who knows not Sin, nor talks with Grief;
But, like some shining star above,
They guide our way, and give relief.

Sometimes Experience we meet,
That gives instruction on the way;
Points out the snares beneath our feet,
Where weary travelers often stray.

Where Pride and Folly ever stand,
That they may face us unaware;
Ah! few resist the willing hand
That smooths for us the tempting care.

How happy, then, this world would be,
If Vice and Evil did not reign;
If we could walk in harmony,
And all our toils be free from pain.

SUGAR FOR THE TEETH.

It has always been a mooted point whether sugar really does the teeth or not. The case of the negroes on the Southern sugar plantations is cited to show that it does good rather than harm; while the case of the man in our Northern sugar refineries goes to show that the teeth are made away in a very little time from eating the article. But there is a good reason for the difference. The negroes chew the cane, sip the syrup, and gorge themselves with the sugar, yet have plump bodies and brilliant teeth; in fact, there is no race, not even the Irish at home, whose teeth suffer for white as those of the negro on the sugar plantations. There they get the raw article, unadorned with any element that is calculated to give it commercial value beyond what it has of itself. In the sugar refineries, however, time is used; and this at once acts on the teeth. The experiment of preserving teeth in pure syrup was proved successful; but when a little lime has been applied into the syrup, the action of the lime on the enamel of the teeth has made itself very soon apparent. Sugar alone may as well know of this.

WIGWAG FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT. Something that Spiritualism Has Done.

MURDER REVENGE.

Haunted House.

Before proceeding further with this subject, which, by the way, has opened quite a rich vein of interesting facts, permit me to make a short personal explanation, in answer to questions from correspondents, such as these: "What is your condition?" "How do you get at the facts related by you?" "Do you have a medium?" "I should certainly avoid such personal explanations were it not that the Philosophy of Spiritualism is in some measure, at least, involved in them. Twelve years of investigation and compliance with spirit direction, have brought me to a condition within the past two years in which I am conscious of the presence of spirit through three of the senses. First by sight, in which the form appears more or less distinct—sometimes a mere hazy outline, at others almost as clear and well defined as human beings to the outward vision. Second, by hearing, in which there is the same variation as to distinctness, sometimes being dull and at others clear and audible—I am just now receiving an interesting communication on the subject of sleep, from a philosophical spirit, with whom I converse freely. Thirdly, and by far the most common mode, by perception. This is, perhaps, the most difficult to describe, and needs a person experiences something of it, it can scarcely be comprehended. This varies in distinctness, from the mere perception of the presence of some one, to a very clear and distinct perception not only of the presence of an individual spirit, but of their identity, name, &c.

As a general rule, all that is required has been for me to abstract myself from the usual excitement of business and get into a quiet place. I prefer doing this always in the same room alone, and with as nearly the same surroundings as I can have. I am in almost daily intercourse with mediums, and very often get to the identity and character of the spirits who are with me; and whenever I receive anything through these media, I give them credit for it.

Recently, at the time of my visit to the battle-field, I was not sensible of any spirit influence, and I could then understand why persons feeling in this way deny the existence of spirits, but a severe and painful attack of illness has now left me even more sensitive than before. The spirits referred to in the two last letters, report themselves to me as doing well. A host of new ones are waiting near me for an opportunity, when returning health and time will allow me to hear their stories; but I desire, as soon as may be, to pursue the subject of Haunted Houses.

After I had sent my last letter to you, a brother who has been a dweller in the spheres about thirty-one years, came and spoke to me through my friend Samuel H. Platt, and gave the following account of a visit he made to some of these places, and before entering on the philosophy of Haunted Houses, I will give your readers the observations made from the spiritual side.

Brother, I would like to give you an account of a visit made by myself and a friend here to an ancient haunted house. It was a large, old mansion, that had been built sometime before the Revolution, and at that time was beginning to show evident marks of decay. At present it is a crumbling ruin, having been uninhabited and abandoned by mortals for many years; even the grounds around it have grown up into a wilderness, and all the spots I ever visited, this was the most ghastly and unattractive. My mind had been called to this subject by thy last letter to the BANNER, which I saw before I had been impressed on paper, and an Indian spirit, whom I have seen frequently about thee, gave my friend, J. N., and I an invitation to accompany him to this place.

We arrived there about twilight in the evening, and were taken into the house. There is a large room at the west end of the building, which had formerly been used as a parlor, it has four small windows in it; standing across one corner there is a large closet with a sash-door, on the inside of which was a green paper curtain, somewhat torn. On outside of the room is a very large, open fire-place. Some old dilapidated furniture—a table and some chairs, and a few sticks of wood were scattered in confusion about the room. The closet and the fire-place were the points to which our attention was particularly called by our Indian guide. As the twilight deepened into darkness, the booming of an owl reverberated through the dim silence, making a dismal sound though I am not a coward, I experienced some peculiar feelings at the time; but the firmness of our good Indian guide assured both my friend and myself that we would be protected. We passed out round the house to take another view—the trees around it cast their irregular and dim shadows, and as we stood upon the old, dilapidated porch, with its bare lattice-work, its decaying floor and crumbling cornice, the scene awakened feelings such as I had feared but never known; it was a fit place for ghosts and goblins. Our experience here differed from that of most, because these old ruins brought to us the impress of former days, and their history was revealed to us; but I must not stop now to speak of these.

Stopping, the corner of the house, our Indian friend held a hand for a few minutes, evidently in deep thought; then raising it he addressed us thus: "Pale faced Indians, you look upon these scenes with mingled admiration and fear. I am acted upon by different feelings. You see the place as it now is; I know it as it was, before the foot of the white man trod this portion of the land. Then it was a vast forest; and upon those where you now stand, an Indian village stood like a lawn, that lies before me. I was used as a place for the performances of our religious rights. Here we often had our war-dances; and where you sit free traders, our good medicine-man has often lain gazed up to the stars, and sought to receive inspiration from those old medicine-men of our tribe who I go to the great hunting ground so much talked by our people. You stream which now glitters the pale moonlight, supplied us with drink, and thence, abundant in game. Here, our people lived in peace and tranquility, enjoying life as fully as possible. But, alas! for our people, a treaty was made by chiefs, and the Indian was forced to leave this beautiful childhood for the far West. And though we the spot our forefathers loved, and back to it we wandered in fancy, for it was the home of our earliest affections—the home of our fathers, whose great people always held dear. Here, too, we had many of our papooses to sleep their long sleep. I wonder, then, if, on entering spirit-life and feelingly able to move freely, that I should soon see home of my childhood from which I had been driven. I returned, and found our village all gone, and wigwag built here, and strange pale faces all around there was a loneliness and attraction in this spirit land I dwell and admire the beauty of the place, and saw its peaceful inhabitants enjoying the life of my fathers; and I, too, enjoyed the beautiful arguments that were made with me, such as taste alone around this place, I sometimes felt that it had done for me; and with all the intensity of my love for the Indians who had been so cruelly treated, I was not able to do more than look on their peaceful sleep, and walked beside their graves. And, night's darkness had driven the beautiful sun into the waters and made the eyes of the pale face, I took my place upon this porch and gazed until the day light grew strong again and drove darkness away.

Thus have I generation after generation passed away—for it is more than twelve hundred years since I came back to dwell here—and while this wigwag remained in the hands of the descendants of the first owners, my life passed pleasantly here. But other times came. It passed into other hands, and I suffered much, for the strangers who came were harsh and unkind; they were almost always quarrelling among themselves, and I could not live with them. They drove me away, and I wandered up and down in this country, though I often returned to visit this wigwag, especially at night when all were at repose. And now I began to see strange spirits here, and terrible scenes were enacted. But I must go back to give you this history: You know that many, many moons ago, soon after I came here as a spirit, the pale face got into that terrible war with the other pale faces from over the water, and we in the spirit-land watched them as they fought and fell, and many came to dwell with us. There was a terrible battle which occurred near this spot, and though I was afar off with many other Indian spirits, we rushed to the scene and, thrilled with the old war fire, we inspired those who lived here so that they fought desperately and conquered. And let me say here that men will always fight better at home, because their spirit-friends can do more for them there.

This wigwag was used for the wounded men. Here we came to labor, for we saw them suffering, and that was enough to draw us. We did all we could. In this room to which I have introduced you, there were seven persons, who were malicious and quarrelsome even among themselves. They were Indians, who had been employed to come to this country and subdue the rebellion. These seven men all died in that room, and I supposed that, like myself, they would seek the homes of their early days; but instead of that, I saw them remaining around here; but they were no longer disposed to quarrel among themselves, or to make any disturbance; they remained passively about for many years. At the time I mentioned, when the house was sold, and I felt so badly, I saw these spirits were forming an alliance, and determining to drive out these occupants of the wigwag, and I left, and seldom returned, for I had other and pleasant homes and labors, of which I am to tell you elsewhere. Still I visited this place occasionally, and found it deserted and uninhabited. How they accomplished this you will see by the operations of to-night. If good guides have told a plan to break up this band and set them free, and you are chosen to aid me, and also to report this night's proceedings to your brother who walks the earth to tell the people there."

Many other matters of historical interest were given to me by our Indian guide and friend; but as they belong to his history, I leave them for him to relate. We had been directed to draw as much earthly magnetism as we could bear about ourselves, so that we might witness the proceedings, as far as possible, on the physical plane, without injury to ourselves, so well as to perceive, as much as possible, the feelings which would accrue to mortals under similar circumstances.

About ten o'clock we entered the room. My friend and I took our places opposite the closet and joined hands, while our Indian friend stood immediately before us. We found afterward that this was a very wise precaution on his part, for, as he told us, he was more accustomed to combat the physical elements than we were, and as he was familiar with their operations and influences, he knew that he could do better for us in this position. We remained but a few minutes, when the door of the closet suddenly opened, and a tall, thick-set man made his appearance. He stood right in the doorway, in front of the closet.

"This," said our Indian friend, "is the leader of the band. There are many points of interest connected with his history, which you will be able to glean from him hereafter. I will only say now that he was a commanding officer among the Hoosier troops, and a man of very considerable power, physically and intellectually. He is one of the seven to whom I alluded as passing into the inner life in this room, when it was used as a hospital, more than eighty years since, and who is, and has been during all that time, what we call a LOCALIZED SPIRIT, a term which expresses a very important condition in the border land of spirit life. Except a separation from the external body, with a loss of some of its peculiar powers and an increase of a limited number of others, there is but little change in these spirits. Imprisoned and fixed by their own magnetism to a limited space, they dwell and labor in this small circle. In his consciousness you may read the lines which unbridled passions have written. He carries with him an air which always seems to say, 'I am sole controller of these premises.'"

During this time he was engaged in muttering a low soliloquy. At times a shade of sadness would pass over his countenance, but this was dispelled almost instantly by a look of determination which invariably followed. He stood there a few minutes, and then made a very peculiar shrill vocal noise, which was instantly responded to from many parts of the house, and in a very short time the band assembled in the room, awaiting the orders of their chief. We had remained unobserved up to this time, but now we were pointed out to the leader by one of the spirits, who was more obtrusive than the rest. A dark frown now overspread his countenance, and he immediately made a dash toward the place in which we stood; but our Indian friend, who seemed equal to every emergency, moved us to another position, and threw over us a mantle of mist, which enveloped all of us and hid us from the sight of those spirits, although it permitted us to see them, and watch all their movements. Finding themselves thus baffled, their rage became unbounded. The leader said to them, "This is the work of that d—d Indian."

We now observed them wrangling and quarrelling with one another, in a very desperate manner. Said I to our guide, "Are they really in earnest?" "Not altogether," said he, "but by doing this, they draw around them magnetism of a gross character, and other elements of such a kind as will strengthen them and enable them to do their work." Such an effect had this excited condition and the accumulation of discordant elements on the objects in the room, that they began to move about as though they were animated. The doors were opened and shut. The tables and chairs and other articles were thrown about the room with violence. Even the very walls of the building shook and vibrated, and sounds of the most terrific character proceeded from various parts of the room.

"Now," said our Indian guide, "watch closely, and you may discover how these manifestations are produced. Do you observe these fine cords, like hair strings, which connect the different articles in the room to each other? These," said he, "are electrical lines, and it is by this agent, which pervades all Nature, and is to be found in every substance, that all these manifestations are performed. It is the instrument used by the Great Spirit in keeping all things in the universe in their order and harmony. It furnishes the means of all power. With the physical workings of the element we, as spirits, are ever seeking to become acquainted, for upon this knowledge depends our power, and the name is true of mortals. A knowledge of this element and the laws which govern it, has already given man more power than anything else, and is destined to open a still wider and more important field for the race to labor in and be benefited by. It is by a knowledge of electricity and its laws, that man, not those whom you now see here, produce these wonderful phenomena which are going on here. Everything in Nature possesses a life peculiar to itself, of its own kind and character, and they all act upon one another, and I am requested to say to your brother that this is a great fundamental truth in Nature, that there is not, and cannot possibly be, such

among the things agree upon. In the first are going to with these you will find not seeing spirits who vibrate. Each one the fact by and control itself to the of my own will be the. Everything house again which we the events and languidly but also to. After a while, the immediate quarrelling twice the of an upper seemed to I said, my I had rough and him that I, I the only the was just a or drew them so I could be but that I currently several of conversational with the We now tools by I conclude guide and oppress had been being spirit, thought ere to go they at to by those The lead I see the dean who dressed I. The long a this now will be a condition which is. After I formed it, I placed a few I say this condition our vari- the appi our bid the least need, I time is condition whom I have no assumis to prom- isubmit We a conduct come the the par be was him ab in his I by the I indebted speak I. The entire, its ind most c thing, guides and the hold th so that higher any bet- tion in progre- crowd- tion as rates I of anis link b them, ward. The attent- tual is terial of us I fluency the rel with You h I amue have I you b lect an away In that trust and I are d often flow The seven as he when I are slon these meits T happy the I longy wand I has been care cards

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About ten o'clock we entered the room. My friend and I took our places opposite the closet and joined hands, while our Indian friend stood immediately before us. We found afterward that this was a very wise precaution on his part, for, as he told us, he was more accustomed to combat the physical elements than we were, and as he was familiar with their operations and influences, he knew that he could do better for us in this position. We remained but a few minutes, when the door of the closet suddenly opened, and a tall, thick-set man made his appearance. He stood right in the doorway, in front of the closet.

"This," said our Indian friend, "is the leader of the band. There are many points of interest connected with his history, which you will be able to glean from him hereafter. I will only say now that he was a commanding officer among the Hoosier troops, and a man of very considerable power, physically and intellectually. He is one of the seven to whom I alluded as passing into the inner life in this room, when it was used as a hospital, more than eighty years since, and who is, and has been during all that time, what we call a LOCALIZED SPIRIT, a term which expresses a very important condition in the border land of spirit life. Except a separation from the external body, with a loss of some of its peculiar powers and an increase of a limited number of others, there is but little change in these spirits. Imprisoned and fixed by their own magnetism to a limited space, they dwell and labor in this small circle. In his consciousness you may read the lines which unbridled passions have written. He carries with him an air which always seems to say, 'I am sole controller of these premises.'"

During this time he was engaged in muttering a low soliloquy. At times a shade of sadness would pass over his countenance, but this was dispelled almost instantly by a look of determination which invariably followed. He stood there a few minutes, and then made a very peculiar shrill vocal noise, which was instantly responded to from many parts of the house, and in a very short time the band assembled in the room, awaiting the orders of their chief. We had remained unobserved up to this time, but now we were pointed out to the leader by one of the spirits, who was more obtrusive than the rest. A dark frown now overspread his countenance, and he immediately made a dash toward the place in which we stood; but our Indian friend, who seemed equal to every emergency, moved us to another position, and threw over us a mantle of mist, which enveloped all of us and hid us from the sight of those spirits, although it permitted us to see them, and watch all their movements. Finding themselves thus baffled, their rage became unbounded. The leader said to them, "This is the work of that d—d Indian."

We now observed them wrangling and quarrelling with one another, in a very desperate manner. Said I to our guide, "Are they really in earnest?" "Not altogether," said he, "but by doing this, they draw around them magnetism of a gross character, and other elements of such a kind as will strengthen them and enable them to do their work." Such an effect had this excited condition and the accumulation of discordant elements on the objects in the room, that they began to move about as though they were animated. The doors were opened and shut. The tables and chairs and other articles were thrown about the room with violence. Even the very walls of the building shook and vibrated, and sounds of the most terrific character proceeded from various parts of the room.

"Now," said our Indian guide, "watch closely, and you may discover how these manifestations are produced. Do you observe these fine cords, like hair strings, which connect the different articles in the room to each other? These," said he, "are electrical lines, and it is by this agent, which pervades all Nature, and is to be found in every substance, that all these manifestations are performed. It is the instrument used by the Great Spirit in keeping all things in the universe in their order and harmony. It furnishes the means of all power. With the physical workings of the element we, as spirits, are ever seeking to become acquainted, for upon this knowledge depends our power, and the name is true of mortals. A knowledge of this element and the laws which govern it, has already given man more power than anything else, and is destined to open a still wider and more important field for the race to labor in and be benefited by. It is by a knowledge of electricity and its laws, that man, not those whom you now see here, produce these wonderful phenomena which are going on here. Everything in Nature possesses a life peculiar to itself, of its own kind and character, and they all act upon one another, and I am requested to say to your brother that this is a great fundamental truth in Nature, that there is not, and cannot possibly be, such

among the things agree upon. In the first are going to with these you will find not seeing spirits who vibrate. Each one the fact by and control itself to the of my own will be the. Everything house again which we the events and languidly but also to. After a while, the immediate quarrelling twice the of an upper seemed to I said, my I had rough and him that I, I the only the was just a or drew them so I could be but that I currently several of conversational with the We now tools by I conclude guide and oppress had been being spirit, thought ere to go they at to by those The lead I see the dean who dressed I. The long a this now will be a condition which is. After I formed it, I placed a few I say this condition our vari- the appi our bid the least need, I time is condition whom I have no assumis to prom- isubmit We a conduct come the the par be was him ab in his I by the I indebted speak I. The entire, its ind most c thing, guides and the hold th so that higher any bet- tion in progre- crowd- tion as rates I of anis link b them, ward. The attent- tual is terial of us I fluency the rel with You h I amue have I you b lect an away In that trust and I are d often flow The seven as he when I are slon these meits T happy the I longy wand I has been care cards

at this time we left the room and occupied a position upon the verandah, in the moonlight. All was quiet around us here. In a few moments we were joined by our Indian friend, who said: "Now I wish you to assist me in the work of the night. Now spirits whom you have seen and heard, are not as yet my purpose, setting independently. There are other spirits who possess a controlling influence over others, who are invisible both to them and you. These spirits have much more knowledge than any whom you have seen here. They have studied the intricate and mysterious laws which govern the movements of the imperceptible. Some of these take delight in making choices that are held on earth for the purpose of producing physical manifestations, and though they are really not wicked, they are not, generally speaking, very conscientious, mostly fun-loving. It is the class of spirits that produce that reckless and want of integrity among physical mediums that is so common. The phenomena which they present are very important, awakening inquiry into the profound laws which govern these mysterious imponderables, and when these spirits are met in a proper spirit of philosophical inquiry, by mankind, they will be able and willing to reveal many important and valuable truths. But to return: Those whom we have seen by this class are 'localized' spirits, are much used by this class in their experiments, and most of the physical manifestations that occur in haunted houses, are brought about by the conjoint action of these two classes of spirits. Our object is to break up this band, to remove the obstacles that bind these spirits to this locality—so long as these spirits remain here, they will continue under the influence of those to whom I have alluded, they have no aspirations for anything higher, they are not entirely satisfied with their condition, but they see no way out of it. The following plan has been given me, for I, too, am under instructions here, and I wish it understood that I am prompted to reveal that I have said and done to-night by spirits who were far more wisdom than I have. The first thing I want to do is to get them into just such a jungle and confusion as we now have them, the result of which is that there is no unity of action, or record of feeling

at this time we left the room and occupied a position upon the verandah, in the moonlight. All was quiet around us here. In a few moments we were joined by our Indian friend, who said: "Now I wish you to assist me in the work of the night. Now spirits whom you have seen and heard, are not as yet my purpose, setting independently. There are other spirits who possess a controlling influence over others, who are invisible both to them and you. These spirits have much more knowledge than any whom you have seen here. They have studied the intricate and mysterious laws which govern the movements of the imperceptible. Some of these take delight in making choices that are held on earth for the purpose of producing physical manifestations, and though they are really not wicked, they are not, generally speaking, very conscientious, mostly fun-loving. It is the class of spirits that produce that reckless and want of integrity among physical mediums that is so common. The phenomena which they present are very important, awakening inquiry into the profound laws which govern

among them, and they would not all of them now agree upon any plan of action.

In the first place I will stop all the movements which are going on, and then you may come in and converse with these spirits. Each of you will select one, and you will find that you can hold them spell-bound; you will gradually explain to them the fact that they are not acting for themselves, but are the tools of other spirits who are keeping them in this condition of servitude.

Each one will doubt this, but I will reveal to them the fact by showing them how they are connected with and controlled by other spirits, who will be made manifest to them, for the first time, by a very simple act of my own. It is natural for every one to have a condition of servitude, and you can readily imagine what will be the effect of this.

Everything having been arranged, we entered the house again, having first thrown off those elements with which we had clothed ourselves in the early part of the evening. The excitement was still very intense, and language of the most denunciatory character was freely indulged in, not only in reference to each other but also toward us.

After we had taken our places according to direction, the Indian proceeded to wave his hand, when immediately all the confusion ceased, and no more quarrelling was heard. After a few moments of silence the spirits separated from each other, and each of us approached one of them. My friend approached the leader of the band, while I turned to one who seemed to have considerable influence among them.

I said, my friend, I wish to speak to you. He replied in a rough manner, desiring to know what business I had there. I answered, that I had come to do him good and render him more happy, and after informing him that I had witnessed the ceremonies of the evening, I then began cautiously to show him that he was only the slave of others. He replied that he thought it was just so, but how could he get away from this place, or throw off the chains which bound him and all of them so firmly. I told him that there was power that could break these chains, and emancipate them all, but that it would be necessary for them to cooperate earnestly with us in order to do this. By this time several others had come near and were listening to our conversation. My friend had proceeded about as far with the leader, and some who had come around them. We now explained to them how they were used as tools by spirits who possessed more knowledge, and consequently, more power. At this point, our Indian guide advanced and revealed to them their spirit oppressors, and soon showed them how completely they had been under the control of these. These controlling spirits not being fully aware of our intentions, thought they were amusing us by compelling the others to go through their performances, in doing which they at once perceived how much they were influenced by those spirits whom they had never seen before.

The leader of the band was the first to speak. Said he: "I see this is so now, but what shall we do?" The Indian who had remained silent until this time, now addressed them as follows:

"The first thing for you to do, is to separate. For so long as you remain here together, they will have this power over you; and if you remain together, you will be drawn back to this place and kept in the same condition you have occupied for so long a time, and which is by no means desirable or agreeable to you."

After some further conversation, in which we informed them of some of the changes that had transpired since they left the form, the leader said:

"I speak for myself, and for the whole band, when I say that we desire most earnestly to escape from this condition. We have come here from time to time from our various hiding places, night after night, and when the approach of morning has come, have returned to our hiding-places to pass the hours of day away from the haunts of men in a condition of partial consciousness. And if what you have told us in reference to time is true, we must have passed many years in this condition, occasionally being aroused by those spirits whom we now perceive to have been our masters. We have not fully realized who or what we were." Then assuming an anxious look, he said: "Have you come to pronounce judgment and sentence of eternal punishment upon us?"

We now explained to them our mission. We then conducted them out to the porch, where we spent some time with them. The Indian now left us, and the leader of the band desired to know of me whether he was not an enemy. Said he: "I have often seen him about these premises, and I never felt comfortable in his presence." I assured him that he was actuated by the best motives, and that to him they were greatly indebted for their deliverance. I was impressed to speak to them as follows:

"The great law of progression runs throughout the entire domain of matter and of mind, and holds within its influence all forms, from the simplest atom to the most complex structure, and on the plane of life every thing, from the monad, through all the varieties and grades of life, up to the highest spiritual organization, and there exists a relationship among all these which hold the relative ranks above and below each other, so that they act upon and influence each other, and the higher power always controls the lower, and whenever any being or class of beings come to occupy a false position in relation to those around them, so that this law of progression cannot operate upon them; they are either crowded out of existence, or driven into such a position as to be under the law of progression as it operates through those above it. In this manner races of animals and of men have passed away, because the link between them and that race which is just above them, has been broken, and they cannot be drawn upward."

The point to which I would especially draw your attention, is, that the same law of gradation and mutual influence exists in the spiritual, as in the material world, and that just above and below each one of us there exists a class of spirits who exert an influence upon, and are influenced by us, and whenever the relationship between these is such as to interfere with true progression, it should be changed; though on this plane no one can be crowded out of existence. You have been under the influence of a class of spirits who have used you as instruments for their own amusement for a long period, and you feel that for you to change your position and the relations which you hold to those around you. Let each one then select such companion as seems most attractive, and go away from this place. Our mission here is to aid you in this. You may see each other at times, but you must understand that the association is broken up, and whenever you feel that in coming together you are drawn into the same condition that you have so often been here, separate at once, and go to your places."

The Indian now returned and brought with him seven spirits, who were at once recognized by the band as having been fellow-sufferers with them in that room when it was used as a hospital. "These," said he, "are those who will now take you in charge. Our mission with you is now accomplished. You will go with these."

Each one went with a companion, after mutual farewells and promises to meet again.

"There," said the Indian, "we have sent seven happy spirits on their way rejoicing. We have broken the chains which bound them here. They will no longer be localized spirits, and we will find ample reward in the consciousness of having done a good act. I have learned something of my true mission, having been setting, as you are aware, under the direction and care of spirits whose plan I have thus far successfully carried out. You have learned much in reference to

the condition of these spirits, and the practical workings of the physical laws, and they have gained the sweetest lesson that men or angels can realize—true Liberty.

Henry T. Child, M. D.
651 Arch Street, Phila., Pa., Oct. 1863.

Original Essays.

THE SPIRIT OF CONDEMNATION.

It is "the hour of prayer." Clairvoyantly I behold throughout the wide realm of Christendom the gathering of the great multitude. In camp and chapel, in cottage and palace, with Catholic and Protestant, with dissenter and Spiritualist, a one idea is prominent. No matter how diverse in sentiment, how antagonistic in doctrine and feeling, this one idea animates all for the time—Our cause is sacred! Secularism lives and feeds upon this one idea, and can we deny that among so-called modern "reformers" the pure and holy teachings of the angels have not yet taken deep root in our hearts. How many of those who to day assemble in their various places of meeting as dissenters from the Orthodox faith, can set before the world an example of "patient continuance in well-doing," which shall carry with it more than the weight of words—yes, an argument which, in the sight of heaven, needs no defence?

How many among Spiritualists have, in reality, reached the plane of a true Christian charity? Reader of the BANNER, have you? And I lived the lesson yet? Not yet! Let us read it again—let us study it—let us judge ourselves by it—let us frame its brightest parts and set them to our daily songs—let us gild the leaves that contain them, lest we forget the book in which they are written—let us set them as jewels in a golden circle which shall embrace every hour of our immortal lives! Do we fear to make the experiment—do we shrink from the application? Are we too much "thieves" and "robbers" to do this? And are we "the worst" of criminals, that we so loudly condemn others? Are we preaching the gospel of love for the angel world from the public platform, and the gospel of denunciation, the gospel of reprobation, from the open doorway of the lips in private society? Are we putting on the angel robes to dazzle or charm the outward sense, speaking great swelling words of hope and heavenly wisdom, while, like a barren fig-tree, no fruits of the spirit are found upon the branches of our short earthly life. Oh, so short a time to bless and love and redeem our afflicted race, and its precious moments redeemed to the worship of a jealous God—a God that leads us on to "conscience," and not to "bless!" And this, then, is why so many brothers and sisters, in the weary march of life, must thrust the sharp and cruel dart to the heart's core, and cause the rich, red drops to mingle with the tears that millions weep! Ah yes, the voice that spoke through sister Cora has told it all.

The tribunal of a more than mortal authority is to day erecting its judgment-seat in the heart and conscience of every true soul, and the public sense cannot long withstand it. We may love the truth fully spoken, but we love it more when freed. We may talk and preach and write of reform and progress, and all of that, but the great world will, with all its vice, call us hypocrites, till we live all that we preach. And it has a right to. We may be thankful if we are; for if we are right, the world cannot hurt us; if we are not right, the world may show us the truth we need.

Still, we must have some standard. And what is it? A very simple one indeed. The simple "golden rule," and the great truth which underlies it. God made all men, and made them just exactly what they are. Far beyond any one individual's control, lies the great world of conditions and circumstances which make the man and the woman each the *one conscious individuality*. Each is alike dear in the sight of the eternal Father—the hosts of pure and blessed spirits—the mother that gave the physical birth, if she be a mother indeed—and should be alike dear to all the members of the great human family. When the true reformation has taken root in the soul, you will bear no more cursing, for this habit is fixed only in the unregenerate heart.

The true Spiritual or Christian Reformer is like his divine ideal. There is no moral greatness he may not attain to, though circumstances may prevent its full and complete manifestation. But if he assumes to teach others the truths and responsibilities of a spiritual state, he is not first pledged to the world around him to live up to the standard he sets before the multitude for their acceptance? And is it not the greatest moral virtue, when we deplore the *misconception* of the world, we can dare be just and true to God, to ourselves, and to all mankind?

It is a small thing indeed which we are required to do to ensure a calm and peaceful frame of mind for the possessor, viz., the exercise of a tolerant spirit. A forgiving spirit, the spirit of blessing, the spirit of recognition, the spirit of divine equality. The recognition of every child of God as an immortal being with a heavenly heirloom, and by the laws of divine equality, no higher or lower, no better or worse, than ourselves. This makes every child of earth and heaven just what he *must* be, because the Lord Omnipotent reigneth, or his laws, which effect the same as if they were the direct influence of a conclusive will power from the great intelligent cause.

As with clairvoyant sense my spirit goes out to-day and listens to the Sermon of Life from thousands of lips, I hear the words of prayer and praise to God and his angels, I hear the measured notes of music, sweet as the skill of man can draw forth; I see multitudes moved by the power of language, and the great world of thought kindle with the glow of increasing light; but with all that has been well said, well done, in the way of worship, one great, one glaring imperfection has marred the beauty and glory of the scene, and spread its pall of darkness over the stained window and the golden-fringed cushion of the church—marred the enjoyment of the solemn hour, and left its shadows alive in the hearts of both priest and people. It has spread its lengthened outlines over the heads and hearts of the great multitude—it has crept with the subtle, stealthy tread of an invisible foe up the steps of the altar whereon were laid the choicest of gifts—it has even wound itself boldly and defiantly amid the rarest flowers of angel bestowal, and slipped from the same cup which ministering spirits held to the lips of famishing mortals! It has pursued the innocent till the world cried, "Outcast!" It followed a Jesus till the Jews cried, "A friend of publicans and sinners!"—crucified him! By a Paul was martyred, and that was recorded—by a Stephen was stoned, and the breath of forgiveness wreathed his name in immortal glory. And how many have lived and blessed the world with great truths? How many live thus to-day, while this *spirit of condemnation* is scourged like a Jeweled dagger, and without mercy, too, in the hands of "chosen" teachers, till plunged to the hilt in their devoted hearts.

But with this wholesale indulgence in a pernicious habit, the world at large is becoming quite weary of it, and suspicious, likewise, when it takes on its vilest form; viz., that of slander. All know that not one vicious person has been reclaimed by it—not one social evil has ever been removed by it, but families have been broken, children rudely torn from their parents, brothers made deadly foes, the tenderest of friends parted, men made criminals in the eyes of civil law, women made homeless; and we question if any great

political war which has ever convulsed nations has been more deadly in its effects upon the peace of families, neighborhoods and communities than this vice, which is termed by our angel-instructors the "worst kind of murder." There are many who know from observation and experience its beneficial effects; but certainly the author and abettor of the crime is more to be pitied than the victim. Let him lay his plans ever so adroitly, let him fill his words with all the polish of pretended merit, there always comes a day of penalty to him, and the "universal rule whereby to judge of humanity" lays bare the naked facts.

Can we hope that wars will cease till men cease to oppress and condemn? Have not we, as Spiritualists, been as arbitrary and oppressive in our judgment of others as they whose doctrines we repudiate? It is time that we bring our judgment home to our own hearts, for not yet have we learned to worship as truly and as innocently as the birds that wake with their sweet songs the thoughts I have penned this beautiful Sabbath morning. "It is time, too, that we as bravely seek for the right as we have zealously and rashly, too, condemned the evil. 'Tis not by 'cursing' that we win the race—'whate'er' the deeds we now will rise again all multiplied, and blessings dropped with silent hand, a thought, a wish, may yield a harvest in the coming years, whose crowding wealth shall choke the poisonous weeds of hatred, guile, and make them obsolete. Then,

Though earthly interest takes flight,
Or sobe upon the sod,
Let us still dare to "do the right,
And leave the rest to God,
Do what our duty calls each day,
Regardless what the world may say.

Though scoffs and jeers our frenzied foes
Roll on us like a flood,
Or weave a web of subtle wiles,
They cannot harm the good.
The clouds and shadows here we have
Project a glory to the grave.

Oh, then we'll bravely bear each blow;
A blessing will be given—
If not in this black world below,
In yonder smiling heaven.
We'll walk the way by martyr's trod,
Do right, and leave the rest to God."

FRATERNITY.

† See last column on first page of Mr. Child's lecture, published in the BANNER of May 18th.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

BY W. R. SMITH.

I am glad, Mr. Editor, to see the subject of Sabbath Schools attracting the attention of some of your able correspondents. It is one which we deem to be of vast importance. We may either stop and inquire how they work beneficially on the minds of the young, or we may admit the fact, and build thereon; but that there is a central point of merit in Sabbath Schools but few will deny. Yet in what does that central point consist? It is stated on good authority, that a vast majority of the inmates of State Prisons and Penitentiaries were never the students or members of the Sabbath School, and are but little acquainted with the Scriptures; they are not praying men; apt to be in temperate and profane, while very little profanity or intemperance is found among the patrons of the Sabbath schools. And, may we ask, are there any voices encouraged by them? Are the young made any worse, socially or politically, by such training? And at the same time, I feel to endorse the article lately from the pen of Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury, on this subject, in the BANNER. Indeed, it is full time that we were awakening up to the importance of our mission as reformers. It is necessary to awaken the moral and religious sentiment in children, and to kindle their reverence by placing worthy objects before them. But to ask them to bow down in blind adoration to the Bible and its patron saints, Moses and Joshua, and David and Solomon, Abraham and Isaac and Jacob; with all their follies and vices, and encourage, nay, require children to read and emulate. Is it right?

We must teach that the world was made six thousand years ago; that Adam was the first man; Cain was the first murderer; that the world was square and flat; the flood covered the earth over thirty thousand feet above sea level; that the rainbow was first created after the flood was gone; that eight persons existed in an ark, with a mass of animal life two or three times its bulk, for one year and ten days with provision and water to match, while the ark was unventilated and water-tight, and so on to the end of the chapter! Let us introduce and sustain Sabbath Schools adapted to the wants of the rising generation, and in which Truth may be taught without malice or wrangling; then, and not till then, may we hope to secure the blessings of well-trained childhood, and an intelligent, upright, and worthy manhood!

Correspondence.

Our Cause in the West.

Last evening Mrs. Emma F. Jay Bullen completed a course of five lectures at this place, which gave great satisfaction.

Mrs. Bullen is the pioneer lecturer here, and well she should discharge that important and difficult office. All concede that her lectures were unrivaled in originality, beauty of language, purity and elevated moral sentiment. Her prayers and singing were angelic. She did much good here.

Three and one half months ago there was but one single avowed Spiritualist in Princeton. Now we have at least twenty avowed Spiritualists, while as many more are really believers, yet lack as yet the moral courage to avow their belief. I was one of the first of the new converts to the Spiritual Philosophy, after I had read your paper fifteen months, attended the Spiritual Convention at St. Charles, Ill., in July last, and had, for the past year, with much pains and without bias, carefully and deliberately investigated the merits of this new philosophy. Mrs. Julia Brown, of Prophetstown, Ill., test medium, was also present with us during this meeting. She gave us a great variety of beautiful and convincing tests, and excellent delineations of character.

Mrs. C. M. Stone will deliver five lectures at this place, commencing November 18th, and ending with the 22d.

Yours for the truth,
MILTON T. PERKINS
Princeton, Ill., Oct. 12, 1863.

Another correspondent, George W. Hatch, says:—
"None but golden words of praise from the pen of better writers than myself can do Mrs. Bullen justice as to the worth of her spiritual lectures, and though this *community* is intensely orthodox, yet to it she has been an angel of light and love. Her style is not only elegant and pleasing, but of the highest order of intellect. She receives subjects from the audience, and discourses promptly; and while she dispenses intellectual pearls of priceless value to wondering and greedy hearers, she also wins their respect and admiration."

Correction.
Mr. Editor—Mrs. Moulthrop made a slight mistake in her report of the Belvidere Convention. She said that I, in speaking of S. P. Land, said his mother told me her son was a natural liar. I said a friend of Mr. Land's told me he had some talent, but his propensity for piousness would ruin him.

H. F. M. BROWN.

Written for the Banner of Light.

DEATH SONG OF THE OUTCAST.

BY DE VINE VINING.

"Whom the heart of man casts out, the heart of God takes in."
Ah, alone, alone I not a being in a near,
As I wander abroad mid the tempest's career,
And list to the turbulent night wind's moan,
As they dimly murmur, Alone! alone!

Alone? Ah, yes, with no fond one to cheer!
Of the many in childhood my heart held so dear;
They all have turned from me, refusing to own
A tie for the fallen one, wandering alone.

Oh, Father, of mercy! why, why was I born
To suffer humanity's censure and scorn?
To feel that no friendship on earth is my own—
That no one will love me—that I am alone!

'Tis true, I have sinned, but a woman's warm heart
Beats still in my breast as the burning tears start;
My God! for one youthful fully alone?
My God! must I thus sorrow alone?

Oh, man—heartless man! why turn from me now?
As angels I still were as pure but for thou;
Remember the love by the Nazarene shown
To the erring and weak. Leave me not—not alone!

And thou, too, my sister, dost thou turn away
With a smile of contempt from the lone one astray?
Oh, then am I lost! If no mercy is shown
In the heart of a woman, I'm truly alone!

Ah! if you who are pure and sinless, beware
Lest misguided love lead you into the snare
Which the tempter hath set, for, virtue once down,
Mankind will forsake you to wander alone.

There's none in the cold world to soothe the torn
Heart,
To bid the sobs of anguish depart,
To bid you hope on, and with love's earnest tone,
Assure you, though fallen, you are not alone.

Why, why do I weep for a friendless heart,
When thousands are revelling in pleasure and mirth?
I have called at the mansions where plenty was known,
But they bade me "depart!"—and I journey alone.

But though men may turn from me and darkly revile,
Though angels themselves cease their love-blighted
Smile—
There is One sitteth high on the heavenly throne,
Who never will leave His weak children alone.

Wild, wild sweeps the wind o'er the desolate world,
And my frail being shivers with terror and cold!
'Tis past—and I'm happy—let whence that sweet
Tune?
'Tis the bright angels singing. I am not alone!

How cheerful and warm! and I am not alone,
Though earth-friends have left me—denying to own—
For the angels of God from the mansions above
Come gently to soothe me with kindness and love.

And they ask me to go to their beautiful home—
That bright land of peace where the glorified roam—
Wherein, and transgression, and tears are unknown—
And I go, gladly go, where no soul is ALONE!

* The above poem was sent to us a few weeks before the mentioned and talented young author passed on to the Summer Land.—Ed. BANNER.

Wisconsin Association.

The Spiritualist Association of Northwestern Wisconsin held its annual meeting at Oshkosh, on the 13th and 14th inst.

The meeting was numerously attended, and was addressed on Saturday evening by E. V. Wilson, in a very able argument on the "Proofs of Spiritualism." Nature and revelations, facts and philosophy, were made to bear incontrovertible evidence of the great truths under consideration.

Sunday morning, as well as Saturday afternoon, was devoted to Conference meeting, after which Warren Chase delivered one of his characteristic lectures, in which he contended that Spiritualism controlled the popular literature, the songs and poetry of the day—that it had taken deep root in the hearts of the people—that it had gained more adherents than any other system of belief ever did in the same length of time, and that it was better adapted to the present and future welfare of mankind than any other system of morals or religion the world had ever seen, and that it was specially destined to supplant every other kind of religion.

At 2 P. M., Mrs. E. E. Warner addressed the meeting. Her lecture was a good one, (as all of hers are,) showing among other things, the difference between a mortal faith and a living and glorious knowledge concerning the future.

Sunday evening, E. V. Wilson lectured on "The State of the Country." This was a grand effort. Himself a life-long Democrat, who voted against Mr. Lincoln, he fully endorsed his war policy, proclamation, and all giving thanks both North and South for such a scathing and yet solemn act. Carrying the entire audience with him, (some he carried out of the door before he got half through,) and being tumultuously cheered all the way through, he closed a speech of nearly two hours in length with a peroration which electrified the vast assembly.

The next quarterly meeting was voted to be held at Fond du Lac on the 12th and 13th of December next. The following resolution was unanimously passed:

Resolved, That at all subsequent meetings of this Association, persons attending the same, unless specially invited by friends to their homes, will be expected to provide for their own entertainment.

J. P. GALLUP, Secretary.
Oshkosh, Sept. 20, 1863.

A CLERICAL BLUNDER AT A FUNERAL.—A singular case occurred at a funeral recently in one of the towns of Milwaukee County, bordering on Essex. A young, unmarried lady dying suddenly, a clergyman was hurried from abroad to officiate at her burial. Having no acquaintance with the deceased and her relatives, the usual information on these points were given him; but by the broadest misconception of existing facts, the reverend gentleman in his "long prayer" turned the maiden into wife, mother and grandmother, and supplicated earnestly for the bereaved husband, children and grandchildren. As no one dared stop him while praying, for the purpose of setting him right, the effect of his language on the father, mother, brothers and sisters, and of her dear relatives, was distressing, and on the large audience of ladies, after the amen was pronounced, the conductor of the funeral told the minister of his "awful blunder," which intelligence naturally put him into an enviable state of mind, while it did nothing toward mending matters. The mother of the girl, we are told, desired that he should go over with the service again, and pray "according to circumstances." This, however, was not done, and without further remark the meeting was dismissed. It was universally conceded, that either the minister should have been better "posted," or more mindful of his instructions.—Ironclad.

STRENGTH OF TRUE LOVE.

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
Benighted in thy shadow. Nevermore
Alone upon the threshold of my door
Of individual life, shall I command
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
Remotely in the sunshine as before.

Without the sense of that which I forbore,
Thy touch upon the soul. The widest land
Dumb takes in part, leaves thy heart in mine
With pulses that beat double. What I do
And what I dream include thee, as the wind
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I see
God for myself, he hears that name of thine,
And sees with mine eyes the tears of two.

—[Mrs. Browning.]
True delicacy is always more wounded by an offence from itself than to itself.

Sin in the soul is like Jonah in the ship. It turns the smoothest water into a troubled ocean.

Stopping Night in the Rapids.

The President is a good story-teller, but he possesses the not too usual merit of giving his stories the very point and application which makes them all the more effective. In this view, he may be said to possess the shrewd mother wit and wisdom of old Joseph himself, the father of fables, and of whose book the President was remarkably fond in his younger days. A happy return is just now fathered upon him, which we cannot refuse to reproduce, especially as it is so applicable to the present state of affairs in the country. An honest farmer applied to him, not long since, to secure his assistance in collecting a bill against the Government, for damages done by troops passing through his premises. The President referred him to the proper officer, whose duty it was to attend to such matters. But the farmer would not be thus satisfied, betraying his anxiety to have the President look into the case himself, and settle it for him as it ought to be settled.

"For then," said the farmer, "they will attend to it at once—otherwise I may have to wait a long time."

"But," said the President, "I have no leisure to look after such things." "It won't take more than a few minutes," urged his visitor. "You remind me of what occurred to a friend of mine on the Mississippi River," said the President. "He was a captain of a steamboat, and, when passing through the rapids, he always took the wheel and steered the boat himself. One day, when he was in the most difficult part of the stream, a boy came blundering up to him, crying, 'Captain! Captain!' 'Well, what do you want?' 'Oh, do stop the boat; I've lost my apple overboard!'"

The farmer saw the point of the story, and wisely concluded to collect his bill in the usual routine manner.

Passed to Spirit Life.

From Rockingham, Vt., July 20th, of drooping on the brain, little Maria Smith, aged 1 year and 6 months. Both father and mother had crossed the great river before her, and as I looked upon the little form, so beautiful, I could but exclaim, "It is well that the jewel has departed."

From Rockingham, Vt., July 25th, of heart disease, Enrich Wetherbee, aged 76 years. He was one of the first in this town to embrace the noble philosophy of Spiritualism; and it has ever been to him a source of pleasure; and is now content with his surviving companion, who fully believes that though lost to sight he is often near in spirit, and anxiously does she await the summons to "come up higher," where separation comes no more.

From Baltimore, Md., August 14th, of diphtheria, Leonard H., aged 5 years and 7 months. August 15th, Ella, aged 4 years and 1 month, only children of Franklin and Hannah Parker.

It seemed when little Leonard's form was laid to rest, as though the parents' cup of sorrow was full, that no lips could speak their agony; but Ella was with them to divert in a degree their grief. But as I gazed on her flushed cheek and glassy eye, I feared that the dread disease was working there; and indeed in a few short days the summons came that again I was wasted there, for Ella's spirit had soared away, and they wished again to listen to the inspiration that flowed through my organism, in gathering, if possible, some truth or ray of light that would whisper peace to their souls. The trial with my own feelings in relation to their call, I cannot relate, for all the love and affection of a mother's nature, welded up within me, and I felt that through me it would be hard to give utterance to consolation; but I said to my own sympathetic nature, "Be still, I must go where duty calls me!" and in just one week from Leonard's burial, I stood again in their home, the house of mourning. Gently did the angels strive to still the troubled waters, and bid up their broken hearts. When I stood by the graves that contained the forms of their darling, and witnessed the parents' agony, I could but pray, "Father if it is possible, let this cup pass from me." That angel who surrounded them with their pure atmosphere, and so impress them as to enable them to realize the presence of their darlings, is my constant prayer.

From Rockingham, Oct. 9th, Charles A., infant son of Atha and Mary Bus.

The little bud tarried long enough to cheer itself to all, and it was but to witness its suffering. May the parents, who with brother and sister, were with the little mound as the resting place of their darling, but behold angels gently leading it in the regions of the summer land, where suffering is unknown.

SARAH A. WILEY.
Rockingham, Vt., Oct. 1863.

In Cambridgeport, Oct. 11, Anna M. H. Hall, aged 16 years, 11 months 9 days. This frail flower, so young blighted by the destroyer, (consumption) has been transplanted to blossom in the spirit land, where, clothed in robes of purity, she will live on through eternity, and her angel voice will be heard again and again, whispering peace to the parents and little sister that now mourn her sudden departure, and yet rejoice in the truth of Spiritualism that unfolds to them the truth of immortality. Angel forms gathered around her before her gentle spirit took its flight, and the pearly smile that remained on her countenance spoke of the years within. As we looked upon that wasted cheek, after the spirit's departure, I asked that God and his ministering angels might make my exit as calm and peaceful as was hers. May this loss to the sorrowing parents and sister be a lesson in "ye also ready," and enable them to trust ever in the power and love of the Father who dwells all things well; and as the angel world holds sweet communion with them, make the remainder of their days here happy; and when called away to join the loved one, may they be as happy as she was.

Summit, Mass. SARAH KENNEDY.

From Stevens Plains, Me., on the morning of August 31st, our dear mother, Mrs. Mary Whitney, aged 72 years, quietly fell asleep to awake and the beauties and enjoyments and greeting of friends gone before. In the higher life.

The words of Jesus, spoken in reference to another, were most emphatically true of her—"She hath done what she could." Her life was one of continued usefulness and tender solicitude for the welfare of those she loved, always performing her duties with cheerful faithfulness, and bearing its trials with patient fortitude. Seven children survive her, to whom she was also a mother, retaining the same affectionate anxiety and watchful interest for them in mature life that protected their infancy and guided their childhood, and though "mortal form has passed from our sight, the vision of her goodness will always be before us."

She retained her faculties almost unimpaired until the last, making her closing life strikingly suggestive of the sun setting in its brightness at evening, initially casting its lingering rays upon the wondering cloud. Even so does the light of her life and example shine upon our pathway, leading us in her footsteps to the home on the other side, whether the unbroken life of her love is drawing us.

FANNY A. COOK.

From Bangorville, Me., of diphtheria, July 15, George Henry, son of George Doty, aged 22 years 11 months. Also, Sept. 29, of cancer, George Doty, father of the above, aged 60 years. Also, Oct. 17, of diphtheria, David J., youngest son of the above named George Doty, aged 17 years 9 months.

Thus in the short space of three months have the father and two sons been removed from that stricken family. The funeral services in the first two cases were performed by Charles A. Hayden, and on the last occasion by E. H. Averill, and on each occasion large audiences of neighbors and friends testified by their presence their sympathy for the bereaved, and their respect for the departed. May the widow and the remaining brother and sisters be abundantly sustained in this season of bereavement by that knowledge they have obtained, and those hopes they cherish of spirit communion, and of a reunion with their loved ones who have passed on before them.

From Westbrook, Me., Sept. 12th, Willie, aged 5 years 2 months; Oct. 8th, Annie, 4 years 1 month; Oct. 11th, Alice M., aged 1 year 1 month; children of Levi and Mary A. Cram, passed on to the abode of angels.

Very beautiful were these little immortal buds as they unfolded in their earthly home, but the destroyer came and blighted the beauty of their outward form; the spirit has gone upward to unfold in brighter beauty in the bright "summer-land." Each little

Gen. Gillmore's artillery practice on Fort Sumter, and the capture of the rebel iron-clad *Atlanta* by the monitor *Wechawken*, have created quite an stir in England. - The naval authorities begin to think their own system of iron-clads a failure, and our success quite irresistible. We must not push-push the American case, says Dr. Russell.

Mr. H. B. Storer's Lectures.

On Sunday, Oct. 16th, Mr. H. B. Storer spoke in Lyceum Hall, in this city, before the Society of Spiritualists, afternoon and evening. His lectures were of a high order of merit, and very acceptable to large audiences. Below we give a brief sketch of his remarks.

In the afternoon he presented a review of the elementary conditions existing in this country, which have rendered the advent and progress of modern Spiritualism so propitious and rapid. He analyzed the spiritual character of the Puritan founders of New England, discovering their sturdy love of truth, and their uncompromising adherence to what they believed to be right, to be the central and controlling element of their character. All the sacrifices which they made—even the persecutions which they so zealously invited against others of different religious faith—sprang from their devotion to what they believed to be God's revealed will and man's sacred duty.

The tendency of this elementary principle in the Puritan character, was to make them valiant and jealous of any new ideas that might be presented from any quarter, and extremely hostile and intolerant to those which plainly conflicted with their cherished opinions and the word of God, as they understood it. They were thoroughly earnest men, contending for the truth—or what they believed to be such—with their whole souls, and even unto death.

This element of character the speaker estimated as being beyond all price. It was the crowning glory of the Puritan character, as it was the central source of their power. From it their influence upon the world, and particularly upon this country, radiating still from New England as a center, flows over on a mighty stream, widening and deepening continually.

The speaker illustrated the power of this principle by allusions to the sturdy and protracted opposition which the ideas of Universalism and Unitarianism have met in New England. Only because of their inherent truthfulness, have these ideas prevailed and gained such considerable acceptance. All the resources of argument, authority and mystery have been brought to bear against them, by men whose very conformation of brain and organic character made them dear lovers of the right and the true.

The zealous, whole-souled, sturdy advocacy of error, by those who believe it true, was epitomized by the speaker as far more honorable to human character than that indifference which is sometimes termed liberality on the part of those to whom truth has fallen by inheritance, or who have stumbled by accident upon it, and who seem to have no just idea of its value.

Every new idea must, therefore, run the gauntlet of opposition in such a community as this, and the opposition it received would only tend to stir up the husk with which it might be clothed, and develop its inherent excellence. The honest but mistaken opponent of a new idea or discovery, would become its most zealous and steadfast advocate, when intelligently convinced of its truth.

Application of this principle was then made to the present condition and influence of the fathers of this nation, as residents of the spirit-world. The speaker assuming that love of truth was an immortal attribute of the spirit, and that the education of all persons in the spirit-world being progressive in its character, was rapid or retarded according to the degree of their love and devotion to the right, the true and the good—it most follow that the ancestry of this people would rapidly discover the errors which they had made upon the earth, and with zeal and assiduity commensurate with their glorified nature and spiritual privileges, at once and continually seek to enlighten the minds of their descendants upon the earth.

It was a characteristic of well informed and educated minds to delight in demonstration—to prove all things, and hold fast that which is good. Realizing that all the differences among good, truth-loving men proceed from ignorance, or want of demonstrated proof, it must of necessity, as in all scientific processes, be their first practical business to project such positive evidence, such actual manifestations, before the world as would be calculated to awaken attention, unite observers in their testimony of facts, and gradually lead to an understanding of the relations sustained by man to the spiritual world.

This led to an analysis of many of the phases of manifestation incident to such attempts, and to the conclusion that the progress of Spiritualism was to be estimated not by counting the number of its professed adherents, or the variety of spiritual manifestations, but by the attention which the subject was attracting to itself, either in the form of opposition or advocacy, from those who love the truth. Whenever ignorance or indifference is transformed into positive attention and interest, rest assured that the truth is turning her children toward the light, and the path in which she will ultimately lead them.

The evening lecture was occupied by illustrations of the principle that all universal blessings are attained by individuals through slow and progressive stages. A very apt analogy was traced between the discovery of America by Columbus, and the modern discovery of an actual, tangible spirit world.

The vague and dreamy ideas of the Europeans concerning the possible new world beyond the far stretching ocean, before the discovery of Columbus, was represented as similar to, although even more distinct than the vague and undefined ideas of the spiritual continent entertained by the great majority of persons in Christendom.

The successful result of the adventurous voyage of Columbus, demonstrating, as it did, the reality of the new world, only added an idea to the great public mind. But a very few persons, particularly favored by fortune and position, could avail themselves of the new discovery and turn it to practical account. Those who could send out vessels, the great and the wealthy, might alone obtain glory and increased fortune, by repeated voyages.

Not even in the present day, although the resources of this western land have been gradually developing through the long lapse of time since its discovery, do the poor, the friendless, the great multitude of oppressed nations of Europe, understand fully the freedom and wealth of this land, neither are they able to avail themselves of its blessings.

The speaker then gave a very spirited and vivid picture of the practical voyages made by some and misadventures to the spiritual country, that land which is just as real, as tangible, and vastly more important for man to know about, than was this western continent. The most favored and successful adventurers to the Summer Land, only brought back some few specimens of the wealth, the immortal riches, of that country. Comparatively few were now able to make the voyage and return to the shores of earth as they went away, but with increased possessions. Ordinarily the methods of communication between the two states of being would be more perfect, and a more common and frequent interchange be effected.

We have no notes of Mr. Storer's lectures, and can give only a very inadequate and meagre outline of the general subjects. The speaker's treatment of them was eminently practical, and the appeal to all who had any interest in the attainment of a new world beyond the sphere of the senses, to form associations and enter into personal and persevering efforts to cooperate with the inhabitants in establishing reliable methods of communication, seemed how tangible and real he felt that country to be.

We shall commence the publication next week of a series of articles from the pen of Dr. A. B. Child, and Henry B. Chapman, entitled "The Good and Bad of Spiritualism," and continue them from time to time as we find room.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The Boston Common is quite an object of attention this fall, since the deer park has been completed, and the deer lately presented to our City by the City Government of Philadelphia placed in it. A sufficient space adjoining the cemetery, and opposite the City Hall, and the Public Library, has been "walled around, chosen and made peculiar ground," for the residence of these pretty creatures, and the entertainment of the many who come to gaze at them. Two bucks, three does, and two fawns were sent us; but one of the last mentioned little dears was so fishy in his enjoyment of his new quarters, as to run against the green wire fence and break his neck. The remaining animals seem as tame and quiet as calves of the stall. A shelter from the winter's cold is being provided for them.

The mills and print works at Manchester sold last year 22,000,000 yards of cloth, clearing \$1,000,000, or 60 per cent. on the capital. Do the hard-working operatives who produce these immense profits, receive their share of the fat dividends—or are they obliged to work at "starvation prices?"

The payment of the November interest upon the twenty bonds will require over \$4,000,000 in gold. Mr. Chase has the necessary amount, and a great deal more, so he is going to commence the payment right off.

We are importing diamonds and other precious stones as never before. In 1861, there were imported at New York, \$10,573 worth; in 1862, \$189,821, and for the first quarter of this year, \$97,216. A single diamond, costing \$15,000, was imported a few days ago—probably the finest in the country. The increased demand for this sort of luxury, is undoubtedly in great part on account of the large number of army and navy contractors' wives and daughters, who wish to shine in the world. They, of course, must be "in fashion," and consequently dealers are importing large supplies of the "showy substance." To meet the demand which will still increase, now that it is en vogue in the Paris fashions that jewels are much worn even in outdoor dress. The style in vogue is the Oriental—crescents, large, round sequins, and long, drooping ornaments being preferred. Very large earrings, brooches, clasps and studs are worn to match.

The story continues to circulate that the South hunts its conscripts with blood hounds.

A method of telegraphing by flashes of sunlight has just been invented and secured at Washington, by Oliver Lane, of Connecticut. It is effected by a common looking-glass reflecting the sun's rays, and the time between the flashes indicates the letters of the alphabet. For army purposes this is believed to be a useful invention.

To love and to labor is the sum of living; and yet how many think they live who neither labor nor love.

The cotton crop in Kansas this year has been a complete success. The green seed cotton, the kind raised in Maryland and Kentucky, has been uniformly successful in Kansas, while the varieties sent from Washington and the Mississippi have invariably failed.

The New York Independent says the mineral wealth of California is beyond human computation. When all the vast territory of that golden empire of the Pacific shall be peopled, and its marvelous resources developed, it will form its very position, stand and door-lash as the great commercial and financial center of the nation.

The spirits say their greatest amusement in the other world is reading their own obituary notices.—Boston Post.

A Chicago landlord rented a house, the former occupants of which had sickened and died of small pox, to a family consisting of husband, wife and child. The husband and child soon sickened and died, and the wife has used the landlord for damages.

"Pompey, what am I dat dat goes when de wagon stops, dat am no use to de wagon, and yet de wagon can do widout it?" "I guba dat up, Clem." "Why de noise, oh course."

England's dogs bring over a million sterling into the Treasury in taxes.

William B. Brigham, a young artist in Boston, died on the 7th inst. He was engaged on a picture illustrating the last scene in King Lear, and gave great promise of success.

A New York paper states that a Madagascari Prince is now living in a hotel in that city—an exile.

Prof. Fowler is lecturing on Phrenology and Physiology in England.

Major General Grant says: "I am not an Abolitionist. I was never an Anti-Slavery man, but I try to judge everything honestly and fairly. I am satisfied that the North and the South can never live together in peace except as one nation, and that a free nation."

Some men keep savage dogs around their houses, so that the hungry poor who stop to "get a bite," may get it outside the door.

Manchester, New Hampshire, and Illinois, unite with the National Thanksgiving on the 25th of November.

The sympathy of Louis Napoleon with the South can no longer be doubted, since a rebel pirate has been taken to his breast.

A poor woman in England has been sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment, for stealing a turnip to satisfy the pangs of hunger. She had undergone five days' imprisonment previous to the trial.

Two more new telegraph lines are to be built between Boston and New York, one of which is to be an air line; the other to go via Hartford and the Hartford and Plattsburgh Railroad, and then down by the Hudson River to New York.

The annual report of the Sons of Temperance reveals the instructive fact that the numbers of the order have dwindled from 245,000 in 1850, to 65,000 in 1863. This marks the decline of the temperance cause in thirteen years.

Brigham Young's new Temple at Salt Lake, is built of granite, nearly completed, and is said to be the most splendid structure of the kind in the country.

Any number of newspapers may be sent by mail under a two-cent stamp, provided they do not exceed four ounces in weight. This fact, it appears, people will not remember, although it has been frequently published.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy.

A contemporary, in speaking of a newly-invented "metallic burial case," says it is fast coming into fashion, and is highly recommended by those who have used it.

A man's strength of character may be correctly measured by the manner in which he answers an opponent.

The next house of Representatives is now considered to be absolutely certain for a small Administration majority.

Mr. Stephen Mallett (Joanna Pipes of Pipeville) is about to start on his lecturing tour, having prepared a humorous monologue entitled "Drifting About," embracing among other graphic sketches his well known comic imitations of celebrities here and abroad. Applications may be made to his publisher, Mr. Carlton, of New York.—N. Y. Eve. Post.

The first step toward carrying out the act of Congress authorizing the construction of the Pacific Railroad, has been taken. The required \$2,000,000 stock has been subscribed, and the survey is to be made immediately westward to the Platte Valley. The route selected is that connected with the western terminus of the uncompleted Mississippi and Missouri Railroad, running through Iowa, and known here as the Rock Island line. The first meeting of the stockholders has been appointed for the 29th inst.

It is safer to be attacked by some man than to be protected by them.

The colored Old Fellows of Washington recently indulged in a grand procession, with banners and music, marching through all the principal streets.

The quota of Massachusetts under the call for 800,000 men will be 15,120.

The late foreign news announce the death of the Archbishop of Dublin, and Mrs. Trollope, the novelist.

California has contributed over \$200,000 to the Sanitary Commission the past year. This is loyalty of the right stamp.

Stewart will sell thirty millions of goods this year. The September sales of cloths for men's wear alone were \$700,000; and for the year in that department alone will be six to seven millions. Not much chance for "grass growing in the streets" around where he trades.

The "Knights of the Golden Circle" have changed their name to the "Knights of the Mighty West."

Why is an ordinary schoolmaster like the letter C? Because he makes laws to class.

The total shipments of iron ore to October 1st from the Lake Superior mines, amount to 105,000 gross tons.

The Great Eastern has run her owners \$130,000 in debt in one year.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

B. A. W., MANHATTAN, KAN.—Mr. Warren Chase's address can always be found in our list of lecturers. Miss Cora Wilburn's present address is Peru, Illinois. One of Mrs. O. A. Paul. We are unable to answer your other questions at present. Will do so whenever we gain the information you require.

B. B. K., PROVIDENCE, R. I.—We have no room for the lectures you refer to. Our drawers are so crowded with communications already, that it will be impossible to print a quarter part of them for many months to come, if ever. This we regret. But the columns of a newspaper have limits as well as every thing else.

J. T. WINDSOR, VT.—Lines on the death of "Elie" are on file for publication. Should be pleased to hear from you often.

W. C. ELKHART, IND.—\$1.25 received.

Donations to our Public Free Circles.

John Clemons, El Monte, Cal., 50c; Seth Shaw, Ben. Greenboro, Ind., 50c; a Friend of the Banner, Canton Mills, Me., 50c; a Friend, Albany, N. Y., 50c; Mrs. Catherine M. Piper, Alamo Center, Mich., 50c; Henry Blade, Jackson, Mich., 50c; S. H. Partridge, Jamestown, N. Y., 50c; Almon Gray, Elm Grove, Wis., 10c; A. Randall, South Mont-Ville, Mo., 50c; P. L. H., Cincinnati, O., \$1.00; N. Ames, Quincy, Mass., 50c; O. B. H., Monmouth, N. J., 50c; Mrs. Stevens, Bartonsville, Va., 50c; Elizabeth Tyndal, Bell Air, N. H., 50c; Mrs. Lydia Fuller, Compton, C. E., \$1.00; H. Webster, Clear Creek, N. Y., 50c; Willard Cotton, Cockville, N. Y., 50c; D. O'Connor, Bolot, Wis., 50c.

Married.

In Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 25, by Rev. A. J. Patterson, Mr. J. C. York to Miss Olive J. Gleason, both of Portland, Me.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

FOR FAMILIES, SCHOOLS AND LYCEUMS.

A New and Unique Evening Exhibition. COMBINING INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT. Designed to be given at PARLOR (LITERARY, SOCIAL, GYMNASIUM, SCHOOLS and LYCEUMS) within fifty miles of Boston, has been prepared by the undersigned, who will furnish full particulars on any and all applications. Address, JOHN S. ADAMS, West Roxbury, Mass.

Oct. 31, if West Roxbury, Mass.

MRS. KIRKHAM. TEST AND PERSONATING MEDICINE. Hours from 10 to 12 and 1 to 4. 140 Court street. 5th Oct. 31

DYSPEPSIA AND FITS.

A sure Cure for these distressing complaints is now made known in a "Treatise on Dyspepsia, Nerves, Head, and Paralysis," published by DR. O. F. BROWN. The prescription, furnished him by a young clairvoyant girl, while in a state of trance, has cured everybody who has taken it. It is equally sure in cases of Fits as of Dyspepsia, and the ingredients may be found in any drug store. Sent free to all on receipt of one stamp to pre-pay postage.

This little work also treats on

CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, GENERAL DEBILITY, and gives the best known Herbal Remedies for their cure and permanent cure. Address, DR. O. F. BROWN, No. 10 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J. 1st Oct. 31.

The Apocryphal New Testament.

BRING all the Gospels, Epistles, and other pieces now extant, attributed, in the first four centuries, to Jesus Christ, his Apostles and their companions, and not included in the New Testament by its compilers. Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage. Price, 15 cents; postage, 15 cents. Address, Banner of Light, Boston, Mass. Oct. 31.

CHARLES H. FOSTER, TEST MEDIUM.

(FROM NEW YORK.)

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VERMONT BOOK STORE.

S. & O. B. SCOTT, BERN HILLS, VERMONT.

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 pressing, I am desirous to dispose of my Stand for Boarding and Lodging, and other furniture, and other articles, and being desirous that a spirit of good business habits should be maintained in business, I therefore, through the columns of the Banner, present this notice.

RAMUEL BARRY, 8. W. corner of 4th and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia.

UNION SOCIABLES!

THE third course of the Union Sociables at Lyceum Hall, will commence on Tuesday evening, Oct. 30th, 1863, and continue every Tuesday evening through the season. Music by Holway and Edmund's Quinella Band. Oct. 10 to 12.

D. WOOD, Counselor at Law, 27 Court street.

Will attend to every description of Law business, on reasonable terms. Deeds by permission to Dr. A. B. Child. Sept. 5.

ADELPHIAN INSTITUTE.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES. Located in Norristown, Montgomery Co., Pa., will commence the Winter Term on Tuesday, October 5th, continuing five months. The terms are reasonable, the location beautiful and healthy, the moral instruction thorough, comprising all the studies usually taught in our first class schools. For Circulars giving details, address, ADELAIDE BROWN, Norristown, Pa., Sept. 26.

HOME'S NEW BOOK.

INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE, Recently published from the advance English sheets, is 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.

THE PERSONAL MEMOIRS

OF

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INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE,

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